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The Works of
NONNUS

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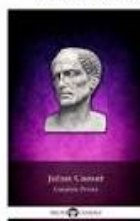
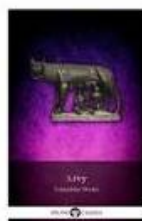
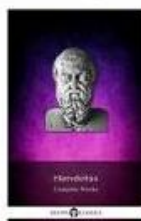
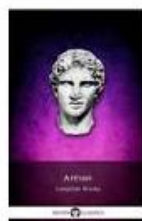
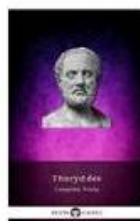


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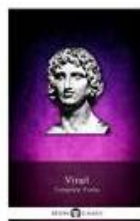
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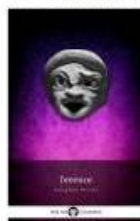
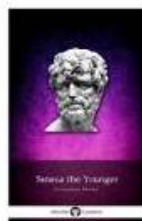
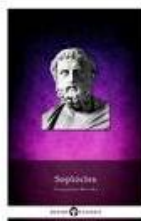
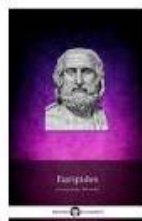
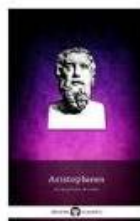
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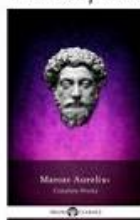
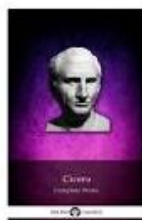
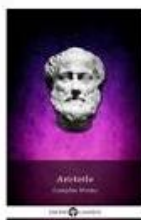
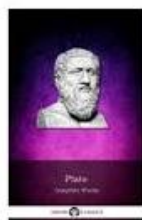
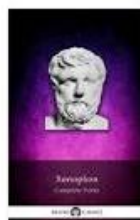
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The Works of
NONNUS



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The Translation



Ruins at Panopolis, modern day Akhmim, a city in Upper Egypt — Nonnus' birthplace

THE DIONYSIACA



Translated by W. H. D. Rouse

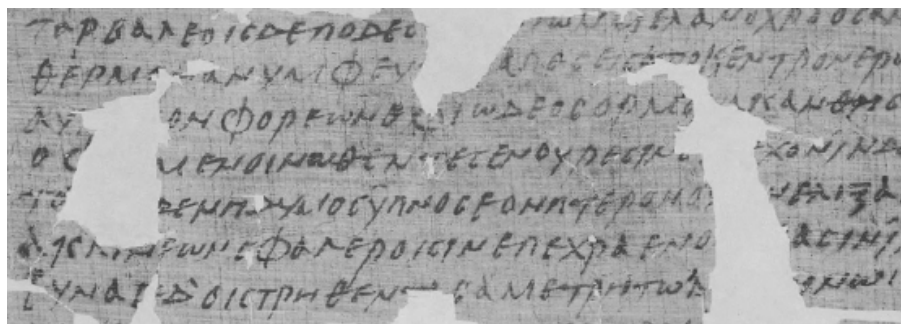
Composed in 48 books, *The Dionysiaca* is the longest surviving epic poem from antiquity, comprising 20,426 lines and written in Homeric dialect and dactylic hexameters. Recounting the life of Dionysus, including his fabled expedition to India and his triumphant return to the west, the poem is thought to have been written in the late fourth or early fifth century. *The Dionysiaca* appears to be incomplete, with some scholars believing that a 49th book was being planned when Nonnus stopped work on the poem, though others suggest that the number of 48 books is the same as the 48 books of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* combined. It has also been argued by scholars that a possible conversion to Christianity or death caused Nonnus to abandon the poem after some revisions. They have identified various inconsistencies and difficulties in Book 39, appearing to be a disjointed series of descriptions, as evidence of the poem's lack of revision. Others have attributed these problems to copyists or later editors, though most scholars now agree that the work is incomplete.

The primary models for *The Dionysiaca* are Homer and the Cyclic poets, as demonstrated by Nonnus' Homeric language, metrics, episodes and the descriptive canons that abound in the poem. The influence of Euripides' *Bacchae* is also significant. Though Nonnus' debt to fragmentary and lost works is hard to appreciate, he alludes to earlier poets' treatments of the life of Dionysus, such as the lost poems by Euphorion, Peisander of Laranda's elaborate encyclopaedic mythological poem, Dionysius, and Soteirichus. Hesiod's poetry (especially the *Catalogue of Women*), Pindar's odes and the works of Callimachus have also had a hand in inspiring Nonnus' great work.

The epic is notably varied in its organisation, as it is not arranged in a linear chronology, but instead in episodes, arranged by a loose chronological and themed order, similar to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. The poem states as its guiding principle *poikilia*, diversity in narrative, form and organisation. The appearance of Proteus, a shape shifting god, in the proem is presented as a metaphor for Nonnus' varied style. Nonnus employs the style of the *epyllion* for many of his narrative sections, such as his treatment of Ampelus in 10–11, Nicaea in 15–16, and Beroe in 41–43. These *epyllia* are inserted into the general narrative framework and provide many of the epic's highlights. Nonnus also employs *synkrisis*, comparison, throughout his poem, most notably in the comparison of Dionysus and other heroes in Book 25. The complex organisation and the richness of the language have caused the style of the poem to be termed *Nonnian* "Baroque."

The Dionysiaca is noted for its careful handling of dactylic hexameter and Nonnus' innovation in metre. Whereas Homer employs 32 varieties of hexameter lines, Nonnus only employs nine variations, avoiding elision, while adopting mostly weak caesurae, following a variety of euphonic and syllabic rules in word placement. It is especially significant that Nonnus was so precise with meter as the quantitative meter of classical poetry was giving way to stressed meter during his era. These metrical restraints encouraged the creation of new compounds, adjectives and fabricated words, and Nonnus' epic reveals some of the greatest variety of coinages in any surviving Greek text.

Nonnus seems to have been an important influence to the poets of Late Antiquity, especially Musaeus, Colluthus, Christodorus and Dracontius. Although it is difficult to determine whether Claudian influenced Nonnus or Nonnus influenced Claudian, the two poets reveal striking similarities in their treatments of the Persephone myth. Nonnus remained continuously important in the Byzantine world and his influence can be found in Genesius and Planudes. In the Renaissance, Poliziano popularised *The Dionysiaca* to the West and Goethe is recorded as admiring Nonnus' work in the eighteenth century.



Detail of a papyrus codex showing Book 15 of 'The Dionysiaca', P.Berol. inv. 10567, 6th or 7th century

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Bacchus in his panther-drawn chariot, as depicted in a third century mosaic from Seville



Lycurgus attacking the nymph Ambrosia

VOLUME I.

SUMMARY OF THE BOOKS OF THE POEM

HEADINGS OF THE FIRST FIFTEEN BOOKS OF THE DIONYSIACA

- (1) The first contains Cronion, light-bearing ravisher of the nymph, and the starry heaven battered by Typhon's hands.
- (2) The second has Typhon's battle ranging through the stars, and lightning, and the struggles of Zeus, and the triumph of Olympos.
- (3) In the third, look for the much-wandering ship of Cadmos, the palace of Electra and the hospitality of her table.
- (4) Tracking the fourth over the deep, you will see Harmonia sailing together with her agemate Cadmos.
- (5) Look into the fifth next, and you will see Actaion also, whom no pricket brought forth, torn by dogs as a fleeing fawn.
- (6) Look for marvels in the sixth, where in honouring Zagreus, all the settlements on the earth were drowned by Rainy Zeus.
- (7) The seventh sings of the hoary supplication of Time, and Semele, and the love of Zeus, and the furtive bed.
- (8) The eight has a changeful tale, the fierce jealousy of Hera, and Semele's fiery nuptials, and Zeus the slayer.
- (9) Look into the ninth, and you will see the son of Maia, and the daughters of Lamos, and Mystis, and the flight of Ino.
- (10) In the tenth also, you will see the madness of Athamas and Ino's flight, how she fled into the swell of the sea with newborn Melicertes.
- (11) See the eleventh, and you will find lovely Ampelos carried off by the manslaying robber bull.
- (12) With the twelfth, delight your heart, where Ampelos has shot up his own shape, a new flower of love, into the fruit of the vine.
- (13) In the thirteenth, I will tell of a host innumerable, and champion heroes gathering for Dionysos.
- (14) Turn your mind to the fourteenth: there Rheia arms all the ranks of heaven for the Indian War.

(15) In the fifteenth, I sing the sturdy Nicaia, the rosy-armed beast-slayer
defying Love.

BOOK I

The first contains Cronion, light-bearing ravisher of the nymph, and the starry heaven battered by Typhon's hands.

Tell the tale, Goddess, of Cronides' courier with fiery flame, the gasping travail which the thunderbolt brought with sparks for wedding-torches, the lightning in waiting upon Semele's nuptials; tell the naissance of Bacchos twice-born, whom Zeus lifted still moist from the fire, a baby half-complete born without midwife; how with shrinking hands he cut the incision in his thigh and carried him in his man's womb, father and gracious mother at once – and well he remembered another birth, when his own head conceived, when his temple was big with child, and he carried that incredible unbegotten lump, until he shot out Athena scintillating in her armour.

[11] Bring me the fennel, rattle the cymbals, ye Muses! put in my hand the wand of Dionysos whom I sing: but bring me a partner for your dance in the neighbouring island of Paros, Proteus of many turns, that he may appear in all his diversity of shapes, since I twang my harp to a diversity of songs. For if, as a serpent, he should glide along his winding trail, I will sing my god's achievement, how with ivy-wreathed wand he destroyed the horrid hosts of Giants serpent-haired. If as a lion he shake his bristling mane, I will cry "Euoi!" to Bacchos on the arm of buxom Rheia, stealthily draining the breast of the lionbreeding goddess. If as a leopard he shoot up into the air with a stormy leap from his pads, changing shape like a master-craftsman, I will hymn the son of Zeus, how he slew the Indian nation, with his team of pards riding down the elephants. If he make his figure like the shape of a boar, I will sing Thyone's son, love-sick for Aura the desirable, boarslayer, daughter of Cybele, mother of the third Bacchos late-born. If he be mimic water, I will sing Dionysos diving into the bosom of the brine, when Lycurgos armed himself. If he become a quivering tree and tune a counterfeit whispering, I will tell of Icarios, how in the jubilant winepress his feet crushed the grape in rivalry.

[34] Bring me the fennel, Mimallons! On my shoulders in place of the wonted kirtle, bind, I pray, tight over my breast a dapple-back fawnskin, full of the perfume of Maronian nectar; and let Homer and deep-sea Eidothea keep the rank skin of the seals for Menelaos. Give me the jocund tambours and the goatskins! but leave for another the double-sounding pipe with its melodious sweetness, or I may offend my own Apollo; for he rejects the sound of breathing reeds, ever since he put to shame Marsyas and his god-defiant pipes, and bared every limb of the skin-stript shepherd, and hung his skin on a tree to belly in the breezes.

[45] Then come now, Goddess, begin with the long search and the travels of Cadmos.

[46] Once on the Sidonian beach Zeus as a high-horned bull imitated an amorous bellow with his changeling throat, and felt a charming thrill; little Eros heaved up a woman, with his two arms encircling her middle. And while he lifted her, at his side the sea-faring bull curved his neck downwards, spread under the girl to mount, sinking sideways on his knees, and stretching his back submissive, he raised up Europa; then the bull pressed on, and his floating hoof furrowed the water of the trodden brine noiselessly with forbearing footsteps. High above the sea, the girl throbbing with fear navigated on bullback, unmoving, unwetted. If you saw her you would think it was Thetis perhaps, or Galatea, or Earthshaker's bedfellow, or Aphrodite seated on Triton's neck. Aye, Seabluehair marvelled at the waddle-foot voyage; Triton heard the delusive lowing of Zeus, and bellowed an echoing note to Cronos' son with his conch by way of wedding song; Nereus pointed out to Doris the woman carried along, mingling wonder with fear as he saw the strange voyager and his horns.

[65] But the maiden, a light freight for her bull-barge, sailed along oxriding, with a horn for steering-oar, and trembled at the high heaving of her watery course, while Desire was the seaman. And artful Boreas bellied out all her shaking robe with amorous breath, love-sick himself, and in secret jealousy, whistled on the pair of unripe breasts. As when one of the Nereids has peeped out of the sea, and seated upon a dolphin cuts the flooding calm, balanced there while she paddles with a wet hand and pretends to swim, while the watery wayfarer half-seen rounds his back and carries her dry through the brine, while the cleft tail of the fish passing through the sea scratches the surface in its course, – so the bull lifted his back: and while the bull stretched, his drover Eros flogged the servile neck with his charmed girdle, and lifting bow on shoulder like a pastoral staff, shepherded Hera's bridegroom with Cypris' crook, driving him to Poseidon's watery pasture. Shame purpled the maiden cheek of Pallas unmothered, when she spied Cronion ridden by a woman. So Zeus clove the course with watery furrow, but the deep sea did not quench his passion – for did not the water conceive Aphrodite by a heavenly husbandry, and bring her forth from the deeps? Thus a girl steered the bull's unboisterous passage, herself at once both pilot and cargo.

[90] One saw this mimic ship of the sea, alive and nimble-kneed, – an Achaian seaman passing by, and he cried out in this fashion: "O my eyes, what's this miracle? how comes it that he cuts the waves with his legs, and swims over the barren sea, this land-pasturing bull? Navigable earth – is that the new creation of Cronides? Shall the farmer's wain trace a watery rut through the brine-sprent deep? That's a bastard voyage I descry upon the waves! Surely Selene has gotten an unruly bull, and leaves the sky to traipse over the high seas! Or no – deepwater Thetis drives a coach on a floating racecourse! This sea-bull is a creature very different from the land-bull, has a fishlike shape; must be a Nereid with other looks, not naked now, but in long flowing robes, driving this bull unbridled to march afoot on the waters, a new

fashion that! If it is Demeter wheatenhaired, cleaving the gray back of the sea with waterfaring oxhoof, then thou, Poseidon, must have turned landlubber and migrated to the thirsty back of earth, afoot behind the plow, and cut Demeter's furrow with thy sea-vessel, blown by land-winds, tramping a voyage on the soil! Bull, you are astray out of your country; Nereus is no bulldrover, Proteus no plowman, Glaucos no gardener; no marshground, no meadows in the billows; on the barren sea there's no tillage, but sailors cut the ship-harboursing water with a steering-oar, and do not split with iron; Earthshaker's hinds do not sow in the furrows, but the sea's plant is seaweed, sea's sowing is water, the sailor is the farmer, the only furrow is the ship's grain and wake, the hooker is the plow.

[118] "But how came you to have dealings with a maid? Do bulls also go mad with love, and ravish women? Has Poseidon played a trick, and ravished a girl under the shape of a horned bull like a river-god? Has he woven another plot to follow the bedding of Tyro, just as he did the other day, when the watery paramour came trickling up with counterfeit ripples like a bastard Enipeus?"

[125] So the Hellenic sailor spoke his amazement as he passed by. Then the girl presaged her union with the bull; and tearing her hair, she broke out in lamentable tones: "Deaf Water, voiceless Coasts! Say to the Bull, if cattle can hear and hearken, 'Merciless, spare a girl!' Ye Coasts, pray tell my loving father that Europa has left her native land, seated upon a bull, my ravisher, my sailor, and I think, my bed-fellow. Take these ringlets to my mother, ye circling Breezes. Aye Boreas, I conjure thee, receive me on thy pinions in the air, as thou didst ravish thine Athenian bride! But stay, my voice! or I may see Boreas in love, like the Bull!" So the girl spoke, as the bull ferried her on his back.

[137] Then Cadmos, passing in his travels from land to land, followed the never-staying tracks of the bull turned bridesman. He came to the bloodstained cave of Arima, when the mountains had moved from their seats and were beating at the gate of inexpugnable Olympos, when the gods took wing above the rainless Nile, like a flight of birds far out of reach, oaring their strange track in the winds of heaven, and the seven zones of the sky were sore assailed.

[145] This was the reason. Zeus Cronides had hurried to Pluto's bed, to beget Tantalos, that mad robber of the heavenly cups; and he laid his celestial weapons well hidden with his lightning in a deep cavern. From underground the thunderbolts belched out smoke, the white cliff was blackened; hidden sparks from a fire-barbed arrow heated the watersprings; torrents boiling with foam and steam poured down the Mygdonian gorge, until it boomed again.

[154] Then at a nod from his mother, the Earth, Cilician Typhoeus stretched out his hands, and stole the snowy tools of Zeus, the tools of fire; then spreading his row of rumble-rattling throats, he yelled as his warcry the cries of all wild beasts together: the snakes that grew from him waved over his

leopards' heads, licked the grim lions' manes, girdled with their curly tails spiral-wise round the bulls' horns, mingled the shooting poison of their long thin tongues with the foam-spittle of the boars.

[163] Now he laid the gear of Cronides in a cubby-hole of the rock, and spread the harvest of his clambering hands into the upper air. And that battalion of hands! One throttled Cynosuris beside the ankle-tip of Olympos; one gripped the Parrhasian Bear's mane as she rested on heaven's axis, and dragged her off; another caught the Oxdrover and knocked him out; another dragged Phosphoros, and in vain under the circling turning-post sounded the whistling of the heavenly lash in the morning; he carried off the Dawn, and held in the Bull, so that timeless, half-complete, horsewoman Season rested her team. And in the shadowy curls of his serpenthair heads the light was mingled with gloom; the Moon shone rising in broad day with the Sun.

[176] Still there was no rest. The Giant turned back, and passed from north to south; he left one pole and stood by the other. With a long arm he grasped the Charioteer, and flogged the back of hailstorming Aigoceros; he dragged the two Fishes out of the sky and cast them into the sea; he buffeted the Ram, that midnipple star of Olympos, who balances with equal pin day and darkness over the fiery orb of his spring-time neighbour. With trailing feet Typhoeus mounted close to the clouds: spreading abroad the far-scattered host of his arms, he shadowed the bright radiance of the unclouded sky by darting forth his tangled army of snakes. One of them ran up right through the rim of the polar circuit and skipt upon the backbone of the heavenly Serpent, hissing his mortal challenge. One made for Cepheus's daughter, and with starry fingers twisting a ring as close as the other, enchained Andromeda, bound already, with a second bond aslant under her bands. Another, a horned serpent, entwined about the forked horns of the Bull's horned head of shape like his own, and dangled coiling over the Bull's brow, tormenting with open jaws the Hyades opposite ranged like a crescent moon. Poison-spitting tangles of serpents in a bunch girdled the Ox-drover. Another made a bold leap, when he saw another Snake in Olympos, and jumped around the Ophiuchos's arm that held the viper; then curving his neck and coiling his crawling belly, he braided a second chaplet about Ariadne's crown.

[202] Then Typhoeus manyarmed turned to both ends, shaking with his host of arms the girdle of Zephyros and the wing of Euros opposite, dragging first Phosphoros, then Hesperos and the crest of Atlas. Many a time in the weedy gulf he seized Poseidon's chariot, and dragged it from the depths of the sea to land; again he pulled out a stallion by his brine-soaked mane from the undersea manger, and threw the vagabond nag to the vault of heaven, shooting his shot at Olympos – hit the Sun's chariot, and the horses on their round whinnied under the yoke. Many a time he took a bull at rest from his rustic plowtree and shook him with a threatening hand, bellow as he would, then shot him against the Moon like another moon, and stayed her course, then rushed hissing against the goddess, checking with the bridle her bulls' white

yoke-straps, while he poured out the mortal whistle of a poison-spitting viper.

[219] But Titan Mene would not yield to the attack. Battling against the Giant's heads, like-horned to hers, she cared many a scar on the shining orb of her bull's horn; and Selene's radiant cattle bellowed amazed at the gaping chasm of Typhaon's throat. The Seasons undaunted armed the starry battalions, and the lines of heavenly Constellations in a disciplined circle came shining to the fray. A varied host maddened the upper air with clamour and with flame: some whose portion was Boreas, others the back of Lips in the west, or the eastern zones or the recesses of the south. The unshaken congregation of the fixt stars with unanimous acclamation left their places and caught up their travelling fellows. The axis passing through the heaven's hollow and fixt upright in the midst, groaned at the sound. Orion the hunter, seeing these tribes of wild beasts, drew his sword; the blade of the Tanagraian brand sparkled bright as its master made ready for attack; his thirsty Dog, shooting light from his fiery chin, bubbled up in his starry throat and let out a hot bark, and blew out the steam from his teeth against Typhaon's beasts instead of the usual hare. The sky was full of din, and, answering the seven-zoned heaven, the seven-throated cry of the Pleiads raised the war-shout from as many throats; and the planets as many again banged out an equal noise.

[244] Radiant Ophiuchos, seeing the Giant's direful snaky shape, from his hands so potent against evil shook off the gray coils of the fire-bred serpents, and shot the dappled coiling missile, while tempests roared round his flames – the viper-arrows flew slanting and maddened the air. Then the Archer let fly a shaft, – that bold comrade of fish-like Aigoceros; the Dragon, divided between the two Bears, and visible within the circle of the Wain, brandished the fiery trail of the heavenly spine; the Oxherd, Erigone's neighbour, attendant driver of the Wain, hurled his crook with flashing arm; beside the knee of the Image and his neighbour the Swan, the starry Lyre presaged the victory of Zeus.

[258] Now Typhoeus shifted to the rocks, leaving the air, to flog the seas. He grasped and shook the peak of Corycios, and crushing the flood of the river that belongs to Cicilica, joined Tarsos and Cydnos together in one hand; then hurled a volley of cliffs upon the mustered waves of the brine. As the Giant advanced with feet trailing in the briny flood, his bare loins were seen dry through the water, which broke heavy against his mid-thigh crashing and booming; his serpents afloat sounded the charge with hissings from brine-beaten throats, and spitting poison led the attack upon the sea. There stood Typhon in the fish-giving sea, his feet firm in the depths of the weedy bottom, his belly in the air and crushed in clouds: hearing the terrible roar from the mane-bristling lions of his giant's head, the sea-lion lurked in the oozy gulf. There was no room in the deep for all its phalanx of leviathans, since the Earthborn monster covered a whole sea, larger than the land, with flanks that no sea could cover. The seals bleated, the dolphins hid in the deep water; the manyfooted squid, a master of craft, weaving his trailing web of crisscross

knots, stuck fast on his familiar rock, making his limbs look like a pattern on the stone. All the world was a-tremble: the love-maddened murry herself, drawn by her passion for the serpent's bed, shivered under the god-desecrating breath of these seafaring serpents. The waters piled up and touched Olympus with precipitous seas; as the streams mounted on high, the bird never touched by rain found the sea his neighbour, and washed himself. Typhoeus, holding a counterfeit of the deep-sea trident, with one earthshaking flip from his enormous hand broke off an island at the edge of the continent which is the kerb of the brine, circled it round and round, and hurled the whole thing like a ball. And while the Giant waged his war, his hurtling arms drew near to the stars, and obscured the sun, as they attacked Olympus, and cast the precipitous crag.

[294] Now after the frontier of the deep, after the well-laid foundation of the earth, this bastard Zeus armed his hand with fire-barbed thunderbolt: raising the gear of Zeus was hard work for the monster Typhoeus with two hundred furious hands, so great was the weight; but Cronion would lightly lift it with one hand. No clouds were about the Giant: against his dry arms, the thunder let out a dull-sounding note booming gently without a clap, and in the drought of the air scarcely did a thirsty dew trickle in snowflakes without a drop in them; the lightning was dim, and only a softish flame shone sparkling shamefacedly, like smoke shot with flame. The thunderbolts felt the hands of a novice, and all their manly blaze was unmanned. Often they slipped out of those many many hands, and went leaping of themselves; the brands went astray, missing the familiar hand of their heavenly master. As a man beats a horse that loathes the bit, – some stranger, a novice untaught, flogging a restive nag, as he tries again and again in vain, and the defiant beast knows by instinct the changeling hand of an unfamiliar driver, leaping madly, rearing straight into the air with hind-hooves planted immovable, lifting the forelegs and pawing out to the front, raising the neck till the mane is shaken abroad over both shoulders at once: so the monster laboured with this hand or that to lift the fugitive flash of the roving thunderbolt.

[321] Well, at the very time when Cadmos paid his visit to Arima in his wanderings, the seafaring bull set down the girl from his withers, quite dry, upon the shore by Dicte; but Hera saw Cronides shaken with passion, and mad with jealousy she called out with an angry laugh:

[326] “Phoibos, go and stand by your father, or some plowman may catch Zeus and put him to some earth-shaking plowtree. I wish one would catch him and put him to the plow! Then I could shout to my lord – ‘Learn to bear two goads now, Cupid’s (Eros’s’) and the farmer’s! You must be verily Lord of Pastures, my fine Archer, and shepherd your parent, or cattle-driver Selene may put Cronides under the yoke, she may score Zeus’s back with her merciless lash when she is off to herdsman Endymion’s bed in a hurry! Zeus your Majesty! it is a pity I did not see you coming like that to court her, when she was a heifer with horns on her forehead! she might have bred you a

little bull as horny as his father! Look out for Hermes! The professional cattle-lifter may think he is catching a bull and steal his own father! He may give his harp once again to your son Phoibos, as price for the ravisher ravished. But what can I do? If only Argos were still alive, shining all over with sleepless eyes, that he might be Hera's drover, and drag Zeus to some inaccessible pasture, and prod his flanks with a crook!"

[344] So much for Hera. But Cronides put off his bull-faced form, and in the shape of a young man ran round the innocent girl. He touched her limbs, loosed first the bodice about the maid's bosom, pressed as if by chance the swelling circle of the firm breast, kissed the tip of her lip, then silently undid the holy girdle of unwedded virginity, so well guarded, and plucked the fruit of love hardly ripe.

[352] Soon her womb swelled, quick with twin progeny; and Zeus the husband passed over his bride with the divine offspring in her womb, to Asterion, a consort of rich fortune. Then rising beside the Charioteer's ankle the bridegroom Bull of Olympos sparkled with stars, he who keeps his dewloving back for the Sun in the springtime, crouching upon his hams across the path as he rises: half submerged in the sea, he shows himself holding out his right foot towards Orion, and at evening quickens his pace into the circle and passes the Charioteer who rises with him to run his course. So he was established in the heavens.

[363] But Typhoeus was no longer to hold the gear of Zeus. For now Zeus Cronides along with Archer Eros left the circling pole, and met roving Cadmos amid the mountains on his wandering search; then he devised with him an ingenious plan, and entwined the deadly threads of Moira's spindle for Typhon. And Goatherd Pan who went with him gave Zeus Almighty cattle and sheep and rows of horned goats. Then he built a hut with mats of wattled reeds and fixed it on the ground: he put on Cadmos a shepherd's dress, so that no one could know him in disguise, when he had clad his sham herdsman in this make-believe costume; he gave clever Cadmos the deceiving panpipes, part of the plot to pilot Typhaon to his death.

[377] Now Zeus called the counterfeit herdsman and the winged controller of generation, and disclosed this one common plan: "Look alive, Cadmos, pipe away and there shall be fine weather in heaven! Delay, and Olympos is scourged! for Typhoeus is armed with my heavenly weapons. Only the aegis-cape is left me; but what will my aegis do fighting with Typhon's thunderbolt? I fear old Cronos may laugh aloud, I am shy of the proud neck of my lordly adversary Iapetos! I fear Hellas even more, that mother of romances – what if one of that nation call Typhon Lord of Rain, or Highest, and Ruling in the Heights, defiling my name! Become a herdsman for one day-dawn; make a tune on your mindbefooling shepherd's pipes, and save the Shepherd of the Universe, that I may not hear the noise of Cloud-gatherer Typhoeus, the thunders of a new impostor Zeus, that I may stop his battling with lightnings and volleying with thunderbolts! If the blood of Zeus is in you, and the breed

of Inachian Io, bewitch Typhon's wits by the sovereign remedy of your guileful pipes and their tune! I will give you ample recompense for your service, two gifts: I will make you saviour of the world's harmony, and the husband of the lady Harmonia. You also, Love, primeval founder of fecund marriage, bend your bow, and the universe is no longer adrift. If all things come from you, friendly shepherd of life, draw one shot more and save all things. As fiery god, arm yourself against Typhon, and by your help let the fiery thunderbolts return to my hand. All-vanquisher, strike one with your fire, and may your charmed shot catch one whom Cronion did not defeat; and may he have madness from the mind-bewitching tune of Cadmos, as much as I had passion for Europa's embrace!"

[408] With these words Zeus passed away in the shape of the horned Bull, from which the Tauros Mountain takes its name.

[409] But Cadmos tuned up the deceitful notes of his harmonious reeds, as he reclined under a neighbouring tree in the pasturing woodland; wearing the country garb of a real herdsman, he sent the deluding tune to Typhaon's ears, puffing his cheeks to blow the soft breath. The Giant loved music, and when he heard this delusive melody, he leapt up and dragged along his viperish feet; he left in a cave the flaming weapons of Zeus with Mother Earth to keep them, and followed the notes to seek the neighbouring tune of the pipes which delighted his soul. There he was seen by Cadmos near the bushes, who was sore afraid and hid in a cleft of the rock. But the monster Typhoeus with head high in air saw him trying to hide himself, and beckoned with voiceless signs, nor did he understand the trick in this beautiful music; then face to face with the shepherd, he held out one right hand, not seeing the net of destruction, and with his middle face, blood-red and human in shape, he laughed aloud and burst into empty boasts:

[427] "Why do you fear me, goatherd? Why do you cover your eyes with your hand? A fine feat I should think it to pursue a mortal man, after Cronion! A fine feat to carry off panspipes alone with the lightning! What have reeds to do with flaming thunderbolts? Keep your pipes alone, since Typhoeus possesses another kind of organ, the Olympian, which plays by itself! There sits Zeus, without his clouds, hands unrumbling, none of his usual noise – he could do with your pipes. Let him have your handful of reeds to play. I don't join worthless reeds to other reeds in a row and wave them about, but I roll up clouds upon clouds into a lump, and discharge a bang all at once with rumblings all over the sky!

[439] "Let's have a friendly match, if you like. Come on, you make music and sound your reedy tune, I will crash my thundery tune. You puff out your cheek all swollen with wind, and blow with your lips, but Boreas is my blower, and my thunderbolts boom when his breath flogs them. Drover, I will pay you for your pipes: for when I shall hold the sceptre instead of Zeus, and drive the heavenly throne, you shall come with me; leave the earth and I will bring you to heaven pipes and all, with your flock too if you like, you shall not

be parted from your herd. I'll settle your goats over the backbone of Aigoceros, one of the same breed; or near the Charioteer, who pushes the shining Olenian She-goat in Olympos with his sparkling arm. I'll put your cattle beside the rainy Bull's broad shoulder and make them stars rising in Olympos, or near the dewy turning-piont where Selene's cattle send out a windy moo from their life-warming throats. You will not want your little hut. Instead of your bushes, let your flock go flashing with the ethereal Kids: I will make them another crib, to shine beside the Asses' Crib and as good as theirs. Be a star yourself instead of a drover, where the Ox-driver is seen; wield a starry goad yourself, and drive the Bear's Lycaonian wain. Happy shepherd, be heavenly Typhon's guest at table: tune up on earth to-day, to-morrow in heaven! You shall have ample recompense for your song: I will establish your face in the starlit circle of heaven, and join your tuneful pipes to the heavenly Harp. If you like, I will give you Athena for your holy bride: if you do not care for Grayeyes, take Leto, or Charis, or Cythereia, or Artemis, or Hebe to wife. Only don't ask me for my Hera's bed. If you have a horse-master brother who can manage a team, let him take Helios' fiery four-in-hand. If you want to wield the goatskin cape of Zeus, being a goatherd, I will make you a present of that too. I mean to march into Olympos caring nothing for Zeus unarmed; and what could Athena do to me with her armour? – a female! Strike up 'See the Conquering Typhon comes,' you herdsman! Sing the new lawful sovereign of Olympos in me, bearing he sceptre of Zeus and his robe of lightning!"

[481] He spoke, andAdrasteia took note of his words thus far. But when Cadmos understood that the son of Earth had been carried by Fate's thread into his hunting-net, a willing captive, struck by the delightful sting of those soul-delighting reeds, unsmiling he uttered this artful speech:

[486] "You liked the little tune of my pipes, when you heard it; tell me, what would you do when I strike out a hymn of victory on the harp of seven strings, to honour your throne? Indeed, I matched myself against Phoibos with his heavenly quill, and beat him with my own harp, but Cronides burnt to dust my fine ringing strings with a thunderbolt, to please his beaten son! But if ever I find again the swelling sinews, I will strike up a tune with my quills to bewitch all the trees and the mountains and the temper of wild beasts. I will drag back Oceanos, that coronet self-wreathed about the earth and old as earth herself, I will make him hasten and bring his stream rolling back upon himself round the same road. I will stay the army of fixed stars, and the racing planets, and Phaëthon, and Selene's carriage-pole. But when you strike Zeus and the gods with your thunderbolt, do leave only the Archer, that while Typhon feasts at his table, I and Phoibos may have a match, and see which will beat which in celebrating mighty Typhon! And do not kill the dancing Pierides, that they may weave the women's lay harmonious with our manly song when Phoibos or your shepherd leads the merry dance!"

[507] He finished; and Typhoeus bowed his flashing eyebrows and shook his

locks: every hair belched viper-poison and drenched the hills. Quick he returned to his cave, took up and brought out the sinews of Zeus, and gave them to crafty Cadmos as the guest's gift; they had fallen on the ground in the battle with Typhaon.

[513] The deceitful shepherd thanked him for the immortal gift; he handled the sinews carefully, as if they were to be strung on the harp, and hid them in a hole in the rock, kept safe for Zeus Giant-slayer. Then with pursed-up lips he let out a soft and gentle breath, pressing the reeds and stealing the notes, and sounded a tune more dainty than ever. Typhoeus pricked up all his many ears and listened to the melody, and knew nothing. The Giant was bewitched, while the false shepherd whistled by his side, as if sounding the rout of the immortals with his pipes; but he was celebrating the soon-coming victory of Zeus, and singing the fate of Typhon to Typhon sitting by his side. So he excited him to frenzy even more; and as a lusty youth enamoured is bewitched by delicious thrills by the side of a maiden his agemate, and gazes now at the silvery round of her charming face, now at a straying curl of her thick hair, now again at a rosy hand, or notes the circle of her blushing breast pressed by the bodice, and watches the bare neck, as he delights to let his eye run over and over her body never satisfied, and never will leave his girl – so Typhoeus yielded his whole soul to Cadmos for the melody to charm.

BOOK II

The second has Typhon's battle ranging through the stars, and lightning, and the struggles of Zeus, and the triumph of Olympos.

And so Cadmos Agenorides remained there by the ankle of the pasturing woodland, drawing his lips to and fro along the tops of the pipes, as a pretended goatherd; but Zeus Cronides, unespied, uncaught, crept noiseless into the cave, and armed himself with his familiar fires a second time. And a cloud covered Cadmos beside his unseen rock, lest Typhoeus might learn this crafty plan, and the secret thief of the thunderbolts, and wise too late might kill the turncoat herdsman. But all the Giant wanted was, to hear more and more of the mind-bewitching melody with its delicious thrill. When a sailor hears the Siren's perfidious song, and bewitched by the melody, he is dragged to a self-chosen fate too soon; no longer he cleaves the waves, no longer he whitens the blue water with his oars unwetted now, but falling into the net of melodious Fate, he forgets to steer, quite happy, caring not for the seven starry Pleiades and the Bear's circling course: so the monster, shaken by the breath of that deceitful tune, welcomed with delight the wound of the pipes which was his escort to death.

[20] But now the shepherd's reed breathing melody fell silent, and a mantling shadow of cloud hid the piper as he cut off his tune. Typhoeus rushed head-in-air with the fury of battle into the cave's recesses, and searched with hurried madness for the wind-coursing thunderbolt and the lightning unapproachable; with inquiring foot he chased the fire-shotten gleam of the stolen thunderbolt, and found an empty cave! Too late he learnt the craft-devising schemes of Cronides and the subtle machinations of Cadmos: flinging the rocks about he leapt upon Olympos. While he dragged his crooked track with snaky foot, he spat out showers of poison from his throat; the mountain torrents were swollen, as the monster showered fountains from the viperfish bristles of his high head; as he marched, the solid earth did sink, and the steady ground of Cilicia shook to its foundations under those dragon-feet; the flanks of craggy Tauros crashed with a rumbling din, until the neighbouring Pamphylian hills danced with fear; the underground caverns boomed, the rocky headlands trembled, the hidden places shook, the shore slipped away as a thrust of his earthshaking foot loosened the sands.

[42] Neither pasture nor wild beasts were spared. Rawravering bears made a meal for the jaws of Typhaon's bear-heads; tawny bodies of chest-bristling lions were swallowed by the gaping jaws of his own lion-heads; his snaky throats devoured the cold shapes of earthfed serpents; birds of the air, flying through untrodden space, there met neighbours to gulp them down their throats – he found the eagle in his home, and that was the food he relished most, because it is called the Bird of Zeus. He ate up the plowing ox, and had

no pity when he saw the galled neck bloody from the yoke-straps.

[53] He made the rivers dust, as he drank the water after his meal, beating off the troops of Naiads from the river-beds: the Naiad of the deeps made her way tripping afoot as if the river were a roadway, until she stood, unshod, with dry limbs, she a nymph, the creature of watery ways, and as the girl struggled, thrusting one foot after another along the thirsty bed of the stream, she found her knees held fast to the bottom in a muddy prison.

[60] The old shepherd, terrified to descry the manifold visage of this maddened monster, dropt his pipes and ran away; the goatherd, seeing the wide-scattered host of his arms, threw his reed flying to the winds; the hard-working plowman sprinkled not the new-scored ground with corn thrown behind him, nor covered it with earth, nor cut with earthshaking iron the land furrowed already by Typhon's guiding hand, but let his oxen go loose. The earth's hollows were bared, as the monster's missile cleft it. He freed the liquid vein, and as the chasm opened, the lower channel bubbled up with flooding springs, pouring out the water from under the uncovered bosom of the ground, and rocks were thrown up, and falling from the air in torrential showers were hidden in the sea, making the waters dry land: and the hurtling masses of earth rooted themselves firmly as the footings of new-made islands. Trees were levered up from the earth by the roots, and the fruit fell on the ground untimely; the fresh-flowering garden was laid waste, the rosy meadows withered; the West Wind was beaten by the dry leaves of whirling cypresses. Phoibos sang a dirge in lamentable tones for his devastated iris, twining a sorrowful song, and lamented far more bitterly than for his clusters of Amyclean flowers, when the laurel by his side was struck. Pan in anguish uplifted his fallen pine; Grayeyes, remembering Moria, groaned over her broken olive-tree, the Attic nymph who brought her a city. The Paphian also wept when her anemone was laid in the dust, and mourned long over the fragrant tresses of flowercups from her rosebed laid in the dust, while she tore her soft hair. Deo mourned over the half-grown corn destroyed and no longer celebrated the harvest home. The Hadryad nymphs lamented the lost shade of their yearsmate trees.

[94] One Hamadryad leapt unveiled from the cloven shaft of a bushy laurel, which had grown with her growth, and another maiden stepping out of her pine-tree appeared beside her neighbour the exiled nymph, and said: "Laurel Hamadryad, so shy of the marriage bed, let us both take one road, lest you see Phoibos, lest I espy Pan! Woodmen, pass by these trees! Do not fell the afflicted bush of unhappy Daphne! Shipwright, spare me! cut no timbers from my pine-tree, to make some lugger that may feel the billows of Aphrodite, Lady of the Sea! Yes, woodcutter, grant me this last grace: strike me with your axe instead of my clusters, and drive our unmarried Athena's chaste bronze through my breast, that I may die before I wed, and go to Hades a virgin, still a stranger to Eros, like Pitys and like Daphne!"

[109] With these words, she contrived a makeshift kirtle with the leaves, and

modestly covered the circle of her breast with this green girdle, pressing thigh upon thigh. The other seeing her so downcast, answered thus: "I feel the fear inborn in a maiden, because I was born of a laurel, and I am pursued like Daphne. But where shall I flee? Shall I hide under a rock? No, thunderbolts have burnt to ashes the mountains hurled at Olympos; and I tremble at your lustful Pan, who will persecute me like Pitys, like Syrinx – I shall be chased myself until I become another Echo, to scour the hills and second another's speech. I will haunt these clusters no longer; I will leave my tree and live in the mountains which are still half to be seen, where Artemis also hunts, and she loves a maiden. – Yet Cronion won the bed of Callisto by taking the form of Artemis! I will plunge into the briny deep – what is marriage to me? – Yet in the sea, Earthshaker chased Asterië in the madness of his passion. O that I had wings to fly! I will traverse the heights, and take the road which the winds of the air do travel! But perhaps racing wings are also useless: Typhoeus reaches the clouds with highclambering hands!

[130] "But if he will force me by violence, I will change my shape, I will mingle with the birds; flitting as Philomela, I will be the swallow dear to Zephyros in spring-time, harbinger of roses and flowery dew, prattling bird that sings a sweet song under the tiles, dashing about her nest with dancing wings. And, you, Procne, after your bitter sufferings, – you may weep for your son with mournful notes, and I will groan for my bridal. – Lord Zeus! make me no swallow, or angry Tereus on the wing may chase me, like Typhoeus! Air, mountain, sea, I may tread none of them: I will hide me deep in the earth. No! the water-snakes of the monster's viperfish feet crawl into the caverns underground, spitting poison! May I be a fountain of water in the country, like Comaitho, mingling her newly flowing water with her father Cydnos – no, not to suit the story, because I shall then have to join my virgin water with the out-gushings of a lovesick maid. But where shall I flee? Shall I mingle with Typhon? Then shall I bear a son like the father – an alien, multiform! Let me be another tree, and pass from tree to tree keeping the name of a virtuous maid; may I never, instead of laurel, be called that unhallowed plant which gave its name to Myrrha. Yes, I beseech thee! let me be one of the Heliades beside the stream of mourning Eridanos: often will I drop amber from my eyelids; I will spread my leaves to entwine with the dirge-loving clusters of my neighbouring poplar, bewailing my maidenhood with abundant tears – for Phaëthon will not be my lament. Forgive me, my laurel; I shrink from being another tree after the tree of my former wood. I also will be a stone, like Niobe, that wayfarers may pity me too, a groaning stone. – But why be the shape of one with that ill-omened tongue? Be gracious, Leto! Perish the god-defiant name of a nymph unhappy to be a mother!"

[163] While she spoke, Phaëthon had left the rounded sky, and turned his car towards setting: silent Night leapt up from earth into the air like a high-stretching cone, and wrapped heaven about in a starry robe spangling the welkin. The immortals moved about the cloudless Nile, but Zeus Cronides on

the brows of Tauros awaited the light of toil-awakening Dawn.

[170] It was night. Sentinels stood in line around Olympos and the seven zones, and as it were from the summit of towers came their nightly alarms; the calls of the stars in many tongues were carried all abroad, and the moon's turning-mark received the creaking echo from Saturn's starting-point. Now the Seasons, guardians of the upper air, handmaids of Phaëthon, had fortified the sky with a long string of covering clouds like a coronal. The stars had closed the Atlantean bar of the inviolable gates, lest some stealthy troop should enter the heavens while the Blessed ones were away: instead of the noise of pipes and the familiar flute, the breezes whistled a tune with their wings through the night. Old Oxherd was on guard with unsleeping eyes, in company with the heavenly Serpent of the Arcadian Bear, looking out from on high for some nightly assault of Typhon: the Morning Star watched the east, the Evening Star the west, and Cepheus, leaving the southern gates to the Archer, himself patrolled the rainy gates of the north.

[188] Watchfires were all around: for the blazing flames of the stars, and the nightly lamp of unresting Selene, sparkled like torches. Often the shooting stars, leaping through the heights of Olympos with windswept whirl from the ether, scored the air with flame on Cronion's right hand; often the lightning danced, twisting about like a tumbler, and tearing the clouds as it shot through, the uncertain brilliance which runs to and fro, now hidden, now shining, in alternating swing; and the comet twined in clusters the long strands of his woven flame, and made a ragged light with his hairy fire. Stray meteors were also shining, like long rafters stretching across the sky, shooting their long fires as allies of Zeus; and the rain's comrade, the bow of Iris, wove her many colours into a rounded track, and shone bent under the light-shafts of Phaëthon opposite, mingling pale with dark, and light with rosy.

[205] Zeus was alone, when Victory came to comfort him, scoring the high paths of the air with her shoe. She had the form of Leto; and while she armed her father, she made him a speech full of reproaches, with guileful lips: "Lord Zeus! stand up as champion of your own children! Let me never see Athena mingled with Typhon, she who knows not the way of a man with a maid! Make not a mother of the unmothered! Fight, brandish your lightning, the fiery spear of Olympos! Gather once more your clouds, lord of the rain! For the foundations of the steadfast universe are already shaking under Typhon's hands: the four blended elements are melted! Deo has renounced her harvests. Hebe has left her cup, Ares has thrown down his spear, Hermes has dropped his staff, Apollo has cast away his harp, and taken a swan's form, and flown off on the wing, leaving his winged arrows behind! Aphrodite, the goddess who brings wedlock to pass, has gone a-wandering, and the universe is without seed. The bonds indissoluble of harmony are dissolved: for bold Eros has flown in panic, leaving behind his generative arrows, he the adorning of brides, he the all-mastering, the unmastered! And your fiery Hephaistos has left his favourite Lemnos, and dragging unruly knees, look how slow he keeps

his unsteady course! See a great miracle – I pity your Hera, though she hates me sure enough! What – is your begetter to come back into the assembly of the stars? May that never be, I pray! Even if I am called a Titaness, I wish to see no Titans lords of Olympus, but you and your children. Take your lordly thunderbolt and champion chaste Artemis. What – do I keep my maiden for a bridegroom who offers no gifts but only violence? What – is the dispenser of childbirth to see childbirth of her own? Will she stretch out her hands to me, and then what gracious Eileithyia shall I call for the Archeress, when Eileithyia herself is in childbed?”

[237] So she spoke: and Sleep beating his shady wing sent all breathing nature to rest; but Cronion alone remained sleepless. Typhoeus stretched out his sluggish back and lay heavy upon his bed, covering his Mother Earth; she opened wide her bosom, and lurking lairs were hollowed out in a grinning chasm for the snaky heads which sank into the ground.

[244] The sun appeared, and many-armed Typhoeus roared for the fray with all the tongues of all his throats, challenging mighty Zeus. That sonorous voice reached where the root-fixt bed of reflux Oceanos surrounds the circle of the world and its four divided parts, girdling the whole earth coronet-wise with encircling band; as the monster spoke, that which answered the army of his voices, was not one concordant echo, but a babel of screaming sounds: when the monster arrayed him with all his manifold shapes, out rang the yowling of wolves, the roaring of lions, the grunting of boars, the lowing of cattle, the hissing of serpents, the bold yap of leopards, the jaws of rearing bears, the fury of dogs. Then with his midmost man-shaped head the Giant yelled out threats against Zeus”

[258] “Smash the house of Zeus, O my hands! Shake the foundation of the universe, and the blessed ones with it! Break the bar of Olympus, self-turning, divine! Drag down to earth the heavenly pillar, let Atlas be shaken and flee away, let him throw down the starry vault of Olympus and fear no more its circling course – for I will not permit a son of Earth to be bowed down with chafed shoulders, while he under-props the revolving compulsion of the sky! No, let him leave his endless burden to the other gods, and battle against the Blessed Ones! Let him break off rocks, and volley with those hard shots the starry vault which he once carried! Let the timid Seasons, the Sun’s handmaids, flee the heavens under the shower of mountains! Mix earth with sky, water with fire, sea with Olympus, in a litter of confusion!

[273] “I will compel the four winds also to labour as my slaves; I lash the North Wind, I buffet the South, I flog the East; I will thrash the West, with one hand I will mix night with day; Oceanos my brother shall bring his water to Olympus aloft with many-fountained throat, and rising above the five parallel circles he shall inundate the stars; then let the thirsty Bear go wandering in the water with the Waggon’s pole submerged!

[281] “Bellow, my bulls, shake the circle of the equator in the sky, break with your notched horns the horns of the fiery Bull, your own likeness! Let

Selene's cattle change their watery road, fearing the heavybooming bellow of my heads! Let Typhaon's bear open wide his grim gaping jaws, and worry the Bear of Olympos! Let my lion face the heavenly Lion, and drive him reluctant from the path of the Zodiac! (Little do I care for Zeus,) with only a few lightning to arm him! Ah, but my swords are the maddened waves of the sea, the tors of the land, the island glens; my shields are the hills, the cliffs are my breastplates unbreakable, my halberds are the rocks, and the rivers which will quench the contemptible thunderbolt. I will keep the chains of Iapetos for Poseidon; and soaring round Caucasos, another and better eagle shall tear the bleeding liver, growing for ever anew, of Hephaistos the fiery: since fire was that for which Prometheus has been suffering the ravages of his self-growing liver. I will take a shape the counterpart of the sons of Iphimedeia, and I will shut up the intriguing son of Maia in a brazen jar, 'Hermes freed Ares from prison, and he was put in prison himself!' Let Artemis break the untouched seal of her maidenhood, and become the enforced consort of Orion; Leto shall spread her old bedding for Tityos, dragged to wedlock by force. I will strip murderous Ares of his ragged bucklers, I will bind the lord of battle, and carry him off, and make him Killer the Gentle; I will carry off Pallas and join her to Epialtes, married at last; that I may see Ares a slave, and Athena a mother.

[314] "Cronion also shall lift the spinning heavens of Atlas, and bear the load on weary shoulders – there shall he stand, and hear the song at my wedding, and hide his jealousy when I shall be Hera's bridegroom. Torches shall not lack at my wedding. Bright lightning shall come of itself to be selfmade torch of the bride-chamber; Phaëthon himself instead of pine-brands, kindled at the light of his own flames, shall put his radiance at the service of Typhoeus the Bridegroom; the stars shall sprinkle their bridal sparks over Olympos as lamps to my loves, the stars, lights of evening! My servant Selene, Endymion's bed-fellow, along with Aphrodite the friend of marriage, shall lay my bed; and if I want a bath, I will bathe in the waters of starry Eridanos. Come now, ye circling Seasons! You prepared the bed of Zeus, build now the bower of love for Typhoeus; you also, Leto, Athenaia, Paphian, Charis, Artemis, Hebe, bring up from Oceanos his kindred water for Typhon the Bridegroom! And at the banquet of my table, with bridal quill Apollo my menial shall celebrate Typhoeus instead of Zeus.

[334] "I long for no stranger's demesne; for Uranos is my brother, a son of Earth like myself; the star-dappled heaven which I shall rule, the ehaven which I shall live in, comes to me through my mother. And cannibal Cronos I will drag up once more to the light, another brother, to help me in my task, out of the underground abyss; I will break those constraining chains, and bring back the Titans to heaven, and settle under the same roof in the sky the Cyclopes, sons of Earth. I will make more weapons of fire; for I need many thunderbolts, because I have two hundred hands to fight with, not only a pair like Cronides. I will forge a newer and better brand of lightning, with more fire and flashes. I will build another heaven up aloft, he eighth, broader and

higher than the rest, and furnish it with brighter stars; for the vault which we see close beside us is not enough to cover the whole of Typhon. And after those girl children and the male progeny of prolific Zeus, I will beget another multiparous generation of new Blessed Ones with multitudinous necks. I will not leave the company of the stars useless and unwedded, but I will join male to female, that the winged Virgin may sleep with the Oxherd and breed me slave-children."

[356] So he shouted; Cronides heard, and laughed aloud. Then the din of battle resounded on both sides. Strife was Typhon's escort in the mellay, Victory led Zeus into battle. No herds of cattle were the cause of that struggle, no flocks of sheep, this was no quarrel for a beautiful woman, no fray for a petty town: heaven itself was the stake in the fight, the sceptre and throne of Zeus lay on the knees of Victory as the prize of combat.

[364] Zeus flogging the clouds beat a thundering roar in the sky and trumpeted Enyo's call, then fitted clouds upon his chest in a bunch as protection against the Giant's missiles. Nor was Typhoeus silent: his bull-heads were self-sounding trumpets for him, sending forth a bellow which made Olympos rattle again; his serpents intermingled whistling for Ares' pipes. He fortified the ranks of his high-clambering limbs, shielding mighty rock with rock until the cliffs made an unbroken wall of battlements, as he set crag by crag uprooted in a long line. It looked like an army preparing for battle; for side by side bluff pressed hard on bluff, tor upon tor, ledge upon ledge, and high in the clouds one tortuous ridge pushed another; rugged hills were Typhon's helmets, and his heads were hidden in their beetling steeples. In that battle, the Giant had indeed one body, but many necks, but legions of arms innumerable, lions' jaws with well-sharpened fangs, hairbrush of vipers mounting over the stars. Trees were doubled up by Typhaon's hands and thrown against Cronides, and other fine leafy growths of earth, but all these Zeus unwilling burnt to dust with one spark of thunderbolt cast in heavy throw. Many an elm was hurled against Zeus with first coeval, and enormous plane-trees and volleys of white poplar; many a pit was broken in earth's flank.

[391] The whole circuit of the universe with its four sides was buffeted. The four winds, allied with Cronion, raised in the air columns of sombre dust; they swelled the arching waves, they flogged the sea until Sicily quaked; the Pelorid shores resounded and the ridges of Aitna, the Lilybaian rocks bellowed prophetic of things to come, the Pachynian promontory crashed under the western wave. Near the Bear, the nymph of Athos wailed about her Thracian glen, the forest of Macedon roared on the Pierian ridge; the foundations of the east were shaken, there was crashing in the fragrant valleys of Assyrian Libanos.

[403] Aye, and from Typhaon's hands were showered volleys against the unwearied thunderbolts of Zeus. Some shots went past Selene's car, and scored through the invisible footprints of her moving bulls; others whirling

through the air with sharp whiz, the winds blew away by counterblasts. Many a stray shot from the invulnerable thunderbolts of Zeus fell into the welcoming hand of Poseidon, unsparing of his earthpiercing trident's point; old Nereus brought the brine-soaked bolts to the ford of the Cronian Sea, and dedicated them as an offering to Zeus.

[414] Now Zeus armed the two grim sons of Enyalios, his own grandsons, Rout and Terror his servant, the inseparable guardsmen of the sky: Rout he set up with lightning, Terror he made strong with the thunderbolt, terrifying Typhon. Victory lifted her shield and held it before Zeus: Enyo countered with a shout, and Ares made a din. Zeus breasting the tempests with his aegis-breastplate swooped down from the air on high, seated in Time's chariot with four winged steeds, for the horses that drew Cronion were the team of the winds. Now he battled with lightnings, now with Levin; now he attacked with thunders, now poured out petrified masses of frozen hail in volleying showers. Waterspouts burst thick upon the Giant's heads with sharp blows, and hands were cut off from the monster by the frozen volleys of the air as by a knife. One hand rolled in the dust, struck off by the icy cut of the hail; it did not drop the crag which it held, but fought on even while it fell, and shot rolling over the ground in self-propelled leaps, a hand gone mad! as if it still wished to strike the vault of Olympus.

[436] Then the sovereign of the heavens brandished aloft his fiery bolt, and passing from the left wing of the battle to the right, fought manifest on high. The many-armed monster hastened to the watery torrents; he intertwined his row of fingers into a living mat, and hollowing his capacious palms, he lifted from the midst of the wintry rivers their water as it came pouring down from the mountains, and threw these detached parcels of the streams against the lightning. But the ethereal flame blazed with livelier sparks through the water of the torrents which struck it; the thirsty water boiled and steamed, and its liquid essence dried up in the red hot mass. Yes – to quench the ethereal fire was the bold Giant's plan, poor fool! he knew not that the fire-flaming thunderbolts and lightnings are the offspring of the clouds from whence the rain-showers come!

[451] Again, he cut straight off sections of the torrent-beds, and designed to crush the breast of Zeus which no iron can wound; the mass of rock came hurtling at Zeus, but Zeus blew a light puff from the edge of his lips, and that gentle breath turned the whirling rock aside with all its towering crags. The monster with his hand broke off a rounded promontory from an island, and rising for the attack circled it round his head again and again, and cast it at the invincible face of Zeus; then Zeus moved his head aside, and dodged the jagged rock which came at him; but Typhon hit the lightning as it passed on its hot zigzag path, and at once the rock was white-patched at the tip and blackened with smoke – there was no mistake about it. A third rock he cast; but Cronion caught it in full career with the flat of his infinite open hand, and by a playful turn of the wrist sent it back like a bouncing ball, to Typhon. The

crag returned with many an airy twist along its homeward path, and of itself shot the shooter. A fourth shot he sent, higher than before: the rock touched the tassel-tips of the aegis-cape, and split asunder. Another he let fly: storm-swift the rock flew, but a thunderbolt struck it, and half-consumed, it blazed. The crags could not pierce the raincloud; but the stricken hills were broken to pieces by the rainclouds.

[475] Thus impartial Enyo held equal balance between the two sides, between Zeus and Typhon, while the thunderbolts with booming shots held revel like dancers of the sky. Cronides fought fully armed: in the fray, the thunder was his shield, the cloud his breastplate, he cast the lightning for a spear; Zeus let fly his thunderbolts from the air, his arrows barbed with fire. For already from the underground abyss a dry vapour diffused around rose from the earth on high, and compressed within the cloud was stifled in the fiery gullet, heating the pregnant cloud. For the lurking flame curshed within rushed about struggling to find a passage through; over the smoke the fire-breeding clouds rumble in their agony seeking the middle path; the fires dares not go upwards: for the lightning leaping up is kept back by the moist air bathed in rainy drops, which condenses the seething cloud above, but the lower part is parched and gapes and the fire runs through with a bound. As the female stone is struck by the male stone, one stone on another brings flame to birth, while crushed and beaten it produces from itself a shower of sparks: so the heavenly fire is kindled in clouds and murk crushed and beaten, but from earthy smoke, which is naturally thin, the winds are brought forth. There is another floating vapour, drawn from the waters, which the sun shining full on them with fiery rays milks out and draws up dewy through the boiling track of air. This thickens and produces the cloudy veil; then shaking the thick mass by means of the thinner vapour, it dissolves the fine cloud again into a fall of rain, and returns to its natural condition of water. Such is the character of the fiery clouds, with their twin birth of lightnings and thunders together.

[508] Zeus the father fought on: raised and hurled his familiar fire against his adversary, piercing his lions, and sending a fiery whirlwind from heaven to strike the battalion of his innumerable necks with their babel of tongues. Zeus cast his bolt, one blaze burnt the monster's endless hands, one blaze consumed his numberless shoulders and the speckled tribes of his serpents; heaven's blades cut off those countless heads; a writhing comet met him front to front discharging a thick bush of sparks, and consumed the monster's hair. Typhon's heads were ablaze, the hair caught fire; with heaven's sparks silence sealed the hissing tresses, the serpents shrivelled up, and in their throats the poison-spitting drops were dried. The Giant fought on: his eyes were burnt to ashes in the murky smoke, his cheeks were whitened with hoar-frost, his faces beaten with showers of snow. He suffered the fourfold compulsion of the four winds. For if he turned flickering eyes to the sunrise, he received the fiery battle of neighbouring Euros. If he gazed towards the stormy clime of the Arcadian Bear, he was beaten by the chilly frost of wintry whirlwinds. If he

shunned the cold blast of snow-beaten Boreas, he was shaken by the volleys of wet and hot together. If he looked to the sunset, opposite to the dawn of the grim east, he shivered before Enyo and her western tempests when he heard the noise of Zephyros cracking his spring-time lash; and Notos, that hot wind, round about the southern foot of Capricorn flogged the aerial vaults, leading against Typhon a glowing blaze with steamy heat. If again Rainy Zeus poured down a watery torrent, Typhoeus bathed all his body in the trouble-soothing showers, and refreshed his benumbed limbs after the stifling thunderbolts.

[540] Now as the son was scourged with frozen volleys of jagged hailstones, his mother the dry Earth was beaten too; and seeing the stone bullets and icy points embedded in the Giant's flesh, the witness of his fate, she prayed to Titan Helios with submissive voice: she begged of him one red hot ray, that with its heating fire she might melt the petrified water of Zeus, by pouring his kindred radiance over frozen Typhon. She herself melted along with his bruised body; and when she saw his legion of highclambering hands burnt all round, she besought one of the tempestuous winter's blasts to come for one morning, that he might quench Typhon's overpowering thirst by his cool breezes.

[553] Then Cronion inclined the equally balanced beam of the fight. But Earth his Mother had thrown off her veil of forests with her hand, and just then was grieving to behold Typhaon's smoking heads. While his faces were shrivelling, the Giant's knees gave way beneath him; the trumpet of Zeus brayed, foretelling victory with a roll of thunder; down fell Typhoeus's high-uplifted frame, drunk with the fiery bolt from heaven, stricken with a war-wound of something more than steel, and lay with his back upon Earth his mother, stretching his snaky limbs in the dust and belching flame. Cronides laughed aloud, and taunted him like this in a flood of words from his mocking throat:

[565] "A fine ally has old Cronos found in you, Typhoeus! Earth could scarcely bring forth that great son for Iapetos! A jolly champion of Titans! The thunderbolts of Zeus soon lost their power against you, as I see! How long are you going to wait before taking up your quarters in the inaccessible heavens, you sceptred impostor? The throne of Olympus awaits you: accept the robes and sceptre of Zeus, God-defying Typhoeus! Bring back Astraioi to heaven; if you wish, let Eurynome and Ophion return to the sky, and Cronos in the train of that pair! When you enter the dappleback vault of highranging stars, let crafty Prometheus leave his chains, and come with you; the bold bird who makes hearty meals off that rejuvenescent liver shall show him the way to heaven. What did you want to gain by your riot, but to see Zeus and Earthshaker footmen behind your throne? Well, here you have Zeus helpless, no longer sceptre-bearer of Olympus, Zeus stript of his thunders and his clouds, holding up no longer the lightning's fire divine or the familiar thunderbolt, but a torch for Typhaon's bower, groom of the chamber of Hera the bride of your spear, whom he eyes with wrath, jealous of your bed: here

you have Earthshaker with him, torn from the sea for a new place instead of the deep as waiter at your table, no trident in his hand but a cup for you if you are thirsty! Here you have Ares for a menial, Apollo is your lackey! Send round Maia's son, King's Messenger, to announce to the Titans your triumph and your glory in the skies. But leave your smith Hephaistos to his regular work in Lemnos, and he can make a necklace to adorn your newly wedded bride, a real work of art, in dazzling colours, or a fine pair of brilliant shoes for your wife's feet to delight her, or he can build another Olympian throne of shining gold, that your golden-throned Hera may laugh because she has a better throne than yours! And when you have the underground Cyclopes domiciled in Olympos, make anew spark for an improved thunderbolt. As for Eros, who bewitched your mind by delusive hopes of victory, chain him with golden Aphrodite in chains of gold, and clamp with chains of bronze Ares the governor of iron!

[605] "The lightnings try to escape, and will not abide Enyo! How as it you could not escape a harmless little flash of lightning? How was it with all those innumerable ears you were afraid to hear a little rainy thud of thunder? Who made you so big a coward? Where are your weapons? Where are your puppyheads? Where are those gaping lions, where is the heavy bellowing of your throats like rumbling earthquake? Where is the far-flung poison of your snaky mane? Do not you hiss any more with that coronet of serpentine bristles? Where are the bellowsings of your bull-mouths? Where are your hands and their volleys of precipitous crags? Do you flog no longer the mazy circles of the stars? Do the jutting tusk of your boars no longer whiten their chins, wet with a frill of foamy drippings? Come now, where are the bristling grinning jaws of the mad bear?

[620] "Son of Earth, give place to the sons of heaven! For I with one hand have vanquished your hands, two hundred strong. Let three-headland Sicily receive Typhon whole and entire, let her crush him all about under her steep and lofty hills, with the hair of his hundred heads miserably bedabbled in dust. Nevertheless, if you did have an over-violent mind, if you did assault Olympos itself in your impracticable ambitions, I will build you a cenotaph, presumptuous wretch, and I will engrave on your empty tomb, this last message: 'This is the barrow of Typhoeus son of Earth, who once lashed the sky with stones, and the fire of heaven burnt him up.'"

[631] Thus he mocked the half-living corpse of the son of Earth. Then Cilician Tauros brayed a victorious noise on his stony trumpet for Zeus Almighty, while Cydnos danced zigzag on his watery feet, crying Euoi! in rolling roar for the victory of Zeus, Cydnos visible in the midst, as he poured the flood upon Tarsos which had been there ever since he had been there himself. But Earth tore her rocky tunic and lay there grieving; instead of the shears of mourning, she let the winds beat her breast and shear off a coppice for a curl; so she cut the tresses from her forest-covered head as in the month of leaf-shedding, she tore gullies in her cheeks; Earth wailed, as her river-tears

rolled echoing through the swollen torrents of the hills. The gales eddying from Typhaon's limbs lash the waves, hurrying to engulf the ships and riding down the sheltered calm. Not only the surges they invade; but often over the land sweeps a storm of dust, and overwhelms the crops growing firm and upright upon the fields.

[650] Then Nature, who governs the universe and recreates its substance, closed up the gaping rents in earth's broken surface, and sealed once more with the bond of indivisible joinery those island cliffs which had been rent from their beds. No longer was there turmoil among the stars. For Helios replaced the maned Lion, who had moved out of the path of the Zodiac, beside the Maiden who holds the corn-ear; Selene took the crab, now crawling over the forehead of the heavenly Lion, and drew him back opposite cold Capricorn, and fixt him there.

[660] But Zeus Cronides did not forget Cadmos the mastersinger. He dispersed the cloud of darkness which overshadowed him, and calling him, spoke in this fashion: "Cadmos, you have crowned the gates of Olympos with your pipes! Then I will myself celebrate your bridal with heaven's own Harp. I will make you goodson to Ares and Cythereia; gods shall be guests at your wedding-feast on the earth! I will visit your house: what more could you want, than to see the King of the Blessed touching your table? And if you wish to cross life's ferry on a calm sea, escaping the uncertain currents of Chance, be careful always not to offend Ares Dircaian, Ares angry when deprived of his brood. At dead of night fix your gaze on the heavenly Serpent, and do sacrifice on the altar holding in your hand a piece of fragrant serpentine; and calling upon the Olympian Serpent-holder, burn in the fire a horn of the Illyrian deer with many tines: that so you may escape all the bitter things which the wreathed spindle of apportioned Necessity has spun for your fate, - if the threads of the Portioners every obey!

[679] "Let pass the memory of your angry father Agenor, fear not for your wandering brothers; for they all live, though far apart. Cepheus journeyed to the regions of the south, and he has found favour with the Cephenees of Ethiopia; Thasos went to Thasos, and Cilix is king over the Cilicians round about the snowy mount of high-peaked Tauros; Pineus came with all speed to the Thracian land. As for him, I will make him proud with his deep mines of riches, and lead him as goodson to Oreithyia and Thracian Boreas, as prophetic bridegroom of garlanded Cleopatra. For you, the Portioner's thread weighs equal with your brothers; be king of the Cadmeians, and leave your name to your people. Give up the back-wending circuits of your wandering way, and relinquish the bull's restless track; for your sister has been wedded by the law of love to Asterion of Dicte, king of Corybantian Ida.

[696] "So much I will myself foretell for you, the rest I will leave to Phoibos. And now, Cadmos, do you make your way to the midnipple of the earth, and visit the speaking vales of Pytho."

[699] With these words, Zeus Cronides dismissed Agenor's son, and swiftly

turned his golden chariot toward the round of the ethereal stars, while Victory by his side drove her father's team with the heavenly whip. So the god came once more to the sky; and to receive him the stately Seasons threw open the heavenly gates, and crowned the heavens. With Zeus victorious, the other gods came home to Olympos, in their own form come again, for they put off the winged shapes which they had taken on. Athena came into heaven unarmed, in dainty robes with Ares turned Comus, and Victory for Song; and Themis displayed to dumbfounded Earth, mother of the giants, the spoils of the giant destroyed, an awful warning for the future, and hung them up high in the vestibule of Olympos.

BOOK III

In the third, look for the much-wandering ship of Cadmos, the palace of Electra and the hospitality of her table.

The struggle was finished by the end of winter. Orion rose, displaying with his cloudless baldric the glittering surface of his sword. No longer were the frozen footsteps of the setting Bull washed under the circling mere. No longer in the region of the thirsty Bear, mother of rains, was the petrified water traversed by unwetted feet. No longer the Massagetan scored watery furrows on the frozen Istros, whipping up his migratory house, and traveling across the river with his track of wooden wheels. For already the teeming Season, fore-courier of Zephyros, had inebriated the dewy breezes from the bursting flowercups; the full-voiced herald, spring's welcome, fellow-guest, the chattering twittering swallow, had just shown herself to rob mankind of their morning sleep; the flower, clear of its fragrant sheath, laughed, bathed in the life-giving dew of springtime.

[16] Early in the morning, when Dawn had cleft the gloom, Cadmos came down from the horned peaks of lofty Tauros along the saffron glens of Cilicia. Sailing was now in season, Cadmos was in haste; they hauled up the ship's bridling-hawsers off the land. The mast lifting its head on high struck the upper air standing firmly. A light breeze gently rippling the sea with the breath of the morning hummed "All aboard!" Soon it curved the fickle waves with its gusts, and stopt the watery dance of the dolphin, that tumbler of the quiet calm. The intertwined ropes whistled with a shrill hiss, the forestays hummed in the freshening wind, the sail grew big-bellied, enforced by the forthright gale. The restless flood was cleft, then fell back to its place; the water swelled and foamed, the ship sped over the deep, while the keel struck the boisterous waves with a resounding splash, and the end of the steering-oar scored the white-crested billows where the ship's wake divided the curving back of the sea.

[35] On the tenth circling Dawn after the peaceful turning-point of spring, Cadmos has been carried by winds from Zeus over a waveless sea; but as he cleft the Trojan channel of water-ranging Helle, a violent wind drove him over a roaring passage to Samos, over against battle-stirring Scamandros, not far from Sithonia, where Harmonia still a virgin awaited him safely. There the prophetic breezes escorted his vessel the Thracian coast, by divine Rheia's ordinance. The sailors rejoiced to see the sleepless flame of the Samian torch, and furled their sails as they came near the land; then rowing the ship towards the waveless anchorage they scored the smooth water with the tips of their oars and ran her up under shelter of the harbour. A hole drilled through a rocky claw received the hawsers of the ships, and held them immovable, and the curving teeth of the ship's bridles were wedged tight into the wet sand

deep under the water, by the time that the sun went down. On shore, after the evening meal, the men spread their pallets on the sand without bedding; the poor fellows' eyes were heavy, and wandering sleep came on them with silent step.

[55] But when along the wing of red fiery Euros, Dawn scraping the peaks of rugged Teucrian Ida from below spilled away the morning twilight, and showed herself to survey the harbour, illuminating the black swell of the opposite sea, then Cypris spread out a back of silent calm where no ship could sail, for she meant to unite Harmonia to her mate. Already the bird of morning was cutting the air with loud cries; already the helmeted bands of desert-haunting Corybants were beating on their shields in the Cnossian dance, and leaping with rhythmic steps, and the oxhides thudded under the blows of the iron as they whirled them about in rivalry, while the double pipe made music, and quickened the dancers with its rollicking tune in time to the bounding steps. Aye, and the trees whispered, the rocks boomed, the forests held jubilee with their intelligent movings and shakings, and the Dryads did sing. Packs of bears joined the dance, skipping and wheeling face to face; lions with a roar from emulous throats mimicked the triumphant cry of the priests of the Cabeiroi, sane in their madness; the revelling pipes rang out a tune in honour of Hecate, divine friend of dogs, those single pipes, which the horn-polisher's art invented in Cronos's days.

[77] The noisy Corybants with their ringing din awoke Cadmos early in the morning; the Sidonian seamen also with one accord, hearing the never-silent oxhide at dawn, rose from their rattling pebbly pallets and left the brine-beaten back of the shore, their bed. Cadmos left the ship to his companions, and set out on foot for a quick walk to find the city. As he was going towards Harmonia's house, he was met by Peitho, Lady of the bride-chamber. She had the form of a mortal woman, and like a household drudge, she carried a weight pressed against her bosom by her arm, a rounded silver jug which she had filled with drink from the spring: a presage of things to come, since they drench the bridegroom by time-honoured custom with life-giving water in the bath before the marriage. He was now close by the city, where in hollow pits bundles on bundles of soiled clothing are trodden by the women's bounding feet, trodden in emulation. Peitho covered Cadmos with a dark mist from heels to head, and led him through the unseeing city in search of the king's hospitable hall, guiding his way by the Paphian's command. There some bird, perched under the delicate shadow of a gray olive-tree, – it was a crow, she opened her loud beak inspired, and reproached the young man for a laggard, that the bridegroom walked to his bride Harmonia with dawdling foot. She flapt her wings and rallied him soundly:

[103] "So Cadmos is a baby, or only a novice in love! Eros is a quick one, and knows nothing of slow bridegrooms! Forgive me, Peitho – your Cadmos dallies, Aphrodite is in haste! Hot Eros calls you, bridegroom – you plod along like a laggard, and why? You are a nice neighbour for charming

Adonis! You are a nice fellow-countryman for the girls of Byblos! No, I am wrong: you never saw the river of Adonis; you never set eyes on the soil of Byblos, where the Graces have their home, where Assyrian Cythereia dances, and an Athena who is not coy! Peitho is your guide, nor Artemis, Peitho the friend of marriage, the nurse of the baby Loves. Cease your toiling and moiling, enjoy Harmonia and leave Europa to her bull! Make haste, and Electra will welcome you; from her hands sure enough you will be laden with a cargo of wedded love, if you leave the business part of the delights to Aphrodite. She is the Cyprian's daughter, guarded for your bride-chamber, another Cypris for you to receive. You will thank the crow, and you will call me the bird of marriage, the prophet of the Loves! No, I am wrong, Cypris inspired me; the Paphian made me foretell your nuptials, although I am Athena's bird!"

[123] With these words, she sealed up her talkative beak, a silent witness now. Cadmos walked along the winding highroad; and when the king's allhospitable court came into view, far-seen upon its lofty pillars, Peitho pointed a finger to indicate the corresponding words in her mind, and by this voiceless herald showed the house of shining artistry: then the divinity in another shape rose into the sky, shooting through it with winged shoe.

[131] Then Cadmos surveyed the house with roving gaze: the masterly work of Hephaistos, which the industrious god once built for Electra as a bride, and embellished it with many ornaments in the fine Myrinaian art of Lemnos. The whole palace was new. A brazen threshold well-wrought was before it. Double doors with lofty pillars opened into a vestibule richly carven, and a dome spanned the roof with a rounded head seen in the middle. The walls were faced with tessellated stones set in white cement from threshold to inner end. Before the house near the courtyard was an enclosure, widespread, four acres of trees heavy with fresh fruit. Male palm stretched his leaves over female palm, pledging his love. Pear growing by pear, all of one age with glorious fruit, whispered in the morning breeze – and with its dangling clusters beat on the pollard growth of a luscious olive hard by. In the breezes of spring, the myrtle waves his leaves by the reluctant laurel, while the fragrant wind of morning fanned the foliage of the leafy cypress. On the fig-tree, mother of sweets, and the juicy pomegranate, red fruit grew rich over purple fruit beside it, and apple flourished near apple. On the learned leaves of Apollo's mournful iris was embroidered with many a plant-grown word; and when Zephyros breathed through the flowery garden, Apollo turned a quick eye upon his young darling, his yearning never satisfied; if he saw the plant beaten by the breezes, he remembered the quoit, and trembled for fear the wind, so jealous once about the boy, might hate him even in a leaf: if it is true that Apollo once wept with those eyes that never wept, to see that boy writhing in the dust, and the pattern there on the flower traced its own "alas!" on the iris, and so figures the tears of Phoibos.

[164] Such was the shady garden. Hard by, a brook divided in two runnels;

from this the people drew their drinking, from that the gardener cut up the water into many curving channels and carried it from plant to plant: one stream chuckled at the root of a laurel, as if Phoibos were singing a delicate tune to his Daphne.

[169] Within, well-wrought boys of gold stood on many pillars of stone, holding out torches before the banqueters to give them light for their dessert in the evening. Before the gates rows of dogs stood on this side and that, not real yet intelligent, all modelled alike, silent works of art, snarling with gaping throats; then if a man came by whom they knew, golden dog by silver dog would bark with swelling throat and fawn upon him. So as Cadmos passed, Echo sent forth a sound like a welcome for a guest, and wagged the friendly shape of an artificial tail.

[180] While Cadmos has been moving his face about and turning his eyes to survey the royal garden, and saw the sculptures, and all the beauty of the hall with its paintings and bright sparkling precious stones, Emation had left the market-place and the disputes of his people, and sat splendid upon the back of a courser with arching neck. He was lord of Samothrace, the seat of Ares, having inherited the royal house of Electra his mother. At that time he was sole king, holding the reins of sovereignty which belonged to his brother Dardanos, who had left his native soil, and migrated to the soil of the continent opposite. There he had scored the dust of Ida with a plow-furrow, and marked the limits of Dardania, the fortified city which bore his name. So he drank the water of Sevenstreams and the flood of Rhesos, leaving the inheritance and the sceptre of the Cabeiroi to his brother.

[195] This Dardanos, Emathion's brother, was one whom the bed of Zeus had begotten, whom Justice nursed and cared for at the time when the Seasons ran to the mansion of Queen Electra, bearing the sceptre of Zeus, and the robe of Time, and the staff of Olympos, to prophesy the indissoluble dominion of the Ausonian race. The Seasons brought up the baby; and by an irrevocable oracle of Zeus, the lad just sprouting the flower of recrescent youth left Electra's house, when for the third time a deluge of rain had flooded the world's foundations with towering billows.

[205] Ogygos made proof of the first roaring deluge, as he cut the air through the highclimbing waters, when all the earth was hidden under the flood, when the tops of the Thessalian rocks were covered, when the summit of the Pythian rock near the clouds on high was bathed in the snow-cooled flood. There was a second deluge, when tempestuous waters covered the circuit of the round earth in a furious flood, when all mortal men perished, and Deucalion alone with his mate Pyrrha in a hollow ark cutting the swirling flood of infinite deluge went on his eddying voyage through the air turned water.

[215] When the third time rain from Zeus flooded the solid earth and covered the hills, and even the unwetted slopes of Sithonia with Mount Athos itself, then Dardanos, cutting through the stream of the uplifted flood, landed on the

ancient mountain of Ida his neighbour.

[220] It was his brother Emathion, ruler of the snowy Sithonian land, who left the noisy market-place, and stood amazed at the hero's looks; for the youthful grace inborn in him mingled manliness and beauty with a form to match. The prince was amazed at such noble looks; for the eyes of prudent kings are instinctive heralds, although the ear cannot hear them. He received the guest with a welcome; then while Electra toiled to help him, he provided a rich table of fine fare, flattering his guest with friendly address that left nothing to be desired: for it was a bounteous feast. But Cadmos bent his neck towards the ground, and hid looks of disquiet from the attendants, and hardly touched the banquet. He sat opposite the hospitable lady, but scarce stealing a glance at her served himself with a modest and timid hand.

[234] As they feasted, the breathing reeds of Corybantic Ida resounded one after another in succession; the players' hands skipt along the riddling run of the tootling pipe, and the fingers beat out their tune in cadence, dancing and pressing the sound; the clanging cymbals in brazen pairs struck ringing blows running in cadence with the sets of reeds; the harp itself with its seven strings twanged aloud under the quill.

[243] But after the banquet, when Cadmos had had enough of the Bistonian pipe, he drew his seat nearer to the queen, who questioned him with great curiosity. He left aside the fever of his sorrowful sea-wanderings, and spoke of his illustrious lineage: the words poured in ceaseless flow like a fountain from his open lips.

[248] Beloved lady, why do you ask me thus of my blood and breeding? I liken the swift-passing generations of mortal man to the leaves. Some leaves the wild winds scatter over the earth when autumn season comes; others the woodland trees grow on their bushy heads in spring-time. Such are the generations of men, short-lived: one rides life's course, until death brings it low; one still flourishes, only to give place to another: for time moves ever back upon itself, changing form as it flows from hoary age to youth.

[257] "But I will tell you my lineage with its noble sons. There is a city Argos, famous for horses, and Hera's habitation, the midnipple of the island of Tantalides. There a man begat a daughter, and a beautiful daughter, – Inachos, famed burgher of the land Inachian. A templeman he was, and brooded over the awful rites that spoke the voice of the divine cityholder, he chief and eldest in practice of her mysteries: aye, he refused to wed his daughter to Zeus lord of the gods, leader of the stars, all for reverence of Hera . . . at the time when Io changed her face and became a cattleshaped heifer; when she was driven to pasture along with the herd of kine; when Hera made sleepless Argos her herdsman to that calf – spotted Argos, covered with unwavering eyes. He was to watch the horned bride of Zeus, Zeus whom eye may not see. To pasture went the girl Io, trembling at the eyes of her busy-peeping drover: then pierced by the limb-gnawing gadfly, she scored the gulf of the Ionian sea with travelling hoof. She came as far as Aigyptos, my own

river, which my people have called Neilos by name because year by year that watery consort covers Earth with new slime by its muddy flood – she came as far as Aigyptos, where after her cow’s form, after putting off the horned image ordained by heaven, she became a goddess of fruitful crops! when the fruit starts up, the fruit of Egyptian Demeter my stronghorned Io, scented vapour is carried around by fragrant breezes.

[284] “There she brought forth Epaphos the Toucher to Zeus, so called because the divine bedfellow with love-mad hands touched the inviolate breasts of the heifer child of Inachos. Epaphos the god-begotten was father of Libya; to Libya’s bower came Poseidaon on his travels, migrating as far as Memphis in search of Epaphos’ maiden daughter. There the girl received the denizen of the deep, now a traveller by land, and brought forth Belos the Libyan Zeus, the husbandman of my family. And now the new voice of Zeus Asbystes which the thirsty sands give forth in soothsaying is equal to the Chaonian dove. Belos was father of a numerous family of children, as many as five: Phineus, and Phoinix who went abroad; with them grew up Agenor, who flitted from city to city and belonged to each in turn, a man of unstable life, my father – he travelled to Thebes after Memphis, to Assyria after Thebes. Then there was the wise Aigyptos, who lived on Egyptian soil, ill-fated father of many children, who begat all those flocks of short-lived sons; and Danaos who went abroad, who armed his daughters against that family of men, and drew a weddings-word, when the marriage-chambers were reddened with blood of the murdered bridegrooms, and with secret swords on armed beds, Enyo the female bedded Ares the male naked and helpless.

[308] “Nay, but Hypermnestra was displeased with this bridal crime. She thrust away her father’s commands, – that bad goodfather! she let the winds carry his words away, and kept her hand clean from blood and steel: those two consummated a proper wedlock. But our sister in her youthful bloom was ravished away by a bold vagabond bull, if bull he really was; but I do not know how to believe it if bulls desire marriage with a woman. And Agenor sent me along with my brothers to track our sister and the girl’s wild robber, that bull the bastard voyager over a waveless sea. That is why my random journeying brings me here.”

[320] Such was the tale of Cadmos in the cloistered palace; the words poured from his eloquent lips, as he told the sting of a father’s threat when he would urge on his children, and the counterfeit bull travelling the Tyrian surf, the ravisher of the Sidonian bride, no catching the ravisher, no news of the bride.

[325] When Electra heard, she answered in words of consolation: “My guest, let sister and country and father pass into the whirlpool of Forgetfulness and unremembering silence! For this is the way men’s life runs on, bringing trouble upon trouble; since all that are born of mortal womb are slaves by necessity to Fate the Spinner. I am witness, queen though I am, if I was ever born myself one of those Pleiads, seven girls whom our mother once carried under her heart in labour, seven times having called Eileithyia at her lying-in

to lighten the pangs of birth after birth – I am witness! for my house is far from my father's; no Sterope is near me, no Maia my companion, nor sister Celaino beside me at my hearth; I have not dandled up and down sister Taygete's Lacedaimon at my breast nor held the merry boy on my cherishing arm; I do not see Alcione's house hard by, or hear Merope herself speak some heart-warming word! Here is something besides which I lament even more – in the bloom of his youth my own son has left his home, just when the down was on his cheek, my Dardanos has gone abroad to the bosom of the Idaian land; he has given the firstling crop of his hair to Phrygian Simoeis, and drunk the alien water of river Thymbrios. And away by the boundary of Libya my father still suffers hardship, old Atlas with chafing shoulders bowed, upholding the seven-zoned vault of the sky.

[351] “Still and all with these great sufferings I feed a comfortable hope, by the promises of Zeus, that with my other sisters I shall pass from the earth to the stars’ Atlantean vault, and dwell in heaven myself a star with my sisters six. Then do you too calm your own sorrows. Unforeseen, for you also the terrible thread of Fate immovable is rolling the eddy of your wandering lot of life, and the seal is set. Have a heart to endure in exile the unbending shackle of necessity, and feed the prevailing hope which foreruns things to come, if Io with the first seed has rooted your race, if you have got from Libya Poseidon’s blood in your family. Abide among foreigners like Dardanos, there make your home; dwell in a city of strangers like your own father Agenor, like Danaos your father’s brother. For another man also who carried his home on his back, one of the divine stock of Io, a heavenly sprout dropt from Zeus, named Byzas, who had drunk the seven-mouth water of self-begotten Nile, inhabited the neighbouring land, where alone the Bosporos shore flows the water once traversed by the Inachian heifer. To all those who dwelt about he showed a light, when he had turned aside the neck of that mad bull unbending.”

[372] So she spoke, lulling to sleep the anxieties of Cadmos. But Father Zeus sent his quick messenger Maia’s son on outspread wings to Electra’s house, that he might offer Harmonia to Cadmos for the harmony of wedlock – that maiden immigrant from heaven, whom Ares the wife-thief begat in secret love with Aphrodite. The mother did not nurse it – she was ashamed of the baby which told its own tale of the furtive bed; but away from the bosom of the sky she carried the suckling, lying in her arm, to the fostering house of Electra, when the childbed Seasons had just delivered her baby still wet, when her breasts were tight and swollen with the gushing white sap. Electra received the bastard daughter with equal rights, and joined the newborn girl on one breast with her newborn Emathion, held with equal love and care her two different nurslings in her arm. As a shaggy lioness of the wilds, mother of twin young suckling-cubs in the jungle, with her milky dew fits twin teats to the pair of cubs, and gives her twin young each a share of her teats, and licks their skin and the neck as yet hairless, nursing the young birthmates with equal care: so Electra then with loving breast foster-mothered her brace of

newborn babes, the boy and girl, and cherished them with equal care. Often she pressed to her with open hand and loving arm her baby son and his age-mate girl, on this side and that taking turns of the sap from her rich breast; and she set on her knees the manly boy with the womanly girl, letting out the fold of her lowered gown so as to join thigh parted wide from neighbouring thigh; or singing songs for a sleep-charm, lulled both her babies to slumber with foster-mother's art, while she stretched her arm enclosing the children's necks, made her own knee their bed, fluttered the flap of her garment fanning the two faces, to keep the little ones cool, and quenched the waves of heat as the hand made wind poured out its breath against it.

[409] While Cadmos sat near the prudent queen, into the house came Hermes in the shape of a young man, unforeseen, uncaught, eluding the doorkeeper with his robber's foot. About his rosy face on both sides locks of hair uncovered hung loose. A light bloom of ruddy down ran about the edge of his round cheeks on either side, fresh young hair newly grown. Like a herald, he held his rod as usual. Wrapt in cloud from head to toe, with face unseen he reached the rich table when the meal was at an end. Emathion saw him not though close at hand, nor did Harmonia herself and Cadmos at her board, nor the company of serving men; only god-fearing Electra perceived Hermes the eloquent. Into a corner of the house he led her in surprise to tell his secrets, and spoke in the language of men:

[425] "Good be with you, my mother's sister, bedfellow of Zeus! Most blessed of all women that shall be hereafter, because Cronion keeps the lordship of the world for your children, and your stock shall steer all the cities of the earth! This is the dower of your love. And along with Maia my mother you shall shine with the Seven Stars in the sky, running your course with Helios, rising with Selene. Children's friend, I am Hermes, one of your own family, wing-spreading Messenger of the immortals. From heaven I have been sent by your bedfellow, the guests' protector ruling in the heights, on behalf of your own god-fearing guest. Then do you also obey your Cronion, and let your daughter Harmonia go along with her yearsmate Cadmos as his bride, without asking for bridal gifts. Grant this grace to Zeus and the Blessed ones; for when the immortals were in distress, this stranger saved them all by his music. This man has helped your bedfellow in trouble, this man has opened the day of freedom for Olympus! Let not your girl bewitch you with mother-loving groans, but give her in marriage to Cadmos our Saviour, in obedience to Cronion and Ares and Cythereia."

BOOK IV

*Tracking the fourth over the deep, you will see Harmonia sailing together
with her agemate Cadmos.*

With these words, Finerod Hermes departed, fanning his light wings, and the flat of his extended shoes oared him as quick as the winds of heaven in their course. Nor did the Thracian lady, the pilot of the Cabeiroi, <disobey his bidding>; but she had respect for Zeus, and curving her extended fingers with a significant movement towards Ares' unwedded daughter, she beckoned Harmonia by this clever imitation of speech. The other strained the answering gleam from her eyelids, and saw the round of Electra's face unsmiling, as he cheeks like silent heralds boded the heavy load of a new unspoken distress.

[12] The maiden leapt up and followed her mother into her high-built chamber. Her mother rolled back the bolt of a sevennookshotten chamber sealed with many seals, and crossed the doorstone: her knees trembled restlessly in loving anxiety and fear. She caught and lifted the girl's hand and rosy arm with her own snow-white hand – you might almost say that you saw white-armed Hera holding Hebe's hand.

[20] But when treading the floor with her crimson shoes she reached the farthest curve of the resplendent room. Atlas's daughter seated the sorrowful maiden upon a handsome chair; then she in her turn sank upon a silver-shining stool, and declared Cronion's message to the incredulous girl, and explained everything which she had heard from the Olympian herald disguised as a land in human form. When the maiden heard of this marriage of much wandering and this unstable husband, this homeless man under their roof, she declared she would have no stranger, and refused all that Cadmos's patron proposed on Zeus his father's behalf, that cattle-drover Hermes! She would rather have one of her own city as husband, and away with a carryhouse mate and a wedding without wedding-gifts! Then clasping her foster-mother's hand with her own sorrowing palm, bathed in tears she burst into reproachful speech:

[36] "Mother mine, what has possessed you to cast off your own girl? Do you join your own daughter to some upstart fellow like this? What gift will this sailor man put into my hand? Will he give me the ship's hawser for bride-price? I did not know you were keeping your own child, the poor banished maiden, for marriage with a vagrant – you, my kind nurse! I have others to woo me, and better ones, of our own city: why must I have a bedfellow with empty hands, naked and bare, a foreign vagrant, a runaway from his father? But you will say he helped your husband Cronion. Why did not the man get from Zeus an Olympian gift of honour, if indeed he was defender of Olympos, as you say? Why did not Hera the consort of Zeus, betroth virgin Hebe to the champion of Zeus? Your husband Zeus who rules in the heights needs no

Cadmos. Cronides forgive me – divine Hermes lied in what he said about Father Zeus. I don't know how I can believe that he neglected furious Ares the pilot of warfare, and called in a mortal man to be partner in the game – he the master of world and sky! Here is a great marvel – he locked up all those Titans in the pit, and then wanted Cadmos, to destroy only one! You know how my father's wedded – two had their sisters. Zeus my father's father possessed the bed of his sister Hera, by the family rule of marriage; both the parents of Harmonia, Ares and Cythereia, who mounted one bed, were of one father, another pair of blood-kindred. What miserable necessity! Sisters may have a brother for bedfellow, I must have a banished man!"

[64] As she spoke, her mother in distress wiped the raindrops from that mourning face: torn between two, she pitied Harmonia and shrank from the threats of Zeus.

[67] But now tricky-minded Aphrodite girt her body in the heart-bewitching cestus-belt, and clothing herself in the loverobe of Persuasion she entered Harmonia's fragrant chamber. She had doffed her heavenly countenance, and put on a form like Peisinoë, a girl of the neighbourhood. As though in love with Cadmos and suffering from some hidden sickness, with but little brightness in her pale face, she chased away the maids; and when Harmonia was alone she sat by her side and said as in shame with deceitful tongue:

[77] "Happy girl! What a handsome stranger you have in the house! What a man to court you, most blessed of women! What a lovely bedfellow you will see, that no other maiden has won! Surely his blood comes from Assyria! That must be his home, beside the river of that enchanting Adonis, for that lovely young man came from Libanos where Cythereia dances. No, I was wrong! I don't suppose any mortal womb bred Cadmos; no, he is sprung from Zeus and he has concealed his stock! I know where this young Olympian comes from. If Titan Atlas ever begat Electra as Maia's sister, here's cousin Herems without wings come as husband for Harmonia. Then that's why we sing hymns to Cadmilos! He has only changed his heavenly shape and still he is called Cadmos. Or if he is some other god in human shape, perhaps Apollo is Emathion's guest in this house.

[92] "World-famed maiden, you are more blessed than your mother for Olympian desire and Olympian marriage! Here is a great marvel! Zeus Allwise wedded Electra in secret – Apollo himself woos Harmonia in the light! Happy girl, whom Far-shooter desired! I only wish Apollo would be as eager for marriage with Peisinoë too! I don't say no to Apollo, like Daphne, I can tell you! I will not feel like Harmonia! No, I will leave my inheritance and house and the parents whom I love – I will go on my travels to marriage with Apollo! I remember once a carving like him. For I once went with our father into the house of oracle, and there I saw the Pythian image; and when I saw your vagrant, I thought I saw the statue of Phoibos again in this place.

[106] "But you will say, Phoibos has a goldgleaming diadem. Cadmos is gold in all his body! If you like, take all my serfs innumerable – for him, I will

put in your hands all my gold and silver, I will give royal robes of the Tyrian Sea, and the house of my fathers, if you like; accept, if I dare to say it, my father and mother too, accept all my waiting-women, and give me only this man for my bedfellow!

[114] “Maiden, why do you tremble? You will sail the seas in the spring-time across the narrow water – but with lovely Cadmos I will traverse the infinite Ocean stream in winter! Tremble not at the heavyrumbling briny swell, because love’s cargo will be kept safe on the brine by Aphrodite daughter of the brine. Maiden, you have Cadmos, seek not the throne of Olympos! I desire not the shining Eyrthraean stone of the Indies, nor the all-golden tree of the Hesperides, I delight not in the amber of the Heliades, so much as one shadowy night in which this vagrant shall hold Peisinoë in his arms. If you fetch your lineage from Ares, from Aphrodite, your provident mother has found you a marriage well worthy of theirs. I have never beheld such a flower; spring itself blooms in Cadmos by nature’s gift. I have seen his rosefinger hand, I have seen his glance distilling sweet honey; the cheeks of his lovebegetting face are red as roses; his feet go twinkling, ruddybrown in the middle, and changing colour at the ends into shining snow; his arms are lilywhite. I will pass the hair, or I may provoke Phoibos by blaming the hue of his Therapnaian iris. Whenever he moved his full eyes with their heartgladdening glance, there was the full moon shining with sparkling light; when he shook his hair and bared his neck, there appeared the morning star! I would not speak of his lips; but Persuasion dwells in his mouth, the ferry of the Loves, and pours out honey-sweet speech. Aye, the Graces manage his whole body: hands and fingers I shrink to judge, or I may find fault with the whiteness of milk.

[143] “Accept me for your companion, unhappy me! but if I touch the boy’s right hand and stroke his tunic I may find comfortable physic for my secret sickness. I may see his neck bare, or press a finger as if unconsciously while he sits; I could gladly die, if he would only slip a willing hand into the orb of my bosom and press my two breasts, and hold his closed lips upon my lips to delight me with brushing kisses. But if I could still hold the boy in my arms, I will pass even to Acheron the River of Pain of my own free will, and with rapture even amid the many lamentations of all-forgetting Lethe. I will tell the dead of my fate, to awaken pity and envy alike in merciless Persephoneia; I will teach those grace-breathing kisses to women unhappy in love who died of that lovely fire, I will make the dead jealous, if women still grudge at the Paphian in Lethe after their doom.

[160] “I will go with you if you wish, even as your companion, I tremble not before unfamiliar wanderings. Hard-hearted girl, become the lawful wife to Cadmos; I would be chambermaid to you both, Harmonia and husband. – But again I tremble before you, lest some time I awaken anger and jealousy for your bed tho’ you fain would hide it, since even Hera, goddess thou she is and queen of the heavens, grudges Zeus his bastard wives on earth. She was angry

with Europa and tormented the wandering Io; she spared not even goddesses; because his mother was angry, Ares persecuted Leto with child in her birthpangs. If you are not jealous to find me a physic for my desire, give me this bedfellow for one dawn, yes I beseech you, for the course of one night too; if you grudge it, kill me with your own hand, that I may know rest from carrying this always night and day, fed on the secret places of my heart, this mighty implacable fire!”

[177] She said her say, and with her girdle drove bedshy Harmonia to her voyage, stung as with a gadfly, and now obedient to desire. She changed her mind, and with divided purpose wished both to have the stranger and to live in her own land. So smitten to the heart with the sting, she spoke:

[182] “Ah me, who ahs changed my heart? Save you, my country! Farewell, Emathion and all my house! Farewell grottoes of the Cabeiroi and Corybantian cliffs; never again shall I see the revelling companies of my mother’s Hecate with their torches in the night. Farewell, maidenhood, I wed my sweet Cadmos! Artemis, be not shocked, I am to cross the swell of the blue brine. But you will say, the deep is pitiless; I care nothing for the maddened surges – let Harmonia and Cadmos drown together, and my mother’s sea may receive us both. I follow my boy, calling upon the goddesses who have wedded theirs! If my bedfellow carries me to the sunrise this voyage, I will proclaim how Orion loved Dawn, and I will recall the match of Cephalos; if I go to the misty sunset, my comfort is Selene herself who felt the same for Endymion upon Latmos.”

[197] Such words the girl uttered in mindwandering plaints, and could not be restrained, her mind ravaged with the sting of desire. With drops of grief her face was wet as she kissed Electra’s hand and eyes, her feet and head and breast, and Emathion’s eyes, with shamefast lips although he was her brother. She embraced all her handmaids, and caressed lamenting the rows of the lifeless carved doors all round, her bed and the walls of her maiden chamber. Last the girl took up and kissed the dust of her country’s soil.

[207] And then Electra took Harmonia by the hand, under the witnessing escort of the gods, and took her undowered to Cadmos as his due, wiping the streaming shower from her face. Early in the morning the traveller received the Cyprian’s daughter with an old waiting-woman, and left the house, having as the queen’s gift a servant to guide him through the city to the sea.

[213] When the Moon saw the girl following a stranger alone the shore above the sea, and boiling under fiery constraint, she reproached Cypris in mocking words: “So you make war even upon your children, Cypris! Not even the fruit of your womb is spared by the goad of love! Don’t you pity the girl you bore, hardheart? What other girl can you pity then, when you drag your own child into passion? – Then you must go wandering too, my darling. Say to your mother, Paphian’s child, ‘Phaëthon mocks you, and Selene puts me to shame.’ Harmonia, love-tormented exile, leave to Mene her bridegroom Endymion, and care for your vagrant Cadmos. Be ready to endure as much

trouble as I have, and when you are wary with lovebegetting anxiety, remember lovewounded Selene.”

[226] While she was speaking, Cadmos hastened his companions over the shore. He released the back-running hawsers of the forthfaring ship, and shook out the sail to the mild spring breeze, and guided the timbered sea-car across the sea-swell, making the two ropes fast to a pin bracing the sheets equally shipshape and Phoinician fashion: for he knew from his fathers the traditional art of seamanship. He remained by the steering-oar, but he kept the girl Harmonia untouched sitting on the poop, his companion, when he saw strangers coming aboard as passengers whom the sailors were then taking in with the fare. One of the passengers seeing these two, mingled his voice with admiration as he said gently: “That sailor looks like Love himself! An no wonder that Aphrodite of the sea has a mariner son. But Eros carries bow and arrow and lifts a firebrand, he’s a little one with wings on him; and this I see is a Sidonian ketch. Perhaps that is the cunning old thief Ares sitting on the poop, and carrying Aphrodite into Libanos, from Thrace, whence he sailed last night. Be gracious, mother of Love! Send me a following wind in a waveless calm over your mother sea stormless!”

[247] Such was the sort of things the travellers said to himself, looking keenly at Harmonia out of the corner of his eye.

[249] So Cadmos finished his voyage to Hellas, with the inspired voice in his mind stinging like a gadfly; and the inspired word of Zeus ever ran unerring in his ears and dove him on. There he was to present newer gifts to All Hellenes, and to make them forget the lifebringing art of Danaos the master-mischiefmaker, Danaos the waterbringer: for what good did he do for the Achaians, if once he had dug the ground with his brazen pickaxes, and pecking at the flooded hollow of the gaping earth quenched the thirst of Argos? if he made wet the steppings of their feet for his dusty people, and brought up a streamlet from the deep caves – the stranger’s gift of water?

[260] But Cadmos brought gifts of voice and thought for all Hellas; he fashioned tools to echo the sounds of the tongue, he mingled sonant and consonant in one order of connected harmony. So he rounded off a graven model of speaking silence; for he had learnt the secrets of his country’s sublime art, an outside intruder into the wisdom of Egypt, while Agenor dwelt nine years in Memphis and founded hundred-gated Thebes. There he pressed out the milk of the holy books ineffable, scratched their scratches across with backfaring hand and traced their rounded circles. And he showed forth the Euian secrets of Osiris the wanderer, the Egyptian Dionysos. He learned the nightly celebration of their mystic art, and declaimed the magic hymn in the wild secret language, intoning a shrill alleluia. While a boy in the temple full of stone images, he had come to know the inscriptions caved by artists deep into the walls. With much-pondering thought he had measured the flaming arch of the innumerable stars, and learnt the sun’s course and the measure of the earth, turning the intertwined fingers of his flexible hand. He understood

the changing circuits of the moon as he comes back and back again – how she changes her returning shape in three circles, new-shining, half-moon, and gleaming with full face; how her splendour now touching, now shrinking back, at the male furnace of father Helios is brought to birth without a mother, as she filches the father's selfbegotten fire ever lighted again.

[285] Such was Cadmos. Quickly he set out for the Achaian cities, and left his seafaring. With Harmonia, he conveyed a swarm of seawandering companions turned travellers by land, in horsecarriages and laden wagons, on the way to the oracular sanctuaries. Then he reached Delphi, and asked an oracle from the midnipple axle of never-silent Pytho; and the Pythian axle speaking of himself uttered oracles of sense, resounding about in hollow tone:

[293] “Cadmos, in vain you travel round and round with wandering steps. You seek a bull which now cow ever calved; you seek a bull which no mortal knows how to find. Renounce Assyria, and take an earthly cow to guide your mission; search not for a bull of Olympos. Europa's bridegroom no drover knows how to drive; he frequents no pasture, no meadow, obeys no goad, is ordered by no whip. He knows how to bear the dainty harness of Cypris, not the plow's yokeband; he strains his neck for Love alone, and not for Demeter. No, let pass your regret for your Tyrian father, and abide among foreigners; found a city with the name of Egyptian Thebes your home, in the place where the cow of fortune shall sink and rest her heavyknee foot.”

[307] So speaking he lulled the tripods' wild voice: the ridges of Parnassos quaked, when they heard the noise of their neighbour Phoibos; Castalia marked it, and her inspired water bubbled in oracular rills.

[311] The god spoke: and Cadmos gave place. Near the temple he saw a cow, and went beside her as she walked. His men followed, and made sparing pace, equal to the slow-obeying hoof of the unerring cow, sedulous servants. On the way, Cadmos espied from the road a sacred place conspicuous; the place where the Pythian hand noticed on a hill the ninecircling coil of the dragon's back, and put to sleep the deadly poison of the Cirrhaian serpent. Then the wanderer left the heads of Parnassos and trod the neighbouring soil of Daulis, whence comes the tale I hear of the dumb woespinner Philomela and her talking dress, whom Tereus defiled, when Hera, queen of wedlock, turned her back on the wedding among the mountains with no wedding dances; how the girl mourned over the undecked pallet of the bridebed on the common road; how the girl tongue-shorn bewailed this Thracian rape; and how voiceless Echo copied her tears and groaned too, bewailing the bedshy maiden Philomela, as the blood of her maidenhood ran mingling with the red stream from her new-severed tongue.

[331] He saw too the city of Tityos, where that bold son of Earth marching through the fair-leafy woods of Panopeus lifted the sacred robe of Leto and attempted violence. He set a footstep on Tanagra bottom; and passing from Coroneia to the soil of Haliartos, he came near to the city of Thespiiai, and Plataiai in its deep ravines, and Aonia on the Boitoian ground. This is the

place where Orion the lovesick son of Earth was brought low, great as he was, by the Scorpion, who came to help the hard-hearted Archeress: he was in the act of lifting the lowest edge of the tunic of the unmated goddess, when crawling slow came that earthly horror, hit his adversary's heel and pierced it with freezing sting.

[344] He traversed the land of Chaironeia, where the cow's hoof was whitened in cutting the silvery dust, and following the many winding circuits of the rocky path it shook off the white dirt from its dusty feet. Then the oracular hoof of the cow gave way, and she sank to the ground foretelling the city to be. Now that the divine utterance out of the Pythian cave was fulfilled, Cadmos brought the sacred cow beside an altar smoking with incense, and sought for a rill of spring water, that he might cleanse his ministering hands and pour the pure water over the sacrifice; for as yet there were no wineplanted gardens to show the delicate fruit of their ripening crop.

[356] He stayed his feet beside dragonbreeding Dirce: and stood amazed when he saw the speckleback serpent, Ares' child, appear from one side and girdle the spring with snaky coil. The serpent scared away the great company who followed Cadmos, biting one under the chest with his flashing jaws, rending another with a stroke of bloody tooth, tearing another's lifesaving liver when he showed fight and laying him dead: a rough mane slipping out of the dank head ran down disorderly over his neck. Another he scared leaping above the man's temples, ran up another's chin irresistible to strike his eye with poison-shooting dew, and darkened the sparkling gleam of the closing orb. One he caught by the foot and held it in his jaws, tearing it with his bite – spat out green foam from his teeth upon the lad's body, and the greenish poison froze the body livid like steel. Another panted under the strokes of the jaws, and the membranes of the brain billowed throbbing out of the head at the poisonous bite, while a stream of matter ran down through the drenched nostrils out of the melting brain.

[365] Then quickly the dragon curled round Cadmos, creeping up his legs, and bound him in dangerous bonds; then raising his body high above him with a mounting lurch of his limbs, darted at the round midnipple of his oxhide shield. The man with his legs enclosed by those slanting rings was exhausted by the heavy weight of the long trailing snake – a horrible burden! but the wearied bearer still stood upright, until the serpent dragged him to the ground and opened his cruel mouth – the monster gaped, and the bloody portal of his raw-ravaging throat yawned wide: he turned his head sideways, and with shaking hood curved his neck backwards stretched high over the middle of his coils.

[389] But when Cadmos was nearly exhausted, Athena came near, shaking the aegis-cape with the Gorgon's head and snaky hair, the forecast of coming victory; and the nation-mustering deity cried aloud to the dumbfounded man –

[393] “Cadmos, helpmate and ally of Zeus Giantslayer in the battle! Are you afraid when you see only one snake? In those battles Cronion trusted in you,

and brought low Typhon with all that shock of heads, and every one a snake! Tremble no more at the hiss from the creature's teeth. Pallas bids you on! Brazen Ares shall not save his reptile guardian beside murderous Dirce. But when he is killed, take the creature's horrible teeth, sow the ground all about with the snaky corn, reap the viperous harvest of warrior giants, join the battalions of the Earthborn in one common destruction, and leave only five living; let the crop of the Sown sprout up to glorious fruitage for Thebes that shall be."

[406] With these words Athena encouraged the discomfited Cadmos, and then she cleft the aery deeps with windswift foot, until she entered the house of Zeus. But Cadmos where he stood on the dry earth lifted a well-rounded boundary-stone of the broad farm-land, a rocky missile! and with a straight cast of the stone smashed the top of the dragon's head; then drawing a whetted knife from his thigh he cut through the monster's neck. The hood severed from the body lay apart, but the tail still moved, rolling in the dust until it had uncoiled again its familiar rings. There lay the dragon stretched on the ground, dead, and over the corpse furious Ares shouted in heavy anger. By his wrath Cadmos was destined to change his limbs for a curling shape, and to have a strange aspect of dragon's countenance at the ends of the Illyrian country.

[421] But that was ordained for long after. Now he gathered the fruit of death inside a helmet of bronze, the grim harvest of the creature's jaws. Then he drew upon the land the humped plow of Pallas from her holy place in those parts, and plowed a battle-breeding furrow in the bright earth, and sowed long lines of the poison-casting teeth. There grew out the self-delivered crop of giants: one shot up with head high, shaking the top of a mailcoated breast; one with jutting head stretched a horrid shoulder over the opening earth; another bent forward above ground as far as the midnipple, one again rose on the ground half-finished and lifted a soil-grown shield; another shook a nodding plume before him and showed not yet his chest; while still creeping up slowly from his mother's flanks he showed fight against fearless Cadmos, clad in armour he was born in. O what a great miracle! Eileithyia armed him whom the mother had not yet spawned! And there was one who cast his brother-spear, fumbling and half-visible; one who lightly drew the whole body into the light, but left his toes unfinished sticking in the ground.

[441] Cadmos for all that did not neglect Athena's injunction. He reaped the stubble of giants springing up ever anew. One he struck with windswift spear over the breast, hit one on the broad neck by the collarbone shearing the bones of the hairy throat: another he tore with hurtling stone while he sowed as far as the belly. The blood of the dreadful giants flowed in rivers; Ares slipt in the gore staining his limbs with crimson, and Victory's robe was reddened with purple drops while she stood beside the battle. Another showed fight, and Cadmos ran his sword through his cognate shield of oxhide, into the hipjoint and out at the small of his back. The slaughter stayed not: as the giants were

cut and smitten with the sword, a deadly spout of bloody dew bubbled up.

[455] Then by the wise counsel of Pallas he lifted a stone high above the giants' heads; and they drunken with gory lust for Enyo, went wild with warlike fury and destroyed each other with the steel of their cousin, and found burial in the dust. One fought with another: with ruddy gore the surface of the shield was drenched and spotted and darkened, as a giant died; the crop of that field was shorn by the brother-murdering blade of an earthgrown knife.

BOOK V

*Look into the fifth next, and you will see Actaion also, whom no pricket
brought forth, torn by dogs as a fleeing fawn.*

As soon as Cadmos had reaped the snaky crop of toothplanted battles, and shorn the stubble of the giants, pouring the bloodlibation to Ares as the firstling feast of harvestslaughter, he cleansed his body in dragonbreeding Circe, and sacrificed the Delphian cow on the godbuilt altar as fair offering for Pallas. As the first rite in the sacrifice, he sprinkled the two horns on both sides with barleygrains; he drew out and bared the falchion knife which hung at his thigh alongside by an Assyrian strap, and cut the top hairs of the longhorned head with the hilted blade. Theoclymenos grasped the heifer's horn and drew back the throat, Thyestes cut through the sinews of the neck with a double-edged axe; the stone altar of Athena Onca was reddened with the smear of the creature's blood. Then the cow's horned front was struck, and prone the creature fell. They brittled her with the steel, they cut through the sides and carved her up with the knife, they strips the hard covering of hide and stretched it out.

[20] The prince himself was busy, after folding his bright mantle and laying it on the ground. He cut out raw slices of the sturdy thighs, chopt them small and set them between two layers of fat; he pierced the long tripes with iron spits and stretched them over the embers, grilling them with gentle heat; then he brought them, pierced on the pointed bronze, and lifting the glowing spits one by one, laid them in a row on the grass amid the flowers – steward of a lowly table! The fragrant smoke of Assyrian incense scattered curling through the air. The sacrifice ended, there was a feast: and Cadmos took and held out and served to each an equal portion of choice food. The rows of banqueters at the round table soon had enough and wanted no more.

[35] The dragon's death was not the end of the labours of Cadmos; but after the Serpent, and after the savage tribes of giants, he fought the champions of the Ectenes and the Aonian people, reaping a barbarian harvest of Ares, and fell on the neighbouring Temmicans: when he called for soldiers, a motley swarm of neighbours came to his help. To both armies alike Strife joined Enyo and brought forth Tumult: when they met in battle bows were bent, spears hurled, helmets shook, shots whizzed, oxhides rattled struck on the bossy round with chunks like millstones. The blood of the fallen ran in streams; many a man fell headlong half-dead on the fruitful earth, and rolled in the dust. Then the army of his adversaries bowed suppliant before Cadmos, and the conflict ceased. After the bloody whirl of battle Cadmos laid the foundation of Thebes yet unfortified.

[51] He divided the spaces, and many furrows were cut this way and that, the beds of many branching roads were cut by the sharp-footed iron of the

opplow; many streets were measured at right angles to the four opposing winds to take their share of the grasslands. Then the Aonian city was embellished with the stony beauty of Tyrian art: all were busy, one workman with another, cutting under the Boiotian slopes with earthcleaving pick the variegated rock, which the hills near the thick forest of tree-clad Teumessos brought forth, which Helicon grew and Cithairon brought to birth. He completed temples for the gods and houses for the people, planning with his builder's rules. He scored the shape of a city surrounded by walls upon impregnable foundation-stones, with seven entries, imitating in his art heaven with its seven zones, but he left the walls for Amphion to build for the future inhabitants, and to protect, with towerbuilding harp.

[67] He dedicated seven gates, equal in number to the seven planets. First towards the western clime he allotted the Oncaian Gate to Mene Brighteyes, taking the name from the honk of cattle, because the Moon herself, bullshaped, horned, driver of cattle, being triform is Tritonis Athene. The second gate he gave in honour to Hermaon, the shining neighbour of Mene. The fourth he traced out and named for Electra Phaëthon's daughter, because when he appears, Electra's morning gleam sparkles with like colour; and the midmost gate opposite the Dawn he dedicated to fiery Helios, since he is in the middle of the planets. The fifth he gave to Ares, the third to Aphrodite, in order that Phaëthon might be between them both on either side, and cut off his neighbour the furious Ares from Aphrodite. The sixth he made an image of Zeus, shining high with more glorious craftsmanship. The last fell to the lot of Cronos the seventh planet.

[85] Such he made this seat; and having founded the sacred city, he called it by the name of Thebes in Egypt, decking out an earthly image like to Olympos with all its adornments.

[88] The daughters of the Aonians struck up Harmonia's marriage-hymn with dances: the dancing girls sang the name of the Thracian bride, in that palace and its fine bridal chamber. The Paphian also, her lovely mother, decorated her daughter's newbuilt bower for Cadmos, while she sang of the god-ordained marriage; her father danced with joy for his girl, bare and stript of his armour, a tame Ares! and laid his right arm unweaponed about Aphrodite, while he sounded the spirit of the Loves on his wedding-trumpet answering the panspipes: he had shaken off from his helmet head the plumes of horsehair so familiar in the battlefield, and wreathed bloodless garlands about his hair, weaving a merry song for Love. Dancing with the immortals came Ismenian Apollo to Harmonia's wedding, while he twangled a hymn of love on his sevenstring harp. The nine Muses too struck up a lifestirring melody: Polymnia nursingmother of the dance waved her arms, and sketched in the air an image of a soundless voice, speaking with hands and moving eyes in a graphic picture of silence full of meaning. Victory turned a tripling foot for the pleasure of Zeus, and stood by as bridesmaid crying triumph for Cadmos the god's champion; about the bridebed she wove the wedding song

with her virgin voice, and moved her gliding steps in the pretty circles of the dance, while she fluttered her wings, shamefast beside the wings of the Loves.

[113] A light arose, like a misnamed dawn in the evening, from the splendour no less brilliant of those gleaming torches scattered everywhere. All night long, the merry rout of untiring dancers were singing with clear voices beside the bridal chamber in happy romps; since <Hermes> anxious for a sleepless wedding night had left his familiar wand behind, because that was the rationer of sleep. So Thebes was the Olympian dancing-place; and one might see Cadmos and Zeus touching the same table!

[121] And now rose the Serpent, companion of the northern Waggon, bringing the bride-adorning season to the marriage halls, a messenger with news of things to come: for Harmonia's bridegroom along with his agemate bride was destined to change his human shape for a serpent's. The Blessed, one after another, brought their gifts of honour to Cadmos as he hastened to his chamber. Zeus gave success in all things. Horsemaster Seabluehair proffered the gifts of the sea, in honour to his sister Hera the renowned, for she was Ares' mother. Hermes gave a sceptre, Ares a spear, Apollo a bow. Hephaistos lifted upon Harmonia's head a crown plumed with precious stones of many colours, a golden circlet hung over her temples. Goldenthroned Hera provided a jewel-set throne. Aphrodite wishing to delight Ares in the deep shrewdness of her mind, clasped a golden necklace showing pale about the girl's blushing neck, a clever work of Hephaistos set with sparkling gems in masterly refinement. This he had made for his Cyprian bride, a gift for his first glimpse of Archer Eros. For the heavyknee bridegroom always expected that Cythereia would bear him a hobbling son, having the image of his father in his feet. But his thought was mistaken; and when he beheld a whole-footed son brilliant with wings like Maia's son Hermes, he made this magnificent necklace.

[144] It was like a serpent with starspangled back and coiling shape. For as the twoheaded amphisbaina in very sooth winds the coils between and spits her poison from either mouth, rolling along and along with double-gliding motion, and head crawling joins with head while she jumps twirling waves of her back sideways: so that magnificent necklace twisted shaking its crooked back, with its pair of curving necks, which came to meet at the midnipple, a flexible twoheaded serpent thick with scales; and by the curving joints of the work the golden circle of the moving spine bent round, until the head slid about with undulating movement and belched a mimic hissing through the jaws.

[158] With the two mouths on each side, where is the beginning and the end, was a golden eagle that seemed to be cutting the open air, upright between the serpent's heads, high-shining with fourfold nozzle of the four wings. One wing was covered with yellow jasper, one had the allwhite stone of Selene, which fades as the horned goddess wanes, and waxes when Mene newkindled distils her horn's liquid light and milks out the self-gotten fire of Father

Helios. A third had the gleaming pearl, which by its gleam makes the gray swell of the Erythraian Sea sparkle shining. Right in the middle of the other, the Indian agate spat out its liquid light, gently shining in bright beauty.

[171] Where the two heads of the serpent came together from both sides, the mouths gaped wide and enclosed the eagle with both their jaws, enfolding it from this side and that. Over the shining front, rubies in the eyes shot their native brilliancy, which sent forth a sharp gleam, like a fiery lamp being kindled. Proud with the manifold shapes of stones was a sea, and an emerald stone grass-green welcomed the crystal adjoining like the foam, and showed the image of the white-crested brine becoming dark; here all clever work was fashioned, here all the brinebred herds of the deep sparkled in shining gold as though leaping about, and many a supple traveller danced halfseen, the dolphin skimming the brine which waggled its mimic tail selfmoved; flocks of many-coloured birds – you might almost think you heard the windy beat of their flapping wings, when Cythereia gave the glorious necklace to her girl, golden, jewelled, to hang by the bride's neck.

[190] Soon Harmonia yoked by the cestus-girdle that guides wedded desire, carried in her womb the seed of many children whom she brought forth soon one by one: turn by turn she was delivered of her teeming burden by the birth of daughters, after four times nine circuits of the Moon had been fulfilled. First Autoñoë leapt from her mother's fruitful womb, her first birthpangs after nine months' course with child. Then came Ino to be her sister, the beautiful consort of Athamas who bore him two children. Third appeared Agauë, who afterwards married with the giant stock and bore a son like to her fangborn husband. Then Semele fourth of the daughters grew up, the image of the Graces in her lovestriking looks, preserved for Zeus; although youngest of the sisters, she alone was given by nature the prerogative of unconquerable beauty. Last of all Harmonia added a little son to the brood of sisters, and made Cadmos happy – Polydorus, the morning star of the Aonian nation, younger than rosycheek Semele; but Pentheus a lawless prince pushed him aside and took the sceptre in Thebes. All this old Time was to bring to pass by and by.

[212] Cadmos now chose husbands for his daughters, and gave them over in four successive bridals, settling their weddings one by one. First Aristaios laden with gifts, he of the herds and he of the wilds, as he was named, the blood of allwise Apollo and Cyrene so ready with her hands, wedded Autoñoë according to the rules of lawful marriage. Agenorides did not refuse his daughter to a goodson well acquainted with the art of feeding many; nay, he gave her to a very clever husband, a lifesaving son of Apollo, after he had calmed the pestilential star of fiery Maira by the lifepreserving breezes of heaven-sent winds. The wedding-feast also was very rich, since he gave the unyoked maid oxen for her treasure, he gave goats, he gave mountain-bred flocks; many a line of burden-bearers was forced to lift the load of great jars full of olive-oil, his marriage gifts, much travail of the clever honeybee he

brought, in the riddled comb her masterpiece.

[229] That man ranging the mountains on his springing feet, first found out the business of hunting the prickets among the rocks they love: how the dog divines the scent of the unseen prey with intelligent nostril on the ankles of the hills, pricking up his ears on the crookpath course; he learnt the many-twining meshes of his cunning art, and the shape of the standing stakenet, and the morning track of animals over the sand and the spoor impressed in the untrodden earth. He taught also the huntsman those high boots for his feet, when he speeds on, steadily pressing the hounds in chase of their prey, and made him wear a short shirt with the thigh showing, lest the tunic hanging low should hinder the speed of the hunter's hurrying foot.

[242] That man invented the riddled hive with its rows of cells, and made a settled place for the labours of the wandering bees, which flit from flower to flower over the meadows and flutter on clusters of finefruiting plants, sucking dew from the top with the tips of their lips. He covered every limb from toenails to hair with a closewoven wrap of linen, to defend him from the formidable stings of the battling bees, and with the cunning trick of smothering smoke he tamed their malice. He shook in the air a torch to threaten the hive-loving bee, and lifting a pair of metal plates, he clapt the two together with rattling hands over the brood in the skep, while they buzzed and humbledumbled in ceaseless din; then cutting off the covering of wax with its manypointed cells, he emptied from the comb its gleaming treasure of honeydripping increase.

[258] He first found out the dew of the slicktrickling oil, when he cut into the fruit of the juicy olive with the press's heavy stone and scrouged out the rich feason. From the wellwooded pasture of the shady forestslopes he brought the herdsmen to meadows and ealings, and taught them to feed their flocks from sunrise to eventide. When the sheep strayed in strings with wandering hoof, lagging behind on ways they could not find or trust, to the flowery pasture, he joined them on one path sending a goat ahead to lead the concerted march. He invented Pan's pastoral tune on the mountains. He lulled asleep the scorching dogstar of Maira. He kindled the fragrant altar of Zeus Icmaios; he poured the bull's blood over the sweet libation, and the curious gifts of the gadabout bee which lay on the altar, filling his dainty cups with a posset mixt with honey. Father Zeus heard him; and honouring his son's son, he sent a counterblast of pestaverting winds to restrain Seirios with his fiery fevers. Still to this day the etesian winds from Zeus herald the sacrifice of Aristaaios, and cool the land when the ripening vine grows in mottled clusters.

[280] This was he, the Ceian son of Phoibos, whom Eros escorted to the Aonian wedding. All the city wreathed in garlands was busy about the cattle-sacrifice, and the straightcut streets were all busy dancing. Before the gates of the bridal chamber the people twirled their reeling legs for the wedding; the women struck up a lovelysounding noise of melody, the Aonian hobboys tootled with the bridal pipes.

[287] Afterwards from the bed of Aristaios and Autonoe, arose Actaion. His passion was for the rocks; and having in him the blood of the Hunter, he took the mould of his huntsman father, and became a mountainranging servant of Artemis – no wonder that illfated Actaion learnt the practice of the chase, when he was born grandson to lionslaying Cyrene! Never a bear escaped him on the hills; not even the baneful eye of the lioness with young could make his heart flutter. Many a time he lay in wait for the panther, and laid low as she leapt on him high in air. Shepherd Pan would ever gaze at him over the bushes with wondering eyes, while he outstripped the running of the swift stag. But his running feet availed him nothing, his quiver helped him not, nor the straight shot, the cunning of the chase; but the Portioner (Moirai) destroyed him, a scampering fawn worried by dogs, while still breathing battle after the Indian war. For as he sat up in a tall oak tree amid the spreading boughs, he had seen the whole body of the Archeress bathing; and gazing greedily on the goddess that none may see, he surveyed inch by inch the holy body of the unwedded virgin close at hand. A Naiad nymph unveiled espied him from afar with a sidelong look, as he stared with stolen glances on the unclothed shape of her queen, and shrieked in horror, telling her queen the wild daring of a lovesick man. Artemis half revealed caught up her dress and encircling shawl, and covered her modest breasts with the maiden zone in shame, and sank with gliding limbs into the water, until by little and little all her form was hidden.

[316] Actaion heavy-fated! At once your manly shape was gone – four feet had cloven hooves – long cheeks drew out on your jawbones – your legs became thinner – two long bunches of widebranching antlers curved over your forehead – a borrowed shape, its body all covered with hair, dappled every limb with motley spots – a windswift fawn had nothing of you left but the mind! With quickfaring leap of the hoof he ran through the unfriendly forest, a hunter in terror of hunters. But in this new shape his dogs no longer knew their former master. The angry Archeress in resentment maddened them with a nod – there was no escape; panting infuriated with wild frenzy, they sharpened the double row of their fawnkilling teeth, and deceived by the false appearance of a stag they devoured the dappled changeling body in senseless fury. But that was not all the goddess meant: the dogs were to tear Actaion slowly to pieces with their jaws little by little, while breathing still and in his right mind, that she might torment his mind even more with sharper pains. So he with a man's feeling groaned for his own fate, while he cried aloud in a lamentable voice:

[337] “Happy Teiresias! You saw without destruction the naked body of Athena, reluctant but pitiful. You did not die! you did not get the shape of a stag, no poking horns raised themselves on your brow. You lost the light of your eyes, but you live! and the brilliancy of the eyes Athena transplanted to your mind. Archeress is more deadly in anger than Tritogeneia. O that she had given me a pain like that! O that she also had attacked the eyes, as Athena did! O that she had transformed my mind with my form – for I have the alien

shape of a beast, yet a man's feeling is in me! Do beasts ever lament their own death? They live without thought, and know not their end. I alone keep a sensible mind perishing: I drop intelligent tears, under the brows of a beast! Now for the first time, my hounds, you are really wild; when before have you hunted a lion with frenzied leap like this!

[354] "Sing a dirge for Actaion, my beloved hills! Yes I beseech you, and the beasts do the like! Cithairon, tell Autonoë what you know; with stony tears describe to Aristaios my father, my end and the maddened hounds unmerciful. O dreaded fate! With my own hands I fed my murderers! If only a hillranging lion had brought me low, if only a dappleback panther had dragged me and torn me, if only furious bears had pierced me about with sharp merciless claws, and feasted on the seeming fawn with flashing jaws, not my own familiar hounds had brought me down: no longer they know my shape, no longer the voice with a sound so strange!"

[366] Half dead he spoke, and as he prayed, the cruel hound did not understand the prayers poured out in sorrow with the voice of a beast; the stories he told had meaning, but instead of a human voice, only a noise of unmeaning sound rang out.

[370] Already Rumour self born had flown from the hills to Autonoë, proclaiming her son's fate torn to pieces by his dogs: not indeed that he had donned the thickhaired shape of a stag, only that he was dead. His mother in her passionate love, unshot, unveiled, was scourged by grief. She tore her hair, she rent all her smock, she scored her cheeks with her nails in sorrow till they were red with blood; baring her bosom, she reddened the lifegiving round of the breasts which had nursed her children, in memory of her son; over her sorrowing face the tears ran in a ceaseless flood and drenched her robes. Actaion's hounds returning from the mountain confirmed the tidings of woe, for they revealed the young man's end by their silent tears. When the mother saw their mourning she wailed louder still. Old Cadmos shore off his hoary hair, Harmonia cried aloud; the whole house resounded heavybooming with the noise of women wailing in concert.

[388] Autonoë along with Aristaios her husband went in search of the scattered remains of the dead. She saw her son, but knew him not; she beheld the shape of a dappled deer and saw no aspect of a man. Often she passed the bones of a fawn unrecognized, lying on the ground, and did not understand; for her boy was dead, and she looked to find a human shape. I blame not unhappy Autonoë. The relics of her son which met her eyes were of alien shape; she noticed the jaws of a face unrecognized and did not see the circle of his countenance, touched horns and did not know a son's temples, found slim legs and did not trace his feet, saw slim legs and saw not the rounded boots. I blame not unhappy Autonoë; she saw not the human eyes of him that was gone, she saw no image of a manly shape, she saw no the well-known chin marked with the dark flower of bloom. Passing over the forest ridges with wandering feet, she trod the rough back of the rugged hill, unshod, with

loosened robe, and returned home from the mountain-ranging task; grieving for her unsuccessful cares she fell asleep at last beside her husband, unhappy father! Both were haunted by shadowy dreams, their eyes glimpsing the wing of a nightingale sleep.

[412] The young man's ghost stood by his disconsolate father, wearing the shadowy form of a dappled stag; but from his eyelids he poured tears of understanding and spoke with a human voice: "You sleep, my father, and you know not my fate. Wake, and recognize my unknown changeling looks; wake, and embrace the horn of a stag you love, kiss a wild beast with understanding, one born of Autoon's womb! I whom you behold am that very one you brought up; you both see Actaion and hear Actaion's voice. If you desire to clasp your boy's hand and fingers, look at my forefeet and you shall know my hands. If you want my head, behold the head of a stag; if human temples, look at the long horns; if Actaion's feet, see the hindhoof. If you have seen my hairy coat, it was my clothing. Know your son, my father, whom Apollo did not save! Mourn your son, my father, whom Cithairon did not protect! Cover in the sad dust your boy in disguise, and be not misled by this changeling incredible aspect, that you may not leave your dead fawn unburied and unhonoured.

[432] "Father, if you had only kept me unversed in hunting! I should never have desired the Archeress of the wilds, I should never have seen the Olympian shape. If only I had loved a mortal girl! But I left earthborn women and quickfated wedlock to others, and I desired an immortal: the goddess was angry, and I became a dinner for my dogs, father – the hills are my witnesses, or if you do not believe rocks, ask the Naiad nymphs – my trees know all, ask my wild beasts (with forms like mine) and the shepherds whom I summoned.

[442] "I do beg, my father, for one last grace: they knew not what they did, so do not kill my slayers, in your love and sorrow for your child; pity those who slew your son, for they are not to blame – they did not mean it, they were misled by my beastlike looks to take me for a beast. What hound ever spares a stag? What man is angry with dogs for killing a fawn? How the poor creatures scamper about the hills all round, this way and that way, searching for the thing they have killed! They drop understanding tears from their eyes, and throw their forepaws round the necks with what might be an affectionate embrace, like sorrowing men, and weep over the place where I lie with mournful bellings. Yes, I pray you, do not kill the mourners! It was my face, but they saw only a hairy skin; they did not obey my prayers, they did not stay their teeth, because they heard only the bellow of my changeling voice, and in whimpering tones questioned my cliff – 'To-day someone has stolen Actaion: tell us, Rocks, whither he plies his pricketchasing course? Tell us, Nymphs!' So the gods; and the hill made answer, 'What hill-ranging pricket hunts the pricket himself? I never heard of a stag turned stagshooter! but Actaion has changed into another shape and become a fawn with a mind, he who once killed the wild beasts – he who has the blood of the Hunter in him is hunted

by a manslayer himself, by Archeress!’ So shouted the cliffs to the sorrowful hounds. Often Artemis said to my hunting murderer, ‘Down, heavilylabouring hound! trace no more the wandering slot. Do you seek Actaion whom you carry in your belly? Do you seek Actaion whom you have killed? If you like, you shall see the orts of your meal, nothing but bones.’

[473] “But I will tell you my fate, father, in due order. There was longleafy thicket, part of wild-olive, part of orchard olive. Like a fool I left Phylia’s namesfellow growth and scrambled up a handy branch of the pure olive, to spy out the naked skin of Artemis – forbidden sight! I was mad – I committed two outrageous sins, when I climbed Pallas’s tree to look on the Archeress’s body with bold eyes; from which the danger of heavy resentment attacked Actaion, both from Artemis and from Athena. For Artemis newly sweating in the vapour of the oppressive fiery heat, after coursing her familiar game, was bathing in the pure water; and as she bathed, her brilliance shooting snowy gleams on the waters against my eyes dazzled me. You might have said the full moon of evening was flashing through the water near the reflux stream of Oceanos. The Naiads all shrieked together; Loxo cried aloud with Upis in concert, and checked her sister Hecaerge who was swimming in the calm stream. Darkness pervaded the air and covered my eyes; I slipt down from the tree headlong into the dust, and suddenly got me a dappled shape. Instead of human form I had a shape unknown, covered all over with hair, and the hunting-dogs all at once drove their fangs into me.

[497] “But I will not speak of all that – why should I inflict a second pain? or I may cause you to groan again even in sleep. Often you passed that tree where lies what is left of Actaion; often you went by those pitiable bones of a dappled fawn, disjointed, scattered on the ground far apart, torn from the flesh by many eaters. But I will tell you another sign of my death which you will believe. You will see my quiver and bow near the tree where the trouble began, unless the winged arrows have been transformed also, unless Artemis in her anger has changed my bow back to its native wood and transformed the quiver. Otos was happy, that he became no wandering fawn. The dogs did not rend Orion the dogmaster. Would that a scorpion had killed Actaion also with a sharp sting! I was a fool – empty rumour deceived my mind. I heard that Phoibos, the Archeress’s brother, slept with Cyrene and begat my father, and I thought to draw Artemis to marriage in the family. I heard again that shining Dawn carried off Orion for a bridegroom, and Selene Endymion, and Deo embraced a mortal husband Iasion, and I thought the Archeress’s mind the same.

[520] “I beg you, father, give burial to the changeling stronghorned shape, let it not be a toy for other dogs! And if you cover what is left of me in the hollowed earth, grant me this boon also: fix my bow and arrows beside my tomb, which is the honour due to the dead. But no, father, never mind bow and arrows, because the Archeress delights in shafts and bends a curving bow. And ask a skilful artist to carve my changeling dappled shape from neck to

feet, but let him make only my face of human form, that all may recognize my shape as false. But do not inscribe my fate, father; for the wayfarer cannot shed a tear for fate and shape together.”

[533] So spoke in the dream the intelligent pricket, and without warning it was flown and gone. Autoñoë's husband leapt up, and threw off the wing of this revealing sleep. He aroused his wife much disturbed, and described her boy's stronghorned animal form, and recounted the story which the intelligent fawn had told. Then there was more lamentation. The bride of Aristaïos went on the search again, and passed often through the heart of the longbranching bush; sadly treading the difficult circuits of the rocky ways, she found with pains that fatal growth, she found even the quiver and bow beside a lonely trunk. With much trouble the mother gathered the fallen relics, bones scattered here and there over the strewn earth. She clasped the sweet horn with loving hand, and kissed the hairy lips of the bloodstained fawn. Wailing loudly the mother entombed the dead, and carved along the tomb all that the voice in a dream of the night had told Actaion's father.

[552] At the time when mourning resounded in the hall of Aristaïos, fairbosomed Agauë brought forth to Echion the Earthborn a bold god-assaulting son: he was named Pentheus, the man of sorrows, from the sorrow arising for the newly slain.

[556] After the bridals of Nephele of the earlier marriages, maiden Ino went with revels to the bridal chamber of Athamas. She bore Learchos destined to woe, and Melicertes. She was afterwards to find a home in the sea, as cherishing nurse for the childhood of Bromios: to both she gave one common breast, Palaimon and Dionysos.

[562] Semele was kept for a more brilliant union, for already Zeus ruling on high intended to make a new Dionysos grow up, a bullshaped copy of the older Dionysos; since he thought with regret of the illfated Zagreus. This was a son born to Zeus in the dragonbed by Persephoneia, the consort of the blackrobed king of the underworld; when Zeus put on a deceiving shape of many coils, as a gentle dragon twining around her in lovely curves, and ravished the maidenhood of unwedded Persephoneia; though she was hidden when all that dwelt in Olympos were bewitched by this one girl, rivals in love for the marriageable maid, and offered their dowers for an unsmirched bridal. Hermes had not yet gone to the bed of Peitho, and he offered his rod as a gift to adorn her chamber. Apollo produced his melodious harp as a marriage-gift. Ares brought spear and cuirass for the wedding, and shield as a bride-gift. Lemnian Hephaistos held out a curious necklace of many colours, newmade and breathing still of the furnace, poor hobbler! for he had already, though unwilling, rejected his former bride Aphrodite, when he spied her rioting with Ares; he displayed her to the Blessed and the womanthief who had robbed his bed, when by information from Phaëthon he had entangled them in a spider's net, naked Ares with naked Aphrodite.

[586] And Father Zeus was much more bewitched by Persephoneia. When

Zeus spied the virgin beauty of her shape, his eye ran ahead of him to guide all the Loes, and could not have enough of Persephone; in his heart storms of unsleeping passion raged without ceasing, and gradually a greater furnace of the Paphian was kindled from a small spark; the gaze of lovemaddened Zeus was enslaved by the lovely breast of the goddess. Once she was amusing herself with a resplendent bronze plate, which reflected her face like a judge of beauty; and she confirmed the image of her shape by this free voiceless herald, testing the unreal form in the shadow of the mirror, and smiling at the mimic likeness. Thus Persephone gazed in the selfgraved portrait of her face, and beheld the selfimpressed aspect of a false Persephoneia. Once in the scorching steam of thirsty heat, the girl would cease the loomtoiling labours of her shuttle at midday to shun the tread of the parching season, and wipe the running sweat from her face; she loosed the modest bodice which held her breast so tight, and moistened her skin with a refreshing bath, floating in the cool running stream, and left behind her threads fixt on the loom of Pallas.

[609] But she could not escape the allseeing eye of Zeus. He gazed at the whole body of Persephoneia, uncovered in her bath. Not so wild his desire had been for the Cyprian, when craving but not attaining he scattered his seed on the ground, and shot out the hot foam of love self-sown, where in the fruitful land of horned Cyprus flourished the two-coloured generation of wild creatures with horns. He – so mighty! the ruler of the universe, the charioteer of heaven, bowed his neck to desire – for all his greatness no thunderbolts, no lightnings helped him against Aphrodite in arms: he left the house of Hera, he refused the bed of Dione, he threw away the love of Deo, he fled from Themis, he deserted Leto – no charm was left for him but only in union with Persephoneia.

BOOK VI

*Look for marvels in the sixth, where in honouring Zagreus, all the settlements
on the earth were drowned by Rainy Zeus.*

Not the Father alone felt desire; but all that dwelt in Olympos had the same, struck by one bolt, and wooed for a union with Deo's divine daughter. Then Deo lost the brightness of her rosy face, her swelling heart was lashed by sorrows. She untied the fruitful frontlet from her head, and shook loose the long locks of hair over her neck, trembling for her girl; the cheeks of the goddess were moistened with self-running tears, in her sorrow that so many wooers had been stung with one fiery shot for a struggle of rival wooing, by maddening Eros, all contending together for their loves. From all the bounteous mother shrank, but specially she feared Hephaistos to be her daughter's lame bedfellow.

[15] She hastened with quick foot to the house of Astraïos the god of prophecy; her hair flowed behind her unbraided and the clusters were shaking in the fitful winds. Eosphoros saw her and brought the news. Old Astraïos heard it and arose; he had covered the surface of a table with dark dust, where he was describing in traced lines a circle with the tooth of his rounding tool, within which he inscribed a square in the dark ashes, and another figure with three equal sides and angles. He left all this, and rose and came towards the door to meet Demeter. As they hastened through the hall, Hesperos led Deo to a chair beside his father's seat; with equal affection the Winds, the sons of Astraïos, welcomed the goddess with refreshing cups of nectar which was ready mixt in the bowl. But Deo refused to drink, being tipsy with Persephone's trouble: parents of an only child ever tremble for their beloved children.

[33] But Astraïos was one of sweet words, who possessed mind-bewitching Persuasion, and with great pains he persuaded Deo to consent while still denying. Then the ancient prepared a great spread, that he might dispel Demeter's heart-piercing cares by his tables. The four Winds fitted aprons round their waists as their father's waiters. Euros held out the cups by the mixing-bowl and poured in the nectar, Notos had the water ready in his jug for the meal, Boreas brought the ambrosia and set it on the table, Zephyros fingering the notes of the hoboy made a tune on his reeds of spring-time – a womanish Wind this! Eosphoros plaited garlands of flowers in posies yet proud with the morning dew; Hesperos held aloft the torch which is wont to give light in the night, and spun about with dancing leg while he tossed high his curving foot – for he is the escort of the Loves, well practised in the skipping tracery of the bridal dance.

[50] After the banquet, as soon as the goddess had had enough of the dance, she threw off the heavy goad of mindmaddening care and inquired of the

seer's art. She laid her left hand on the knees of the kindly ancient, and with her right touched his deepflowing beard in supplication. She recounted all her daughter's wooers and craved a comfortable oracle; for divinations can steal away anxieties by means of hopes to come.

[58] Nor did old Astraioi refuse. He learnt the details of the day when her only child was new born, and the exact time and veritable course of the season which gave her birth; then he bent the turning fingers of his hands and measured the moving circle of the ever-recurring number counting from hand to hand in double exchange. He called a servant, and Asterion lifted a round revolving sphere, the shape of the sky, the image of the universe, and laid it upon the lid of a chest. Here the ancient got to work. He turned it upon its pivot, and directed his gaze round the circle of the Zodiac, scanning in this place and that planets and fixed stars. He rolled the pole about with push, and the counterfeit sky went rapidly round and round in mobile course with a perpetual movement, carrying the artificial stars about the axle set through the middle. Observing the sphere with a glance all round, the deity found that the Moon at the full was crossing the curved line of her conjunction, and the Sun was half through his course opposite the Moon moving at his central point under the earth; a pointed cone of darkness creeping from the earth into the air opposite to the Sun hid the whole Moon. Then when he heard the rivals for wedded love, he looked especially for Ares, and espied the wife-robber over the sunset house along with the evening star of the Cyprian. He found the portion called the Portion of the Parents under the Virgin's starry corn-ear; and round the Ear ran the light-bearing star of Cronides, father of rain.

[86] When he had noticed everything and reckoned the circuit of the stars, he put away the ever-revolving sphere in its roomy box, the sphere with its curious surface; and in answer to the goddess he mouthed out a triple oracle of prophetic sound: "Fond mother Demeter, when the rays of the Moon are stolen under a shady cone and her light is gone, guard against a robber-bridegroom for Persephoneia, a secret ravisher of your unsmirched girl, if the threads of the Fates can be persuaded. You will see before marriage a false and secret bedfellow come unforeseen, a half-monster cunning-minded: since I perceive by the western point Ares the wife-stealer walking with the Paphian, and I notice the Dragon rising beside them both. But I proclaim you most happy: for you will be known for glorious fruits in the four quarters of the universe, because you shall bestow fruit on the barren soil; since the Virgin Astraia holds out her hand full of corn for the destined lot of your girl's parents."

[103] This said, he let the oracular voice sleep in his mouth. But when Demeter Sicklebearer heard the hope of coming fruits, and how one uninvited and unbetrothed was to ravish her beloved maiden girl, she groaned and smiled at once, and hastening by the paths of high heaven she entered her own house with despondent step. Then beside the dragon-manger she balanced the curved yoke over the two necks of the monsters, and fastened the untamed

crawlers with the yokestrap, pressing their jaws about the crooktooth bit. So goldenbrown Deo in that grim car conveyed her girl hidden in a black veil of cloud. Boreas roared like thunder against the passage of the wagon, but she whistled him down with her monster-driving whip, guiding the light wings of the quick dragons as they sped horselike along the course of the wind, through the sky and round the back-reaching cape of the Libyan Ocean. She heard the music of the helmeted Cretan troop resounding in Dicte, as they danced about with the tumbling steel thundering heavy upon their oxhide shields. The goddess passed them by, looking for a stony harbourage; and she alighted among the Pelorian cliffs of Threepeak Sicily near the Adriatic shores, where the restless briny flood is driven towards the west and bends round like a sickle, bringing the current in a curve to southwest from the north. And in the place where that River had often bathed the maiden Cyane, pouring his water in fountain-showers as a bridegift, she saw a neighbouring grotto like a lofty hall crowned and concealed by a roof of stone, which nature had completed with a rocky gateway and a loom of stone tended by the neighbouring Nymphs.

[134] The goddess passed through the dark hall, and concealed her daughter well-secured in this hollow rock. Then she loosed the dragons from the winged car; one she placed by the jutting rock on the right of the door, one on the left beside the stone-pointed barrier of the entry, to protect Persephoneia unseen. There also she left Calligeneia, her own fond nurse, with her baskets, and all that cleverhand Pallas gives to make womankind sweat over their woolspinning. Then she left her rounded chariot for the Nymphs to watch, in their lonely home among the rocks, and cut the air with her feet.

[145] The girl busied herself in carding fleeces of wool under the sharp teeth of the iron comb. She packed the wool on the distaff, and the twirling spindle with many a twist and jerk ran round and round in dancing step, as the threads were spun and drawn through the fingers. She fixed the first threads of the warp which begins the cloth, and gave them a turn round the beam, moving from end to end to and fro with unresting feet. She wove away, plying the rod and pulling the bobbin along through the threads, while she sang over the cloth to her cousin Athena the clever Webster.

[155] Ah, maiden Persephoneia! You could not find how to escape your mating! No, a dragon was your mate, when Zeus changed his face and came, rolling in many a loving coil through the dark to the corner of the maiden's chamber, and shaking his hairy chaps: he lulled to sleep as he crept the eyes of those creatures of his own shape who guarded the door. He licked the girl's form gently with wooing lips. By this marriage with the heavenly dragon, the womb of Persephone swelled with living fruit, and she bore Zagreus the horned baby, who by himself climbed upon the heavenly throne of Zeus and brandished lightning in his little hand, and newly born, lifted and carried the thunderbolts in his tender fingers.

[169] But he did not hold the throne of Zeus for long. By the fierce

resentment of implacable Hera, the Titans cunningly smeared their round faces with disguising chalk, and while he contemplated his changeling countenance reflected in a mirror they destroyed him with an infernal knife. There where his limbs had been cut piecemeal by the Titan steel, the end of his life was the beginning of a new life as Dionysos. He appeared in another shape, and changed into many forms: now young like crafty Cronides shaking the aegis-cape, now as ancient Cronos heavy-kneed, pouring rain. Sometimes he was a curiously formed baby, sometimes like a mad youth with the flower of the first down marking his rounded chin with black. Again, a mimic lion he uttered a horrible roar in furious rage from a wild snarling throat, as he lifted a neck shadowed by a thick mane, marking his body on both sides with the self-striking whip of a tail which flickered about over his hairy back. Next, he left the shape of a lion's looks and let out a ringing neigh, now like an unbroken horse that lifts his neck on high to shake out the imperious tooth of the bit, and rubbing, whitened his cheek with hoary foam. Sometimes he poured out a whistling hiss from his mouth, a curling horned serpent covered with scales, darting out his tongue from his gaping throat, and leaping upon the grim head of some Titan encircled his neck in snaky spiral coils. Then he left the shape of the restless crawler and became a tiger with gay stripes on his body; or again like a bull emitting a counterfeit roar from his mouth he butted the Titans with sharp horn. So he fought for his life, until Hera with jealous throat bellowed harshly through the air – that heavy-resentful stepmother! and the gates of Olympus rattled in echo to her jealous throat from high heaven. Then the bold bull collapsed: the murderers each eager for his turn with the knife chopt piecemeal the bull-shaped Dionysos.

[206] After the first Dionysos had been slaughtered, Father Zeus learnt the trick of the mirror with its reflected image. He attacked the mother of the Titans with avenging brand, and shut up the murderers of horned Dionysos within the gate of Tartaros: the trees blazed, the hair of suffering Earth was scorched with heat. He kindled the East: the dawnlands of Bactria blazed under blazing bolts, the Assyrian waves set afire the neighbouring Caspian Sea and the Indian mountains, the Red Sea rolled billows of flame and warmed Arabian Nereus. The opposite West also fiery Zeus blasted with his thunderbolt in love for his child; and under the foot of Zephyros the western brine half-burnt spat out a shining stream; the Northern ridges – even the surface of the frozen Northern Sea bubbled and burned: under the clime of snowy Aigoceros the Southern corner boiled with hotter sparks.

[224] Now Oceanos poured rivers of tears from his watery eyes, a libation of suppliant prayer. Then Zeus calmed his wrath at the sight of the scorched earth; he pitied her, and wished to wash with water the ashes of ruin and the fiery wounds of the land.

[229] The Rainy Zeus covered the whole sky with clouds and flooded all the earth. Zeus's heavenly trumpet bellowed with its thunderclaps, while all the stars moved in their appointed houses: when the Sun in his four-horse chariot

drove shining over the Lion's back, his own house; the Moon of threefold form rolled in her onrunning car over the eightfoot Crab; Cypris in her equinoctial course under the dewy region had left the Ram's horn behind, and held her spring-time house in the heavenly Bull which knows no winter; the Sun's neighbour Ares possessed the Scorpion, harbinger of the Plow, encircled by the blazing Bull, and ogled Aphrodite opposite with a sidelong glance; Zeus of nightfall, the twelvemonth traveller who completes the lichtgang, was treading on the starry Fishes, having on his right he round-faced Moon in trine; Cronos passed through the showery back of Aigoceros drenched in the frosty light; round the bright Maiden, Hermes was poised on his pinions, because as a dispenser of justice he had Justice for his house.

[249] Now the barriers of the sevenzoned watery sky were opened, when Zeus poured down his showers. The mountain-torrents roared with fuller fountains of the loudsplashing gulf. The lakes, liquid daughters cut off from Oceanos, raised their surface. The fountains shot spouts of the lower water of Oceanos into the air. The cliffs were besprinkled, the dry thirsty hills were drenched as with rivers streaming over the heights: the sea rose until Nereïds became Oreads on the hills over the woodland. O poor thing! Maid Echo had to swim with unpractised hands, and felt a new fear for that old maiden zone – Pan she had escaped, but she might be cause by Poseidon! Sea-lions now leaped with dripping limbs in the land-lions' cave among rocks they knew not, and in the depths of a mountain-torrent a stray boar met with a dolphin of the sea. Wild beasts and fishes navigated in common stormy floods that poured from the mountains. The many-footed squid dragged his many coils into the hills, and pounced on the hare. The dripping Tritons at the edge of a secret wood wagged their green forked tails against their flanks, and hid in the mountain vaults where Pan had his habitation, leaving their familiar speckled conchs to sail about with the winds. Nereus on his travels met rock-loving Pan on a submerged hill, the rock-dweller left his sea and changed it for the hill, leaving the waterlogged pan's-pipes that floated; while he took to the watery cave where Echo had sheltered.

[279] Then the bodies of poor fellows swollen in their watery death were buried in the waters. Heaps of corpses were floating one upon another carried along by the rolling currents; there fell the lion, there fell the boar into the roaring torrent, with open throat gulping draughts of the cascades that poured from rocks and mountains. With mingling streams, lakes and rivers, torrents of rain, waters of the sea were all combined together, and the four winds united their blasts in one, to flog the universal inundation.

[288] Earthshaker saw from the deep the earth all flooded, while Zeus alone with stronger push made it quake under his threatening torrents: he threw away his prongs, wondering in his anger what earth now he could heave with a trident! Nereïds in battalions swam over the flooding waves; Thestis travelled over the water riding on the green hip of a Triton with broad beard; Agauë on a fish's back drove her pilotfish in the open air, and an exile dolphin

with the water swirling round his neck lifted Doris and carried her along. A whale of the deep sea leaped about the hills and sought the cave of the earthbedded lioness.

[300] Then Pan well soaked saw Galateia swimming under a neighbouring wavebeaten rock, and sang out: "Where are you going, Galateia? Have you given up sea for hills? Perhaps you are looking for the love-song of Cyclops? I pray you by the Paphian, and by your Polyphemos – you know the weight of desire, do not hide from me if you have noticed my mountainranging Echo swimming by you? Does she also sit on a dolphin of Aphrodite the sea-goddess, my own Echo navigating like Thetis unveiled? I fear the dangerous waves of the deep may have startled her! I fear the great flood may have covered her! How cruel for her, poor thing! She has left the hills and moves restless over the waves. Echo once the maid of the rocks will show herself as the maid of the waters. Come, leave your Polyphemos, the laggard! If you like, I will lift you upon my own back and save you. The roaring flood does not overwhelm me; if I like I can mount to the starry sky on my goatish feet!"

[318] He spoke, and Galateia said in reply: "My dear Pan, carry your own Echo through the waves – she knows nothing of the sea. Don't waste your time in asking me why I am going here this day. I have another and higher voyage which Rainy Zeus has found me. Let be the song of Cyclops, though it is sweet. I seek no more the Sicilian sea; I am terrified at this tremendous flood, and I care nothing for Polyphemos."

[325] With these words, she passed away from the lair of waterfaring Pan.

[326] As the irresistible torrent swelled on and on, every city, every nation was a flood; not one corner was undrenched, not one hill was then bare – not the peak of Ossa, not the top of Pelion. Under the three peaks roared the Tyrrhenian Sea; the Adriatic rocks rebounded with Sicilian waters in showers of foam from the flogging sea. The sparkling rays of Phaëthon in his airy course became soft and womanish in the torrents. Selene in her seventh zone over the low rim of the earth cooled her light in the mounting waves, and checked her cattle with drenched and soaking necks. The rainwater mixed with the starry battalions, and made the Milky Way whiter with foam.

[339] The Nile, pouring his lifegiving stream through his seven mouths, went astray and met love-sick Alpheios. His wish was to creep through the fruitful soil, and delight his thirsty bride with watery kisses; but the other had lost the familiar road of his old-time hunt, and rolled along in sorrow, until seeing Pyramos the lover moving by his side he cried out and said – "Nile, what am I to do? Arethusa is hidden! Pryamos, why this haste? You have left your companion Thisbe – to whom? Happy Euphrates! He has not felt the sting of love. Jealousy and fear possess me together. Perhaps Cronos's watery son has slept with lovely Arethusa! I fear he may have wooed your Thisbe in his flowings! Pyramos is a consolation of Alpheios. The rain of Zeus has not stirred us so much as the arrow of the Foamborn. Follow me the lover, I will seek the tracks of Syracusan Arethusa, and do you, Pramos, hunt for Thisbe.

[356] “But you will say – the earth quakes, the sky attacks us, the sea compels us, the unnavigable upper air itself swells in a foaming flood! I care not for the wild deluge. See what a great miracle! The blazing earth, the flaming sea, the rivers – all have been swept clean by the downpour of Zeus, only one trifle it has not quenched, the Paphian fire of Alpheios! However, if the great flood confounds me, if I suffer from fire, there is one small medicine for my pain, that tender Adonis is wandering too and vexing Aphrodite.”

[366] His tale was not yet ended, when fear conquered his voice. Then also Deucalion passed over the mounting flood, to navigate far out of reach on a sky-traversing voyage; and the course of his ark selfguided selfmoving, without sheet and without harbour, scored the stormy waters.

[371] Then the whole frame of the universe would have been unframed, then all-breeding Time would have dissolved the whole structure of the unsown generations of mankind: but by the divine ordination of Zeus, Poseidon Seabluehair with earthsplitting trident split the midmost peak of the Thessalian mountain, and dug a cleft through it by which the water ran sparkling down. Earth shook off the stormy flood which travelled so high, and showed herself risen again; the streams were driven into the deep hollows and the cliffs were laid bare. The sun poured his thirsty rays on the wet face of earth, and dried it; the water grew thick under the hotter beams, and the mud was dried again as before. Cities were fashioned by men with better skill and established upon stone foundations, palaces were built, and the streets of the new-founded cities were made strong for later generations of men. Nature laughed once more; the air once more was paddled by the wings of birds that flew in the winds.

BOOK VII

The seventh sings of the hoary supplication of Time, and Semele, and the love of Zeus, and the furtive bed.

Already Eros, love's plowman, had plowed the seedless world, and mixt the man's seed of generation in the woman's furrow, with the fruit of everflowing life again renewed. Nature the nurse of the offspring took root again; earth mingling with fire and water interwoven with air shaped the human race with its fourfold bonds.

[7] But sorrow in many forms possessed the life of men, which begins with labour and never sees the end of care: and Time his everlasting companion showed to Zeus Almighty mankind, afflicted with suffering and having no portion in happiness of heart. For the Father had not yet cut the threads of childbirth and shot forth Bacchos from his pregnant thigh, to give mankind rest from their tribulations; not yet did the libation of wine soak the pathways of the air and make them drunken with sweetsmelling exhalations. The Seasons, those daughters of the light, still joyless, plaited garlands for the gods only of meadow-grass. For Wine was lacking. Without Bacchos to inspire the dance, its grace was only half complete and quite without profit; it charmed only the eyes of the company, when the circling dancer moved in twists and turns with a tumult of footsteps, having only nods for words, hand for mouth, fingers for voice.

[22] But Time the manifold, holding the key of generation, spread his white shock of hair over the knees of Zeus, let fall the flowing mass of his beard in supplication, and made his prayer, bowing his head to the ground, bending his neck, straining the whole length of his back; and as he knelt, the ancient of days, the shepherd of life ever-flowing, reached out his infinite hand and spoke:

[29] "Lord Zeus! behold yourself the sorrows of a despairing world! Do you not see that Enyo has made the whole earth mad, mowing season by season her harvest of quick-perishing youth? We can yet see traces of that deluge which you brought upon all nations, when the streams of airy floods billowed in the air and boiled against the neighbouring Moon. Farewell to the life of men, since they perish so soon! I renounce the divine helm at their fate, I will no longer handle the world's cable. Let some other of the Blessed, one better than I am, receive the rudder of life ever renewed; let another have the course of my years – for I am weary of pitying the luckless race of suffering mankind. Is not old age enough, which blights youth, and makes a man go slow with bowed head, when bent and trembling he goes on his way with a foot too many, heavy of knee and leaning upon a staff, the faithful servant of age! Is not fate enough, who often hides in Lethe the young bridegroom, companion of an age-mate bride lately wed, and breaks the life-bringing cables

of a union that cannot be broken! I know how delightful a marriage is when Athena's hoboy sounds along with the panspipes: nevertheless, what boots it, when the loud sound of the sevenchord harp is heard twanging near the bridal chamber? Lutes cannot comfort a heavy heart: but Eros himself stops the dance and throws away the bridal torch, if he sees a wedding without joy.

[55] "But (some may say) a medicine has been planted to make long-suffering mortals forget their troubles, to save their lives. Would that Pandora had never opened the heavenly cover of that jar – she the sweet bane of mankind! Nay, Prometheus himself is the cause of man's misery – Prometheus who cares for poor mortals! Instead of fire which is the beginning of all evil he ought rather to have stolen sweet nectar, which rejoices the heart of the gods, and given that to men, that he might have scattered the sorrows of the world with your own drink. But never mind the cares of the tempest-tossed life, just consider your own ceremonials brought to sadness. Are you pleased at the empty vapour of the burnt-offering that strays without libation?"

[67] When the ancient had ended, Zeus Allwise for a time turned over his infinite wisdom in thoughtful silence, and gave rein to his mind; one after another the meditations of that creative brain revolved before him; and at last Cronides addressed his divine voice to Time, and revealed oracles higher than the prophetic centre:

[73] "O Father self-begotten, shepherd of the ever-flowing years! be not angry; the human race waxes and wanes like the moon, and never fails or forgets its season. Leave nectar to the Blessed; and I will give mankind to heal their sorrows delicious wine, another drink like nectar self-distilled, and one suited to mortals. The primeval world will sorrow still, until I be delivered of one child. I am father and mother both; I shall suffer the woman's pangs in my man's thigh, that I may save the fruit of my pangs. Yesterday at the nod of my Deo, lady of wide threshingfloors, the earth dug by the iron wooer of corn was delivered of the dry fruit of the sheafbearing soil. Now also my son, bringer of a glorious gift, shall plant in the earth the moist fragrant fruit of vintage the Allheal – my son Dionysos Alljoy will cherish the no-sorrow grape, and rival Demeter. Then you will commend me when you watch the vine reddening with wineteeming dew, herald of the merry heart; and the countrymen at the winepress treading the fruit with heavy feet; and the revelling company of Bassarids shaking their mad hair unkempt into the wind over their shoulders. Then all in wild jubilation will cry Euoi over the echoing table with mutual toasts, in honour of Dionysos the protector of the human race. This my son after struggles on earth, after the battle with the giants, after the Indian War, will be received by the bright upper air to shine beside Zeus and to share the courses of the stars. So the god shall wind a tendril of garden vines laid upon the bright ivy round his locks for his garland . . . having a serpent-coronet as a sign of new godhead. He shall have equal honour with the gods, and among men he shall be named Dionysos of the Vine, as Hermes is called Goldenrod,

Ares Brazen, Apollo Farshooter.”

[106] The Father spoke, the Portioners applauded; at his words the lightfoot Seasons sneezed, as a presage of things to come. Their parley done they separated, Time to Harmonia’s house, the other to the fine-wrought chamber of Hera.

[110] Now Eros the wise, the self-taught, the manager of the ages, knocked at the gloomy gates of primeval Chaos. He took out the divine quiver, in which were kept apart twelve firefed arrows for Zeus, when his desire turned towards one or another of mortal women for a bride. Right on the back of his quiver of lovebolts he had engraved with letters of gold a sentence in verse for each:

“The first takes Cronion to the bend of heifer-fronted Io.”

“The second shall Europa woo for the bold bull abducting.”

“The third to Pluto’s bridal brings the lord of high Olympos.”

“The fourth shall call to Danaë a golden bed-companion.”

“The fifth shall offer Semele a burning fiery wedding.”

“The sixth shall bring the King of heaven an eagle to Aigina.”

“The seventh joins Antiope to a pretended Satyr.”

“The eighth, a swan endowed with mind shall bring to naked Leda.”

“The ninth a noble stallion gives unto Perrhaibid Dia.”

“The tenth three fullmoon nights of bliss gives to Alcmena’s bedmate.”

“The eleventh goes to carry out Laodameia’s bridal.”

“The twelfth draws to Olympias her thrice-encircling husband.”

[129] When Eros had seen and handled each in turn, he put back the other fire-barbed shafts, and taking the fifth he fitted it to the shining bowstring; but first he put a sprig of ivy on the barb of the winged arrow, to be a fitting chaplet for the god of the vine, and dipt the whole shaft in a bowl of nectar, that Bacchos might grow a nectareal vintage.

[136] While Eros was fluttering along to the house of Zeus, Semele also was out with the rosy morning, shaking the cracks of her silver whip while she drove her mules through the city; and the light straight track of her cartwheels only scratched the very top of the dust. She had brushed away from her eyes the oblivious wing of sleep, and sent her mind wandering after the image of a dream with riddling oracles. She thought she saw in a garden a tree with fair green leaves, laden with newgrown clusters of swelling fruit yet unripe, and drenched in the fostering dews of Zeus. Suddenly a flame fell through the air from heaven, and laid the whole tree flat, but did not touch its fruit; then a bird flying with outspread wings caught up the fruit half-grown, and carried it yet lacking full maturity to Cronion. The Father received it in his kindly bosom, and sewed it up in his thigh; then instead of the fruit, a bull-shaped figure of a man came forth complete over his loins. Semele was the tree!

[155] The girl leapt from her couch trembling, and told her father the terrifying tale of leafy dreams and fiery blast. King Cadmos was shaken when

he heard of Semele's fireburnt tree, and that same morning he summoned the divine seer Teiresias son of Chariclo, and told him his daughter's fiery dreams. As soon as he heard the seer's inspired interpretation, the father sent his daughter to their familiar temple of Athena, and bade her sacrifice to thunderhurling Zeus a bull, the image of likehorned Lyaaios, and a boar, vine-ravaging enemy of the vintage to come.

[166] Now the maiden went forth from the city to kindle the altar of Zeus Lord of Lightning. She stood by the victims and sprinkled her bosom with the blood; her body was drenched with blood, plentiful streams of blood soaked her hair, her clothes were crimsoned with drops from the bull. Then with robes discoloured she made her way along the meadow deep in rushes, beside Asopos the river of her birthplace, and plunged in his waters to wash clean the garments which had been drenched and marked by the showers of blood.

[180] Erinys the Avenger flying by in the air saw Semele bathing in the waters of Asopos, and laughed as she thought how Zeus was to strike both with his fiery thunderbolt in one common fate.

[184] There the maiden cleansed her body, and naked with her attendants moved through the water with paddling hands; she kept her head stretched well above the stream unwetted, by the art she knew so well, under water to the hair and no farther, breasting the current and treading the water back with alternate feet.

[175] There she received a new dress, and mounting upon the neighbouring river-bank, by the eastern strand which belonged to Dionysos the Guardian Spirit, she shook off into the winds and waters all the terror of her dreams. Now without God she plunged into the water, but she was led to that river's flow by the prophetic Seasons.

[190] Nor did the allseeing eye of Zeus fail to see her: from the heights he turned the infinite circle of his vision upon the girl. At this moment Eros stood before the father, who watched her, and the inexorable archer drew in the air that bow which fosters life. The bowstring sparkled over the flower-decked shaft, and as the bow was drawn stretched back the poet-missile sounded the Bacchis strain. Zeus was the butt – for all his greatness he bowed his neck to Eros the nobody! And like a shooting star the shaft of love flew spinning into the heart of Zeus, with a bridal whistle, but swerving with a calculated twist it had just scratched his rounded thigh with its grooves – a foretaste of the birth to come. Then Cronion quickly turned the eye which was the channel of desire, and the love-charm flogged him into passion for the girl. At the sight of Semele, he leapt up, in wonder if it were Europa whom he saw on that bank a second time, his heart was troubled as if he felt again his Phoinician passion; for she had the same radiant shape, and on her face gleamed as born in her the brightness of her father's sister.

[210] Father Zeus now deceitfully changed his form, and in his love, before the due season, he flew above River Asopos, the father of a daughter, as an eagle with eye sharp-shining like the bird, as he were now presaging the

winged bridal of Aigina. He left the sky, and approaching the bank of the near-flowing river he scanned the naked body of the girl with her lovely hair. For he was not content to see from afar; he wished to come near and examine all the pure white body of the maiden, though he could send that eye so great – such an eye! ranging to infinity all round about, surveying all the universe, yet he thought it not enough to look at one unwedded girl.

[222] Her rosy limbs made the dark water glow red; the stream became a lovely meadow gleaming with such graces. An unveiled Naiad espying the nymph in wonder, cried out these words: “Can it be that Cronos, after the first Cypris, again cut his father’s loins with unmanning sickle, until the foam got a mind and made the water shape itself into a selfperfected birth, delivered a younger Aphrodite from the sea? Can it be that the river has rivalled the deep with a childbirth, and rolled a torrent of self-pregnant waves to bring forth another Cypris, not to be outdone by the sea? Can it be that one of the Muses has dived from neighbouring Helicon into my native water, and left another to take the honeydripping water of Pegasos the horse, or the stream of Olmeios! I spy a silverfooted maiden stretched under the streams of my river! I believe Selene bathes in the Aonian waves on her way to Endymion’s bed on Latmos, the bed of a sleepless shepherd; but if she has prinked herself out for her sweet shepherd, what’s the use of Asopos after the Ocean stream? And if she has a body white as the snows of heaven, what mark of the Moon has she? A team of mules unbridled and a mule-cart with silver wheels are there on the beach, but Selene knows not how to put mules to her yokestrap – she drives a team of bulls! Or if it is a goddess come down from heaven – I see a maiden’s bright eyes sparkling under the quiet eyelids, and it must be Athena Brighteyes bathing, when she threw the skin back at him after the old victory over Teiresias. This girl looks like a divine being with her rosy arms; but if she was the glorious burden of a mortal womb, she is worthy of the heavenly bed of Cronion.”

[255] So spoke the voice from under the swirling waters. But Zeus shaken by the firebarbed sting of desire watched the rosy fingers of the swimming girl. Unrestingly he moved his wandering glance, now gazing at the sparkling rosy face, now bright eyes as full as a cow’s under the eyelids, now the hair floating on the breeze, and as the hair blew away he scanned the free neck of the unclad maid; but the bosom most of all and the naked breasts seemed to be armed against Cronides, volleying shafts of love. All her flesh he surveyed, only passed by the secrets of her lap unseen by his modest eyes. The mind of Zeus left the skies and crept down to swim beside swimming Semele. Enchanted he received the sweet maddening spark in a heart which knew it well. All father was worsted by a child: little Eros with his feeble shot set afire this Archer of Thunderbolts. Not the deluge of the flood, not the fiery lightning could help its possessor: that huge heavenly flame itself was vanquished by the small fire of unwarlike Paphia; little Eros faced the shaggy skin, his magical girdle faced the aegis; the heavy-booming din of the

thunderclap was the slave of his lovebreeding quiver. The god was shaken by the heartbewitching sting of desire for Semele, in amazement: for love is near neighbour to admiration.

[280] Zeus could hardly get back to his imperial heaven, thinking over his plans, having now resumed his divine shape once more. He resolved to mount Semele's nightly couch, and turned his eye to the west, to see when sweet Hesperos would come. He blamed Phaëthon that he should make the afternoon season so long, and uttered an impatient appeal with passionate lips:

[286] "Tell me, laggard Night, when is envious Eos to set? It is time now for you to lift your torch and lead Zeus to his love – come now, foreshow the illumination of night-ranging Lyaïos! Phaëthon is jealous, he constrains me! Is he in love with Semele himself and grudges my desire? Helios, you plague me, though you know the madness of love. Why do you spare the whip when you touch up your slow team? I know another nightfall that came very quickly! If I like, I will hide you and the daughter of the mists together in my clouds, and when you are covered Night will appear in the daytime, to speed the marriage of Zeus in haste; the stars will shine at midday, and I will make rising Hesperos, instead of setting Hesperos, the regular usher of the loves. Coem now, draw your own forerunner Phosphoros to his setting, and o grace to your desire and mine; enjoy your Clymene all night long, and let me go quick to Semele. Yoke your own car, I pray, bright Moon, send forth your rays which make the trees and plants to grow, because this marriage foretells the birth of plant-cherishing Dionysos; rise over the lovely roof of Semele, give light to my desire with the star of the Cyprian, make long the sweet darkness for the wooing of Zeus!"

[308] Such was the speech of Zeus, even such commands as desire knows. But when in answer to his eagerness, a huge cone of darkness sprang up from the earth and ran stretching into the heights, bringing a shadow of darkness opposite to setting Eos, Zeus passed along the starry dome of the sky to Semele's bridal. Without leaving a trace of his footsteps, he traversed at his first bound the whole path of the air. With a second, like wing or a thought, he reached Thebes; the bars of the palace door opened of themselves to let him through, and Semele was held fast in the loving bond of his arms.

[319] Now he leaned over the bed, with a horned head on human limbs, lowing with the voice of a bull, the very likeness of bullhorned Dionysos. Again, he put on a shaggy lion's form; or he was a panther, as one who begets a bold son, driver of panthers and charioteer of lions. Again, as a young bridegroom he bound his hair with coiling snakes and vine-leaves intertwined, and twisted purple ivy about his locks, the plaited ornament of Bacchos. A writhing serpent crawled over the trembling bride and licked her rosy neck with gentle lips, then slipping into her bosom girdled the circuit of her firm breasts, hissing a wedding tune, and sprinkled her with sweet honey of the swarming bees instead of the viper's deadly poison. Zeus made long wooing, and shouted "Euoi!" as if the winepress were near, as he begat his son who

would love the cry. He pressed love-mad mouth to mouth, and beaded up delicious nectar, an intoxicating bedfellow for Semele, that she might bring forth a son to hold the sceptre of nectareal vintage. As a presage of things to come, he lifted the careforgetting grapes resting his laden arm on the firebringing fennel; or again, he lifted a thyrsus twined about with purple ivy, wearing a deerskin on his back – the lovesick wearer shook the dappled fawnskin with his left arm.

[344] All the earth laughed: a viny growth with self-sprouting leaves ran round Semele's bed; the walls budded with flowers like a dewy meadow, at the begetting of Bromios; Zeus lurking inside rattled his thunderclaps over the unclouded bed, foretelling the drums of Dionysos in the night. And after the bed, he saluted Semele with loving words, consoling his bride with hopes of things to come:

[352] “My wife, I your bridegroom am Cronides. Lift up your neck in pride at this union with a heavenly bedfellow; and look not among mankind for any child higher than yours. Danaë's wedding does not rival you. You have thrown into the shade even the union of your father's sister with her Bull; for Europa glorified by Zeus's bed went to Crete, Semele goes to Olympos. What more do you want after heaven and the starry sky? People will say in the future, Zeus gave honour to Minos in the underworld, and to Dionysos in the heavens! Then after Autonoë's mortal son and Ino's child – one downed by his dogs, one to be killed by a sonslaying father's winged arrow – after the shortlived son of mad Agauë, you bring forth a son who shall not die, and you I will call immortal. Happy woman! you have conceived a son who will make mortals forget their troubles, you shall bring forth joy for gods and men.”

BOOK VIII

The eight has a changeful tale, the fierce jealousy of Hera, and Semele's fiery nuptials, and Zeus the slayer.

With these words Zeus returned to Olympos; but in the highroofed hall his mind still wandered near his bride, empassioned for Thebes more than for heaven. For to Cronides Semele's house was lovely heaven, and the quickfoot Seasons of Zeus became the attendants in the palace of Cadmos.

[6] By the espousal drop of the divine union Semele's body swelled laden with a heavy burden. In witness of the birth of garlandloving Dionysos she took delight in wreaths. She plaited into her flowerdecked hair the natural tendrils of the maddening ivy like a prophetess of the Bassarids, and provided for the nymphs who were soon to be born, the later title of the ivy. As she carried the heavy burden of the divinely conceived child, if some old shepherd made melody with his panspipes, and she heard the tune repeated by countryloving Echo near, clad in tunic alone she went rushing wildly out of the house. If the mountainranging tones of the double pipe was to be heard, she leapt up, and out of the lofty halls went shoeless, uncalled, to the lonely woods on the hills. If there was clashing of cymbals, she tripled with dancing foot and shuffled a sidelong shoe in winding paces. If she heard the bellow of a broadhorned bull, her throat bellowed mimicry of the creature in reply. Oft on some hillside pasture she sang with Pan in maddened voice, and played harmonious Echo to him; she answered the tones of the herdsman's pipe of horn by bending her steps to the dance, and the fruit of her womb (sensible, though yet unborn!) joined in his mother's dance as if he also were maddened by the pipes, and although only half-made sounded a self-taught echo of tune from within her. So in the burden of the manchilding womb grew the messenger of merryhearted cheer, that understanding baby; and round about the boy, Cronion's attendants the Seasons went their rounds about the sky.

[34] Now Envy, surveying the bed of lofty Zeus and Semele's labour in the divine birth, was jealous of Bacchos while yet in the womb, Envy self-tormenting, loveless, stung with his own poison. In that crafty heart he conceived a crooked plan. He put on the false image of a counterfeit Ares, with armour like his; he scored the front of the shield with a liquid of his own made from a poisonous flower, to imitate smears of blood. He dipt his deceitful fingers in vermilion dye, staining his hands with red stuff which pretended to be gore (which it resembled) from his slain enemies. He belched out from his throat through his horrible mouth a nine-thousand power roar, a man-breaking voice indeed! He provoked Athena with seductive whispers, and goaded jealous Hera yet more to wrath, and irritated them both; and these are the words he said:

[50] "Find another bridegroom in the sky, Hera, yes another! for Semele has

stolen yours! For her sake he renounces the sevenzoned sky and treads the bridal floor of sevensgated Thebes! In your place he holds in his arms an earthly bride with child, and is happy! What has become of my mother's jealousy! Has even Hera's wrath become unmanned for this marriage with Semele? Where are the stings of your merciless gadfly? No heifer is now driven in seapanic over the deep – no herdsman Argos with a thick crop of eyes watches the latest bed of lecher Cronides?

[61] "But what is this palace of Olympos to me? I will go down to earth, I will leave my father's heaven and live in my own Thrace, I will no longer look on at my unhappy mother's wrongs and Zeus the wife-spoiler! If he ever comes to my country because he wants a Bistonian girl, he shall know what Ares is like when he is angry. I will take my Titan-destroying deathdealing spear and chase womanmad Cronion out of Thrace! I will use the excuse that he drags this maiden to his bed, I will be avenger selfappointed of the bed where I was born, because he has frequented earthborn brides and filled the bespangled heavens with his loves!

[73] "Goodbye Heaven – where mortals are at home! Shall I climb the pole? But Callisto circles about Olympos, and there shines the ring named after the highcrested Arcadian Bear. I hate the seven Pleiads in their courses – for in Olympos it irks me that Electra shows her light with Selene. Now why are you quiet? You persecuted Apollo in the womb of his mother Leto, and you leave Dionysos in peace? Hephaistos, you helped in the painful birth of Tritogeneia, and Zeus shall be his own midwife for the bastard son of a drab, more mighty still than Athena, and he shall produce him from his manly thigh – no need now for the pole-axe! Give place, Athena! Cease to cry up that rounded forehead as your birthbed! Dionysos puts into the shade the clever delivery of that teeming head! Sprung from a mortal stock, he shall be an Olympian like Athena, but self-delivered, and eclipsing the boast of Pallas the motherless.

[88] "But I am ashamed myself far more, when some mortal man shall say: 'Zeus granted battles to Ares, and merry-hearted cheer to Dionysos.' Well, I will leave the sky to the bastard brats of Cronides, and quit the heavens a banished god. Let Istros with his frozen flood receive its homeless monarch, before I see Ganymedes come here to pour the wine, that long-haired cowdrover, first in Pergamos then domiciled in Olympos, usurping the untouched cup of heavenly Hebe; before I can see Semele and Bacchos denizens of Olympos, and Ariadne's crown translated to the stars to run its course with Helios, to travel with misty Dawn. There I will stay, that I may never behold the sea-monster, the sickle of Perseus, the figure of Andromeda, the glare of Gorgon Medusa, whom Cronides will establish in Olympos by and by."

[103] He spoke, and disquieted the mind of selfborn Athena, and the more increased the wrath of jealous Hera. Swift leapt up envy, and wagging his crooked knees passed on his sidelong roads through the lower air: he moved

like smoke to human eyes and thoughts, arming his boggart's mind for deceit and mischief.

[109] Nor did the consort of Zeus abate her heavy anger. She stormed with flying shoe through the heaven bespangled with its pattern of shining stars, she coursed through innumerable cities with travelling foot, seeking if anywhere she could find Deceit the crafty one. But when high above Corybantian Dicte she beheld the childbed water of neighbouring Amnisos, the fickle deity met her there on the hills; for she was fond of the Cretans because they are always liars, and she used to stay by the false tomb of Zeus. About her hips was a Cydonian cincture, which contains all the cunning bewitchments of mankind: trickery with its many shifts, cajoling seduction, all the shapes of guile, perjury itself which flies on the winds of heaven.

[124] Then subtle-minded Hera began to coax wily Deceit with wily words, hoping to have revenge on her husband: "Good greeting, lady of wily mind and wily snares! Not Hermes Hoaxthewits himself can outdo you with his plausible prattle-prattle! Lend me also that girdle of many colours, which Rheia once bound about her flanks when she deceived her husband! I bring no petrified shape for my Cronion, I do not trick my husband with a wily stone. No! a woman of the earth compels me – whose bed makes furious Ares declare that he will house in heaven no more! What do I profit by being a goddess immortal? A worthless mortal woman has taken my husband, whom Leto a goddess could not steal. Zeus and his rain did not sleep a second time with Danaë; after the seals of the ironbound prison the bride went a-sailing and had to blame her golden wedding for her lovegift of the brine – her hutch sailing with her on the sea floated where the shifting winds did blow! After Crete the Olympian bull did not swim again, he did not see Europa after the bed; but Io was soaked in the wet, and swam with horns on her head plagued by the gadfly!

[144] "Even the goddess did not have a smooth course for her wedding; she also, Leto herself, carried the unborn babe by many a turn and twist, while she gazed at the shifting slopes of many a floating island, and the flood of the inhospitable sea that never stood still. Hardly at last she espied the wild olive-tree which harboured her childbed. All that Leto suffered, and her mate could not help her; but for the bed of one shortlived mortal woman he has renounced the couch of Hera his heavenly sister.

[152] "I am afraid Cronides, who is called my husband and brother, will banish me from heaven for a woman's bed, afraid he may make Semele queen of his Olympus! If you favour Zeus Cronion more than Hera, if you will not give me your all-bewitching girdle to bring back again to Olympus my wandering son, I will leave heaven because of their earthly marriage, I will go to the uttermost bounds of Oceanos and share the hearth of primeval Tethys; thence I will pass to the house of Harmonia and abide with Ophion. Come then, honour the mother of all, the bride of Zeus, and lend me the help of your girdle, that I may charm my runaway son furious Ares, to make heaven once

more his home.”

[165] When she had finished, the goddess replied with obedient words: “Mother of Enyalios, bride first enthroned of Zeus! I will give my girdle and anything else you ask me; I obey, since you reign over the gods with Cronion. Receive this sash; bind it about your bosom, and you may bring back Ares to heaven. If you like, charm the mind of Zeus, and if it is necessary, charm Oceanos also from his anger. Zeus sovereign in the heights will leave his earthly loves and return selfbidden to heaven – he will change his mind by my guileful girdle. This one puts to shame the heartbewitching girdle of my Paphian!”

[176] This said, the wily-minded deity was off under the wind, cleaving the air with flying shoe.

[178] Now Hera left the shieldbeswingled cave of the Dictaeon rock and the cavern where the goddess of childbirth was born, and came full of guile to Semele’s chamber, puffing with jealousy. She made herself like a honeyvoiced old dame, like the loving nurse whom Agenor himself had chosen to care for his children, and made much of her – gave her a holding, found her a husband as if she had been his daughter; and she paid him back for his care, nursed Cadmos at her own breast and dandled baby Europa in her loving arms. This was what Hera looked like when she passed into the house, hating Semele and Cypris, and Dionysos who had not yet seen the light; and as she came to the chamber of the recent bridal, she turned face and eyes away to the opposite wall, that she might not see the bed of Zeus. She was led and seated on a chair by Semele’s attendant Peisianassa, a maid of Tyrian race, and Thelxinoë spread the rugs over the gleaming seat. There sat the goddess close beside her, weaving her plot. She noticed how the girl carried a burden of ripening fruit; a birth which touched not yet the moon of delivery, but a pale cheek and the pallor of limbs once rosy told of a womb no longer sealed. As treacherous Hera sat, a simulated palsy passed over her false body, and the old neck bowed downwards, nodding over the bent shoulders. Scarce finding an excuse, she groaned aloud and wiped the well-feigned tear from her face, as she spoke her false words in heart-enchancing tone:

[207] “Tell me, my queen, why are your cheeks so pale? where is your beauty? Who has grudged that loveliness and dimmed the red sparkling colours of your face, changed the roses to quickfading anemones? Why are you downcast and languishing? Have you heard yourself those insults which the people are shouting? Curse the tongue of women, from which all troubles come! Tell me who laid rough hands on your girdle – hide it not! Which of the gods has besmirched you, which has ravished your maidenhood?

[216] “If Ares has wedded my girl in secret, if he has slept with Semele and neglected Aphrodite, let him come to your bed grasping his spear as a marriage-gift – your mother knows her begetter, the terrible warrior! If quickshoe Hermes has made merry bridal with you, if he has forgotten his own Peitho for Semele’s beauty, let him bring you his rod to herald your

wedding, or let him fit you with his own golden shoes as a gift worthy of your bed, that you too may be goldshod like Hera the bedfellow of Zeus! If handsome Apollo has come from heaven to be your husband, if he has forgotten Daphne because of his love for Semele, let him away with furtive guile, and come to you through the air drawn in his car by singing swans, and dancing delicately let him offer his harp as a gift for your favours, to show a trusty proof of the wedding! Cadmos will know that heavenly harp at sight, for he saw it, and heard the melodious tones, when it made music at his festal board for the wedding of Harmonia with a mortal.

[235] “If Seabluehair went womanmad and forced you, preferring you to Melanippe the sage, sung by the poet, let him make merry in full view, and plant the prongs of his trident as a bridal gift before the gates of Cadmos; so let him bestow the same honour beside snakecherishing Dirce, as he gave to lionbreeding Lerna in the Argive country as a mark of his marriage with Aymone, where the place of the Lernaian nymph still bears the trident’s name. But why do I call you the bedfellow of Earthshaker? What tokens have you of Poseidon’s bed? Tyro was embraced in a flood by watery hands, when counterfeit Enipeus came with his deceitful bubbling stream.

[247] “Or if as you say, Cronion is your bridegroom, let him come to your bed with amorous thunders, armed with bridal lightning, that people may say - ‘Hera and Semele both have thunders in waiting for the bedchamber!’ The consort of Zeus may be jealous, but she will not hurt you, for Ares your mother’s father will not allow it. Europa is more happy than Semele, for a horned Zeus carried her on his back; the hoof of the lovestricken bull ran unwetted on the top of the water, and one so mighty was Love’s boat. O what a great miracle! A maiden held the reins of him who holds the reins of heaven! I call Danaë happier than Semele, for into her bosom Zeus poured a shower of gold from the roof, torrents of mad love in abundant showers! But that most blessed bride asked no gifts of gold; her lovegift was her whole husband. But let us be quiet, or your father Cadmos will hear.”

[264] With these words Hera left the house, and the girl still in her grief, jealous of the inimitable state of Hera’s marriage and unsatisfied with Cronion. Hera returned to heaven and went indoors. There beside the heavenly throne she saw the weapons of Zeus lying without their owner; and as if they could hear, she addressed them in friendly cajoling words: “Dear Thunder, has Zeus my cloudgatherer deserted you too then? Who has stolen you again and left your owner naked? Thunder, you have been plundered! But Typhoeus has nothing to do with it. The same has happened to Hera, my comforter: Rainy Zeus ahs a bride to look after and neglects us both. The earth is no more sprinkled with showers: the downfall of rain has ceased, drought feeds on the plowland furrows and makes the crops worthless, the countryman speaks not more of Cloudy Zeus but Zeus Cloudless. My dear Lightnings, utter your fiery appeal to Cronion, call upon womanmad Zeus, my thunderbolts! Avenge the jealous pain of Hera, attend upon Semele’s

wedding! Let her pray for a wedding-gift and receive her own fiery destroyers!”

[284] Such was the appeal of sorrowing Hera to the voiceless weapons, while the goddess was boiling with jealousy and fury.

[286] But Semele heavily fettered with this new distress for her temper, longed for the lightning to be the fiery escort of their loves; and she complained to Zeus, as she prayed for a show of fires about her bed like Hera: “By Danaë’s opulent wooing I pray, grant me this grace, horned husband of Europa! for I dare not call you Semele’s husband, when I have seen you only like a dream! Acrisios was more blessed than Cadmos; but I too should have been glad to see a wedding of gold, Zeus of the Rain, if the mother of Perseus had not first stolen that honour from thee. I should have been glad if you had carried me on your shoulders in the waters as a travelling bull, and my brother Polydoros like Cadmos could have hunted the robber of the wandering bride, Cronion who carried me. But what have I to do with wedlock in shape of a bull or a shower? I want no honour equal to some earthly bride. Leave Europa her bull, leave Danaë her shower of gold: Hera’s state is the only one I envy. If you hold me worthy of honour, deck out my chamber with your heavenly fire! Kindle a lovelight in the clouds, show incredulous Agauë the lightning as my lovegift. Let Autonoë in her room close by hear the thunderous tune of our attendant Loves, and tremble at the selfannouncing token of our unpublished marriage.

[310] “Give it – let me embrace the dear flame and rejoice my heart, touching the lightning and handling the thunderbolts! Give me the bridal flame of your own chamber; every bride has torches to escort her in the marriage procession. Am I not worthy of your bridal thunderbolts, when I have the blood of Ares and your Aphrodite? How wretched I am! Semele’s wedding has quickfading fire and earthly torches, – your Hera is a bride who grasps the thunderbolt and touches the lightning! Thunderhurling bridegroom! You go to Hera’s bed in divine shape, illuminating your bride with bridal lightnings until the chamber shines with many lights – fiery Zeus! but to Semele you come as dragon or a bull. She hears for her love the heavy Olympian rolling boom – Semele hears the sham bellow of a false bull under a vague shadowy shape. Soundless, cloudless, Zeus comes to my bed: Cloudgatherer he mingles with Hera. Well may she hold up her head! My father shrinks from insults for a daughter unhappily married, hides in the corners of the house – your Cadmos! avoids the place where men tread, ashamed to show himself to his people, because all the people deride this secret union with you, and blame Semele for having a furtive bedmate.

[333] “A fine wedding-fit you have found me – the sneers of women! The attendants about me slander me, and far above the rest I fear the rough tongue of this garrulous nurse. Remember who wove the wilywitted fate for Typhon, and brought back to you the stolen spark of your thunder! Show it to my father, who got it back, for old Cadmos demands of me a proof of your bed.

Never yet have I seen the countenance of the true Cronion, never beheld the flashing gleam from his eyelids, or the rays from his face, or the lustrous beard! Your Olympian shape I have never seen, but I expect a panther or lion – I have seen no god as a husband. I see you something mortal, and I am to bring forth a god! Yet I have heard of another fiery wedding: did not Helios embrace his bride Clymene with fiery nuptials?”

[348] Thus Semele prayed for her own fate: the shortlived bride hoped to be equal to Hera, and to see at her nuptials the spark of the thunderbolt gentle and peaceful.

[351] Father Zeus heard, and blamed the jealous Portioners, and pities Semele so soon to die; but he understood the scheming resentment of implacable Hera against Bacchos. Then he ordered Hermes to catch up his newborn son out of the thunderfire when it should strike Thyone. He spoke thus in answer to the highheaded girl: “Wife, the jealous mind of Hera has deceived you by a trick. Do you really think, wife, that my thunders are gentle? Be patient until another time, for now you carry a child. Be patient until next time, and first bring forth my son. Do not demand from me the murderous fire before that birth. I had no lightning in my hand when I took Danaë’s maidenhood; no booming thunder, no thunderbolts celebrated my union with your Europa, the Tyrian bride; the Inachian heifer saw no flames: you alone, a mortal, demand from me what a goddess Leto did not ask.”

[367] So he spoke, but he had no thought of fighting against the threads of Fate. He passed from the bosom of the sky shooting fire, and Flashlighting Zeus the husband unwillingly fulfilled the prayer of his young wife. He danced into Semele’s chamber, shaking in a reluctant hand the bridegift, those fires of thunder which were to destroy his bride. The chamber was lit up with the lightning, the fiery breath made Ismenos to glitter and all Thebes to twinkle.

[375] When Semele saw her fiery murderers, she held up a proud neck and said with lofty arrogance: “I want no clear-sounding cithern, I need no hoboy! Thunders are here for my panspipes of Zeus’s love, this boom is my Olympian hoboy, the firebrands of my bridal are the flashes of heavenly lightning! I care not for common torches, my torches are thunderbolts! I am the consort of Cronion, Agauë is only Echion’s. Let them call Autonoë Aristaios’s wife. Ino’s rival is only Nephele – Semele’s is Hera! I was not the wife of Athamas, I was not the mother of Actaion the forester, so quickly killed and torn by dogs. I want no lesser harp, for Cithara the heavenly harp makes music for Semele’s wedding!”

[389] So she spoke in her pride, and would have grasped the deadly lightning in her own hands – she touched the destroying thunderbolts with daring palm, careless of Fate. Then Semele’s wedding was her death, and in its celebration the Avenging Spirit made her bower serve for pyre and tomb. Zeus had no mercy; the breath of the bridal thunder with its fires of delivery burnt her all to ashes.

[396] Lightning was the midwife, thunder our Lady of childbed; the heavenly flames had mercy, and delivered Bacchos struggling from the mother's burning lap when the married life was withered by the mothermurdering flash; the thunders tempered their breath to bathe the babe, untimely born but unhurt. Semele saw her fiery end, and perished rejoicing in a childbearing death. In one bridal chamber could be seen Love, Eileithyia, and the Avengers together. So the babe half-grown, and his limbs washed with heavenly fire, was carried by Hermes to his father for the lying-in.

[407] Zeus was able to change the mind of jealous Hera, to calm and undo the savage threatending resentment which burdened her. Semele consumed by the fire he translated into the starry vault; he gave the mother of Bacchos a home in the sky among the heavenly inhabitants, as one of Hera's family, as daughter of Harmonia sprung from both Ares and Aphrodite. So her new body bathed in the purifying fire . . . she received the immortal life of the Olympians. Instead of Cadmos and the soil of earth, instead of Autonoë and Agauë, she found Artemis by her side, she had converse with Athena, she received the heavens as her wedding-gift, sitting at one table with Zeus and Hermaon and Ares and Cythereia.

BOOK IX

Look into the ninth, and you will see the son of Maia, and the daughters of Lamos, and Mystis, and the flight of Ino.

Zeus the Father received Dionysos after he had broken out of his mother's fiery lap and leapt through the delivering thunders half-formed; he sewed him in his manly thigh, while he waited upon the light of the moon which was to bring him to birth. Then the hand of Cronides guiding the birth was his own midwife to the sewn-up child, by cutting the labouring threads in his pregnant thigh. So the rounded thigh in labour became female, and the boy too soon born was brought forth, but not in a mother's way, having passed from a mother's womb to a father's. No sooner had he peeped out by this divine delivery, than the childbed Seasons crowned him with an ivy-garland in presage of things to come; they wreathed the horned head of a bullshaped Dionysos with twining horned snakes under the flowers.

[16] Hermes Maia's son received him near the birthplace hill of Dracanon, and holding him in the crook of his arm flew through the air. He gave the newborn Lyaïos a surname to suit his birth, and called him Dionysos, or Zeus-limp, because while he carried his burden lifted his foot with a limp from the weight of his thigh, and *nysos* in the Syracusan language means limping. So he dubbed Zeus newly delivered Eiraphiotes, or Father Botcher, because he had sewed up the baby in his breeding thigh.

[25] Thus Hermes carried upon his arm the little brother who had passed through one birth without a bath, and lay now without a tear, a baby with a good pair of horns like the Moon. He gave him in charge of the daughters of Lamos, river nymphs – the son of Zeus, the vineplanter. They received Bacchos into their arms; and each of them dropt the milky juice of her breast without pressing into his mouth. And the boy lay on his back unsleeping, and fixt his eye on the heaven above, or kicked at the air with his two feet one after the other in delight; he stared at the unfamiliar sky, and laughed in wonder to see his father's vault of stars.

[37] The consort of Zeus beheld the babe, and suffered torments. Through the wrath of resentful Hera, the daughters of Lamos were maddened by the lash of that divine mischiefmaker. In the house they attacked the servants, in the threeways they carved up the wayfaring man with alienslaying knife; they howled horribly, with violent convulsions they rolled the eyes in their disfigured faces; they scampered about this way and that way at the mercy of their wandering wits, running and skipping with restless feet, and the mad breezes made their wandering locks dance wildly into the air; the yellow shift round the bosom of each was whitened with drops of foam from the lips of the girls. Indeed they would have chopt up little Bacchos a baby still piecemeal in the distracted flood of their vagabond madness, had not Hermes come on the

wing and stolen Bacchos again with a robber's untracked footsteps: the babe lately brought he caught up, and carried in his lifeprotecting bosom, until he brought him to the house where Ino had lately brought forth a son.

[55] She was nursing her boy Melicertes, lately born and a baby still, and held him in her arms with caressing hands; her swelling breasts dropt the dew of the bursting milk. The god spoke to her in friendly coaxing tones, and let pass a divine message from his prophetic throat:

[61] "Madam, receive a new son; lay in your bosom the child of Semele your sister. Not the full blaze of the lightning destroyed him in her chamber; even the sparks of the thunderbolt which killed his mother did him no harm. Let the child be kept safe in a gloomy room, and let neither the Sun's eye by day nor the Moon's eye by night see him in your roofed hall. Cover him up, that jealous resentful Hera may never see him playing, though she is said to have eyes to see a bull. Receive your sister's boy, and you shall have from Cronion a reward for his nurture worthy of your pains. Happy are you among all the daughters of Cadmos! for already Semele has been brought low by a fiery bolt; Autonoe shall lie under the earth with her dead son, and Cithairon will set up one tomb for both; Agave shall see the fate of Pentheus among the hills, and she shall touch his ashes all deceived. A sonslayer she shall be, and a banished woman, but you alone shall be proud; you shall inhabit the mighty sea and settle in Poseidon's house; in the brine like Thetis, like Galatea, your name shall be Ino of the Waters. Cithairon shall not hide you in the hollow earth, but you shall be one of the Nereids. Instead of Cadmos, you shall call Nereus father, with happier hopes. You shall ever live with Melicertes your immortal son as Leucothea, holding the key of clam waters, mistress of good voyaging next to Aiolos. The merchant seaman trusting in you shall have a fineweather voyage over the brine; he shall set up one altar for the Earthshaker and Melicertes, and do sacrifice to both together; Seabluehair shall accept Palaimon as guide for his coach of the sea."

[92] With these words Hermes was off into the sky unapproachable, twirling in the air the windswift soles of his shoes. And Ino was not disobedient. With loving care she held the motherless Bacchos in her nursing arm, and laying out the pair, the two children, upon it offered her two breasts to Palaimon and Dionysos. She gave the baby in charge to Mystis her attendant maid, Mystis the finehaired Sidonian, whom Cadmos had brought up from a girl to attend in Ino's chamber. She then took Bacchos away from those godfeeding breasts, and hid him from all eyes in a dark pit. But a brilliant light shone from his face, which declared of itself the offspring of Zeus: the gloomy walls of the house grew bright, and the light of unseen Dionysos hid the darkness. All night long Ino sat beside Bromios as he played. Often Melicertes jumped up with wavering steps and pressed his lips to pull at the other breast as he crawled close to Bacchos babbling "Euoi!"

[111] Mystis also nursed the god after her mistress's breast, watching by the side of Lyaïos with sleepless eyes. The clever handmaid taught him the art

that bears her name, the mystic rites of Dionysos in the night. She prepared the unsleeping worship for Lyaïos, she first shook the rattle, and clanged the swinging cymbals with the resounding double bronze; she first kindled the nightdancing torch to a flame, and cried Euion to sleepless Dionysos; she first plucked the curving growth of ivy-clusters, and tied her flowing hair with a wreath of vine; she alone entwined the thyrsus with purple ivy, and wedged on the top of the clusters an iron spike, covered with leaves that it might not scratch Bacchos. She thought of fitting plates of bronze over the naked breast, and fawnskins over the hips. She taught Dionysos to play with the mystical casket teeming with sacred things of worship, and to use them as his childish toys. She first fastened about her body a belt of braided vipers, where a serpent coiling round the belt on both sides with encircling bonds was twisted into a snaky not.

[132] Here behind the many keys and seals of the palace allseeing Hera spied him with her infallible eyes, guarded by Mystis in that hidden corner of the house. Then she swore by the infernal water of afteravenging Styx, that she would drown the house of Ino in a flood of innumerable woes. Indeed she would have destroyed the son of Zeus; but Hermes caught him up and carried him to the wooded ridge where Cybele dwelt. Moving fast, Hera ran swiftshoe on quick feet from high heaven; but he was before her, and assumed the eternal shape of firstborn Phanes. Hera in respect for the most ancient of the gods, gave him place and bowed before the radiance of the deceiving face, not knowing the borrowed shape for a fraud. So Hermes passed over the mountain tract with quicker step than hers, carrying the horned child folded in his arms, and gave it to Rheia, nurse of lions, mother of Father Zeus, and said these few words to the goddess mother of the greatest:

[149] "Receive, goddess, a new son of your Zeus! He is to fight with the Indians, and when he has done with earth he will come into the starry sky, to the great joy of resentful Hera! Indeed it is not proper that Ino should be nurse to one whom Zeus brought forth. Let the mother of Zeus be nanny to Dionysos – mother of Zeus and nurse of her grandson!"

[155] This said, Hermes rose quicknee to the sky, rounding his wings under the rushing breezes. There he put off the higher shape of selfborn Phanes and put on his own form again, leaving Bacchos to grow a second time in the Mother's nurture.

[160] The goddess took care of him; and while he was yet a boy, she set him to drive a car drawn by ravening lions. Within that godwelcoming courtyard, the tripping Corybants would surround Dionysos with their childcherishing dance, and clash their swords, and strike their shields with revounding steel in alternate movements, to conceal the growing boyhood of Dionysos; and as the boy listened to the fostering noise of the shields he grew up under the care of the Corybants like his father.

[169] At nine years old the youngster went a-hunting his game to the kill. He passed the coursing hare with feet quicker still; following after the strong

pricket's speed, he would lift with childish hand the dappled fawn and carry it over his neck; he would hold lightly aloft stretched on his shoulders a bold fellstriped tiger unshackled, and brought in hand to show Rheia the cubs he had torn newborn from the dam's milky teats. He dragged horrible lions all alive, and clutching a couple of feet in each hand presented them to the Mother that she might yoke them to her car. Rheia looked on laughing with joy, and admired the manliness and doughty feats of young Dionysos; his father Cronion laughed when he saw with delighted eyes Iobacchos driving the grim lions.

[184] The time of boyhood just come, Euio's draped furry tunics upon his body, and carried to cover his shoulders the dappled skin of a stag, imitating the sky spotted with stars. He drove lynxes to his stables in the Phrygian plain, and yoked speckled panthers to his cart as if to make it look the place where his father dwelt. Often he stood in the chariot of immortal Rheia, and held the flowing reins in his tenderskin hand, and checked the nimble team of galloping lions. The boldness of Zeus high and mighty grew in his heart, until he stretched his right hand to the snout of a mad she-bear and laid fearless fingers on the terrible jaws, playful fingers: gentle stood the beast, and left her mouth a slave of youthful Lyaio's, and kissed Bacchos's fingers with rough kisses.

[200] Thus he grew up beside cliffloving Rheia, yet a boy in healthy youth, mountainbred. Circles of Pans among the rocks came about the dancebeating son of Thyone, skipping around the crags on shaggyknee legs and crying "Euoi!" to Bacchos; and the goatfoot hooves rattled in their capers, as they went round and round in the dance.

[206] And Semele in Olympos, with a breath of the thunderbolts still about her, lifted a proud neck and cried with haughty voice – "Hera, you are ruined! Semele's son has beaten you! Zeus brought forth my son, he was the mother in my place! The father begot, the father brought forth his begotten. He brought forth a child from a makeshift womb of his own, and forced nature to change. Bacchos was stronger than Enyalios; your Ares he only begot, and never childed with his thigh! Thebes ahs eclipsed the glory of Ortygia! For Leto the divine was chased about, and brought forth Apollo on the sly; Leto brought forth Phoibos, Cronion had no labour for him; Maia brought forth Hermes, her husband did not deliver him; but my son was brought forth openly by his father. Here's a great miracle! See Dionysos in the arms of your own mother, he lies on that cherishing arm! The Dispenser of the eternal universe, the first sown Beginning of the gods, the Allmother, became a nurse for Bromios; she offered to infant Bacchos the breast which Zeus High and Mighty has sucked! What Cronides was ever in labour, what Rheia was ever nurse for your boy? But this Cybele who is called your mother brought forth Zeus and suckled Bacchos in the same lap! She dandled them both, the son and the father. No fatherless Hephaistos could rival Semele's child, none unbegotten of a father whom Hera brought forth by her own begettomg – and

now he limps about on an illmatched pair of feeble legs to hid his mother's bungling skill in childbirth! Maia was not quite like Semele; for her son, crafty, armed himself like Ares, and looking like him, deluded Hera until he sucked the milk of her breast. Give place to me all! for Semele alone had a husband, who got and groaned for the same child. Semele is happiest, because of her son: for my Dionysos will come without scheming into the company of the stars; he will dwell in his father's heaven, because he drew milk from the godnursing teat of that mighty goddess. He will come selfsummoned into the heavens; he needs not Hera's milk, for he has milked a nobler breast."

[243] She spoke exulting even in the sky; but the angry consort of Zeus fell heavily in surprise upon the house of Athamas and scared Ino into flight. She still resented the childhood of Dionysos.

[247] Ino, unhappy wife, escaped from her chamber and fled, rushing unshod over the rough mountains and searching for a trace of Dionysos, but without tidings. The nymph wandered passing from hill to hill, until she entered the ravine of Delphian Pytho. At last after intolerable wanderings she turned her step into the dragonbreeding copse. She tore the shift from her naked breast in token of mourning, and roamed madly about: the shepherd trembled to hear her distracted lamentation in a language he did not know. Often she seized the serpent which coiled thrice around the divine tripod-seat, and wreathed it in spirals on her squalid hair, fastening the long tresses about the delicate head with a snaky ribbon. She drove away the maidens of the temple service: nor more libations, nor more public worship, no man of Delphoi danced near the temple – the women were scourged with limbscoring tangles of longplaited ivy. The huntsmen who saw Ino running on the hills left the traps of string on their stakes and fled. The goatherd drove his goats under cover of a hole in the towering rocks; the old plowman as he drove the sweating oxen under the yoke shivered at Ino's leaps. The Pythian prophetess herself choked down the foreign sounds of the underworld voice and ran into the mountains, with her customary Panopeian laurel shaking upon her head: she plunged between the deepkneed peaks of the ravine, and took refuge in the Delphic cavern, in her fear of maddened Ino.

[275] But Apollo Allseeing did not miss the woman, as she went through the twinings and twistings of the open forest where she sojourned. He pitied her, and came quickly near the grove. Taking the shape of a man he approached Ino, and with gentle hands wreathed her head with leaves of clever laurel, and brought sleep upon her. Then he anointed with ambrosia the whole body of mourning Ino in her sleep, bathing her maddened limbs in the grief-assuaging drops. Long she remained there in the Parnassian wood, until the fourth lichtgang. Then she founded dances for Bacchos yet a young boy, hard by the rock of prophecy, by the oracle of Phoibos; with unsleeping torches the Corycian Bacchants followed their fragrant rites, and gathered healing drugs with their divine hands, and healed the woman of her madness.

[290] Meanwhile at the call of Athamas the servants had been scattered,

hunting everywhere for Ino. The women wandered over the hills like her, passing by many a winding path in search of any footstep of their missing lady, who moved leaving neither trace nor tidings. The women wept and wailed, cruel nails tore the reddened cheeks, willing fingers attacked the rosy breasts. The house plunged in mourning and sorrow cried aloud, and sent the loud sound of lamentation through the city. Most of all the inventive mind of Mystis felt the hard oppression, for she had a double grief, when unhappy Ino was still lost with all her troubles to bear, and Dionysos was stolen away.

[302] However, Athamas did not mourn his afflicted bride. He forgot his fickle passion for untraced Ino, and after the bed of his first wife Nephele had given him two children, he sought the luxurious couch of deepbosomed Themisto, and took as a third wife the daughter of Hypseus – and thus threw off Ino's love. Once as he played prettily nurse-like to comfort Melicertes calling for papa, lifting and throwing him up and up in the air with high somersaults, when the boy cried for the milky teat, he offered his man's breast and made him forget his mother.

[312] From the bed of Athamas, Themisto bred two warrior sons, a sure defence against battle, Schoineus and Leucon, a fine new manly breed, the fruit of her first births. After these two, the mother bore twin offspring of one common birth, and nursed at her rich breast Porphyrion and Ptoios, boyish blossoms of foe-defying youth both beloved and of one gage: these boys Themisto herself destroyed in later days, like stepmother's children, believing them to be the twin offspring of Ino the glorious mother.

BOOK X

In the tenth also, you will see the madness of Athamas and Ino's flight, how she fled into the swell of the sea with newborn Melicertes.

So the murderous mother killed her sons in madness. Athamas their father, under the punishment which attested that he had beside his hearth Themisto the destroyer of her own offspring, was tormented by the maddening lash of Pan; he rushed among his flocks, and harried the innocent troops of woolly bleaters while he believed himself to be flogging his servants. One he lifted, thinking her to be his wedded wife – it was a nannygoat he found, with a pair of newborn kids at her milky udder. He tied her hairy legs tight with two ropes; and undoing the belt that ran round his loins, he flogged the body of the false Ino there held fast, without noticing the changeling form, for always in his ear sounded the thuds of the lash of Cronian Pan. Often he leapt from his seat restless, hearing with terrified ears the hiss of serpents. Many a time he bent his bow, and setting an arrow to the drawn string, he drew at an imaginary mark and struck the unwounded air. He would see the serpentine image of the goddess of Tartaros, and leap up scared at the many-coloured vision of the spectre, spitting snowy foam to witness his frenzy, rolling eyes drunken and full of threats. His eyes grew bloodshot as he stared about under vagrant impulses; inside his wagging head the flimsy brains rolled about behind his brows.

[25] A third part of his soul was lost; steady thoughts were gone from his crazy brain; the glances of the maddened man went wildly round with flickering movements; the hair of his untended head shook disordered over his back. His mouth moved stammering; when he opened his lips he sent out into the air meaningless words of strange outlandish sound. The blasts of the Eumenides had carried away the troubles of mortal life, and his tongue was laden with the cries of madness. When he moved his face about he saw as his forehead turned a false transformed shape of the unseen Megaira. So the madman shook with a distracted spasm, and tried to tear the whip of snakes from the grim hand of the reason-destroying goddess; he bared his sword in the face of the Avenger, and tried to cut the viper-curls of Tisiphone. And he babbled nonsense to the wall before him, for he saw a shadow-shape, a deceitful phantom of the shape of Artemis; this empty form his eyes beheld and the imitated shapes made him want to go hunting.

[45] At last after the fourth year, after many tears, Ino returned to her home; but when the wife saw husband mad, and Themisto mother of men children, she received a double shock. The husband did not know his wife when he saw Ino, recovered after so long a time; but in his passion for the stag-hunting chase, he was off to the heights nimble-knee with storm-swift boot. He saw his son as if he were an antlered beast; holding the bow ready bent he leapt

unchecked on Learchos, whom he saw in the false form of a stag with lofty antlers, his limbs like a wild beast. The boy fled in fear running with quicker knees; the father with frenzied hands drew and shot through the air, and stopt his young son with childslaying bolt. He cut off the head with his knife and knew it not, turned stag by his fancy; laughing he felt the hair at the top of the bloodstained cheek of the face unmarked, and pawed over his game, as he thought, then rushed with mad leaps and rolling eyes to find the mother, while the boy Learchos was gasping still, and still unburied. None of the servants came near him; with quick foot he went wandering through the seven chambers of his house, calling aloud for the son whom he had killed. In the hall he espied little Melicertes who had just been brought in, and setting a cauldron over the hearth, a steaming cauldron, he laid his son in it: the fire blazed up, the murderous cauldron bubbled with boiling water.

[72] His son called out for “papa!” but none of the servants could help. Ino his mother came in like a stormwind, and snatched him from the cauldron parboiled and half consumed. Then she ran out bounding with wild-roaming feet swift as the wind; she traversed the dust of the White Plain, and for that reason she was named after it Leucothea, the White Goddess.

[77] Athamas mad was out of the hall, stirring his knees like the wind and pursuing Ino over the hills in vain, – she was too quick for him. But when the raving husband with restless staggering foot caught her up, at that moment the unhappy woman had halted by the sea which washed her foot, moaning in plaintive tones over her crying child, while she upbraided Cronion and Maia’s son his messenger:

[85] “A fine reward you have given me, Flashthunderbolt, for the care of Bacchos! See this boy, Lyaïos’ agemate, half burnt to death! If it please you, strike down with your merciless bolt mother and son together, the little one I nursed in one bosom with your divine Dionysos! Child, Necessity is a great god! – where will you flee? What mountain will receive you, now you have fled to the sea? What Cithairon will hide you in a dark hollow? What mortal man will pity you, when your father has no mercy? Either sword or water shall receive you: if needs must, better to perish in the sea than by the sword.

[96] “I know where this disaster came from, rolling upon your mother: I know! It is Nephele sends the Erinyes after me, that I may die in this sea where maiden Helle fell. I have heard that Phrixos was carried through the air to the Colchian country, guiding aloft the Ram who took him off, and he still lives in a distant land. O that my son Melicertes too might escape to another country, and travel the high path of the goldfleece ram! O that Poseidon, the hospitable friend of Glaucos, might save you, pitying your Ino as once he pitied Phoibos! I fear that after the fate of unburied Learchos I may see you also dead, unburied, unwept, undone, panting under the bloody knife of your father. Make haste! escape from mad Athamas, and then you will not see the father who murdered his child, murder the mother.

[111] “Receive me you too, O sea! I have done with earth. Receive

Melicertes also with hospitable hand, O Nereus, as you received Perseus! Receive Ino, as once Danaë in her floating hutch! I have been justly punished for my impiety. As I made seedless the earth's lifegiving furrow, so Cronion has made my family seedless. A kind of stepmother, I planned to mow down the bastard plants of Athamas, and Hera, the real stepmother of newly nurtured Dionysos, is angry with me."

[120] She spoke, and with trembling feet sprang into the sea, swiftly diving with her son. Seabluehair opened his arms to receive Leucothea, and took her into the divine company in the deep waters. She helps ever since the seamen who lose their way, and now she is Ino of the Sea, a Nereïd who has charge of untumultuous calm.

[126] So Cronides pointed her out to the mother of Lyaïos, because she owed it to Bromios that she was a goddess. Semele in her joy addressed her seafaring sister in mockery: "Ino, you have the sea, Semele has gained the round heavens! Give me place! I had an immortal husband in Cronides the plower of my field, who brought forth the fruit of my birth instead of me; but you were wedded to a mortal mate Athamas, the murderer of your family. Your son's lot is the sea, but my son will come to the house of Zeus to dwell in the sky. I will not compass heavenly Dionysos with Melicertes down in the water!"

[137] That is how Semele the heavenly bride yelled out in mockery of her sister Ino's life who dwelt in the sea.

[139] Meanwhile Dionysos, in the latitude of Lydia's fields, grew into a youthful bloom as tall as he wished, shaking the Euian gear of Cybeleïd Rheia. To escape the midday lash of Helios moving on high, he cleansed his body in the stream of the Meionian River bubbling gently; Pactolos glad to gratify Lyaïos murmured as he poured the goldsowing water upon the purple sands, and the gilded fish went swimming in wealthy soundings where the rich ore lay deep. Playful Satyrs lifted their heels in air, and tumbled plunging headover into the river; one selfpropelled swam with paddling hands prone on the waves, and imprinted a footstep on the swell, as he pushed with backstretching legs and cut the water rolling in riches; one dived deep down in to the underwater caves and hunted for speckled fishy prey down below, stretching a groping hand over the swimming fry – left the deeps again and offered to Bacchos the fish purpled with the slime of the opulent river. Seilenos the old vagabond, challenging a Satyr, entwined hands and feet together, and rolling himself into a ball stooped and dived head first into the stream, from the heights into the deeps, till his hair stuck in the slime; then he trod his two feet firmly into the glittering sand hunting for good nuggets of ore in the river. Another left shoulder unwetted and showed his back out of the water in the air as he stood in the deep stream over the hips, immovable. Another lifted the ears bare and plunged the shaggy thighs in the transparent flood, while the tail flogged the water in circles of its own.

[169] The god lifting his head and spreading his chest, paddled his hand and

cut the golden calm. The banks free of waves spirited up self-growing roses, the lily sprouted, the Seasons crowned the shores while Bacchos bathed, and the flowing locks of his dark hair were reddened in the sparkling stream.

[175] Once while hunting in the shady lurking wood he was delighted by the rosy form of a young comrade. For Ampelos was a merry boy who had grown up already on the Phrygian hills, a new sprout of the Loves. No dainty bloom was yet on a reddening chin, no down yet marked the snowy circles of his cheeks, the golden flower of youth: curling clusters of hair ran loose behind over his silvery-glistening shoulders, and floated in the whispering wind that lifted them with its breath. As the hair blew aside the neck showed above rising bare in the middle. Unshadowed light flashed from him, like the shining moon when she pierces a damp cloud and shows within it. From his rosy lips escaped a voice breathing honey. Spring itself shone from his limbs; where his silvery foot stepped the meadow blushed with roses; if he turned his eyes, the gleam of the bright eyeballs as soft as a cow's eye was like the light of the full moon.

[193] Dionysos took him as playmate in his dainty sports. Then in admiration of his beauty he spoke to him as a man, artfully concealing his divine nature, and asked him: "What father begat you? What immortal womb brought you forth? Which of the Graces gave you birth? What handsome Apollo made you? Tell me, my friend, do not hide your kin. If you come another Eros, unwinged, without arrows, without quiver, which of the Blessed slept with Aphrodite and bred you? But indeed I Tremble to name Cypris as your mother, for I would not call Hephaistos or Ares your father. Of if you are the one they call Hermes come from the sky, show me your light wings, and the lively soles of your shoes. How is it you wear the hair uncut falling along your neck? Can you be Phoibos himself come to me without harp, without bow, Phoibos shaking the locks of his unshorn hair unbound! If Cronides begat me, and you are from a mortal stock, if you have the shortliving blood of the horned Satyrs, be king at my side, a mortal with a god; for your looks will not disgrace the heavenly blood of Lyaïos. But why do I call you one of the creatures of a day? I recognize your blood even if you wish to hide it; Selene slept with Helios and brought you to birth wholly like the gracious Narcissos; for you have a like heavenly beauty, the image of horned Selene."

[217] So he spoke, and the youth was delighted with his words, and proud that he surpassed the beauty of his young agemates by a more brilliant display. And in the mountain coppice if the boy made melody Bacchos listened with pleasure; no smile was on his face if the boy stayed away. If at his caper-loving board a Satyr beat the drums with his hands and struck out his rattling tune, while the boy was away on stag-hunting quest, Bacchos refused the doubled sound so long as he was not there. If ever he lingered by the flowery stream of Pactolos, that he might bring himself sweeter water for the supper of his king, Bacchos was lashed with trouble so long as the boy stayed away.

[230] If he took up the bold hoboy, the instrument of Libyan Echo, and blew a light breath with swollen cheek, Bacchos thought he heard the Mygdonian flotist whom divine Hyagnis begat, who to his cost challenged Phoibos as he pressed the fingerholes on Athena's double pipe. If he sat with the young man at one table, when the boy spoke he lent delighted ear, when he ceased, melancholy spread over his cheeks. If Ampelos, carried away by wild passion for high capers, twirled with dancing paces and joined hands with a sporting Satyr in the round, stepping across foot over foot, Bacchos looked on shaken with envious feeling. If he ever conversed with the Satyrs, if he joined with a yearsmate hunter to follow chase, Dionysos jealous held him back, lest another be struck like himself with a heartbewitching shaft, and now enslaved by love should seduce the fickle boy's fancy and estrange the lovely youth from Lyaios, as a freshblooming boy might well charm a comrade of his own age.

[250] When Bacchos lifted his thyrsus against a maddened bear, or cast his stout fennel javelin-like at a lioness, he looked aside watchfully toward the west; for fear the deathbringing breath of Zephyros might blow again, as it did once before when the bitter blast killed a young man while it turned the hurtling quoit against Hyacinthos. He feared Cronides might suddenly appear over Tmolos as a love-bird on amorous wing unapproachable, carrying off the boy with harmless talons into the air, as once he did the Trojan boy to serve his cups. He feared also the lovestricken ruler of the sea, that as once he took up Tantalides in his golden car, so now he might drive a winged wagon coursing through the air and ravish Ampelos – the Earthshaker mad with love!

[264] He had a sweet dream on his dreambreeding bed, beheld the shadowy phantom of a counterfeit shape and whispered loving words to the mocking vision of the boy. If his passionate gaze saw any blemish, this appeared lovely to lovesick Dionysos, even more dear than the whole young body; if the end of the tail which grew on him hung slack by his loins, this was sweeter than honey to Bacchos. Matted hair on an unkempt head even so gave more pleasure to his impassioned gaze. By day he was charmed to be with him; when night came he was troubled to part from him, when he no longer heard the familiar voice enchanting his hears, as he slept in the grotto of Rheia mother of mighty sons.

[278] A Satyr saw the boy, and enchanted with his divine beauty he whispered, concealing his words – “Allfriendly Persuasion, manager of the human heart! Grant only that this lovely boy be gracious to me! If I can have him to play with me like Bacchos, I wish not to be translated into the sky, I would not be a god – not Phaëthon the light of mankind, I covert not the nectar, I want no ambrosia! I care nothing, if Ampelos loves me, even if Cronion hates me!”

[287] So much he said to himself in envious tone, hugging the lovepoison in his heart, drunk with the magic potion of adoration. But Euaios himself, periced by the sting of the young man's sweetness, smiled as he cried out to

Cronides his father, another unhappy lover:

[292] “Grant one grace to me the lover, O Phrygian Zeus! When I was a little one, Rheia who is still my nurse told me that you gave lightning to Zagreus, the first Dionysos, before he could speak plain – gave him your fiery lance and rattling thunder and showers of rain out of the sky, and he was another Rainy Zeus while yet a babbling baby! But I do not ask the heavenly fire of your lightning, nor the cloud, nor the thunderclap. If it please you, give fiery Hephaistos the spark of your thunderbolt; let Ares have a corselet of your clouds to cover his chest with; give the pouring rainshower of Zeus as largess to Hermaon; let Apollo, if you will, wield his father’s lightning. My ambition is not so high, dear father! I am springheel Dionysos! A fine thing it would be for me to wield Semele’s manikin lightning! The sparks of thunderbolt that killed my mother are no pleasure to me. Maionia is my dwelling-place; what is the sky to Dionysos? My Satyr’s beauty is dearer to me than Olympos. Tell me, father, do not hide it, swear by your own young friend – when you were an Eagle, when you picked up the boy on the slopes of Teucrian Ida with greedy gentle claw, and brought him to heaven, had the clown such beauty as this, when you made him one of the heavenly table still smelling of the byre? Forgive me, Father Longwing! Don’t talk to me of your Trojan winepourer, the servant of your cups. Lovely Ampelos outshines Ganymedes, he has a brilliancy in his countenance more radiant – the Tmolian beats the Idaian! There are plenty more beautiful lads in troops – court them all if you like, and leave one boy to Lyaios!”

[321] So he spoke, shaken by the sting of desire. Not Apollo in the thick Magnesian woods, when he was herdsman to Admetos and tended his cattle, was pierced by the sweet sting of love for a winsome boy, as Bacchos rejoiced in heart sporting with the youth. Both played in the woods together, now throwing the thyrsus to travel through the air, now on some unshaded flat, or again they tramped the rocks hunting the hillbred lion’s cubs. Sometimes alone on a deserted bank, they played on the sands of a pebbly river and had a wrestling-bout in friendly sport; no tripod was their prize, no flowergraven cauldron lay ready for the victory, no horses from the grass, but a double pipe of love with clear-sounding notes. It was a delightsome strife for both, for mad Love stood between them, a winged Hermes in the Ring, wreathing a lovegarland of daffodil and iris.

[339] Both stood forward as love’s athletes. They joined their palms garlandwise over each other’s back, packed at the waist with a knot of the hands, squeezed the ribs tight with the muscles of their two forearms, lifted each other from the ground alternately. Bacchos was in heaven amid this honeysweet wrestling, and love gave him a double joy, lifting and lifted . . . Ampelos enclosed the wrist of Bromios in his palm, then joining hands and tightening that intruding grip interlaced his fingers and brought them together in a double knot, squeezing the right hand of willing Dionysos. Next Bacchos ran his two hands round the young man’s waist squeezing his body with a

loving grip, and lifted Ampelos high; but the other kicked Bromios neatly behind the knee; and Euaios laughing merrily at the blow from his young comrade's tender foot, let himself fall on his back in the dust. Thus while Bacchos lay willingly on the ground the boy sat across his naked belly, and Bacchos in delight lay stretched at full length on the ground sustaining the sweet burden on his paunch. Now raising one of his legs he set the sole of the foot firmly upon the sand and raised his overturned back; but he showed mercy in his strength, as with a rival movement of a reluctant hand he dislodged the beloved burden. The young man, no novice at the game, turned sideways and rested his elbow on the ground, then jumped across on his adversary's back, then over his flanks with a foot behind one knee and another set on the other ankle he encircled the waist with a double bond and squeezed the ribs and pressed flat and straight out the lifted leg under his knee. Both rolled in the dust, and the sweat poured out to tell that they were tired.

[373] Thus Dionysos was conquered with his own consent, like his father as an athlete, who was conquered at last though invincible: for mighty Zeus himself, wrestling with Heracles beside the Alpheios, bent willing knees and fell of his own accord.

[378] So ended the playful bout: the young man held out a happy hand and lifted his prize, the double pipes. He cleansed the sweat from his limbs in the river and washed off the damp dust; as he bathed, a pleasant brightness shone from the sweating skin.

[383] After the victory in wrestling strongi'thelimb, Bacchos did not cease his games with his young comrade, but proposed a windswift contest of footrunning. To bring in other fleet wooers of the game for love, he offered for the first, Cybelid Rheia's instruments as a prize, bronzeplated cymbals and the speckled skins of fawns. The second prize for victory was Pan's comrade, – panspipes sweet utterance, and a resounding tomtom in a heavy bronze frame. For the third in his games, Dionysos offered ruddy sand from the river so ready and willing.

[393] Then Bromios measured the ground for the furlong race. He measured the stretch between the two ends of the course, and set up a tall stake in the ground, ten palms high, to make the finish of the race; at the other end he raised and planted a thyrsus on the river-bank to show the turning-point. Then he urged the Satyrs to go in and win.

[399] Springheel Lyaaios cried his summons aloud, and first up leapt windfoot Leneus, then on either side of him highstepping Cissos and charming Ampelos stood up. They stood in a row, confident in the quick soles of their straightfaring feet. Cissos flew with stormy movement of his feet just skimming the top of the ground as he touched it. Leneus was running behind him quick as the winds of heaven and warming the back of the sprinter with his breath, close behind the leader, and he touched footstep with footstep on the dust as it dropped, with following feet: the space between them both was no more than the rod leaves open before the bosom of a girl working at the

loom, close to the firm breast. Ampelos came third and last. Dionysos saw them out of the corner of his eye, and melted with jealousy that the two competitors should be in front, afraid they might win and Ampelos come in behind them; so the god helped him, breathed strength into him, and made the boy swifter than the spinning gale. Then Cissos, first of the two in the race, striving so hard for the prize, stumbled over a wet place on the shore, slipt and fell in the sandy slush; Leneus had to check the course of his feet, and his knees lost their swing: so both competitors were passed and Ampelos carried off the victory.

[425] The old Seilenoi shouted Euoi! amazed at the victory of the youth. He received the first prize with soft hair flowing, Leneus took the second full of envy, for he understood the jealous trick of Lyaios and his passion; Cissos eyed his comrades with look abashed, as he held out his hand for the last prize discontented.

BOOK XI

*See the eleventh, and you will find lovely Ampelos carried off by the
manslaying robber bull.*

The contest was done. The lovely lad exulting in his sportloving victory, skipt about with Bacchos his yearsmate playfellow, and moved his circling legs in gambolling turns. He threw his white right arm about Dionysos; and when Iobacchos saw him jumping about so proud of his two victories, he said to him affectionately:

[7] “Hurry now – have another try, dear boy, after winning that race and after your land action; try a third match, swim against your comrade Bacchos and see if you can beat him! You had the best of it, Ampelos, in wrestling with me on the sands; now show yourself more agile than Dionysos in the rivers! Leave the playful Satyrs to their skippings and come quick again by yourself to a third match. If you win both by land and water, I will crown your lovely hair with a double garland for two victories over Dionysos the unconquerable.

[17] “This lovely stream suits you, suits the beauty of your limbs alone, that there may be a double Ampelos cutting the goldgleaming flood with golden palm; while you stretch naked limbs for victory, all the Pactolian water shall adorn your beauty. Phaëthon himself shoots his rosy beams on Oceanos; grant an equal Olympian glory to this river: you too give your brightness to Pactolos, that Ampelos may be seen rising like Phosphoros. Both are radiant, this river with its red metal, and you with your limbs; in the deep riches of his flood let him receive this youth also with the same colour on his skin; let him mix beauty with beauty, that I may cry to the Satyrs - ‘How came rose to rose? How is ruddy flesh and sparkling water mingled into one radiant light?’

[32] “Would that the river Eridanos were here also, dear boy, where are the richrolling tears of the Heliades: then I would wash your limbs with amber and gold together. But since I live very far from the western river, I will visit the city of Alybe close at hand, where the Geudis has a white stream of precious water, that when you come bathed out of river Pactolos, Ampelos, I may make you shine with silvery water too. Let the other Satyrs see to wideflowing Hermos, for he has no golden springs. But you are the only golden boy, and you shall have the golden water.”

[43] Thus speaking, he plunged into the water; Ampelos rose from the ground and joined Lyaïos, and a jolly course the two had, zigzag from point to point of the opulent river. The god winning this watery race swam steadily through the water, pushing his bare breast against the stream, moving his feet and paddling with his hands, and so scored the undisturbed surface of the smooth treasury of riches. Now his boy-comrade’s course ran beside his own, now he shot past him carefully, just so much as to leave Ampelos still a near

neighbour to Bacchos in the way; sometimes he let his hands go round and round as if tired by the water, and willingly yielded quicknee the victory to the other swimmer.

[56] Leaving the river stream, Ampelos repaired to the shelter of the woods, lifting a proud neck for his victory in the river. He bound his head with a cluster of vipers, like Lyaaios's terrible wreath of snakes. Often seeing the dappleback tunic of Bromios, he put over his limbs a spotted dress in imitation, and pushed his light foot into a purple buskin, and threw a speckled robe on his body. When he saw Iobacchos in a car driving panthers about the hills, he showed off exultantly his gambols with rockloving beasts; now mounting the shaggy back of woodland bear, he pulled back the ruff of the grim hurrying beast; now on the hairy neck of a lion he gave it the whip; now he drove an unbridled tiger with delight, seated immovable high on the striped back.

[71] When Dionysos saw him, he warned him gently, adding friendly prophetic words to console him as the voice of pity issued from reproving lips: "Where are your riding, dear boy? Why so fond of the forest? Stay by me when I hunt, and hunt with Dionysos; when Lyaaios touches the feast, join in his feasting, and share my revels when I stir the Satyrs to revel. I am not troubled about the panther or the jaws of the wild bear; you need not fear the wild mouth of the mountainranging lioness – fear only the horns of the pitiless bull."

[81] So he warned bold Ampelos in compassion: the youth heard the words with his ears, but the mind within him was still at play.

[83] Then came a great portent to doting Dionysos, showing that Ampelos had not logn to live: for a horned dragon covered with scales rose from the rocks, carrying across his back a tender young fawn; he crept over the steps, and threw it upon the altar tumbling and rolling helpless and gored with his horrible horn. The hillranging fawn screamed a shrill note as its wandering spirit flew away. A stream of blood reddened the stone altar with bloody dew like so much trickling wine, harbinger of the libation that should follow. When Euois saw the crawling horned robber with the fawn, he knew that a horned creature would destroy the thoughtless youth. He mingled a laugh with his mourning; his thought was uncertain and divided in two, his heart cleft in halves, as he groaned for the youth so near to death, and laughed for the delectable wine.

[99] None the less he went with the lovely boy to the mountains, to the flats, to the course of their familiar hunting. Bacchos still delighted to look at him; for loving eyes are never sated with looking. Often as Bromios sat with him at table, the youth would pipe a new strange music, and confused all the notes of his reeds. Even if he broke the tune of his melody, Bacchos made as if the boy were playing well, and sprang from the ground with airy leaps, clapped and clattered with hands together, as the boy yet sang pressed his own lips to his mouth, embraced him lovingly for his beautiful song, as he said, and swore by

Zeus that melodious Pan had never sung such another tune nor the clear voice of Apollo.

[113] But Ate, the deathbringing spirit of Delusion, saw the bold youth straying on the mountains away from Lyaïos during the hunt; and taking the charming form of one of his agemate boys, she addressed Ampelos with a coaxing deceitful speech – all to gratify the stepmother of Phrygian Dionysos.

[118] “Your friend, fearless boy, is called Dionysos for nothing! What honour have you got from your friendship? You do not guide the divine car of Lyaïos, you do not drive a panther! Your Bromios’s chariot has fallen to Maron’s lot, his hand manages the beast-ruling whip and the jewelstudded reins. What gift like that have you gotten from Lyaïos of the thyrsus? The Pans have their cithern and their melodious tootling pipes; the Satyrs have the round loudrattling tomtom from your patron Dionysos; even the mountainranging Bassarids ride on the backs of lions. What gifts have you received worthy of your love, you, loved for nothing by Bacchos the driver of panthers? Atymnios has often been seen on high in the chariot of Phoibos cutting the air; Abaris also you have heard of, whom Phoibos through the air perched on his winged roving arrow. Ganymedes also rode an eagle in the sky, a changeling Zeus with wings, the begetter of your Lyaïos. But Bacchos never became a lovebird or carried Ampelos, lifting your body with talons that would not tear. The Trojan winepourer had the better of you – he is at home in the court of Zeus. Now my boy, look here: but you are still kept waiting for the chariot, so just refuse to drive a nervous colt on the road – a horse goes rattling along like a tempest on a whirlwind of legs, and shakes out the driver. Glaucos’s horses went mad and threw him out on the ground. Quickwing Pegasos threw Bellerophontes and sent him headlong down from the sky, although he was of the seed of the Earthshaker and the horse himself shared the kindred blood of Poseidon.

[146] “Come this way, do, to the herd, where are the clear-piping drovers and lovely cattle – get on a bull, and I will make you conspicuous on his back as the man who can ride a wild bull! Then your bullbody king Dionysos will applaud you more loudly, if he sees you with a bull between your knees! There is nothing to fear in such a run; Europa was a female, a young girl, and she had a ride on bullback, held tight to the horn and asked for no reins.”

[155] This appeal persuaded him, and the goddess flew up into the air. And there was a stray bull suddenly running down from the rocks! His lips were open, and the tongue hung out over his jaws to show his thirst. He drank, then stood looking at the boy just as if he knew him, as if his own keeper were by. He did not hold his horn sideways, but as the mighty bull again and again belched up the drink into his roomy mouth a shower of drops sprinkled the youth, as prophetic of what was to come: for oxen trudging round and round on the ground in everlasting circumambulation about one capstan, irrigate the vinestock with their water.

[167] The bold boy stood over the bull’s brow stroking the curved horns with

fearless hand; and excited by a sweet sting of desire for the woodland creature, he longed to ride the mountainranging bull untamed. He pulled up long leafy shoots by a meadow deepset with rushes, and plaited a sort of whip from the fresh withies with sharper twigs, then bent and twisted some bundles into something like a bridle. He decked out the bull's body with fresh dewy leaves, wreathed red roses about his back, lifted lilies and daffodils over his brow and hung a ring of purple anemone on his neck; he dipt his hands deep in the neighbouring river and brought up handfuls of yellow mud, to gild the two horns on either side. He laid a dappled skin over his backbone, and mounted the bull. He swung his makebelieve whip on the bull's flanks and flogged his mount as if he were a longmaned colt.

[185] Then he shouted boldly to the bullfaced Moon – “Give me best, Selene, horned driver of cattle! Now I am both – I have horns and I ride a bull!”

[188] So he called out boasting to the round Moon. Selene looked with a jealous eye through the air, to see how Ampelos rode on the murderous marauding bull. She sent him a cattlechasing gadfly; and the bull, pricked continually all over by the sharp sting, galloped away like a horse through pathless tracts.

[194] The youth when he saw the untamed bull driven by these maddening stings to dash on and on over the highcrested hills, afraid of impending fate, made his prayer in mournful tones: “Stop for to-day, my bull, you shall have a quick run to-morrow! Don't kill me high on these deserted rocks, or let me die so that Bacchos never hears of my fate! Don't be angry that I gilded your horns, dear bull; do not grudge that Bacchos keeps my love. But if you must kill me and flout Dionysos, if you have no pity for your sorrowful rider because I am young, because I am friend to Lyaios, take me back to the Satyrs and you shall destroy me there, that when I am dead there I may have many tears on my ashes. Yes I beseech you, dearest Bull! I shall feel consolation if unweeping Dionysos laments my death. If you are traitor to your horned rider, who has a shape like your bullfaced form, get a voice and tell my death to Lyaios. O Bull – enemy of your Demeter and Dionysos both – when Bromios is grieved, bounteous Deo is grieved with him!”

[214] So spoke the rosy boy, so near to Hades, unhappy one! Up to the pathless tops of the mountain leapt the infuriated bull on his cloven hooves, and threw the youth headlong off his back. He fell on his head rolling in a hunched-up heap, and broke his bent neck with a little crack; the bull bowled him over and over on the ground, and pinned him to the earth with the sharp point of his horn. He lay there a headless corpse; his white body unburied was stained with ruddy gore.

[224] One of the Satyrs caught sight of lovely Ampelos lying in the dust on the ground, and brought the bad news to Bacchos. The god on hearing it ran there swift as the wind. Heracles made no such running, when the Nymphs had hidden dainty Hylas in their envious waters, a bridegroom kept safely for

the greedy watersprite, as Bacchos did then while he bounded over the mountain roads; he groaned when he saw the boy lying in the dust as if alive. He clothed the breathless body, laid a fawnskin over his shoulder and cold chest, put buskins on his feet though he was dead; he sprinkled roses and lilies upon his body, and hung a garland on his hair of the soonperishing anemone flowers, as for one fallen too early by a cruel blow. In his hand he placed a thyrsus, and covered him with his own purple robe; from his own uncut head he took one lock, and laid it on the body as a last gift and token. He brought ambrosia from Mother Rheia and poured it into the wounds, whence Ampelos when he took his new shape passed the fragrant ambrosia to his fruit.

[244] No pallor spread on the rosy skin of the charming body which lay there stretched on the ground. The charming curls of that head so lovely, of one who had died so young, strayed over his face as the gentle breezes blew. He was a ravishing sight even in the dust. Around the body Seilenoi lamented, the Bacchoi mourned. His beauty left him not although he was dead. But like a Satyr the body lay, with a lifelike smile on his face, as if for ever he were pouring his honeysweet voice from those silent lips.

[253] Dionysos also uttered a voice of sorrow when he saw the body, nevermourning Dionysos with no smile now on his face: “Let the Fates drop their envious thread! Are even bulls jealous of boys as the breezes are? What Zephyros is this who has attacked Dionysos too after Apollo? Happy is Phoibos Atymnios!— for he took that name from the boy. He consoles himself by making to rise the flower named after his Therapnaian youth, and scoring upon the iris-leaves the word Alas! What garland have I on my hair? What speaking petals do I also wave to comfort me in my sorrow for the boy? But I will avenge your death, untimely dead, and drag to slaughter over your tomb that runaway bull. I will not fell your murderer with an axe, to let him share the lot of bulls killed with shattered skull; but I will tear open all the bull’s hateful belly with the point of my horn, because he mangled you with that long horny spike of his. Happy is Earthshaker! He loved a Phrygian boy, a neighbour to my own boy’s country, and he carried him to the golden house of Zeus and gave him a home in Olympos; and when the boy was eager for the loverace with chariots, he lent his own unsinking car to honour Hippodameia’s wedding.

[276] “I only have had a boy who died untimely. For lovely Ampelos knew no life-refreshing marriage; this youth never yoked my car for his ride to the bridal chamber: no, he died, and left grief for Dionysos who cannot grieve. Persuasion has not yet left your tongue, my well-loved boy, but although you are dead she abides on those breathless lips. Although you are dead, those cheeks are still bright with bloom, those eyes are laughing still, your arms and two hands are snowy-white, your lovely curls move in the whistling wind; the hour of death has not blanched the roses of your limbs – all these are preserved untouched.

[287] “Woe’s me for Love! What need was there for you to ride on a cruel

bull? If some passion for stormfoot horses excited you, why did you not tell me? I could have brought you here a chariot from neighbouring Ida, and got your horses of the ancient heavenly breed of Tros: I could have robbed the country of Ganymedes, who was bred on Ida and had beauty like yours – but Zeus saved him from man-murdering bulls, and flew into the heights carrying him with gentle claws. If you really wanted to kill wild beasts in the mountains, why did not you tell me that you had need of a car? You might have driven my rolling wagon without hurt; you might have held the untouchable reins of my Rheia, and flogged a team of tame dragons unstaggering!

[301] “You sing no longer your song with Satyrs over the wine; no longer your marshal the love-rattle Bassarids; no longer you go a-hunting with Dionysos on the chase. Alas, that Hades is never kind! and does not for a corpse accept any glorious gifts of rich metals, that I may make dead Ampelos alive once more. Alas, that Hades is inexorable! If he will consent, I rob the trees by river Eridanos and present him with all their gleaming wealth; I will bring him the flashing Erythraian stone of the Indies, and all the silver of rich Alybe– I will give him all golden Pactolos for my dead boy.”

[313] So he lamented his beloved dead; and looking again upon him as he lay in the dust he cried again to Zeus with mournful voice: “Father Zeus! If you love me, and if you know the trouble of love, give speech again to Ampelos only for one hour, that he may only speak once more to me for the last time and say - ‘Why do you sigh for me, Dionysos, when no sighing will wake me? Ears I have, but I hear not the caller; eyes I have, but I see not him that sighs. Dionysos nevermourning, shed no tears over me. Nay, leave your mourning; the Naiads may sigh by that fountain of death, but Narcissus hears not; Phaëthon knows not the sorrowful pains of the Heliads.’

[325] “Alas, that my father begat me not a mortal, that I might be playfellow with my boy even in Hades, that I might not leave Ampelos my darling to fall in Lethe alone! Apollo is more blest in the youth he loved that he bears the boy’s beloved name; O that also I might be Ampeloian, as Apollo is Hyacinthian! How long will you sleep, my dear? Not dancing any longer? Why do not you go to-day to the river stream with a fine pitcher to fill with water? The time has come round again for your familiar dance in the woodland glade. If you are angry with lovestricken Dionysos, darling boy, speak to the Seilenoi that I may just hear your voice.

[337] “If a lion killed you, I will destroy them all, yes all that the slopes of Tmolos hold; I will not spare the lions of my own Rheia, but I will kill them, if they were your murderers with their grim jaws. If a panther brought you down, you flower of love! I will no longer drive my speckled team of panthers; there are other wild beasts, and Artemis Sovran of all creatures drives an antlered car drawn by stags. I will wear a fawnskin and drive a team of fawns. If merciless boars have killed you, I will grasp all together and kill them, and no one boar will I leave alive for the Archeress. If a presumptuous bull killed you, with the point of my thyrsus I will annihilate the whole

generation of bulls root and branch.”

[351] So he lamented. But Eros came near in the horned shape of a shaggy Seilenos, holding a thyrsus, with a dappled skin draped upon him, as he supported his frame on a fennel stalk, for a staff the old man’s friend; and he spoke comfortable words to groaning Bacchos: “Let loose on another love the sparks of this love of yours; turn the sting upon another youth in exchange, and forget the dead. For new love is ever the physic for older love, since old time knows not how to destroy love even if he has learnt to hide all things. If you need a painhealing medicine for your trouble, court a better boy: fancy can wither fancy. A young Laconian shook Zephyros; but he died, and the amorous Wind found young Cyparissos a consolation for Amyclaiian Hyacinthos. Ask the gardener, if you like; when a countryman sees a flower on the ground lying in the dust, he plants another new one to comfort him for the dead one.

[369] “Listen while I tell you a story of the men of old. There was a dainty boy, superior to all his yearsmates, who lived beside the stream of Maiandros, that manybranching river. Tall and delicate he was, swift of foot, with long straight hair, no down on his chin; on both cheeks was a natural grace playing over his face with its modest eyes; a farshooting radiance ever flowed from his eyelids and his arrows of beauty. He had skin all like milk, but over the white the rose showed upon the surface, two glowing colours together. His own father called him Calamos: his father Maiandros, lurking in the secret places with his water in the lap of earth – who rolls deep through the earth and drags his crooked stream toward the light, crawling unseen and travelling slantwise underground, until he leaps up quickly and lifts his neck above the ground.

[384] “Such was lovely Calamos, the quick one. The rosy-armed youth was fond of a charming playfellow Carpos, who had such beauty for his lot as mortal man never had. For if this youth had lived in the older generations, he would have been bridegroom of Eos Fairtress; since he shone lovelier than Cephalos, was handsomer of face than Orion, he alone outdid them with his rosy skin. Deo would not have embraced Iasion as bridegroom with her fruitful arm, nor Selene Endymion. No – this youth with his nobler beauty would soon have espoused both goddesses, one husband for two: he would have taken on the couch of Goldilocks Deo rich in harvests, he would have had beside him also the jealous Mene. Such was the charming friend of Calamos, the flower of love, a real beauty: both comrades of one age were playfellows on the bank of that river of many windings hard by.

[400] “They had a double racecourse, winding out and back, and there they held races. Calamos ran like the wind. He set an elm for starting-point and an olive-tree for turning-point, and ran from point to point on the edges of the river – but nimbleknee Calamos fell on purpose, and left the victory to charming Carpos of his own will. When the boy bathed, the lad bathed and played with him. Again they had another race in the water like the first;

Calamos swam slowly in the current and let Carpos go ahead, that he might cut the flood paddling behind and come in second beside the ankles of swimming Carpos, while he watched the free shoulders of the lad in front. The race began from its watery starting-point; the match was, which could beat which to swim there and back while their hands paddled them, passing round at the turning-points on each bank, first one, then crossing to the other side. The flowing water was their way; Calamos kept close beside his brined as they swam, watching his rosy fingers and sparing the vigour of his own moving hand. Calamos again in the lead checked his speed and gave way to his young friend; the boy handpaddled storming along, and lifting his neck above the water. And now Carpos would have got out of the waves, and safe on the shore would have won the river-race as he won the land-race, but a wind beat full in his face and drove a great wave into his open mouth, and drowned the dear boy without pity.

[427] “Calamos avoided the blasts of the jealous wind, and made the nearest shore without his friend. He could neither see him nor get any answer to his cries, so full of love he called out in a lamentable voice: ‘Speak, Naiads! What Wind has caught up Carpos? Yes, I pray, grant me this last grace – go to another fountain, leave my father’s fatal water, drink not of the stream which murdered Carpos! My father never killed the boy! That wind had a grudge against Calamos after Phoibos, and he killed Carpos; no doubt he desired him and struck him with a jealous gale – first the quoit, then for this youth the counterblast! My star sank in the stream and has not yet risen, my Phosphoros has not yet shone again! Carpos is drowned in the river, and what care I to see the light any longer?’

[442] “‘Speak, Naiads! Who has quenched the light of love? How long you are, my boy! Why do you like the water so much? Can you have found a better friend in the water, have you thrown to the winds the love of poor Calamos that you may stay with him? If one nymph of the Naiads enamoured has carried you off, tell me, and I will make war on them all! If wedded love is your pleasure, and you want my sister for a wife, do but say so and I will build you a bridechamber in the stream. Have you passed me, Carpos, forgetting the familiar shore? I have shouted till I am tired, and you do not hear my call. If Notos blew on you, if bold Euros, let him go off wandering without dances by himself, the barbarous enemy of love! If Boreas overwhelmed you, I will go to Oreithyia. If the wave covered you and had no pity for your beauty, if my father carried you off in the merciless rush of his wave, let him receive his son also in those manslaying waters, let him hide Calamos near to dead Carpos. Where Carpos wandered and died, I will fall headlong, I will quench my burning love with a draught of water from Acheron.’

[463] “‘So he spoke, with streams bubbling from his eyes. To honour the dead he cut with sorrowful steel a dark lock of his hair, long cherished and kept, and holding out this mourning tress to Maiandros his father, he said these last

words: 'Accept this hair, and then my body; for I cannot see the light for one later dawn without Carpos. Carpos and Calamos had one life, and both one watery death for both together in the same stream. Build on the river bank, ye Naiads, one empty barrow for both, and on the tombstone let this verse be engraved in letters of mourning: "I am the grave of Carpos and Calamos, a pair of lovers, whom the pitiless water slew in days of yore." Cut off just one small tress of your hair for Calamos too, your own dying brother so unhappy in love, and for Carpos cut all the hair of your heads.'

[478] "With these words, he threw himself into the river and sank, as he swallowed the sonslaying water of an unwilling father. Then Calamos gave his form to the reeds which took his name and like substance; and Carpos grew up as the fruit of the earth."

[482] So stormy Eros comforted Dionysos with gentle friendly words, and softened the sweet pangs.

[484] But the spirit of Bacchos was scourged yet more with sorrowful care for he lad's untimely death. – And the rosycheek Seasons, daughters of the restless lichtgang their stormfoot father, made haste to the house of Helios. One wore a snowy veil shadowing her face, and sent forth a gleam of subtle light through black clouds; her feet were fitted with chilly hailstone shoes. She had bound her braids about her watery head, and fastened across her brow a rain-producing veil, with an evergreen garland on her head and a white circlet of snow covering her frost-rimed breast.

[495] Another puffed out from her lips the swallow-wind's breath which gives joy to mortal men, having banded the spring-time tresses of her zephyrloving head with a fresh dewy coronet, while she laughed like a flower, and fanned through her robe far abroad the fragrance of the opening rose at dawn. So she wove the merry dance for Adonis and Cythereia together.

[501] Another, harvest-home Season, came with her Sisters. In her right hand she held a head of corn with grains clustering on the top, and a sickle with sharpcutting blade, forecrier of harvest; her maiden form was wrapt in linen shining white, and as she wheeled in the dance the fine texture showed the secrets of her thighs, while in a hotter sun the cheeks of her drooping face were damp with dewy sweat.

[509] Another leading the dance for an easy plowing, had bound about her hairless temple shoots of olive drenched with the waters of sevenstream Nile. Scanty and withering was the hair by her temples, dry was her body; for she is fruitpinning Autumn, who shears off the foliage from the trees with scatterleaf winds. For there were no vinebranches yet, trailing about the nymph's neck with tangled clusters of golden curls; not yet was she drunken with purple Maronian juice beside the neatswilling winepress; not yet had the ivy run up with wild intertwining tendrils. But then she fated time had come, which had brought the Seasons running together to the house of Helios.

BOOK XII

*With the twelfth, delight your heart, where Ampelos has shot up his own
shape, a new flower of love, into the fruit of the vine.*

So these by the brows of western Oceanos took ship for the mansion of Helios their father. As they approached, Hesperos the Evening Star leapt up and went out of the hall to meet them. Selene herself also darted out newrisen, showing her light as she drove her cattle.

[6] The Sisters at the sight of the lifegiving Charioteer stayed their fruitful step. He had just finished his course and come down from the sky. Bright Phosphoros was ready for the fire-eyed driver, near his chariot and four. He put away the hot yokestraps and starry whip, and washed in the neighbouring Ocean stream the bodies of the firefed horses wet with sweat. The colts shook the dripping manes on their necks, and stamped with sparkling hooves the shining mangertrough. The four were greeted by the twelve circling Hours, daughters of Time, tripling round the fiery throne of the untiring Charioteer in a ring, servants of Helios that attend on his shining car, priestesses of the lichtgang each in her turn: for they bend a servile neck to the ancient manager of the universe.

[21] Then up and spoke the grapetending Season, holding out her hook of the fruitpinning autumn as witness to her prayer: "Helios, giver of feason, plantdresser, lord of fruits! When will the soil make winemother grapes to grow? Which of the blessed will have this honour betrothed him by Time? Hide it not, I adjure you, because of all the Sisters I alone have no privilege of honour! I provide no fruit, nor corn, no meadow-hay, no rain from Zeus."

[29] She spoke, and Helios cheered the nurse of the fruitage to come. He raised finger, and pointed out to his circling daughter close to a wall opposite the separated tablets of Harmonia. In these are recorded in one group all the oracles which the prophetic hand of Phanes first born engraved as ordained for the world, and drew with his pencil the house proper for each. And Hyperion, dispenser of fire, added these words: "In the third tablet, you shall know whence the fruitage of wine shall come – where is the Lion and the Virgin: in the fourth, who is the Prince of grapes – that is where Ganymedes draws the delicious nectar, and lifts cup in hand in the picture."

[41] When the god had spoken, the wineloving maiden turned her eyes about, and ran to the place. Beside the oracular wall she saw the first tablet, old as the infinite past, containing all things in one: upon it was all that Ophion lord paramount had done, all that ancient Cronos accomplished: when he cut off his father's male plowshare, and sowed the teeming deep with seed on the unsown back of the daughterbegetting sea; how he opened a gaping throat to receive a stony son, when he made a meal of the counterfeit body of a pretended Zeus; how the stone played midwife to the brood of imprisoned

children, and shot out the burden of the parturient gullet.

[52] But when the stormfoot Season, Phaëthon's handmaid, had seen the fiery shining victory of Zeus at war and the hailstorm snowstorm conflict of Cronos, she looked at the next tablet in its turn. There was shown how the pine was in labour of the human race— how the tree suddenly burst its tree-birth and disgorged a son unbegotten self-completed; how Raincloud Zeus brought the waters up in mountainous seas on high and flooded all cities, how Notos and Boreas, Euros and Lips in turn lashed Deucalion's wandering hutch, lifted it castaway on waves in the air and left it harbourless near the moon.

[64] When the priestess of the lichtgang passed with nimble foot to the third tablet, the circling maiden stood gazing at the manifold oracles of the world's fate, in letters of glowing colour engraved with the artist's vermilion, all that elaborate story which the primeval mind had inscribed; and this was the prophecy that she read in the tablets:

[70] "Hera's herdsman Argos shall change form to a bird, with the appearance of his grim eyes made bright. Harpalyce after the bed of criminal nuptials shall carve up her son for her incestuous father, and paddle a winged course through the air as a stormswift bird. Philomela the busy weaver shall be a twittering swallow with tuneful throat, and cry abroad the witness of her tongueless silence which once she skilfully inscribed like talking words upon a robe. Niobe shall remain a monument of sorrow on the slopes of Sipylos, a rock endowed with sense, and mourning the line of her children with stony tears. Near her shall be Pyrrhos, a Phrygian stone enamoured, still feeling the lawless lust for impossible union with Rheia. Thisbe shall be running water along with Pyramos, both of an age, each desiring the other. Crocos, in love with Smilax, that fairgarlanded girl, shall be the flower of love. And after the goal of the stormy marriage-race, after the Paphian's apples, Artemis shall change Atalanta into a lioness and drive her mad."

[90] The Season passed restless over all these on one tablet, until she came to the place where fiery Hyperion indicated the signs of prophecy to the wind-swept maiden. There was drawn the shining Lion, there the starry Virgin was depicted in mimic shape, holding a bunch of grapes, the summergrown flower of fruitage: there the daughter of Time stayed her feet, and this is what she read:

[97] "Cissos, the lovely youth, shall creep into a plant, and he shall be the highflying ivy that entwines about the branches. From young Calamos will spring a reed rising straight and bending to the breeze, a delicate sprout of the fruitful soil, to support the tame vine. Ampelos shall change form into a plant and give his name to the fruit of the vine."

[103] But when the harvest-home maiden had seen all these prophecies, she sought the place where hard by on the neighbouring wall was engraved the figure of Ganymedes pouring the nectar-juice into a golden cup. There was an oracle engraved in four lines of verse. There the grape-loving goddess

revelled, for she found this prophecy, kept for Lyaïos Ivy-bearer,

Zeus gave to Phoibos the prophetic laurel,
Red roses to the rosy Aphrodite,
The grayleaf olive to Athena Greyeyes,
Corn to Demeter, vine to Dionysos.

[114] That is what the Euain maiden saw on the tablets. She departed joyful, and with her Sisters was away to the stream of the eastern Ocean, moving along with Phaëthon's team.

[117] But Dionysos had no healing physic for his comrade fallen, of dancing he thought no more. Shaken to the heart by his loving passion, he sounded bitter laments; he left to uncaring silence the bronze back of the timbrel unbeaten, and had no joy in the cithern. Before the unsmiling countenance of Dionysos, full of love and piteous pining, the reedy Lydian Hermos held up his course, and his fastrolling waves which poured on with weatherbeaten throb – he cared no more to flow; Pactolos yellow as saffron with the wealth deep under his flood, stayed his water in mourning, like the image of a sorrowful man; Sangarios the Phrygian stream, in honour of the dead, checked back the course of his banked fountains; the unbreathing image of Tantalos's daughter, the unhappy mother drowned in sighs, wept double tears for mourning Dionysos. The fir whispered softly, moaning to its young friend the pine; even the tree of unshorn Phoibos himself, the laurel, shook her foliage to sorrowful winds; the glossy olive never felled shed her leaves on the ground, for all that she was Athena's tree.

[138] Since then Dionysos, who never wept, lamented thus in his love, the awful threads of Fate were unloosened and turned back; and Atropos Neverturnback, whose word stands fast, uttered a voice divine to console Dionysos in sorrow:

[142] "He lives, I declare, Dionysos; your boy lives, and shall not pass the bitter water of Acheron. Your lamentation has found out how to undo the inflexible threads of unturning Fate, it has turned back the irrevocable. Ampelos is not dead, even if he died; for I will change your boy to a lovely drink, a delicious nectar. He shall be worshiped with dancing beat of tripling fingers, when the double-sounding pipe shall strike up harmony over the feast, be it in Phrygian rhythm of Dorian tune; or on the boards a musical man shall sing him, pouring out the voice of Aonian reeds for Ismenians or the burghers of Marathon. The Muses shall cry triumph for Ampelos the lovely with Lyaïos of the Vine. You shall throw off the twisting coronal of snakes from your head, and entwine your hair with tendrils of the vine; you shall make Phoibos jealous, that he holds out his melancholy iris with its leafy dirge. You too dispense a drink, the earthly image of heavenly nectar, the comfort of the human race, and your young friend shall eclipse the flowery glory of the Amyclaiian boy: if his country produces the bronze of battle, your boy's country too increases the shining torrent of red juice like a river – she is all

proud of her gold, and she likes not steel. If one boasts of a roaring river, Pactolos has better water than Eurotas. Ampelos, you have brought mourning to Dionysos who never mourns – yes, that when your honeydropping wine shall grow, you may bring its delight to all the four quarters of the world, a libation for the Blessed, and for Dionysos a heart of merry cheer. Lord Bacchos has wept tears, that he may wipe away man's tears!"

[172] Having spoken thus, the divinity departed with her sisters.

[173] Then a great miracle was shown to sorrowful Bacchos witnessing. For Ampelos the lovely dead rose of himself and took the form of a creeping snake, and became the healtrouble flower. As the body changed, his belly was a long long stalk, his fingers grew into toptendrils, his feet took root, his curlclusters were grapeclusters, his very fawnskin changed into the manycoloured bloom of the growing fruit, his long neck became a bunch of grapes, his elbow gave place to a bending twig swollen with berries, his head changed until the horns took the shape of twisted clumps of drupes. There grew rows of plants without end; there selfmade was an orchard of vines, twining green twigs round the neighbouring trees, with garlands of the unknown wineblushing fruit.

[188] And a new miracle was then seen! since young Cissos in his play, climbing with legs across the branches high in a leafy tree, changed his form and took the air as another plant; he became the twining ivy plant which bears his name, and encircled the newgrown orchard of tame vines with slanting knots.

[193] Then Dionysos triumphant covered his temples with the friendly shady foliage, and made his tresses drunken with the toper's leaves. Now the boy grown plant was quickly ripening, and he plucked a fruit of the vintage. The god untaught, without winepress and without treading, squeezed the grapes firmly with hand against wrist, interlacing his fingers until he pressed out the inebriating issue, and disclosed the newflowing load of the purple fruitage, and discovered the sweet potation: Dionysos Tapster found his white fingers drenched in red! For goblet he held a curved oxhorn. Then Bacchos tasted the sweet sap with sipping lips, tasted also the fruit; and both so delighted his heart, that he broke out into speech with proud throat:

[207] "O Ampelos! this is the nectar and ambrosia of my Zeus which you have made! Apollo wears two favourite plants, but he never ate laurel fruit or drank of the iris! Corn brings forth no sweet potation, by your leave, Deo! I will provide not only drink but food for mortal men! Your fate also is enviable, O Ampelos! Verily even Moira's threads have been turned womanish for you and your beauty; for you Hades himself has become merciful, for you Persephone herself has changed her hard temper, and saved you alive in death for brother Bacchos. You did not die as Atymnios is dead; you saw not the water of Styx, the fire of Tisiphone, the eye of Megaira! You are still alive, my boy, even if you died. The water of Lethe did not cover you, nor the tomb which is commont to all, but earth herself shrank from covering

your form! No, my father made you a plant in honour of his son; Lord Cronion changed your body into sweet nectar. Nature has not graven Alas upon your tearless leaves, as on the inscribed clusters of Therapne. You keep your colour, my boy, even on your shoots. Your end proclaims the radiance of your limbs; your blushing body has not left you yet. But I will never cease avenging your death; I will pour your wine in libation to your murderous destroyer, the wine of his victim! Your lovely petals put the Hamadryads to shame; the juice of your fragrant bunches brings round me a breath of your love. Can I ever mix the applefruit in the bowl? Can I drop figjuice in the cup of nectar? Fig and apple have their grace as far as the teeth; but no other plant can rival your grapes – not the rose, not the tinted daffodil, not anemone, not lily, not iris is equal to the plant of Bacchos! For with the newfound streams of your crushed fruitage your drink will contain all flowers: that one drink will be a mixture of all, it will combine in one the scent of all the flowers that blow, your flowers will embellish all the spring-time herbs and grass of the meadow!

[245] “Give me best, Lord of Archery, because you wreathed your unmourning hair with your mourning chaplet of dolorous petals! Alas alas is graven on those leaves of yours; and if the Lord of Archery wears his wreath in the garden, I ladle my sweet wine, I put on a lovely wreath, I absorb Ampelos to be at home in my heart by that delicious draught. Brighthelm, give place to Finegrapes! The bloody pours out gore to Ares, the Viny pours to Dionysos the ruddy dew of the winesoaked grape!

[254] “Deo, you are defeated with Pallas! For olives do not bring forth merry cheer of heart, corn does not bewitch a man! The pear has a honeysweet fruit, the myrtle grows fragrant flowers, but they have no heart-bewitching fruit to shoot man’s cares to the winds! I am better than you all; for without my wine there is no pleasure in the tablefeast, without my wine the dance has no bewitchment. Brighteyes, drink the fruit of your olive if you can! My fruitage with its glorious gifts has beaten your tree. With your oily olive athletes rub their bodies, without delight; but the sadly afflicted who has given a wife or a daughter to the common fate, the man who mourns children dead, a mother or a father, when he shall taste of delicious wine will shake of the hateful burden of ever-increasing pain.

[270] “O Ampelos, you rejoice the heart of Bacchos even after death! I will soak your drink through all my limbs. All the trees of the forest bow their heads around, as one in prayer bends low the neck. The ancient palmtree inclines his soaring leaves, you stretch your feet round the apple-tree, you clasp your hands about the figtree and hold fast; they support your fruitage as slavewomen their mistress, while you climb over the shoulder of your maids with your tendrils pushing and winding and quivering, while the winds blow in your face the delicate many-coloured leaves of so many neighbouring trees with their widespread clusters, as if you slept and they cooled you with gentle breath. So the servingwoman waves a light fan as in duty bound, and makes a

cool wind for her king. If you bring with you Phaëthon's midday threats, yet the Etesian wind comes before your grapes, lulling the thirsty star of burning Maira, when the course of the summer season warms your ripening juice with the steam of Seirios."

[290] So he spoke in his pride, and threw off his earlier cares, now he had found the fragrant fruitage as allheal for the youth.

[292] That is the song they sing about he grapecluster, how it got its name from the young man. But the poets have another and older legend, how once upon a time fruitful Olympian ichor fell down from heaven and produced the potion of Bacchic wine, when the fruit of its vintage grew among the rocks selfgrown, untended. It was not yet named grapevine; but among the bushes, wild and luxuriant with many-twining parsleyclusters, a plant grew which had in it good winestuff to make wine, being full to bursting with its burden of dewy juice. There was a great orchard of it springing up in rows, where bunch by bunch the grapes swung swaying and reddening in disorder. They ripened together, one letting its halfgrown nursery increase with different shades of purple upon the fruit, one spotted with white, in colour like foam; some of golden hue crowded thick neighbour on neighbour, others with dark bloom all over like pitch – and the wineteeming foliage intoxicated all the olives with their glorious fruit which grew beside them. Others were silvery white, but a dark mist newly made and selfsped seemed to be penetrating the unripe berries, bringing plump fruitage to the laden clusters. The twining growth of the fruit crowned the opposite pine, shading its own sheltered growth by its mass of twigs, and delighted the heart of Pan; the pine swayed by Boreas brought her branches near the bunches of grapes, and shook her fragrant leafage soaked in the blood. A serpent twisted his curving backbone about the tree, and sucked a strong draught of nectar trickling from the fruit; when he had milked the Bacchic potation with his ugly jaws, the draught of the vine turned and trickled out of his throat, reddening the creature's beard with purple drops.

[324] The hillranging god marvelled, as he saw the snake and his chin dabbled with trickling wine; the speckled snake saw Euios, and went coiling away with his spotty scales and plunged into a deep hole in the rock hard by. When Bacchos saw the grapes with a bellyful of red juice, he bethought him of an oracle which prophetic Rheia had spoken long ago. He dug into the rock, he hollowed out a pit in the stone with the sharp prongs of his earth-burrowing pick, he smoothed the sides of the deepening hole and made an excavation like a winepress; then he made his sharp thyrsus into the cunning shape of the later sickle with curved edge, and reaped the newgrown grapes.

[337] A band of Satyrs was with him: one stooped to gather the clusters, one received them into an empty vessel as they were cut, one pulled off the masses of green leaves from the bibulous fruit and threw away the rubbish. Another without thyrsus or sharpened steel crouched bending forwards and spying for grapes, and put out his right hand towards the branches to pluck the fruit at the

ends of the tangled vine, then Bacchos spread the fruitage in the pit he had dug, first heaping the grapes in the middle of the excavation, then arranging them in layers side by side like cornheaps on the threshingfloor, spread out the whole length of the hole. When he had got all into the hollowed place and filled it up to the brim, he trod the grapes with dancing steps. The Satyrs also, shaking their hair madly in the wind, learnt from Dionysos how to do the like. They pulled tight the dappled skins of fawns over the shoulder, they shouted the song of Bacchos sounding tongue with tongue, crushing the fruit with many a skip of the foot, crying "Euoi!" The wine spurted up in the grapefilled hollow, the runlets were empurpled; pressed by the alternating tread the fruit bubbled out red juice with white foam. They scooped it up with oxhorns, instead of cups which had not yet been seen, so that ever after the cup of mixed wine took this divine name of Winehorn.

[363] And one went bubbling the mindcharming drops of Bacchos as he turned his wobbling feet in zigzag jerks, crossing right over left in confusion as he wetted his hairy cheeks with Bacchos's drops. Another skipt up struck with a tippler's madness when he heard the horrid boom of the beaten drumskin. One again who had drunk too deeply of caredispelling wine purpled his dark beard with the rosy liquor. Another, turning his unsteady look towards a tree espied a Nymph half-hidden, unveiled, close at hand; and he would have crawled up the highest tree in the forest, feet slipping, hanging on by his toenails, had not Dionysos held him back. Near the fountains, another driven by the insane impulse of drunken excitement, chased a naked Naiad of the waters; he would have seized her with hairy hand as she swam, but she gave him the slip and dived into deep water. To Dionysos alone had Rheia given the amethyst, which preserves the winedrinker from the tyranny of madness.

[382] Many of the horned Satyrs joined furiously in the festive dancing with sportive steps. One felt within him a new hot madness, the guide to love, and threw a hairy arm round a Bacchanal girl's waist. One shaken by the madness of mindcrazing drink laid hold of the girdle of a modest unwedded maid, and as she would have no lovemaking pulled her back by the dress and touched her rosy thighs from behind. Another dragged back a struggling mystic maiden while kindling the torch for the god's nightly dances, laid timid fingers upon her bosom and pressed the swelling circle of her firm breast.

[394] After the revels over his sweet fruit, Dionysos proudly entered the cave of Cybeleïd goddess Rheia, waving bunches of grapes in his flowerloving hand, and taught Maionia the vigil of his feast.

BOOK XIII

*In the thirteenth, I will tell of a host innumerable, and champion heroes
gathering for Dionysos.*

Father Zeus sent Iris to the divine halls of Rheia, to inform wakethefray Dionysos, that he must drive out of Asia with his avenging thyrsus the proud race of Indians untaught of justice: he was to sweep from the sea the horned son of a river, Deriades the king, and teach all nations the sacred dances of the vigil and the purple fruit of the vintage.

[8] She paddled her way with windswift beat of wings, and entered the echoing den of stabled lions. Noiseless her step she stayed, in silence voiceless pressed her lips, a slave before the forest queen. She stood bowing low, and bent down her head to kiss Rheia's feet with suppliant lips. Rheia unsmiling beckoned, and the Corybants served her beside the bowl of the divine table. Wondering she drank a sop of the newfound wine, delighted and excited; then with heavy head the spirit told the will of Zeus to the son of Zeus:

[19] "O mighty Dionysos! Your father bids you destroy the race of Indians, untaught of piety. Come, lift the thyrsus of battle in your hands, and earn heaven by your deeds. For the immortal court of Zeus will not receive you without hard work, and the Seasons will not open the gates of Olympus to you unless you have struggled for the prize. Hermeias hardly could win his way to heaven, and only when he killed with his rod Argos the cowherd, sparkling with eyes from his feet to the hair of his head, and when he had set Ares free from prison. Apollo mastered Delphyne, and then he came to live in the sky. Even your own father, chief of the Blessed, Zeus Lord in the Highest, did not rise to heaven without hard work, he the sovereign of the stars: first he must bind fast those threatenders of Olympus, the Titans, and hide them deep in the pit of Tartaros. You also do your work, after Apollo, after Hermaon, and your prize for your labours will be a home in your father's heaven."

[35] With these words the goddess returned to Olympus. At once Rheia Allmother sent out her messenger to gather the host, Pyrrichos, the dancer before her loverattle timbrel, to proclaim the warfare of Lyaïos under arms. Pyrrichos, gathering a varied army for Dionysos, scoured all the settlements of the eternal world; all the races of Europe and the nations of the Asiatic land he brought to rendezvous in the land of the livedainty Lydians.

[43] But the heroic breed of farscattered champions, the hairy Satyrs, the blood of the Centaur tribe, the bushyknee ancient and his phalanx of the Seilenoi, the regiment of Bassarids – do you sing me these, O Corybantic Muses! For I could not tell so many peoples with ten tongues, not if I had ten mouths pouring a voice of brass, all those which Bacchos gathered for his spearchasing. Yet I will loudly name their leaders, and I will call to my aid

Homer, the one great harbour of language undefiled, since mariners lost astray call on Seabluehair to save them from their wandering ways.

[53] First of all, to obey the summons of Dionysos with his fine thyrsus, Actaion quickly came, in respect for their kindred blood, and left the sevenmouth soil of his native Aonia. Boiotia's battalions came in a flood: those who dwelt in wellwalled Thebes and Onchestos, Earthshaker's place of sojourn, Peteon and Ocalae, and Erythrai, vineclad Arne so proud of Dionysos; and those who inhabited Mideia had the celebrated towns of Eileision and Scolon and Thisbe based upon the brine, dovehaunted harbour of Aphrodite our Lady of the Sea, and the levels of Schoinos, and leafy Eleon; and the glorious soil of Copai, where I hear still remains the famous lake of that name, the nurse of eels; and shaggy Medeon, and those that held the fine pastures of Hyle, long-stretching fostermother of Tychios the leathercraftsman; and the land of broad threshing-floors kept for the underworld oracle, to bear the name of Amphiaraios and his chariot in later days; and the city of Thespieae and deepsloping Plataiai and moist Haliartos, separated from Helicon by the stream of a mountain river between; and they who possessed Anthedon, the last place down by the sea, the little town of Glaucos the immortal fisherman who lives in the waters; and those of inclement Askra, the laureate home of the farmer whose name is on every tongue; and the sacred citadel of Graia, and Mycalessos with broad dancing-lawns, named to remind us of Euryale's throat; and the land of Nisa, and the city named after Coronos – all these were led by Actaion to the eastern clime, and laurelled Apollo the Seer, his father's father, sneezed victory for the young man.

[83] A second host of Boiotians was led by finehair Hymenaios with unmarked chin, young and fresh, beloved by Bromios. As Guardian for the boy came a hoary chieftain named Phoinix; like Laocoön who long ago embarked in the Argo, Iason's ship, and sailed with Meleagros to the Colchian land, his comrade in the battlefield. Such another boy was this in the prime of youth, Hymenaios, with his luxuriant hair curving round either cheek, never cut since he was born, on the way to the Indian War. Shieldmen bare him company, who dwelt in the stronghold of Aspledon, and the dancebeaten precinct of the loves, Orchomenos city of Minyas, which the Graces never leave; those who dwelt in Hyria, that hospitable land which entertained the gods named after hospitable Hyrieus; where that huge giant born of no marriage-bed, threefather Orion, sprang up from his mother earth, after a shower of piss from three gods grew in generative fruitfulness to the selfmade shape of a child, having impregnated a wrinkle of a fruitful oxhide. Then a hollow of the earth was midwife to earth's unbegotten son. Those also came who possessed the place where the assembling Achaians found refuge, rocky Aulis, pavement of the Archeress: where the goddess in heavy resentment received at her altar in the mountains the offering of a pretended Iphigeneia, and a wild pricket of the hills was burnt in a blameless fire, changeling shape

of the true Iphigeneia who had been carried away. She it was that cunning Odysseus brought to be Achilles' bride before the trouble, and hence Aulis has the name of matchmaker for Iphigeneia who never married at all; for a guiding wind whistled over the Argive ships, and brought a rescuing breeze for the fawnslayer king. But the girl passed at last on high to the Taurian land, and there she was taught the inhospitable law of their horrible kettles, in cutting up men for meat; but beside the murderous altar she saved the life of her seabeaten brother Orestes.

[120] Such was the infinite host of Boiotian men who went with Hymenaios to the Indian War.

[122] These were joined by comrades marching from Phocis near the wise Delphian rock: those who held the settlement of Cyparissos and the land of Hyampolis, taking its name as I hear from the Aonian Sow, which lifted a proud neck and challenged Tritogeneia to a beautymatch. There were also those who had Python and the gardens among the precipices, famous Crisa, and Daulis, and Panopeus, neighbour of Bacchos, for laurelled Apollo had made common with his brother Dionysos twopeak Parnassos his domain; as the peoples gathered, the Pythian rock uttered the inspired voice of God, and the tripod spoke of itself, and the babbling rill of Castalia that never silent spring, bubbled with wisdom in its waters.

[135] The Euboian battalions were ruled by shieldbearing Corybants, guardians of Dionysos in his growing days: who in the Phrygian gulf beside mountainranging Rheia surrounded Bacchos still a child with their drumskins. They found him once, a horned baby, covered with a cloak the colour of purple wine, lying among the rocks where Ino had left him in charge of Mystis the mother of Corymbos. All these came then from the famous island: Prymneus, and Mimas Waddlefoot, and Acmon the forester, Damneus and Ocythoös the shieldman; and with them came flash-helm Melisseus as comrade to Idaios, whom their father Socos under the insane goad of impiety had once cast out of their brinegirt country along with Combe the mother of seven. They escaped and passed to Cnossian soil, and again went on their travels from Crete to Phrygia, and foreign settlers and hearthguests until Cecrops destroyed Socos with avenging blade of justice; then leaving the land of brineflooded Marathon turned their steps homewards to the sacred soil of the Abantes, the earthborn stock of the ancient Curetes, whose life is the tune of pipes, whose life is the goodly noise of beaten swords, whose heart is set upon rhythmic circling of the feet and the shieldwise dancing. To the army came also warrior sons of the Abantes, whose lot was in the beetling brows of Eretria, whose lot was both Styra and Cerinthos, and the settlements of farfamed Carystos, and the barren land of Dion, those who held the shore, that boisterous shore of Geraistos never silent, and Styx and the Cotylaian fort and the habitation of Siris, the stretches of Marmarion and the domain of ancient Aige. With these ranged themselves those whose country was Chalcis, mother city of the Ellopians with backflowing hair. Seven captains armed this host,

but all of one temper for war: with blazing altar they propitiated the tenants of the Zodiac path, committing their campaign to the planets of equal number.

[171] The Cecropides were mustered by Erechtheus, the glutton of battle. – He had in him the golden blood of Erechtheus father of glorious sons, whom once the Virgin selfborn nursed at her manly breast in the recess of her torchlit maiden chamber, Brighteyes unwedded turned nursemaid, and shamefast clasped with her inexperienced maiden arm that son of Hephaistos, when Crookshank unhappy in his wife split his seed in unnatural love, and the hot foam of love fell of itself on the earth. – This was the Erechtheus who came as captain of the Athenians, with Siphnos to share his task, chief of that same city: those whose lot was in the fertile land of Oinoë, and the bee-frequented vales on the heights of neighbouring Hymettos, and the deep woody borders of oliveplanted Marathon, and the city of Celeos; and those from the harbour of Athens, Brauron near the sea, the empty barrow of Iphigeneia, and the ground of Thoricos, and teeming Aphidna; and those who hold the Eleusinian land of daughterproud Deo, initiates of the Basket and the goodfruit goddess, those born of the blood of Triptolemos: who once on a time drove Deo's chariot and serpents through the air, with their load of cornears, and lashed the serpents' backs. Many an old man of Acharnai came, flourishing his armour of steel about and holding it out to his sons equipping themselves. The ranks of Attica came to join; with spears and with sword the burghers hastened to make the fray, on to the fray fine helmet on head came Athens ranging along, the harbour of Phaleron resounded with men hurrying to war; many a golden cicada was made fast in the plaited hair to proclaim their ancient indigenous race.

[201] Aiacos also left his native land, whom the sham bird begot, mingling with the daughter of Asopos whom he carried off, the eagle, highsoaring of Zeus the feathered husband of Aigina. He was named Aiacos from this marriage; and most of all he was eager to help his brother Dionysos. He mustered his companies of Myrmidons with competent skill. These once were ants crawling over the earth with their many busy feet, until Zeus in the Highest changed them from their insignificant clayborn shape to a better body, and up grew an armed host: for in a moment a speechless swarm of ants bred in the clay changed their shape and nature into mortals with speech. These were the host that Aiacos led as captain, and he graved on his wellwrought shield, as a token of their origin, Zeus the sham bird with a mind, carrying a woman in gentle talons. Near it was a river god on fire, and a girl beside him sad and downcast, even if she was a lifeless image; she turned her eye aside as if mourning for her father stiffknee Asopos, and she seemed to be crying – “A fine bridegift you have brought me, in destroying my father!”

[222] Crete with its peoples of many tongues was commanded by Asterios, one of brilliant beauty, one as lovely as he was strong, both together; his mother was Phaistian Androgeneia, who loosed the girdle of maiden modesty for Minos, and bore her son in a Cydonian bed. He came bringing the people

of the hundred cities for wineface Bacchos to honour the blood of his own father's family; for Minos was cousin of Semele and of Cadmos's kin. All the farscattered warriors gathered to one stirring leader; men of war from Cnossos, other from Lyctos joined with troops from Miletos. With them was a large body of armed burghers from hilly Gortyn, and others from Rhytion and fertile Lycastos, and the country of Nodaian Zeus and the habitations of Boibe and the lands of Cisamos and the fair cities of Cytaios. Such was the captain from Crete; and as he came the star of Ares shone upon his starry namesake Asterios, first harbinger of victory to come, pouring forth a prophetic radiance with hotter beams. But after victory in battle he conceived a bastard passion for the strange country, being hard of heart. For after the Indian War he was not to see his native land the cave of the Idaian mount shimmering with helmets; he preferred a life of exile, and instead of Dicte he became a Cnossian settler in Scythia. He left greyheaded Minos and Androgeneia; the civilized man joined the barbaric tribes of guest-murdering Colchians, called them Asterians and gave a Cretan name to Colchians whose nature provided them with outlandish customs. He left his own country and the Cretan river of Amnisos which nourished his childhood, and with shamefast lips drank the foreign water of Phasis.

[253] Aristaios came slow by himself, last of all those who dwelt in the regions round about the Hellenic land. He lifted high his neck, proud of the sweet honey from his riddled hives. He had challenged Dionysos with his wine, and vainly hoped for the victory of his sweet honey. All the denizens of Olympos judged between them. Phoibos's son offered the new-flowing juice from his hives to the immortals; but he failed to win the victory, because when the gods took the thick juice from the plantloving bee, they soon had enough and tired of the liquid. A third rummer was more than enough for the Blessed; when the cup came round with the fourth brew they would not taste it, thirsty though they were. But when Bacchos ladled out his glorious dewy drops, they were delighted, and drank his flowing wine all day long unceasing. Even drunken they admired the sweet wine, and called for cup after cup one after another with jolly glee, full of hearty good cheer for the bewitching stuff. Zeus admired Aristaios's gift, the product of the honeydropping bee and the curious artwork of the hiveloving brood, but he gave the first prize for troublesoothing victory to Dionysos and his wine. That is why Aristaios came slow to the Indian War. After so long he had only just quieted his old grudge of his greedy youth, and left Hermeias's cave in Cyllene; for he had not yet migrated to the island formerly called Meropis: he had not yet brought there the lifebreathing wind of Zeus the Defender, and checked the fiery vapour of the parched season; he had not stood steelclad to receive the glare of Seirios, and all night long repelled and calmed the star's fiery heat – and even now the winds cool him with light puffs, as he lances his hot parching fire through the air from glowing throat. But he still dwelt in the land of Parrhasia.

[286] He was followed by the vagabond acornfed Arcadians under arms, those that held Lasion, and the fine glades of Lycaios, and rocky Stymphalos, and Rhipe famous town; Stratia and Mantinea and Enispe, and woodland Parrhasia, where is still to be found the place untrodden in which primeval goddess Rheia was brought to bed; the region of Pheneos, and Orchomenos rich in sheep, only begetter of the dance, seat of Apidaneans. There were there also those of Arcadia, city of Arcas son of Callisto and Zeus, whose father fixed him in the starry firmament and called him Boötes Hailbringer. Such was the host which Aristaios armed with the Arcadian lance, and led sheepdogs to battle with warring men. He was the son of Cyrene, that deerchasing second Artemis, the girl lionkiller, who bore him to the love of Phoibos; when handsome Apollo carried her abroad to sandy Libya in a robber's car for a bridal equipage. And as he came in haste, Apollo his father left the prophetic laurel and armed him with his own hands, gave his son a bow, and fitted his arm with a curiously wrought shield, and fastened the hollow quiver by a strap over the shoulder to hang down his back.

[309] To him came from Sicily longshot Achates, and shieldbearing comrades with him, a great host of Cillyrioi and Elymoi, and those who lived round the seat of the Palicoi; those who had a city by the lake Catana near the Sirens, whom rosy Terpsichore brought forth by the stormy embraces of her bull-horned husband Acheloös; those who possessed Camarina, where the wild Hipparis disgorges his winding water in a roaring flood; those form the sacred citadel of Hybla, and those dwelling near Aitna, where the rock is alight and kettles of fire boil up the hot flare of Typhaon's bed; those who scattered their houses along the beetling brow of Peloros and the island ground of sea-resounding Pachynos; and Sicilian Arethusa, where after his wandering travels Alpheios creeps proud of his Pisan chaplet – he crosses the deep like a highway, and draws his water, the slave of love, unwetted, over the surface of the sea, for he carries a burning fire warm through the cold water. After these Phaunos came, leaving the firesealed Pelorian plain of threepeak Sicily the rocky, whom Circe bore embraced by Cronion of the Deep, Circe the witch of many poisons, Aietas's sister, who dwelt in the deepshadowed cells of a rocky palace.

[333] Libyans also joined the host, whose home was in the western clime, the cities of wandering Cadmos near the clouds. For there on a time dwelt Cadmos carried by contrary winds, on the voyage with his Sithonian bride Harmonia still a maiden. The rumour of her beauty bred war and armed hostile neighbours. The Libyan army named her Charis, for the Bistonian girl bloomed like another Charis of this world and even more dainty, and the Graces' Hill of Libya had its name from her. So the Maurusian people of the desert because of her beauty were stung with mad lust of robber warfare, and took arms, a horrible barbarian Ares wild with passion. But Harmonia's mate held his shield before her, grasping in hand the spear of Libyan Athena to defend his beloved wife, and put to flight the whole nation of western

Ethiopians, with armed Zeus as ally, with Ares and Cythereia. And there as they say, by the Tritonian lake, Cadmos the wanderer lay with rosycheek Harmonia, and the Nymphs Hesperides made a song for them, and Cypris together with the Loves decked out a fine bed for the wedding, hanging in the bridal chamber golden fruit from the Nymphs' garden, a worthy lovegift for the bride; rich clusters of their leaves Harmonia and Cadmos twined through their hair, amid the abundance of their bridechamber, in place of the wedding-roses. Still more dainty the bride appeared wearing these golden gifts, the boon of golden Aphrodite. Her mother's father the stooping Libyan Atlas awoke a tune of the heavenly harp to join the revels, and with tripping foot he twirled the heavens round like a ball, while he sang a stave of harmony himself not far away. Cadmos too, in memory of the love of his wedded bride, paid his footing in the Libyan land by building a hundred cities, and he gave to each lofty walls inaccessible, with towers of stone. With his memory in mind, came warriors to the host, forefighters of Enyo when Bromios went to war: those who dwell in settlements near the Moon's birthplace, and the southern shelters of Zeus Asbystes the horned prophet, where Ammon the Western Zeus has often uttered oracles in the shape of a ram with three spiral horns; those whose home was on the sandy plain of parched land beside the stream of Chremetes and the water of Cinyps; Auschisai and Bacales together, bred in a corner of the West, and more than others devoted to Ares.

[378] So great was the people of the hundred cities; and their masses came led by Crataigonos, whom Anchiroë daughter of Chremetes brought forth on her father's riverbank in that shortlasting union with Psyllos the harebrained; the bridegroom she held in her arms was the gods' enemy. Notos, that hot wind, once burnt his crops with parching breath; whereupon he fitted out a fleet and gathered a naval swarm of helmeted warriors, to stir up strife against he winds of the south with avenging doom, eager to kill fiery Notos. To the island of Aiolos sailed the shieldbearing fleet; but the Winds armed themselves and flogged the madman's vessel, volleying with tempestuous tumult in a whirlwind throng of converted confederate blasts, and sank Psyllos and armament in a watery grave.

[393] From Samothrace came a stream of shieldmen, sent by their prince Emathion of the long flowing beard, himself heavy of knee, with snow-white hair, men limbed like Titans. They possessed both Myrmex on the sea and flower Saoce, aye and the land of Teumerios, and the glades and meadows of Phesiades' land shaded with woodland copses, and divine Zerynthos of the unresting Corybants, the foundation of renowned Perseis, where the rocks are thronged with torchbearing mystics of the Maid. There were others who lived under the manycraggy wall of the land about Brontion, and in Atrapittoi which I hear of on the neighbouring shore of deepsea Poseidon. All these companies came together, who were loyal to their sib, the ancient family of Electra; for there Ares, Zeus and Cythereia gave to Cadmos, the god's ally, Harmonia heaven's kin and sea's blood, to be his lawful wife without brideprice.

[411] As the armed host gathered to Dionysos with his thyrsus, Electra's star rose with her six sisters in the sky in happy augury of the conflict; and the echoing voice of the Pleiads resounded for victory, doing grace to Dionysos who shared their sister's blood, giving equal confidence to the host. Ogygros led their march to war, Ogygros himself a second war-god, his head towering high like one of the giants. Nothing could bend that great body. From his head and muscular neck, waves of hair fell to his loins, covering his back and shoulders, bristling like the spines of hedgehog. He had a throat of immense length and thickness, like a neck of rock. Barbarian and son of a barbarian was he; no other came to the Indian War in the east stronger than he was, except Dionysos. He had sworn an oath to Victory, that he would destroy the whole land of India with his own spear alone.

[428] The bold son of Ares, Oiagros, quitted his city of Pimpleia on the Bistonian plain, and joined the rout. He left Orpheus on Calliopeia's knees, a little one interested in his mother's milk, still a new thing.

[432] The Cyprian companies were under command of proud Litros and finehair Lapethos. Many took up arms: those whose lot was in Spheceia, the round brinebeaten isle; others from Cypros, godwelcoming island of the finefeathered Loves, which bears the name of Cypris selfborn. Nereus had traced the boundaries of this Cypros with the deepsea prong, and shaped it like a dolphin. For when the fertile drops from Uranos, spilt with a mess of male gore, had given infant shape to the fertile foam and brought forth the Paphian, to the land of horned Cypros came a dolphin over the deep, which with intelligent mind carried Aphrodite perched on his mane. – Those also were there who held the land of Hylates, and the settlement of Sestos, Tamasos and Tembros, the town of Erythrai, the woody precincts of Panacros in the mountains. From Soloi also came many men-at-arms, and from Lapethos; this place was named afterwards from the leader who assembled them, who fell in the thyrsus-war and was honourable buried and left his name for his citizens. There were those also who had the city Cinyreia, that rock-island which still bears the name of ancient Cinyras; and those from the place where Urania lies, named after the heavenly vault, because it was full of men brilliant as the stars; and those who held Crapaseia, a land surrounded by sea; and those of Paphos, garlanded harbour of the softhaired Loves, landingplace of Aphrodite when she came up out of the waves, where is the bridebath of the seaborne goddess, lovely Setrachos: here Cypris often took a garment and draped the son of Myrrha after his bath. Last is the city of ancient Perseus, for whom Teucros, fleeing from Salamis before the wrath of Telamon, fortified the younger Salamis so renowned.

[464] A luxurious crowd of Lydians streamed in: those who held both pebbly Cimpsos and beetling Itone; those from broad Torebios, those from fruitful Sardis, nurse of riches, as old as the daydawn; those from the grapegrowing land of Bacchos, where the vinegod first mixed wine for Mother Rheia in a brimming cup, and named the city Cerassai, the Mixings; those that held the

watching peaks of Oanos, the stream of Hermos and watery Metallon, where the yellow treasure of the water sparkling spirits up the Pactolian mud. A great host came armed from Stataloi. There Typhoeus, spouting up the hot stream of the fiery thunderbolt, had kindled the neighbouring country, and as Typhon blazed amid clouds of smoke, the mountains were burnt to ashes, while his heads melted in the limb-devouring flame. But the priest of Lydian Zeus left the fragrant temple redolent of incense, and without steel made battle with piercing words, a word for a spear, no cutting steel, and brought the Son of Earth to obedience with his tongue; his bold mouth was his lance, his word a sword, his voice a shield, and this was all that issued from his inspired throat – “Stand, wretch!” So the flaming giant by magic art was held fast in chains of glammery by the invincible word, and stood in awe of a man armed with a spear of the mind, while the avenging sword shackled him in fetters not made of steel. That awful giant towering high, trembled not so much as the Archer of Thunderbolts, as for the battlecrashing magician shooting bolts of speech from his tongue. He gave way, as the sharp words pierced him with wounds speaking in quick words. Already scorched with flame, thrust through with a red-hot spear, Typhoeus gave way at the other fire hotter still, a fire of the mind. His snaky feet were rooted firm and immovable by main force, firmly fixed in Earth his mother, his body was wounded by a bloodless blade that made no mark.

[498] But all this was done in time gone by, among men of a more ancient generation. Here were men armed for the Indian tumult by Stabios and Stamnos, loudly rattling on the ground in drilled step; and if you could see the whole host prancing and leaping, you might be inclined to say that the captain was leading them to a dance rather than to a war, bringing a detachment of armour-dancers. For as they marched, the Mygdonian lute struck up a dance tune for war-music to arouse the tumult of conflict; it sounded the assembly for battle, nor for dance; love’s flutings were the trumpets of war; the twin Berecynthian pipes tooted together, the calfskin bellowed, struck on both sides by the brassy rattle of heavy rumbling hands.

[511] The Phrygians ranged themselves beside the ranks of dinraising Lydians: those whose lot was in Boudeia, and the famous town of treeplanted Temeneia, a shady grove in the country; those who lived in Dresia and Obrimos, which discharges his water into the curving stream of Maiandros; those from the ground of Doias, and those who lived in gold-roof Celainai, and the place of the Gorgon’s image. These were joined by those who had to inhabit the cities near Sangarios, and the settlements of the Elespid land: they were led by a captain from Dirce of the dragon, Priasos, who came from foreign parts to the Aonian land. For when Rainy Zeus flooded the land of Phrygia, pouring water from on high in seas of rain, when trees were covered, and in glens where thistles grew thirsty hills were flooded with rivers of water, Priasos left his drowned house hidden in the rain and the air-climbing river which had attacked his homestead, and migrated to the bosom of the Aonian

land to escape from the fatal showers of rain. But he never ceased to shed tears among these foreign men; he remembered Sangarios and missed his familiar brook, when he drank the alien water of the Aonian River. But Zeus Highest at last quieted the stormy flood and the watery violence, and drove the water of flooded Phrygia down from the tops of Sipylos; Earthshaker with his trident pushed all the waters away into the deep hollows of the boundless sea, and the cliffs were laid bare of the roaring deluge. Then Priasos in late repentance left the land of Boiotos, and returned to his own country, and when he reached home he held his heavyknee father in his arms with a joyful embrace; for great Zeus had saved him from destruction for his pious works: Brombios they call him. Now the Phrygian warriors from the Phrygian gulf proudly thronged about Priasos.

[546] Asterios the father had gone with another band, but his son Miletos now in the flower of his age came in the company of Bacchos. With him came his brother Caunos to share his dangers. Although only a boy, he led the Carian people into the Indian War. Not yet had he conceived a passion for his innocent sister, and composed that tricking lovesong; not yet had he sung of Hera herself joined with her brother Zeus in a harmonious bed of love like his own, the song about the Latmian cowshed of the neversleeping herdsman, while he praised Endymion, the bridegroom of love-smitten Selene, as happy in love's care on a neighbouring rock. No, Byblis still loved maidenhood – no, Caunos was still learning to hunt, untouched by love for one so near. Not yet had the softhaired brother fled, or the girl changed her body to water by her tears; she was still no sorrowing fountain bubbling up a watery stream. Now courageous warriors flocked about him: those who lived in Mycale, and owned the winding stream of the crooked Maiandros, which sinks into the ground and returns again after crawling through the tunnels.

[566] So many were the companies that came. With harmonious march the peoples gathered, and the halls of Cybele resounded, and the streets of the Mygdonian city were thronged.

BOOK XIV

Turn your mind to the fourteenth: there Rheia arms all the ranks of heaven for the Indian War.

Then swiftshoe Rheia halted the hairy necks of her lions beside their highland manger. She lifted her windfaring foot to run with the breezes, and paddled with her shoes through the airy spaces. So like a wing or a thought she traversed the firmament to south, to north, to west, to the turning-place of dawn, gathering the divine battalions for Lyaïos: one all-comprehending summons was sounded for trees and for rivers, one call for Naiads and Hadryads, the troops of the forest. All the divine generations heard the summons of Cybele, and they came together from all sides. From high heaven to Lydian land Rheia passed aloft with unerring foot, and returning lifted again the mystic torch in the night, warming the air a second time with Mygdonian fire.

[15] Now once more, ye breaths of Phoibos, after the tale of mortal heroes and warriors teach me also the host divine!

[17] First from the firepeak rock of Lemnos the two Cabeiroi in arms answered the stormy call beside the mystic torch of Samos, two sons of Hephaistos whom Thracian Cabeiro had borne to the heavenly smith, Alcon and Eurymedon well skilled at the forge, who bore their mother's tribal name.

[23] From Crete came grim warriors to join them, the Idaian Dactyloi, dwellers on a rocky crag, earthborn Corybants, a generation which grew up for Rheia selfmade out of the ground in the olden time. These had surrounded Zeus a newborn babe in the cavern which fostered his breeding, and danced about him shield in hand, the deceivers, raising wild songs which echoes among the rocks and maddened the air – the noise of the clanging brass resounded in the ears of Cronos high among the clouds, and concealed the infancy of Cronion with drummings. The chief and leader of the dancing Corybants was Pyrrhichos and shake-a-shield Idaïos; and with them came Cnossian Cyrbas, and armed his motley troops, their namefellow.

[36] The spiteful Telchines came also to the Indian War, gathering out of the cavernous deeps of the sea. Lycos came, shaking with his long arm a very long spear; Scelmis came, following Damnameneus, guiding the seachariot of his father Poseidon. These were wanderers who had left Tlepolemos's land and taken to the sea, furious demons of the waters, who long ago had been cut off reluctant from their father's land by Thrinax with Macareus and glorious Auges, sons of Helios; driven from their nursing-mother they took up the water of Styx with their spiteful hands, and made barren the soil of fruitful Rhodes, by drenching the fields with water of Tartaros.

[49] After them came the gentle tribe of twiform Centaurs. Beside Pholos in horse's form was Cheiron, himself of that strange nature, untamed, with

mouth unbridled.

[52] Battalions of Cyclopians came like a flood. In battle, these with weaponless hands cast hills for their stony spears, and their shields were cliffs; a peak from some mountain-ravine was their crested helmet, Sicilian sparks were their fiery arrows. They went into battle holding burning brands and blazing with light from the forge they knew so well – Brontes and Steropes, Euryalos and Elatreus, Arges and Trachios and proud Halimedes. One alone was left behind from the war, Polyphemos, tall as the clouds, so mighty and so great, the Earthshaker's own son; he was kept in his place by another love, dearer than war, under the watery ways, for he had seen Galateia half-hidden, and made the neighbouring sea resound as he poured out his love for a maiden in the wooing tones of his pipes.

[67] The rockdwellers came also from their selfvaulted caves, bearing all the name of Pan their father the ranger of the wilderness, all armed to join the host; they have human form, and a shaggy goat's-head upon it with horns. Twelve horned Pans there were, with his changeling shape and hornbearing head, who were begotten of the one ancestral Pan their mountainranging father. One they named Celaineus, Blackie, as his looks bore witness, and one Argennos, Whitely, after his colour; Aigicoros was well dubbed Goatgluts, because he glutted himself with goat's-milk which he pressed from the nannies' udders in the flock. Another masterly Pan was called Longbear Eugeneios, from a throat and chin which was a thick meadow of hair. Daphnoineus the Bloody came along with Omester, Eatemraw; Phobos the Frightaway with shaggy-legged Philamnos the Lamb's Friend. Glaucos came with Xanthos, Glaucos glaring like the bright sea, with a complexion to match. Xanthos had a mane of hair like a bayard, which gave that name to the horned frequenter of the rocks. Then there was bold Argos with a shock of hair as white as snow. With these were two other Pans, the sons of Hermes, who divided his love between two Nymphs: for one he visited the bed of Sose, the highland prophetess, and begat a son inspired with the divine voice of prophecy, Agreus, well versed in the beast-slaying sport of the hunt; the other was Nomios, whom the pasturing sheep loved well, one practised in the shepherd's pipe, for whom Hermes sought the bed of Penelope, the country Nymph. Along with these came Phorbas to join the march, savage and insatiate.

[96] Old Seilenos also was ready for the fray, holding the fennel-stalk, that horned son of the soil with twiform shape. He brought three festive sons: Astraios was armed for battle; Maron came too, and Leneus followed, each with a staff to support the hands of their old father in his travels over the hills. These ancients already weak had vinebranches to support their slow bodies; many were the years of their time, from these had sprung the hot twiform generation of the muchmarried Satyrs.

[105] And the horned Satyrs were commanded by these leaders: Poemenios and Thiasos, Hypsiceros and Orestes, and Phlegraios with horned Napaïos.

There was Gemon, there was bold Lycon armed; playful Phereus followed laughing tippling Petraios, hillranging Lamis marched with Lenobios, and Scirtos tripping along beside Oistos. With Pherespondos walked Lycos the loudvoiced herald, and Pronomos renowned for intelligence – all sons of Hermes, when he had joined Iphthime to himself in secret union. She was the daughter of Doros, himself sprung from Zeus and a root of the race of Hellen, and Doros was ancestor whence came the Achaian blood of the Dorian tribe. To these three, Eiraphiotes entrusted the dignity of the staff of the heavenly herald, their father the source of wisdom. The whole tribe of Satyrs is boldhearted while they are drunken with bumpers of wine; but in battle they are but braggarts who run away from the fight – hares in the battlefield, lions outside, clever dancers, who know better than all the world how to ladle strong drink from the bull mixing-bowl. Few of these have been men of war, to whom bold Ares has taught all the practice of the fray and how to manage a battalion. Here when Lyaios prepared for war, some of them covered their bodies with raw oxhides, others fortified themselves with skins of shaggy lions, others put on the grim pelts of panthers, others equipped themselves with long pointed staves, others girt about their chests the skins of long-antlered stags dappled like stars in the sky. With these creatures, the two horns on the temples right and left lengthened their sharp points, and a scanty fluff grew on the top of the pointed skull over the crooked eyes. When they ran, the winged breezes blew back their two ears, stretched out straight and flapping against their hairy cheeks: behind them a horse's tail stuck out straight and lashed round their loins on either side.

[143] Another kind of the twiform Centaurs also appeared, the shaggy tribe of the horned Pheres, to whom Hera had given a different sort of human shape with horns. These were sons of the water-naiads in mortal body, whom men call Hyads, offspring of the river Lamos. They had played the nurses for the babe that Zeus had so happily brought forth, Bacchos, while he still had a breath of the sewn-up birth-pocket. They were the cherishing saviours of Dionysos when he was hidden from every eye, and then they had nothing strange in their shape; in that dark cellar they often dandled the child in bended arms, as he cried Daddy to the sky, the seat of his father Zeus, still a child a play, but a clever babe. Of the would mimic a newborn kid; hiding in the fold, he covered his body with long hair, and in this strange shape let out a deceptive bleat between his teeth, and pretended to walk on hooves in goatlike steps. Of the would show himself like a young girl in saffron robes and take on the feigned shape of a woman; to mislead the mind of spiteful Hera, he moulded his lips to speak in a girlish voice, tied a scented veil on his hair. He put on all a woman's manycoloured garments: fastened a maiden's vest about his chest and the firm circle of his bosom, and fitted a purple girdle over his hips like a band of maidenhood.

[168] But his guile was useless. Hera, who turns her all-seeing ye to every place, saw from on high the ever-changing shape of Lyaios, and knew all.

Then she was angry with the guardians of Bromios. She procured from Thesalian Achlys treacherous flowers of the field, and shed a sleep of enchantment over their heads; she distilled poisoned drugs over their hair, she smeared a subtle magical ointment over their faces, and changed their earlier human shape. Then they took the form of a creature with long ears, and a horse's tail sticking out straight from the loins and flogging the flanks of its shaggy-crested owner; from the temples cow's horns sprouted out, their eyes widened under the horned forehead, the hair ran across their heads in tufts, long white teeth grew out of their jaws, a strange kind of mane grew of itself, covering their neck with rough hair, and ran down from the loins to the feet underneath.

[186] Twelve captains commanded them all: Spargeus and Gleneus the dancer, and beside Eurybios the strange figure of Ceteus the winedresser; Petraios with Rhiphonos, Aisacos the deep drinker and Orthaoon, with whom marched both Amphithemis and Phaunos, and Nomeion side by side with wellhorned Phanes.

[193] Another tribe of twiform Centaurs was ready, the Cyprian. Once when Cypris fled like the wind from the pursuit of her lascivious father, that she might not see an unhallowed bedfellow in her own begetter, Zeus the Father gave up the chase and left the union unattempted, because unwilling Aphrodite was too fast and he could not catch her: instead of the Cyprian's bed, he drops on the ground the lovesthower of seed from the generative plow. Earth received Cronion's fruitful dew, and shot up a strangelooking horned generation.

[203] These combatants were joined by the Bacchai, some coming from the Meionian rocks, some from the mountain above the precipitous peaks of Sipylos. Nymphs hastened to join the soldiers of the thyrsus, the wild Oreads with hearts of men trailing their long robes. Many a year had they seen roll round the turning-point as they lived out their long lives. Some were the Medlars who lived on the heights near the shepherds; some were from the woodland glades and the ridges of the wild forest, nymphs of the mountain Ash coeval with their tree. All these pressed onwards together to the fray, some with brassbacked drums, the instruments of Cybelid Rheia, others with overhanging ivy-tendrils wreathed in their hair, or girt with rings of snakes. They carried the sharpened thyrsus which the mad Lydian women then took with them fearless to the Indian War.

[219] Stronger than these then came the nurses of Dionysos, troops of Bassarids well skilled in their art: Aigle and Callichore, Eupetale and Ione, laughing Calyce, Bryusa companion of the Seasons, Seilene and Rhode, Ocynoë and Ereutho, Acrete and Methe, rosy Oinante with Harpe and silverfoot Lycaste, Stesichore and Prothoë; last of all came ready for the fray Trygië too, that grinning old gammer, heavy with wine.

[228] Each army was brought to Bacchos by its own separate leader, but the commander-in-chief was Eiraphiotes, roaring with fire, flashing, all-

conspicuous. Dancing to battle he came, holding no shield, no furious lance, no sword on shoulder, no helmet on his untrimmed locks, or metal to cover his inviolate head. He only tied his loose tresses with serpent-knots, a grim garland for his head; instead of fine-wrought greaves, from ankle to thigh he wore purple buskins on his silvery feet. He hung a furry fawnskin over his chest, a chestpiece dappled with spots like stars, and he fitted a golden kilt round his loins. In his left hand he held a horn full of delicious wine, cunningly wrought of gold; from this pitcher-horn poured a straight stream of flowing wine. In his right hand he bore a pointed thyrsus wound about with purple ivy, at the end a heavy bronze head covered with leaves.

[247] As soon as Dionysos had donned the well wrought golden gear of war in the Corybantian courtyard, he left the peaceful precincts of danceloving Rheia and went past Meionia: the warriors with the hillranging Bacchants hastened to meet the lord of the vine. The drivers of wheeled wagons carried shoots of the new plant of Bacchos. Many lines of mules went by, with jars of the viney nectar packed on their backs: slow asses had loads of purple rugs and manycoloured fawnskins on their patient backs. Winedrinkers besides carried silver mixingbowls with golden cups, the furniture of the feast. The Corybants were busy about the bright manger of the panthers, passing the yokestraps over their necks, and entrusted their lions to ivybound harness when they had fastened this threatening bit in their mouths. One Centaur with a bristling beard stretched his neck into the yoke willingly, unbidden; and the man mingled with horse half and half, craving the delicious wine even more than a Satyr, whinnied eager to carry Dionysos on his withers.

[269] The god seated at the rail of his leaf-entwined car passed the stream of Sangarios, passed the bosom of the Phrygian land, passed the mourning rock of stony Niobe; and the stone, seeing the Indian host warring against Lyaïos, shed tears and spoke again with human voice: "Make not war against a god, foolish Indians! the son of Zeus! lest Bacchos turn you also, threatening battle, into stone, as Apollo did to me; lest you have to lament a shape like my stony shape; lest you see the goodson of Deriades, Indian Orontes, fallen beside the stream of the river that bears his name. Rheia in wrath is stronger than the Archeress. Flee from Bacchos, Apollo's brother! It would be a shame, if I must see Indians being slain and weep for strangers!"

[283] So the stone spoke, then silence sealed it again.

[284] Now the vinegod left the Phrygian plain, and entered Ascania. All the people gathered there, to whom Iobacchos offered his fruitage, accepted his rites and welcomed his dances, bowing the neck to invincible Dionysos, wishing for the quietude of peace without bloodshed. So mighty was the horned host of Bacchos, with the Bacchant women beside them armed for war. But Lyaïos kept vigil; all night long heaven thundered, threading fiery streaks among the stars; since Rheia then foretold with witnessing flash the bloodshed of the Indian victory.

[295] In the morning, the god went forth to war, driving before him the

violence of the black men, that he might free the neck of the Lycians and those who dwelt in Phrygia and Ascania from the yoke of cruel tyranny. Then Bacchos sent two heralds to give proclamation of war, either to fight or to fly: and with them went goatfoot Pan, his long-haired beard shadowing his whole chest.

[303] But swiftshoe Hera, likening herself to an Indian, the curly-headed Melaneus, warned Astraëis, the spearshaking captain of men, not to uplift the thyrsus nor to heed the yell of drunken Satyrs, but to raise war to the death against Dionysos. She spoke these words to move the Indian chief: "You're a nice one, to fear a feeble troop of women! Fight, Astraëis! Arm yourself too, Celaineus, and take a sharp blade to cut down Dionysos and his ivy-bunches! Thyrsus is no match for spear! No, no, look out for Deriades! He will be mad, and make an end of you, if you shrink from a weak unarmed woman!"

[315] She spoke, the stepmother furious against indomitable Dionysos. The goddess got her way, and hid in darkness.

[317] Then the heralds of Bromios departed, for Astraëis drew near them contemptuous, with pitiless menace on his tongue. Furiously he chased away Pan, and the oxhorned Satyrs, despising the heralds of Dionysos when he was gentle. They turned with timid foot, and made their way back in flight to Dionysos now in warlike mood.

[323] No Bacchos made ready his army against the hostile troops of Indians. Nor did swarthy Celaineus fail to see the womanish warriors. He leapt up with all speed and called to arms the whole Indian host; while bold Astraëis with ever-growing martial rage took his stand beside the murmuring waves of the Astacid lake, and awaited the attack of Dionysos the vinegod.

[329] When the captains of the two armies of the two peoples had mustered their troops in two opposing lines, the swarthy Indians advanced to battle with loud cries: like Thracian cranes, when they fly from the scourge of winter and floods of stormy rain to throw their great flocks against the heads of pygmies round the water of Tethys, and when with sharp beaks they have destroyed that weak helpless race, they wing their way like a cloud over the horn of Ocean.

[338] On the other side, the fighting host madly rushed at the call, the unbending servants of warstirring Dionysos. The battalions of Bassarids also moved like a flood. As they gathered, one twined a rope of snakes about her head, one knotted her hair with scented ivy; another madly caught up her bronze-headed thyrsus, another let down loose tresses of long hair over her neck, a Mainalid unveiled, while the wind blew the unbound locks over her shoulders; another clapped the pair of brazen cymbals, and shook the ringlets upon her head; another driven by the impulse of madness, beat the heavybooming drumskin with her hands, and sounded a loud echo of the battle-din. Then thyrsus did for spear, and hidden under vineleaves was the metal head of the shaft. Another yearning for bloody battle, bound round her neck a rope of raw-fed serpents. One again covered her chest with the spotted

skin of a panther, another put on like tunic the dappled skins of mountain fawns, and wrapt herself round with the gay dress which had covered a deer. Another held the cub of a shaggy lioness, and gave it a milky human breast in exchange. There was one who coiled a serpent thrice round under her breast unharmed, a girdle next the skin, while it gaped at her thigh so close, hissing gently, and sleepless gazed at the maiden secrets of the girl who was sleeping off her wine. Another went barefoot over the hills, treading on brambles and sharp bristling thorns, and standing firm on a prickly pear. One attacked a longlegged camel, and sheared through its curving neck with a sweep of her thyrsus: then half to be seen, went stumbling over the path with blind feet the headless body of the camel staggering about in winding ways, until a hoof sank into a slippery hole and the creature rolled over helpless on its back in the dust. Another turned her step to a stretch of pasture in the forest, and caught hold of the fell of a maddened bull, then scoring the bull's neck with savage nails tore off the impenetrable skin, while another tore away all his bowels. You might have seen a girl unveiled, unshod, leaping about on the jagged rocks above a precipice; no fear had she of the sheer fall, no sharp point of stone scratched the girl's naked foot.

[386] At the mouth of the Astacid lake many a son of India was cut up by the steel of the Curetes. The warriors surrounded the battalions of the foe with blow for blow, and imitated the rhythms of the armour-dance in the wheeling movements of their feet. Leneus broke off a crested peak from a mountain, and lifting this in his hairy hand, he cast the jagged mass among the enemy: the Bacchant yelled in triumph, the Bassarid cast her vinewreathed point, the heads of many men in that blackskin crowd were brought down by the womanish thyrsus. Eupetale was ready, and pierced a bold man with her deadly shaft, then let fly her pointed ivy covered with vineleaves to smash the steal. Stesichore with her bunches of grapes skipt into the mellay, and shooed off a tribe of enemies with manbreaking bullroarer, waving a brazen pair of loudclashing cymbals.

[403] There was hard fighting on both sides. There was the sound of the syrinx – the syrinx awaking the battle! There was drooling of pipes – the shepherd's pipes calling to war! There were the Bassarids' howlings: and as the turmoil arose, the black air bellowed with thunderclaps from Zeus, presaging victory for Bromios to come. A great swarm fell; all the thirsty earth was reddened with running blood, and the mouth of the Astacid lake was a bubbling bloodbath mingled with Indian gore.

[411] But the god pitied his foes in his heart of merry cheer, and he poured the treasure of wine into the waters. So he changed the snowywhite waters to yellow, and the river swept along bubbling streams of honey intoxicating the waters. When this change came upon the waters, the breezes blew perfumed by the newly-poured wine, the banks were empurpled. A noble Indian drank, and spoke his wonder in these words:

[419] "Here is a strange and incredible drink I have seen! This is not the

white milk of goats, not dark like water, nor is it like what I have seen in the riddled hives, what the buzzing bee brings forth with sweet wax. No – this delights the mind with a fragrant scent. A man is thirsty in the steam of this sultry heat – but if he scoops up a few drops of running water in his palms, he shakes off at once the whirlwind of parching thirst! Honey surfeits you sooner – O here’s a great miracle! When I drink this I want to drink more! For this had both merits – it is sweet, and it does not surfeit. Hebe, come this way! take up your pitcher, and bring your Trojan cupbearer who serves with cups the divine company – let Ganymedes draw honeyed drops from this river and fill all the mixing-bowls of Zeus! This way, friends, have a taste of a honeydistilling river! Here I see an image of the heavens; for that nectar of Olympus which they say is the drink of Zeus, the Naiads are pouring out in natural streams on the earth!”

BOOK XV

In the fifteenth, I sing the sturdy Nicaia, the rosy-armed beast-slayer defying Love.

As he spoke thus, cloudwise rolled up the burnt-faced Indians around the flood of the honeybreathing river. One of them walking near stood pressing his two feet down in the slime, half-showing, and wetting his navel in the water, curved into the river and stretching his crouched back, and with hollowed hands lapped up the honeydripping water. Another by the flood, possessed by fiery thirst, bathing in the purple wave his forethrust cheek, spreading his breast above the bank of the river, with opening mouth drew in the juice of Bacchos. Another prone bringing close his mouth to the neighbouring fount, and pressing wet hands on the sandy bottom, with thirsting lips welcomed the thirsty water. Others drew up the potations with a shard for a cup, lifting the base of a broken two-ear jar. And a great swarm drank at the ruddy stream, ladling out with ivy-wood cups a mass of the river-dew, as they held the rustic pot of the shepherds. And as the enemies belched vinously from wide-yawning throat, as their eyes gazed, the cliffs were doubled, and they thought to see through their eyelids a pair of waters in one yoke. And the bubbling outflow of the wineloving river gushed up a brown stream of carousal; and the fragrant banks poured up streams of the sweet drink of wine.

[25] Thus the enemy were made drunken by the untempered stream. Then a certain man of the Indians, driven by the gadfly of mindrobbing drink, dashed into the herd; and by a leafy thicket found a threatening bull, which he brought back pulling him along in bonds, when he had dragged at the sharpened end of the two horns with daring hands, thinking that he drew under the yoke of servitude bullshaped Dionysos by the twin horns. Another, holding the horrid jaw of an iron sickle, shore through the neck of a mountainranging goat, cleaving it with the whetted hook, thinking he was cutting the throat of horned Pan with his talon of crooked bronze. Another threshed out a hornarmed brood of cattle as if harvesting the bullfaced shape of satyrs; one again pursued a tribe of long-antlered deer, as if he were destroying a line of Bassarids, when he saw the patterned shape of the dappled creatures: for his sight was driven astray by the freckled fawnskins of like looks: and staining all his breastpiece with bloody drops, the black Indian was reddened by the spouting gore. And one shouting loudly attacked a neighbouring tree, flogging it on both sides; and observing the leafy tendrils shaken by the spring breezes, he battered off the shoots of the tender clusters, slicing through the leaves of the thickest tree, as if cutting with his sabre through the tresses of unshorn Dionysos, battling with foliage instead of combating with Satyrs, and took a bootless delight in his shadowy conquest.

[52] Another enemy troop went mad. For a spear, one took a heavybanging drum, and hung it up by his shoulder-strap: then beating on both skins he crashed out a double tune in the brassrattling sound. Another, thrilled by the note of the many-holed pipes, danced about with quickcircling steps, and putting a reed to his inexperienced lips practised the tune of the double Mygdonian pipes: then leaping to the neighbouring root of an ancient tree, he drew at a green shoot of the richdropping olive, soaked with dewy moisture, as though pressing his lip to a drop of Maronian wine. Others with swords, with spears, with helmets, their wits set a-rioting by the mindrobbing wine, mimicked the orgies of the carryshield Corybants, twirling their steps for the dance-in-armour, and all in a whirl the shields were beaten by alternate thump of hand or the plunging iron. Another eyeing the orgies of the Muse with her choir, skipt a mimicking dance with the Satyrs. And one hearing the roll of the banged oxhide, took on a gentle mood, and with rattleloving desire, threw to the winds his terrible quiver, all frantic: a second chieftain of the womanmad Indians caught by the untwined hair some highnecked Bacchant, and dragging the untamed virgin to violent wedlock, held her tight on the ground, and stretched in the dust with lust-maddened hands unsealed her belt, wild with vain hope: for suddenly with head erect a serpent crept from her bosom, near-neighbour to the groin, and darted at the enemy's throat, and about his neck twined a circling belt with spirals of his tail; the blackskinned man, fleeing with frightened feet, shook off the hot sting of unhallowed love, and wore on his throat the necklace of snaky spine.

[87] While the Indians were running drunken on the hills, just then sweet Sleep plying his vigorous wing, assaulted the wavering eyes of the persistent Indians, and put them to bed, tormented in mind by immoderate wine, doing grace to Pasithea's father, Dionysos. One lay sleeping on his back, with face turning upwards, straining his drinkshaken breath through a sleepy nostril. Another rested his heavy head on a stone, as he lay sluggish on the gravelly bank; he was babbling in the daydreams of a vagrant mind, and laying his fingers stiff and straight about his temples. Another was stretched out prone, with his two hands hanging down to balance his two thighs. Another had leant his head on the wrist of his hand, and was drooling wine; another had gathered his limbs rolled together, like a snake coiling round, and lay slumbering on his side. And the company of the enemy who had rushed to the woody ridge — one slept under an oak, one in the undergrowth of an elm; another fallen on his flank, and leaning against an oak, had put the left hand over forehead and eyebrows; and a great swarm, heavy with wine in their slumber were chattering carcasses, sending into the air the unbridled din of sounds without sense, signifying nothing. One with shaking head, leaned his broad back on the trunk of an aged laurel. Another in heavy stupor upon a deep-strown bed, while the twining saplings of topleaf palm or prolific olive whistled above and fanned him with the winds. One was outstretched on the ground in the outpoured dust, washing the tips of his feet in the pouring river.

Another shaken in the throes of intoxication, a new experience, leaned his heavy head against a neighbouring pine: another panted until the sinews of his forehead throbbed.

[119] Now seeing his foes stupefied, Lord Bacchos spoke with laughing countenance, and uttered his word of command: "Indianslaying servants of invincible Dionysos! bind them all fast unresisting, the sons of the Indians, take them all prisoners in bloodless conflict: let the Indian bend a slave's knee to mighty Dionysos, and do menial service to my Rheia and her company, shaking the purple thyrsus; let him throw to the storms his silver greaves, and bind his feet in buskins; let him strip his tresses of highplumed helmet, and crown his head with my ivybond; let him leave the yell of wars and the din of spears, and uplift the Euian song to grapeladen Dionysos."

[132] He spoke, and the menials were busy. One of them wound a snaky bond round the enemy's throat, and dragged the man shackled with a rope of serpents. Another caught the straggling load of a hairy cheek, and drew the man along by the deepbristling chin. One stretching his palms over curlyhaired temples, dragged the man captive, unbound, by the shag. Another binding a prisoner's hands clasped behind the back, girded him with an encircling bond of withies about the neck. Maron staggered along with trembling totterings as he lifted on his aged shoulder an Indian sleepladen. Another took up a spearman overpowered by sleep, put a halter of vines about his neck, pulled him along and dropped him over the rim of a car with dappled panthers. Another reclining was seized by the wandering swarm, with cries of Euoi! they stretched his hands behind him and bound them tight with an inextricable knot, and threw him upon the neck of the elephant which never bends the knee; and many a one took hold of the sling of an Indian's shield, and kept him shackled by the strap over the shoulder.

[151] Now some Bassarid, foaming under a witdrowning wave of madness, caught up a shepherd's crook, and with daring hand dragged off by his curly hair to the yokeband of slavery, an Indian searcher-out of the deep riches of the sea. At the bidding of Lyaïos, iron Erechtheus held on unbending shoulders a foe with fine cuirass; and a Bacchant of the mountains drove away from its intoxicated owner his black-skinned beast, flogging the flanks of some elephant, spoil of the spear. Hymenaios robbed a man of his golden shield, and lifted up the golden buckler, while Bacchos delighted watched him with ardent gaze all gleaming in the armour of the sleeping owner. The young man in his harness shot out a rich brilliance, like as Diomedes sparkled among the warriors, flashing with the rich target he had taken from Lycian Glaucos. And the army of Bacchants despoiled other adversaries, possessed of sweet sleep and sweet wine its comrade.

[169] There was one with a crook-bow, a maiden denizen of the lonely wood, comrade hale and fresh among the nymphs of Astacia, beautiful Nicaia, a new harehuntness Artemis, a stranger to love, unacquainted with Cythereia, ever shooting and tracking the beasts upon the hills. She did not hide in the

scented nook of the women's room. She was ever among the rocks, by lonefaring path, where the bow was her distaff; she was ever in the forest, where winged arrows were her long threads, the upright wood of the net-stakes was a loom for this Athena of the mountains; she shared the tasks of the chaste Archeress, and she netted the meshes for her wonted hunting among the rocks more gladly than she would make twisted yarn. Never did she touch with shaft the timid dappled fawn, the gazelle she followed not, nor handled the hare; but the shaggy breasted lion she fitted about with bloodred bridle, and whipt his gray flanks, and often lifted spear against a maddened bear; and she blamed farshooting Archeress, for letting alone the generation of speckled pards and the tribes of lions, and yoking worthless deer to her car. Nor did she care for perfume: rather than honeymixed bowls she preferred watery draughts from a mountain brook, as she poured out cool water; lonely cliffs with nature's vaulted roof were the maiden's inaccessible dwelling. Often, her task well done, after the course of her wonted hunting, she sat beside the pards, and remained under one hollow roof at midday near a lioness newly delivered; then the beast gentle with calm brows would lick the girl's body with unscratching jaws, and with timid throat like a whimpering dog, the greedy mouth of the lioness newdelivered purred softly through self-denying lips, while the lion, thinking her to be Artemis, drooped his head to the ground in supplication, and bent his hairy neck before the nymph.

[204] And in the forests was a highland oxherd, hale and fresh, his figure stout-built, tall and upright, beyond the youths of his age. His name was Hymnos, and in the midst of the wild wood he tended his lovely cattle where the nymph was his neighbour: he flourished the herdsman's truncheon in lovely hands. But he fell deep in love, and no more took joy of his herd, like a rosy Anchises, whose white string of mountainranging bulls Cypris once tended, swinging her girdle to shoo the cattle on. When the herdsman saw the snowywhite girl hunting about the woods, he cared not for his herd of cattle; the calf strayed into the marsh at its own will and grazed alone, wandering from its ancient herdsman now sick in love, and the heifer scampered capering over the hills in search of her keeper. But the young oxherd was wandering, for he saw the rosy round of a maiden's face.

[220] And the deceiver Eros excited the longing herdsman, and shook him with yet stronger passion. For as the maiden sped unapproachable on her hunting among the rocks, a light breeze bellied out all her kirtle into the air, and her body showed fair and fresh: white thighs, ruddy ankles, like lily, like anemone, appeared a flowery meadow of snowy limbs; and the young man desire-haunted, with insatiate gaze, watching beheld the unimpeded circuit of her naked thighs. The breeze shook backwards the cluster of her hair, lifting it lightly this way and that, and as the hair was lifted the neck bared in the midst gleamed shining white. And the young man often haunted the mountains following the girl, now touching the shafts or feeling at her bow, now watching the rosy-tinted fingers of the lovely girl, when she aimed the lance

he loved; if ever in shooting she drew the horn round with the bowstring, and her hand was bared, unseen the young man with furtive eye surveyed the girl's white archer-arm, bringing round again and again the eye, love's conduit, wondering if Hera's arm were as white as Nicaia's; and stretched his gaze towards the expanse of evening, to see if the maiden were more white, or Selene.

[244] So the young man, cherishing under his heart the wound of love, whether near or whether far, kept his mind on the girl: how she drew the arrow for a shot against a mountain bear; how she fastened hand on the lion's neck, circling about it her two arms in a betraying noose; how again, after toil and sweat, she washed her in the flow of a brook, half-showing, ever more careful of her kirtle, when the breeze would shake it and lift it up to the midnipple, and shoot out the flower of the beauty laid bare. Keeping this in memory, he conjured again the sweet winds, to raise again the deep-folded robe.

[255] And the young man, restless beside his horned herd, saw the girl in high head hunting hard by; and he shouted out these words with envious voice:

[258] "O that I were a shaft, or a net, or a quiver! O that I were a beast-hitting lance, that she might carry me in her bare hands! Would that I could become much rather the ox-gut of the back-bent bow, that she might press me to that snowy breast free of the modest stomacher! Aye, heifer; aye, he-calf, free of the modest stomacher! Maiden, you bear a happy lance; your arrows are more blest than shepherd Hymnos, because they touch your palms that breed love. I envy your sweet voiceless netstakes. Not only do I long for your stakes; your very bow I envy, and your quiver that breathes not. O that she would refresh her limbs at midday by the amorous fount, and I may see the high-headed girl, aye heifer, aye he-calf, without the envious tunic! Have you not yet pitied me, Cythereia, for this cruel necessity? I know not Thrinacia, I know not its horned herd, no oxen of the Sun are these I tend in the mountains, no father of mine told the secret bed of Ares.

[277] "Maiden, do not chase me away, if I do take oxen to pasture! There are herdsmen that lie in heavenly beds. Rosy Tithonos was a bridegroom for whom because of his fine figure lightbringer Eos stayed her car, and caught him up; and he that pours wine for Zeus was an oxherd, whom highsoaring Zeus for his beauty carried off with tender hands. Come hither, tend the kine, and I will call you a younger Selene with another Endymion, this time an oxherd: throw down the lance, take hold of the herdsman's staff, that one may say— 'Cythereia is tending the kine of shepherd Hymnos.'"

[287] So he spoke and prayed, and tore at his knees with womanmad hands, and followed, and trembled to tell her love's frenzy, yet blamed his own silence.

[290] One day, taking courage to further an honourable love, he carried away Nicaia's gear of the chase where it lay, and took her valiant lance, and under a

greater sting of longing, angry though the girl was, took also her sweet quiver; he kissed the senseless nets and the arrows that had no breath, and pressing a murderous arrow to his delighted lips, squeezed it with violent hand and put it to his breast; and he said these words with a noiseless voice:

[298] "In the Paphian's name, utter voice again, you trees! as in Pyrrha's time, as in Deucalion's, reprove this mad girl! And you, Daphne beloved, break into arboreal speech! Would that fair Nicaia had been in former times: Apollo would have pursued the more dainty, and Daphne would not have become a bush."

[303] So he spoke; and beside the modest girl, he played on his pipes a wedding tune, witness of his pain. But the maiden spoke out in mockery of the herdsman:

[306] "A pretty thing, your Pan piping the Paphian's tune! Often he chanted Eros, and never became Echo's bridegroom. Ah, how many a song sang Daphnis the oxherd! but with his chanting the maiden hid all the more in untrodden ravines, to escape the tune of the shepherd's call. Ah, how many a song sang Phoibos! while Daphne heard him, but felt no pleasure at heart."

[312] So speaking, she showed her valiant lance to the foolish oxherd. But he, smitten with the maddening sweet sting, not understanding that the Amazon was so heartless, uttered a voice of unhappy passion, harbinger of his own death:

[316] "Aye, cast your beloved spear, I beseech you, and slay me with your snowy hand, and it is my joy! I fear not your pike, I fear not your sword, wedlock-shirker! So may it provide the quickest end, that I may escape at last the lasting sore of love, the fire that feeds under my heart! May I die, for that fate is my delight! But if you will follow Cypris, and yourself also shoot me a shot from the bow you bear, in the Paphian's name, do not send it through the neck, but fix your shot in my heart, where now is the shot of love. Nay rather, let fly your lance at the neck, strike not the heart: I need no second wound. But if it gives you joy, I will endure another shot, that earth may cover me, both keeping the sore of the fire, and wounded by the steel. Kill me the hapless lover, spare not your bowstring. — But you put woman into the steel, when you handle the arrows. — Here I stand, a willing butt, watching with joyous eye the fingers twinkling about the notches, and pulling to its length your honeysweet string, drawing it close to your right breast so rosy! I die Love's willing carrion, by a sweet fate! I care not about death, I tremble not before a cloud of arrows, watching for your bare hand like snow to touch bow and arrow that I desire. Let fly at me all the shots of your quiver, shoot at me your murdering shots: other and more bitter arrows already volley upon me fire-barbed.

[342] "But if you kill me outright with your heartsoothing bow, maiden, pray do not burn my body on the usual pile: no other pyre I need; do but sprinkle upon me in death, my girl, sweet dust with your own hand, the last little grace, that one may say, 'How the maiden pitied him whom she killed!' And when I

am dead, let not my fife, let not my cithern lie on my barrow, cast not there my herdsman's crook, witness of my trade; but fix your weapon above the tomb of the slain, still drenched in the hapless lover's gore. And give me another grace, the very last: above my tomb let there be flowers of passion-struck Narcissus, or saffron full of desire, or love's flower the bind-weed; and in the spring-time plant the soon-dying anemone, proclaiming to all my youth too soon cut short. And if you were not born of the unmerciful sea or the mountains, drop a few tears on me, enough to damp with dew the rosy surface of your precious cheek, and with your own hand grave these words with funeral carmine: 'Here lies oxherd Hymnos, whom the maiden Nicaia killed without share of her bed, and did the last rites for him when dead.'"

[363] As he spoke, Nicaia grew angry. Madly she bared the baneful lid of the arrow-shooting quiver, and drew back a straight-coursing shot; to its full length she rounded the curved horn of the back-bent bow, like the wind she let fly a shot into the herdsman's throat while he was speaking; irresistible the arrow sped, and in the midst of the stream of words sealed it with a fastening.

[370] But the dead body was not without tears then. The Nymph of the mountain was sore offended at manslaying Nicaia, and lamented over the body of Hymnos; in her watery hall the girl of Rhyndacos groaned, carried along barefoot by the water; the Naiads wept, and up in Sipylos, the neighbouring rock of Niobe groaned yet more with tears that flow uncalled; the youngest girl of all, still unacquainted with wedded love, not yet having come to Bucolion's pallet, the Naiad Abarbarea oft reproached the nymph; in the heights of Didymos, gathering near the woods, the Astacides upbraided the nymph of Cybele with her ways, singing the dirge, and not so loudly had the daughters of the Sun wept at the flaring fate of Phaëthon dead. And Eros, eyeing the untamed heart of the murderous girl, threw down his bow, and swore an oath by the oxherd, to bring the maiden unwilling under the yoke of Dionysos. Rheia Dindymis upon her lions' car, with her tearless eyes, groaned for the gallant lad so heavily fallen, even the mother of Zeus, the queen; and maiden Echo who hated marriage whimpered at the lot of Hymnos perishing. Even the trees uttered a voice: "How did the oxherd offend you so much? May Cythereia never be merciful to you, Artemis never!"

[392] Adrasteia saw the murderous girl, Adrasteia saw the body panting under the steel, and pointed out the newly slain corpse to the Cyprian, and upbraided Eros himself. Hard by the leafy woods tears were shed by the bull in pity for Hymnos, the young calf wept for him, the cow groaned for grief over the panting herdsman, and seemed to cry out these words:

[399] "The handsome oxherd has perished, a handsome girl has killed him! A maiden has killed one who loved her; instead of love-charms she gave him his fate, she bathed her bronze in the blood of the love-smitten oxherd, and quenched the torch of love —

[403] "The handsome oxherd has perished, a handsome girl has killed him! And she has pained the nymphs, she hearkened not to the mountain rock, she

heard not the elm, and regarded not the prayer of the pine, 'Shoot not your shot, slay not the oxherd!' Even the wolf groaned for Hymnos, the merciless bears did groan, even the lion with grim eyes mourned for the oxherd.

[409] "The handsome oxherd has perished, a handsome girl has killed him! Look for another scaur, ye cattle, seek a strange mountain, ye bulls; for my sweet oxherd is perished of love, and mangled by a woman's hand. To what woods shall I guide my track? Farewell, our pastures, farewell our beds on the ground!

[414] "The handsome oxherd has perished, a handsome girl has killed him! Goodbye, mountains and promontories, goodbye, ye brooks, goodbye, Naiads, and my trees!" Both Pan of the pastures and Phoibos cried aloud, "A curse on the fife! Where is Nemesis? Where is Cypris? Eros, handle not your quiver; ye pipes, make music no more; the harmonious oxherd has perished!"

[420] Apollo showed his sister the lovemurder of the unhappy herdsman without blame; even Artemis herself groaned the dead love of Hymnos, although she was unacquainted with love.

VOLUME II.

SUMMARY OF THE BOOKS OF THE POEM

HEADINGS OF THE NEXT TWENTY BOOKS OF THE DIONYSIACA

(16) In the sixteenth, I sing Nicaia the bride, in her sleep the bedfellow of unresting Dionysos.

(17) In the seventeenth, I celebrate war's firstfruits, and the waters of a honey-trickling river turned to wine.

(18) In the eighteenth come Staphylos and Botrys, inviting the mountain ranging son of Thyone to a feast.

(19) In the nineteenth, Bacchos sets up a delightful contest over the fragrant bowl about the tomb of Staphylos.

(20) The twentieth deals with the pole-axe of bloodthirsty Lycurgos, when Dionysos is chased into the fishy deep.

(21) The twenty-first contains Earthshaker's Wrath, and the man-breaking battle of Ambrosia, and the Indian ambush.

(22) The twenty-second celebrates the battle and feats of Bromios, all the deeds of Aiacos both on the plain and in the Hydaspes.

(23) In the twenty-third I sing Indian Hydaspes crossed, and the affray of water and fire.

(16) The twenty-fourth has the infinite mourning of the Indians, and the shuttle and distaff of Aphrodite working at the loom.

(17) In the twenty-fifth you have the struggle of Perseus, and the comparison of Heracles with the valour of Dionysos.

(18) The twenty-sixth has the counterfeit shape of Athena, and the great assembly of the Indian host to stir up battle.

(19) The twenty-seventh deals with the array in which Cronion musters the dwellers in Olympos for battle to help Dionysos.

(20) Look at the twenty-eighth also, where you will see a great fiery fight of Cyclopians.

(21) In the twenty-ninth, Ares retreats from the battle, being urged to another wedding of Cythereia.

- (22) In the thirtieth, Eurymedon sends Tectaphos slain to Hades, into the lowest house of constraint.
- (23) In the thirty-first, Hera propitiates Sleep for Cronides, and Persephone for Bacchos.
- (24) In the thirty-second are battles, and the bed of sleeping Zeus, and the madness of Bacchos.
- (25) In the thirty-third, furious Love masters Morrheus, and sets him aflame for the beauty of Chalcomedeia.
- (26) In the thirty-fourth, Deriades attacks and massacres the Bacchant women within the walls.
- (27) In the thirty-fifth, seek the love of Morrheus for the enemy, and the battle and bloodshed of Bassarid women.

BOOK XVI

*In the sixteenth, I sing Nicaia the bride, in her sleep the bedfellow of
unresting Dionysos.*

THE death of the plaintive shepherd was not unavenged; but valiant Eros caught up his bow and drew a shaft of desire, arming unseen himself against Dionysos as he sat by the bank of the pebbly stream.

[5] Fleet Nicaia had finished her wonted hunt for game; sweating and tired by hard work in her beloved highlands, she was bathing her bare body in a mountain cascade. Now longshot Eros made no delay. He set the endshining beard of a winged arrow to the string, and rounded his bow, and buried the whole shot in the heart of love-maddened Lyaïos. Then Dionysos saw the girl swimming in the water bareskin, and his mind was shaken with sweet madness by the fiery shaft. This way and that he went, wherever the maiden harehuntress went: now eyeing the clustering curls of her hair, shaken by the circling breezes as she hurried on her course; spying her bright neck, when the tresses moved aside and bared it till it gleamed like the moon. He cared not for Satyrs now, he had no pleasure in Bacchants; but gazing at Olympos, he cried in a love-compelling voice:

[21] I will be there, where the dewy chase goes on, where the quiver is, where the bolt and the precious bow, where the very groundpallet is perfumed from the unwedded maiden; I will handle her stakes, and stretch her nets with my own hands: I also will go a-hunting, and kill a fawn like her. And if she scolds me, like some heavytempered Amazon, disgorging womanlike her load of honeysweet threatenings, I will lay my hand on the knees of the angry girl, and touch of her lovely skin like a suppliant; but I will carry aloft no spray of olive, because that is the tree of Athena, the maiden unwedded and unsoftened; instead of that bitter oily branch, I will lift to my honeysweet nymph a suppliant cluster of grapes, which contains the purple fruit of honeydropping vintage.

[34] "If the crookbow virgin is vexed, let her not pierce my flesh with a lance, nor draw her murderous shot, let her be merciful and tap my body with the tip of her sweet bow: I do not mind a blow that soothes the heart! If it please her, let her hold the shag fast and pull my hair with her precious hands, she may tear out some of the braids and welcome! I will never fend off the maiden; but I will pretend to be cross, and squeeze with unsparing hand the right hand which holds me fast. I will hold the pink fingers imprisoned in my hooked talons, to soothe my love-longing. For the maiden has made prey of all the Olympian beauty.

[45] "Forgive me, Cerne: the Astacid has budded as a new rosyfinger Dawn, a new lightbringer has risen: Nicaia is a younger Selene, who keeps her aspect unchanged. In my desire, I should be glad to take on a world of strange

aspects, if respect and veneration for my father did not hold me back. I would go through the waters of Tyre a seafaring bull, and swim along carrying my Nicaia unsprinkled by the deep, like Europa's bridegroom; and I would shake my back as if by accident, that the girl might take fright, and her allwhite right hand might pull at my horn. I would be a winged husband, to dance carrying lightly a wife on my back unshaken, as Cronides did with Aigina; that mated with her I might beget a new eagle, another birdstar to attend on weddings for the Loves. However, I will not strike with a thunderbolt my bedfellow's begetter, and present a father's death as an impious brideprice, that I may not vex sweet Nicaia for his taking off. Would I were a bastard bird well fledged, because my virgin herself loves winged arrow s! I would rather be the flowing form of Danae's loves, a golden shower to lie by her side, myself the marriage gift, myself husband, that I might circle round her and pour forth love's shower of generous dew; for it would suit well my girl Nicaia with her beautiful eyes, and her golden beauty, to have a golden bedmate."

[71] Such were the words he rang out in love's madness with passionate voice. And one day, making his way into a fragrant meadow, he observed all the flowers blooming with the colours of the girl, and cried out thus to the airy breezes:

[75] "Here at last, Nicaia, I have caught a glimpse of your form! Have you lent your beauty to the flowers? For as I gaze on the fairgrowing rosebed, I recognize your cheeks: but your rose blooms always, for you hold implanted in you the blushing anemone also, that ceases not. When I turn my eye to the lily, I see your snowy arms, when I behold the iris, I see the rich dark colour of your hair. Receive me as comrade in your hunting: and if you wish, I will shoulder myself the sweet burden of your stakes, myself your ankleboots and bow and arrows of Desire, myself I will do it — I need no Satyrs; did not Apollo himself in the woods lift Cyrene's nets? What harm, if I also manage the meshes? I do not think it hard to lift my Nicaia on my own shoulders. I do not set up to be better than my father; for he bore up Europa in the floods unwetted, a seafaring bull.

[91] "Rosy maiden, why do you like the forest so much? Spare your lovely limbs, nor let the rough unstrawn pallet upon the rocks chafe your back. If you wish, I will be the attendant of your chamber in the house; I will lay your bed, I will spread on it the many-speckled skins of pards, over which I throw the bristly thick-haired fell of a lion to cover it, stripping it from my own limbs: you shall enjoy sweet sleep covered with the dappled fawnskins of Dionysos. Above you I will throw a tent of the same sort, made of the skins of Mygdonian deer, stript from the Satyrs.

[101] "If you should want dogs, I will straight offer you the whole pack of my friend Pan together; I will bring you other hounds from Sparta, which my friend Carnean Apollo keeps for the love of his gallant lads, and I will summon the hunting-dogs of Aristaios; string and stakes I will fetch you, and those most suitable gifts, the ankleboots of the Grazer and Hunter, who long

ago knew both grazing on fine meadows and the happy work of the coursing hunt.

[109] "And if you fear the blaze of the thirsty season of harvest, I will plant over your bed shoots of the gardenvine, and the sweet breath of the intoxicating scent shall be wafted over you, lying under the grape-clustered covering. Gadabout maiden, pity the cheeks of your own loveshot countenance beaten by the sun, lest the glare of Helios dim the radiance of your limbs, lest the breeze tumble your anointed curls; sleep among the roses and on iris-petals, rest your head on Dionysos your neighbour, to kindle one revel for immortals four, Phoibos and Zephyros and Cypris and Dionysos.

[121] "Let me offer my spoil, the blackskin brood of India, to attend upon your bower. But why did I name the swarthy tribe to array your bridal bed? Does white Eos ever mingle with black-stoled night? You the Astacid are surely a younger Artemis; but more, I will fetch you myself sixty dancing handmaids, to complete the unnumbered dance that attends you, as many as the servants of the mountain Archeress, as many as the daughters of Oceanos; then Artemis hunting will not rival you, even if she be the mistress of the hunt. I will present you with the Graces of divine Orchomenos for servants, my daughters, whom I will take from Aphrodite.

[133] "Nay, charm your uncharmed heart with desire, and let my bed receive you after the labours of hunting the beasts, that you may appear Artemis among the rocks and Aphrodite in the bed-chamber. What harm that you should hunt along with hunting Lyaios? But if you have the itch for struggle, like the bowfamed Amazon, you shall come to the Indian warfare, to be Athena in the battle, and Peitho when fighting is done. Receive also, if it please you, the thyrsus of Lyaios to bring down your game, and become a slayer of fawns; and with your own hands, by your own efforts, adorn my car, by yoking pards or lions under the bridle."

[144] So speaking, he pursued the mountain girl his neighbour, crying aloud as he came near: "Wait, maiden, for Bacchos your bedfellow!" But the maiden was angry and lifted up a strong voice, speeding wild words at Lyaios:

[148] "Be off! make that speech to some girl who likes lovemaking! If you can draw into marriage the gray-eyed goddess, or Artemis, you shall have hard Nicaia a willing bride; for I am a comrade of both. But if you miss wedlock with Athena, — none ever heard of such a thing, no birth-pangs for her — if you could not charm the wits of the inflexible Archeress, seek not Nicaia's bed. Let me not see you touching my bow, and handling my quiver, or I may bring you also down to follow Hymnos the shepherd. I will wound Dionysos the unwounded!

If steel will not cut your limbs, if the lance will not pierce them, I will do as the highcrested sons of Iphimedeia; I will bind you with galling iron chains, wholly like your brother, and I will keep you too like Ares hidden in a brazen pot, until you fulfil twelve circuits of Selene, and throw away your passion for me to the winds of the air. Touch not my quiver with womanlickerish hands: I

keep the bow, you the thyrsus. On the Astacian crags I send my shot here against boars or lions, and share the toils of Artemis; over the rocks of Libanos go yourself and pursue the fawns, on the hunt with Aphrodite. I refuse your bed, even if you have the blood of Zeus in you. If I had a mind to a god for my lord, I would not have Dionysos for bedfellow, soft-haired, weaponless, spiritless, shaped like a woman; the bridegroom kept for my bower would be my Lord Strongbow or brazen Ares, the one with his bow, the other with sword as a love-gift. But since I will not accept one of the Blessed, since I have no itch to call even your Cronion goodfather, seek another, Bacchos, some new bride not unwilling. Why all this haste? This race is not for you to win; so Latoides once pursued Daphne, so Hephaistos Athena. Why this haste? this race is vain; for among the rocks, buskins are far better than slippers."

[183] She finished, and left Bacchos behind. But he ever searched for the mountainranging maid through the nourishing woods; and coursing beside him in that rapid chase went the dog with sagacious mind, the dog which highhorned Pan, breeder of hounds, offered as a gift to Dionysos, once on a time when he was hunting in the highlands which he loved. To him, the comrade of his ways and his labours, Bacchos lovmaddened spoke gently with kind words, as if he thought the creature had sense and voice: "why do you run with Lyaïos, wandering hound, when Pan always misses you, and you are worthy of Pan? Why do you alone track the maiden along with tracking Dionysos? Did your trainer teach you to pity love? Still seek our maiden, and let not Bacchos go wandering alone over the mountains, among the rocks. You alone pity me, and like one human, you follow in the hilly spaces on the ridge where the girl wanders. Work hard for your king! I will repay you well for your labours: I will take you into the upper air, and make you a star like Seirios, the star of Maira, near the earlier Dog, that you also may ripen the clusters, shooting your light to be the grapes Eileithyia. What harm that a third Dog should arise? You also show your light, running a course with the starry Hare as he scampers on. If it is lawful, cast your eyes aside to the ridge of Cybele's forest, and in pity for me reproach the modesthearted girl, that she still flies from my pursuit, a woman from a god! Reproach both Adonis and Cythereia, and pursue Echo, flitting inconstant over the mountains, that she may not make my nymph yet more a hater of wedlock; do not leave your rough wooer Pan near the girl, or he may catch her and yoke her under an enforced bridal. If you should see the maiden, quickly come, and with knowing silence or meaning barks give the news to Dionysos; you be loves messenger, and let another dog travel in pursuit of boars or lions from the rocks. Friend Pan, I call you most blessed, because even your dogs have become trackers of the loves. And you, Luck, how many shapes you take, how you make playthings of the children of men! Be gracious, all-subduer! First the human race, and now perhaps you possess the canine race also, when this ill-fated wanderer is a servant for Dionysos in love next after Pan.

Reproach the maiden, dear trees, and say, ye rocks, 'Even the dogs have compassion, and there is no pity in the Amazon!' So there are dogs too with sense, to whom Cronion has given the thoughts of a man, and yet not a human voice."

[228] A tree was near him while he spoke; and through her clustering leaves an ancient Ashtree heard the cry of womanmad Dionysos, and she uttered a mocking voice:

[231] "Other masters of hounds, Dionysos, hunt here for the Archeress; but you are huntsman for Aphrodite! Here's a nice fellow to be in fear of a soft-skinned maiden girl! Bacchos the bold, bowing and scraping like a lackey to the loves! lifts in prayer to a weakling girl the hands that butchered the Indians! Your father does not know how to go awooing with heartbewitching words of love to bring the girl willing to her bridal; he made no prayer to Semele until he won her love; he did not cajole Danae until he stole her maidenhood. You know how he caught Ixion's wife, the bridegroom's whinney and the equine mating. You have heard of love's game of trickery for Antiope, the laughing Satyr, the sham deceitful mate."

[244] So she mocked the timid mind of Bacchos, and vanished into her coeval tree. But on the hills, Dionysos impatient followed the wild girl with love-mad feet; and the swift-shod Amazon, ever on the move, scoured the topmost heads of difficult mountain-paths, hiding her track from the searcher Lyaios.

[250] But the dry lips of the thirsty girl were parched as Phaethon scoured her skin with his blazing fire, and knowing not the trick of womanmad Dionysos, she noticed the brown water of the tipplers' river, and drank the sweet liquid, whence the skin-scorched Indians had drunk. With her brain on fire, the girl revelled in her intoxication, and tossed her head to match her double motions; when she turned her eyes to the wide yawning lake, she thought to see two lakes; then as her head grew heavy, she beheld the ridges of the beastfeeding hill double themselves; and with trembling feet, slipping in the dust, she was drawn unconsciously under the wing of Sleep who was not far away. So the bride heavy at knee, was spellbound by her wedding slumber.

[263] Eros espied her sleeping, and pointed her out to Bacchos, pitying Hymnos; Nemesis laughed at the sight. And sly Dionysos with shoes that made no noise crept soundless to his bridal, placing his footsteps with care. He came near the girl: and softly with gentle hand undid the end of the knot which guarded the girdle of innocence, that sleep might not let the maiden go.

[270] Earth unfolded her teeming fragrance, and brought forth a plot of plants, to do pleasure to Dionysos. Tangled poles of spreading vine lifted a wide covering laden with clusters of grapes, and shaded the bed with its leaves; a selfgrown arbour of vinery embowered the couch with its rich growth, and many a bunch of purple fruit swayed to and fro above it, under the Cyprian's breezes. It screened them both, while in crinkling clumps a

lovely sapling of the wine-plant entangled intoxicated the wreaths of ivy which climbed over the growing fruit.

[281] It was a stolen bridal, like bed in a dream with Sleep for helper. The maiden lost her maidenhood, slumbering still; she saw Sleep as marshal of the loves, and as servant of wine-deceived nuptials. The breeze, unresting, self-sounding, interwove the hymn of love with caperings, high among the branches of the jubilant forest: and the melody of the mountain bridal, passing on the winds, was answered in modest tones by maiden Echo, Pan's following voice; dancing over the ground the pipes tootled out loudly "Hymen Hymenaios"; the forest fir resounded, "A blessing on this bridal!"

[292] Then the soul of the herdsman, passing on the winds, started up and taunted the sleeping maiden in dreams of the night:

[294] "A lover also has his avenging spirits, happy bride! If you refused Hymnos as a bridegroom, Dionysos has made you a bride! You are a crooked judge, you matchmaking maiden bride! you kill the lover, you pursue him that weds not! Maiden, a brazen sleep ° you gave to your impassioned Hymnos: — maiden, a honeyed sleep lost you your maidenhood! The dead herdsman's piteous blood you saw with a laugh; there was worse piteous groaning when you saw the blood of your maidenhood."

[302] So speaking, away like misty smoke went the soul of the lovesmitten herdsman weeping, and passed beyond pursuit into the courtyard of Tartaros, allcomers' hostel, full of envy for Bacchos and his drink-deceiving espousals.

[306] Pan also piped a bridal tune on the shrill reeds, hiding secret envy deep in his heart, Pan the master of music; and made a defaming lay for the unnatural union. And one of the lovemad Satyrs in a thicket hard by, staring insatiate upon the wedding, a forbidden sight, declaimed thus, when he saw the bed of Bacchos with his fair maiden:

[312] "Horned Pan, still running alone after Aphrodite? When will you too be a bridegroom, for Echo whom you chase? Will you ever bring off a trick like this, to aid and abet you in your nuptials never consummated? Become a gardener too instead of herdsman, my dear Pan; forswear your shepherd's cudgel, leave oxen and sheep among the rocks — what will herdsmen do for you? Wake up! and plant another vine, which provides love's wedding."

[320] Not yet had his words ended, when goatherd Pan cried out:

[321] "I wish my father had taught me the trick of that matchmaking wine! I wish I could be lord of the mindtripping grape, like Bacchos! Then I should have seen that cruel maiden Echo, asleep and well drunken! then I should have achieved my love, which like a gadfly sends me gadding afar! Farewell to this pasturage! for while I water my sheep here by a neighbouring spring, Dionysos draws intractable nymphs to marriage by means of his tipplers' river! He has invented a medicine for Eros — his plant: away with the goat's milk, away with the milk of my ewes! for that cannot bring sleep to desire, nor a maiden to marriage. I alone, Cythereia, must suffer. Alas for love! Syrinx escaped from Pan's marriage and left him without a bride, and now she

cries Euoi to the newly-made marriage of Dionysos with melodies unasked: while Syrinx gives voice, and to crown all, Echo chimes in with her familiar note. O Dionysos, charmer of mortals, shepherd of the bridal intoxication! you alone are happy, because when the nymph denied, you found out wine, love's helper to deck out the marriage!"

[339] Such were the words of Pan, in sorrow for his thwarted desire, and in envy and love of Lyaaios, the achiever of marriage.

[341] And Dionysos, having achieved his love, and the desires of that wayside bed, rose up with unnoted boot. But the nymph awaking reproached the river spring, indignant against Hypnos and Cypris and Dionysos, bathed in a flood of tears; in her pain, she heard still the remnants of the Naiads' nuptial song; and she saw that bed, herald of the couch of lovesick Lyaaios, shadowed over with garden vine-leaves, and piled thick with the bridal fawnskins of Dionysos, which gives its own message of Lyaaios's lovestricken passion, which told the tale of the furtive bed; she saw her own maiden zone wet with the wedding dew. Then she tore her rosy cheeks, and slapt both thighs, and moaned with piercing voice:

[354] "Alas for maidenhead, stolen by the Euian water! alas for maidenhead, stolen by the sleep of love! Alas for maidenhead, stolen by that vagabond Bacchos! A curse on that deceitful water of the Hydriads, a curse on that bed! Hamadryad nymphs, whom shall I blame? for Sleep, Eros, trickery and wine, are the robbers of my maiden state! Artemis has deserted her own maidens. But Echo herself the enemy of the bed — why did not Echo tell me the whole scheme? Why did not Pine whisper in my ear, too low for Bacchos to hear? why did not Daphne the Laurel speak out— 'Maiden, beware, drink not the deceiving water!'"

[365] She spoke, and flooded her face with a shower of tears. And now she thought to set a sword in her throat, again she would have cast herself rolling off a cliff, to fall headlong in the dust at last; she thought to destroy the nuptial fountain of which she had drunk, but already the stream had got rid of its Bacchic juice, and bubbled out clear water, no longer the liquid of Lyaaios. Then she besought Cronides and Artemis to fill the Naiads' grottoes with dust and thirsty soil. Often she strained her eye over the mountains, if anywhere she might find an unsteady footstep of unseen Dionysos, that she might shoot him with her arrows, a woman shoot a god! that she might vanquish the deity of the grapes; yet more she desired to destroy with blazing fire all that marriage-vine. Often, when she saw tracks of Bacchos over the mountains, she let off storms of arrows into the air; often she lifted her lance, and cast at a mark, hoping to strike the body of unwounded Dionysos: but in vain she cast, and hit no Lyaaios. And she was angry with the river, and swore never to drink the deceitful water of the fountain with thirsty lips; swore to keep her eyes awake through the night, swore not to enjoy sweet sleep again on the mountains. She blamed also the watchdogs, because not even they then attacked the womanmad Lyaaios. She sought a remedy in death by the hanging

noose, and encircled her neck with a choking throttling loop, to avert the malice of her mocking yearsmates. Unwilling she left the ancient beastbreeding forest, being ashamed after that bed to show herself to the Archeress.

[395] Now lined with the divine dew, the seed of Lyaïos, she carried a burden in her womb; and when the time came for her delivery, the lifewarming Seasons played the midwives to a female child, and confirmed the nine-circled course of Selene. From the marriage of Bromios a god-sent girl grew to flower, whom she named Telete, one ever rejoicing in festivals, a night-dancing girl, who followed Dionysos, taking pleasure in clappers and the bang of the double oxhide.

And the god built a city of fine stone beside the tipplers' lake, Nicaia, City of Victory, which he named after the nymph Astacia and for the victory which brought the Indians low.

BOOK XVII

In the seventeenth, I celebrate war's firstfruits, and the waters of a honey-trickling river turned to wine.

AFTER he had made captive the Indian nation, shackled in sleep by their potations, immovable, without a wound, Dionysos did not commit his quarrel to the forgetful winds, but once more lifted his Phrygian thyrsus; for he went in haste at the challenge of highcrested Deriades, and left forgotten behind him the trick he had played on the Amazonian girl, the drunken passion and the drowsy nuptials.

[8] The god led the van, wearing a heavenly radiance on his shining face, to proclaim him the son of Zeus. Around the Lydian chariot of giantslaying Dionysos were lines of thyrsus-bearers; he was ringed about with warriors on either side, conspicuous in the midst, and shone in splendour like another heaven. In beauty he threw all into the shade: to see him you might have said it was fiery Helios in the midst of farscattered stars. The lord of the host had brought Enyo without the steel trappings of war; for he carried no sword and no deathdealing ashen lance, but for bronze he had his own invincible spear, the ivy; this he wielded in the cities of Asia, this he planted in the soil of Asia, as he drove the savage — car of divine Cybele, with a broad rein of grapevine, under the shadow of ivy, the vine's fellow, touching up his travelling team with a blossoming whip — he made drunken the regions of the East with the Maronian fruit. To share the enterprise of Bromios came the whole company of Bacchoi, full of confidence from the first battle, when Seilenos happy-mad, unarmed, picked up in his linked arms a living corpse unspeaking, an Indian in full armour, and marched off heavy-kneed, a sluggish wayfarer: when the Bacchant Mimallon woman, unveiled and revelling, and bounding in cadence on her two feet, rattled her cymbals over an Indian still asleep, and running a rope round his neck hurried away, with the war-plunder that she had been seeking thrown into her hands.

[32] From city to city he went, till he came not far off to the rich country of the Alybe, where neighbouring Geudis rolls the wealthy waves of its heavensent flood white with the current of its watery treasures, and cuts a hollow through the silvern soil.

[37] There as the company of footmen with the horned Satyrs travelled beside the richly stored rocks, Bacchos on his march was entertained by a countryman in a lonely hut, Brongos, dweller in the highland glens where no houses are built. Beside the unquarried wall of these giant strongholds he dwelt, in a house that was no house. The hospitable shepherd milked a goat, and drew a potion snowy-white, to seek the favour of the giver of jolly good cheer with his milky draught in country cups, with common vittles. He brought out a fleecy sheep from the fold, as an offering for Dionysos, but the

god stayed him. The old man obeyed the immutable bidding of Bacchos, and leaving the sheep untouched he set shepherd's fare before willing Lyaïos. So he served a supper no supper, board without beef, such as they say in Cleonai Molorcós once provided for Heracles on his way to fight the lion. Brongos like that kind-hearted shepherd set on the board plenty of the autumn fruit of the olive swimming in brine, and brought fresh curdled cheese in wickerwork baskets, juicy and round. The god laughed when he saw the countryman's light supper, and turning a gracious eye on the hospitable shepherd, he partook of the humble fare, munching greedily. All the time he was reminded of the frugal banquet on that bloodless table, when there was a meal for his Mother, Cybele of the highlands. And he wondered at the stone doors of the round courtyard, how industrious nature had carved a house, how without art the cliffs were rounded in answering proportion.

[67] But when Lord Bacchos had eaten his fill of shepherd's fare, then Brongos the countryman was moved by the divine inspiration of Bacchos; he played Pan's wellknown tune on his pipes, and pressed his fingers on Athena's double tube in honour of Dionysos; who was pleased at heart with the music, and mixing the new liquor of the winepress in the bowl, he said:

[74] "Accept this gift, gaffer, to drink all cares away! You want no more milk when you have this fragrant dew, the image of heavenly nectar brought down to earth, like that which Ganymedes ladles out to rejoice great Zeus in Olympus. Forget your wish for your old-fashioned milk: the snowy-white drops pressed from the udders of goats that have just kidded do not make men happy or drive their cares away."

[81] So saying, he gave his gift of gratitude for the shepherd's table, the fine fruitage of grapes, the mother of wine, sorrow's comforter. And the Lord taught him the flowerloving work of the vineyard — to bend the slips of the plants over into fertilizing pits, and to cut the top shoots of an old vine, that new shoots of winegendering grapes may grow.

[87] Leaving the herdsman and the ridge of the wild forest, he now hasted to a new conflict with Indians in the mountains. Bidding the Satyrs who were with him to go on at full speed by the upland tracks, he joined himself again to his wild attendant Bacchants. Thirsting for blood and battle under his thyrsus, he took in hand the loudbraying trumpet of the Tyrhenian Sea, and boomed a note on his conch for battle as he gathered the people. He intoxicated the stout warriors, and drew the men on to war with hotter spirit, to destroy the race of Indians that knew not Bacchos.

[97] So Lord Dionysos marshalled these for the Indian War. But Astraëis went unpursued to Orontes, and told him the Indian tribes were enslaved, speaking with sorrowful voice:

[100] "Hear me, battle-staunch goodfather of spear-bold Deriades! and while you listen be not angry; and I will tell you the drugged victory of Dionysos unarmed! Indians and Satyrs came to blows: bang went the Bassarids' hands, and my people armed them against Lyaïos with flashing shields. The cunning

man of Lydia shivered to see my warriors lance in hand; he stood at the head of his unwarlike Satyrs, bearing no warspear in his hand, holding no naked sword, no arrow on string drawn at the mark to fly straight through the air. What he held was an oxhorn, and in the hollow of that horn a distilled drug; he lifted it and poured out all the deceitful dew into the stream of the silvery river, and turned the water sweet and red with the juice. The swarthy Indians thirsting in the heat of the battle drank, and all that drank went mad, though still in their senses, and struck up a dance. Then a fatal sleep came over them: unrouted, after the wild revel they fell asleep on their leathern shields. Others lay along the unbedded earth, committing their sluggish bodies to unresting sleep, at the mercy of Dionysos and his weak women. These, without war and the sharp blade, were dragged captive with loaded limbs by the women to fetters and slavery with heavy limbs. Warriors were slung over the shoulders of their foes like living corpses; others, still sputtering the deceitful sap of Bacchos, unwarlike Satyrs made their slaves by main force when maddened by the drugged river. From the battle I alone was left; for I had not touched the deadly dew, I left the deceitful water with unwetted lips. Eschew that potion, my shakespear! After this cheating victory of Lyaïos without a blow, without blood, let not some other trick in the war capture what is left of the Indians!”

[133] Orontes furious already was more angry than ever at these words, and quickly returned to the battlefield; for the conflict was only half done, and the foundations were being laid for a second combat.

[136] While Ares was arming the Indian host along the mountains, the Bassarids up in the winding glens of Tauros were hastening to the battle, and with them marched Bacchoi with arms and the Pheres without arms. These last began the battle by attacking the enemy; they tore up the foundations of the ravines and cast them, or some crag from the top of the hills. Showers of splintered rocks were hurled rolling on the heads of the Indians. The Pans madly made battle skipping with light foot over the peaks. One of them gript an enemy’s neck tight in encircling hands, and ript him with his goat’s-hooves, tearing through flank and strong corselet together. Another caught a fugitive Indian and ran him through his middle where he stood, then lifting him on the curved points of his two longbranching antlers, sent him flying high through the airy ways, rolling over himself like a tumbler. Another waved in his hand the strawcutting sickle of sheafbearing Deo, and reaped the enemy crops with clawcurved blade, like cornears of conflict, like gavels of the battlefield. There was a revel for Ares, there was harvest-home for Dionysos, when the enemy’s heads were cut! He offered the curved blade to watching Bacchos, dabbled with human dew, and so poured a bloodlibation to Dionysos, and made the Fates drunken with the battlecup he filled for them. Another man was standing, when one goatfoot Pan twined both hands interlacing about his neck, and struck his wellcorseleted enemy with his horn, tearing his flank with the double point. Another met a fellow rushing on him

with a blow from his cudgel, and smashed his forehead right between the ends of his eyebrows.

[168] Now bold Orontes encouraged his Indian army, and with proud voice poured out these threatening words:

[170] “This way, friends, open fight against the Satyrs! Fear not the warfare of Shirkbattle Dionysos! Not a man of you must drink of the yellow water, not one be tricked by the sweet fountains of madness with its maddening drug! Or sleep will destroy you also, after the cruel fate of our Indians, after so many heads have been brought low by Lyaïos’s hand! This way! Let us fight again and fear not! Could unwarlike Bacchos ever hold front against me in open field? If he is able, let the runaway champion stand up to me, that I may teach him what champions Deriades arms for the fray! Let him fight with leaves, I will use flashing steel! While I hold a metal spear, what can a Lydian do to me with a bunch of twigs, a volley of vegetables? This warrior! I will truss up the feeble coward in heavy fetters and drag him along, this womanmad Dionysos, to be a lackey for Deriades. You there, you with the soft skin of a woman! Leave all those Indians and fight a duel with one, Orontes. Simple soul! how he waves those long flowing locks round and round! A simple soul is the charming champion of the Bassarids! yes, the women do just the same — pretty looks are the shafts in their quiver. I will match your championesses with amorous Indians — they shall be hauled off to bed as brides won by the spear!”

[192] With these words Orontes dashed hot upon the front ranks, reaping a harvest in both kinds. Not one of all that wide front durst abide the adverse onset of so mighty a champion — not bold fiery Eurymedon, not Alcon his kinsman: Astraios chief of the Satyrs was in flight, none of the Seilenoi themselves would stand. With stormy foot Deriades’ goodson rushed in, raging, lifted a boulder in the air and let fly at the Centaurs, and hit Hylaios: the stone, a very millstone, crushed the forehead of the shaggybreast shepherd; the missile torn from the rock smashed his headpiece, a sham imitation made of the familiar chalk like a real helmet guarding the face, which fell to the ground like a glowing cinder in many pieces and whitened the dust, while the creature crushed by this stony spear threw his arms along the ground. Next he struck the hairy front of another Centaur with a two-bladed axe, and shore away the curving horn from his bull’s-head. He fell in a great heap on the ground, and rolled headlong tumbling about half dead and brushing the dust with his ears; then lifting his body on his feet, with a last wild effort he danced a stumbling hideous dance of death: the monster let out a harsh roaring sound, like a bull struck on the skull which bellows horribly with grinning jaws.

[217] The pitiless Erembeus now struck Helice, and drove his blade into her chest: the black hand scored the white circle of her breast with red blood. She rolled in the dust, and the hurtling winds taught her a second sorrow by lifting her robe. As her lovely gore welled up over the skin, she modestly smoothed

the errant vesture with her right hand, guarding the bare secrets of the snowy-white thigh.

[225] The god, seeing victory pass to the enemy, and the Satyrs cowed, uttered a loud cry in the turmoil, like an army of nine thousand men pouring defiant shouts with united voices from thunderous throats. Now Orontes fought alone quicknee against Bromios, and he a mortal, challenging with human voice a god. Both advanced together to the encounter, one with a spear, one with a pointed thyrsus. Orontes proud of his armament struck Bacchos on the top of his head, but wounded him not; he grazed the sharp horn of Bromios all for nothing. For Lord Dionysos wore on that invulnerable head nothing like the shape of the bullfaced moon which can be cut by the devastating steel of the slaughterer's axe, as they sing of horned Acheloos, when Heracles cut off his horn and took it to adorn his wedding. No, Lyaios wore the heavenly image of the cow's-eye moon, a growth of divine horns which cannot be broken, which enemies cannot shake. The bold Indian facing Bacchos, heavy-thundering like a tempest in the sky, again cast a spear, but the point when it touched the fawn-skin crumpled up like lead. Bacchos in his turn let fly his purple thyrsus at the broad shoulder of Orontes, and missed on purpose. Then fightgod Orontes laughed aloud at the ivyswathed lance, and said:

[249] "You that array a crowd of women against my armies, fight if you can with your womanish thyrsus! Play the champion if you can! And if you delight the heart of all mankind, allconquering, now charm one only whom nothing can charm — Orontes! Stand and fight! you shall see what a prime hero my ancient father Indian Hydaspes has produced! I was not born in Phrygia, where the men are women, who have reaped the corn of youth without seed and without wedlock. I am no unarmed servant of Lyaios the weakling. Drugs will not save your champions; your crazy women I will lead captive, your Seilenoi I will bring from battle as servants for my king, your Satyrs I will destroy, all cowering before my spear!"

[262] So cried in defiance the leader of the host. Lord Bacchos was angry when he heard him, and with a vine cluster he tapped him gently on the chest. This tap of an insignificant vinegrown bloom split his breastpiece. The god's pike did not touch the protected flesh, did not scratch his body; but the coat of mail broke and fell with a heavy clang —

Orontes was naked! He stepped back and turned his gaze to the eastern expanse, and uttered his last words to Phaethon opposite:

[271] "O Helios, cutting the air in your fiery chariot, pouring your light on the Caucasian plowland so near, stay your car I pray, and announce to Deriades how the Indian peoples are slaves, how Orontes has destroyed himself, how the little thyrsus has broken our men! Describe also the drugged victory of unwarlike Dionysos, the winesoaked stream of the delirious river. Tell how women with light bunches of leaves scatter the untiring host of steelclad Indians. And if you have not forgotten your Clymene's bed, protect

Deriades, a sprout of your own stock, who has in him the blood of Astris said to be your daughter. I never obeyed Bromios the womanhearted. I bring as witnesses the Sun, and the boundless Earth, and India's god, holy Water.

"And now farewell. Be gracious on the battlefield to the fighting Indians, and bury Orontes dead."

[287] He spoke, and drew his sword, fixt it against his belly and leapt upon the blade, selfslain, a cruel fate; then rolled into the river and gave it his name Orontes.

[290] Lord Bacchos looked on him yet breathing and struggling, and addressed him in contemptuous words:

[292] "Lie there, you corpse, in foreign waters; and may your father Hydaspes cover dying Deriades. I will destroy you both, goodfather and goodson, shaking my Euian thyrsus with point wreathed in vine, instead of bloodstained spear and wellsharpened sword. But you killed yourself with gory steel, and so you never drank the luxurious water of the honeydistilling river; a river has covered you, but you missed the delicious wine. Drink up the whole river alone, if you like; but you shall have river-water enough when you drink the fatal water of Acheron. Your belly swells already with the bitter water of a murdering stream, and teems quick with Fate; but taste of Cocytos, and drink Lethe if you like, that you may forget Ares and the bloody steel."

[306] So he addressed the soaking corpse in contempt. But the dead body of Orontes was carried away swollen by the restless waters, until the stream vomited out the floating corpse upon the bank breathless and cold. There the Nymphs gave it burial and sang their dirges, the Hamadryad Nymphs, beside the stem of a golden laurel on the bank of the river stream, and inscribed upon the trunk above—"Here lies Indian Orontes, leader of the host, who insulted Bacchos and slew himself with his own hand."

[315] But the cruel mellay was not ended yet: the struggle was only half done, the conflict unfinished. Indian Ares appeared on high and shouted loud; Bacchos's mad Enyo marshalled them for another bout, belching a load of frenzied Lydian threats in the renewed battle, hurling on the foe volleys of deadly garlands, furious for war. The enemies of vineloving Lyaïos were slain with bloody wounds from the wooden steel. Bronze-clad Indians marvelled, when steel was cleft by the viny spear of an unarmed Bacchant woman, and their chests were bared and freshly wounded by the sharp ivy; for those who wore the corselet were shot down more easily than the unprotected. Death took many shapes in that indescribable carnage on the Tauros, where the coats of the fighting men were sliced open by twigs and reddened with gore. The Bacchant women unconquerable surrounded in a ring the Indians huddled together, and the bold hoboy sang the call to kill. In that combat the Bacchoi, servants of unwarlike Dionysos, stood like a stone wall unhurt all by the blows of axes and two-edged swords; but their curlyheaded enemies were killed by little bunches of leaves. There were the Indian shafts stuck thick in rows on the tail-branching trees. The fir was pricked by the far-hurled spear,

the pine was hit, the laurel though Phoibos's tree was pierced by shots, and hid under its leaves in shame the cloud of feathered arrows flying upon it, that Apollo might not see how the shots hit it. A Bacchant woman without shield and without steel, shook her rattle with naked hand, and a shielded man fell; the drums banged, and the warriors danced; the cymbals clanged, and a man of India bent his neck to beg mercy of Lyaios. On a little fawnskin the unbreakable points of the arrows were bent; the heavy helmet of unyielding metal was cut through by a leaf. A leader of the warmad Satyrs threw Euian leafage and hit a man: his coat of mail was split by the ivy and vine, and the wearer was wounded. Astraeis saw the scale of war was dipping to one side and foretelling the victory of Lyaios the Indianslayer, so he fled untouched and saved his life, cowed by the long leafy spear of Dionysos.

[357] Then Aristaios spread lifegiving simples on all the wounds of the Bassarids, and healed them by the art of Phoibos. For one he put centaury-plant on the cuts; for another in distress, he pressed with his fingers about the blood and cleaned away the gory dew. If a Bacchant whimpered, he pounded all manner of herbs to heal the girl's wounds, of foot or hand or breast or flanks as it might be. If a warrior had been struck and blood drawn by an arrow, he pulled out the sharp point, and squeezing the Mound with his hand discharged the drops of blood little by little. Another struck by a poisoned arrow he laid hold of, and lanced the Mound cutting out the infected surface, with just a touch of the hand and gentle fingers. He mingled the artistic produce of the healbane bee with fresh flowers of the lifesufficing earth, and poured in Bacchos's painkilling sap. Other Mounded men he made whole by some charm of Phoibos, humming over an awful ditty full of names which he knew among the secrets of his father's life-saving art.

[375] So he cured the diverse kinds of wounds. By this time the barbarian goddess Enyo had quieted her voice among the fighters, and the Bassarids had led away from the battlefield their crowd of captive warriors; many more of the enemy had left the Tauros mountains and returned, their hopes unfulfilled, to the mansion of Deriades in the Indian regions, crowds of men driving their longlived elephants. And herdsman Pan sang loudly, pouring out his victorious note, drawing on the Satyrs to dance drunkenly after their war.

[385] Now woollyhead Blemys, chief of the Erythraian Indians, bent a slavish knee before Dionysos Indianslayer, holding the suppliant's unbloodied olivebranch. And the god when he saw the man bowed upon the earth, took his hand and lifted him up, and sent him far away with his polyglot people, putting a distance between him and the swarthy Indians, now hating the lordship and the manners of Deriades, away to the Arabian land, where beside the sea he dwelt on a rich soil and gave his name to his people. Blemys quickly passed to the mouth of sevenstream Nile, to be the sceptred king of the Ethiopians, men of colour like his. The ground of Meroe welcomed him, where it is always harvest, a chieftain who handed down his name to the Blemyes of later generations.

BOOK XVIII

In the eighteenth come Staphylos and Botrys, inviting the mountain-ranging son of Thyone to a feast.

MEANTIME manytongued Rumour was on the wing; and she flew along the whole line of Assyrian cities, proclaiming the name of Dionysos with his gift of the vine, the glorious fruit of grapes, and his bold warfare with the Indians.

[5] Now Staphylos heard of the unweaponed host of Satyrs, the holy secrets of the vine and the Euian gear of Lyaïos. He wished therefore to see Bacchos; and the Assyrian prince brought his son Botrys high in a windswift chariot, and met the advancing god of the vine. Botrys Longhair checked his father's car when he saw Dionysos approaching in his silverwheeled wagon, the panthers in their yokestraps and the lions with shining reins; and Staphylos the sceptred king leapt out of the car when he saw the panthers of Dionysos halt. He sank to the ground on bended knee, and held out an olivebranch with reverent hand. Then the prince addressed Dionysos in conciliating words of friendship:

[18] "In the name of Zeus the suppliant's god, your own father, Dionysos, in the name of Semele the young god's mother, disregard not my son! I have heard how Lycaon entertained your father himself with the Blessed, how he cut up his son Nyctimos with his own hand and served him up to your father unknowing and touched one table with Zeus Almighty, in the land of Arcadia. Again, on the heads of Sipylos, I have heard how Tantalos received your father as his guest, butchered his own son and set him before the gods at dinner; how Cronion fitted together again the separated limbs and restored to life the butchered son, replacing the broad shoulder of Pelops — the only part which Deo had eaten — by a makeshift artificial shape of ivory.

[29] "But why, Dionysos, have I named to you Lycaon the Sonmurderer who entertained the Blessed, or Tantalos visitor of the skies, who planned the crafty theft of the cups of nectar — why mention the ravisher of nectar and ambrosia? Macello entertained Zeus and Apollo at one table... and when Earthshaker had shattered the whole island with his trident and rooted all the Phlegyans at the bottom of the sea, he saved both women and did not strike them down with the trident.

[39] "Do you now follow the example of your Father the Friend of Guests: enter my mansion for one day. Grant this grace to us both, to Botrys and to his father."

[42] He won the god's consent, and drove on with his car, blessing the happiness of his house, while Dionysos followed. Bold Botrys raised his whip, and drove his father's car by winding ways through the wilderness of Mount Tauros, until he guided Lyaïos into the Assyrian land. Meanwhile Maron the god's charioteer took up the golden reins of the Mygdonian

chariot, and drove the team of stormswift panthers with yokestraps on their necks, sparing not the whip, but whizzing a lavish lash to manage the beasts. Satyrs ran in front, striking up a dance and skipping round and round the hillranging car of Lyaaios; troops of flowerloving Bacchant women ran on this side and that side, treading the rough tracks afoot, climbing with quick feet the narrow steps of the mountain-side, while their shoes beat in time with their rattling hands — thus they beguiled the labour of the steep stony path, stung with madness. And the Pans, high on their familiar rocks, danced in the dust with nimble feet, passing over the headlands of those untrodden precipices.

[62] But when they arrived, and the royal palace became visible, shining afar with checkered patterns of stone, then longhaired Botrys left his father's carriage and went swiftshoe into the house, van-courier of the company: he made all ready, and with attentive care prepared the diversified dishes of a rich banquet.

[66] While Botrys was yet arranging the feast for Lyaaios, the king of magnificent bounty displayed to Bacchos the artist's hand in the stonework of his hall, from which poured a shining brightness of many colours and shapes like the sun and his reflecting moon. The walls were white with solid silver. There was the lychnite, which takes its name from light, turning its glistening gleams in the faces of men. The place was also decorated with the glowing ruby stone, and showed winecoloured amethyst set beside sapphire. The pale agate threw off its burnt sheen, and the snakestone sparkled in speckled shapes of scales; the Assyrian emerald discharged its greeny flash. Stretched over a regiment of pillars along the hall the gilded timbers of the roof showed a reddish glow in their opulent roofs. The floor shone with the intricate patterns of a tessellated pavement of metals; and the huge door with a baulk of wood delicately carved looked like ivory freshly cut.

[87] Such were the sights which the old monarch displayed to watchful Bacchos. He could hardly manage to move through the hall with his divine guest, holding Dionysos by the hand; the other followed with slow obedient foot, and turned his wandering gaze to each thing in order. The god was amazed at the hospitable king's hall, embellished with gold and starry with glittering decorations.

[93] The king harried his servants and stirred up his serfs, to slaughter a herd of fine fat bulls and flocks of sheep for the Satyrs of bullhorn Dionysos. Then there was quick work, under the menaces of busy Staphylos with relays of serfs. A crowd of servants were hard at it preparing the banquet, bulls were butchered and processions of fat sheep from the pasture. There was dancing too; fragrant air was wafted through a house full of harping, the streets of the city were filled with sweet steamy odours, ample streams of wine made the whole house carouse. Cymbals clanged, panspipes whiffled about the melodious table, double hoboys were drooning, the round of the loudthrumming drum made the hall ring again with its double bangs, there were castanets rattling over that supper!

[107] And there in the midst came Maron, heavy with wine, staggering on unsteady feet and moving to and fro as frenzy drove him. He threw his arms over the shoulders of two Satyrs and supported himself between them, then climbed right up from the ground twisting his legs about them. So he was lifted by the dancing feet of others, with red skin, his whole face emitting ruddy rays and shining between them, the very image of the crescent moon. In his left hand he held a newly flayed skin teeming with the inevitable wine and tied at the neck with a cord; in his right a cup. Bacchant women were all round the old creature as he skips on other men's feet, with lolling head, every moment threatening to fall but never down. Servants and serfs alike were rolling drunk and danced wildly about, after tasting for the first time the delicious wine they never had before.

[124] Methe also, the wife of King Staphylos, mother of a noble son, was made drunken by the winedew of Bacchos. With heavy head she begged the Bacchants for more drink, dancing round the full mixingbowl of Lyaïos. She rolled her head moving this way and that way, shook the hair over her shoulders unsteadily, dipping her head first here, then there, on one side and the other again and again, ever on the point of falling on her slippery feet, until a Bacchant's hands caught the wild creature and held her up. Staphylos too was drunk; the cheeks of drunken Botrys were red from his tipping cup; still a boy with the down on his face, he with Staphylos his father bound his loosened locks with the unfamiliar ivy and wreathed it like a garland. Then interchanging step with step Botrys danced about with ready feet, changing feet right after left; and Staphylos went skipping in dancing movement, carrying his feet round and round in a running step, with one arm thrown round the neck of dancing Botrys. Staggering he blest the potion of danceweaving Dionysos, and shook his long hair falling over his shoulder from side to side. Methe was dancing too, with an arm round son and husband both, between Staphylos and Botrys. There was a sight to see, the triple-entwined delight of a close-embracing dance! And Pithos, hale old man, shaking his hoary locks in the wind, stuffed to the teeth with the delicious potation, danced heavy with wine, and twirled a drink-tottering foot; he whitened his yellow beard with foam from the sweet libations that ran out from his throat.

[154] So they drank the whole day long. Cups were still being filled when shadowy darkness grew black at the fringe, and covered all the western lands, when the twilight air darkened and lit up the spangled stars with faint light, when Phaëthon set under the cone of shadow ° and left on his way behind a small trace yet of the day, when silent Night shrouded the west in her own colour, and scored the sky across with her own starry cloak. Then after the tipsy bowl and after the feast of the table, Botrys together with his father, and Dionysos dispenser of wine, went off in a line, each to his separate wellstrown bed; they took the boon of sleep, and had traffic with dreams.

[166] But when the morning twilight, shining messenger of Dawn, cut

through the edge of fading mist with rosy sparkles, then long-haired Bacchos leapt up early from his bed, shaken by the hope of victory. For in the night he had destroyed the Indian race with his ivytwined thyrsus, busy in the illusive image of a dream-battle. The noise of Satyrs and the rattle of javelins falling on his ears, shook off the din of his dreamland warfare and scattered that warlike sleep. But dreadful fear was in his heart that the dream foreboded some threatening danger. For in this unreal spectacle he had seen an image of his battle with Lycurgos, prophetic of things to come. In a forest, a bold formidable lion leapt from a rock with deathly jaws upon Bacchos, while he was dancing and still without weapons, and scared him to flight, driving him down to the sea where he hid under water, fleeing from the dangerous beast. He saw another terror besides — how the bold lion chased the thyrsus-bearing women with gaping throat and gored them with his claws; as the women were torn, their gear fell from their mystic hands and rolled in the dust, their cymbals lay on the ground. Then a Bacchant turned, and muzzled the lion's jaws by tying a string of vineleaves over his head, and wreathed his neck lightly in a noose. Then crowds of women ran up to the beast one upon another, and scratched with brambles the ugly pads and paws. At last Artemis saved him alive with difficulty, entangled in the clustering meshes; and from the bosom of the sky a flash of lightning shot into the beast's face, and made him a blind vagabond of the roads.

[196] Such was the dream Dionysos had seen. Rising from his bed, he donned about his chest the star-spangled corselet of bronze stained with Indian blood, and entwined his hair with a circlet of writhing snakes, and wedged his feet in the reddened boots, took thyrsus in hand — that flowery spear of Enyo — and called a servant Satyr. Prince Botrys, hearing the echoing call from the divine lips of Bacchos hard by, roused himself, put on his own dress, and called to sleeping Pithos. When Methe heard the voice, she reluctantly lifted her heavy head, and letting it fall lazily, went to sleep again; all through the morning the queen still remained with her eyes gathering the most sweet bloom of sleep. At last she left her bed with slow unwilling foot.

[210] Staphylos the grapelover attended upon Lyaïos, offering him the guest's gifts as he was hasting for his journey: a two-handled jar of gold with silver cups, from which hitherto he used always to quaff the milk of milch-goats; and he brought embroidered robes, which Persian Arachne beside the waters of Tigris had cleverly made with her fine thread. Then the generous king spoke to Bromios:

[217] "Fight away, Dionysos, and do deeds worthy of your sire! Show that you have the blood of Cronides in you! For your father in his first youth battered the earthborn Titans out of Olympos, when he was only a boy: on then and do your part in the struggle, destroy the overweening nation of earthborn Indians! I remember a tale which once my father heard from his father, Assyrian Belos the sovereign of my country; this I will tell to you.

[223] "Cronos still dripping held the emasculating sickleblade, after he had

cut off the manly crop of his father's plow and robbed him of the Mother's bed to which he was hastening, and warred against your sire at the head of the Titans. Broadbeard Cronos fanned the flame of Enyo as he cast icy spears against Cronion, shooting his cold watery shafts: sharp pointed arrows of hail were shot from the sky. But Zeus armed himself with more fires than Helios, and melted the petrified water with hotter sparks. Whip up now ravening lions to the Indian War; fear not their elephants! For your Zeus ruling in the heights destroyed highheaded Campe with a thunderbolt, for all the many crooked shapes of her whole body.

[238] "A thousand crawlers from her viperish feet, spitting poison afar, were fanning Enyo to a flame, a mass of misshapen coils. Round her neck flowered fifty various heads of wild beasts: some roared with lion's heads like the grim face of the riddling Sphinx; others were spluttering foam from the tusks of wild boars; her countenance was the very image of Scylla with a marshalled regiment of thronging dogs' heads. Doubleshaped, she appeared a woman to the middle of her body, with clusters of poison-spitting serpents for hair. Her giant form, from the chest to the parting-point of the thighs, was covered all over with a bastard shape of hard sea-monsters' scales. The claws of her wide-scattered hands were curved like a crooktalon sickle. From her neck over her terrible shoulders, with tail raised high over her throat, a scorpion with an icy sting sharp-whetted crawled and coiled upon itself.

[257] "Such was manifoldshaped Campe as she rose writhing, and flew roaming about earth and air and briny deep, and flapping a couple of dusky wings, rousing tempests and arming gales, that blackwinged nymph of Tartaros: from her eyelids a flickering flame belched out far-travelling sparks. Yet heavenly Zeus your father killed that great monster, and conquered the snaky Enyo of Cronos. Show yourself like your father, that I may call you also destroyer of the earthborn next to Cronides, when you have reaped the enemy harvest of earthborn Indians.

[268] "Your battle seems like his; for your father in the conflict with Cronos brought low that champion of warfare with towering limbs, that excellent son of the soil, Indos, whence the Indians are sprung: your father fought Indos, you fight Deriades. Show me yourself like Ares, for he also brought low such another, Echidna's son, the gods' enemy, spitting the horrible poison of hideous Echidna. He had two shapes together, and in the forest he shook the twisting coils of his mother's spine. Cronos used this huge creature to confront the thunderbolt, hissing war with the snaky soles of his feet; when he raised his hands above the circle of the breast and fought against your Zeus, and lifting his high head, covered it with masses of cloud in the paths of the sky. Then if the birds came wandering into his tangled hair, he often swept them together into his capacious throat for a dinner. This masterpiece your brother Ares killed! I do not call you less than Ares; for you could challenge all the sons of Zeus; since with your bloodstained thyrsus you are a masterpiece as much as Ares warring with his spear, and your exploits are

equal to Phoibos.

[289] “Another destroyer of monsters, another son of Zeus I have entertained in my mansion. The other day Perseus came flying on wings to my house. He had lately left translucent Cydnos, the neighbour of Corycion, like you, my friend, and said he had marked out a newfounded city in Cilicia named after his own quick foot. He carried the head which had topped Gorgon Medusa whom no eye may see; and you carry the winefruit, that messenger of hearty good cheer, the oblivion of mortal sorrow. Perseus killed the sea-monster beside the Erythraian Sea, and you have brought low the race of Erythraian Indians. Slay Deriades as you slew Orontes the Indian, one worse than the sea-monster. Perseus saved Andromeda in her affliction, do you save by a greater victory the Virgin of the Stars, O bitterly oppressed at the nod of wicked Indians, that I may offer one triumphal feast for Gorgonslayer Perseus and Indianslayer Dionysos.”

[306] Having spoken thus, Bromios’s host the luxurious king went back to his palace; and Dionysos thyrsus-mad was delighted to hear the spurring words of the royal voice. His ears bewitched with hearing of his father’s battle, he was wild for a fight, he vied with Zeus, and wished for a third and greater future victory after the double defeat of the Indians, to rival Cronides. He summoned Pherespondos, one swift like the wind, the offspring of the heavenly herald, the clever son of Iphthime, and greeted him with friendly words:

[316] “Son of Hermaon, herald that I love, go take this message to proud Deriades: ‘Prince, accept the gifts of Lyaaios without war, or fight against Bromios and you shall be like Orontes!’”

[320] So he spoke, and the herald on swift shoes holding his father’s rod travelled from land to land, until he made his way to the Eastern country. On a golden car, carrying the fruit of the vintage, the heartgladdening grape, he passed from city to city with devious feet, and filled all the Assyrian land with his fruit, as he offered to the countrymen the grapegrowing flower of the vineyard.

[327] While in his gadabout winechariot he traversed the Syrian soil by the wing of Euros in the glowing east, death laid a hand on Staphylos. In the palace the servants tore the garments on their bodies, the attendants cried out in lamentation; breasts were beaten and reddened, the round cheeks of mourning women were torn with their nails as they sang the dirge.

[334] It was late when Dionysos in his vinedecked car returned to Botrys’s palace, remembering the amiable entertainment of Staphylos. Noticing the downcast looks of Pithos, he divined untold the fate of his friend Staphylos, proclaimed by the eloquent silence, and he called Methe and asked:

[340] “Tell me, my lady, what trouble has changed your looks? I see you disordered, and I left you radiant. Who has quenched your unspeakable beauty? You show no longer the natural crimson glow on those cheeks once ruddy as wine! And you, ancient sir, hide not why you shed tears. Who has

cut the flowing mass of your broad beard? Who has deranged that white hair? Who rent your garments? And you, son of Staphylos my friend, offspring of Methe your mother so fond of wine, why are your temples bare of the hair? What envious hand tore the curly locks? Your tresses no longer fall free over your shoulders, glossy like silver, breathing Tyrian frankincense, you no longer hold revel, your cheeks no longer emit a rosy sheen from your face.

Why do you wear these robes soiled with streaks of dust? Why do I not see your royal robes of Tyrian purple? I no longer know you with this desolated countenance. Where has Prince Staphylos gone, pray let me know? Speak! who has robbed you of your father even for an hour? I understand your trouble, even if you try to hide it. I need no words from you, for your looks alone silently proclaim your mourning. I understand your trouble, even if you try to hide it. The tears reveal your pains, your disordered dress cries aloud the fate of Staphylos my friend. Envy has robbed me of my hope; for I did think that after the Indian War I should lift the evening torches in my hands, in company of King Staphylos, to wait on the consummated wedding of Botrys the comrade of my battles!"

BOOK XIX

In the nineteenth, Bacchos sets up a delightful contest over the fragrant bowl about the tomb of Staphylos.

HE spoke; and the lad sealed his lips with unvoiced silence, his mind heavy with the pangs of new mourning, and gave way to a helpless flow of tears. At last Methe his mother spoke a piteous word of greeting to Lyaios:

[5] “Staphylos your friend, Dionysos, the sleepless watcher of your dances, has sunk in the brazen sleep: Staphylos your friend, Dionysos, Charon’s winds have carried away. A double burden of sorrow fell on me: Bacchos of the vine deserted me, my husband fell into sickness, and I cherished one common pain for both, Staphylos dying and Lyaios far away. But give me, dear Bacchos, give me your cup full of your bubbling vintage; that I may drink, and lull my heavy sorrow with your sorrowconsoling wine! O Dionysos, my only hope, with your jubilant cry! Let me only see the vintage, let me see the bowl, and I shed tears no more!”

[17] He heard her words with pity; he mixed, and in a cup gave the young man and the downcast mother that winejuice which resolves all cares and drives away all trouble. Both drank the honey-flowing stuff of the vintage with its mindsolacing drops. Methe and Botrys quieted their groaning pain; and then the woman spoke to Bacchos the heart-enchancer:

[23] “You have come to me, dear Bacchos, as a great light! Grief holds me no more, pain no more, now Dionysos has appeared! You have come to me, dear Bacchos, as a great light; for by your potion of healing wine I have quieted my tears. I mourn no more for husband, no more for a father’s death, even Botrys I will give up if it be your pleasure; for I have Bacchos as father and son both, aye and husband. I will go with you even to your house, if it be your pleasure. I would join the company of Bassarids. If it be your will, I will lift your sacred gear and your lovely fruit, I will press my lips to the hoboy of the winepress. Leave me not a widow, that I may not cherish a double grief, my husband perished and Dionysos gone! You have Botrys for a servant. Let him learn the dances, the sacred rites and sacred things, and if you please, the Indian War; let me see him laughing in the inebriated winepress treading hard on the offspring of your vintage! Remember old Pithos, and leave him not untaught of your rites or without a share of your delicious wine.”

[42] She spoke; Lord Bacchos encouraged Methe with laughing face, and thus he said to the wineloving queen:

[44] “My lady, giver of glorious gifts second only to golden Aphrodite, bestower of hearty good cheer,... the joy of man and the mother of love, sit at the feast beside Lyaios as he touches the feast!

Be garlandbearer for Dionysos, even as Aphrodite, girdled with flowers and luxuriant clusters. The chaplets upon your hair shall make Victory

jealous! I will make you pourer of wine, next after Hebe goldenthrone. You shall rise a satellite star for Lyaïos of the vine, ever by his side to serve the Bacchanal cups, and man's joy, the surfeit of wine, shall bear your name, Methe. I will give the name of Botrys to the careconsoling fruit of my vintage, and I will call after Staphylos the carryberry bunch of grapes, which is the offspring of the gardenvines full of juicy liquor. Without Methe I shall never be able to feast, without Methe I will never rouse the merry revels."

[59] Such were his words. Then beside the tomb of reeling Staphylos, Dionysos the foe of mourning held a contest where no mourning was. He brought out a bearded goat and a vigorous bull and set them both as prizes, calling to the contest combatants well able to touch the harp in Pierian music; he set them both as prizes, and stirred up these athletes well acquainted with the melodious lute by making a courteous speech:

[66] "Here we begin an Attic revel. I will give the glossy bull to the man who wins the victory, and the shaggy goat I will give to the loser."

[69] When Bromios had spoken, up sprang a harper, Oiagros, a man of the cold Bistonian land, with the quill hanging to his harp. Hard upon him leapt up Êrechtheus, a citizen of Attica the friend of music. Both moved into the midst of the assembly, competing as drivers of the harp. They had entwined leaves of laurel in their hair, and girt up their robes.

[76] With wonted nimbleness, they began to twangle away, running their fingers over the tensed strings and plucking each in turn, then tightening the pegs at the end, to make sure that the pitch was not too high, and yet that it should not go flat and turn womanish the manly tune.

[80] First the lot fell to Erechtheus of Cecropia; he twangled his harp, with a master's touch, for a song of his own country, and this is what he sang:

[82] How in divine Athens Celeos entertained Deo the mother of all life, with Triptolemos his son and ancient Metaneira. Then how Deo gave them the corn, when Triptolemos found out how to scatter showers of seed from his chariot laden with ears all over the furrowed soil. And when Celeos died, how harvesthome Deo lamented beside the new built sepulchre with unweeping eyes, and consoling them again with heartenchancing words, quenched the heavy grief of Triptolemos and Metaneira. Even so the sceptred king of Assyria had entertained Dionysos in his palace, and the Lord had requited the table with his Euian gifts and the fruitage of the vine; then after Staphylos died, that tippling king, he took away the gloomy care of Botrys his son and soothed the sorrow of Methe his mourning wife.

[97] Such was the lay of the harper poet, and all were alike enchanted with the music; they and the god with the thyrsus admired the Attic song with the lovely tones of the fit setting.

[100] Second, my lord Oiagros wove a winding lay, as the father of Orpheus who has the Muse his boon-companion. Only a couple of verses he sang, a ditty of Phoibos, clearspoken in few words after some Amyclaiian style:

Apollo brought to life again his longhair'd Hyacinthos:
Staphylos will be made to live for aye by Dionysos.

[106] Before the ceremonial was well ended, the people broke out into loud acclamations of propitious words with one voice and one tongue, and all the Satyrs roared. Bacchos leapt from his seat in haste, waving his right hand up and down; Botrys ran up, crying Euoi and applauding the musical harmonies of the harper. The Lord crowned Oiagros's head with ivy, and the father of Orpheus stamped his foot on the ground, as he accepted with joy the untamed bull, the prize of the singing, while his companions danced round him in a row. The man of Athens carried off the bearded goat with shamed hands, full of sorrow and envy.

[118] Now Iobacchos with flowing hair brought out worthy prizes in his generous hand, offered for victory in the woven dance: a mixer teeming with old fragrant wine, a golden bowl which held infinite measures, spilling on the thirsty earth Lyaïos's juice of four years old. This was an Olympian work of Hephaistos the great master, which Cypris once gave to her brother Dionysos of the vine. A lesser bowl also he set before the assembly, solid silver, shining and round, which Bacchos had once received as a guestgift from the king of Alybe; who lived in the rich country where the black hole of the mines in the earth was whitened with silver nooks. Round the edge of the lip, on the bossy brim, was ivy twining over bunches of grapes in fine patterns of gold all round. This he brought and laid before them with deep belly still breathing the winepress, stuff of a younger vintage, must, a draught of unmated potation; for who would grudge a defeated man to drink of dew that cannot inebriate?

[136] When Bacchos had laid his prizes before the company, he called out the masters of the dance with attesting voice:

[138] "Whoso shall contend circling with expert foot and win the match of nimble steps, let him take both the golden bowl and the delicious wine that fills it; but whoso staggers and totters on moving feet, and falls, and proves the worse dancer, let him accept the worse prize. For I am not like every one else. To the prizewinner who conquers in the dainty beating of the dance, I will give no shining tripod and no swift horse, no spear and corselet stained with blood of Indians; I make no summons to marksmen for straight throwing with the quoit; this is no race for speed of foot, no sharp spear cast at a distance. In honour of Staphylos, the dead king, a man who loved the dance, I celebrate the sportive steps he loved. I offer no prizes for wrestlers with straining muscles; this is no race for horsemanship, no games of Elis, this is no course of Oinomaos with death for his goodsons. My turning-point is the dance, my starting-point the skipping feet, the beckoning hand, the pirouette, the nods and becks and glances of the expressive face, speaking silence, which twirls the signalling fingers, and the dancer's whole countenance."

[158] When he had ended his speech, up rose horned Seilenos, and antediluvian Maron got up on heavy foot, with his eyes on the great mixer of shining gold: not because the golden was the better, but because this alone

contained the oldest wine and the finest stuff, filling it to the brim. His passion for this lovely wine made him young again, and the Bacchic aroma was too much for his gray hair. He twirled his feet round testing his strength, to see if heavy old age had made his limbs forget how to dance. The old man tried to appease the soul of Staphylos by the words that poured sober enough out of his shaggy beard:

[169] "I am Maron, comrade of Lyaïos who cannot mourn. I know not how to shed tears; what have tears to do with Dionysos? Reels and jigs are the gifts I offer at your tomb. Accept me smiling: Maron knows no cares, Maron knows not groans, nor the burden of melancholy sorrow. He is the lovely lackey of Dionysos who cannot mourn. Be gracious to your Maron, even if you have drunk the water of Lethe! Grant me this boon, that I may drink that store of old wine, and let Seilenos drink the new stuff of a new vintage!

[178] "I will dance for Staphylos after death, as if he were living, for I rate the dance above the steamloving table. For you I dance, Staphylos, both living and not breathing, and strike up a funeral revel. I am a servant of Bacchos, not of Phoibos, and I never learnt to sing dirges, such as Lord Apollo sang in Crete shedding tears for Atymnios the beloved. I am a stranger to the Heliads. I am alien to Eridanos, not connected with Phaethon the charioteer who perished; I am no burgher of Sparta, I wear not the mourning flowers or shake the dainty petals of the lamenting iris.

[189] "To-day, if you sit by the side of Minos as an equal judge, or if you possess the flowery court of Rhadamanthys, and pick your dainty way in the groves and meadows of Elysium, listen to your Maron: instead of cups, without libation, I mouth out for you a drink-offering full of sense. Be gracious to your Maron, and grant me a victory of wine, the victory to be famous among all! Then I will pour over your tomb the first spoils of my golden cups, the first lovely drops from the bowl after I win my prize for victory!"

[198] So saying, Maron danced with winding step, passing the changes right over left, and figuring a silent eloquence of hand inaudible. He moved his eyes about as a picture of the story, he wove a rhythm full of meaning with gestures full of art. He shook his head and would have tossed his hair, but hair he had none; both head and face were bare. He did not what an old man of Titan blood might have done, show the Titan race in his speaking picture, not Cronos or Phanes more primeval still, nor the breed of Titan Helios as old as the universe itself: no, he left all the confusion of that ancient stuff — he depicted with wordless art the cupbearer of Cronides offering the goblet to Zeus, or pouring the dew divine to fill up the bowl, and the other immortals in company ever enjoying cup after cup.

His poet's theme was the sweet potion. Aye, he danced also the maiden Hebe herself drawing the nectar; when he looked at the Satyrs, with voiceless hands he acted Ganymedes, or when he saw the Bacchant women, he showed them goldenshoe Hebe in a picture having sense without words.

[219] So Maron sketched his designs in pantomime gestures, lifting rhythmic feet with the motions of an artist, as he trod the winding measures of his unresting dance. Then he stood still trembling, and watched with shifty eye who should beat whom, who would go home with the larger bowl full of wine.

[225] Now Seilenos danced: his hand without speech traced the cues of his art in all their intricate mazes. This is what he acted with gesturing hands: how once a great quarrel arose between Cyrene's son and Dionysos over their cups, and the Blessed gathered together. There was no boxing, no running, no quoit in that contest: cups were the well-used tools ready for Phoibos's son and Dionysos, and a couple of mixingbowls, one containing old wine, one with the gift of the sprigloving bee all fresh. Cronides sat in the seat of judgement. The competitors had before them a luscious match for a honey drop victory; cups were the tools; and like another Hermes with golden wings, lovely Eros himself came forward to preside in the ring, holding in one hand both ivy and an olive-branch. He offered to Bacchos the flowering ivy, to Aristaos the olive-branch like the garlands of Pisa, the holy ornament of Pallas.

[241] First Aristaos made his mixture with the travail of the bee, and offered the immortals his mingled honey in the cup, a potion cleverly compounded; he passed the goblet to each in turn one after another, and made their hearts glad. But after a first taste of the bubbling liquid, surfeit came at once: a third cup was filled and declined, and they would not touch a fourth. They found fault with the honey for this quick surfeit. Then richly-clad Dionysos drew from his mixer, full of sweet drink, lifted two cups and offered one with each hand, the first to Cronides, the second to Hera, then a third goblet to Earthshaker his father's brother. Then he mixed for the gods one and all with Father Zeus; they were all delighted, except disconsolate Phoibos alone, who was jealous, and the god smiled as he handed him the goblet. They enchanted their minds with cups in great abundance; drinking made them thirstier than before, they asked again for more, and could not get enough. Then the immortals loudly cheered, and gave Bacchos the chief prize for his delicious potion of wine. And Eros the ever-out-of-reach, the conductor of the game, drunken himself, crowned the hair of Lyaaios with a vine-and-ivy garland.

[263] So horned Seilenos wove his web with neathanded skill, and his right hand ceased to move. Then fixing his gaze on the sky, he leapt into the air with bounding shoe. Now he clapt both feet together, then parted them, and went hopping from foot to foot; now over the floor he twirled dancing round and round upright upon his heels and spun in a circling sweep. He stood steady on his right foot holding a toe of the other foot, or bent his knee and caught it in his clasped hands, or held an outstretched thigh with the other leg upright, the heavyknee Seilenos! He lifted the left foot coiling up to the side, to the shoulder, twining it behind him and holding it up until he brought the sole round his neck. Then with a quick turn of the back-swerving dance, he

artfully bent himself over, face up, in a hoop, showing his belly spread out and curved up towards the sky, while he spun round and round on one unchanging spot. His head hung down as he moved, as if it were always touching the ground and yet not grazing the dust. So Seilenos went scratching the ground with hairy foot, restlessly moving round and round in his wild caperings.

[285] At last his knees failed him; with shaking head he slipt to the ground and rolled over on his back. At once he became a river: his body was flowing water with natural ripples all over, his forehead changed to a winding current with the horns for waves, the turbulent swell came to a crest on his head, his belly sank into the sand, a deep place for fishes. As Seilenos lay spread, his hair changed into natural rushes, and over the river his pipes made a shrill tune of themselves as the breezes touched them.

[295] But Maron crowned himself with the sweets of victory, and held in his arms the mixer stuffed with delicious wine; he took the silver bowl, the prize of Seilenos now a flood, and threw it into the river as a libation, where it intoxicated the currents of the dancing river. And so the place was named from the Mixer, and men still speak of the Euian water of murmuring Seilenos full of sweet drink. Then Maron addressed these words to the running stream:

[303] “Maron does you no harm, Seilenos. I will cast the ruddy wine into you and call you the Cellarer. Accept your drink, tippler never satisfied, accept the silver bowl of Bacchos, and you shall have silvery eddies. Seilenos Twirlthefoot, you dance even in your current, you keep the spinning of your feet even in your waves, you revel still in your watery shape. Then be gracious to Bacchants and Satyrs and winegiving vintage, and guard the Seilenoi of your own race. Be generous to Maron who drinks no heeltaps, and let me never see that you still keep a secret grudge among the rivers. Rather let your waters increase the wine of Maron’s vintage, and be of one mind with Dionysos even among the rivers.

[315] “Foolish one, who taught you to strive with your betters? Another Seilenos there was, fingering a proud pipe, who lifted a haughty neck and challenged a match with Phoibos; but Phoibos tied him to a tree and stript off his hairy skin, and made it a windbag. There it hung high on a tree, and the breeze often entered, swelling it out into a shape like his, as if the shepherd could not keep silence but made his tune again. Then Delphic Apollo changed his form in pity, and made him the river which bears his name. Men still speak of the winding water of that hairy Seilenos, which lets out a sound wandering on the wind, as if he were still playing on the reeds of his Phrygian pipe in rivalry.

[328] “So you also have changed your shape by challenging one better than you, just like the earlier Seilenos. You must no longer seek a barefoot Bacchant for your bride as before, that Bacchant of the mountains with flowing locks; you have now for your pleasure the innumerable tribe of Naiads with flowing hair. Seek no longer the snaky wreaths of Lyaio; eels are

what you have to do with, the wriggling travail of the streams, and instead of serpents there are fishes with close fitted speckled scales crawling in your streams. And if you have parted from Dionysos and his grapes, I hold you the happier; for you really make the grapes to grow! What more could you want, when you have after Bacchos now Zeus ° to feed your streams, the Father of all creation? Instead of your Satyrs you have your regiments of rivers; instead of the winepress you dance on the back of murmuring Ocean. Even in the waters you are like what you were: it is proper that Seilenos, once proud of his horned forehead, as a river should have the horned shape of a bull.”

[346] So Maron spoke; and all wondered to see the winding waters of Seilenos the tumbling flood, the ever-turning river which was his very likeness.

BOOK XX

The twentieth deals with the pole-axe of bloodthirsty Lycurgos, when Dionysos is chased into the fishy deep.

THE Games were over; the Satyrs with Dionysos of the thyrsus spent the night in the opulent halls of Botrys. The Seasons of the vintage joined in the banqueters' revels: there was banging of drums at that supper, the panspipes filled the place with their shrill tones; the servers were busy ladling wine into the cups at the unresting feast, and the banqueters ever kept coaxing the servants to draw more wine. The Bacchant leapt high, waving her cymbals, while the hair of the dancing girl shook in the breezes without ribbon and without veil.

[11] The vinegod called the wife of Staphylos, wiped away the dirt and adorned her with a wine-coloured robe. He cleansed broadbeard Pithos from the dirt which covered him, and threw away the mourning clothes soiled with smears of ashes, then dressed him again in a gleaming-white frock. Botrys lamented no longer or wetted his cheeks with helpless welling tears, but at Bacchos's bidding opened his scented coffers; as they opened, sparkling gleams came from robes covered with gems. From these he took out and donned the brilliant royal garb of Staphylos his father, steeped in purple dye, and joined Lyaaios at table to touch the feast.

[23] While they were amusing themselves, the star of evening rose and rolled away the light of dance-delighting day. The troops of banqueters one after another took the boon of sleep, on piles of bedding in the hall. Pithos entered one bed with Maron, with drops still on his lips of the fragrant potion from the nectarean winepress; and breathing out the same breath they intoxicated each other all night long. Eupetale the nurse of Lyaaios lit a torch, and prepared a double bed strewn with sea-purple, for both Botrys and Dionysos. In a neighbouring room, away from the Satyrs and apart from Bacchos, the servants laid a golden bed for the queen.

[35] A dream came to Bacchos — Discord the nurse of War, in the shape of Rheia the loverattle goddess, seated in what seemed to be her lionchariot. Rout drove the team of this dreamchariot, in the counterfeit shape of Attis with limbs like his; he formed the image of Cybele's charioteer, a softskinned man in looks with shrill tones like the voice of a woman. Gadabout Discord stood by the head of sleeping Bacchos, and reproached him with brawlinciting voice:

[44] "You sleep, godborn Dionysos! Deriades summons you to battle, and you make merry here! Stepmother Hera mocks you, when she sees your Enyo on the run, as you drag your army to dances! I am ashamed to show myself before Cronion, I shrink from Hera, I shrink from the immortals, because your doings are not worthy of Rheia. I avoid Ares, destroyer of the Titans, his

father's champion, who lifts a proud neck in heaven, still holding that shield ever soaked with gore; and I fear your sister still more, selfbred daughter of a father of fine progeny, unmothered child of her father's head, flashhelm Pallas, because Athena too blames Bacchos idle, the woman blames the man! Thyrsus yielded to goatskin, since once upon a time valiant Pallas holding the goatskin defended the gates of Olympos, and scattered the stormy assault of the Titans, thus honouring the dexterous travail of her father's head — but you disgrace the fruitful pocket in Zeus's thigh! Look how Hermeias and Apollo laugh — one brandishing two arrows yet stained with the gore of Iphimedeia's hightowering sons, the other holding the rod which destroyed the dead shepherd of many eyes. Indeed I must leave my own heaven to avoid reproach for battleshy Dionysos. The Virgin Archeress denounces Dionysos the dancer, the friend of mountains, when she sees him leaving his thyrsus alone; she drives only a weak team of stags, she kills only running hares, she ranges the mountains beside Rheia of the mountains, and she denounces one who drives leopards and manages lions! I disclaim the house of my own son Zeus; for in Olympos I shrink from Leto, still a proud braggart, when she holds up at me the arrow that defended her bed and slew Tityos the lustful giant. I am tortured also with double pain, when I see sorrowing Semele and proud Maia among the stars. You are not like a son of Zeus. You did not slay with an arrow threatening Otos and hightowering Ephialtes, no winged shaft of yours destroyed Tityos, you did not kill that unhappy lover bold Orion nor Hera's guardian Argos, the cowkeeper, a son of the earth so fertile in evil, the spy on Zeus in his weddings with homed cattle! No, you weave your web of merriment with Staphylos and Botrys, inglorious, unarmed, singing songs over the wine; you degrade the earthy generation of Satyrs, since they also have touched the bloodless Bacchanal dance and drowned all warlike hopes in their cups. There may be banquet after battle, there may be dancing after the Indian War in the palace of Staphylos; viols may let their voice be heard again after victory in the field. But without hard work it is not possible to dwell in the inaccessible heavens. The road to the Blessed is not easy; noble deeds give the only path to the firmament of heaven by God's decree. You too then, endure hardship of every kind. Hera for all her rancour foretells for you the heavenly court of Zeus."

[99] She spoke, and flew away. The god leapt from his bed, with the terrible sound of that threatening dream still in his ears.

[101] Bold Botrys also leapt up, and put on his tunic shooting gleams of the Sidonian sea, and slipt his feet into wellfitting golden shoes. He threw over his unwearied shoulders the royal robe of bright purple cloth, pinning it with a brooch; his father's proud girdle was round his loins and the sceptre in his hand. Satyrs yoked the panthers to the red car at the urgent bidding of Dionysos, Seilenoi uttered the warcry, Bacchant women roared, thyrsus in hand. The hosts gathered and marched line after line to the Indian War: Enyo's pipes resounded, the leaders arranged the battalions in their places.

One mounted with an agile leap on the back of a furious bear, whipping the hairy neck as it rushed on its course; another astride on a wild bull gripped his two flanks with hanging feet, and pricked his hairy belly with his crook to guide the wandering course; a third rode on the back of a shaggy lion, and pulled the hair of his mane instead of a bridle.

[120] So Botrys quitted his father's palace and estate, clad in his purple, and driving his chariot-and-four by the side of grapeloving Dionysos, with slaves following behind. Methe his mother was in a mule-cart with silver wheels, and beside her was a white-robed maiden Phasyleia, who guided the team, flicking a golden whip over the mules' necks. Pithos the broadhead followed behind in his own car, to serve both Botrys and Dionysos. Nor was he left without reward. Lord Bacchos took him away into Lydia, and there set him over a winepress teeming with the heady liquor, to receive the poured produce of the juicy vintage in vessels fit to hold wine. And so the name Pithos was given to the purple hollow of the vat, winch to this day stands close to a winepress to receive the Euian gifts of Bacchos, a memorial of the ancient Pithos. If it had human voice it would bellow such words as these to the Satyrs when it heard the revel:

[137] "I am Pithos, named after the old one, and here beside the winepress I receive the sweet juice of the garden-grapes. I was the servant of Assyrian Staphylos and Botrys; I was the old nurse who cared for them both as children, and I still carry them both upon my hips, as if they were still alive."

[142] But this Lord Bacchos was not to do for a long time to come. Now he marched past Tyros and Byblos, and the wedded water of the scented river of Adonis, and the rocks of Libanos where Cyprogeneia loves to linger. He climbed into Arabia, and under the frankincense trees he wondered at the ridge of Nysa with its dense forest, and the city built on the steep, the nurse of spearmen.

[149] There lived a bloodthirsty ruffian, the ferocious Lycurgos, a son of Ares and like his father in his own horrid customs. He used to drag innocent strangers to death against all right, and cut off with steel human heads, which he hung over his gateway in festoons. He was like Oinomaos and of the same age. Oinomaos kept his unhappy daughter unmarried in his house, without husband, growing old and yet unacquainted with wedded love, until Tantalides came scoring the highroad of the deep in Earth-shaker's fourhorse chariot unwetted. Then came his race for a bride; then cunningminded Myrtilos got him a stolen victory, by making for the wheel a sham axle of wax to deceive — for he was himself in love with sorrowful Hippodameia and pitied her. So the race was useless: under the burning chariot of Helios the waxmoulded model grew warm in the heat, the shortlasting axle melted and shot off the wheel.

[166] Lycurgos was one of the same kind. Often when he met wandering wayfarers at the crossroads with loads on their backs, he had them bound and dragged to his house, and then sacrificed them to Enyalios his father; they

were cut to pieces with knives, and he took their extremities to decorate his inhospitable gates. As a man who returns at last spear in hand from war with his enemies, and hangs up in the hall shields or helmets as trophies of a new victory, so on the blood-stained portals of Lycurgos the feet and hands of dead men were hung. It was massacre: at the neighbouring altar of Zeus, the Strangers God, groaning strangers were cut piecemeal like so many oxen and sheep, and the altars were drenched in the blood of the slain, the dust was spotted with red gore about the gates of the dwelling. The people under this tyranny made haste to sacrifice to Lycurgos instead of Zeus.

[182] But you, Dionysos, did not escape the jealousy of trickstitching Hera. Still resentful of your divine birth, she sent her messenger Iris on an evil errand, mingling treacherous persuasion with craft, to bewitch you and deceive your mind; and she gave her an impious poleaxe, that she might hand it to the king of Arabia, Lycurgos Dryas' son.

[188] The goddess made no delay. She assumed a false pretended shape of Ares, and borrowed a face like his. She threw off her embroidered saffron robes, and put on her head a helmet with nodding plume, donned a delusive corselet, as the mother of battle, a corselet stained with blood, and sent forth from her grim countenance, like a man, battlestirring menaces, all delusion. Then with fluent speech she mimicked the voice of Enyalios:

[196] "My son, scion of invincible Ares, can it be that you too fear Bassarids and their tenderskin womanish threats? This is no new troop of Amazons from Thermodon, these are no warrior women of the Caucasos. They carry no swift arrows, they speed no shafts, they have no bold warhorse, nor over their shoulders do they hold the oxhide halfbuckler of the barbarians. I am ashamed to summon you to battle, when women cry havoc against Lycurgos who fears no havoc! Are you quiet, Lycurgos, while Dionysos is arming? He is a mortal abortion, not one sprung from heavenly stock. Son of Zeus — that is a fairytale of the Hellenes! I can't believe all that about Cronion's childbearing, how my father Zeus ruling on high brought forth a womanish son from his manly thigh! I believe no lying tales, that my Zeus who bore Athena has brought forth a mortal man! My Zeus never learnt how to give birth to a weakling son. Take the word of Ares your father. You have seen that Athena, the female child of Zeus, is stronger than Bacchos. —

[216] "My son, you possess your own strength; you need not your father Enyalios even if he is lord of war. Yet I will arm, if you wish, and I will not leave you in war alone; you shall have a goddess, if need be; Hera, sister and wife of Zeus, will go with you into battle to hold a shield before Lycurgos her grandson...."

[222] "I will set up in your divine temple the rods of the Bassarids, their bastard spears. I will shear off the long horns unshaken from the oxhorned Centaurs, and make stronghorn bows for Arab archers, as it ought to be. I will cut off the long stretching tail from the Seilenoi, and make a hairy whip to beat horses. All these I will bring for you after the battle. But the yellow shoes

of unwarlike Bacchos, and his woman's dress of purple, and the woman's girdle that goes round his loins, these I will keep for your sister-consort the seafoam-born, proper gifts for a woman. All the troop of attendants about woman-mad Lyaïos I will mate with my slaves in forced wedlock, without asking a brideprice, as it ought to be with captives of the spear. Those worthless plants of the garden-vine, the gentle gifts of Lyaïos, fires of Araby shall receive with its hottest sparks!

[238] "Let the sturdy Bassarid, who served Dionysos in the mazes of the dance, learn a new and unfamiliar art: leaving the hills for a house, dropping the dappled fawn-skin and covering her body with a shift, grinding corn with a round millstone. Let her throw off her garlands and the fruitage as they call it; let her learn to combine two common services, as bond-slave both to Pallas and Cythereia, with work-basket by day and the bed by night, handling the shuttle instead of Rheia's cymbals. Let the old Seilenoi sing Euoi beside my festal board, and instead of their usual Lyaïos let them strike up a revel for Ares and Lycurgos."

[251] So he spoke, and golden-winged Iris divine smiled to hear; then went her way, paddling in the false shape of a falcon.

[253] Lycurgos took this vision as an omen of his victory; for he recognized that the swift bird beating murderous wings knew how to scare away the feeble doves. For he had seen, he had seen another such dream, how a maned lion in the woods with ravening throat all ready gave chase to the horned generation of swift deer. With this dream in his mind he made ready against the frenzied Bacchantes, thinking the Bassarids to be like prickets unacquainted with battle, and felt greater boldness than before. And Iris, by Hera's command, put the winged shoe on her feet, and holding a rod like Hermes the messenger of Zeus, flew up to warn Lyaïos of what was coming. To Bacchos in corselet of bronze she spoke deceitful words:

[266] "Brother, son of Zeus Allwise, put war aside, and celebrate your rites with Lycurgos, a willing host. Let battle be, slay not your friends, do not refuse peace! Be gracious to the gentle; who will vanquish a humble man? Do not stir up strife against those who ask you for mercy. Do not cover your body with a starspangled corselet; do not enclose your head in a crestlifting helmet; do not entwine your hair with a garland of serpents. Leave your bloodstained rods behind; take your familiar staff and a horn full of your delicious wine, and offer Euan gifts to Lycurgos who loves the grape! Now dress your body in your unblooded tunic, now let us make melody for a dance without corselet, and let your army remain quiet near the shady wood that it may not offer battle to a peaceful king. No, put on your head the garland that you love; go in joy to the open house of Lycurgos ready to welcome, go in revel like a bridegroom, and keep your Indian-slaying rods for disobedient Deriades. You know King Lycurgos has no coward soul. He is the son of Ares with the blood of Zeus in him; in battle he shows the inborn prowess of Enyalios his father, nor would he shrink from combat with your Cronion himself."

[289] So she cajoled him, and the shoes carried her high into the air. Dionysos deceived by the goddess threw aside his battlestirring rods, and doffed the plumed helmet from his hair, and laid down his star-spangled shield. In one bare hand he carried a vessel full of the purple juice, his pointed horn with the cheerful grape; he twined his unplaited hair with vine-leaves and ivy. His host under arms and his battlestirring women he left near Mount Carmel with the team of lions, and himself walked on foot to the festival in holiday garb without weapon. The panspipes sounded a cheeryheart melody of banquet, the double pipes whistled a friendly note, the Bassarid waved the Euian tambourines of Lyaïos and skipped before the gateway of Lycurgos.

[304] The bold king heard the jubilation of the dance, the hoboy's note and the Berecynthian tune and the noise of the panspipes, he saw the round tambourine beaten on both sides, and he was furious. When he beheld the vinegod near his porch, he laughed in scorn, and hurled an implacable threat against the leader of the Bassarids, in mocking words:

[311] "Do you see these offerings hung up before my mansion? You too, my friend, give me some decoration for my house, your thyrsus or feet or hands or bloody head. If you have horned Satyrs at your command, horned Bacchos, I will strike you all down with my poleaxe like cattle! There is my hospitable gift for you, that gods and men may tell how the gates of Lycurgos were festooned with the mutilated limbs of Dionysos. I am no Boiotian king, this is not Thebes, this is not Semele's house, where women have labour by thunderclap and bring forth their baseborn children by lightning. You brandish a vinebound thyrsus, I wield a poleaxe; and I will cleave your oxforehead down the middle, and break off your curved horns!"

[325] With these words, he beat the nurses of Dionysos with his poleaxe and chased them away; and the dancing women — one shook Rheia's cymbals from her palm, one put down the tambourine from her rattle-loving hands, another shot away her bunches of grapes, another fell with the cups of nectar; many threw down melodious panspipes and Athena's breathing hoboy to roll over each other in the dust. As after storm, near the peaceful woods, a shepherd sees the delightful season of cloudless Phaethon, and wakes a revel while the Nymphs join his dance; then suddenly the water comes rolling from the rocks and the waves are piled up as the river pours down from the mountains, the whistler throws the pipes out of his hands, fearing the bold flood of the river in torrent lest it overwhelm the sheep with swollen stream — so Lycurgos scattered the happy jubilant dancers, and drove the Bacchants unchapleted to the high hills; he pursued them in no dancing fashion, that disbanded army of women; and in his armour of bronze, carrying the sharp poleaxe, Hera's treasure, he made war upon Bacchos unarmed. Now the cruel stepmother bore hard on Lyaïos — invincible Hera thundered loud and made him quake; the knees of Bacchos trembled, as the jealous resentful goddess armed herself on high. For he thought Cronion was fighting for Lycurgos, when he heard the thunderclaps rolling in the heavens. He took to his heels in

fear and ran too fast for pursuit, until he plunged into the gray water of the Erythraian sea.

[354] But Thetis in the deeps embraced him with friendly arm, and Arabian Nereus received him with hospitable hands, when he entered within the loud-resounding hall. Then he comforted him with friendly words, and said:

[358] "Tell me, Dionysos, why are your looks despondent? No army of earthborn Arabs has conquered you, no pursuing mortal man, you fled from no human spear; but Hera, sister and consort of Zeus Cronides, has armed herself in heaven and fought on the side of Lycurgos — Hera and stubborn Ares and the brazen sky: Lycurgos the mighty was only a fourth. Often enough your father himself, the lord of heaven ruling on high, had to give way to Hera! You will have all the more to boast of, when one of the Blessed shall say — Hera consort and sister of mighty Zeus took arms herself against Dionysos unarmed!"

[369] So speaking, Nereus tried to console Bacchos. And while Dionysos was hiding in the bright waves, Lycurgos indignant shouted aloud to the water

[372] "I wish my father had taught me not war alone, but how to deal with the sea! Then I would take a turn at the fishermen's game, and fish for Dionysos, and drag this Lydian out of the bosom of the deep to land again for my servant! But since I have not learnt the work of seafaring fishers, and know nothing of the tricks of hunting in the deep with a cunning mesh of nets, you may have Leucothea's house in the watery deep, until I can dislodge both you and Melicertes as they call him, another of your kin. I want no steel for that, or this merciless poleaxe which belongs to the land. I want fishermen, to dive into the depth of the Erythraian brine and drag Dionysos from his refuge in the sea.

[384] "Ho Fishermen! searchers of the haunts of Nereus! Spread not your nets for the denizens of the deep, but haul out Dionysos in the meshes! Let Leucothea be caught along with Lyaïos, and let her come back to the land; let bold Palaimon come with them to my house, let him dry his body and be slave to Lycurgos! Then he may leave the courses of his seabred horses round Ephyreia, and yoke my car beside a terrestrial manger, he and Bacchos grooms together. Let there be one house — one house for both, Palaimon and Dionysos."

[394] Thus full of fury he railed at the sea, and hoary Nereus, and wished to flog the deep. But Father Zeus cried aloud to Lycurgos in his raging —

[397] "You are mad, Lycurgos, you challenge the winds in vain! Away on your feet, while your eyes can still see! You have heard how a while ago by a trickling spring in the mountains Teiresias only saw Athena naked — he lifted no furious spear and made no attack on the goddess, he only saw, and yet lost the sight of his eyes."

[403] Such was the rebuke of Zeus who rules on high, spoken through the air when he saw the outrageous impiety of Lycurgos.

BOOK XXI

The twenty-first contains Earthshaker's wrath, and the man-breaking battle of Ambrosia, and the Indian ambush.

NOR did Dryas' son forget the first combat. He seized the poleaxe, and a second time went in search of the troops of Bassarids in the forest. But heavenly Zeus gave courage and warlike boldness to Ambrosia, and then possessed of a wave of wild madness she raised a stone and hurled it at Lycurgos, knocking off the ponderous helmet from his locks. But he boldly attacked with a larger stone all jagged, and drove at the chest of the soft-eyed nymph. He did not overthrow her however, and he cried out in rage —

[11] "Ares, lord of war, father of strong Lycurgos! Can you see without shame your son attacking a weak unarmed woman, instead of Lyaïos? The sea is too strong for my poleaxe, for Dionysos was hidden in the waves; I have had my journey in vain, and I will return to my own city, and leave my task unfinished."

[17] He spoke, and seizing Ambrosia round the waist he held her fast in his limb-compressing hands; he wished to throw her into bonds and to drag her to his house like a captive foreigner, to drive off a nymph from the company of Bromios's nurses, pricking her slave's back with the doubleheaded poleaxe. But she stood, and he could not drag her away, nor could he smash her skull in a mess of blood. Saffronrobe Ambrosia fled the bold man and prayed to Mother Earth to save her from Lycurgos. And the Earth, mother of all fruits, opened a gulf, and received Ambrosia the nurse of Bromios alive in a loving embrace. The nymph disappeared and changed her shape to a plant — she became a vine-shoot, which of itself coiled its winding cord round the neck of Lycurgos and throttled him with a tight noose, battling now with threatening clusters as once with the thyrsus.

[33] Rheia indignant gave a voice to the plant, that she might show her favour to Dionysos king of gardenvines; so Ambrosia uttered a breathing voice and shrilled high and loud:

[36] "Never will I cease to fight with you, plant though I am! Even as one of the world of plants I will wound you! I have no brazen chain, but I will choke you with inextricable leaves! I will attack you although a vine, that people may say —

'Bassarids kill murderers, even when they are part of the world of leaves!' You have to fear even vegetable warriors, for vines can shoot their enemies, and grapes can stab them! I fought you alive, and dead I will vanquish you. See how the nurses of Dionysos play the heroes! Have you heard of the seafish called hold the ship, how in the sea a little weak creature has often attacked a crew, pulls back their vessels, and with a small gaping mouth holds up a long freightship firm and fast? Here I am, your hold the ship on land!

Here are my leaves, with a selfacting fetter not made of steel, for the battle of the valiant vine! Stand, I say, stand and wait for the son of Thyone, when he shall return from the bosom of the sea!"

[53] So cried Ambrosia out of the vine with her grapy voice, whipping Lycurgos with her long foliage; and the wild man caught in the fresh green bonds, immovable, smothered all round in the galling fetters of leaves which he could not tear, roared defiance against Dionysos. He had no strength to escape; in vain he shook his throat wound about with the tiny tendrils in strong constraint. His voice could find no ferry through the gullet throttled with wreathing growths. The Bacchant women thronged round him, his neck confined in the middle of the stifling clusters.

[63] Spearmaster Ares caught up his son's frightful axe; for he feared that the mad Bacchants might strike the body of Lycurgos with that bloody poleaxe; but he did not release Dryas' son from the leafy bonds, much as he desired to do it — he gave way on hearing the threatening sound of Zeus's thunder, and at the flash of his father's lightning.

[69] Polyxo threw herself upon the head of the raving man, and tore out long locks of hair by the roots. She laid a furious hand on the belly of her foe, seized the corselet, wrenched it off with predatory force, burst it in her rage — declare, O warrior Muses! what a wonder that a woman's nails should tear apart this gear, made of steel though it was! — Cleite with hair flowing free had plaited a twining rope of withies, and Gigarto of the vines, with the whip of twigs, scored the body of Lycurgos with red bleeding weals over the torn shoulders. Phleio scratched the sole of his foot with bunches of thorns, maddened dreadfully. Eriphe the companion of Eiraphiotes clutched at the man's hairy throat, with a mind to throw him back on the ground. Phasyleia the leader of the Bacchanal dance, fought and scratched the enemy's flank with a sharp spike. Theope Lyaïos's nurse armed herself with a skintearing fennel. Bromie, who bore the name of Bromios, also beat the body of Lycurgos; and with them Cisseis, that grapeloving nymph, flogged the man with ivy.

[90] So Lycurgos was tormented by the warring plants; but now a trouble appeared worse than any. For Rheia of the mountains armed against Arabia the seagod, Earthshaker who splits the foundations of the earth with a crash, and hurls them about. Then Earthshaker the ruler of the sea struck with his trident, and knocked away the great bar which held up the wide floor of the land, while the caverns of the earth were beaten by internal winds, subterranean winds, for blasts in the hidden parts hollow out grinning chasms with moving shock. The unshakable soil of Arabia quaked, cloudcapt palaces were dissolved by the shattering shock; trees fell to the earth, and the firm ground about Arabian Nysa struck by the trident shook and danced. The elm lay on the ground, the laurel's leaves were in the dust, the pine self-uprooted lay beside the fir.

[105] While Earthshaker with wild subterranean blasts shook the roots of the

hollows and caverns below, a new calamity came: the woodranging Nysian women, lashed by the whip of dragonhair Megaira, bellowed like bulls and murdered their children. One would rush forward and throw her boy flying into the air, sliding headlong from the air into the dust. Another dragged her own baby along the ground, and forgot the breast. Another stained her hand with childslaying steel, and carved her son like another mad Agaue. So they rushed on their own children, the newborn sons whom they had brought forth, and cut them piecemeal with the knife. Beside them the Arabian shepherd crouching under Pan's whip ran amok among the animals.

[120] So the oxherd, seething by the god's maddening device, carved up his children, and feasted on his own sons with child-devouring jaws: the belly of delirious drovers was the tomb of their own boys, whom they should have cared for. All the while Lycurgos was beaten by the Nymphs' hands. He was fast bound with many knots of leafage smothering him. Yet he bent not a knee before Lyaïos, held not out a hand to Zeus for mercy in his extremity, feared not the thunder, but glared with fury at the Bassarids. He saw the lightning flash against his head, and would not yield to Lyaïos. Blows fell on him from all sides, but he stood unmoved by all this impetuous onslaught of innumerable blows, facing alone Zeus, Poseidon, Rheia, Earth, Nereus, Bacchos, with only Ares to help him; and in his pain he shrieked out unbridled defiance:

[135] "Make fire, let us burn all this stuff, let all these Bacchic leaves lie in the flames! Let us throw the blazing gardenvines into the sea for Dionysos in the deeps, to show the courage of Arabs! Let Thetis herself catch the scorched fruit in the waves, and quench the burning viny ashes in the sea! Loose these phantasms, this cunning witchery of bonds! I see here witchery of the Nereids and Poseidon. Loose me and bring me to the sea! I will take arms against this prophet-wizard Proteus. Light a torch, that I may go down to the sea in my avenging wrath, and set fire to Melicertes the entertainer of Bromios!"

[146] So he spoke, threatening Nereus and Dionysos.

[147] Now Hera came to Arabia, and saved the afflicted son of Enyalios from the leafy battle. She held the iron sword of Ares, and bared the flashing blade of the divine glaive over the Bacchants, scattering in flight the army of Cybelid women. She cut through Ambrosia's leaves with that iron, and untied the bonds of the vine from Lycurgos. She soothed her brother, Seabluehair Earthshaker, and Zeus her husband and Rheia her mother, to save Lycurgos that he might be numbered with the immortals. For the Arabs on heavy-steaming altars propitiated Dryas' son as a god with offerings, pouring to Lycurgos, who cared nought for Bacchos, libations of blood, instead of the honey dripping vintage of Dionysos.

[162] All this Old Time was to accomplish in later days; but now, in order that no other mortal man should be proud like spearbold Lycurgos, and ridicule Dionysos whom none may ridicule, Father Zeus made mad Lycurgos a blind wanderer; to tramp round and round in the city which he no longer

knew, to seek some guide for the path where he must tread, or often on lonely travels with stumbling feet.

[170] That is what was done on the mountains. But in the Erythraian sea, the daughters of Nereus cherished Dionysos at their table, in their halls deep down under the waves. Mermaid Ino threw off her jealousy of Semele's bed divine, and struck up a brave hymn for winepouring Lyaïos. Ino the nurse of Dionysos made music; and Melicertes his fosterbrother ladled out nectar from the bowl, and poured the sweet cups for his agemate.

[178] So he remained in the hall deep down in the waves, with the broad main for his dwelling, a visitor under the waters, and he lay sprawled among the seaweed in Thetis's bosom; he embraced never satisfied Cadmos's daughter, Ino his nurse, mother of a noble son, sister of his own mother, and often he held in the loving prison of his arms Palaimon his yearsmate, his foster-brother. The Mimallon with quiet shoe no longer trod the noisy turns of the dance, for Bacchos was not there; she was hunting for tracks of Lyaïos now under the sea. The Satyr so full of energy showed a face unsmiling, and languished in sorrow strange to him. The Pans wandered wild through the woods with hillranging hoof, Pans in search of Dionysos, and heard no word of him. Seilenos danced no more, threw away his cymbals unheeded, lay with downcast looks. Cronian Macris the nurse of nevermourning Dionysos trilled her lament, she who used to share the basket of the well-spoked car of Bacchos. So they were all restless and sad. But Scelmis left the caves of the waveless deep, and drove his father's unwetted car, to tell them the tidings in their sorrow that Dionysos was coming back.

[200] While Bacchos enjoyed the hospitality of the sea, the windfoot courier of vineplanting Bromios traversed the Caucasos mountains to the Indian city. He had the shape of a bull, a borrowed form bearing horns, the very image of the horns of Selene; the skin of a mountain goat was thrown over his body, and hung over one shoulder from the collar-bone draping his right side down to the fork of the thigh; he shook a pair of long ears like the ears of an ass beside his two cheeks, and he was covered with hair, with a self-wagging tail that grew out from between his loins.

[211] The swarthy Indians crowded about him laughing, until he approached the place where huge Deriades, that king of men, sat in his chariot-and-pair. He checked the steps of his towering elephants, and laughing spoke to the Satyr in words of raillery:

[216] "What doubleshaped men bullform Dionysos sends to Deriades! what playthings for a soldier! Monsters, not creatures having a wholly human shape! They have the form of beasts! for with a double shape they are bastards, bulls and men at once — they have the bull's body and the man's face."

[227] So he spoke, and made the summoning signal for war, by striking a hearty blow with his sword upon the round boss which was seen in the middle of his richly-ornamented shield: the metal struck boomed out a sound of

havoc from the oxhide.

[231] Then the swiftcoursing herald of Bromios opened his amazed lips, and gave his message to the grim king:

[233] “Deriades, sceptred king, the god Dionysos commands the Indians to accept the wine of his care-forgetting vintage, and to pour libations to the immortals, without war, without battle. If they refuse, he takes up arms, until Hydaspes bend a servile knee to the wands of the Bassarids. You have heard a truthful message: now give some answer to my address, which I may deliver to Dionysos.”

[240] When he had done, the monarch roared in a furious voice:

“Ha, what a word the bold man-beast has spoken! It would be shameful to strike down a herald with violent hand, one who comes without valiant spear and holds no oxhide shield. I have heard the exploits of your chief: Ganges has heard the weakness of Bromios and the manly courage of Lycurgos. I know your king, the bastard god, when he fled and slipt into the deep for refuge from destruction. Yes, your Bacchos is called the fiery, because he rose from flanks of his mother Thyone struck by Zeus; and water is stronger far than fire. My father Indian Hydaspes, if it be his pleasure, could quench the fiery breath of the thunderbolt of Zeus with his bubbling flood.

[248] “Turn your foot, if you please, to the marches of the Median land; go there and proclaim the dances of Dionysos. Pass into Bactrian soil, where Mithras is a god, the Assyrian Phaethon of Persia; for Deriades has learnt no dances of the eternal Blessed, he honours not Helios and Zeus or the company of shining stars. I know nothing of Cronos, or of Cronides who destroyed his father, nor Cronos the master-deceiver, who swallowed his own children, and shore away from Aither the hive of begetting love. I do not acknowledge your gifts, what you call your vintage; I accept no other drink than golden Hydaspes. My wine is the spear, my potion too the shield! No Semele brought me forth in firestruck bridal, or received the flames of death in her chamber; but my breeding came of Enyo in brazen armour, who never has surfeit of battles. I care nothing for the blessed offspring of Zeus; for me there are only two gods, Earth and Water.

[265] “Go and give this answer to battleshy Dionysos. Go untouched, and evil go with you; go before I draw my bow, go with a curse if you would escape my spear! Arm for battle your half-and-half beasts and your uncorseleted women, and fight with Deriades! Then after our Indian victory I will drag you away along with Dionysos, the captive of my spear. But I will not make you my envoy. You cannot do such service in the house for me, but I will allow you to fan me at my table with your long ears.”

[274] This said, he dismissed him with threatening looks, after quickly scribbling this message within a tablet with two folding sides:

[277] “Take arms against Deriades if you can, Dionysos.”

[278] Such words as these the loudvoiced herald heard, and departed. He found the Seilenoi in high glee: Dionysos had come up out of the waters and

joined the Oread Nymphs. The Satyrs skipt, the Bacchants danced about, Maron with his old legs led the music between two Bacchants, with his arms laid round their necks, and bubbles of fragrant wine at his lips. The Mimallon unveiled trilled a song, how the footstep of Dionysos had come that way again.

[287] Then the vinegod threw off his earlier cares, and entered upon rejoicing; for he had heard in the sea the whole story from Torone's lord Proteus, the earthshaking shock in Arabia the inhospitable, and how Lycurgos wandered blind with stumbling feet. He heard also the deathbringing madness of the herdsmen's duress, how the company of countrymen went raging about, how the women in the dells gorged the fruit of their own travail; heard also of the company of Hyades in heaven, heard that Ambrosia had left earth and risen as a star in Olympos, Ambrosia who had attacked undaunted Lycurgos, the battle of the twigs and the war with vines.

[299] They were enjoying themselves as the herald came back, safe and sound, and greatly desired by Bacchos rejoicing. He reported the highnecked folly of Deriades, and carried the double tablets pregnant with war.

[303] The Lord lost no time. He read the lines engraved on the witnessing tablet, and resolute, he summoned his warriors to the fray. He called the Rhadamans, whom Minos once sent on their wanderings unwilling from the land of Crete to the Arabian soil; and bade them by Rheia's advice to build wooden ships for an attack upon India by sea. Quickly he drove his car to the eastern clime of the earth, gleaming in his armour like the Morning Star, crossed over the rocky crest of Caucasos and through the valleys, and over the lightbringing region of the dawnland he went on towards the midday goal of the sun.

[315] When Deriades heard the rumour of battle with the thyrsus, that the army of mountainranging Dionysos was near at hand, he stationed in ambush his Indians in serried ranks, and sent a detached force across the river, resting all hope for the conflict in the craft and skill of bronze-armoured war. He rowed all these men on shipboard across Indian Hydaspes. So the Indian host was divided into two armies, one on each bank of the river bristling with lances. Thureus was on the edge of the West Wind, Deriades opposite by the wing of the burning East Wind.

[326] There was on the spot a shady place, where the rocks were surrounded by a wide mass of all kinds of trees and left an empty hollow. No wandering arrow in flight could pierce those trees, if one were shot, and the sun never came down through the midst of those thick branches with sharp thrust, cutting the closewoven leaves with penetrating rays; no deluge of rain from heaven falling through the air passed into those woodland shades, but the showers of Zeus on high scarce wetted the surface of the leaves with their rushing water. There in the spinneys an ambush was hidden among the tall trunks covered with green clusters of highgrowing leafage, unexpected, unshaken, and in the bosom of the forest kept noiseless its moving shoes. No

hidden foot tore the leafy bushes, none feared a crouching foot, or sounds of words upon a chattering lip, or pallor on the face; but each had a mind bold and firm, and enjoyed his measured sleep on the ground in his armour with eyelids..., waiting for the march in step of the enemy at hand.

BOOK XXII

The twenty-second celebrates the battle and feats of Bromios, all the deeds of Aiacos both on the plain and in the Hydaspes.

WHEN the footforces of Bacchos came to the crossing of the pebbly river, where, like the Nile, Indian Hydaspes pours his navigable water into a deep-eddying hollow, then sounded the womanish song of the Bassarids, making Phrygian festival for Lyaios of the Night, and the hairy company of Satyrs rang out with mystic voice. All the earth laughed, the rocks bellowed, the Naiads sang alleluia, the Nymphs circled in mazes over the silent streams of the river, and sang a melody of Sicilian tune, like the hymns which the minstrel Sirens pour from their honeytongued throats. All the woodlands rang thereat: the trees found skill to make music like the hoboy, the Hadryades cried aloud, the Nymph sang, peeping up halfseen over her leafy cluster.

[16] The fountain, though but water, turned white and poured a stream of snowy milk; in the hollow of the torrent the Naiads bathed in milky streams and drank the white milk. The rough rock spilled out wine from red nipples, and stained itself deep, as the must welled over the unplanted hill in showers sweet to drink; the pleasant gifts of the honeydropping bee dribbled from holes of themselves without need of hives; from newsprouting bushes of spikyhair thorn sprang up softbloom apples; oil poured of itself on the twigs of Athena's tree, and bathed it in unpressed drops.

[28] Hares embraced the dancing dogs; long serpents joined in the merry dance, curving down their heads and licking the footprints of snake-hair Dionysos, and one after another blew out gentle hisses from glad throats; there was method in the movements of the happy reptiles, as the interlacing coils of their long spines skipt about Dionysos on fearless feet. Tigers jumped round and round in play on the Indian precipices; a great swarm of hillranging elephants went skipping in the forest glades.

[39] The Pans then, roaming about the craggy ravines sped on nimble hooves through the trackless hills; in terrible places, where even that light traveller the bird would not dare to fly, or traverse with his pair of beating wings in his lofty course. The lion shook the mane hanging about his jaws, and danced in partnership with the tripping boar. Birds squawked an image of human speech, and borrowing the war-cry half mimicked, they prophesied victory in the Indian struggle, and shook the tail straight out along their green bodies. The panther dancing with equal spirit, leapt high with a bear for partner. Artemis checked the rush of her swift hounds, when she saw the romping leaps of a lioness now tame, and slackened for very shame the string of her bended bow, that she might not shoot the happy beasts with her arrows.

[55] One there was watching the strange miracles of Bacchos, as he peered out through the top of a thick cluster. He made a round spyhole through the

leaves; he let himself see just so much as a man sees when he looks out of the eyeholes made in his helmet; or when a man trained in the tragic chorus utters a terrific roar from his far-resounding throat, and strains his eyesight within through the eyepiece made in the mask which he carries as a deceitful likeness of a man's face. So this man hiding under the dark bushes watched all the miracles unseen with furtive gaze. He told all to the enemy. Thureus shook with fear, and blamed Morrheus and Deriades for their thoughtlessness: the Indian host trembled, and thinking no more of combat, threw the bronze weapons from frightened hands when they saw the trees moving under the maddening influence.

[71] And now the Indian host would have plucked from the neighbouring banks green shoots of olive in token of supplication, and bent a servile neck before Dionysos unconquerable. But Hera ever ready took another shape, and gave courage to the enemy. She deceived the Indian leader; she fastened on Dionysos a song of magical Thessalian spells, and Circe's posset with invocations of the gods, as if he had poisoned that unpoisoned river. She convinced the enemy, quite ready to be convinced, and told each one not to let himself be driven by fiery thirst to drink of the adulterated water of the mind-stealing river, and so come to grief.

[82] And now the swarthy Indians would have leapt from their hidden ambush and attacked the army of Bacchos at their meal; but a Hamadryad Nymph peering over a high branch sprang up, leafy to the hips. Holding thyrsus in hand, she looked like a Bacchant, with bushy ivy thick in her hair like one of them; first she indicated the enemies' plot by eloquent signs, then whispered in the ear of Lyaïos of the grapes:

[90] "Vinegod Dionysos, lord gardener of the fruits! Your plant gives grace and beauty to the Hadryads! I am no Bassarid, I am no comrade of Lyaïos, I carry only a false thyrsus in my hand. I am not from Phrygia, your country, I do not dwell in the Lydian land by that river rolling in riches. I am a Hamadryad of the beautiful leaves, in the place where the enemy warriors lie in ambush. I will forget my country and save your host from death: for I offer loyal faith to your Satyrs, Indian though I am. I take sides with Dionysos instead of Deriades; I owe my gratitude to you, and I will pay it, because your Father, mighty Zeus of the raincloud, always brings the watery travail of the rivers, always feeds the trees with his showers of rain. Give me your leaves, and here I will plant them; give me your clusters of grapes which drive our cares away!

[106] "But my friend, do not hasten to cross the river, or the Indians, who are near, may overwhelm you in the water. Direct your eye to the forest, and see in the leafy thickets a secret ambuscade of men unseen hidden there. But what will those weaklings in their thickets do to you? Your enemies live so long as you still hold back your thyrsus. Silence between us now, that the enemy near may not hear, that Hydaspes may not tell it to the hidden Indians."

[114] When she had said this, the Hamadryad Nymph went away again quick

as a wing, quick as a thought; and changing her shape to look like a bird she sped through the secret wood, down upon the oak her yearsmate. But Bacchos silently mingled with the Bassarids, and told the divine Hamadryad's tale into each captain's ear with nods and glances. By silent signs he ordered them to take their meal under arms among the trees, and explained the secret plot of the plot-stitching Indians. They must not let the fighting men overwhelm them unarmed and still at meat in their ranks. They did as Lyaïos bade them, and sat down to their food in silence ready for battle, with spears on the table.

[127] After a hasty meal they hurried under shields to the river near by, to drink water after the food, by divine command of prudent Dionysos, who did not wish winebibbing and slumber or darkness to put his army to bed. So the army tumbled here or there in the bed of war, to enjoy a short sleep upon the soldier's shield. And Father Zeus thwarted the tricky plan of the Indians, and prevented their night-assault, by a loud peal of thunder and torrents of rain which made a great noise all night long.

[136] But when Dawn rent the darkness with feet of snow, and plucking the morning grew purple upon the streaming rocks, the enemy darting all together beyond the sheltering borders of the forest, burst out to waken the battle. Their leader was Thureus, that prodigious chieftain of India's war, with a rush like towering Typhon when he attacked the thunderbolt. The army of Bacchos, by the astute orders of their skilful leader, feigned flight though unafraid, and retreated from the battlefield of their own will, until the Indians had left their hidingplace and poured over the plain.

[146] The Lydian warrior was armed in rich harness, like Lycian Glaucos shining in gold, sounding the fame of his country, where wealth sparkles bright and red through the water that flows between Pactolos's banks; he flashed with rosy gleams in the face of day, shaking the yellow front of his precious helmet, that Lydian warrior conspicuous, and from his breast the corselet he wore flashed gleams of ruddy light. Another chieftain from Alybe, a valiant champion for Dionysos, showed forth his country's wealth, as he poised the shining helmet upon his temples, and the shimmering sheen of a silver morion was reflected from his head for all to see, shooting a lustre like the snow-white moon.

[159] The restless god himself scattered all the enemy troops, holding no naked sword, poisoning no spear, but passing like the wind through the front ranks, circling from left wing to right in the fray, striking with his thyrsus instead of a long lance, cleaving the cloud of Indians with flowers of the field, with ivy-rod for spear. Highheaded Thureus, great as he was, could not drive him back, nor another champion, nor the army; but sprawling over each other they gave way in every part before the rush of Dionysos.

[168] Oiagros also beat back the swarthy fighting, insatiable, reaping the ranks of men in swathes, as he cut the harvest of flashing helms with Bistonian blade. As a torrent pours its stormy strength unceasing from the mountains in floods through the ravines, and comes rushing over the plain,

where not even the enclosures can hold it with their impregnable walls, and it bursts midway through the masses of stone bridges: many a pine goes rolling, many a tall fir falls torn by the roots and hurried down by the flood — so he dealt with the enemy host, killing the footmen one after another in heaps with Sithonian pike. Now they came around him, and built what soldiers call a mimic tortoise with their shields: foot stood firm beside foot shield leant on shield side by side, layer before layer pressing close, plume nodded to plume, man touched man in serried array, the dust rose under the horses' hooves and the warriors were whitened.

[187] Here whom first, whom last did Oiagros send to Hades, as the man of Bistonia sliced them down, killing one after another, doing deeds that needed Calliopeia his consort, to tell them! One he struck above the nipple with darting spear, one with hilted sword in the neck; another furious foe he pierced in the navel, drew back his spear from the bleeding wound, and as he pulled, dragged out the bowels hot after his gory steel. When another showed fight he drew sword and ran upon him, cut the wrist with the sharp blade, and the hand fell bleeding and wriggling and jumping on the ground: or a hand was cut off, but did not loose the shield, but still clutched the end of the strap down in the dust, while the dead man's soul flew off on the wind longing for the youthful strength of the familiar body which had been bound up with it. Another he destroyed with a blow of his unsparing spear, piercing the shoulder-top with the sharp point, then struck the shield with his sword — the steel struck the oxhide in the middle with a clash, but it did not break.

[207] So he went on wild with the madness of battle, wielded his spear in all directions with masterly skill, right and left flank, over the neck, across the shoulder, darted the ever-returning point this way and that way, until he cut through the front of the dense combat, full of energy as he sat on his horse with flying mane. As after the dark season of freezing winter the air shows free of the covering clouds, and takes the clear light of shining spring, so this inspired fearless man routed the dense ranks of broken Indians, and made a bare space in the middle of the fray.

[218] Then in the front ranks, one drove his blade at another's mouth and struck the right cheek with the terrible sword. Here a stone cast against the enemy soared high to its mark, whizzing through the air; the stone fell from the air and crashed upon a head, knocking off the crest of a plumed helmet and snapping the neckstrap under the chin — the helmet went rolling away and the man's head was bare. Then not only men roared battle, but even the armoured horses joined in the noise, trumpeting Ares with bellicose whinny: and maiden Echo aftersounding answered the din of their hillranging throats with her stony lips, and whinnied too — mimicking their warlike notes.

[232] Many a corpse newly slain rolled over the fields, spitting out a hot stream of blood. Of the dying, some lay on their sides and died, one with belly torn open turned over on the wound, another rolled in the dust which was scattered on the ground, another died leaning upon his middle, this one trod

upon the head of a man gasping on the ground, that one wounded in the throat fell with a groan and moved his feet about in a dance of death. Another lay on his face, and as if venting his rage on the slayer, opened his mouth and bit the earth with mad teeth. Another had been struck with a long steel blade, and his white tunic was red from a jet of gore. Another, as he fought, was shot in the thigh by a winged arrow from the bows drawn at him, and covered with blood.

[247] There was one of the enemy who pressed his trumpet to his lips in vain, and sounded the call to attack, hoping to bring back into the battle his cowardly shrinking host. The Indians hearing the call poured back to the fray, and boldly began a new conflict, ashamed to appear without victory before their king.

[253] A large company of warriors in panoply drove Aiacos apart, and surrounded him there. He stood in the midst at their mercy; no helmet nor shield nor corselet could have saved him from that assault, but Athena built all round him a defence in place of steel, his father's impregnable clouds, the same clouds which once had quenched the drought of the soil, and brought lifegiving water upon the thirsty earth, when Zeus sent the rain, so that the fertile furrows of sheafbearing earth were wedded to the plow. Thus the inspired man, surrounded by enemies, destroyed some with quickdarting spear, some with sword, some with jagged stones; the ground was red with the blood of slain Indians, and the corpses lay scattered in heaps by the blade of the unshaken man. One panted half-dead, one hammered the earth with his feet and rolled over helpless on his back, holding converse with fate his neighbour. They crowded the place, corpse lying as if fitted on corpse in rows, and cold bodies were warmed by the red gore from throats newly cut, endless carnage. As they fell and fell, Earth darkened with pouring streams of blood lamented her sons, and cried with a torrent of words —

[276] “Son of Zeus, beneficent butcher — for you are lord of the fruitbearing rain and the deluge of blood! With rain you did irrigate all the productive orchards of Hellas, with gore you have deluged Indian furrows! Once stookbearing, now deathbearing! Your deluge found corn-ears for the farmers, now you have reaped the Indian host, men like a ripe harvest! You do both — bring rain from Zeus, and shower blood from Ares!”

[284] So cried Earth, the mother of life. But Cronion sounded from heaven, the trumpet of Zeus called Aiacos to the slaughter of Indians with thunderclaps. There one of the enemy fixed his eye on Aiacos and let fly a shot: the arrow just grazed his thigh so as to scratch the skin, but Athena turned it aside. Aiacos felt no pain, and fought still more without ceasing among the Indians, after the arrow touched his thigh, like the light touch of a man's nail which just scratches the skin.

[293] One man got away on foot uncaught, running at full speed, and wished to get into the coppice not far off where he had been hidden before; but Erechtheus pursued him riding a windfoot horse. When he had caught him up

so close that a front-fighter could aim his flying lance for a straight throw, the man turned about and faced him, awaiting the horseman on foot. He bent his knee, and planted his left foot on the ground turning sideways, lifted his right foot and stretched it behind, stiffened the toes of his right foot and pressed them firmly into the ground. He carried a sevenhide Indian shield like a tower, he carried a sharp naked sword; holding the bronzeplated shield before his face the brave Indian faced his foe, ready to die or strike the man or pierce the horse with daring sword. As he came on the footman from one side struck up at the horse's cheek with a knob of steel and unsettled the man above on his back, and he would have thrown the citizen of unmothered Athena; but Erechtheus struck him with a spear by his midnipple-tip, and with sharp-slaughtering bronze pierced the man through the middle and sent him flying till he fell through the air to the ground, slipping headforemost, and rolled over and over in the dust, and with a somersault took a header like a tumbling clown. There the Athenian left him in convulsions, and turned back his horse to attack other enemies.

[320] (Oiaeros was still fighting.) He bent his bow, fitted a shaft to the string, and drew it right back to the tip of the iron and let fly at the mark, trusting all hopes of victory to his bride Calliopeia, mother of a noble son. Nine longbarbed arrows he shot, nine men he slew — one number for the arrows let fly and the warriors killed. One flying shaft pierced a forehead, one cut the round of a hairy breast, another fell on a flank, another upon a belly and dug deep into the hollow middle. Again one went through a side, another caught a running man on the sole of his storming foot and nailed the foot close fastened to the earth. Again he drew back a windswift shaft: and from that quiver another flew, and a shower of arrows went one after another hurtling through the air. As when a man hammers metal on a smith's anvil, and rings the fiery clinks with unwearied sledge beating the mass below, the sparks leap out in showers, spurting when the iron is struck, and heat the air; under blow after blow first one goes up then another, one leaps after another and catches it leaping in its fiery course: so he shooting at the Indian host before him scattered the warriors with arrows without respite, slaying on all sides with the incessant shafts. The centre of the line gave way before this cloud of arrows and a space was left clear, like the crescent moon when it shines dim at either horn and fills the two ends with new-lighted sheen, marking off the middle of the orb with receding beams, and the two horns apart gleaming softly, but the middle orb of the moon marked off is yet seen to be bare.

[354] Nor did Aiacos slacken fight, that fearless ally of Dionysos, but he moved furious in the fray killing here and killing there; he chased the people away from the plain and drove them into the river flood. The warriors gathered around him, alone in their midst, struck by their swords and not caring for sabre-stroke nor winged shot. With incessant swoops he reaped the iron harvest of black battle, that stirring hero, and fought them all, slaying some on the banks, some down in the river with battling hand. He filled the

whole stream with corpses; white Hydaspes turned red, boiling with the blood of the slain. One man to escape the champion, rushing like the wind, dived of himself, tumbling into the stream; many a corpse newly slain by that darting steel was carried floating upon the billowy flood with swollen limbs. The blood ran deep, and the Naiads washed in gory water, the black water reddened with clots of blood. Many threw away their spears in the river and offered supplication unarmed, this on the bank, that stretched on the sand, one again on land kneeling upright and bending an arched neck. But Aiacos threw up his head refusing their prayers, and let his unbending wrath grow against his adversaries. Not one Lycaon alone did he slay, a warrior unarmed and still praying for mercy; but innumerable enemies he destroyed, rolling over and over on the earth with unweaponed hands, and defiled the running river: many a dead Asteropaios Hydaspes received.

[384] Not without God's help Aiacos also fought. As befitted the father of Peleus, he slew his enemies in the river, a watery battle, a conflict among the waves, as if to foretell the unfinished battle for Achilles in time to come at the river Camandros: the grandfather's battle prophesied the grandson's conflict.

[390] And a Naiad Nymph in the river unshod, unveiled, peeped out of the stream and cried —

[392] "Kinsman of the Naiads! with the blood of Zeus in your veins! Pity the holy water of the river that fell from Zeus! Indians enough your spear has destroyed. Cease to call for the tears from the tearless Naiad Nymphs! A Naiad of the water was your own mother; yes, I hear that your Aigina was a river's daughter. Think who brought you forth, and you will no longer defile a river. I will go away to another stream, one without stain, I will go down to the sea, and seaborn Thetis is ready to receive me. Let this river of blood be the care of Erinys and Dionysos."

BOOK XXIII

In the twenty - third I sing Indian Hydaspes crossed, and the affray of water and fire.

So spoke the Nymph, the Naiad of the waters, and soaked in blood plunged into the bloodstained water of her father. But Aiacos drove the barbarian hordes along the banks into the flood, striking with his sword; the enemy pursued by the steel died in their rout and choked the river Hydaspes. Many a one in the flood stretched legs and arms in the manner of swimmers, and tried to escape his fate by cutting the stream with inexperienced hands, yet he was swallowed in the water; one upon another swollen big with water there found a floating grave.

[11] But Aiacos had not long to wait on the bank of the shieldstrewn river, surrounded by all that multitude of deadly foes, for Dionysos Indianslayer was beside him at his need, shaking the sharpened wand. Then Aiacos laid low a great host besides, piercing them with unsparing spear; furious as Ares he was by the side of his corseleted brother Dionysos.

[18] Then Dionysos joined with him in the watery battle, and brought a drowning death to his foes. If some man swam by cutting through the waves on his wellmade shield, he thrust him through the back as he swam. If an Indian showed fight half under water and standing on the mud, he struck breast or neck with his wand, wading in among the drowning men; for he knew the deep bosom of the waters, ever since he fled from the murderous attack of Lycurgos, and ancient Nereus had entertained him in his billowy dwelling. Many on this side and that plunged into the stream in fear of the hillranging son of Zeus. One stood upright with feet held firmly in the slimy mud, selfstuck, immovable, half-visible from loins to head; then lifting the hidden fork of the thigh he fought better against Bromios in water than on land, for he cast two lances from his two hands; one he let fly towards the bank, sending it up high, with Aiacos as his target, who was approaching; the other he poised and threw at Lyaïos the invulnerable. Another stood firmly, covered to midbelly; and he could not escape, but the sharp wand struck him as he dragged his clogged feet through the fettering mud, and his soles were stayed in the sands. There was another, stopt by a wound in the calf; the river just reached his knee, and fought a wet warfare through the bloody water. Another rooted to the bottom was submerged over the chin, and tried to lift his feet so as to get a shoulder clear of the water, trying to escape the terrible flood which dashed in his face. Others with the whole body covered from the toes to the middle of the chest, or with both shoulders in the wet, or with red on the hair of his head, awaited the threatening attack of the waves. Another with wet lips palpitating and grinning teeth sank into the deathdealing stream.

[52] Some proud Indian seeing his companions killed by long spear or

sword, struck by a missile rock, pierced by the sharp leafwapt thyrsus-wand, pointed out to Thureus the heaps of corpses — then in anguish tore his hair, bit his lips deep and was dumb, wild with blazing indignation. Born of barbarian blood and bred in barbarian manners, he quickly followed the example of Indian Orontes and killed himself. Baring his sword, he stripped off the corselet, that impregnable defence in battle which kept off the missiles, and undismayed set the blade to his flank, as he uttered a last proud speech before the quick stroke of death:

[65] “Belly, receive this friendly sword! I should be ashamed if I were killed by some unnatural unwarlike hand. I myself drive a willing blade into my own side, that my father may not reproach me brought low by a womanish wand, nor call Satyr or Bacchant my slayer!”

[70] As he spoke, he thrust the sword down into his darkskinned belly with resolute hands, as if he were piercing a stranger, and died self-slain, another Menoiceus among his foes, ashamed to look again upon Deriades after this battle; died a willing death with tearless eyes, and showed himself a brazen Aias but that he was not mad.

[76] The carnage was infinite; Hydaspes covered the dead with his reluctant flood, and became their tomb. Then one within the river cried out his last reproach:

[79] “You too, father! why do you drown your sons? I have often made war against Bactrians, but Median Araxes never destroyed a Median army. Persian Euphrates never drowned his neighbours, the Persians. Often I have had war under the Tauros, but Cydnos never made his bosom the tomb of Cilicians in war. Tanais never arms icy petrified waters against the Sauromatans on his banks, but often attacked their enemies the Colchians with torrential war, and laid them low with his frozen armament. Eridanos was happier than you, in that he swallowed a foreigner, Phaethon in his flood, not one of his own people; he drowned no Gaul, he entombed no Celt, but brings wealth from his trees to the friends who live near him as he rolls along the brilliant amber gifts of the Heliades. Iberian Rhine does indeed attack his own sons, but as a judge, when he marks off the illicit offspring of his race and kills the stranger-brat; but you swallow up the lawful sons of your own perishing people — you drown no bastard blood. How dare you mingle with other rivers, with your Father Ocean himself and Tethys your mother, rolling down a flood of gore in bloody streams? Have some reverence, do not pollute Poseidon with dead bodies. Your river is worse than Bromios, his wands do not beat me so hard as your waves beat me!”

[104] As he spoke, he received the last water, which brought him unhappy fate. The river was full of armour. The swollen bodies were floating in crowds: the helmet under way half visible, sinking little by little and crest trailing on the water, its owner lost. Leathern shields sailed along flat, tossing upon the waves in rows here and there, their long slings afloat like ships’ hawsers. Here a man is dragged down to the depths in his soaking garments

by the weight of his corselet and his arms.

[113] Dionysos would never have recalled his men from the battle, if he had not killed that whole army with his fleshpiercing wand, leaving only one to tell the news that all were dead. Thureus alone he left to be a godfearing witness of the victory.

[117] But when Hera perceived the carnage and devastation of the Indians, she flew from heaven, and quickly along the path on high scored the air with windswift sole. In Anatolia she alighted, and drove Indian Hydaspes to stir up bloody strife against Dionysos.

[122] When Eastern Ares of barbarian speech had bent the knee, then the company of Bacchoi was fashioning all sorts of machines of navigation and crossed the tranquil waves. The god led them in his landchariot, driving this makeshift vessel over the flood, while the panthers trod the water of Hydaspes without wetting a hoof. The armies made their voyage over a waveless river, one rowing a strong-bound Indian raft, one steering a skiff along the watery path, some native boat of networking fishermen which he had seized. Another played the mariner under strange pretences. He lashed together a number of logs with workmanlike knots, and made the timber roots and all serve as a freighter without rudder, without sail, without oars, asking no help from speed-the-ship Boreas — for he held his spear upright and plunged it under water into the deep pools: so navigated the spearpunting shipman of a watercrossing host. There was another new kind of navigation, and another sham boat, when one cut the waters, dry on a floating shield, with the sling for painter, and so pursued his shieldshaking course.

[142] The cavalry also marched into the river; the horses swam with their feet while the riders sat on their backs. As the horse swam a wet journey with his agile feet, only his neck rose high and dry out of the water as he carried the rider aloft upon his flanks.

[147] Next came the doughty footmen who had no boat. They filled swelling skins with artificial wind, and on these leathery bags crossed Indian Hydaspes, while the skins teeming with wind bore them along.

[151] Now Parrhasian Pan crossed the surface of the calm river on his goat's feet; Lycos guided the horses of the sea in his father's fourhorse chariot unwetted; and Scelmis drove across the waveless river along with Damnameneus his brother. Some one else leapt on the back of a bull and made him march into the river quick as the wind, guiding him on his way with his crook, as the beast scored the quiet water with his hooves. The old Seilenoi went voyaging on the deep paddling Hydaspes with foot and hand.

[162] Now old Hydaspes poured out a gushing cry, and shouted for help to a watery brother, as he uttered these menacing words from his manyfountained throat:

[165] "Lazy brother, how long is your stream to crawl in silence? Rear your waves, and overwhelm Dionysos, that we may swallow his host of footmen under the waters! It is a disgrace for you and me when the warriors of

Bromios pass through my flood with unwetted shoes. You also, Aiolos — grant me this boon, arm your stormy winds to be champions against my foes, to fight with the Satyrs, because their host has marched through the waters and made a highroad of Hydaspes for landchariots, because they drive a watery course through my stream! Arm your winds against my ferryman Lyaïos! Let the Satyrs' host be caught in the flood, let my river receive the chariot, let the charioteers be rolled in my flood, let the riders be swallowed in the mad waves! I will not suffer this unnatural passage to be unavenged: for both you and me it is a disgrace, when the warriors of Bromios have made a path for footmen and drivers high and dry!... I will destroy the water-traversing lions of Dionysos!

[183] "Tell me, why was my river made a highway? Why does the Naiad in the watery depths of my flood hear whinnying, why does the horse's hoof crush the fish's back? I am ashamed to mingle with other rivers, when women cross me with unwetted shoes. Never have Indians been so bold as to scrape my streams with towering chariots, never has Deriades scored his father's water with his huge equipage, seated on the nape of highcrested elephants!"

[192] As he spoke, he curved his own stream, and leapt upon Bacchos with a volley of foaming surf. A storm of watery trumpets bellowed from the battling waves; the river moaned as it raised the water high, battling against the Satyrs. Amid the roaring tumult, the Bassarid in her rich garb shook the cymbals out of her hands, swung her feet round, shook off the yellow trusses of the stitched shoes from her paddling foot, while the windswept waves rose to the head of the swimming Bacchant and drenched her curling hair. Another overwhelmed threw off her soaking robes, and gave her fawnskins to the swelling water, as the mass of the curving stream rolled over her chest, black against the rosy nipple. A Satyr paddling the flood with his hands waggled his wet tail straight out through the water. Maron carried swiftly along by the rushing water, paddled the drunken feet of his old legs, and left in the waves his leather bottle full of delicious wine. The syrinx of Pan was floating on the surface and rolling of itself on the waves, tossed about beside the double pipes; the hair of shaggy Seilenos flowed over his neck and jumped about in rivalry.

[215] The river moaned, dragging the mud in its rush and pouring its alien water yellow over the land, a challenge to watery war for Dionysos. The tumultuous flood, met by a counterblast of wind, piled up high as the clouds and soaked the air, as it leapt down upon Dionysos with foaming surf. Not so furiously roared the war-mad water of Simoeis, not so defiantly rushed Camandros to overwhelm Achilles with rolling flood, as then Hydaspes pursued the army of Bacchos.

[225] Then Dionysos shouted to the river in rage: "why do you drive against the son of Zeus, you whose waters are fed by Zeus? If it be my pleasure, Rainy Zeus my father will dry up your flood. You, sprung from the clouds of Cronides my father, persecute the offspring of Cloudgatherer Zeus! Beware

the stroke of my father's thunderbolt of delivery, beware lest he raise against you the lightning which gave Bromios birth! Take care that you be not dubbed Heavyknee, like Asopos! Quiet your flood while I yet control my wrath. Your waters rise against fires, and you cannot endure one spark of the blazing thunderbolt.

[236] "And if it is Asterie your wife that makes you so proud, because she has the blood of Hyperion's heavenly kin, my father burnt with fire the bold son of Helios the fiery charioteer, when he drove the team through heaven; Hyperion dispenser of fire had to mourn his own son dead: he did not make war on my father for Phaethon's sake, he did not lift fire against fire even if he is lord of fire. If your Oceanos makes you so haughty, consider Eridanos struck by the bolt of Zeus, your brother burnt with fire: a cruel sorrow it was for your watery ancestor, who is girdled by the world's rim, who pours all those mighty streams of water to possess the earth, when he saw his own son burnt up and made no war on Olympos, nor contended with his flood against the firebarbed thunderbolt. Pray spare your waters awhile, or I may see you, Hydaspes, burnt up in fiery flames like Eridanos."

[252] These words made deeproaring Hydaspes more angry than ever, and he poured out his highswollen water in yet stronger waves. And now he would have engulfed the whole company of sobered Bacchants, had not Bacchos defended them. From a neighbouring coppice he pulled a firebearing stalk of fennel, and holding it towards the Dawn he warmed it at the sun; the combustible stalk conceived a spark in itself and brought forth a woodborn fire. Then he threw it into the stream. The river caught fire of this menacing torch, and the water boiled up against the banks; clouds of smoke went up scattering into the air from burning lotus and shrivelling galingale. Fire consumed the rushes; the reek of the sooty smoke curling in whirling circles intoxicated the heavenly vaults, and all the wood was blackened by the fragrant breezes of the smitten reeds.

[267] The blaze spread to the deeps. Burning fishes hid themselves in the mud; the soaking slime kindled the wet and boiled, as the swimming spark of fire ran under water, and from the deep channels poured abroad a fiery smoke mixt with watery steam. Companies of Hydriads were driven naked from their homes under the waves, swift-footed, bare, unveiled. One Naiad, renouncing her native water now on fire, dived unveiled into the unfamiliar Ganges; another with dry limbs sought a home in noisy Indian Acesines; another Naiad nymph wandering over the mountains, a maiden unveiled and unshod, was received by Choaspes near Persia.

[280] Oceanos also cried out against Dionysos in menacing words, pouring a watery roar from his manystream throat, and deluging the shores of the world with the flood of words which issued from his everlasting mouth like a fountain:

[284] "O Tethys! agemate and bedmate of Oceanos, ancient as the world, nurse of commingled waters, selfborn, loving mother of children, what shall

we do? Now Rainy Zeus blazes in arms against me and your children. Even as Asopos found the Father Zeus Cronion his destroyer, in the bastard shape of a bird, so Hydaspes has found Bacchos the son. Nay, I will bring my water against the lightnings of Zeus, and drown the fiery sun in my quenching flood, I will put out the stars of heaven! Cronion shall see me overwhelm Selene with my roaring streams. Under the region of the Bear, I will wash with my waters the ends of the axle and the dry track of the Wain. The heavenly Dolphin, which long ago swam in my deep sea, I will make to swim once more, and cover him with new seas. I will drag down from heaven the fiery Eridanos whose course is among the stars, and bring him back to a new home in the Celtic land: he shall be water again, and the sky shall be bare of the river of fire. The starry Fishes that swim on high I will pull into the sea and make them mine again, to swim in water instead of Olympos.

[303] “Tethys, awake! We will drown the stars in water, that I may see the Bull, who once swam over a waveless sea, tossed on stormier waves in the paths of the waters after the bed of Europa. Selene herself, bullshaped and horned driver of cattle, may be angry to see my horned bullshaped form. I will travel high into the heaven, that I may behold Cepheus drenched and the Waggoner in soaking tunic, as Earthshaker once did when about Corinth soaking Ares once boldly shouted defiance of battle against the stars! I will swallow the shining Goat, the nurse of Zeus, and I will offer infinite water to the Waterman as a suitable gift!

[316] “Get ready, Tethys, and you, O Sea! for Zeus has been delivered of a base son in bull shape, to destroy all rivers and all creatures together, all blameless: the thyrsus wand has slain the Indians, the torch has burnt Hydaspes!”

[320] So he cried blustering in a flood of speech from his deep waves.

BOOK XXIV

The twenty-fourth has the infinite mourning of the Indians, and the shuttle and distaff of Aphrodite working at the loom.

FATHER Zeus turned aside the menace of his angry son, for he massed the clouds and flung out a thunderclap; he stayed the flaming attack of Dionysos, and calmed the anger of boundless Ocean. Hera also made an infinite noise resound through the air, to restrain the wrath of Dionysos's fiery power.

[7] Then old Hydaspes held out a wet hand to merciful Bacchos, and appealed to the fiery son of Zeus in words that bubbled out of his lips:

[10] "Spare me, Dionysos, the river fed from Zeus! Be gracious to my fertilizing waters! for your own goodly fruitage of grapes has grown up from water.

I have sinned, Dionysos, nurseling of fire! for the gleam of your torches has proclaimed your divine lineage. But love for my children constrained me. To keep faith with Deriades my son I brought up my threatening surf, to help perishing Indians I rolled my waves.

[18] "I am ashamed to appear before my father, because the murmuring stream which I draw is mingled with blood, and I pollute Poseidaon with clots of gore; this it was, only this that armed me to strive against Dionysos. By your father, protector of guests and suppliants, have mercy on Hydaspes, now hot and boiling with your fire!

[24] "The Naiads flee from my stream: one dwells in a watery home at my source, one leaves the deep for the thicket, and stays with Hadryads in the woods; another migrates to the Indos, another escapes on dusty feet to hide among the thirsty rocks of Caucasos, or passing to Choaspes dwells in strange rivers and in her father's water no longer.

[31] "Destroy not my canes, the growth of my streams, which grow up to support the shoots and grapes of your vine! Do not the reeds tied together carry your well-watered fruit? Burn not my reeds, which make your Mygdonian hoboys, or your musical Athena may reproach you one day: she who invented the Libyan double pipes, to imitate with their tootle the voices of the Gorgons' grim heads. Spare the harmonious tune of the pans-pipes which guides your own mystic song! Cease wasting the river stream with your fennel, when the stream of the river makes your fennels to grow!

[43] "The stream you have crossed is no stranger to your name; for I have washed another Dionysos in my bath, with the same name as the younger Bromios, when Cronion entrusted Zagreus to the care of my nursing nymphs; why, you have the whole shape of Zagreus. Grant this favour then, although so long after, to him from whom you are sprung; for you came from the heart of that firstborn Dionysos, so celebrated. Respect the water of your Lamos who cherished your childhood; remember Maonia your own country, for

Hydaspes is brother of your charming Pactolos. Grant now this one boon to all these rivers, my brothers, and withdraw your flame. Burn not with fire my watery stream, for the watery fire of your Zeus, the lightning, came out of water! Calm your anger, because I fall at your knees: see, I have smoothed my flood into peaceful prayer! If Typhoeus in rebellion had bent his bold neck and submitted, your father Zeus, Lord in the highest, would have checked his lightning, his overwhelming threat would have been cast aside and forgotten.”

[62] When he had ended, Dionysos drew back his torch. A wind from the north began to ruffle the waters with winter’s lash, bringing bleak airs and cooling the firestruck stream of the river, and honoured Helios and Bacchos and Zeus together by quenching the unquenchable divine fire of the surf.

[68] While Bacchos was still crossing the waters of Hydaspes, Deriades with the courage of Ares armed the Indians for a vast effort of battle, as a Battledown of his name should do. He posted his companies beside the river, that the warriors might repel by force the Bacchoi as they still climbed up. Nor did the allseeing eye of Zeus fail to see him: quickly he swooped down from Heaven to hold a shield before Dionysos. With Zeus came all the gods who dwell in Olympos, one after another, in a flying leap, to help their own.

[77] Zeus as once before by the river Asopos, for the sake of Aigina’s bed, sailed now as an eagle flying high; and like a bird of prey caught up Aiacos in gentle talons, and carried him to the Indian land for battle with Deriades. Apollo the father saved Aristaios the son from the broad gulf, riding brilliant in his car drawn by the bane-averting swans; for he remembered the bower of lionslaying Cyrene. Hermes Longwing caught up and held his own child, the son of Penelope, hornstrong hairy Pan. Urania saved Hymenaios from destruction, because he had the same name as her own creative son, and scored the airy paths like a moving star, to please Dionysos, her brother of the grapes. Calliope lifted Oiagros upon her shoulders. Hephaistos took care of his sons the Cabeiroi, and caught up both, like a flying firebrand. Pallas Athena the Attic goddess saved Erechtheus the Indians’ bane, the citizen of god-founded Athens. All the denizens of Olympos who cared for their beloved oaks, rescued Hadryad nymphs; and most especially laurel-Apollo appeared and saved the laurel-nymphs; and Leto his mother stood by her son and helped them, for she still honoured the tree which helped her childbirth. The company of Bassarids and the ivycrowned women were saved from the roaring turmoil of the deeps, by the daughters of Cydnos, the river that loved the West Wind, since they knew the ways of the floating waters; these his father had given to Bacchos for victory in the Indian War, Naiads well skilled in warfare, whom Cilician Typhoeus had taught battle while he was fighting against Cronion.

[109] The whole host followed, but where all pressed forward, Euios was in front, cutting the stream in his highland car and never wetting the axle. The Satyrs attended his passage, and with them Bacchant women and Pans passed through the water; but far quicker than the rest came the Telchines behind

their seabred horses, driving their father's car, firmly based on the sea, and they kept close to Dionysos as he sped along. Others were behind, thronging over the ford, but they came up the bank by another road unseen where a god led: for there was an eagle full in view, gently flapping its wings, Zeus, who led them through the mountains, while he carried his son Aiacos aloft with gentle talons traversing the high path of the air.

[123] They leapt about dancing on the Indian crags, along the rocky paths; then they built shelters undisturbed in the dark forest, and spent the night among the trees.... Some went deerhunting with dogs after the long-antlered stags: the Hydriad water-nymphs of plantloving Dionysos mingled with the Hamadryads of the trees. Groups of Bassarids in this Erythraian wilderness suckled cubs of a mountain lioness, and the juicy milk flowed of itself out of their breasts. One searched the hills for the holes of poisonous serpents to satisfy her longing for a wreath of vipers, and showed how well she could hunt.

One cast her wand and hit a stormfoot fawn. One approached unseen, and ran down a mad she-bear with maddened leaps. One clutched at the back of some elephant of the mountains, and climbed on the nape of the blackskinned beast. Sometimes an archer fitted a shaft to the string of his rounded bow and shot at an elmtree, or aimed at an olivetree, another hit a pine; showers of arrows went whizzing and buzzing through the air at the firtrees hard by.

[143] While the noise of their revels resounded among the hills, Thureus returned unhappy to King Deriades with bad tidings. His tears told the carnage of the Indians without words, but at last he let his sorrowful voice be heard:

[147] "May it please your Majesty, Deriades our King, and divine offspring of Enyo! We went as commanded to the opposite hill, and in the forest glades we found the neighbouring thickets empty. There we laid our ambush and waited for thyrsusmad Dionysos to come. When Bacchos came near, the pipes were sounded, the raw drumskin was beaten, on either side was the noise of beaten brass and the wail of the syrinx. The whole forest trembled, the oaktrees uttered voices and the hills danced, the Naiads sang alleluia. I put the men under arms, led them to battle hesitating, trembling, unwilling. And the god, as they call him, shaking the sharpened wand, sent volleys of ignoble leaves upon the Indian nation, slew an infinite host on the plain pierced by the sharp wands, and destroyed what was left of us in the wild waters.

[162] "Come now, let us ask our learned Brahmans, that you may learn if this be a god come against us or a mortal man. Do not stir up a useless war by night, do not destroy your hosts fighting in the darkness. Already the misty gloom is stretched over us; there is the evening star clear before our eyes, shining to check the conflict. If your desire is set upon this formidable fray, hold back the Indians to-day and to-morrow you lead them to battle."

[170] His words convinced Deriades, though loath to be convinced. No weakness made him consent; he yielded not to Lyaios, he blamed the setting

sun. Proud Deriades retreated mad with sorrow, seated on the neck of his retreating elephants, and withdrew the Indian host from the river. Along with their gigantic king, the Indians everywhere made haste to take refuge in the city, hearing behind their walls of the victory of warmad Dionysos.

[179] For already a lamentable rumour was flying through the city, which told of the late massacre of their kinsmen Indians. There was infinite wailing then. Dirgefond women tore their cheeks with their nails in mourning; they rent off the garments from their bodies and bared their chests, beating their circled breasts with this hand and that until the blows made the blood flow. That gray old man on the threshold of old age cut off his snowy hair with the knife of sorrow, when he heard how four sons had perished in their prime, a pitiable death indeed, brought low by Aiacos and his terrible sword alone. Women in heavy affliction mourned one her brother, and one her father; there was a bride bathed in tears lamenting her bridegroom lately wedded with dancing, another Laodameia with her Protesilaos: the newmade bride unveiled, unkempt, tore the clusters of her hair.

[196] One Indian wife, despairing at her husband's fall, when the full time of her labour was near and she saw now the delivering circle of the tenth moon, sorrowed with many tears for her man's death in the water, and cried out in lamentable tones against the hateful river:

[201] "Never again will I drink the bitter Hydaspes of my country! Never will I walk beside his water, never — woe's me — will I touch the river which drowned your body! I swear it by you, and your burden which I carry in my womb, I swear by you and the love which time cannot wither! Who will take me and bring me where my dead husband fell, that I may embrace the dripping body, that the wave may swallow me too and drown me beside my man! O that I had born a son and reared him! But woe is me, my womb still carries the ripening burden. And if I ever do bear a son, and he asks for his father, how can I point to his father when the boy cries for daddy?"

[213] So she lamented the husband who could not hear. Another mourned for a bridal never hallowed, her wooer lost, who never saw the happy hour of wedding decked with the bridegroom's garland, who never heard in the bridal chamber the sweet music of love's quickening pipes.

[218] So they sorrowed and wailed. But in the forest, Bacchos held a feast with his Satyrs and Indian-slaying warriors: bulls were slaughtered, rows of heifers were struck with axes and cut up with knives, whole flocks of sheep were killed from the captured Erythraian herds. Seilenoi and Satyrs settled in companies round the table with the god of the thyrsus, all with multitudinous hands partook of the same food. Infinite wine was drunk by all in order; the servers emptied endless fragrant jars as they drew the nectarean juice of the perfect grape.

[230] So they rejoiced, while Leucos the selftaught Lesbian singer wove his lay beside the mixing-bowl, how the older Titans armed themselves against Olympus. He sang the true victory of Zeus potent in the Heights, how

broadbeard Cronos sank under the thunderbolt, and Zeus sealed him deep in the dark Tartarean pit, armed in vain with the watery weapons of the storm.

[237] Lapethos, a dweller in the unarmed Cyprian land, sat next to the inspired minstrel, and he passed him a fat portion of meat, begging him to sing a pleasant story that never-silent Athens loves, the weaving-match between Athena and Cythereia.

[242] So he struck up his harp and began to sing of Cypris, how she once felt the sting of ambition and fell in love with the distaff, how she tried Athena's loom with unpractised hands and lifted the shuttle, no longer the girdle of love. The Paphian spun a coarse thread, like the long cord of twisted withies which the old roper makes by his craft in long stretches, to tighten the gaping planks of a ship newly finished. Then all day and all night long by the loom she undid the work of Pallas, and roughened her soft hands with a strange unwonted labour; she hung the dangling stone from the beam, and parted the threads of the stuff with the comb's many teeth, and wove the cloth with her shuttle, and so Cypris turned Athena. There was no laughing over that task; but as the cloth was woven, the monstrous thread pulled across swelled out and thickened the stuff, so that the warpthreads burst of themselves. Witnesses for the double labour of her skill were the Sun, and the lamp, and the Moon of her necessity. The dancers of Orchomenos who were attendants upon the Paphian had no dancing then to do; but Pasithea made the spindle run round, Peitho dressed the wool, Aglaia gave thread and yarn to her mistress. And weddings went all astray in human life. Time, the ancient who guides our existence, was disturbed, and lamented the bond of wedlock used no more; Eros unhonoured loosed his fiery bowstring, when he saw the world's furrow unplowed and unfruitful. Then the harp made no lovely music, the syrinx did not sound, the clear pipes did not sing in clear tones Hymen Hymenaios the marriage-tune; but life dwindled, birth was hardsmitten, the bolts of indivisible union were shot back.

[274] Industrious Athena saw the Paphian hard at work. Anger and laughter commingled came over her, as she beheld the long rough cords of inexperienced Cythereia. She told the immortals; and in a passion of jealousy reproached both Cypris and her father:

[279] "So there are changes and chances in your gifts, Heavenly Father! I no longer manage the gift of the Fates, for your daughter Aphrodite has taken to weaving and stolen my lot. Athenaia has been robbed of her lot not by Hera the Queen, the sister and consort of my Zeus; but the mistress of the bedchamber, that soft goddess, affronts one armed with shield from her birth, Ageleia the plunderer! When has your cowardly Cythereia fought for Olympos? what Titans has she destroyed with that womanish girdle, that she comes fresh from her battles to outrage me? Yes, and you, Archeress — tell me this, when have you seen Athena in your forest ° shooting arrows or hunting game? Who calls upon Brighteyes, when women are in labour?"

[292] When she had spoken, the gods of Olympos came thronging to see

Aphrodite working the loom. They gathered round and stared at the labours of the divine fumbler, amazed at her bungling work; and Hermes, who loved his joke, said laughing, "You have the loom, Cythereia, leave Athena your girdle! If you handle the thread and throw the shuttle, then raise also the furious spear and the aegiscape of Tritogenia. Ah, Cythereia, I know why you weave at the rattling loom. I understand your secret: no doubt your bridegroom Ares begs from you fine dress for the wedding. Weave your stuff for Ares, but don't embroider a shield in the new cloth. What does Aphrodite want with shields? Put in Phaethon, the shining witness of your loves, who told tales of the furtive robber of your bed; if you like, put those old nets of yours in the pattern, and let your hand, if it can for shame, make a picture of the god who was the husband's proxy. And you, Eros, leave your bow and help your mother in her passion for the distaff, twirl the spindle for her and spin the thread. Then I may call you weaver instead of winger, I may see the fiery god pulling the spool past the warp, instead of the arrows on the leather bowstring. Make Ares of gold beside golden Aphrodite; let him hold a shuttle instead of waving a shield, and embroider a double cloth with industrious Cythereia.

[317] "No, Cythereia goddess, throw your threads to the winds out of those distaff-enamoured hands and use your stitched girdle. Take care once more of marriage; for the ancient nature of the world has all been going astray since you have been weaving cloth."

[321] As he finished, all the Olympians smiled. Then Cythereia thus put to shame before Brighteyes threw down the stuff of the cloth half finished, and away she went to her own Cyprus to be nurse of the human race; and Eros once more ordered all the varied forms of life by the girdle, sowing the circle of the well-plowed earth with the seed of generation.

[327] Such was the melodious lay which Leucos wove, celebrating how Aphrodite untaught of the distaff, set up her great contest with industrious Athena.

[330] But when they had surfeit of this table so well furnished with liquor, they fell on their beds in the wilderness spluttering wine: dropping on dappled fawnskins, or on spreads of leaves, or just spreading goatskins on the ground amid the deep dust. Some stretched their armoured bodies in the soldier's sleep, and held traffic with battlerousing dreams, where one struck some Indian sitting on horseback, one pierced an Indian's throat, one slew a footman with his sword, one wounded Deriades, one shot his bolt high in the air and wounded some huge elephant with his dream-arrow.

[342] Tribes of leopards and wild packs of lions and hunting-dogs took turns in guarding Dionysos in the wilderness with sleepless eyes; all night they kept vigil in the mountain forest, that no assault of black Indians might approach him. Long lines of torches flashed up to Olympos, the lights of the dancing Bacchants which had no rest.

BOOK XXV

*In the twenty-fifth you have the struggle of Perseus and the comparison of
Heracles with the valour of Dionysos.*

O MUSE, once more fight the poets war with your thyrsus-wand of the mind: for not yet has Eastern Ares bent a servile knee and calmed the sevenyear conflict. The nestlings of the Indian planetree are shrinking again in horror at the dragon's jaw-point, and thus they foretell war with Bacchos. I will not sing the first six lichtgangs, while the Indian army remained behind walls; I will make my pattern like Homer's and sing the last year of warfare, I will describe that which has the number of my seventh sparrow. For sevengeate Thebes I will brew my bowl of poesy, for she also dances wildly about me, baring her breast nymph-like over her robe in sorrow while she remembers Pentheus; old Cithairon urges me to sing, stretching out his mourning hand, fearing lest I proclaim the unhallowed bed or the fatherslaying son, the husband who lay beside her who bore him. I hear the twang of the Aonian lyre: tell me, Muses, what new Amphion is pulling dead stones to a run? I know where that sound comes from: surely it is the Dorian tune of Pindar's lyre sounding for Thebes.

[22] Once more let us slay the race of Erythraian Indians: for Time never saw before another struggle like the Eastern War, nor after the Indian War in later days has Enyo seen its equal. No such army came to Ilion, no such host of men. But I will set up the toils and sweat of Dionysos in rivalry with both new and old; I will judge the manhood of the sons of Zeus, and see who endured such an encounter, who was like unto Bacchos.

[31] Nimbleknee Perseus, waving his winged feet, held his course near the clouds, a wayfarer pacing through the air, if he really did fly. But what was the good if he swung his ankles and swam the winds with that strange oarage of legs? and then crept up on tiptoe, keeping his footfall noiseless, and with hollowed hand and robber's fist caught the roving eye of Phorcys' unsleeping daughter, then shore off the snaky swathe of one Medusa, while her womb was still burdened and swollen with young, still in foal of Pegasus; what good if the sickle played the part of childbirth Eileithyia, and reaped the neck of the pregnant Gorgon, firstfruits of a horsebreeding neck? There was no battle when swiftshoe Perseus lifted the lifeless token of victory, the snaky sheaf of Gorgon hair, relics of the head dripping drops of blood, gently wheezing a half-heard hiss through the severed throats: he did not march to battle with men, no din of conflict was there then on land, no maritime Ares on the sea with battle-rousing winds bellied the sails of ships of war against a warrior Perseus, no Libyan Nereus was reddened with showers of blood, no fatal water swallowed a dead body rolling helplessly. No! Perseus fled with flickering wings trembling at the hiss of mad Sthenno's hairy snakes, although

he bore the cap of Hades and the sickle of Pallas, with Hermes' wings though Zeus was his father; he sailed a fugitive on swiftest shoes, listening for no trumpet but Euryale's bellowing — having despoiled a little Libyan hole! He slew no army of men, he burnt no city with fiery torch.

[61] Far other was the struggle of Bromios. For Bacchos was no sneaking champion, crawling along in his armour; he laid no ambush for the sentinel eye of Phorcys, the ball of the sleepless eye that passed from hand to hand, giving each her share under the wing of sleep in turn; he won no womanish match over a Medusa unarmed. But he cut the lines of his enemies in a double victory, battle on land and tumult at the ford; he soaked the earth with gore, he mingled the waves with blood, he dyed the Nereids purple in their reddened streams, as he killed the barbarian hordes. Great was the harvest of highcrested Indians buried headless in mother earth; shoals of dead Indians slain by the sharp thyrsus floated at random and voyaged over the deep, a multitude! I pass by that billowy warfare, when the battlestirring river hurled his waves against invincible Lyaïos, when the blazing torch of Bacchos kindled the barbarian stream with a damp spark, and watery Hydaspes with waves boiling hot puffed out smoke from his depths.

[80] But you will say, "Perseus killed a monster of the sea; with the Gorgon's eye he turned to stone a leviathan of the deep!" What was the good, if Polydectes, looking upon deadly Medusa's eye, changed his human limbs to another kind and transformed himself into stone? The terrible exploits of Bacchos were not one Gorgon, not an airsoaring sea-beaten cliff, not a Polydectes. No, Bacchos reaped the stubble of snakehaired giants, a conquering hero with a tiny manbreaking wand, when he cast the battling ivy against Porphyryon, when he buffeted Encelados and drove off Alcýoneus with a volley of leaves: then the wands flew in showers, and brought the earthborn down in defence of Olympos, when the coiling sons of Earth with two hundred hands, who pressed the starry vault with manynecked heads, bent the knee before a flimsy javelin of vineleaves or a spear of ivy. Not so great a swarm fell to the fiery thunderbolt as fell to the manbreaking thyrsus.

[98] Let us compare them, friends. Helios marvelled when he saw the sweat of Dionysos, as he slew Indians on the eastern soil: over the western gulf, Selene in the evening saw Perseus on wings outspread, after he had had a small task to do with a curving piece of bronze: as much as Phaethon has glory above the Moon, so much better than Perseus I will declare Bacchos to be. Inachos was witness of both, when the heavy bronze pikes of Mycenai resisted the ivy and deadly fennel, when Perseus sickle in hand gave way to Bacchos with his wand, and fled before the fury of Satyrs crying Euoi; Perseus cast a raging spear, and hit frail Ariadne unarmed instead of Lyaïos the warrior. I do not admire Perseus for killing one woman, in her bridal dress still breathing of love.

[113] Is he proud of the golden wooing of Zeus? But rainy Zeus did not raise Danae to his heaven, to glorify a few loving drops of creative dew in that

furtive union. Semele did mount into heaven to touch one table with Zeus and the Blessed, to sit beside her son Dionysos of the vine; but Danae received no home in Olympus. She the bride of Zeus went voyaging in a chest over the sea, regretting the deceitful rain of wedded love, after the unstable happiness of a passing shower.

[123] I know that Andromeda is to be seen in Olympus; but she is unhappy still even in the sky. Often the poor creature thus complained with reproachful voice:

[126] "What good was it, bridegroom Perseus, that you brought me into the sky? A precious bridegift was your Olympus to me! The Seamonster chases me even here among the stars! After earth and all that terror of the sea, I still have chains like the old ones, even among the stars! Your heavenly sickle has not saved me. In vain Medusa's eye softens for me in Olympus as it shines among the stars. The Monster chases me still, and you do not stretch your light wings! my mother Cassiopeia is vexed and presses me, because the poor thing must dive herself through the air into the brine, trembling at the Nereids and she deems the Bear happy in his course, never drenched in the Ocean never touching the sea; old Cepheus is unhappy still, when he sees Andromeda's fear, and the Monster of Olympus coming, after what happened here on earth!"

[140] Complaints like these the nymph often would utter in her heavy chains; she called on Perseus, and her husband helped her not. And if Perseus is proud of Andromeda too in the stars, do but cast your eye towards that side of the heavens, where the brilliant Ophiuchos is conspicuous holding up his encircling Serpent; and you will see the circlet of Ariadne's Crown, the Sun's companion, which rises with the Moon and proclaims the desire of crown-loving Dionysos.

[148] I know also the war of Minos, which a woman's battle accomplished, handling the lovegirdle instead of the shieldstrap, when Cypris wore a gleaming helmet, when Peitho shook a brazen spear and turned into Pallas Athena to stand by Minos in the fray, when the bridal swarm of unwarlike Loves shot their arrows in battle; I know how tender Desire sacked a city, when the Cydonian trumpet blared against Nisos of Megara and his people, when brazen Ares shrank back for very shame, when he saw his Rout and his Terror supporting the Loves, when he beheld Aphrodite holding a buckler and Desire casting a lance, while dainty-robe Eros wrought a fairhair victory against the fighting men in arms. For Scylla, while her uncropt father was lying asleep, had cut off from his hair the purple cluster which had grown there from his birth, and by severing one tress from the sceptred head with her iron shears, sacked a whole city.

[165] So Minos citysacker by his own bare beauty won the prize of the battle; he conquered not by steel, but by love and desire. But when Lyaïos armed for battle, no Desire tamed the fray of Indian spearmen, no Paphian armed to support Lyaïos, or conquered by beauty, no girl mad with passion

gave by herself the prize of battle to Dionysos, no lover's trick, no curls of Deriades' hair, but the changes and chances of Indian wars far-scattered gave him the glory of victory ever renewed.

[174] If you boast of Heracles and the Inachos, I will examine all his labours.

[176] I know he threw his arm from one side and circled the lion's neck entangled in mighty grip, and so without weapon brought death, in that spot where the breath passes through the gullet of the lifesufficing throat. I see nothing surprising in that. There was Cyrene, a champion in the leafy forest with her lionslaying hands, that girl did an exploit quite as good, when she also mastered a male lion with a woman's grip which he could not shake off. Bacchos too when still a young lad, while playing in the mountains, grasped a deadly lion by the shaggy throat with one hand, dragged him away and presented him to his mother Rheia, pressing down the maned neck of the gaping beast — dragged him still alive, and fastened him under the yokestrap, put on the guiding bridle over slavish cheeks, then seated high in the car whipt the back of the frightful creatures. Troops of panthers also and the ravening tribe of bears were slaves to the baby hands of Dionysos.

[194] I know also the boar of the Arcadian mountains; but for Lyaïos, boars and the brood of lions were the playthings of childhood.

[196] What good did bold Heracles do, if he took all that trouble to liberate some little snaky brook like Lerna, by cutting down the selfgrowing firstfruits of the lurking serpent, as that plentiful crop of snake-heads grew spiking up? If only he had done the killing alone! instead of calling in his distress for Iolaos, to destroy the heads as they grew afresh, by lifting a burning torch, until the two together managed to get the better of one female serpent. I do not see how to praise two fellows fighting with a miserable viper, and one job divided between two. But Euïos wand in hand cut down the snaky sons of Earth alone — that champion of Zeus! attacked them all, with huge serpents flowing over their shoulders equally on both sides much bigger than the Inachian snake, while they went hissing restlessly about among the stars of heaven, not in the pool of Lerna. Forgive me Iolaos, for you burnt the hydra's body, and Heracles, only Heracles, grabbed the name of victory.

[213] No humble Nemea Bacchos my champion saved from loud-roaring throats, no paltry Lerna, by cutting down a bush of heads which ever grew again on so many necks; he took for heralds of his fourfold victory West Wind and South Wind, the feet of the North and the wing of the East, and filled Ocean, land and sea with his exploits. If a serpent brings fame to a man, if lurking snakes, these are the birthday garlands of Bacchos, these are the terrible serpentine fillets of his snaky hair, ever since he left the teeming fold of his father's thigh.

[223] I will say nothing of the pricket with golden horns; I will not disparage great Heracles as the slayer of a single deer. Forget the timid deer: for killing of fawns and hunting of prickets is a only little play for the Bacchant woman.

[227] Let pass the Cnossian labour of Heracles. I cannot admire just a mad

bull which he chased, and how shaking that great club he knocked off a little horn. One woman alone has often done as much; and a Bacchant woman, the least of the servants of oxborn Dionysos, has often butchered a vast herd of horned bulls. Often if a mad ox showed fight with his horns, she has pulled back the sharp curved horns and brought down to his knees a bull that has lightly tossed lions.

[236] Leave aside also the heads of threecrested Geryones; for my Dionysos with his fleshcutting ivy shore through Alpos, that godfighting son of Earth, Alpos with a hundred vipers on his head for hair, who touched the Sun, and pulled back the Moon, and tormented the company of stars with his tresses.

[242] The Labours of Heracles, who was son of immortal Zeus, when for three moonlights he possessed the fruitful bed of Alcmena, were a petty job in the mountains: but the exploits of Bacchos, whether Giant of many arms or chief of the highcrested Indians, were not a deer, no herds of oxen, no shaggy boar, no dog or bull, no goldglinting fruit and its roots, no dung, no random wandering bird with silly wing-shafts not made of steel, no horse's man-eating teeth, no little belt of Hippolyta. The victory of Dionysos was huge Deriades and twenty-cubit Orontes.

[253] O brilliant son of Meles, deathless herald of Achaia, may your book pardon me, immortal as the Dawn! I will not speak of the Trojan War; for I do not compare Dionysos to Aiacydes, or Deriades to Hector. Your Muse ought to have hymned so great and mighty a struggle, how Bacchos brought low the Giants, and ought to have left the labours of Achilles to other bards, had not Thetis stolen that glory from you. But breathe into me your inspired breath to sing my lay; for I need your lovely speech, since I make nothing of the sweat of Dionysos, the fatal foe of India, when I hymn so great a war.

[264] Then bring me, O goddess, into the midst of the Indians again, holding the inspired spear and shield of Father Homer, while I attack Morrheus and the folly of Deriades, armed by the side of Zeus and Bromios! Let me hear the syrinx of Bacchos summon the host to battle, and the ceaseless call of the trumpet in Homer's verse, that I may destroy what is left of the Indians with my spear of the spirit.

[271] So on the fertile slopes of the Indian forest sat the host of Bacchos, at home on the lonely rocks, during this pause in the war. Ganges was shaken with fear, pitying his children; all the city was moved at the fate of the lately dead; the streets resounded with the mournful noise of the women's dirge.

[277] Deriades was shaken with fear and wonder and shame, for he had already heard all; and most deeply was he grieved when he saw by a glance aside that Hydaspes had lost his divine aspect, and murmured black with waves of wine.

[281] In that place was an old broadbeard moving with a slow step, since the hapless man was in the dark shadow of blindness. He sprinkled the yellow drops of the no-more-pain liquor upon his fast-closed eyes; and as his face felt the drops of wine, his eyes were opened. The old man danced for joy, and

praised the purple juice of the evil-averting river; then with his old hands he ladled up the purple liquor in torrents, and filled his fragrant skins, and kindled the altar for Zeus and Dionysos giver of wine, now he had seen at last the sun which he had not seen for so long. A lad hunting on the mountains with the Archeress left his dogs on the river bank, drunken and lapping the rich water of the reddening river, and returned to the city, to tell incredulous Deriades about the sweet stream of the drunk-reeling river.

[297] Already the scent of the vine was spreading through the city on the soft warm breeze, and intoxicating all the streets, foretelling victory for Indian-slaying Lyaïos. The people spent the night on the lofty towers in fear, and the guards of the highcrested citadel lined its wall with their shields. On the hills, Dionysos often angrily reproached Hera, that she had again checked his battle with the Indians for jealousy, having measured a course of thirty dawns for the battle after the moon returning again and again had fulfilled ten circuits, while the winds scattered all his hopes of victory. When he saw the lions idle beside their manger, he roared like a lion and mourned in the woods with tearless eyes. But while Bacchos was thus despondent, came a messenger in haste through the Scythian mountains from divine Rheia, sterile Attis in his trailing robe, whipping up the travelling team of lions. He once had stained with a knife the creative stalk of marriage-consecrating youth, and threw away the burden of the plowshare without love or wedlock, the man's harvest-offering; so he showered upon his two thighs the bloody generative drops, and made womanish his warm body with the shearing steel. This was the messenger who came driving the car of goddess Cybele, to comfort discouraged Lyaïos. Seeing him Dionysos sprang up, thinking perchance he might have brought the allconquering Rheia to the Indian War. Attis checked the wild team, and hung the reins on the handrail, and disclosing the smooth surface of his rosy cheeks, called out a flood of loud words to Bacchos —

[326] "Dionysos of the vine, son of Zeus, offspring of Rheia! Answer me: when will you destroy the woollyheaded nation of Indians and come back to the Lydian land? Not yet has Rheia seen your blackskin captives; not yet has she wiped off the sweat from your Mygdonian lions after the war, beside the highland manger, where the rich river of Pactolos runs; but without a sound you roll out the conflict through circuits of everlasting years! Not yet have you brought a herd of eastern lions from India as a token of victory for the breeder of beasts, the mother of gods! Very well, accept from Hephaistos and your immortal Rheia this armour which the Lemnian anvil made b; you will see upon it earth and sea, the sky and the company of stars!"

[339] Before he had finished, Bacchos called out angrily —

[340] "Hard are the gods, and jealous! In my war I can destroy the Indian city in one day with my ivy-bound spear: but the jealousy of stepmother Hera keeps me back from victory, do what I will. Furious Ares openly stands up as champion for Deriades, and assails my Satyrs. Often I have meant to wound him with my wand, but Cronion menacing with claps of thunder has checked

my attack. Just let heavenly Zeus for this day give rest to the noise of his heavy-rattling clouds, and to-morrow I will shackle Ares until I cut down the harvest of helmeted Indians!"

[351] Lydian Attis answered these words of Dionysos:

[352] "If you carry this starry shield of the sky inviolate, my friend, you need not tremble before the wrath of Ares, or the jealousy of Hera, or all the company of the Blessed, while Allmother Rheia is with you; you need fear no army with bended bows, lest they cast their spears and strike Helios or wound Selene! Who could blunt the sword of Orion with a knife, or shoot the Waggoner with earthly arrows? Perhaps you will name the hornstrong father of Deriades: but what could Hydaspes do to you, when you can bring in Oceanos?

[361] "Be of good courage: to the battle again! for my Rheia has prophesied victory for you at last. The war shall not end until the four Seasons complete the sixth year. So much the eye of Zeus and the threads of the unturning Fate have granted to the will of Hera; in the seventh lichtgang which follows, you shall destroy the Indian city."

[368] With these words he handed the shield to Bromios; then he tasted of the feast, and cheered his heart with unmixed cups of nomorepain wine. When he had satisfied his appetite at table, once more he touched up the flanks of his lions with the whip, and guided the hillranging car on the road back to Phrygia. He drove along the heights above the Caucasian valleys, the Assyrian peaks and the dangerous Bactrian mountains, the summits of Libanos and the crests of Tauros, until he passed into the Maionian land. There he entered the divine precinct selfbuilt of Rheia, mother of mighty sons. He freed his ravening lions from the yokestraps, and haltered them at the manger which he filled with ambrosial fodder.

[380] But now that Dionysos had heard the Mother's inspired message, he mingled thyrsus-mad with the Bacchant women upon the hills. He threw to the winds his burden of anxious pain, as he shook the shield curiously wrought, the shield of Olympos, the clever work of Hephaistos.

[384] Multitudes gathered to look at the varied wonders of Olympian art, shining wonders which a heavenly hand had made. The shield was emblazoned in many colours. In the middle was the circle of the earth, sea joined to land, and round about it the heaven dotted with a troop of stars; in the sky was Helios in the basket of his blazing chariot, made of gold, and the white round circle of the full moon in silver. All the constellations were there which adorn the upper air, surrounding it as with a crown of many shining jewels throughout the seven zones. Beside the socket of the axle were the poles of the two heavenly Waggon, never touched by the water; for these both move head to loin together round a point higher than Oceanos, and the head of the sinking Bear always bends down exactly as much as the neck of the rising Bear stretches up. Between the two Waggon he made the Serpent, which is close by and joins the two separated bodies, bending his heavenly

belly in spiral shape and turning to and fro his speckled body, like the spirals of Maiandros and its curving murmuring waters, as it runs to and fro in twists and turns over the ground: the Serpent keeps his eye ever fixt on the head of Helice, while his body is girdled with starry scales. The constellations of the Bears encompass him round: on the point of his tongue is held out a sparkling star, which close to his lips shoots light, and spits forth flame from the midst of his many teeth.

[413] Such were the designs which the master-smith worked on the back of the wellwrought shield, in the middle; and to please Lyaïos he wrought also the harpbuilt walls of cowfounded Thebes, when one after another the seven-gateways were a-building in a row. There was Zethos carrying a load of stones on his chafing shoulder, and working hard for his country; while Amphion played and twanged the harp, and at the tune a whole hill rolled along of itself as if bewitched and seemed to dance even on the shield. It was only a work of art, but you might have said, the immovable rock went lightly skipping and tripping along! When you saw the man busy with his silent harp, striking up a quick tune on his make-believe strings, you would quickly come closer to stretch your ear and delight your own heart with that harp which could build a wall, to hear the music of seven strings which could make the stones to move.

[429] The wellrounded shield had another beautiful scene amid the sparkling company of the stars, where the Trojan winepourer was cunningly depicted with art divine being carried into the court of Zeus. There well wrought was the Eagle, just as we see in pictures, on the wing, holding him fast in his predatory talons. Zeus appeared to be anxious as he flew through the air, holding the terrified boy with claw's that tore not, gently moving the wings and sparing his strength, for he feared that Ganymede might slip and fall headlong from the sky, and the deadly surf of the sea might drown him. Even more he feared the Fates, and hoped that the lovely youth might not first give his name to the sea below and rob Helle of the honour which was reserved for her in future. Next the boy was depicted at the feast of the heavenly table, as one ladling the wine. There was a mixing-bowl beside him full of self-flowing nectarean dew, and he offered a cup to Zeus at the table. There Hera sat, looking furious even upon the shield, and showing in her mien how jealousy filled her soul; for she was pointing a finger at the boy, to show goddess Pallas who sat next her how a cowboy Ganymedes walked among the stars to pour out their wine, the sweet nectar of Olympos, and there he was handing the cups which were the lot of virgin Hebe.

[451] Maïonia he also portrayed, for she was the nurse of Bacchos; and Moria, and the dappled serpent, and the divine plant, and Damasēn Serpent-killer the terrible son of Earth; Tylos, also, who lived in Maïonia so short a time, was there mangled in his quick poisonous death.

[455] Tylos was walking once on the overhanging bank of neighbouring Hermos the Mygdonian River, when his hand touched a serpent. The creature

lifted his head and stretched his hood, opened wide his ruthless gaping mouth and leapt on the man, whipt round the man's loins his trailing tail and hissed like a whistling wind, curled round the man's body in clinging rings, then darting at his face tore the cheeks and downy chin with sharp rows of teeth, and spat the juice of Fate out of his poisonous jaws. The man struggled with all that weight on his shoulders, while his neck was encircled by the coiling tail, a snaky necklace of death bringing Fate very near. Then he fell dead to the ground, like an uprooted tree.

[470] A Naiad unveiled pitied one so young, fallen dead before her eyes; she wailed over the body beside her, and pulled off the monstrous beast, to bring him down. For this was not the first wayfarer that he had laid low, not the first shepherd, Tylos not the only one he had killed untimely; lurking in his thicket he battened on the wild beasts, and often pulled up a tree by the roots and dragged it in, then under the joints of his jaws swallowed it into his dank darksome throat, blowing out again a great blast from his mouth. Often he pulled in the wayfarer terrified by his lurking breath, and dragged him rolling over and over into his mouth — he could be seen from afar swallowing the man whole in his gaping maw.

[481] So Moria watching afar saw her brother's murderer; the nymph trembled with fear when she beheld the serried ranks of poisonous teeth, and the garland of death wrapt round his neck. Wailing loudly beside the dragonvittling den, she met Damasens, a gigantic son of Earth, whom his mother once conceived of herself and brought forth by herself. From his birth, a thick hairy beard covered his chin. At his birth, Quarrel was his nurse, spears his mother's pap, carnage his bath, the corselet his swaddlings. Under the heavy weight of those long broad limbs, a warlike babe, he cast lances as a boy; touching the sky, from birth he shook a spear born with him; no sooner did he appear than Eileithyia armed the nursling with a shield.

[495] This was he whom the nymph beheld on the fertile slope of the woodland. She bowed weeping before him in prayer, and pointed to the horrible reptile, her brother's murderer, and Tylos newly mangled and still breathing in the dust. The Giant did not reject her prayer, that monstrous champion; but he seized a tree and tore it up from its roots in mother earth, then stood and came sidelong upon the ravening dragon. The coiling champion fought him in serpent fashion, hissing battle from the wartrumpet of his throat, a fiftyfurlong serpent coil upon coil. With two circles he bound first Damasens's feet, madly whipping his writhing coils about his body, and opened the gates of his raging teeth to show a mad chasm: rolling his wild eyes, breathing death, he shot watery spurts from his lips, and spat into the giant's face fountains of poison in showers from his jaws, and sent a long spout of yellow foam out of his teeth. He darted up straight and danced over the giant's highcrested head, while the movement of his body made the earth quake.

[514] But the terrible giant shook his great limbs like mountains, and threw

off the weight of the serpent's long spine. His hand whirled aloft his weapon, shooting straight like a missile the great tree with all its leaves, and brought down the plant roots and all upon the serpent's head, where the backbone joins it at the narrow part of the rounded neck. Then the tree took root again, and the serpent lay on the ground immovable, a coiling corpse. Suddenly the female serpent his mate came coiling up, scraping the ground with her undulating train, and crept about seeking for her misshapen husband, like a woman who missed her husband dead. She wound her long trailing spine with all speed among the tall rocks, hurrying towards the herbdecked hillside; in the coppice she plucked the flower of Zeus with her snaky jaws, and brought back the painkilling herb in her lips, dropt the antidote of death into the dry nostril of the horrible dead, and gave life with the flower to the stark poisonous corpse. The body moved of itself and shuddered; part of it still had no life, another part stirred, half-restored the body shook another part and the tail moved of itself; breath came again through the cold jaws, slowly the throat opened and the familiar sound came out, pouring the same long hiss again. At last the serpent moved, and disappeared into his furtive hole.

[539] Moria also caught up the flower of Zeus, and laid the lifegiving herb in the lifebegetting nostril. The wholesome plant with its painhealing clusters brought back the breathing soul into the dead body and made it rise again. Soul came into body the second time; the cold frame grew warm with the help of the inward fire. The body, busy again with the beginning of life, moved the sole of the right foot, rose upon the left and stood firmly based on both feet, like a man lying in bed who shakes the sleep from his eyes in the morning. His blood boiled again; the hands of the newly breathing corpse were lifted, the body recovered its rhythm, the feet their movement, the eyes their sight, and the lips their voice.

[553] Cybele also was depicted, newly delivered; she seemed to hold in her arms pressed to her bosom a mock-child she had not borne, all worked by the artist's hands; aye, cunning Rheia offered to her callous consort a babe of stone, a spiky heavy dinner. There was the father swallowing the stony son, the thing shaped like humanity, in his voracious maw, and making his meal of another pretended Zeus. There he was again in heavy labour, with the stone inside him, bringing up all those children squeezed together and disgorging the burden from his pregnant throat.

[563] Such were the varied scenes depicted by the artist's clever hand upon the warshield, brought for Lyaïos from Olympos with its beaks and brooks. All thronged about to see the bearer of the round shield, admiring each in turn, and praising the fiery Olympian forge.

[568] While they still enjoyed the sight, the daylight crossed the west and veiled the light of her fire-eyed face; quiet Night covered all the earth in her dark shades, and after their evening meal all the people lay down in their mountain bed, scattered on pallets here and there over the ground.

BOOK XXVI

The twenty-sixth has the counterfeit shape of Athena, and the great assembly of the Indian host to stir up battle.

WHILE Deriades slept on his mournful bed, bold Athena approached, faithful to Bacchos, and wooing a second victory for her brother. She had changed her shape to one like Orontes, and imitated the goodson of highcrested Deriades. So although he had thrown off the murderous ardour for war, scared by the fate of those who had perished, he was deceived by the counterfeit vision of a false dream, which encouraged him again to make war against Dionysos, in these words:

[10] "You sleep, Deriades, but I blame you : for it is not proper that princes who rule a city should sleep all the night. The sleep of the Counsellor is measured. About your walls the enemy are thronging; and you raise not the soldier's spear, you hear not the surging noise of drums or the sound of pipes, or the voice of the murderous trumpet summoning the host. Pity your daughter Protonoe, a young widow mourning a husband, and leave not, O King, your Orontes unavenged! Slay my unarmed slayers — the murderers of your goodson untimely dead — who yet live! See my breast pierced by a sharp thyrsus-wand. Alas that brave Lycurgos dwells not here! Alas that you rule not the proud Arabs! Dionysos was no god, when a mortal man chased him and made him migrate below the sea! I have beheld Deriades running away before battling women! Be a fearless lion, for a man in armour made Dionysos in his tunic of fawnskins run like a fawn! Not he destroyed that nation of warlike Indians — your own father destroyed them: for Hydaspes saw your champions in flight, and he brought them low! You are not like other men, for you have in you the heavenly blood of a daughter of Phaethon, your blazing grandfather. Your body is not mortal: neither sword nor spear shall bring you low when you throw yourself on Lyaïos."

[36] So spoke artful Athena, and returned to Olympos, when she had put off the shape of the dream.

[38] In the morning, Deriades sent heralds to summon his farscattered troops from cities and from islands. Many a herald went this way and that way on stormswift shoe to gather the people from the various cities of the eastern region; warriors mad for war gathered from every side at the summons of their king.

[44] First to arm themselves were those pilots of warfare, Agraïos and Phlogios, the two sons of Eulaïos, partners in leadership, after the burial lately made of their father newly dead. With them came all the people who dwelt in Cyra and Baidion beside the broad barbarian stream of Indian Ombelos; those from castellated Rhodoe, a place of warmad Indians, and rocky Propanisos, and those who held the round island of the Graiai, where children use the

manly breast of a milch father, and steal thence their drink with pouting lips in place of the usual mother. Others came from steep Sesindion, and those who had fortified Gazos with a rampart of linen built with blocks of plaited threads, impregnable, wellmade with wellspun foundations, a steadfast fortress of Ares: no enemy hand has ever broken with bronze that line of linenclad towers.

[60] After them followed those warriors bold, the Dardian and Prasian armies, and the tribes of gold-wearing Salangoi, where Wealth is a family friend. Their way it is to eat pulse as their fruit of life; this they grind with round millstones instead of corn. Then a procession of curlyheaded Zabioi; their leader was wise Palthanor, a man of godfearing ways, who hated Deriades and was of one mind with Dionysos. After the war, Dionysos took this man with him and settled him as a foreign settler in lyrebuilt Thebes; there he remained beside Dirce, and drank the Ismenian water of the Aonian river, having left his native Hydaspes.

[72] Next came Morrheus Didnasides, proud of his vast armed host. His father Didnasos came with him to the war, his old age embittered with sorrow. He bore a buckler of wonderful work upon his aged arm; a heath of hoary white spread shadows over his chin, proclaiming of itself how many and how long were his years. He still mourned his son untimely dead, Indian Orontes. There was Didnasos dropping tears; King Morrheus followed, holding upright his avenging spear, ready to slay the whole host of Bromios — indeed he was resolved to fight alone with Bacchos who slew his brother, he meant to wound the unwounded son of Thyone, his brother's murderer! With them came a polyglot host of Indians: those who dwelt in fairbuilded Aithra, the city of the Sun, founded upon a cloudless plain; those who dwelt both in the jungles of Anthene and the reedbeds of Orycie, in blazing Nesaia, and winterless Melainai, and the round seagirt district of Patalene. Next came thick companies of Dyssaioi, and with them terrible armed hordes of shaggybreast Sabeiroi — thick hair is upon their hearts, wherefore they always have boldness of soul and shrink not from battle.

[94] With them marched the Uatocoitai, the Earsleepers, men whose way it is to sleep lying upon their long ears. These were led to the war by Phringos and Aspetos and haughty Dancyclos, who came together, and with them Hippuros Horsetail and his farshooting comrade Morrheus: thus the whole host of Earsleepers moved by one purpose were commanded by five bloodthirsty chieftains.

[101] Farshooter Tectaphos came to the war. Once he had been saved from fate by sucking the milk from a daughter's breast with starving lips — she devised this trick to nourish her father — Tectaphos, parched, with crumbling skin, a living corpse. Deriades the monarch had carried out a heartless threat, and bound him fast with twisted ropes, and held him a prisoner behind lock and key in a mouldy pit, unfed, unwashed, worn out with famine, without his part in the sun or the rounded moon. There lay the man fettered in the depths

of the earth, with no drink, no food, seeing no man, there in a cavern dug deep under the soil he lay in agony. Long he was wasted by famine, breathing yet like those who breathe not, as the air passed weak and fluttering through his hungry lips; ugly whiffs came from his dry flesh as if he were a corpse. There was a band of jailers watching the imprisoned man, but his clever daughter outwitted them with delusive words, a young nursing mother, when she uttered a mournful appeal and shook her deceiving garments:

[121] “Do not let me die, watchmen! I have nothing here, I have brought no drink and no food for my father! Tears, only tears I bring for him that begat me! My empty hands tell you that! If you do not believe me, if you do not believe, undo my innocent girdle, tear off my veil, shake my dress — I have brought no drink to save his life! Do but shut me up too with my father in the deep pit. I am nothing for you to fear, nothing, even if the king hears of it. Who is angry with one who pities a corpse? Who is angry with one dying a cruel death? Who does not pity the dead? I will close my father’s sinking eyes. Shut me up there: who grudges death? Let us die together, and let one tomb receive daughter and father!”

[135] Her pleading won them. The girl ran into the den, bringing light for her father’s darkness. In that pit, she let the milk of her breast flow into her father’s mouth, to avert his destruction, and felt no fear.

[138] Deriades marvelled to hear the pious deed of Eerie. He set free the clever girl’s father from his prison, like a ghost; the fame of it was noised abroad, and the Indian people praised the girl’s breast which had saved a life by its cunning.

[143] So now this man was conspicuous among the Bolinges, as Hesperos shines amid the stars and brightens the sky, Hesperos, harbinger of the murky gloom which follows when light fails.

[146] Ginglon highheaded, and Thyraieus striding big, and Hippalmos tall as the clouds, beyond the farthest region of earth had armed the different tribes of spearproud Arachotes, and battalions of Dersaioi their neighbours, who when men are slain with steel in battle cover their bodies under mounds of earth.

[152] Habrathoos came with a host of bowmen whom he had gathered in support, but he had been slow in arming for shame of his hair newly shorn. He nursed resentment and grievance against Deriades the horned king; because the overbearing monarch in a fit of mad folly had cut off all his hair, a bitter insult to an Indian. Compelled to join in the war, he came unwillingly, and hid the shame of his hairless temples under a highplumed helmet, cherishing secret rancour in his heart. When battle came, he joined the fight in the daytime; but always in the hours of the night he would send a trusty servant to Bacchos, and tell him the plans of Deriades. Thus he fought secretly for Deriades, but openly for Dionysos. He brought the savage tribes of Xuthoi and of battlestirring Arienoï and the breed of Zoares and the clan of Eares, the Caspeirian peoples and Arbians: those who held Hysporos that bright shining

stream, so proud of its deep wealthy mines of amber; and those who held conspicuous Arsanie, where the women in one day at the loom of Pallas, which they know so well, finish a whole robe with their quick hands.

[173] Besides these came the Cyraioi, ready for diving-work in the war. They know the seabeaten coasts of islands, and they are skilful in battle by sea; but seafaring barges they know not. They go floating in coracles of untanned hide, which they manage as well as a shipwright's vessel of wood; they guide their makeshift course in the skins, where the mariner sits in shelter, navigating over the waves and cutting the back of the sea in his mimic barge. These were commanded by Thyamis and princely Holcasos, two sons of one father, Tarbelos the javelineer.

[183] A great swarm had come from Areizanteia, nurse of the strange tree-honey; where the trees drink the fruitful moisture of morning dew, and their leaves run honey, and so they produce the neat travail of the clever bee as if from a hive, the yellow juice born of the leaves alone. For Hyperion, just appearing after his bath in the Ocean, scatters upon the plain the wholesome juice of his hair in the morning, and waters the plant-growing furrows of earth the giver of life. Such honey Areizanteia brings: rejoicing in this, great flocks of birds swim on their wings and dance above the leaves; or a coiling serpent creeps along, and girdles the sweet tree with enfolding loops, while he sucks the delicate juice with greedy mouth and licks with his lips the sweet travail of the clusters. So snakes dribble out the treejuice and drop delicious honey, they spit out abroad more of the sweet sap of the bee than their own bitter scattering poison. There on the honeydropping branches is that sweet bird the horion, singing like the inspired swan. He does not strike up in tune with the west wind whirring in the air with musical wings; but he sings a lay with understanding beak, like a man twangling the strings for a wedding hymn to wait upon a bride. There the catreus foretells a shower of rain to come, goldenyellow, clearintoning; sparkles flash from his eyes like the morning gleams of Dawn. Often trilling upon a treetop in the air he weaves a song in tune with the horion beside him, splendid "with purple wings; if you hear the catreus singing his early hymn, you might almost say it was the nightingale pouring her morning music from her changeful throat. There also dwelt the battlestirring host which Pyloites the fearless son of Hippalmos had armed for the war, and with him was Billaios his brother and fellow-leader.

[218] Next came the Sibai under arms, and the Hydarcan people, with another host from the city of Carmina. Their joint leaders were Cyllaros and Astraeis the Indian prince, two sons of Brongos honoured by Deriades.

[222] Another host came from three hundred islands, scattered here and there, or in groups together, which lie about that place where the Indos on an endless course pours out its winding travelling stream by two enclosing mouths, after creeping in its slow curving course from the Indian reedbeds over the plain to its mouth by the Eastern sea, after first rolling down the heights of the Ethiopian mountains: swollen by the mass of summerbegotten

waters it increases cubit by cubit with selfrising floods, and embraces the rich land like a watery husband, who rejoices a thirsty bride with his moist kisses and enfolds her in many passionate arms for a sheafbearing bridal, while he begets in his turn other ever-recurrent streams: so Nile in Egypt, and the eastern Hydaspes in India. There swims the travelling riverhorse through the waters, cleaving with his hoof the blackpebble stream, just like the dweller in my own Nile, who cuts the summer-begotten flood and travels through the watery deeps with his long jaws. He mounts the shores, splitting the woody ridges with sharp-pointed tooth; with only a wet ungraven jaw to ravage the fruits, he cuts the cornbearing harvest with this makeshift sickle, reaper of sheafbearing crops without steel.

[245] Such are said to be the doings of the mighty Indian river like sevenmouth Nile. These men of war then, from the rounded shores of the islands and from the settlements of the Indos, now came under arms: their leader was Rhigbasos, one of gigantic stature.

Nor was old Aretos missing when Deriades summoned all to war. A heavy man he was; but he fitted a heavy bronze corselet over his hairy chest, and carried an oxhide shield on his aged back, slung by a strap over his bent neck. He also armed his force under compulsion for the war, he and five sons, Lycos and Myrsos together, Glaucos and Periphas and Melaneus the lateborn. He covered his gray curly hairs with a helmet, and repaired to the left wing of his battle circuit, leaving the right to his sons.

[261] These were men whose lips nature had closed with the seal of silence, having tied each tongue, the channel of intelligent speech. For when at the doorposts of the bridal chamber in the sacred dance Aretos pledged his troth to Laobie, according to the rites of lawful marriage, joining with her in wedlock for the begetting of children, a miracle divine was wrought. The bridegroom, fresh from his own wedding dance, had been busy at the marriage-altar sacrificing to Aphrodite the Lady of Brides; and while the hall resounded with hymns, a sow big with young in her pain shrieked out the cry of labour from her throat, prophetic of things to come, and dropt an uncanny incredible litter — a bastard brood of marine creatures, a shoal of wet fish she shot out of her womb, spat of the brine not spat of the land! Rumour flew abroad with many mouths, telling of the fishmother sow and gathering the people; farscattered burghers came to stare at this numerous generation of land-creatures, the very image of seaborne spawn.

[279] He asked the prophetic interpreter of God's will: to the question, he foretold a succession of dumb children to come, like the voiceless generation of the deep sea. And the seer bade him to hide the prophetic oracle, that he might propitiate the longwinged son of Maia, governor of the tongue, guide of intelligent speech.

[285] Laobie was brought to bed, and in one birth after another brought forth children equal in number to the sow's young ones, and dumb like fishes. After the victory, Lord Bacchos had pity on these, and loosed the tie of the tongue

in their dumb throats, drove away the silence which had been their companion from birth, bestowed upon each a voice perfected at last.

[291] Along with these were mustered shieldbearing warriors: those who dwelt in Pylai, and those who possessed a habitation in Eucolla, the district of warlike Eos near the East Wind, and divine Goryandis with soil well fitted for seed.

[295] After these came armed those who possessed the curves of Oita, woody mother of longliving elephants, to which nature has granted to live through two hundred rolling years, rounding so often the turning-point of eternal time, or even three hundred. Black they are from the point of the foot to the head, and they feed side by side. Each has projecting teeth on his long jaws, two of them, hooked like a reaper's sickle, sharp and cutting, and he marches through the ranks of trees on his long legs; he has a curved neck like a camel, and on his capacious back he carries an innumerable swarm of riders in rows, swinging a firm foot with unbending knees. He has a short curved neck, and a wide forehead shaped like a snake. The eyes on his face are like the little eyes of a pig. He is towering, enormous: as he rolls along, the skinny ears close to the temple on each side, move like fans in the lightest breath of air. A thin little restless waving tail whips the body with a continual regular movement. Often in battle the mountainous beast shakes a tusk and attacks a man like a pilking bull, striking with the borrowed sharptoothed sickle on each side of his mouth and swinging natural spears on both cheeks. Often when he has pierced a man, he lifts him straight up with greedy throat, armour and shield and all; or he throws one down with sharp-pointed tusk, picks up the body as it rolls helpless in a swirl of dust and throws it hurtling through the air at random; he throws about this way and that way the jagged ring of teeth in his crooked jaw, beside the tusks ranged in strings like the backbone of a snake, and stretches down to his feet the sharp sword of the tusks.

[329] These creatures after the Indian war Lord Dionysos led to the Caucasian district by the Amazonian River, and scattered those helmeted women, as he sat on the back of a mountainous elephant. But this was after the war. In this conflict, when Deriades sent out his summons to war with Lyaïos, the chieftain Pyloites joined him driving a straightlegged elephant into the fray. He was the warlike blood of the race which produced Marathon, one blessed in his children; and he was followed to the conflict by a neighbouring people of different speech, from Eristobareia with her lovely coronals.

[339] Tribes of Derbices were there with Deriades, Ethiopians and Sacai and various nations of Bactrians, and a great host of woolly-headed Blemyses. The Ethiopians follow a peculiar and clever fashion in battle. They wear the top of a dead horse's head, hiding in this disguise the true shape of their faces. Thus they fasten another face on the human head, and join the dead to the living. So in the battle they startle the unwitting foe with this bastard head; and their chieftain lets out a deceitful sound from his mouth, and gives vent to a horse's neigh with his manly voice.

[350] These were the hosts which gathered at their king's call. The whole army was led to battle by the emperor of the Indians, son of Hydaspes the watery lover in union with Astris daughter of Helios, happy in her offspring — men say that her mother was Ceto, a Naiad daughter of Oceanos — and Hydaspes crept into her bower till he flooded it, and wooed her to his embrace with conjugal waves. He had the genuine Titan blood; for from the bed of primeval Thaumias his rosyarm consort Electra brought forth two children — from that bed came a river and a messenger of the heavenly ones, Iris quick as the wind and swiftly flowing Hydaspes, Iris travelling on foot and Hydaspes by water. Both had an equal speed on two contrasted paths: Iris among the immortals and Hydaspes among the rivers.

[366] So great then, was the host there assembled. The city was crammed with people; helmeted crowds were surrounded by favourite young squires till they filled the circle of the streets that ran all four ways in the city, some thick at the three ways, some in the moat, some on the height of the walls, while others lay quietly on the turrets and slept under arms. The company of leaders was entertained by Deriades in his own hall, and all touched the same table as their hospitable king in turns on rows of seats. Feasting engaged them in the evening, the wing of sleep in the night: the army slumbered under arms on the eve of battle, and slumbering they had to do with battlestirring dreams, as they fought against shadows like Satyrs.

BOOK XXVII

The twenty-seventh deals with the array in which Cronion musters the dwellers in Olympus for battle to help Dionysos.

Now warbreeding Dawn had just shaken off the wing of carefree sleep and opened the gates of sunrise, leaving the lightbringing couch of Cephalos. Dark Ganges was whitened as he met the touches of Phaëthon, and the cone of gloom newly cleft apart fled away torn by his beams; the crops were bathed in the spring morning by the drops of dew from his car.

[8] Then came tumult. Phaëthon, blazing shepherd of the everflowing years, checked the course of his firebred steeds, when he heard the sound of flash-helm Ares rattling close by, and summoned the host to spearthrust, shooting a rosy ray with witnessing torch: Rainy Zeus poured down from heaven a rain of blood, a strange shower which foretold bloodshed for the Indians. The thirsty back of black dust on the Indian ground was reddened with those gory drops of battle-shower; the sheen of newburnished steel glittered against the beams of Helios.

[19] Now the battalions of Indians were seen:

Deriades the presumptuous made them arm for battle, and encouraged his soldiers as he uttered this menacing speech:

[22] "Fight, my servants, and look for our wonted victory! The bold hornbearing son of Thyone, as they call him, you must make the lackey of Deriades, who also bears horns on his head! Kill me those Pans also with devastating steel. Or if they are gods, and it is not permitted to pierce the body of unwounded Pan with cutting steel, then I make prey of the mountainranging Pans, and they shall tend herds of elephants in the wilderness. There are plenty of wild beasts here also, with which I will join the wildbeast Centaurs and Pans of hillranging Dionysos; or I will make them a swarm of attendants for my daughter, and waiters upon the festal table of Morrheus.

[34] "Many a Phrygian soldier in the train of wine-face Bacchos will bathe his body in the streams of the Indian river, and call Hydaspes home instead of Sangarios; many a soldier who has come from Alybe with Dionysos shall here be a serf — let him forget the water of his silvern river and drink of the goldgleaming Ganges.

[40] "Give place to me, Dionysos! flee from the spear of Deriades! We have a vast sea here also; then let ours also receive you, after the Arabian waves! Ours is a wider deep which spouts its wild waters, enough to swallow Satyrs and Bacchants and ranks of Bassarids. Here no friendly Nereus, no Indian Thetis will receive you and save you, like those hospitable waves, when you flee a second time; for our Thetis dreads the deep rumbling Hydaspes of my home. But you will say: 'I have in me Cronion's Olympian blood. But Earth

produced the sky dotted with its troop of stars: you have your birth from heaven, but my Earth shall cover you up. Cronos himself, who banqueted on his own young children in cannibal wise, was covered up in Earth's bosom, son of Heaven though he was. I am chief of a spearbold army; I am stronger than Lycurgos, who drove you away and your unwarlike Bacchant women. Your divine birth does not trouble me, for I have heard of the firestruck nuptials of your ill-fated Semele. Speak not of the lightning which attended upon the bed of Zeus, boast not of Cronion's head or his manly thigh. The childbed of Zeus in labour does not trouble me; I have often seen my own wife in labour. Let your father help you, if he likes, your father Zeus self-delivered, by arming female Athena, whom they call Victory, to help you the male: only that I may break off cliffs, and make the head of Pallas bloody with a cutflesh rock or a daring spear, and hit with an arrow from my bow of horn the thigh of threatening Dionysos, while he leads his horned Satyrs; and when he is wounded may fasten disgrace upon Zeus and Bromios and Pallas! And if the Hobbler shall arm to support them both, Hephaistos the artist is the one I want, to make all sorts of armour in his smithy for Deriades also. I fear not the female chieftain: — if she brandishes her father's lightning, I have my father's water.

[75] "Bold Aiacos also, who is of kindred blood with Lyaios as they say, offspring of heavenly Zeus, I will smash and send to Hades, the Zeus of the underworld; Zeus will not fly through the air and carry him off. Indeed I hear that many sons of Zeus have been struck down in the past. Dardanos was sprung from Zeus, and he perished; Minos died, and the bullfaced marriage of Zeus did not save him — if he is a judge still in Hades, what do Indians care if Aiacos does become a judge among the dead? If he likes, let him be king of the corpses and monarch of the pit! Do not kill the Earthborn Cyclopeans who touch Olympos with their long limbs, do not transfix them with a spearpoint in belly or neck, let the heavy stroke of bronze pierce their one round eye. — No, kill not the Cyclopeans of the earth, for I want them too: they shall sit in an Indian smithy! Brontes shall make me a heavyrumbling trumpet to mock the thunder's roar, that I may be an earthly Zeus; Steropes shall make here on earth a new rival lightning: I will try it in fighting against Satyrs that Cronides may be jealous, and tear his heart yet more to see Deriades thundering and lightening — he shall fear the Indian chieftain hurling a newmade fiery thunderbolt!

[99] "Who can begrudge it, if I provide my warrior hand with the fiery whirlwind? My mother's father, governor of the flaming stars, Phaethon, is himself a potentate all of fire; and if on my father's side I have the blood of a river, I will fight even with watery missiles and make watery war upon Dionysos, drowning the heads of my enemy Bacchants in river floods. Go and cut down the Telchines of the deep with devastating steel, bury their bodies in the neighbouring sea and let Poseidon their father look after them, and bring to Deriades, as trophies of victory from the sea, the blue harness of their

finewrought car and all their seafaring horses! Burn with your blazing torch the burgher heavychained of the city of maiden Athena, the offspring of fiery Hephaistos whom they call Erechtheus; for he too has the blood of that illustrious Erechtheus, whom unmothered Pallas once nursed at her breast, she the virgin enemy of wedlock, secretly guarding him by the wakeful light of a lamp: let him remain hidden in a shining Indian box, and enclosed in an empty cell of her darksome maiden chamber.

[120] "Disarm me the Corybants also and lead them captive; let Lemnian Cabeiro unveiled lament the death of her two sons; let sooty Hephaistos throw down his tongs, and see the destroyer of his race sitting in the car of the Cabeiroi, see Deriades driving the bronzefoot horses!

[126] "I will slay the sons of Zeus! I do not grudge Morrheus to conquer Aristaos, that son of Phoibos who hunts the hare and scatters the poor pugnacious bees. Go you and slay the battalions of soft Bassarids with your sickles and twoedged swords; but the highhorned son of Zeus shall fall to the horned son of a river. Let no one shrink when he sees him riding a lioness, or mounted like a champion on the loins of a wild bear, let none shrink from the grim jaws of wild beasts under the yoke: for who will run before leopard or lion with armed elephants on his side?"

[136] After this oration of their king, the Indians went to battle, some on the backs of steelclad elephants, some upon stormfoot horses beside them. Close behind came an infinite host of footmen, armed with pikes or shields or capped quiver: one man carried a sickle of beaten bronze like a harvester of war, another marched lifting a buckler and quick bow and windswift arrows.

[144] So they rushed forth into the plain, and opened the fray near the mouth of the Indus. But from the trees of the forest Dionysos, thyrsus in hand, armed his warriors with shields and swords and invincible leafage. He divided his army of Bacchantes into four parts, and posted them facing the dawn in the direction of the four winds. The first was among the thick trees by the feet of the circling Bear, where the skyfallen water of many scattered rivers comes pouring down from the Caucasos mountains, in that very place where heavyrumbling Hydaspes brings his flood eddying in his endless course. The second battalion he placed where twimouth Indus bends his flood, curving through the mountains towards the western district of the land between, and surrounds Patalene with his waters. The third he drew up where in the southern gulf the southern sea rolls with ruddy waves. The fourth mailed army the king posted towards the land of sunrise, whence Ganges moves watering the reedbeds with his fragrant waves. The host thus divided and under arms, he appointed four helmeted leaders, and addressed a rousing oration to them all:

[167] "Dance here also, you Bassarids! Slay the barbarian tribes of your enemies, match thyrsus against spear, against sword also; let my harp become a trumpet which stirs war for the Satyrs, instead of its familiar banqueting-table. May the green leafy vintage strike down the steel, may it conquer the

sharpened spear! Instead of the nightly dancings of Dionysos, let my pipes take another tune and sing the battle-hymn — let them leave the supper-tune of mindcharming Bromios.

[176] “If Hydaspes would bend a submissive knee to me, and never again arm his rebellious flood against the Bacchoi, I will treat him kindly; I will change all his glorious water into Euian wine with streams from the winepress, making his waters strong, I will crown the peaks of his wild forest with my leaves and make it all vine: but if ever again he shall help with his protecting flood the falling Indians and his son Deriades, taking the horned river-shape in a mans body, then make a dam over the presumptuous river, and cross the thirsty water as on a highroad with unwetted feet, and let the hoof of fine horses tread on a dry Hydaspes with bare sand and scrape the dust there.

[189] “If the terrified chief of warmad Indians is sprung from Phaethon’s heavenly race, and if Phaethon should set up fiery war against me to honour his daughter’s horned offspring, I will arm once more my Cronion’s brother against Phaethon’s attack, a quencher for his fire from the watery sea. I will go to the island of Thrinacia, where are the sheep and oxen of the fireflashing heavenly Charioteer, and drag the sun’s daughter Lampetie under the yoke of slavery, to bow the knee like a girl captured by the spear. Then let Astris wander away to the mountains, to bewail her son Deriades a slave in heavy chains: let her go, if she likes, to settle in the Celtic land, that she also may turn into a tree with the Heliads and weep often in floods of sorrowful tears.

[204] “Make haste, I pray, and whiten the round blackskin faces of the captive Indians with the initiate’s chalk; and bring me the bold king swathed in clusters of vine; throw a fawnskin about Deriades in his coat of mail. Let the Indian king bend a slave’s knee to Bromios after my victory, and throw his corselet to the winds, covering his body in a better corselet of fur. Let him press his foot into purple buskins, and leave his silver greaves to the breezes. After his deadly arrows and the deeds of battle which he knows, let him learn the nightdancing rites of Dionysos, and shake his curls of barbarian hair over the winepress. Bring enemy heads as trophies of victory to breezy Tmolos, pierced with the witnessing thyrsus. Many long lines of Indians I will bring away from the war alive after fighting is done, and I will fix on a Lydian gatehouse the horns of mad Deriades.”

[221] With this speech he gave them courage. The Bacchant women made haste, the Seilenoi shouted the tune of the battle-hymn, the Satyrs opened their throats and shouted in accord; the sound of the beating drum rang out, beating time with its terrifying boom, the rattling women clanged their double strokes with alternate hands; the shepherd’s syrinx piped out its Phrygian notes to summon the host.

[231] In front of the army, pushing to the fray, the Mygdonian torch shone leaping through the air, proclaiming the fiery birth of Bacchos. The horned brow of old Seilenos sparkled with light; snakes were twined in the unplaited

hair of the hillranging Bacchant women. The Satyrs also fought; they were whitened with mystic chalk, and on their cheeks hung the terrifying false mask of a sham voiceless face. One lashing a maddened tiger against his foes scattered the cars of linked elephants. Hoary Maron was armed with a clustering shoot, and pierced the bodies of fighting Indians with a branch of garden-vine.

[241] All the inhabitants of Olympos were sitting with Zeus in his godwelcoming hall, gathered in full company on golden thrones. As they feasted, fair-hair Ganymedes drew delicious nectar from the mixing-bowl and carried it round. For then there was no noise of Achaian war for the Trojans as once there was, that Hebe with her lovely hair might again mix the cups, and the Trojan cupbearer might be kept apart from the immortals, so as not to hear the fate of his country. Now Zeus Allwise addressed the assembly, and spoke to Apollo and Hephaistos and Athena:

[252] “Prophetic sovereign of the prophetic axle of Pytho, Prince of Archery, lightbringer, brother of Bacchos, remember Parnassos and your Dionysos! You did not fail to see Ampelos who lived but a day; you know also the double mystic torch of the double peaks. Come now, fight for Lyaïos your brother! Bend your Olympian bow to help the Bassarids. Glorify the cliff of your Parnassos common to both, where the Bacchant woman holding revel has raised her voice in song to you and sleepless Dionysos, and kindled one common Delphian flame for both. Remember your lionslaying Cyrene, illustrious Archer! Be gracious to Agreus and Dionysos both: as the Herdsman, fight for the generation of Satyr herdsmen. Repel the heavyhearted jealousy of Hera, that the stepmother of Apollo may not laugh to see Dionysos run! She always cherishes jealousy and resentment for my loves, and attacks my children. I will not remind you of your mother’s tribulation in childbirth, when Leto carried her twin burden and had to wander over the world, tormented with the pangs of childbirth; when the stream of Peneios fled from her, when Dirce refused your mother, when Asopos himself made off dragging his lame leg behind him — until Delos gave help to her labour, until the old palmtree played the midwife for Leto with her poor little leaves.

[278] “And you, Pallas, fearless daughter, for whom Zeus was father and mother both, help your brother, the ornament of your country! Save your people who are following Dionysos, do not look on while the sons of your Marathon perish! Glorify the growth of your Athenian olive, which gave you a city. Grant this grace to old Icarïos, for one day Dionysos will give his rich bunches of fruit to him also. Remember Triptolemos and the good plowman Celeos, and do not insult the fruitful baskets of Metaneira. For Zeus your fruitful father bore the birthpangs of the helper, your Bacchos of the vine, in his pregnant thigh, and you, the girl-child, in his head. Come now, raise the lance born along with you, shake your goatcape the aegis, the governor of war, be helper to my Satyrs, because they also wear hairy skins of the mountain goats; the god of countrymen himself, lord of the shepherd’s pipes,

goatfoot Pan, needs your aegis-cape. He once helped to defend my inviolable sceptre and fought against the Titans, he once was mountain-ranging shepherd of the goat Amaltheia my nurse, who gave me milk; save him, for he in the aftertime shall help the Athenian battle, he shall slay the Medes and save shaken Marathon. Shake your aegis-cape and protect Lyaïos, your brother in his black goatskin-cape, who shall drive out the Boiotian captain and save your country; then the citizen of Eleutho shall sing a hymn of salvation, calling Euoi for Apaturios the faithful son of Thyone, if Athens shall celebrate together in Phrygian tune, after her Limnaian Bacchos, Dionysos of Eleusis.

[308] "O you family of Olympos, facing all ways! Ah, here is a great marvel! Hera of Argos stands by Deriades the foreigner; Athena of Attica renounces the warriors of Cecrops; my own Ares of Thrace true to his mother deserts my son Bacchos, and the Thracian host which follows Dionysos, and saves an Indian horde! But I alone fight for Dionysos with my blazing fire, one against all, until Bacchos shall destroy the black nation root and branch. And you Hephaistos, lover of the Maiden, bridegroom of creative Earth, do you sit still and care nothing for Marathon, where the wedding torch of the unwedded goddess is shining? I will not remind you of the mystical sparks of your everburning light. Remember the casket in that childcherishing maiden chamber, in which was the son of Earth, in which the Girl nursed your selfbegotten offspring with her manly breast. Lift up your axe that played the midwife, to save the people of your Athena with your delivering hatchet! Do you sit still, Hephaistos, and will not you save your children? Lift your accustomed torch to defend the Cabeiroi; turn your eye and see your ancient bride, your Cabeiro, reproaching you in love for her sons. Valiant Alcimacheia of Lemnos needs your valour!"

[331] After this appeal the gods who dwelt in Olympos departed in haste. Athenaia and Apollo united together as helpers, and fiery Hephaistos went along with Tritogeneia. Hera joined herself to the other party of immortals, leading Ares by the hand, and wideflowing Hydaspes, to help the enemy with equal ardour. Rout and Terror went in their company, and with them cornbearing Deo, the rival of Bacchos, being jealous of lifegiving Dionysos who loved the grapes because he had discovered the beverage of wine; and this dimmed the pride of ancient Zagreus, the god who first of all had the name of Dionysos.

BOOK XXVIII

Look at the twenty-eighth also, where you will see a great fiery fight of Cyclopians.

Now there was implacable conflict; for both Phaunos and Aristaios fought side by side, and Aiacos joined them, doing deeds worthy of Zeus his father, shaking the shield over his back, that shield of bronze curiously wrought on its disc with many patterns of fine art, which the Lemnian anvil had made.

[7] And the host came armed in all its many forms, hastening in troops to the Indian War. One with his fleshcutting ivy stormed into battle, guiding a fine car with a team of panthers; one yoked lions of the Erythraian hills to his chariot, and drove the grim pair bristling under the yokestrap. Another sat tight on an unbridled bull, and amused himself by lashing its flanks, as he cast his javelins furiously among the black Indian ranks. Another leapt on the back of a bear of Cybele, and attacked the enemy, shaking the vinewrapt thyrsus and scaring the drivers of long-legged elephants. Another shot at the foe with fleshcutting ivy; no sword he had, no round buckler, no deadly spear of battle, but shaking clustered leaves of plants he killed the mailed man with a tiny twig. Thunder crashed like sounding pipes: the Seilenoi shouted, the Bacchant women came to battle with fawnskins thrown across their chests instead of a corselet. And a Satyr of the mountains sat astride on the back of a lioness, as if he were riding a colt.

[27] The Indians on their part raised their warcry, and the barbarian pipes of war sounded to summon the host and assemble the fighting men. Garlands knocked against helmets, corselet against goatskin, thyrsus rushed upon spear, greaves were matched against buskins; rows of shields pressed against each other as the ranks which carried them met together, footmen against footmen; Pelasgian helmet pushed Mygdonian helmet with highnodding plume.

[35] Many and various were the fates of the fighting men. One bounded high in air with the Bacchic dance; one lay groaning upon the ground; one merrily stamped his shoon; one gasped under a wound; one skipt in honour of Lyaïos. Another let out the warcry from his lips, and sang of Ares' lance, another of the festival of Dionysos; the warshout resounded together with the worship of Bromios, Euian tambours roared, trumpet blared with harp leading the combat and gathering the people, mingled gore with libation, confused bloodshed with dance.

[45] There well to the front lightly poised on his foot, Phaleneus cast a spear straight at Deriades and struck the unbreakable coat of mail; the deadly point thus cast did not reach the flesh, but glanced off and stuck in the ground. Mighty Corymbasos noticed the enemy as he rushed at Deriades, and madly attacked him — struck his neck as he charged and sheared it through with his sword, mowing off the head: at the shearing stroke, Phaleneus headless and

bathed in blood fell to the ground.

[55] About him rose a tumultuous din. Dexiochos grazed the forehead of Phlogios, and his blade cleft the helmet and cut the brow: the wounded man, startled, moved back step by step and took shelter behind his brother's great shield, as Aias used to receive his kinsman Teucros, that shooter of arrows against the Dardanian nation, under his sevenhide shield, and sheltered his brother and comrade under his father's targe. In a moment, Corymbasos drew sword from sheath, and cut through the neck of Dexiochos with his blade. Quickly with a mad leap over the palpitating body came Clytios, a leader of the footmen, and raging wildly cast at high-crested Deriades; but Hera turned the spear away from the man, for she hated Clytios and Indian-slaying Dionysos both. Yet the warrior's quick shot did not miss; it pierced the monstrous throat of the straightlegged elephant which Deriades rode, and killed the furious beast. The mountainous creature in agony cleverly shook the whole car which he carried on his black neck; and shooting out the trunk which curved round his face, disengaged the bloodstained ropes of his yokepads. The driver quickly dived under the famous yoke, and sword in hand, cut the mass of knotted straps which held the yoke over the neck; then Celaineus brought a new one hightowering from the wide stables and got it ready.

[81] Now Clytios grew bold with hope of victory undisputed. He challenged the slayer of Dexiochos in a madman's voice, and uttered fatal words with insulting tongue:

[84] "Stand, dog! Flee not from me, Corymbasos! I will show you what javelin-throwers are the servants of Lyaios! I will lead you all captive into Phrygia — this my spear shall devastate the cities of India — after the Indian-slaying victory I will make Deriades the lackey of Dionysos! The virgin shall loose her maidenhood without bridegifts — she shall accept a shaggystemmed Satyr for husband, an Indian ravished beside Mygdonian Hermos!"

[92] Corymbasos was infuriated by these words. Clytios was too late — the other shore through his throat as he spoke. The head bounded high with a leap of fate, raining drops of blood on the dust.

[96] Corymbasos left the dead body dancing and rolling on the ground, and scattered the Seilenoi, Corymbasos chief of the Indians pre-eminent for valour next to Morrheus and their king. He struck Sebes the spearman above the circle of his breast, and drove the spear of bronze into the flesh, drew out the bloody spear and left him there in a heap of dust. He leapt upon Oinomaos: he was retreating quick as the wind with startled foot towards the army of Bromios, but the other saw him and pursued, and thrust his spear into the middle of his back — the point leapt in and went through the belly with the thrust and out at the midriff. The man transfixed with the bloody steel and new-slain sprawled flat on his face in the dust; the mist of death came down on his eyelids. But the prodigious hero did not cease from slaughter. Four helmeted warriors were killed by this one slayer, Tyndarios and Thoon and

Autesion and Onites.

[113] Many a dead man also was there, just slain, yet he fell not forward to the ground, he lay not stretched out on his back: no, though dead he stood firmly on the earth, like a warrior fighting in the front, as if poising a spear, as if drawing bow and aiming a quick shot at a mark. The valiant dead, yearning for battle after fate had found him, compelled the threads of the Fates, like one casting a light spear, pierced from head to foot with arrows from countless bows, a standing image of Ares. The warriors gazed with wondering eyes at the dead spearman, who still held his spear and had not dropt his oxhide, a spearman corpse, a targeteer without life.

[126] One struck an Athenian, and shore off his right arm with the dreadful steel, cutting through the top of the shoulder; the limb just cut off with shoulder attached, fell rolling in the dance of death and scoring along a stretch of yellow dust. The man would have pulled the long spear out of the rolling hand and made fight again with a long throw, battling with spear throwing left instead of right; but an enemy blocked his way and got in first, cutting off the left at the shoulder in its turn. The arm fell to the ground, and a farshot spout of bloody dew struck the slayer and drenched him with crimson drops; on the ground the poor hand went madly rolling and jumping, reddened with blood, while the curved fingers caught a good handful of earth in its imprisoning clutch, as if gripping again the shieldstrap. The man shed a soldier's tears, and spoke:

[144] "What I want is another hand, that with three hands I may do deeds worthy of Tritogeneia! Never mind — I will pursue the enemy, if I leave my hands behind. So much remains for my valour! Then all may tell a double-handed glory for Athens, how her sons are heroes when their hands are cut off and they have nothing but feet!"

[150] So saying, he rushed like the wind into the battle, and attacked his destroyer unarmed. The enemy stared at him in amazement one and all, and surrounded the half-soldier on all sides; he quite alone received stab after stab, as the steel struck again and again with merciless blows, until at last he fell to the ground, a warlike image preserving the memory of the progenitor for a citizen of later days.

[158] Not only those who fought on foot were cut down; there was death for the horsemen too. On they went, one bringing fate for another. Rider caught rider, piercing his back with a spear as he fled before, or striking him face to face on the breast; he shook him away in the dust, new-slain, as he sat his horse. One horse struck by an arrow in the flank, shook off his rider headlong upon the ground, even as Pegasos flying high in the air as swift in his course as the wandering wind, threw Bellerophontes.

Another in terror slipt off the horse's back and fell to the ground at full length over the horse's belly and hung by his side like a tumbler, and rolled along dragging his head on the ground with his feet on the horse's back.

[172] Now the grim Cyclopes, allies of Zeus, surrounded the fighters.

Argilipos lifted a shining torch and shed light on the throng through the dark clouds. He was armed with a firebarbed thunderbolt from the underworld, and fought with firebrands: the swarthy Indians trembled, amazed at that fire so like the heavenly firebursts. A champion all of fire he was, and the sparks of earthborn lightning showered upon the enemies' heads. The Cyclops conquered ash-pikes and countless swords, shaking his hot missiles and his flashing points, with brands for his arrow's: one upon another, countless, he burnt the Indian men with the blazing shafts, chastising with pretended thunderbolt not one Salmoneus alone, slaying not only one enemy of God; not one Euadne alone groaned, or only one Capaneus was scorched up.

[187] Steropes also was armed with a mimic lightning, which he brandished like the lightningflash of the sky, but an extinguishable brand, the child of Western flame, seed of Sicilian fire and that smoky forge; a dark pall covered it like a cloud, and beneath it he now hid the light, now showed it, in alternating movements, just like the flashes in the sky; for the lightning comes in flashes and goes again.

[195] Brontes also was in the battle, rattling a noisy tune with a din like rolling thunderclaps: he poured an earthborn shower of his own with strange drops falling through the air, and lasting but a moment — an unreal Zeus he was, with imitated raindrops and no clouds. Then leaving the artificial noise of this mock thunder, he armed himself with Sicilian steel against the enemy; swinging the iron hammer high over his shoulders he smashed many an enemy head, and struck the dusky ranks right and left, with a clang like the blows as if he were ever striking on the hammerbeaten anvil of Etna.

[206] Next he broke off a crag from a farspreading rock, and rushed upon Deriades with this stony spear. He hurled the huge rock with merciless hand against the blackskin king who stood ready, and struck his hairy chest with its rocky point. The king was wholly staggered with the heavy blow of this huge millstone full on his chest, like a drunken man; but Hydaspes rescued his stricken son from death. The bold king, crushed by the blow, dropt the furious spear from his never-tiring hands, the twentycubit spear of bronze, and threw his shield on the ground out of his shamed grasp, with little breath left in him; struck on the round of his breast by the pointed stone, he fell down headlong out of his lofty car like a tall high-crested fir-tree, which falling encompasses a vast space of wide earth. The Indians crowded round him and lifted him into the car, fearing that the ugly Cyclops might get another crag of some lofty hill and throw again, and slay their king with the rough missile — for he was as tall as highcrested Polyphemos. In the middle of this grim champion's forehead glared the light of one single round eye; the blackskin Indians shook with wonder and fear when they saw the eye of the grim Cyclops; they thought Olympian Selene must have come down from the sky and risen in the earth-born Cyclops's face, shining with her full orb, to defend Lyaïos.

[233] Father Zeus, seeing how the Cyclops imitated his own noise, laughed on high in the clouds that the earth was then flooded with a strange kind of

shower from earthclouds upon its bosom, a new experience, while the thirsty air had no downpour through its bare dry expanse.

[238] Trachios also reared his head: and Elatreus, marching beside his brother, held and shook a shield like a towering crag, and held a long firtree high in the clouds, sweeping off the enemies' heads with his treespear.

[241] Euryalos reared his head. He cut off a large body of fugitives in the battle, away from the plain and down towards the sea, shutting the Indian companies into the fishgiving gulf; so he conquered his foes over the lancebearing main as he thrust his twenty-cubit blade through the water. Then with long poleaxe he split off a rock near the brine, and threw it at his adversaries; many then felt the threads of Fate in double fashion without burial, struck with the jagged missile, and brinedrowned in watery strife.

[257] Another Cyclops of the tribe went raging and scattering his foes, the prime warrior Halimedes, a monster with towering limbs; guarding himself he held before his great round eye a bossy oxhide shield. Then Phlogios the avenger of the slain Indians saw him; he rounded his bow, and drew back the windswift shaft to pierce the eye in that forehead — and he would have done it, but as he aimed, the highheaded Cyclops saw the coming attack, and dodged the blow of the flying arrow by shifting aside. Then the other poised a rock and threw the rough missile at Phlogios; but he retreated and stood by the car of oxhorned Deriades, and thus just evaded the sharp stone flying through the air, and there he remained. But Halimedes, angry that Phlogios had retreated, opened his deadly throat, and with one loud roar slew twelve men by pouring out one man-destroying boom of his furious voice.

[274] The warcries of the Cyclopes made Olympos ring with their terrible sounds; and the danciers of battle, the Dictaian Corybants, joined in the battle.

[277] Damneus fought and pursued the enemy tribes.... On the plain the warcry sounded. Prymneus succoured the excited Bacchant women, like a fair wind which blows astern and saves the mariner riding with the gales; full welcome he came to the army, as Polydeuces brings calm to buffeted ships when he puts to sleep the heavy billows of the galebreeding sea.

[278] Ocythoos with light quick step scared away the warriors. Many he slew with speedy fate, bringing down one with spear in stand-up fight, one with a shot at a distant view, cutting down another with horrid knife; another still running onwards and flying like to the breezes the furious pursuer caught, plying his knees and feet quick as the wind — as good a runner as Iphiclos, who used to skim the untrodden calm only touching the surface with the soles of his feet, and passed over a field of corn without bending the tops of the ears with his travelling footsteps. Ocythoos was like him windfooted.

[288] Mimas was in the thick of the fray, making a dance of battle with woven paces and frightening the host, swinging a capering sword, the dancier-at-arms skipping in dead earnest with knowing leaps; as once the pyrrhic dance raised a noise in the ears of Cronos, and clanged sword on shield on Mount Ida, and rang out a valiant din to deceive the enemy, as he screened the

stealthy nurture of growing Zeus. So mailclad Mimas brandished his spear in air in mimicry of the dance-at-arms, as he cut down the heads of his foes, an iron harvest of battle; so he offered the firstfruits of the enemy to witnessing Bacchos with Indianslaying axe and doublebiting sword; so he poured his libation of blood and gore to Dionysos, instead of the sacrifice of cattle and the wonted drinkoffering of wine.

[309] Beside Ocythoos, Acmon with brilliant helmet moved his restless circling feet in knowing leaps. He fought unshakable like the hammerbeaten anvil of his name, holding a Corybantic shield, which had often held in its hollow baby Zeus asleep among the mountains: yes, a little cave once was the home of Zeus, where that sacred goat played the nurse to him with her milky udder for a makeshift, and cleverly let him suck the strange milk, when the noise of shaken shields resounded beaten on the back with tumbling steel to hide the little child with their clanging. Their help allowed Rheia to wrap up that stone of deceit, and gave it to Cronos for a meal in place of Cronides.

[303] Sharpsighted Idaios entered the revels of war, that dancer of battle turning his intricate steps, incessantly shaken with the mad passion for Indian carnage.

[306] Melisseus also scared all the dusky host with boldness unshaken. True to his name," he imitated the bee up in arms with her terrible sting. Morrheus hurled a hurtling stone against the quick Curetian who faced him, but he missed Melisseus, he missed him — for it is not seemly that a Corybant should be killed with a millstone.

[324] So the dancers of cruel war fought all together as one. Round the car of Deriades they gathered in a ring of shields, beating their armour, and surrounded the tower in rhythmic battle and shieldbearing dance. And the noise mounted through the air to the palace of Zeus, and the fairfooted Seasons trembled at the turmoil of both armies.

BOOK XXIX

In the twenty-ninth, Ares retreats from the battle, being urged to another wedding by Cythereia.

WHEN Hera saw the companies of Indians being destroyed, she threw on proud Deriades courage invincible. The terrible king felt the pride of an intenser ardour for strife. He went about through the whole black army rank by rank, pouring forth his frenzied voice among the forefighters, and rallying all the fugitive host back into the fray, changing one man's mind by gentle words, one by threats. He grew bolder still, and the Indians themselves recovered and rushed into battle at the summons of their king. Then farshooting Morrheus cut through the whole body of Satyrs: now he discharged a cloud of arrows through the air from his backbending bow against his adversaries; now he cast his furious spear again and again, and disordered the horned generation of Seilenoi.

[15] Longhaired Hymenaios fought swinging his sword, out of reach on the back of his Thessalian horse, and cut down black Indians with his rosy hand. He blazed in radiance: you might see him in the midst of the Indians, like the bright morning star against ugly darkness. He drove the enemy to flight, since for his beauty's sake Dionysos inspired him fighting with strength divine.

[22] And Iobacchos was glad when he saw him a champion in the battle; he would not have chosen Cronion's lightning for ally in his war rather than the ashplant of Hymenaios. If he drove his colt into the throng of escaping Indians, Dionysos flicked the neck of his motley wild beasts, and brought up his car to the horse; he kept close to the youth, and took him as his boy, as Phoibos with Atymnios. He was always to be seen by his side, and desired the youth to notice him as lovely and valiant at once; in the conflict he touched the clouds with pride to be Hymenaios's comrade in arms. One thing only incensed him, that the boy's father was earthborn Phlegyas and not Cronides. He was always near him, like a father guarding his son, for fear that some farshooter might let fly an arrow and hit the boy: as the shafts came, he held out his right hand to protect Hymenaios as with a shield. He encouraged the young champion with such words as these:

[39] "Shoot your shot, dear boy, and Ares will cease to rage! Your beauty was the shot which hit Bacchos, whose arrows bring down the Giants. Shoot Deriades also with your shots, that foolish king of our enemies, that enemy of God; that men may say, 'Hymenaios hit two marks with one arrow, the body of Deriades and the heart of Dionysos!'"

[45] At this speech of Bromios, the lovely farshooter Hymenaios attacked the battle with more vigour than before; and Dionysos enamoured, rejoicing in him, rushed in with more fury and scattered the whole black nation out and out. One who saw Dionysos like a merciless tornado in the field, piercing

Indian heads insatiate with his arrows, said something like this to avaricious Melaneus:

[52] “Archer, where is your bow, where are your windswift arrows? Women in dainty dress are shooting their arrows at us! Come, aim a shot at shortlived Dionysos! Let not the legend of his Olympian name mislead you. Never fear Bacchos, who has in him the mortal blood of a quickfated father, and lies when he calls himself son of Zeus. Here — let fly your shot, and if you can hit the mark, accept infinite gifts from our wealthy king, if he sees Dionysos, Thyone’s haughty son, brought down by your shaft and laid on a pyre. One shot would finish all our troubles. Pray to both — stretch out your hands to the Water and pray to Mother Earth, and with truthful lips vow to both sacrifice after victory; at the altar let bullshaped Hydaspes hold a hornstrong bull, and let black Earth receive a black ram.”

[68] With these words he persuaded Melaneus the archer, a man with a passion for mindbeguiling riches. Silently he took off the cap of his quiver and chose a long arrow; then drew back the bowstring as he knew how to do, until the bow was rounded by a backward pull of his hand: he brought the deadly oxgut close to his breast till the steel point touched the bow, and the shaft sped straight — but Zeus made it swerve aside from Dionysos, and the winged arrow pierced the bloodbathed thigh of garlanded Hymenaios.

[78] But Dionysos failed not to see the arrow swerve aside, as it flew whizzing by, quick as the cruel breeze. But he softened the force of the flying shaft, and made of little avail the deadly longshot of Melaneus; the Paphian too brushed away the barbs of the shaft, in grace to a sister’s love of Dionysos her brother, and kept the shot just out of the flesh, as when a mother drives off a vagrant fly from her sleeping child, fanning his face with a corner of her robe.

[87] Hymenaios came close to Bacchos, and showed him the angry wound on his reddened thigh. An adorable tear dropt under his brows, that he might make sure of the helping right arm of Dionysos his protector: he wanted a physician to save his life. Then Dionysos caught Hymenaios’s white arm and helped him up into his car; he took him away from the tumult of battle, and made him sit down on the ground in the shade of an oak not far off, heavy and drooping his head. As Apollo bemoaned Hyacinthos, struck by the quoit which brought him quick death, and reproached the blast of the West Wind’s jealous gale, so Dionysos often tore his hair and lamented for Hymenaios with those unweeping eyes. When he saw the barbs of the arrow outside the flesh, he was glad and took courage, and just touching the white-red wound with gentle hands, he drew out the arrow-point from the reddened thigh. Then seeing the tears of the sorrowful boy he was angry with Ares and Melaneus both. He wiped off the sweat from sweet Hymenaios, he said reproachfully under his breath: menaios! Would he had killed all the warriors whom I have armed, and left me this one unwounded! What pain troubles me if a Cabeiros is slain in battle? When could a Satyr’s wound excite Bacchos, when, I ask!

Let the grapewreathed Seilenos fall, let a swarm of Bassarids be scattered, so long as I see the boy alone unhurt. If Aristaos fell — forgive me, illustrious Archer! what should I care for one who calls the travail of his bee better than the drops of my precious vintage! I seem to be destined never to be without sorrow for some boy, now I seem likely to be in mourning again for the loss of this one. What heavy spite has attacked both! If I dare to say so, Hera looked with jealous eye on Bacchos and the young reaper of the blackskin nation; to spite the young man and enamoured Lyaios, she armed furious Ares to shoot Hymenaios with an arrow, disguised unknown under an Indian shape, that she might plague the mind of Lyaios deep in love. Well, I will assail this false Melaneus, aiming a bloodthirsty shot or casting a lance, that I may exact the price due for lovely Hymenaios. If you die, Hymenaios, I will leave this war unfinished, I will retreat from the battle and lift my thyrsus no longer. I will leave all my enemies alive, when I have mown down one fellow, Melaneus your slayer. Not Deriades killed you, even if he hates me. Ungentle Ares has assailed another gentle Adonis after the bold son of Myrrha — forgive me, Cythereia! He assailed him and touched his rosy flesh, now once more the blood of all the Loves has trickled from a thigh on the ground. O be gracious to your Dionysos in his passion! Send me here Phoibos our brother, who knows the art of healing all pains, and he will make the boy whole.

[141] “But stay, my voice! Leave Phoibos undisturbed in Olympos, or I may provoke him by recalling the wound of his beloved Hyacinthos. Send me Paieon, if it be your pleasure: let him come; he has no part in desire, he is alien to the Loves. This is a new kind of wound I have seen. On the battlefield a man is struck in the flank with a spear and the red blood runs, another has a sword-wound in the hand, another is shot in the side or through the ear; but when Hymenaios got his death-wound, I was struck to the heart with Hymenaios.”

[151] He spoke, and shivered as his eye glanced aside and saw the wound of charming Hymenaios. Gently fingering the twicolour white and red of the wounded thigh, he twined about it the plant of Euios, and gave the boy new life with his healing ivy, sprinkling Hymenaios with the wholesome wine. As the quickworking figjuice that curdles milk in a trice, mixes with the white liquid and takes away its wet, when a goatherd prepares to compress the stuff in the shape of a cheese-basket on a round mat, so quickly he made the bleeding wound whole by Phoibos’s art; and the young man sound and whole began fighting again, after a touch of the healing hand of Dionysos. Again he rounded his bow and drew an airflying long-shot upon the mark; he took aim at Melaneus who shot the arrow, and dealt him a wound in revenge with his own arrow.

[167] Now the boy rushed boldly forward. He followed Lyaios, and never fell behind Bacchos now, striking and striking the enemy. As the shadowy shape follow’s a man, moving inanimate, marching close beside him without a mark on it, as it goes with him when he runs, stands when he stands, sits

beside him when he sits, and at table shares the meal with an image of hands: so the boy kept beside Bacchos the winegod as he went. And Dionysos rested not in his fighting: nay, he ran a man through the middle and spitted him on his thyrsus, lifted him high aloft upright, and holding the Indian up in the airy ways displayed him to jealous Hera.

[179] That divine warrior also played his part, Autonoe's farshooting bridegroom, as befitted his three names, Aristaïos the divine, Agreus the hunter wellskilled in war, Nomios the fighting herdsman cudgel in hand. He held his bow in the conflict, like his bowfamous sire, full of the pre-eminent courage of his archeress mother, Cyrene daughter of Hypseus in the olden time. Fearless Agreus hunted one mad enemy like a wild beast and took him prisoner. With experienced hand he hurled a heavy stone for the death of his adversaries, as if he were crushing and pounding the melting travail of the fat olive; he scattered his proud enemies with his favourite bull-roarer, swinging the bronze plate which he used to whirl when he scattered the maddened stings of the swarming bees.

[193] Two firestrong citizens of Samothrace also ran wild, sons of Lemnian Cabeiro; their eyes flashed out their own natural sparks, which came from the red smoky flame of their father Hephaistos. They rode in a car of adamant; a pair of colts beat the dust with rattling hooves of brass, and they sent out a dry whinnying from their throats. These father Hephaistos had made with his inimitable art, breathing defiant fire between their teeth, like the pair of brazenfoot bulls which he made for Aietes the redoubtable ruler of the Colchians, with hot collars and burning pole. Eurymedon drove and guided the fiery mouths of the ironfoot steeds with a fiery bridle; in his right hand he held a Lemnian spear made on his father's anvil, and by his wellmade thigh hung a flashing sword — if a man picked up a small stone in his fingertips and struck it against the firegrained surface of the sharp blade, sparks flashed of themselves from the steel. Alcon grasped a fiery bolt in one hand, and swung about a festal torch of Hecate from his own country.

[215] The Dictaian Corybants joined battle, shaking the plumes of their highcrested helmets, rushing madly into the fray. Their naked swords rang on their beaten shields in emulation, along with resounding leaps; they imitated the rhythm of the dance-at-arms with quick circling movements of their feet, a revel in the battlefield. The Indian nation was ravaged by the steel of those mountaineer herdsman, the Curetes. Many a man fell headlong into the dust when he heard the bellow of the heavydumping oxhides.

[225] The Bassarid lifted her leafy weapon of war, and cast: from that Bacchos-hating generation many men's heads were brought low by the woman's thyrsus. Leneus cut off the peak of a hill to arm himself, and raising the crested rock with a hairy hand, he hurled the jagged mass at his adversaries. The Bacchant women shouted their warcry around, and viny arrows were whirled by the hands of ivy-bearing women. Then Eupetale wove a lay for Ares and Dionysos, and attacking cast the piercing ivy, which

smashed the steel with leaves of the vine, and destroyed the Indian nation with clusters of leaves.

[237] Grapelover Terpsichore danced about in the turmoil, sweeping off clouds of enemies with manbreaking thyrsus, and swinging round the double plates of the heavyresounding cymbals. Not so loud was the bang of the heavy thumping rattle of Heracles, when he drove away the Stymphalian birds, as the noise Terpsichore made, when she drove away the Indian army with the battledin of her dance.

[243] Trygie with limping knee was left behind the company last of all, her feet frozen with fear. Not one of the Seilenoi kept beside her; but they left her there alone frightened, without a helper. She held out her hands to Maron the hard drinker, but Maron would have nothing to do with the old woman because she only hindered the dances of winegreedy Corybants and Satyrs: he did nothing but pray to the gods to let the silly old hag fall before the spear of Deriades.

[251] Calyce also fought by the side of Dionysos, mad with fury. But Oinone ran to the front, and danced in the staggering steps of drunkenness. Her knees were weary and heavy in the struggle, the tipling girl's soaking locks were swinging about her head.

[256] The din was deafening; with emulous tumult Astraeis chased Staphyle, Celaineus chased Calyce. Shakespear Morrheus drove off a company of Seilenoi, beating them with his poleaxe: at one shout of the driver Astraios was shaken, Maron fled, Leneus collapsed, the three sons of shaggyhaired Seilenos, who himself sprang up out of mother earth unbegotten and self-delivered; and Doryclos scared away the charming Lycaste....

[264] These the god helped, and besprinkled the womens fresh wounds with healing drugs. Unveiled Gorge he saved, when wounded in the foot by a hostile spear, wrapping the foot in a bandage of vine-leaves. He stanchd the newly-flowing ichor of Eupetale with wine, and stayed the stream of blood from Staphyle with a charm, healed Myrto's wounded hand with myrtle, saved Calybe's life by pulling the arrow out of her shoulder, and pouring the draught of the winepress on the bleeding wound; he ended the pain of Nyse's just-wounded face by smearing her cheeks on both sides with white chalk. With tearless eyes he mourned over Lycaste.

[276] But after he had soothed the pains of the Bassarids by his art, Dionysos thyrsus-mad fought with still greater fury. One wild Bassarid, possessed by the throes of sense-robbing madness, was harrying the Indians in the conflict, for thy honour, O Lydian god! and from the Bacchant's hair shone a spontaneous flame about her neck, which burnt her not.

[282] Yet another swarm of sturdy champions was soon stirred up by the sound of the drooling pipes which gathered the army to war, and the loverattle Corybants beating their hands on both sides of the rounded skin, the tinkling cymbals, the syrinx of Pan with its changeable sweet notes tuning up for battle. The enemy ranks answered with tumultuous noise, showers of winged

arrows came whizzing through the air: twanged the bow, banged the stone, bellowed the trumpet.

[291] But as soon as they came to the ford, where Hydaspes rolling along had reddened his white water with drunken streams, then Bacchos shouted from his deep-roaring throat as loud as the horrid clamour which comes from the throat of a swarm of nine thousand men roaring together as one. The Indians could not stand; restless they fled away, and crouched some in the yellow stream, some on the land. The army of Bacchos divided, slaying the enemy both on land and in the Hydaspes, panting with dry thirst, at the time when day has reached the middle of the earth, and a heated wayfarer trembles under the midday lash of blazing Helios.

[302] Then the vinegod challenged the Indian king, and poured a menacing speech from his furious throat:

[304] “What is there to fear? If the Indian chieftain claims descent from a river, I have my blood from heaven! Overweening Deriades is as much less than Lyaïos, as Hydaspes is less than Zeus! If it be my pleasure, I can rise to the clouds; if it be my pleasure, my shot will go straight to the Moon! If you are proud because you have a hornstrong shape, fight if you can a duel with horned Dionysos.”

[311] As he spoke, the warriors roared and gnashed their teeth: man vied with man in fighting by the side of Dionysos. A friendly Pan fought with his goatsfeet: with a sharp stroke of his pointed hoof he tore all down the hollow flank of archer Melaneus and laid open his belly; this was his revenge for the wound of Hymenaios, to relieve the firesealed agony of Dionysos mourning with tearless eyes.

[319] Madly Iobacchos rushed into the fray; he lengthened his tall body until he reached the clouds and grasped Olympos with his hands, near neighbour to the sky, standing firm on earth and touching heaven with his head.

[323] So they fought, until the evening star came on them and razed the foundations of the Indian massacre. Then at Rheia's nod a deceitful vision stood by Ares, painting fantastic pictures in his sleep, and spoke thus in shadowy counterfeit shape:

[328] “Sleep on Ares, sleep on hapless lover, now you lie alone in your coat of mail! But the Paphian — Hephaistos lies again in his bed and possesses Aphrodite, once yours! He has chased out of the house Charis his jealous bride; Eros himself has shot reluctant Aphrodite with an arrow, and brought back the ancient wife to a second marriage to please Hephaistos his father. Indeed, Athena herself, who knows nothing of love, has persuaded great Zeus — the cunning virgin! She wants to evade Hephaistos, for she remembers the makeshift marriage on the nourishing soil, and would not nurse another son of the earth on her manlike breast, a younger brother of Erechtheus now the first is dead.

[340] “Awake! Go to the upland plain of the Thracian mountain, and see your Cythereia in her own familiar Lemnos. See how her swarm of attendant

Loves have crowned with flowers the portals of Paphos and the buildings of Cyprus; hear the women of Byblos celebrate Aphrodite in their hymns, and the fresh love of a wedlock renewed again.

[346] “Ares, you have lost your Cypris! The slow one has outrun murderous Ares the quick! Sing a hymn yourself to Aphrodite united with fiery Hephaistos! Set foot in Sicily, put your prayer, if you please, to the Cyclopes standing by their forge. They are in the secrets of Hephaistos the master craftsman, they can rival his clever work; they will invent an artifice for you and make a later imitation of your net, that you too may smother them both in galling meshes, and fasten the thief of your marriage in avenging toils, and bind limpfoot Hephaistos to Aphrodite. Then all the gods of Olympos will applaud you, when you have caught the ravisher of your bed in those bonds. Awake! be the cunning schemer in your turn! Awake — attend to your stolen bride! What are the woes of Deriades to you? — But let us be silent, or Phaethon may hear.”

[362] She spoke, and flew away. At once lusty Ares threw off slumber and saw the early streaks of the morning's light. In hot haste he leapt up, and awoke Rout and Terror to yoke his deadly quickrunning car. They obeyed their urgent father. Furious Terror set the crooktooth bit in the horses' mouths, and fastened their obedient necks under the yokestrap, and fitted the neckloop on each: Ares mounted the car, and Rout took the reins and drove his father's chariot. From Libanos to Paphos he sped, and turned the hurrying car from Cythera to the land of horned Cyprus. Often, often he looked towards Lemnos; most of all he jealously watched the firebreathing forge, tracking Cypris with swift jealous foot, if perchance he could see her standing as long ago beside Hephaistos's furnace, and feared the smoke might hide Aphrodite's face with black. Then he left Lemnos and rose into the heaven, that spear in hand he might arouse battle for his bride among the Blessed, confronting Zeus and Phaethon and Hephaistos and Athena.

BOOK XXX

In the thirtieth, Eurymedon sends Tectaphos slain to Hades, into the lowest house of constraint.

So Ares rose to the sevenzone sky, jealous, heavy with rancour. But Dionysos danced boldly into the battle and assailed the swarthy people, now leaping upon the first ranks with earthshaking bound, now right in the midst of the forefighters. With his darting thyrsus he mowed the firstfruits of his black harvest, and furiously cut down the tribes of the enemy throng. When he saw that Ares had abandoned the Indian contest, he cheered on the Satyrs to attack Deriades, and each outdid the other. Aristaios left to Dionysos the boisterous right wing of the clusterbearing host, and ran to the left of the battle.

[13] Now when Morrheus saw the servants of Bromios still fighting with leaves and flowery shafts, he called out in great amazement to foolish Deriades —

[16] “What is this marvel, Deriades? My warriors fall, struck with a thyrsus or rubbishy leaves — the shieldless slay the armed! Nothing shakes the Bassarids; strike them with axe or two-edged sword, they remain unwounded! You do the same, if I may say so, my lord king — let be your bronze- beaten spear and lift a vinethyrsus, if you would shed blood, since the enemy are much more triumphant with their bunches of twigs than steel. I never saw a conflict of this kind: the rubbishy thyrsus in volleys is better than our javelins.

[26] “Give me too a green weapon to shake! for our arrows have been beaten by the unwarlike fennel. Give me yellow boots to wear, since even our unbreakable greaves have given way to the buskins. What good is it if I have a brazen shield, when women are more triumphant unarmed, and swing their cymbals in battle, while warriors collapse, while helmets yield to garlands and corselet to fawnskin? Often I have met unwounded Dionysos and thought to tear through his unbreakable flank: I have let fly my spear with good aim, and when it touched Dionysos, the unbending sharp point of the bronze was bent!”

[38] When he finished, the bold monarch smiled, and looked askance at his goodson in silent witnessing anger; then he broke out into bold menacing words:

[41] “Why do you tremble at unarmed Dionysos, you fool Morrheus? A nice thing to fear Satyrs playing at battle!”

[43] This fearless boast encouraged his goodson. The prodigious Morrheus attacked the warriors of Bromios. He wounded Eurymedon, cut through the groin with his blood-stained spear: the mad point ran through the thigh and tore the skin from the fat flesh; collapsing he fell on his knee to the ground. Mailclad Alcon did not neglect his brother’s fall; but lifting spear and round buckler he made for the fallen man, and covered the warrior well, holding the shield tower-like over his body, and thrusting right and left his unresting

spear, brother protecting brother against the foe. He straddled across the wounded man, as a lion over his cubs, shouting loud and letting out mad Corybantic cries from his lips. When Morrheus saw him moving with neat steps about his brother, defending the fallen Cabeiros, the monster went raging like Typhon and attacked both brothers, that Cabeiro might shed her tears for two dead sons, slain in one day with one spear. And now he would have dealt equal destruction to both, but Eurymedon called upon his Lemnian father with voice that gasped and strained from his mouth:

[66] “O Father, firebreathing lord of our laborious art! Grant me the boon once earned, when Deo of the threshing-floor alone seized threecliff Sicily, as sightingprize for Persephoneia hidden there, and knocked over your windblown bellows in the west and your wide forge and gripping tongs: but I defended my father and scared her off, protecting your anvil. You owe it to me that the air is black and hot with your Sicilian sparks! Then save your son I pray, whom savage Morrheus has wounded!”

[76] At these words fiery Hephaistos leapt down from heaven, and sent a flame leaping and fluttering with many tongues about his son, whirling in his hand a shoot of fire. About Morrheus’s neck the flame crawled and curled of itself as if it knew what it was doing, and rolled round his throat a necklace of fireblazing constraint; the blazing throat once encircled, it ran down with a springing movement to the end of his toes, and wove a plait of fiery threads over the warrior’s foot, and there firmly fixt on the earth scattered its dancing sparks — the helmet caught fire and his head was hot enough! And now he would have fallen flat, struck with the fiery shot, had not Deriades’ father Hydaspes come to the rescue. For he sat watching the battle high on a rock, his bull-form having a false guise of human shape. He poured a quenching stream and saved the man’s life, cooling the hot blast from the firebeaten face, brushing off the ashes and dirt from the helmet. Then he caught up Morrheus wrapt in a darksome cloud, covered and hid his limbs in a livid mist; that the firebearing Crookshank might not destroy him with his blazing shower of deadly Lemnian flame; that old Hydaspes, the tender-hearted father, might not see another goodson of Deriades perish after the first, and lament the death of Morrheus along with Orontes.

[100] But firebearing Hephaistos drove away all the warriors who stood round the just-wounded boy. Then lifting his son on his shoulder he took him out of the fray and rested him against an oaktree hard by; he spread wholesome simples upon the wounded groin, and saved him alive after his collapse.

[105] Yet Morrheus had not forgotten the fight he had begun. He reared his head again, having escaped the fiery attack, the blazing assailant, the flaming points. He caught Phlogios the son of Strophios rolling about and killed him; that dancer of spring-heel Dionysos, who at the banquets of tearless Lyaios, used to flicker the twisting fingers of his mimicking hands. He would depict by gesture Phaethon’s death with sensitive hand, until he made the feasters

weep with tears quite out of place, mourning the death of an imaginary Phaethon; as he depicted the young man blazing and hurtling down, he would bring painful grief upon Dionysos who feels no grief. When shakespear Morrheus saw him tumbling there, he said:

[118] "That was a different jig you danced near the table! You played a merry dance by the mixing-bowl — why do you pace a groaning dance on the battlefield? Well, if you have a passion for a dancing turn of Dionysos, go show to Hades your mystic rites. You need no chalk — your round face is well dusted of itself. Or dance if you like before Lethe the dirge-fancier, and let unsmiling Persephone have the pleasure of watching your capers."

[126] So he cried exultant, and leaping swift as the wind on the Seilenoi put them to flight. And shake-shield Tectaphos followed with devastating sword: he was the one whom Deriades once kept imprisoned in the deep pit; but he could not escape fate a second time. For when necessity comes, who can save a man from cruel destiny, when hard all vanquishing Fate bids him die? Nor could a trick now save Tectaphos from death. Madly he then pursued the army of Lyaios and sliced the sportive limbs of the horned Satyrs: he shored through the throat of Pylaieus the broilbreeder, he struck Onthyrios's brow with pitiless blade, he destroyed broadbreasted Pithos with bare steel. And indeed he would have killed a crowd of Bacchants besides; but quickfoot Eurymedon saw him and rushed up, shaking his Corybantian twibill against him. He smashed his forehead and clove his head — a jet of bloody dew spouted up and the champion fell to the ground, soaking the dust. Half-dead he rolled on the ground, lamenting the ancient torture of the earth-dug pit, and the threads of this later Fate; remembering still the clever scheme of his daughter which saved him from death, he wailed and mingled his tears with his blood:

[150] "O my mother and my nurse, my girl, O clever unhappy wife! Why did you not come near me when I was nigh unto death? Why could you not help me now again, fearless girl? What has become of your lifegiving drink? Are you true to your father while he lives, and not while he is dying! If a trick can bring back a man from Hades, seek me another and better trick, seek a plan useful against death, that after the hollow pit in the earth I may escape the gates of Hades in war as well, if there be a way to return from the pit whence no man returns."

[160] He could scarce finish these words, when his voice failed him. Poor Eerie on the lofty walls could see her just-wounded father, and amid showers of tears she uttered a cry of mourning. She stained her tangled hair with dust, she rent her garments and bared her breast, she beat her head; and cried aloud to her father although now past cure, as if he could still hear:

[167] "My son! illfated father of the daughter who gave you her milk! Today there is no breath from your lips! You are dead — what milk have I now to give you life, to bring back your soul again, ah me unhappy! What breast can I offer you now to give you help? O if I can cajole Aidoneus too! For you, father, only one tribute remains for me to render: I will not leave you alone

among the dead. Accept the blood of your slain daughter's throat as once you took the milk of her breast. Come here, warders of Deriades! Show me another pit in the ground instead of the old one, where I may enter and once more make my dead father live. — But Hades is not like those warders, to let me devise another trick for my father's help and solace his pains. O if I had that deathdealing sword, that I might fall and perish in my despair by the steel that murdered my father! You man who cut off my father's head, kill Eerie as you killed Teetaphos, that men may say—' Both father and daughter he destroyed with one sword!'"

[186] So she cried amid her tears. Now the battle grew fiercer: Enyo fanned the flame in both armies. Morrheus killed Dasyllios Tainarides with his sword, driving the blade through the right jawbone: Dasyllios the man of Amyclai, ever unshaken by any assault, who never lost shield to an enemy. He killed also Alcimacheia the highland girl, for beauty and valour alike pre-eminent above her yearsmates. She was daughter to Harpalion famous for his vines; she had dared to enter the temple of Hera laden with ivy, which that goddess of Argos hated as much as she loved her favourite red pomegranate, dared to beat the fine statue with the vineleaves of her thyrsus, to beat the brazen figure with bunches of grapes — insulting the resentful stepmother of Lyaaios! But she did not escape the frightful wrath thus kindled in Hera: — no, Lemnian Alcimacheia who defied the gods was buried in a strange land — she did not return from the war, she never again saw Harpalion her father, she never saw her own country, Lemnos, the bridechamber of Jason and Hysipyleia; death was her punishment, and she lay among strangers under a mound of earth. Ah hapless girl! she lost Harpalion, she was severed from Lyaaios.

[209] But furious Morrheus was not content with slaying Alcimache, the Mainad who mocked the gods; he slew also Codone, still a maiden, whose home was the Olympian soil of Elis beside Alpheios, the garland-loving river. Forgive me, ye Fates! He had no pity for the tresses of that head which was soon to wither, none for the rosy glow of that face soiled in the dust; no pity when he saw the breast with its two round apples, and the firm pressure on the breastband; no respect for the deep cleft of the thigh. No! all that beauty he killed in the bud. Struck down she fell to the ground; and Morrheus with nodding plume chased Mainads innumerable in their fine robes. Eurypyle, Sterope, Soe he mowed down with his sword, Staphyle he cleft asunder, ruddy Gigarto he wounded, and pierced Melictaina's breast above the pink nipple, staining his deadly steel with crimson.

[226] The spiteful Telchines also joined the battle. One held a tall fir-tree; one had a cornel, trunk and roots and all; one broke off the peak of a cliff and rushed against the Indians, whirling his darting rock with furious arms and crushing the foe.

[231] Fickle Hera, still heavy against Lyaaios, gave courage and spirit to lordly Deriades, and showed a brilliant glow upon his triumphant course for

the terror of his foes. When he came forth in arms a fatal glow sparkled from the Indian shield, dazzling flames leapt over the crest of his helmet. Bold as he was, Bacchos trembled when he saw the flashing boss of Deriades' fireshot shield and the plumes of the helmet burning in the air. Dionysos was amazed when he saw, and had not the heart to meet him; but he retreated from the battle with unwilling feet, when he understood the device of Hera in arms.

[243] Then the Indians took courage, and moved to the fight as Bromios left the field; Deriades saw it, and swept the thronging ranks of Bacchants while he swung his blade right and left again and again.

[247] Iobacchos in distress retired to the woodland ridge, and left the winds to blow away his hope of victory, since he feared his stepmother's fierce resentment. But Athena came down from heaven; for Zeus ruling on high sent her, on the errand to change the mind of her brother, now a fugitive in dread of Hera, and to bring him back to the battle. She stood behind him, and caught Bacchos by his yellow hair, seen by him alone, that grim goddess: from her face the eyes flashed a fiery gleam, and breathing sparks of good sense upon Lyaios she spoke angrily in warlike tones of rebuke:

[258] "Whither do you flee, Dionysos? Why flight instead of fight? Where is your mighty thyrsus and your arrows of vine? What word shall I tell of you to my Cronion? Have I seen the Indian king dead on the battlefield? No — Deriades lives, Morrheus fights on!

[263] "What have you shown of inborn heavenly prowess? Have you set foot in Libya? Have you had the task of Perseus? Have you seen the eye of Sthenno which turns all to stone, or the bellowing invincible throat of Euryale herself? Have you seen the tresses of viperhair Medusa, and have the open mouths of her tangled serpents run round you? No fighter was Semele's son; Acrisios's daughter bore the Gorgonslayer, a son worthy of my Zeus, for winged Perseus did not throw down my sickle, and he thanked Hermeias for lending his shoes. I have a witness ready here, the monster of the deep turned to stone; pray ask Cepheus, what the sickle of Perseus did. Ask the east, and ask the west; for both know — the Nereids tremble before Andromeda's husband, the Hesperids sing him who cut down Medusa.

[278] "Aiacos was not affrighted, he was not like Bacchos, he did not run from Deriades, he did not shrink from the Indian battle! Did the Arab chief frighten you again yesterday? I am still ashamed to look at Ares, the furious father of Lycurgos, when he publishes abroad the cowardice of runaway Dionysos.

[283] "Your father and mine feared not battle, when the Titan gods armed themselves against Olympus. Where is Orsiboe — have you taken the Indian Queen? Rheia has not seen Cheirobie captive of your spear. Zeus forgive my boast — but I will not call you brother, when you run from Deriades and the unwarlike nation of India! Come, take your thyrsus again and remember the battle; fight in the van of the army, and you will see Athena well armed and fighting beside the armed Bacchants: she will lift her aegis-cape, the invincible

weapon of Olympos!"

[293] Thus the goddess inspired Bromios with strength. Then he took courage and fought boldly again, entrusting all his hope of coming victory to Tritogeneia.

[296] Now whom first, whom last did Bacchos slay, when Athena insatiate of battle made him brave? He slew a round hundred of his enemies with destroying thyrsus, and he wounded many in many ways, striking with spear or bunches of twigs or clustered branches, or throwing stone, a rough missile. Those who were hit by the divine flail went rushing madly about with a great noise. He wounded Phringos in the left shoulder with sharp thyrsus, and he rushed away out of reach; but Melisseus caught him and brought him down with a sharp poleaxe. Dionysos thyrsus-mad leapt after Egretios, shaking his Euian spear for a long shot: the sharp Bacchic blade flew whizzing through the air, eager to strike the man — and Egretios escaped. But the god attacked the Bolinges, and scared into flight the strife-stirring Arachotai. With his intoxicating vine leaves he swept away the terrible tribes of spearbold Salangoi; and the host of shielded Arianoi were scattered. The Euian scattered the whole host of the Ear-sleepers in his chase after the forefighters of Phringos and Egretios. Iobacchos in his might beat off Lygos also out of the gory battle. Cunning Meilanion hid in a tree, and from his hiding-place showered arrows among the Bassarids, but the god hit him with his thyrsus of vine. Formidable Hera saved him unhurt, because he had often used this trick of arms, and attacked Bacchants, making war from ambush. He was always hidden by a rock or concealed by the leaves of a tall tree, shooting men unnoticed with his arrows.

[325] The Indians retreated at last from the carnage of the battle, fearing the valour of unconquered Dionysos.

BOOK XXXI

In the thirty - first, Hera propitiates Sleep for Cronides, and Persephone for Bacchos.

So struck by the spell of the Indian conflict, Bacchos sped about the bosom of the Erythraian land, shaking the golden locks against his snow-white cheeks.

[4] But Hera, swelling with jealous passions, scored the air with menacing sole, when she beheld the host of scattered Indians beaten like corn in the threshing where they stood, by the manslaying thyrsus of Lyaios. Again she awakened a new resentment, seeing the heap of Andromeda's broken chains beside the Erythraian sea, and that rock lying on the sand, Earthshaker's monstrous lump. Bitterly she turned her eye aside, not to glimpse by the sea the bronze-forged sickle of Gorgonslaying Perseus.

[13] For Perseus already was ferrying across to the thirsty stretches of Libya, swimming on his wings and circling in the air a quickfoot knee. He had taken the travelling eye of Phorcys's old one-eyed daughter unsleeping; he dived into the dangerous cave, reaped the hissing harvest by the rockside, the firstfruits of curling hair, sliced the Gorgon's teeming throat and stained his sickle red. He cut off the head and bathed a bloodstained hand in that viperish dew; then as Medusa was slain, the neck was delivered of its tMin birth, the Horse and the Boy with the golden sword.

[24] Then jealous resentment boiled up in Hera's breast, and she belched spleen against Perseus and Dionysos; and she purposed to enchant the eyes and heart of Cronides in deceitful love, under the wing of Sweet sleep that is brought on after the bed, that while Zeus yet slumbered she might find some cunning trick to crush Lyaios. Away she went to the gloomy all-welcoming court of Hades: there she found Persephone, and told her a crafty tale:

[32] "Most happy I call you, that you dwell so far from the gods! You have not seen Semele at home in Olympos. I fear I may yet see Dionysos, one born of a mortal womb, master of the lightning after Zagreus, or lifting the thunderbolt in earth-born hands. Cornbringer, you have been robbed! Beside the Nile with his harvests they hold festival for another, instead of your sheafbearing mother Demeter; they tell of a spurious bountiful Deo, bullbred, horned, Inachos's daughter lo.

[41] "And Ares, the one I brought forth, born of a heavenly womb, my own son, Mas shackled tight inglorious in earthly fetters in a jar, where Ephialtes had hidden him. Nor did heavenly Zeus my husband help him — but he rescued Semele's son from the flaming fire, he saved Bacchos from the thunderbolt, while still a baby brat, his bastard son half-finished!

But Zagreus the heavenly Dionysos he would not defend, when he was cut up with knives!

[49] "What made me angrier still, was that Cronides gave the starry heaven

to Semele for a bridegift, — and Tartaros to Persephoneia! Heaven is reserved for Apollo, Hermes lives in heaven — and you have this abode full of gloom! What good was it that he put on the deceiving shape of a serpent, and ravished the girdle of your inviolate maidenhead, if after the bed he was to destroy your babe?

[56] “Lord Zeus holds the starry hall on Olympus; he has given the briny sea to his brother the water king for his prerogative; he has given the cloudy house of darkness to your consort. Come now, arm your Furies against wineface Bacchos, that I may not see a bastard and a mortal king of Olympus. Pity the wife of Zeus who prays to you, pity Deo, pity praying Themis the immaculate, that the Indians may have a little space to breathe while Dionysos is shaken. Be the avenger of my sorrow, because Cronion has given nectar to Bacchos and the blood of battle to Ares! Let not Athens sing hymns to a new Dionysos, let him not have equal honour with Eleusinian Dionysos, let him not take over the rites of Iacchos who was there before him, let not his vintage dishonour Demeter’s basket!”

[70] The whole mind of Persephoneia was perturbed while she spoke, babbling deceit as the false tears bedewed her cheeks. Goddess bowed assent to goddess, and gave her Megaira to go with her, that with her evil eye she might fulfil the desire of Hera’s jealous heart.

[75] Hera then shot away with stormwinged shoe: three strides she made, and the fourth brought her to Ganges. She pointed out to unsmiling Megaira the crowd of dead Indians, the sweat of the army and the prowess of Dionysos. When the Fury beheld the deathdealing feats of Lyaïos, her jealous heart was furious even more than heavenly Hera. Then Hera was glad; and with a grim laugh she addressed the snakyhaired goddess in despondent voice:

[83] “See how the young kings of Olympus triumph! See how the bastards of Zeus ply the spear! Zeus has been delivered of one son from Semele, that he may destroy all the Indians in a mass, the gentle innocents! Let Zeus the lawbreaker learn, and Bacchos, how great is the strength of Megaira! For shame — what a lawless mind has Zeus ruling on high! He never attacks the lawbreaking Tyrsenians, because they learn thieves’ laws of violence, and sail the Sicilian Sea in their unfriendly ships, and rob other men of their own. He slew not the impious tribe of Dryopes, where life is sharp steel and murder; but he did slay the Indians whose heart is set on piety, whom famous Themis herself, I think, nursed at her breast. For shame — what a lawless mind he has! when a mortal man has set on fire immortal Hydaspes, so noble and so great, a mortal man has set on fire him whose father was heavenly Zeus!”

[98] With these words, she flew away through the upper air; and silently in a cave of the neighbouring Caucasian cliff, Megaira east off the terrible serpent shape, and waited there in the form of an owl until she should see great Zeus fast asleep, for that was Queen Hera’s command.

[103] Hera herself made her way brooding to the waters of Chremetes in the west, where that afflicted ancient, Libyan Atlas, wearily bends under the

whirling heavens; and she sought out the wife of jealous Zephyros, Iris, the messenger of Zeus when he is in a hurry — for she wished to send her swift as the wind from heaven with a message for shadowy Sleep. She called Iris then, and coaxed her with friendly words:

[110] “Iris, goldenwing bride of plantnourishing Zephyros, happy mother of Love! Hasten with stormshod foot to the home of gloomy Sleep in the west. Seek also about seagirt Lemnos, and if you find him tell him to charm the eyes of Zeus uncharmable for one day, that I may help the Indians. But change your shape, take the ugly form of Sleep’s mother the blackgirdled goddess Night; take a false name and become darkness, since I also change my limbs into the aspect of Themis, of Cythereia, of Artemis when need compels. Promise him Pasithea for his bride, and let him do my need from desire of her beauty. I need not tell you that one lovesick will do anything for hope.”

[124] At these words, Iris goldenwing flew away, peering through the air. To Paphos, to the land of Cyprus she directed her unwavering eye; most of all she gazed above Byblos, on the wedding water of Assyrian Adonis, seeking the wandering track of vagrant Sleep. She found him on the slopes of nuptial Orehomenosa; for there he delayed again and trailed his distracted foot, a frequent visitor at the door of his beloved Pasithea.

[132] Then Iris changed her shape, and all unseen she put on the look of dark Night unrecognizable. She came near to Sleep, weaving guile; and in his mother’s guise uttered her deceitful speech in cajoling whispers:

[136] “My child, how long is Cronides to despise me? Is it not enough that Phaethon does me violence, that Morning shoots me, and Dawn pursues me? Zeus has got a bastard son, just to confound my dear Sleep! One mortal by himself insults me and my son: all night long Bacchos destroys me, and provokes you, by keeping wide awake and kindling his blazing torch with mystic sparks. Why are you named Allvanquisher, Sleep? No longer you charm wakeful men, now that the spurious gleam of earthborn Lyaïos has conquered my revels — for he hides the flames of my stars by brighter torches of his own. One mortal by himself insults me, a new Lightbringer who covers the beams of my Moon great as they are. I am shamed before Day when she mocks at darkness, because I have a false brightness in the night: for a foreign unnatural Sun makes me shine as if night were day. O my dear son! you must resent this on two counts — resist the mystical Satyrs, resist Dionysos the sleepless! Grant this boon to your sorrowful mother, grant this boon to Hera, and charm the charmproof eye of Zeus in the Highest, just for one day, that she may help the Indians whom the Satyrs scatter in rout and still Bacchos harries.

[158] “O Sleep, why are you named All vanquisher? If it be your pleasure, pray turn your eye, and you shall perceive Cronion wakeful once again through the night in sevendate Thebes. Make an end of the wantonness of Zeus Lawbreaker! Amphitryon is far from his bridal chamber, steelclad and in the battle; Zeus makes himself at home by the side of Alcmena, enjoying

insatiate three moons of bridal darkness! Let me not see Zeus yet wakeful for a fourth night.

[166] “Nay, my son, arm you against Cronion — let him not have more darkness, nine full circles more! Remember Mnemosyne in the old time before us; how he lay by her side for nine whole nights, with eyes ever wakeful, full of passion for many children in that unresting bridal. Another allvanquishing god, winged like Sleep, little Love, conquered Cronides with a tiny dart.

[173] “Pity the blackskin nation of earthborn Indians! Grant this boon — for they have the same colour as your mother — save the black ones, O Blackwing! Do not provoke Earth, my father’s age-mate, from whom alone we are all sprung, we who dwell in Olympos. Tremble not before Zeus, when his consort Hera is favourable: tremble not before Semele, whom her own bedfellow burnt up. No fiery lightning can equal you, no loud thunderclaps from the bursting clouds: do but flap me your wings, and Zeus lies immovable on unshaken bed, so long as you command him, Sleep! I have heard that you want one of the Graces; then if you have in your heart an itch for her bedchamber, have a care! Do not provoke Pasithea’s mother, Hera the handmaid of wedded love! And if you dwell with Tethys by the Leucadian Rock, do help Deriades the son of Indian Hydaspes: be true to a neighbour, for resounding Ocean your loud-voiced neighbour was an ancestor of Deriades.”

[191] With this appeal, she won his consent. Then Sleep as one obeying a mother started up, and swore to charm the eyes of unresting Zeus even until the third dawn should come; but Iris begged him to fasten Cronion with slumber for the course of one day only. There Sleep remained, awaiting the happy season of marriage.

[197] Then goddess Iris returned flying at speed, and hastened to deliver her welcome message to her queen.

[199] But Hera flew through the air on stormswift sole, and wove another plan, to visit Zeus carrying the cestus, that mindcharming girdle of desire. She sought for the Paphian; and found Assyrian Aphrodite seated in a solitary spot upon Libanos, alone, for the Graces, those dancers of Orchomenos, had been sent away to gather the various flowers of spring in the gardens — one to gather Cilician crocus, one eager to bring balsam and sprouts of the Indian reed, another for the fragrant petals of the rose.

[209] Wondering and startled, Aphrodite the daughter of Zeus leapt up from her seat, when she saw the consort of Zeus in sorrow; and the wily creature cried out —

[212] “Hera, queen of Zeus! why are your cheeks pale! Why are your eyes downcast, my queen? Can it be that Rainy Zeus has once more become a shower of deceit? Has he become a bull again, a drenched wayfarer in the waters? What second Europa is disturbing you? Is there another Antiope in the hairy embrace of a sham Satyr, although Nycteus her father forbids? Is

there a new horse with a mind in him hasting to another bridal, while he lets out a false whinny between mimicking lips? Has he wooed another Semele with birthdelivering brand, and cast his lightning to show the way for love? Does he dance to the bed of some prettyhorned heifer while he utters a loving moo? Well, if you like, you can find up another cowkeeper to spy upon Zeus, a herdsman Argos, tattooed with unsleeping eyes! Answer my questions, and I will help all I can.”

[228] The goddess greeted her kindly with deceitful words:

[229] “Cypris goddess, we must leave the ground of Olympus for mortals. Zeus has brought to Olympus Semele the mother of Bacchos, and he will bring Dionysos himself to heaven. What mansion will receive Hera? To what place shall I go? I am ashamed lest I behold Semele, the usurping queen of Olympus. I fear he may take me and drive me out of Olympus like Cronos, and I may have to see the dark house of Iapetos. I fear he may shame the nectar, and bring from earth what they call the vine, to plant it in heaven even among the Blessed.

[240] “O Justice, O Earth, O Water, let this never be! May he never bring its twigs to heaven! that I should speak of the Viny Sky instead of the Starry Sky, in honour of the grape! that I should ever quaff another drink after the sweet nectar of Olympus! I fear to see warlike Athena drunken, shaking her spear against Ares and Cythereia — the stars wineshotten and maddened against each other, arousing reckless battle in heaven with the staggering drops of mindshaking Dionysos — all that dwell in Olympus infuriated, and mimicking the revels of carryshield Corybants!

[252] “Is it not shame enough, an impious thing, that I see the Trojan boy cup-lackey to Zeus, disgracing heaven and Hebe cupbearer of Zeus, when he ladles sweet nectar with human hands? Yes, I will go in my shame to earth; heaven I will leave to those two, Ganymedes and Dionysos — heaven I will leave, the home of Semele! Let heaven be common home for those two, Perseus and Dionysos.

I will retire to my Argos, to the glorious city of Mycene, and I will settle on earth. With his unhappy mother will go Ares himself, your bridegroom. Come yourself too, and set foot in your Sparta, and let Sparta receive corseleted Aphrodite in her anger along with brazen Ares.

[264] “I know where I get these troubles from. My father’s Avenger demands bloodprice from me for violence done to a father, because Hera the Titans daughter took strong part in the war against Cronos her father and helped Zeus in his fight. A fine thing for me to see Dionysos sitting in the midst of Olympus beside Eros, at the same table as the Foam-born, bearing the aegis once borne by Cronides and Athena. Help me, goddess, I pray! Lend me to aid my need your cestus band, your allcharming belt, just for one day — that I may charm the eyes of Zeus, and while Zeus slumbers I may help my Indians. I am twice your goodmother, for you have been bride of my Hephaistos and Ares both. Grant this boon at last; for the blackskin Indians

have always hospitably entertained Erythraian Aphrodite, and these Indians Dionysos has assailed in his fury, on these Indians Zeus has wreaked his anger — Zeus the womanmad, the heartless, Zeus the bearer of children, he has battled for Dionysos and cast his lightnings upon them! Lend me your cestus band to help, with which alone you charm all in one! I am worthy to wear it, patroness of wedlock and fellow-helper of the Loves.”

BOOK XXXII

In the thirty-second are battles, and the bed of sleeping Zeus, and the madness of Bacchos.

APHRODITE was won. The mistress of wiles obeyed the cunning request, and drawing the cestus up from her bosom she bestowed it upon willing Hera, and thus she spoke and described the witchery of the strap:

[5] "Accept this strap to help your trouble. You shall charm all in one with this cestus, the guide to all desire — Sun and Zeus and the company of stars, and the evermoving stream of boundless Ocean."

[9] This said, she plunged beneath the rocks of Assyrian Libanos. But Hera passed to the star-scattered circle of Olympos. Quickly she decked out her allwhite body. Often she guided the straying clusters of floating hair and arranged them in even rows down to her forehead; she touched up the plaits with sweetscented oil — stir it, and the farspreading scent of the unguent intoxicates heaven and sea and the whole earth. She put on her head a coronet of curious work, set with many rubies, the servants of love; when they move, the Cyprian flame sends out bright sparklings. She wore also that stone which draws man to desire, which has the bright name of the desire-struck Moon; and the stone which is enamoured of iron the loveproducing; and the Indian stone of love, offspring itself of the waters and akin to the Foamborn; and the deep blue sapphire still beloved of Phoibos. About her hair she twined that herb of passion which Cythereia loves as much as the rose, as much as the anemone, which she wears when she is about to mingle her love with Myrrha's son. She bound the unaccustomed cestus about and about her flanks; but the embroidered robe she wore was her oldest, still bearing the bloodmarks of maidenhead left from her bridal, to remind her bedfellow of their first love when she came to her brother a virgin in that secret union. She washed her face, and wrapt about her a shining robe and clasped it with a brooch to lock up her tunic. Having thus adorned herself and surveyed all in the mirror, Hera sped through the air, swift as a bird, swift as a thought.

[38] She came near to Zeus. And when Zeus Highest and Mightiest saw her, the goading cestus whipt him to hotter love. As Zeus looked upon her, his eyes were enslaved, and staring hard Cronides spoke these words:

[42] "O Hera, why have you come to this eastern clime? What need has brought you? Why are you here to-day? Are you again full of wrath and armed against Bacchos of the vine? Do you desire to help those overweening Indians?"

[46] He spoke, and crafty Hera with laughing heart, yet mad with jealousy, answered, deluding her husband:

[48] "No, Father Zeus, I have a different errand of my own. I came not to concern myself with others' troubles, warlike Indians and Indianslaying

Dionysos, but I hasten to visit the blazing court of the East near to Helios. For Eros is on the wing beside the waters of Tethys, struck with passion for Rhodope Ocean's daughter, and he has renounced his matchmaking! So the order of the universe is out of joint, life is worthless when wedlock is gone. I have been to summon him, and here I am on the way back. For you know I am called the Lady of Wedlock, because my hands hold the accomplishment of childbirth."

[59] So she spoke aloud, and her consort glowing made reply:

[60] "Beloved bride, let quarrels be! Let my proud Dionysos cut down root and branch those Indians who will have no Bacchos, and goodbye to him! But let a bridebed receive us both! Not for any mate, neither mortal woman nor goddess, was I ever so charmed in soul at the touch of the cestus; no, not even when I had Teygete Atlas's daughter, from whose bed was born Lacedaimon the ancient prince — not so did I love Niobe, the daughter of primeval Phoroneus beside Lerna — not so did I love Inachos's Io, the wandering heifer, from whom beside the Nile came the line begun by Epaphos and primeval Ceroessa — not so did I desire the Paphian, for whose sake I dropt seed in the furrow of the plowland and begat the Centaurs, as I now feel sweet desire for you! And so you shoot your own husband with Cyprian shafts, being the Lady of Wedlock and queen of creation!"

[76] He spoke, and assembling with a whirl golden clouds like a wall, he arched them eddying above like a round covering dome. It was something in the shape of a bridal chamber, so contrived that the purple manicoloured bow of heavenly Iris was then round it like a crown. Thus there was a natural covering for the loves of Zeus and his fairarmed bride as they mated there in the open hills, and there was the shape of a couch self-formed to serve their need.

[83] While they communed under the sweet canon of gracious marriage, Earth unfolded her teeming perfumes and crowned the marriage bed with lovely flowers: there sprouted Cicilian saffron, there grew bindweed, and wrapt his male leaves about the female plant by his side, as though breathing desire, and himself a dainty mate in the world of flowers. So the double growth adorned the bed of the pair, covering Zeus with saffron and Hera his wife with bindweed; lovely iris leaping upon anemone portrayed by a meaning silence the sharp love of Zeus. No immortal then beheld the shaded bed of the divine ones, not the Nymphs of the neighbourhood, not Phaethon allseeing, not even the soft eye of Selene herself saw that imperishable bed; for the couch was covered with thick shady clouds round about, and Sleep the servant of the Loves had charmed the eyes of Zeus.

[98] While Zeus slept delicately charmed among the flowers, holding his wife in his arms on that bed unseen, the Fury of many shapes wandering among the hills armed herself against Dionysos by Hera's commands. She made a great rattling over Lyaïos's eyes, loudly cracking her snaky whip; she shook her head, and a deadly hiss issued from her quivering serpent-hair,

terrible, and fountains of poison drenched the rocky wilderness.... At times, again, she showed a face like some mid beast; a mad and awful lion with thick bristles upon his neck, threatening Dionysos with bloody gape.

[110] Then Artemis saw Bacchos caught in a fit of mind-marauding madness, and would have driven the madness away, but Hera with heavy noise aloft cast a burning brand at her and scared her off. The mistress of the hunt gave way in anger to her stepmother. But she did protect maddened Bacchos a little; she held back her wild beasts with threatenings, and shackled the hunting dogs, fastening straps round and round their necks that they should not hurt the flesh of delirious Dionysos.

[119] Now Megaira black in her infernal robe went back into the darkness, and sent out many spectral visions to Lyaios. Showers of poison-drops were shot upon the head of Bromios and big fat sparks; ever in his ears was the whistling sound of the hellish whip which robbed him of his senses.

[125] Thus tormented in the lonely forest, Dionysos paced the pathless mountains with wandering foot, shaken by terrible pantings. Like a mad bull, he dashed his horns against the rocks, and a harsh bellow came from his maddened throat. Echo left Pan and mimicked his tune no more, but bellowed an ugly sound in frenzied tone, repeating the wild noise of Dionysos. He swift as the storm chased the dappled deer and shaggy lionesses, plying his highland hunt. No lion so bold as to come near him; the bear appalled and scared hid in a secret cave, fearing the menacing madness of Lyaios, hearing the sound of the god in her rough ears. With pitiless thyrsus he cut through long pythons lying on a stone and gently licking him: he shook the rocks with long-pointed horn: he killed troops of lions, unyielding beasts but now seeking mercy: he rooted up trees from the fruitful soil, he chased the Hadryads, he volleyed the cliffs and drove the Naiad nymphs out of the river homeless. Bassarids went scattering and would not come within touch of Lyaios, Satyrs shivered and hid in the sea; they would not come near him, dazed at the threatening onset, lest he dash at them letting out that outlandish roar, spitting snowy foam, the witness of madness.

[151] Now Deriades with exceeding great boldness attacked the Bacchant women, while Dionysos was being shaken at the command of Hera. As when the sea bellowing with the rush of wintry surge, unnavigable, is driven wildly by contrary winds, and floods the soaking air with waves mountain-high: the blasts have parted the stern-hawsers in the pitiless assault of the billows, the violent wind has tangled up the canvas with its breath and made a cloak of girdling sails round the bending mast, the yard is askew, the sailors in despair have thrown hope to the sea — so the Indian Ares threw into confusion the whole Bacchic army.

[162] Then came a struggle out of all order, then came an unequal fight, a one-sided struggle; for brazen Ares came back unwearied to awaken the conflict. He took the form of the champion Modaios, more than all others unsated with battle, whose joy was joyless carnage, whom bloodshed pleased

better than banquets. On the shield he bore the graven image of Medusa with her bush of hair, like the viperine tresses of the Gorgon's head, and he was equal to Deriades, of the same colour. So then Ares took on Modaios's terrible shape and the copy of his unsmiling face, his curly hair and the blazon of his shield, and furiously raging rushed amid the fray to scatter the people, giving courage to his warriors. With one voice the Indians fearlessly roared their warcry, now Bacchos was not there, and deathly Ares shouted as loud as nine thousand, with Discord moving by his side to support him; in the battle he placed Rout and Terror to wait upon Deriades. So the army of Dionysos, absent in the wilderness, was driven pellmell by Deriades, and his comrade Ares, and the slumber of Zeus.

[181] So the mingled battalions fighting with one common ardour girded the whole company of Bassarids with a ring of steel; many were slain by one slayer in their flight, smitten by swords. O ye Muses of Homer! Tell me who died, who fell to the spear of Deriades! Aibialos and Thyamis, Ormenios and Opheltis, Criasos Argasides, Telebes and Lyctian Antheus, Thronios and Aretos, Moleneus with his ashplant and Comarcos in his might — a host were laid out dead one upon another by the spear of Deriades. They fell as they were slain, one stretched out on the ground; one swam in the water enduring trouble amid the waves; one drowned in the sea hard by, whom Arabian Nereus buried in the waves newly wounded by the pursuing spear; another ran over the hills with stormswift sole fleeing his fate; another left the lance planted in the middle of his back and crawled into the heart of the bushes, longing for absent Dionysos to save him.

[199] Proud Echelaos fell, and was left unburied, crushed by the manbreaking rock from gigantic Morrheus: he was a Cyprian, with the down fresh around his cheeks. He lay then like a palm spire with a head of leaves; but in the battle he rushed about shaking his torch, a tender lad with uncropped hair, until he was struck on the top of the hip, where nature had fitted the axle in the cup of the thigh to grow together with the flesh of his body. He died holding the mystic pine still alight, and in his convulsions burnt his head to ashes with his own torch, setting fire to the braided hair with the smoking brand. Then Morrheus triumphed over him and mocked him:

[210] "Boy, you must be a stranger to the land which is called your nurse — Echelaos lad, you have belied your birth as a Cyprian! You are not sprung from Pygmalion, to whom Cypris gave a long course of life and many years. Ares the bridegroom of your Paphian did not save you. Your Cythcreia did not grant you infinite circles of revolving years and a car that stumbled not, that you might escape your fate on that fatefending waggon, as you ever drove a kneeheavy run of mules! — Wrong! you do come from Cyprus. Fate caught you also quick when Ares vanquished you just like Myrrha's son."

[221] As he spoke the words, shakespeare Morrheus thrust again at the footmen. He caught waddling Bilitos and killed Denthis, cut off the head of Erigbolos the dancer and put the Phrygian warriors to flight with farcast spear.

Sebeus he brought down with a jagged stone; he chased Actaion and the company of Thebans, and killed Eubotes, who dwelt in the Cadmeian country, a companion of Actaion. One common shriek arose as a multitude fleeing before the infinite might of Deriades in utter rout slipt into the meshes of one common fate, dying in heaps under the blows of one man and his murderous destroying steel, falling over each other and lying in rows on the bloodstained dust — Crimisos Himaleon Phrasios Thargelos Iacon: Cilon tumbled among them slain, Cyes rolled over in bloody death a corpse. The carnage was infinite: the steel cut them down, the thirsty soil accepted this foreign shower of war's torrents, and gladly bathed in the enemies' blood.

[240] There was panic in the army of Bacchos. The footmen were shaken and ran, the horsemen checked their jewelled bridles to flee and escape. So one made for the hills and into a cave in the rocks, one crept into the bushes on the hillside and sat hidden under the leaves, one entered the cave of lions, another the den of a savage bear, one slunk over a high cliff and traversed the uplands with hillranging feet. A Bacchant passed by the lair of a wild beast with a litter, and trod the uplands with timid shoe; now she wanted no longer a lion's rocky den, but she found a harbourage of weak deer in her craven mood — for she had changed her former heart into a deer's heart instead of a lioness. One of the stormswift Satyrs was running like the quick winds, unshod, with frightened foot, to escape the impious weight of Deriades' threats. An old Seilenos wandered scouring the cliffs. Often he sank with stumbling feet upon heavy knees, and fell to the ground and covered his face with dirt; then he lifted his hairy form again, but instead of fighting he hid among the hills, and with difficulty kept clear of helmeted Morrheus with his spear. The spear of Euios, the thyrsus, he was obliged to throw away for the peaceful winds to take care of. Erechtheus retired slowly with reluctant feet, turning again and again his round eyes backwards, for he was ashamed to think of Athena the warlike patron of his city. Aristaios hit by an arrow in the left shoulder, unwillingly refused to take further part in Mainad battle on behalf of Bacchos. Melisseus was avoiding the company of spearbold Corybants; he was pierced through his hairy chest and the Erythraian spear had gone through the nipple. The grim merciless Cyclopians hastened to flee discomfited with quick foot, and with them Phaunos also fled from the Indian battle though unshaken. An ancient Parrhasian Pan, himself a runaway, led to flight the whole horned company, and with silent feet plunged into the shadowy forest, that restless Echo might not see him escaping over the hills and mock him and call him coward.

[281] Now the leaders had slunk away, all but Aiacos, who was left there alone in the battle fighting on, though he needed the presence of unconquered Dionysos. Nevertheless there he stayed. The Nymphs from the rocks had hidden in the deep hall of some Naiad; these joined the nymphs of Hydaspes, those fled to neighbouring Indos and lodged in his waters, others went to the Sydros, others washed off the fresh gore in the Ganges — these were many,

they came in herds to the watery channels, and the silverfoot Naiad stood at her hospitable door to welcome them into the watery retreat of her virginal palace. Others hid under the shady branches of a Hamadryad or slipt into open holes in the trees. Many Bassarids were beside the watersprings near the rock shedding fountains of tears; and the deep fountain itself, filled with the showers of tears newly shed upon her sorrowful countenance, grew all dark lamenting the heavy mourning of nevermourning Dionysos.

BOOK XXXIII

In the thirty-third, furious Love masters Morrheus, and sets him aflame for the beauty of Chalcomedeia.

BUT Bacchos himself, rushed away kneequick like a horned bull, carried in long leaps by his wandering feet, puffing deadly breath in the flood of his frenzied madness.

[4] One of the swiftshoe Graces was gathering the shoots of the fragrant reeds in the Erythraian garden, in order to mix the flowing juice of Assyrian oil with Indian flowers in the steaming cauldrons of Paphos, and make ointment for her Lady. While she plucked all manner of dew-wet plants she gazed all round the place; and there in a forest not far off she saw the madness of Lyaios her father." She wept for sorrow and tender affection, and tore her cheeks with her nails in mourning. Then she saw the Satyrs scurrying from battle; she distinguished Codone and Gigarto, dead too soon, lying on the dust unburied; she pitied Chaleomede fleeing with stormswift shoe from the blade of furious Morrheus — and indeed she was shaken with jealousy of the rosy-check maiden, for fear she might win the day with radiant Aphrodite.

[21] Sorrowing she returned to heaven, but she hid her grief for Lyaios her father in mournful silence. Pallor displaced the bloom on her rounded cheek, and dimmed the bright radiance of her face.

[25] Cypris, the lover of Adonis, saw Pasithea downcast, and understood the grief heralded by her silent face; then she addressed to her these comforting words:

[28] "Dear girl, what trouble has changed your looks? Maiden, what has made you lose your ruddy looks? Who has quenched the gleams of springtime from your face? The silvery sheen shines no longer upon your skin, your eyes no longer laugh as before. Come now, tell me your anxieties. Are you plagued by my son, perhaps? Are you in love with some herdsman, among the mountains, struck with desire, like Selene? Has Eros perhaps flicked you also with the cestus, like Dawn once before? — Ah, I know why your cheeks are pale: shadowy Sleep, the vagabond, woos you as a bridegroom woos a maid! I will not compel you if you are unwilling; I will not join Sleep the blackskin to Pasithea the lily white!"

[41] When Aphrodite had said this, the Charis weeping replied:

[42] "O mother of the Loves! O sower of life in the everlasting universe! No herdsman troubles me, no bold desire of Sleep. I am no lovesick Dawn or Selene. No, I am tormented by the afflictions of Lyaios my father, driven about in terror by the Furies. He is your brother — protect Dionysos if you can!"

[48] Then she recounted all her father's afflictions to her mistress, and the countless ranks of Bassarids that Morrheus had killed, and all the fugitive host

of Satyrs, even Dionysos lashed with the fury's whip, and wailing Gigarto gasping on the ground, and Codone gone before her season: with shame she described the sorrows and beauty of Chalcomedeia.

[55] Then sweetsmiling Aphrodite put off the wonted laugh from her radiant rosy face, and told her messenger Aglaia to call Eros her son, that swift airy flyer, that guide to the fruitful increase of the human race.

[60] The Charis moved her footsteps, and turned her face this way and that way over earth and sea and sky, if somewhere she might find the restless track of Eros — for he beats his wings everywhere circling the four separate regions of the universe.

[64] She found him on the golden top of Olympos, shooting the nectar-drops from a cup. Beside him stood Hymenaios, his fairhaired playfellow in the dainty game. He had put up as a prize for the victor something clever made by his haughty mother Urania, who knew all the courses of the stars, a revolving globe like the speckled form of Argos; winged Eros had taken and put up a round golden necklace which belonged to his mother sea-born Aphrodite, a shining glorious work of art, as a prize of victory. A large silver basin stood for their game, and the shooting mark before them was a statue of Hebe shown in the middle pouring the wine. The umpire in the game was adorable Ganymedes, cupbearer of Cronides, holding the garland. Lots were cast for the shots of unmixed wine, with varied movements of the fingers: these they held out, these they pressed upon the root of the hand closely joined together. A charming match it was between them.

[81] Daintyhair Hymenaios drew the first try. He took the cup, and shot the flying nectar-drop high in the air over the basin; but he offered no prayer then to his mother the Muse: darting from the cup the dew went scattering high through the air, but the leaping drops turned aside and swerving fell back about the face of the statue so as to touch the top of the head without a sound. Second, crafty Eros took hold of the lovely cup in a masterly way, and secretly in his heart prayed to Cyprogeneia; then with a steady eye on the mark, he shot the liquid into the distance — the dewy nectar went straight, unswerving, and curved round until it fell from the air upon the forehead above the temple with a loud plop. The elegant statue rang, and the basin echoed the sound of victory for the golden son of Cyprogeneia. Ganymedes laughing handed the dainty garland to Eros. Quickly he picked up the beautiful necklace and lifted the globe, and kept the two prizes of their cleverdrop game. Bold Eros went skipping and dancing for joy and turned a somersault, and tried often to pull his rival's hands from his sorrowful face.

[105] Now Aglaia stood by him, and she received the prizes from the hands of the prince of heart's delight. She beckoned the boy aside, and with silence their only witness, she whispered into his ear the artful message of her intriguing mistress:

[109] "Allvanquisher unvanquished, preserver of life co-eval with the universe, make haste! Cythereia is in distress. None of her attendants has

remained with her; Charis has gone, Peitho has vanished, Pothos the inconstant has left her; she had none to send but me. She needs your invincible quiver!"

[114] No sooner had she spoken, than Eros wanted to know all about it; for all young people, when they hear only the beginning of a story, are eager to hear the end. So he rattled out with that unbridled tongue of his —

[118] "Who has hurt my dear Paphian? Let me take arms in hand and fight all the world! If my mother is in distress, let me stretch my allvanquishing bowstring against even Cronion, to make him once more a mad ravishing love-bird, an eagle, or a bull swimming the sea! Or if Pallas has provoked her, if Crookshank has hurt her by lighting the bright torch of the Cecropian light, I will fight them both, Hephaistos and Athena! Or if Archeress hareslaver moves her to anger, I will draw the fiery Olympian sword of Orion to prick Artemis and drive her out of the sky! (Or if it is Hermes) I will carry off with me Maia's son on my wings, and let him call useless Peitho in vain to his help. Or I will leave my arrows and the fiery belt of my quiver, I will lash Phoibos a willing victim with cords of laurel leaves, holding him bound in a belt of speaking iris. Indeed I fear not the strength of Envalios, it will not weary me to flog Ares when he is shackled by the delightful cestus. The two luminaries I will drag down from heaven to be drudges in Paphos, and give my mother for a servant Phaethon with Clymene, Selene with Endymion, that all may know that I vanquish all things!"

[140] He spoke, and straight through the air he plied his feet, and reached the dwelling of eager Aphrodite long before Aglaia with his pair of whirring wings.

[143] His mother with serene countenance took him into her embrace, and threw one happy arm round her boy, lifting him on her knees, a welcome burden. He sat there while she kissed the boy's lips and eyes: then she touched his mindcharming bow, and handled the quiver, and pretending to breathe anger, spoke these delusive words:

[149] My dear child, you have forgotten Phaethon and Cythereia! Pasiphae no longer wants the bull's love. Helios mocks at me, and arms the offspring of Astris, the warrior Deriades his own daughter's son, to destroy the Bassarids of womanmad Dionysos and to rout the love-stricken Satyrs of Bromios. But it has provoked me more than all, that battlestirring Ares in mortal shape, with Enyo by his side, without regard for his old love of Aphrodite, has armed himself against Dionysos at Hera's bidding and supports the Indian king. Now then, on this field Ares is for Deriades — then you fight for Lyaios. He has a spear, you have a stronger bow, before which bend the knee Zeus the Highest and furious Ares and Hermes the lawgiver; even that Archer Apollo fears your bow. If you will give a boon to your Foamborn, fight for the Bassarids and our Dionysos. Go I pray, to the Eastern clime and let no one catch you — go to the Indian plain, where there is a handmaid of Lyaios amongst the Bacchants, more excellent than her yearsmates, named Chalcomede, who loves the

maiden state — but if you should see Chalcomede and Cypris both together in Libanos, you cannot tell which was Aphrodite, my dear boy! Go to that place and help Dionysos ranging the wilds, by shooting Morrheus for the beauty of Chalcomedeia. I will give you a worthy prize for your shooting, a wellmade Lemnian chaplet, like the rays of fiery Helios. Shoot a sweet arrow, and you will do a grace both to Cypris and to Dionysos; honour my bridesmaid bird of love and yours, the herald of lifelong wedding and happy hearts!”

So spoke the goddess; and Eros Mildly leapt from his mother’s lap and took up his bow, slung the allvanquishing quiver about his little shoulder, and sailed away on his Mings through the air; round Cerne he turned his flight opposite the rays of morning, smiling that he had set afire that great charioteer of the heavenly car with his little darts, and the light of the loves had conquered the light of Helios. Soon he was moving in the midst of the Indian host, and laid his bow against the neck of Chalcomedeia, aiming the shaft round her rosy cheek, and sent it into the heart of Morrheus. Then paddling his way with the double beat of his floating wings he mounted to the starry barriers of his father, leaving the Indian transfixed with the fiery shaft.

[195] Now Morrheus moved lovesick this way and that way, struck by the arrow of desire, wherever the maiden went; the sword he lifted was tame, his spear hung idle, his bold spirit was lashed by the cestus of love, he turned his enamoured gaze all about and moved his eyes at the bidding of Cypris, uncomfortable.

[201] But the girl cunningly deceived the Indian chieftain, as if desiring him, yet it was only a false pretence of love that she modelled; and yet Morrheus touched heaven soaring in vain hope, for he thought she had in her heart a wound of maiden love like his own. Shallow man! he forgot his looks, and sought to charm a girl in her right mind with his black body. The girl had good sport in her playful tricks, showed herself near him and teased the lovesick man. She told her enemy how the knees of that unwedded Nymph fled swift on the breeze, how she ran once from Phoibos quick as the north wind, how she planted her maiden foot by the flood of a longwinding river, by the quick stream of Orontes, when the earth opened beside the wide mouth of a marsh and received the hunted girl into her compassionate bosom.

[216] At this tale of hers Morrheus jumped for joy — one thing only annoyed him, that the god never caught Daphne when she was pursued, that Apollo never ravished her. He called Phoibos a sluggard, and always blamed Earth for swallowing the girl before she knew marriage. Trembling with the sweet fire, he feared that Chalcomede also like Daphne might be in love with maidenhood, feared In might see her fleeing and chase her in vain, wasting his pains on desire unattainable like Apollo.

[225] But when night came up and sent the battle to rest, Chaleomede traversed lonely wooded heights seeking traces of distracted Dionysos. She bore no tambours then, no Euian cymbals of Rheia, she performed no mystic rite for unsleeping Lyaios; but downcast and touching not the dance, she kept

silence with those lips so unused to silence, understanding the malady of Saviour Dionysos.

[239] With timid steps went Morrheus, slow and hesitating, as he watched the nymph with glances that returned again and again, and blamed Phaethon for all his speed; but his mind was keeping company with Chalconede. In distress, he softened his voice to womanish love-prattle, as the arrow of nightly love quivered beneath his heart:

[239] "Bow and arrows of Ares, I have done with you; for another shaft and a better constrains me, the arrow of desire! I have done with you, quiver! The cestus-strap has conquered my shieldsling. No more I equip a fighting hand against Bassarids. The gods of my nation, Water and Earth, I will leave, and set up altars both to Cypris and Dionysos; I will throw away the brazen spear of Enyalios and Athena. No more will I arm me with fiery torches, for love's torch has quenched the torch of Enyalios the weakling: I am hit by another and hotter fire. Would I were a Satyr, one womanmad, that I might dance among Bassarids, that I might rest my hand on Chalconedeia's shoulder and encircle her neck with love's tight bond! May Dionysos drag the minister of Deriades to Phrygia under the yoke of slavery! May wealthy Maionia receive me as her settler instead of my native land! I want to leave Caucasosa and dwell in Tmolos; let me throw off my ancient name of Indian and be called Lydian, let me bow my neck to Dionysos as the slave of love. Let Pactolos carry me — what care I for the Hydaspes of my homeland? Let Chalconede's sweet home possess me. Cypris and Bacchos have joined forces and overwhelmed the goodsons of Deriades with their volleys, that men may say —' The cestus killed Morrheus, the thyrsus Orontes.'"

[262] Such was his outcry. He melted in the resounding flood of care when he thought of Chalconede: for in the darkness the sparks of the loves are always hotter. For already the cone of cloudless dark, leaping up with its unconscious moving shade, had covered everything together in one trembling quietude. No wayfarer walked through the Indian city; no working-woman touched her familiar craft, nor beside the distaff-loving lamp did the moving spindle go round of itself under her hands, dangled unresting by the dancing pull of the thread. No, the industrious drudge slept with heavy head beside the wakeful lamp. A snake had crawled in quietly and lay where it fell; the head caught the tail, then it tightened up the length of its backbone in sleep on its belly. A towering elephant by the neighbouring wall enjoyed his sleep upright, leaning his back against a tree.

[280] Then alone, sleepless, noiseless, Morrheus hurriedly left Cheirobië sleeping alone in her chamber, and crept round and round in distress with ever-returning feet. Once when at war near the Tauros among the Cilicians, he had heard the lore of an old sage, and learnt of the sting of starry loves in the heavens. Surveying therefore the heavenly domain spread abroad in the skies, he noticed Europa's bridegroom, the Olympian Bull; then he turned his wandering eye to the polar region, and observed Callisto and the restless

course of the Waggon, and recognized that the female received a female bedfellow, who was disguised under the false likeness of the Archeress with limbs unrecognizable. Rising over the Bull he saw Myrtilos, the fire-breathing Charioteer, because he once helped a marriage, at the race for Hippodameia, and made a counterfeit peg of rounded wax, so that Pelops got his marriage. Near Cassiepeia he saw that Eagle spreading his wings who bedded with Aigina, and wished for such another delusive device, that he might himself undo the maidenhead of unwedded Chalcomede. Then with unsleeping gaze he began to speak:

[301] "I have heard how Zeus the Ruler on High once took the shape of a Satyr, and wooed the maiden Antiope under a deceitful shape, in the mock love of a dancing bridal. I wish I had such a shape myself, to dance unrecognized into the host of horned Satyrs and to enjoy the bed of wineloving Chalcomede. I know, Cythereia, why you are angry with the sons of India; as neighbours of the Sun your arrows plague them, you have not yet forgotten how your captivity was discovered by those nets. Phaethon was not my father — why do you plague me, Aphrodite? Bullgazer Pasiphae was no mother of mine, Ariadne no sister. O ye rocks, utter your stony voice! Chalcomede I desire, and she denies! Away my quiver, away with you, my murderous bow and windswift arrows! Ares did not save me when Aprodite took up arms: little Love has vanquished me, whom proud Bacchos could not kill!"

[317] Such were the vain cries of lovesick Morrheus through the night. Nor did the wing of sweet bewildering Sleep give rest to loveshy Chalcomede; for she longed to die, being in terror of mad Morrheus — she feared the hot man might bind her in forced wedlock while Bacchos was far away. She turned her step in the night to the Erythraian sea, and cried out to the deaf waves:

[324] "Melis, I call you happy! for you unacquainted with love once threw yourself of your own free will over and over into the sea, and so escaped the bed of womanmad Damnamcecus. I call your chaste lot happy. For Aphrodite daughter of the brine armed the maddened bridegroom against you, and the sea guarded you even though it was the Paphian's mother: you died in the waves a virgin still; O may the water of the sea cover Chalcomede also, willing enough, while she is still unacquainted with the marriage that Morrheus desires; that I may be called a new loveshy Britomartis, whom once the sea received and returned to the land, where she rejected the bodily love of Minos. Earthshaker enamoured did not affright me, as he did the chaste Asterie, whom he hunted to and fro in the sea, riding restless before the changing wind, until Apollo rooted her in the waves immovable. Receive me, O sea, receive me in your hospitable breast! Receive me like Melis; receive me also, a later Dritomartis, refusing marriage, that I may escape Morrheus and your Aphrodite; pity Chalcomede, O saviour of maidens!"

[346] So in her distracted mind she cried aloud by the neighbouring sea; and she would have thrown herself rolling headlong into the waves, but Thetis

gave her help, to please Dionysos. She changed her shape, and stood before Chalcomedeia in the form of a Bacchant woman with comfortable words:

[351] “Courage, Chalcomede! fear not the bed of Morrheus. You have in me a lucky omen of your untouched maidenhead, bringing witness that no marriage shall come near your bed. I am Thetis, like you an enemy of marriage. I love maidenhood, as Chalcomede herself; yet Father Zeus drove me from heaven and would have dragged me into marriage, but that old Prometheus stopt his desires, by prophesying that I should bear a son stronger than Cronion; he wished that Thetis’s boy should not some time overpower his father and drive out Cronides as high Zeus drove out Cronos. Be astute, and save us! For if you contrive your own death, without learning what marriage is without a bridegroom, the wild Indian will destroy the whole company of Bassarids. No, you must delude him, and you will save from death your army, which is now in flight while Dionysos is under the lash. Just pretend an unreal desire for love. Then if Morrheus should drag you to bed while you refuse marriage, you need no helper against Cypris, for you have a huge serpent to protect and save your girdle. After the Indian War, Dionysos will take your Serpent and place him in the shining circle of the stars, an everlasting herald of your untouched maidenhood, near his own brilliant Crown, when he completes the great starry sign of Cydonian Ariadne; and your serpent shall be equal to the northern Serpent, and shine upon mortals along with shining Ophiuchos. By and by you shall praise Thetis of the sea, when you espy your fiery star shining along with Selene. Have no fear about marriage. No bedfellow shall loose the firm knot of your maidenhood: I swear it by Dionysos, who has touched my board, I swear it by your thyrsus, and by Aphrodite of the sea.”

[383] She ended her consolation; and then hid the girl in a cloud, that the guards might not see her, or some spy walking cunningly in the night with secret foot, or some bold goatherd womanmad, and drag the maiden in the evening to a wayside wedding.

BOOK XXXIV

In the thirty-fourth, Deriades attacks and massacres the Bacchant women within the walls.

THE girl passed over the hills in her quickmoving step, until she silently passed into the woody uplands; nor did Thetis herself linger upon the shore, but she too returned to the weedy hall of her father Nereus.

[5] Morrheus already had enough of staring through the cloudless heaven and watching the circling stars; and he spoke, lashing his spirit with cares:

[8] “My mind moves unsteadily every way. No one counsel guides me, no one resolve; wishes throng round me in crowds, and I cannot fulfil one of them. Shall I kill Chalcomedeia, my beloved? Then what can I do, that she too may not kill me with longing, after her fate? Or shall I leave her alive and unwounded, and drag the girl openly into marriage? But in my heart I fear Deriades and pity Cheirobië. I will never kill the girl; if I strike her down, how can I live when I see the girl no more? I am in pain when I am without Chalcomede for one hour.”

[19] So Morrheus went raving and pondering vainly many plans, boiling with the pangs of his desire-struck imagination.

[21] As he walked alone on the bank, wandering up and down and forgetful of his bride left alone in her bed, bold Hyssacos his trusty guardian, wide awake, saw him. He was shrewd enough to recognize the secret sting of some undivined love, so he began to ask crafty questions and spoke in beguiling words, as follows:

[27] “Why have you left your bed and your sleeping bride to wander about in the dark, fearless Morrheus? Has Deriades affrighted you with a threat? Is Cheirobie angry with you in a jealous temper, and thinks you in love with some captive Bacchant? For when women see their partners wild with love, they are always jealous of some secret intrigue. Perhaps that allvanquishing braggart Desire has been aiming at you bridal sparks from his unresting quiver! Do you want one of the Bassarids, perhaps? As I hear, there are three Graces, the dancers of Orchomenos, handmaids of Phoibos — but Lyaïos the danceweaver has whole rows of Graces three hundred strong, one of whom shines pre-eminent above all, as Selene herself quenches the light of the stars with her brighter beams when she scatters her shimmering around. And she arms herself with two shots on one count — the arrow of her beauty and the steel of her spear. She is a helmeted Pasithea, whom the Bacchants name Chaleomede: — but I will call her Silverfoot Artemis or Goldenshield Athena.”

[48] When he had said this, he fell silent; and lovesick Morrheus drawing his brows together answered with shamefast lips:

[50] “Certainly Dionysos dived into the waves of the sea for fear of

Lycurgos, and armed the Nereids in the bosom of the deep, and out of the brine he brought against Ares his own sister, Aphrodite of the brine: instead of the fragrant dress for a bridegift he gave her a steel corselet to wear, instead of the cestus he gave her a spear of bronze; he changed her name, and Aphrodite armed became Chalcomede. She is in the company of the Bassarids, and I have two to fight, without knowing it — both Cypris and Dionysos. Why do I vainly lift my valiant spear? Yield, my point! If the Paphian has conquered the master of the thunderbolt, if she vanquishes the king of battles with her spark, if she has burnt up flaming Phaethon with a fire greater than his own and harasses the fiery one, what could I do with steel? Tell me some device to help against Cyprogeneia. Shall I wound Eros? but how shall I catch that winged one? Shall I lift a spear? Fire is his weapon. Shall I draw the sword? He has an arrow, and his arrow is fire kindling my heart.

[69] “Often I have been wounded in the field; but wounded, some physician has made me whole by his lifesaving art, by laying an allheal flower on the wound of my body. Hyssacos, hide it not, tell me what varied store of balsams can I apply in my heart to cure the wound of love! To my adversaries I am always bold; but when I see Chalcomede before me, my sharp point grows womanish. I fear not Dionysos, but I shrink before a woman, for she shoots bright shafts from her lovesmit countenance and pierces me with her beauty. I cannot aim my bow then. So I have seen one of the Nereids. If I dare say it, either Thetis or Galateia is fighting beside Dionysos!”

[81] He spoke; and moving on the tips of his toes, slowly and carefully, so as not to awaken his sleeping wife in the night, he entered his chamber again. Far from the black bosom of his bride he turned his eyes away, and wished that Chalcomede might stand shining before him and dawn appear. Chafing with love he fell on his sad couch; and his watchful guardian Hyssacos, longing for quiet rest, fell asleep once more on his oxhide shield.

[89] While Morrheus slumbered, the vision of a dream came flying from the deluding gates of ivory to cajole him, and uttered a comforting but deceitful speech:

[92] “Bridegroom Morrheus, welcome Chalcomede a willing bride! Welcome your bride in your own bed after your battles! In the day when you saw me you delighted your eyes — in the night, sleep by the side of your loving Chalcomedeia! Even in sleep marriage has its charm, even in dreams it has a passion of sweet desire. I would fain hold you in my arms, and dawn is near.”

[99] With these words, the vision flew away; Morrheus leapt out of his sleep and saw the beginning of Dawn, the thief of love. He thought Chalcomede desired him, and at once said silently to himself, feeding his delusive hope of love:

[103] “Threefold light you bring, O daughter of the mist! You bring Chalcomede, and you bring the daylight, and you drive night away! O Chalcomede, do you appear to me also, and comfort wakeful Morrheus, you,

rosier yourself than rose-crowned Dawn: no such roses are brought by the Seasons to our meadows. Charming maiden, your cheeks present a meadow of the Springtime which time knows not how to wither. Your flowers are in bloom when the fruit wasting Autumn Seasons are here: your lilies can be seen even in winter; your body is all one blushing anemone never-fading, which the Graces tend and the winds never destroy. Your name you have adorned by the triumphs of your spear; your name fits your valour — not in vain are you called Chaleomede, for brazen Ares begat you, tumbling on the bed of love-begetting Cypris. All the world calls you Chalcomede, but I alone call you Chrysomede, because you have the beauty of golden Aphrodite; I believe you come from Sparta, for as I think, Aphrodite Steelcorseleta was the mother of Chalcomede.”

[122] So he spoke on his wakeful bed but when farshooting Dawn with crimson face leapt up sending forth her light as the forerunner of battle, Ares musterhost armed the Indian nation; then the Indians fully equipped ran from their wellwheeled beds to gather round the chariot of Deriades.

[128] But the Bacchoi, with invincible Dionysos still amissing, poured forth downcast on the plain. No longer in confident heart they marched to the fight, but they were stricken with fear. No longer with manbreaking madness the women in bronze corselets rushed frantic to the field, no more they scattered foam from their bellowing throats with deep growlings; but in silence undisturbed the untanned calfskins lay unbeaten. Their torches sent forth no shining flame of martial brands nor belched the death-bringing smoke; but under the goad of the divine lash the warriors turned to women. The Satyrs made no noise, no sound echoed as of yore from the pipes to awaken the conflict. The Seilenoi went to battle in sober silence with their wits about them; they had not painted their faces with crimson like fresh blood, nor purpled their yellow skin to deceive and affright, nor daubed their foreheads with white chalk as usual. The Pans had drunk no hot blood fresh from the veins of a lioness of the wilds, and rushed not swift as the wind frenzied into the conflict, but they were mild with fear: hesitating they pawed the ground with gentle noiseless hooves, and ceased the terrible leaps of their highland dance.

[151] But Deriades proudly grappled with the men's battle, shaking his pointed horn like a helmet plume; Morrheus leapt raging against the company of women. For Chalcomedeia did not stand beside the Bacchant women to make him pitiful, and check the blade which darted against the women purpled with blood; but now the lovely young girl, a new bow-famed Amazon, took hand in the fight beside the front ranks in the plain, clad in light robes and a shining tunic. For that is what wise Thetis told her to do, that she might save the whole host, so distressed while Dionysos was being plagued.

[162] Then Morrheus parting from that face, the image of the Graces, saved alive eleven of the weak Bassarids, whom he judged to be next after Chalcomede. He bound the Mainalids' arms behind them in a knot too tight to

be undone; then dragging them with hair flowing loose to the yoke of slavery, he gave them to his goodfather Deriades as servants won by the spear, to be a second brideprice for his wife; for whose sake he had fought beside peaksoaring Tauros, to win her for his bride, when he joined to himself in the bonds of wedlock the young princess, Deriades' daughter, his yearsmate Cheirobie. For the Indian chieftain had received no marriage gift for his daughter, no precious gold, no bright stone of the sea; herds of oxen and flocks of sheep Deriades refused, and joined his daughters in marriage without price, to stirring warriors, taking for goodsons Morrheus and ninecubit Orontes — gave his own children as brides to two champions, Cheirobie to Morrheus and Protonoeia to Orontes. For Morrheus was not like men of this earth, but he resembled the national strength of the earthborn Indians in highnecked body and gigantic limbs; he had the earthborn breed which towering Typhon had, when near the neighbouring rock of firebreeding Arima he displayed his inborn courage for Cydnos to behold. The bride-price which he brought was the sweat of Cilician labours; a bridegroom without possessions, he possessed his bride by valour. So in those days Assyria bent the knee to the steel that wooed a bride for Morrheus, Cilician Tauros bowed his rocky neck to the yoke of Deriades, bold Cydnos curtsayed, and for that reason in the Cilician land Morrheus is still called Heracles Sandes. But that is an old story; in this later conflict Morrheus captured the Thyiads with pitiless spear, and triumphant shouted an unbridled speech:

[196] “These are for you, my lord king, treasures for your daughter which I bring first; later I will give you Bacchos!”

[198] To these words of Morrheus the Indian prince replied:

[199] “Cheirobie you had without price, Morrheus of the flashing helmet. You paid me price enough for your shieldbearing marriage by enslaving the Cilician cities in the lofty valour of victory. Now again you bestow new gifts. If it be your pleasure, make prisoners of the Bassarids as well, and fill the whole palace of Cheirobie with handmaids; but for Bacchos I need not Morrheus; I myself will drag Dionysos to a yoke of slavery laden with galling fetters. Only I bid you take care not to lust after a captive for your bed, that I may not see you just like the womanmad Indians. Do not look upon the eyes and silvery neck of a Bacchant woman, that you may not make my girl jealous by your lusts. But when I have destroyed the whole army of Bromios, I will invade the Maionian land, and thence I will drain the infinite wealth of Lydia, all that Pactolos produces; I will march to vineclad Phrygia, where Rhea dwells who cared for Bromios in boyhood, and I will destroy the wealthy ground of silvery Alybe hard by, that I may bring home shining white sheets from mines that roll in riches. And I will devastate the land of sevengate Thebes, as they call it, and I will burn Semele's fiery house, where the lady's chamber still is in hot ruins from that parched bridal.”

[221] So spoke the lawless king Deriades, as he received the whole line of handmaidens, gifts of his warlike goodson from the battle. He handed over the

Bacchants to Phlogios and Agraïos dragged along by the hair, their hands all girdled with unbreakable straps in one long line.

[226] These Phlogios led bound, and conducted them through the city as tidings of the royal victory. Some were hung up beside the carved gateway of the palace, with nooses choking their encircled necks. To others he allotted a hot fate of death by fire. Others were entombed in water, in the earthdug hollows of a well, where water is drawn from deep-sunk pools by the hard work of hand over hand. Then they would cry, half-seen, immovable, from the watery depths of the pit, one after another —

[236] “I have heard that the Indians’ god was Earth and Water, and there is reason for that saying: for both are arrayed against me together! I am between death by earth and destruction by water, and I have a double fate near me. A strange chain of mud holds me fast, and I can no longer lift a foot; my soaking knees are firmly rooted in mire, and I stand immovable ready for the Fates. There was a time when a river pursued me, and I feared not the running water; O that this also were a murmuring stream, that I might here also paddle my hands and cut its dark water too!”

[247] So she spoke, and receiving the pouring flood into her open throat, perished slowly by a fate which gave her no burial.

[249] But Morrheus, enchained by the sweet passion for Chaleomede, drove the whole unweaponed band of Mainalids into the frowning city, prodding them with his spear from behind. As a shepherd drives scattered clumps of mingled sheep into the shelter of a roomy pen together, and guides his fleecy flocks of sheep with his staff all in a flurry, while many drovers run by his side, stretching out their joined hands, to encircle them and drive them on in close files headlong, for fear some group of the enclosed sheep should break aside and run away: so windswift Morrheus drove to the steepwalled city all the column of Bacchant women cut out from the battle, and herded the female crowd into the gates. But for all his trouble his scheme was useless. He wished to leave all this booty of fair women from the battle, and to hunt afterwards for Chalcomede, to drag her away, to make her his slave with other women, that she might be his servant by day and his bedfellow by night, and do the work of two goddesses in turn — Cypris in secret and Athena’s loom in public....

[269] Shakespear Morrheus did not neglect this. He turned over the timid women’s war to Deriades, who was fighting near him, and attacked the male part of Bacchos’s army, that he might cut off the men too; and they were put to flight on the field. But the tempestuous girl stood in all her bravery in front of the city near the wall, a maiden unveiled. She mimicked the ways of love-mad women with artificial nods and becks, rolling her eyes, and her blushing breast gave colour to the white tunic which had escaped from its wonted belt. Morrheus gazed at her with delight, and saw the delicate round of her breast stretching the robe from within.

[281] The maiden caught up a hewn stone rounded like a quoit, which would

be a monstrous weight for a cart, and cast it with skilful hand at helmeted Morrheus. The stone hurtled through the air with a loud whizzing sound, and scraped the surface of his shield, where a chased image of gold showed the imitation portrait of an unreal Cheirobie. It tore off the depicted head, and scratched the face with its shining edge and disfigured the artistic beauty of a rounded portrait. "Happy shield!" thought Morrheus, and leapt about again and again, laughing in his heart as he said to himself,

[292] "Fearless Chalcomedeia! A new rosyfinger Peitho! Elegant image of Cypris, and of Athena in her cuirass! Bacchic Dawn, Selene who never sets! You have torn off the portrait of my wife: I only wish you had cut the throat of Cheirobie, the real wife!"

[297] With these thoughts, he pursued the chaste maiden in front of the walls, shouting threats but not lifting his hand, with volleys of words but no pricks of the spear for the maiden, for he lifted the sparing spear in a gentle hand merciful: as if in real anger, a friendly enemy with a rough voice he cried speeches meant to deceive; for he both laughed in his heart and showed fury in his face. He gently brandished and cast a wavering lance at a useless mark, on purpose. The girl fled nimbleknee, quick as the blowing breezes. As she strained with moving windswift knee, the air spread abroad her clustering curls and bared the neck which rivalled Selene. Morrheus ran with sparing foot on purpose, now gazing at the feet bare of strapped shoes and at the rosy ankles, now watching the locks of hair tossed behind — so he chased Chalcomede, and now' called to her in pleasant words, coaxing speech from a gentle throat:

[316] "Wait for me, Chaleomedeia! Wait for your lover in arms! Your radiance saves you, not your speed! Sharp steel is not so strong to bring down a man as the sparks of love. I am no enemy, fear not! for in this battle your beauty has beaten my point of steel. You need no spear, no shield. For sword, for furious spear, you have the rays of your countenance, and your cheeks are much more triumphant than the ashplant. The terrible strength of my hand is melted. No wonder if my valiant spear is conquered, for savage Ares himself turns woman when Cypris stands up to him. Receive me in the company of your Satyrs. In battle the Indians are best so long as I hold arms in my hands: but if it be your pleasure, I will serve Dionysos as lackey. If it be your pleasure, strike my neck or my flank: I care not for death if your blade pierces me. Only mourn me when dead; the tears of sorrowing Chalcomede will bring me back even from Hades.

[334] "Maiden, why do you tremble if I lift a gentle spear? Seeing your tresses lying tangled upon your uncovered shoulders, I have put my helmet from off my uncovered hair; when I see the fawnskin, I hate to wear a corselet."

[338] When the words were said, she passed away and joined the Bacchoi, and keeping out of the way of the murderous Morrheus, she boldly fought and battled against the armed men.

[341] Then the Bacchic host left the noise of the whirling conflict and had time to breathe, while Morpheus retired from the field.

[343] But Deriades pursued the band of Bassarids in front of the city, striking with his sword, until he had driven them up to the walls, and the whole company was penned within the open gateway of the lofty fortress. So pursued with the sword, they entered the city, torn from their familiar forests. Unresting the columns marched away here and there by unfamiliar winding roads, divided into parts, these towards the wing of Euros, these to the uplands of Zephyros in the western clime of the world, others travelling along the plain of Notos, other Bassarids driven to the region of Boreas. Then the Mainads put off the manly temper which constrained them, and once more became women, refusing battle, remembering the art they loved of distaff and basket; once more they wished to ply the spindle of Athena instead of the gear of Lyaïos. And the blackskin men had wild uproar of defensive battle within the city, destroying the snow-white host.

BOOK XXXV

In the thirty-fifth, seek the love of Morrheus for the enemy, and the battle and bloodshed of Bassarid women.

DERIADES, the gigantic Indian chieftain, was fighting furiously in the mad battle and attacking the servants of Bromios, now casting a long spear, now striking with the hilted sword; or he rushed about throwing boulders from the mountain torrents and shooting arrows sharper still.

[6] In this manner the women within the walls were harried by the spears of Deriades; and there was a din from both sides of many tongues. The paved streets of the city were empurpled by the red gore, as the women were slain therein amid great tumult. The old men were seated unmoving upon the high precipitous walls, watching the fray; the women also upon the rooftops gazed at the whole thyrsusbearing throng, and many a longrobed maiden from her chamber above leaning upon her nurse marked this female warfare, and lamented with tears the slaughter of some girl of her own years. But no man took and forced any lovely nymph; for the king had commanded his womanmad people to eschew meddling or marrying with the captives of the spear, lest in thinking of the Paphian they should be slack in the fight.

[21] But a girl rolling upon the ground was bared, her dress was pulled aside, and armed with her own radiance, wounded she wounded her lusting slayer; her beauty was her bolt, and dying she conquered; her naked thighs were as weapons, and sped the arrows of the Loves against her slayer. Then he would have felt desire for a lifeless corpse, as Achilles did — seeing a new Penthesilei on the ground, he would have kissed the cold lips of the girl, prostrate in the dust, had he not feared the weight of the threat of Deriades. He looked at the skin of the naked girl denied him, he gazed at her white ankles, at the parting of the uncovered thighs, touched her limbs, handled often the swelling rosy breast even now like an apple; he would even have mingled with her in love — but at last, tired, he let these foolish words of desire escape him:

“Maiden of the rosy arms, wounded yourself you have wounded your lovesick slayer, slain you conquer the living, you pierce your own destroyer with the arrows of your eyes! The spear has been conquered by your beauty; for the radiance of your face deals confusion as much as the barbs of javelins. Your bosom is as a bow, since your breasts are more potent archers of the Loves than arrows are. A strange incredible desire is in me, when I pursue a girls dead love to attain a perished wedlock! A thing without breath goads me, the breathing. If I dare ask it, let those lips have breath and speech, maiden, that I may hear a word from your sweet mouth, speaking something like this: ‘You killed me, you plundered me, rolling upon the ground! Then let a girl be, scoundrel. Touch not my tunic, when your steel has cut me! Why do you hold

the side which you have wounded? Stroke no more the cruel wound which you gave me!’ Away my spear, away the boldness of my hand, because it left alone Seilenoi with hoary bristling hair and all the ugly generation of Satyrs, and instead of old men, instead of shaggy chests, it vanquished a tender girl! But now’ I touch the wound in your so desirable flesh, what ridge of the pasturing woodlands must I traverse to summon old lifebringing Cheiron to help your wound? or where can I find medicines, the secrets of the Healer’s painassuaging art? Would that I had what they call the herb centaury, that I might bind the flower of no-pain upon your limbs, and bring you back safe and living from Hades whence none returns! What magic hymn have I, or song from the stars, that I may chant the ditty with Euian voice divine, and stay the flow of blood from your wounded side? Would I had here beside me the fountain of life, that I might pour on your limbs that painstilling water and assuage your adorable wound, to bring back even your soul to you again! O Glaucos, guiding the revolutions of innumerable years, if it be lawful, leave the abyss of the barren sea, and show me the life-sufficing plant, show that which you tasted once with your lips, and now enjoy life incorruptible, circling with the course of infinite time!”

[79] Then arose the bride Protonoe, who still mourned Orontes dead, to avenge her slain husband. She dashed through the crowd of women, and one might have thought her another manlike Atalante among the Erythraians. And Cheirobie seizing a shield and the spear of Morrheus attacked the Bassarids, and seemed like that Gorge, who once when well-walled Calydon was attacked wielded the oxhide shield of Toxeus her brother, and fought though a woman while Meleagros sulked. And Orsiboe appeared with her battlestirring husband, imitating the boldness of warlike Deianeira, when beside the inhospitable rock of Parnassus she faced the Dryopes and fought, a woman turned Amazon. Many women were shut up in the wide palace courtyards, and there was infinite lamentation in the turmoil under those roofs. Many a battlestirring maiden entered the fight in the street, other women on the roofs provided themselves with stony missiles; and the crowds within kept up the din of warfare.

[98] While Ares raged throughout the battlestirring city, destroying the hill-ranging Lydian tribes of Bassarids, Chalcomedeia stood alone in front of the wall. She had turned back to retire from the battle, and waited to see if love-maddened Morrheus would appear from any quarter. He was then turning his enamoured eye all round; and when he perceived the maiden, he came windfoot, plying his nimble knees in the race for love. As he pursued her, the breeze lifted her robe. Morrheus was charmed even more by the naked beauty of her body, as he gazed at the white nymph running unveiled before him. She deluded him still as she cried with modest voice, trembling at his quickening speed —

[111] “If truly you would have my bed, bridegroom Morrheus, put off your steel corselet. Even Ares dances daintily clad to his wedding, when he

mingles with Cypris, decked in a snowy robe like Apollo. Be like him, that Cypris and Desire may join us both with one band when we mount the marriage bed, valiant Eros bind Morrheus and Aphrodite bind Chalcomede. I do not want in my bed a husband of bronze, red with blood and dirty with dust. Nay, cleanse your body in the river, that you may shine like Phaëthon bathed in the Ocean stream; throw away your warlike shield, throw away the spear, that your deathdealing point may not strike me. Pray put off that terrifying helmet from your hair, because the crest of the nodding plume disturbs me. Let me not see only the pretended shape of a steel countenance. What desire can warm me if your shape is hidden?

[128] "I will never more set foot in Maionia. After Morrheus, if that is your pleasure, never will I receive Bacchos in my chamber to sleep by my side. I will be an Indian like you, my friend! Instead of Lydian Aphrodite, I will honour the Erythraian with my sacrifices, I will be the secret bedmate of Morrheus; let a brave Indian have me as Aphrodite's champion in battle. For Desire has aimed double shots against you and me both alike, and joined us in the same pangs, piercing the heart of Morrheus and the bosom of Chalcomedeia. I suffer, as I hide my longing for you — for a modest maiden does not invite a man to be her lover."

[139] By these words the woman cajoled the love-pining soldier, all in deceit; but lovesick Morrheus laughed, and said:

[141] "What wonder is it, if Morrheus the helmeted soldier should keep his spear of bronze in the bronze lassie's chamber, to embrace you holding my bronze when there is bronze in your name? Never mind, I will reject my deadly spear, I will not touch my oxhide. I will do your pleasure and bathe me, that I may dance to you with unblooded hands. I will be a different bedfellow, Ares naked holding Aphrodite naked after the battle! The daughter of Deriades I renounce: myself I will drive my jealous bride unwilling out of the house. No longer will I attack the Bassarids, if you say so, but I will fight against my own countrymen; I will take the vine-wreathed thyrsus and destroy Indians, not lifting a spear of bronze. I will throw away all my armour and brandish your little leaves, the champion of your king Dionysos!"

[155] Saying this, Morrheus threw the ashplant from his hand, and undid the crest from his sweating head, and cast off the strap of his oxhide soaking and drenched with the drops of conflict, from the shoulder which knew it well. He unloosed also the coat of mail from his chest, the bloodstained corselet.

[160] Then Cypris showed Ares the armour of enamoured Morrheus lying on the ground, conquered by the unarmed beauty of Chalcomedeia, and a word she said in mockery of her paramour —

[164] "Ares, you are beaten! Morrheus has renounced war, and bears no corselet and no sword; no, for love of a winsome woman he has cast the arms from his hands. You do the same — renounce your own valiant spear, strip off your shields and bathe in the sea! For Cypris without battle plays the champion better than Ares. She needs no shield, she never wants the ashplant;

for my beauty is a spear for me, my fine shape also is my sword, the gleams of my eyes are my arrows. My breast lets fly a better shot than a javelin: for Morrheus has turned from a bold warrior to an amiable chamberlain! Do not go near Sparta, where the warlike people have a bronze image of armed Aphrodite, lest spear in hand she strike you with your own steel! You cannot shoot so straight as eyebrows do; your spikes do not wound men as eyeshots do. Look at your servants, the lackeys of the Loves, and bow your bold neck to Cythereia the unconquerable. You are conquered, Ares! For Morrheus has left his spear of bronze and donned the wedding fawnskin of Chalcomede.”

[184] So smiling Aphrodite laughed, in mockery at Ares her lover and his battles.

[185] Then Morrheus left his coat uncared-for on the seashore, glowing with sweet anxieties. Naked he bathed: the cool sea cleansed his body, but the Paphian’s tiny dart was hot within him. In the waters he prayed to Erythraian Aphrodite of India, for he had learnt that Cypris is the daughter of the sea; but he came out still black from his bath, for his body was as nature had made it grow, and the brine changed not the man’s body or his colour, itself red though it was. So he washed his skin in a vain hope; for he had wished to become snow-white, and so desirable to the virgin maid. He dressed himself in a snowy linen robe, such as soldiers always wear inside the mailcoat.

[199] Chalcomede stood on the shore in silence without a word, full of her scheme. She turned aside from Morrheus unclad, withdrawing her modest looks, ashamed before the uncovered body of a man; for the girl was abashed before a woman to look on a man after the bath.

[204] But when Morrheus had seen a lonely spot suitable for lying down, he stretched out a daring hand towards the modest girl and caught the chaste maiden’s inviolate dress. And now he would have seized her and girt her about with a strong man’s arms, and ravished the maiden votary in the flame of a bridegroom’s desire; but a serpent darted out of her immaculate bosom to protect the virgin maid, and curled about her waist guarding her body all round with its belly’s coils. A sharp hiss issued unceasing from his throat and made the rocks resound. Morrheus trembled for fear when he heard the bellow, coming out from the throat for all the world like a trumpet, and saw this champion of unwedded maidenhood. The coiled defender terrified the man of war; he curled his tail round the man’s neck in twisted coils, with his wild mouth for a lance, and many a snaky shaft came darting poison against him, some darting through her uncoiled hair, some from her snakeprotected loins, some from her breast, wild warriors hissing death.

[223] While Morrheus remained in front of the towering city, trying without success to drag the resourceful Chalcomede to his lust, the armed company of Bassarids was saved from the spear of untiring Deriades. For swiftwing Hermes came in haste from Olympos, wearing a semblance like the face of Bromios and summoned the whole company of Bacchants in his mystic voice. When the women heard the divine Euian sounds, they gathered into one place;

Swiftshoe brought them from the three-ways and led the whole tribe of Mainalids by crooked winding lanes until he was near the walls. Then furtive Hermeias the warrior by night, with his allcharming rod shed refreshing sleep on the unresting eyes of the guards in order. Suddenly for the Indians there was darkness, for the unseen Bacchants there was light unexpected. The women made no noise as Hermes led them secretly through the city without his wings. With his divine hand he opened the forbidding lock of the precipitous gates, and for the Bacchants the sun was there.

[242] When Lightbringer Hermes had dispersed this night-by-day, haughty Deriades thwarted in his threats searched for the swarms of Bassarids who had just walked out of the city. As one dreaming in the night of boundless riches is happy in his unattainable hopes, and lifts in full hands the flood of wealth which will soon be gone, feeding the deceptive hope of his dream-fortune; but when rosy dawn appears, the fortune of his dreams fades and vanishes like a vision, and he awakes with empty hands, holding nothing, and loses the shadowy happiness of his delusive dream: so then Deriades, while darkness covered the streets, was happy, thinking that he held the captive Bassarids ready to come hurrying to him within closed gates, although his victory was a useless deceptive shadow; but when the light came, and he saw no Bacchants, all was gone like a dream, and he cried in a mournful voice, indignant with Zeus and Phaethon and Dionysos, as he searched for the fugitive Mainalids. But around the Malls the Bassarids unveiled shouted with Euian voice. Then Deriades set out in pursuit for the second time.

[262] Zeus awoke on the peaks of Caucasos and threw off the wing of sleep. He understood the beguiling trick of Hera the mischiefmaker when he saw the Seilenoi in flight, when he saw the Bacchant women hurrying in herds from the threeways and the Malls, and behind them the Indian chieftain Deriades, cutting down Satyrs and mowing down women; he saw his own son lying upon the ground, and the nymphs all round him in a ring, but he lay in the whirling dust heavy-headed, half-fainting, breathing hard, sputtering white foam to witness his frenzy. Then Zeus disclosed Hera's mischievous contrivance, and reproached his deceitful consort with stinging words. And now indeed he Mould have imprisoned Sleep in the darksome pit of gloom to dwell along with murky Iapetos, but for the prayers of Night the vanquisher of gods and men. So Zeus calmed his savage resentment with difficulty, and cried out to Hera:

[279] "Have you not yet been cruel enough to my Semele, invincible Hera? Must you still be bitter against her though dead? So even the bridal flame itself could not assuage your unending rancour, when it scattered abroad the bed of Thyone struck by Zeus! HOW long will you oppress Dionysos the Indianslayer? Do not forget those stones of long ago! I have them still, I have them ready for use — the ones I tied fast on to your feet: there you dangled in the sky and the clouds high above the earth, and suffered tortures! Bold Ares saw you tied up and wrapt in clouds high above the earth, but he could not

help his mother. Fiery Hephaistos could not help, for he cannot stand one spark of blazing thunderbolt. I will tie up your hands again in that same old golden chain. Ares I will fasten with galling fetters unbreakable to whirl upon a selfrolling wheel, to run with him, like a Tantalos travelling the skies or a banished Ixion: I will flog him all over with stripes incurable until my son shall conquer the sons of India.

[298] “But how kind you would be to your Cronion, if you will only drive that distracting madness from tormented Dionysos! Do not fail your provoked husband; but go uncaught to the fertile slope of the woodland pastures of India, and offer your breast to Bacchos as once did my mother Rheia; let him draw with his lips older grown your holy drops, and by that draught lead him on the way to Olympos and make heaven lawful ground for the feet of earthborn Dionysos! Anoint with your milk the body of Lyaaios, and cleanse the ugly stains of mind-robbing disease. And I offer you a worthy reward; for I will place in Olympos a circle, image of that flow named after Hera’s milk, to honour the allfamous sap of your saviour breast. Only I pray you beware of the menace of Zeus, and stretch again no other net of deceit for Dionysos his beloved son.”

[314] So saying, he dismissed his resentful consort Hera, to heal the trouble of Bacchos against her will, to be gracious and friendly towards afflicted Dionysos, that her hands might salve the body of Bromios with the milky dew from her godnursing breasts.

[319] Hera did not disobey. She anointed the body of Lyaaios with the divine drops of her painhealing teat, and wiped away the stains of the wild divine frenzy. When she saw the manhood and radiance of Dionysos and touched mad Bacchos with grudging hands, she felt a double jealousy although her face hid it. She opened her dress on both sides for his lips, and bared her teats full of ambrosia, pressing the jealous breast to let the milk flow, and brought him back to life. With her great eyes she measured all the youthful strength of longhaired Lyaaios, wondering if ever mortal mother brought forth such a shape, if shakespear Ares was so tall as this, if Hermes, if Phaethon was such, or sweetvoiced Apollo; and she wished him in heaven as Hebe’s bridegroom, had not Zeus our Lord on High ordained that in days to come twelvelabour Heracles was fated to be her husband.

[336] She then, after healing the madness of Bacchos, returned again to the company of the stars on high, that she might not see the weaponless army of Dionysos fighting with fennel and bundles of vine, and killing warriors with a little manbreaking thyrsus.

Now the son of Zeus did not neglect the battle. He appeared once more and armed his soldiers; he waved the fleshcutting ivy in giantslaying hand, and summoned the host again with cries:

“Courage, to battle once more! Zeus again stands in our front for the fight; he is gracious to Bacchos his son, and the company of the immortals has come from heaven to defend Dionysos. Hera is no longer our enemy. Who will fight

with the lightning of Cronides? When will cowardly enemies stand if the thunderbolt is ready? I will show myself equal to my Father. Cronion my father conquered Earth's brood, the Titans, in battle: I also will conquer the earthborn nation of Indians!

[353] "This day after the victory of the vinebearers behold obstinate Deriades a suppliant, and the Indian host bending the neck before peaceful Dionysos, and the river rolling the staggering liquor of Euios! You shall see our adversaries beside the mixing-bowl of Dionysos quaffing ruddy water out of the winerunning-river; and the bold Indian king, fettered with ivy and vineclusters, rolling among leaves and clusters of grapes, wearing fetters like those which the divine Nysiad nymphs, now that the surges of madness are over, still tell of: those witnesses of my prowess, when my strong and potent fruitage throttled with a noose of ivy the man who fought against the gods and frightened Arabia, when Lycurgos was constrained by bonds of vine.

[367] "At last after so many periods of rolling conflict, seize the booty of your enemies, and those shining stones the glory of the sea! Drag off the women by the hair and take them to Rheia my mother! Take your vengeance for our fallen warriors, whose fate afflicts me with sharp pangs. In my heart is both anger and sorrow, that I see Deriades alive and Opheltis unburied, reproaching after death the idle hand of Lyaios. Codone arms herself no longer, poor Alcimacheia fights no more brandishing her spear; nay, even Aibialos has fallen, and still I hold back my thyrsus. I am ashamed after the battle to think of Arestor, lest he should hear that Opheltis at the instant of death found none to help him. I cannot traverse the Corybantian city of Crete, lest Agelaos the father should lament for his dead son, if he hears that Antheus perished unavenged. I am ashamed to show myself to Minos, for Asterios lies in his hut suffering and wounded, whom more than any I will succour, since he has in him the blood of Europa; surely I will bring home my own kinsman safe and sound from the war, and give him back to his father, that Cadmos may never hear that Asterios looked in vain for runaway Dionysos. Come, to the battle again! In one I will defend all, when I have killed the one who destroyed so many."

VOLUME III.

PREFACE

I SHOULD like to have written an estimate of Nonnos as poet and man of letters, but that is hardly what would be expected in a translation. His Niagara of words is apt to overwhelm the reader, and his faults are easy to see; but if we stand in shelter behind the falls, we can see many real beauties, and we can see his really wonderful skill in managing his metre long after stress had displaced the old musical accent. He has left his mark, indirectly at least, on English literature; for one man of genius was for ever quoting him, and had him in mind when he created his incomparable and immortal drunkard, Seithenyn ap Scithyn Saidi. He it was who summed up in four lines the sordid ambitions of all the tyrants of the world, from Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar to Timour and Attila and Napoleon,

The mountain sheep are sweeter.

But the valley sheep are fatter.

And so we thought it meeter To carry off the latter.

W. H. D. ROUSE
HISTON MANOR
CAMBRIDGE
June 1940

SUMMARY OF THE BOOKS OF THE POEM

HEADINGS OF THE LAST THIRTEEN BOOKS OF THE DIONYSIACA

(36) In the thirty-sixth, Bacchos, after his surges of madness, changes his shape and attacks Deriades.

(37) When the thirty-seventh takes its turn, there are contests about the tomb, the men competing for prizes.

(38) When the thirty-eighth takes its turn, you have the fate of unhappy Phaethon in the chariot, with a blazing brand.

(39) In the thirty-ninth, you see Deriades after the flood trying to desert the host of fire-blazing Indians.

(40) The fortieth has the Indian chief wounded, and how Dionysos visited Tyre, the native place of Cadmos.

(41) The forty-first tells how Aphrodite bore Amymone a second Cypris to the son of Myrrha.

(42) The forty-second web I have woven, where I celebrate a delightful love of Bacchos and the desire of Earthshaker.

(43) Look again at the forty-third, in which I sing a war of the waters and a battle of the vine.

(44) The forty-fourth web I have woven, where you may see maddened women and the heavy threat of Pentheus.

(45) See also the forty-fifth, where Pentheus binds the bull instead of stronghorn Lyaïos.

(46) See also the forty-sixth, where you will find the head of Pentheus and Agaue murdering her son.

(47) Come to the forty-seventh, in which is Perseus, and the death of Icaros, and Ariadne in her rich robes.

(48) In the forty-eighth, seek the blood of the giants, and look out for Pallene and the son of sleeping Aura.

BOOK XXXVI

In the thirty-sixth, Bacchos, after his surges of madness, changes his shape and attacks Deriades.

WITH this speech he encouraged the glad leaders; and Deriades on his part put his own soldiers under arms. The gods who dwell in Olympos ranged themselves in two parties to direct the warfare on both sides, these supporting Deriades, those Lyaïos. Zeus Lord of the Blessed throned high on Cerne held the tilting balance of war. From heaven Seabluehair of the waters challenged fiery Helios, Ares challenged Brighteyes, Hephaistos Hydaspes; highland Artemis stood facing Hera; Hermes rod in hand came to conflict with Leto.

[12] A double din of divine battle resounded for the two parties of the Blessed. As they rushed to conflict, sevenrood Ares joined battle with Tritogeneia and cast a valiant spear; the goddess was untouched, but it struck full on the aegis, and ran through the snaky crop of hair on the Gorgon's head, which none may look upon. So it wounded only the shaggy target of Pallas, and the sharpened point of the whizzing unbending spear scored the counterfeit hair of Medusa's image. Then the battlestirring maiden, motherless Pallas, rushed forwards in her turn and raised her birthmate spear, the weapon as old as herself, with which at her birth she leapt out of her father's pregnant head born in armour. Huge Ares was hit, and sank to the ground on one knee; but Athena helped him up and sent him back to his dear mother Hera unwounded, when the duel was done.

[28] Against Hera came highland Artemis as champion for hillranging Dionysos, and rounded her bow aiming straight. Hera as ready for conflict seized one of the clouds of Zeus, and compressed it across her shoulders where she held it as a shield proof against all; and Artemis shot arrow after arrow moving through the airy vault in vain against that mark, until her quiver was empty, and the cloud still unbroken she covered thick with arrows all over. It was the very image of a flight of cranes moving in the air and circling one after another in the figure of a wreath: the arrows were stuck in the dark cloud, but the veil was untorn and the wounds without blood. Then Hera picked up a rough missile of the air, a frozen mass of hail, circled it and struck Artemis with the jagged mass. The sharp stony lump broke the curves of the bow. But the consort of Zeus did not stop the fight there, but struck Artemis flat on the skin of the breast, and Artemis smitten by the weapon of ice emptied her quiver upon the ground. Then the wife of Zeus mocked at her:

[48] "Go and shoot wild beasts, Artemis! Why do you quarrel with your betters? Climb your crags — what is war to you? Wear your trumpery shoes and let Athena wear the greaves. Stretch your cunning nets. Dogs, not winged arrows, hunt and kill your beasts. You handle no weapon to kill lions; the sweats of your paltry labours are timid hares. Attend to your stags and your

horned team, attend to your stags: why should you exalt the son of Zeus, the driver of panthers and the charioteer of lions? Keep your bow, if you like, for Eros also bends a bow. What you ought to do, you virgin marriage-hater, you midwife, is to carry the cestus, love's ferry, the helper of childbed, in company with Eros and the Paphian: for you have power over birth. Begone then to the bedchambers of women in labour of child, you the guide of creative birth, and shoot women with the arrows of childbirth; be like a lion beside the young wife in labour, be midwife rather than warrior. Nay, cease to be chaste yourself because of your chaste girdle, since Zeus our Lord on High assumes your shape to woo virgins unwedded. The Arcadian woods still tell of that love-stealing copy of you which seduced unwedded Callisto; the mountains lament still your bear who saw and understood, and reproached the false enamoured image of the Archeress, when a female paramour entered a woman's bed. Come, throw away your useless quiver, and cease fighting with Hera who is stronger than you. Fight Cytherein, if you like, the childbed-nurse against the marriage-maker."

[78] So Hera spoke, and passed on, leaving Artemis discomfited and drunken with fear. Phoibos threw both his arms about her in pity, and brought her out of the turmoil; he left her in a lonely coppice, and returned unnoticed to join the battle of the gods.

[83] And now a fiery chief stood up to the champion of the deep, Phoibos, to fight with Poseidon. He set shaft on string, and also lifted a brand of Delphic fir in each hand doubledextrous, to use fire against the surging sweep of water, and arrows against the trident. Fiery lance and watery arrows crashed together: while Phoibos defended, his home the upper air rattled a thunderclap for a battlesong; the stormy trumpet of the sea brayed in the ears of Phoibos — a broadbeard Triton boomed with his own proper conch, like a man half-finished, from the loins down a greeny fish — the Nereids shouted the battlecry — Arabian Nereus pushed up out of the sea and bellowed, shaking his trident.

[97] Then Zeus of the underworld rumbled hearing the noise of the heavenly fray above; he feared that the Earthshaker, beating and lashing the solid ground with the earthquake-shock of his waves, might lever out of gear the whole universe with his trident, might move the foundations of the abyss below and show the forbidden sight of the earth's bottom, might burst all the veins of the subterranean channels and pour his water away into the pit of Tartaros, to flood the mouldering gates of the lower world.

[106] So great was the din of the gods in conflict, and the trumpets of the underworld added their noise. But Hermes lifted his rod as peacemaker and checked both parties, and addressed one speech to three of the immortals:

[110] "Brother of Zeus, and you his son — you, famous Archer, throw to the winds your bow and your brand, and you, your pronged trident: lest the Titans laugh to see a battle among the gods. Let there not be intestine war in heaven once again, after that conflict with Cronos which threatened Olympos: let me

not see another war after the affray with Iapetos. Let not Zeus be angry again for lateborn Bacchos as for Zagreus, and set the whole earth ablaze with his fire a second time, and pour down showers of rain through the air to flood the circuit of the eternal universe. I hope I may not behold the sea in the sky and Selene's car soaking; may Phaethon never again have his fiery radiance cooled!

[122] "You then yield to your elder, the ruler of the sea; do this grace to your father's brother, because Earthshaker the ruler of the brine honours your seagirt Delos: cease not to love your palmtree, to remember your olive. And Earthshaker, what second Cecrops will be judge here? What second Inachos has awarded her city to Hera that you take arms against Apollo as well as Athena, and seek a second quarrel after your quarrel with Hera? — And you, horned one, father of great Deriades, beware of the fire of Hephaistos after the torch of Bacchos, or he may consume you with his firepronged thunderbolt."

[133] This appeal put an end to the gods' intestine strife. Then Deriades, mad and furious, when he saw the Bacchants unharmed, began the battle again; when he saw Bacchos whole on the field he goaded his fugitive captains to rally, and to footmen and horsemen alike he roared his barbaric threats in a loud voice:

[140] "This day either I shall drag Dionysos by the hair, or his assault shall destroy the Indian nation! You, fall on the Satyrs and check them by main force: let Deriades confront Dionysos. Burn the vine plants and all the various gear of Bacchos and set fire to their camp; bring the Mainalids as slaves to triumphant Deriades; consume with fire every thyrsus of the enemy; as for the oxhorned Seilenoi and the crowds of Satyrs, shear off like a crop all their heads with devastating steel, and hang the oxhorned skulls in strings round all our houses. May Phaethon not turn his fireblazing horses to his setting before I bring in the Satyrs, and Bacchos bound with galling fetters, with his spotted cloak torn to rags on his chest by my spear and his thyrsus thrown away. Burn to ashes with my brand the long flowing hair of the women and their wreaths of vine! Courage all! After the Indian battle you may sing the glorious victory of Deriades, that even in many generations to come people may shiver to face the unconquerable Indians born of the Earth!"

[161] He spoke, and passing from one to another of his chieftains he goaded on the drivers of the elephants, those creatures of endless life, and set the chiefs in their places to lead the army of footsoldiers to the battle in close columns. With equal passion for the fight, Bacchos thyrsusmad drove to the combat his line of wild beasts from the wilderness. These mountainbred warriors roaring under the divine whip rushed madly on. Many wild beasts were there with their weapons in their mouths. There were serpents spitting from their ravening teeth fountains of poison, which they sent farshot into the air with hissing gape and rattling throat. Leaping sideways and darting at their foes, the snaky arrows found a mark which offered itself; the bodies of the Indians were surrounded and imprisoned by the coils, the feet of men starting

to run were entangled in a rope. The war-maddened women imitated the attack of Phidaleia the snakethrower, who once was stung to show what a woman could do in battle, and conquered her enemies with clusters of snakes.

[180] One shooting a spike of poison from his mouth like a longshafted spear bespattered Deriades, and his corselet of steel was wetted by the deadly drops. Dead on the ground lay a body struck by a living missile, lifeless with a living shot in him. A panther leapt through the air with his feet upon the curved neck of a straightleg elephant, and stuck close to the monster's head delaying the course of all the longlegged elephants. A great swarm fell, when they heard the lions from the wilderness and the terrible loud roar resounding from their throats. One was conquered trembling at the bellow of a bull, and seeing the point of his formidable horn stabbing sideways into the air; another leaped into flight shuddering at the jaws of a bear; the hounds of an invincible Pan gave tongue one after another, in concert with the roars of the wild beasts, and the swarthy Indians feared their loudbarking attack.

[198] There was hard fighting on both sides alike; the thirsty earth was inundated with blood and gore in the common carnage, and Lethe was choked with that great multitude of corpses brought low and scattered on every side. Hades heaved up his bar in the darkness, and opened his gates wider for the common carnage; as they descended into the pit the banks of Charon's river echoed the rumblings of Tartaros.

[206] Loud indeed was the battlestirring noise, many the wounds of the falling combatants on both sides. One struck in the throat slipt from his horse, one pierced through the chest in his rounded bosom, one wounded in the belly fell from a chariot. Another hit just in the midnipple with a barbed arrow rolled himself over to meet approaching death; one fell struck right on the waist, one through the shoulder, another left his swift horse struck, and fleeing on foot fell pierced by a lance through the spine. Another, felled before the down was on his face, mourned for his yearsmate youth. Another mortally wounded by an arrow in the liver, fell tumbling off his elephant with a thud into the dust; his head sank on the ground, he scrabbled with his hands and clutched the bloody soil in despair.

[221] A man stood sideways to meet a horseman; he had filled the hollow of his shield with dust, and fixed his foot firmly awaiting the man's onset. Pushing out the handsome shield in his bold hand, he smothered the horse's head with sand. The horse reared wildly and threw up his head shaking the dust out of his mane, and spat out the curved ends of his jewelled bit. His champing teeth and jaw were covered with foam, he rose high, shaken, mad, and now free of the bit he rose up on his hind legs quivering and shivering his outstretched neck; then pawing the dust with his hoof he shot his rider flying to the ground. The other man rushed fiercely upon him as he lay, with swift sword drawn, and cut the throat of the black soldier stretched on the ground.

[237] Another horse hearing the crack of some driver's whip hard by, took fright and bolted in retreat, trampling on his own rider, who lay wounded and

dying, poor wretch, gasping in the dust.

[241] Colletes with his huge body, immense, formidable, nine cubits high, equal to Aleyoneus, went raging through the fighting hosts of Bacchos. He wished after the battle to drag a company of Bassarids to his bed, and no brideprice paid for the forced bridals. But that was an empty hope he fought for, that mighty man: like bold Otos, who would tread the forbidden ground of heaven for lust of the holy bed of Archeress the unwedded; like Ephialtes, whose love was for wedlock with pure Athena, when he attacked Olympos in the clouds on high. Such was Colletes, gigantic, heavenhigh, having in him the sacrilegious blood of his giant ancestor the founder of the Indian race. He was great enough to put Ares in prison like the sons of Iphimedeia. But huge as he was, a woman killed him with a sharp stone, Charopeia a leader of the Bacchic dance.

[257] And one seeing the noble deed of the highnecked girl, spoke in trembling tones with wonder and anger mixed:

[259] "Ares! Ares! Leave your bow and shield and your spear! Ares, you are conquered! Leave the Caucasos, for Dionysos is bringing another sort of Amazons into the field, to kill men. Shieldless they rout men-at-arms. Not from your Thermodon has he brought his women. I have seen a strange and incredible spectacle; the Amazons of Dionysos have no shields on their shoulders, carry no valiant spear; with strong corselets and all, the Caucasian women do not so play the heroes. The Bacchant women cast bunches of leaves from foliage-loving hands, and they need no steel. Alas for the madman Deriades, when women tear coats of mail with their fingernails!"

[271] This he said, when he marvelled at the rude missile which the Bacchant girl picked up and killed that huge highheaded man.

[273] But Deriades ran untouched against the frenzied Bacchants, and pursued Charope who threw the stone; but she escaped, and took her stand fighting boldly beside Dionysos, stabbing with her flowery thyrsus in the Euian battle. Then Deriades killed Orithallos with his spear, one of the Curetian tribe from the land of the Abantes. Their chief Melisseus in anger for his comrade's fall, struck down Cyllaros king of the Carminians, cutting his throat with his sharp sword, and Logasides, who alone, because he was accomplished in the art of war, was more precious to Deriades than any of the bold Indian spearmen, and the king loved him best after Morrheus — often he touched one table with Orsiboe herself and the king, living in the family with the king's daughters, for both with spear and wits he surpassed all his years-mates. Then many a captain fought against captain: tall agile-footed Halimedes against Peucetios, Maron against Phlogios, Leneus against Thureus.

[291] Father Cronion tilted the balance of battle. Now Dionysos attacked mighty Deriades, matching spear with thyrsus. As the chieftain stabbed and thrust, the god changed his shape, and put on all sorts of varied forms. Sometimes he confronted him as a wild storm of fire, shooting tongues of

crooked flame through dancing smoke. Sometimes he was running water, rolling delusive waves and sprinkling watery shots. Or taking on the exact image of a lion's face, he lifted high his chin straight up and let out a harsh roar through the hairy throat, with a noise like his loud crashing father's rattling thunder. Next like something with an overshadowing mass of variegated fruitage he changed into another shape, and like a sapling of the earth he ran up selfmade, bursting into the sky untouched, a perfect pine, or a plane; for his head changed and his hair became what seemed the counterfeit foliage of a tree, his belly lengthened into the trunk, he made his arms the boughs and his dress the bark and rooted his feet, and knocking up with his long branches he whispered into the face of the fighting king. Then he wove a dappled pattern over his limbs, and like a panther he was up in the air with flying leaps, and dropping with gentle steps upon the neck of some lofty elephant; the elephant lunging sideways smashed the car and shot the impious driver to the ground, shaking off yokepads and bit and bridle. Even though fallen the gigantic warrior would not leave him alone, but fought with Lyaïos transformed and wounded the panther with his spear. But again the god changed his shape: a moving firebrand he rose high, heating the air and shooting a fiery bolt through the wind, running all over the breast and shaggy chest of Deriades. His Arabian mailcoat was blackened as the gusts of smoke struck on his white flanks from above and the sparks fell on him; his crest burnt up and the helmet grew hot, half-scorched upon the firestruck wearer. [Then he took a lion's shape, and..] From a grim lion he changed to a wild boar, opening the wide gape of his hairy throat, and bringing his bristles close to the belly of Deriades he stood up straight rearing on his hind legs, and tore through his flank with sharp hooves.

[334] Proud Deriades went on fighting against these unsubstantial phantoms, driven by vain hopes, ever seeking to grasp the intangible image with hands that could not touch. At last he thrust his lance in the face of the lion before him, and cried threatenings against Bacchos of many shapes:

[339] "Why do you hide yourself, Dionysos? why tricks instead of battle? Do you fear Deriades, that you change into so many strange forms? The panther of runaway Dionysos does not frighten me, his bear I shoot, his tree I cut down with my sword, the pretended lion I will tear in the flank! Well then, I muster against you my wise Brahmans, unarmed.

For they go naked; but their inspired incantations have often enchanted Selene as she passes through the air like an untamed bull, and brought her down from heaven, and often stayed the course of Phaethon swiftly driving his hurrying car."

[350] He spoke, surveying the varied visions of Bacchos, and his mind was still unbelieving: with implacable will he hoped to contrive some scheme of magic against Dionysos, and to conquer the son of Zeus by mystic arts.

[354] Then he leapt unhindered into his car; but the god seeing the impious man still foolish, made a vine grow to help his attack. The godsent plant laden

with clusters of winefruit crept quietly upon the cart with its silver wheels, and smothered Deriades in its threatening clusters, and entangled him round about and over all, dangling bunch after bunch new grown upon itself before the mad king, shading his face and enveloping the whole man. And Deriades was intoxicated by the sweetsmelling fruit of the selfgrown vine; it threw fetters not of steel about his two feet, and rooted to the ground the legs of the yoked elephants with trails of unbreakable ivy: not so firmly is the seagoing barge held fast on the main by the toothed bond of a hold the ship, when she fastens her sharp fangs on the timbers. Yes, it was just like that! In vain the driver whipt up his elephants and swung his cracking lash, tearing the obstinate hide with sharper prickles. The great Indian prince, whom countless blades could not kill, was conquered by the tendrils of a champion vine! Deriades struggling with his throat entangled in the vine-twigs was choked and crushed in the winding trails. For all his labour he could not stir; wherefore he adjured in tones of madness and sent out a stifled cry from a throat now pious, and prayed with voiceless movements shedding tears of supplication; held out a dumb hand, with eloquent silence uttered all his trouble; his tears were a voice.

[382] Then Dionysos dispersed his entangling fruit, and broke off the fettering grapes from Deriades; then shedding the twines of ivy, he undid the wreathing garland of garden-vines from the yoked elephants' necks. Yet Deriades, now free from the woody bonds of the long branching clusters crawling of themselves, and the constraint which threatened him, did not desist from his wonted threats and boasts. Once more he was the chieftain defying the gods; he only hesitated whether to slay Bacchos or to make him a slave.

[391] But darkness surrounded both armies and put a stop to the fight. Night past, the battle began again; when they awoke from sleep and bed, the succeeding dawn armed them once more.

[394] Not yet was it the end of conflict for impatient Dionysos; yet first there must be many cycles of rolling years while the trumpet blazed the tune of war in vain; but after the varied course of so many battle-stirring years, now the conflict of Bacchos grew more violent for the end.

[399] Now the Rhadamanes of Dicte did not neglect the command of warmad Dionysos, nor left it for the forgetful winds to care for; but with one accord they built ships of war for Lyaïos. Through the woods they were busy, some here, some there. One was turning pegs, one worked at the middle of the keel, one fitted the planks straight over the pairs of ribs, and fastened the long sideplanks fixed to the ribs making the vessel's wall; an Arabian shipwright raised upright in the middle of the deep mastbox the mast amidships, reserved for the spreading sail; and skilled workmen of deft Hephaistos and Athena rounded the wooden yard for the top.

[412] So they wrought ships for Bacchos with really incomparable art. And Dionysos amid the anxieties of war remembered the prophecy of his own

Rheia: that the end of the war would be seen, when Bacchants fought by sea against Indians.

[417] Lycos appointed by irrevocable command of Dionysos to serve as commander on the surface of the sea, drove his seachariot undrenched travelling upon its way to the place, where the Rhadamanes, those clever voyagers into foreign parts, had built the ships for seafaring Dionysos. And then circling Time, rolling the wheel of the fourseason year, was whirling along for the sixth year. King Deriades summoned to assembly the blackskin nation of Indians; the herald with hurrying steps went gathering the people and cried his call in their different languages. At once the many tribes of Indians assembled, and sat down in companies on rows of benches, and prince Morrheus addressed the assembly:

[430] “You all know, I think, my friends, what labours I went through among the mountain strongholds, until the Cilician land and the Assyrian nation bowed their necks as slaves under the yoke of Deriades. You know also what I have done in resisting Dionysos, fighting Satyrs, and cutting off the hateful heads of that oxhorned generation with shearing steel, when I dragged away and delivered to Deriades that fettered swarm of Bassarids, the prizes of war; and how the paved streets of the city were purpled by their gore as they were massacred, how others had a dance in the air with their necks choked in a throttling noose, how others were swallowed in a deepdug hollow pit and learnt what a watery death is like. But again I weave a better notion still for our people. I hear that the Rhadamanes have built ships for Dionysos the runaway by some woodcutter’s art of theirs. However, I fear not the seafighting tree! When was it known in war that women with paltry leaves kill a man in a ship full of shields? When will highhorn Pan, the crazy ranger of the hills, tear Indian ships to pieces with sharp claws? No Seilenos can row’ over the loudrumbling waters, and sink a ship of war with a peaceful ferule, leaping to bloody dance with frenzied foot, striking up a chant with death in it; in the sea he will never transfix a man with his bullhorns, and get near enough to cut him in two at the waist and vanquish him. No! one blow shall send him headlong, and he shall lie in the billow where he will find no tomb; the Bacchant women struck down with long spears shall sink into the depths of the sea soiled in blood. And the ships of Dionysos I will destroy, thrusting a twentycubit seafighting spear through the hulk!

[462] “Come on, friends, fight with all confidence. Let no one shrink when he sees opposed to us the ships of Bacchos in line; for Indians are used to fighting by sea, indeed they have more prowess when they fight by sea than by land. My invincible steel shall not take many Satyrs; but instead of two hundred warriors I will drag home one by the hair alone, womanmad Dionysos, to be the servant of Deriades.”

[470] With this appeal, Morrheus, cunning man, persuaded implacable Deriades. The people all cheered loudly and applauded the speech: one concordant cry resounded from all throats like the noise of stirring waves. The

king dismissed the assembly. The herald was sent to Bromios to declare war by sea against willing Bacchos.

[476] But both men agreed to forbid war and make a truce for three circuits of the moon, until they should do the solemn burial rites for the host of the dead who had fallen. So for a short time there was peace, never far from war, spreading abroad a calm that was pregnant with strife.

BOOK XXXVII

When the thirty-seventh takes its turn, there are contests about the tomb, the men competing for prizes.

So the Indians, now sensible and busy with friendship, threw their Bacchic war to the winds, and buried their dead with tearless eyes, as prisoners now set free from the earthy chains of human life, and the soul returning whence it came, back to the starting-place in the circling course. So the army of Bacchos had rest.

[7] When Dionysos saw friendly calm instead of war, early in the morning he sent out mules and their attendant men to bring dry wood from the mountains, that he might burn with fire the dead body of Opheltes.

[11] Their leader into the forest of pines was Phaunos who was well practised in the secrets of the lonely thickets which he knew so well, for he had learnt about the highland haunts of Circe his mother. The woodman's axe cut down the trees in long rows. Many an elm was felled by the long edge of the axe, many an oak with leaves waving high struck down with a crash, many a pine lay all along, many a fir stooped its dry needles; as the trees were felled far and wide, little by little the rocks were bared. So many a Hamadryad Nymph sought another home, and swiftly joined the unfamiliar maids of the brooks.

[22] Parties coming up would often meet, men on the hills traversing different mountain-paths. One saw them up aloft, out in front, coming down, crossing over, with feet wandering in all directions. The sticks were packed in bundles with ropes well twisted and fastened tight and trim, and laid on the mules' backs; the animals set out in lines, and the hooves rang on the mountain-paths as they hurried along, the surface of the sandy dust was burdened by heavy logs dragged behind. Satyrs and Pans were busy; some cut wood with axes,... some pulled it from tree after tree with their hands,... or lifted trunks with untiring arms and rattled over the rocks with dancing feet. All this woodmen laid out upon the earth, where Euio had marked a place on the ground for the tomb of Opheltes.

[37] There was a great swarm of men from different cities. Over the body they cut the tress of mourning with the steel of sadness. Groaning for him, they streamed one after another, and covered the whole body with their hair each in his turn. Bacchos lamented the dead with unmournful face and tearless eyes, and cutting one lock from his uncropt head he laid it upon Opheltes as his gift.

[44] The Idaian servants of mountainbred Dionysos built the pyre a hundred feet this way and that way, and on the middle of the pyre they laid out the body.

Asterios of Dicte drew the sword that hung by his side, and cut the throats

of twelve swarthy Indians over the body, then brought and laid them in a close orderly circle around it. There also he placed jars of honey and oil. Many oxen and sheep of the flock were butchered in front of the pyre; he heaped the bodies of the slain cattle round the body, together with rows of newly slaughtered horses, taking from each of them in turn all the fat which he laid like a rich girdle all round the body.

[56] Now fire was wanted. So Phaunos the son of rock-loving Circe, the frequenter of the wilderness, who dwelt in the Tyrsenian land, who had learnt as a boy the works of his wild mother, brought from a rock the firebreeding stones which are tools of the mountain lore; and from a place where thunderbolts falling from heaven had left trusty signs of victory, he brought the relics of the divine fire to kindle the pyre of the dead. With the sulphur of the divine bolt he smeared and anointed the hollows of the two firebreeding stones. Then he scraped off a light dry sprig of Erythraian growth and put it between the two stones; he rubbed them to and fro, and thus striking the male against the female, he drew forth the fire hidden in the stone to a spontaneous birth, and applied it to the pyre where the wood from the forest lay.

[70] But the fire kindled would not run round the dead man's pyre; so the god came near, and fixing his eye on Phaethon, called upon Euros the eastern wind to bring him a breeze to blow on his pyre and help. As Bromios called, the Morning Star hard by heard his appeal, and sent his brother to Lyaios, to make the pyre burn up by his brisker breath.

[77] The Wind left the rosy chamber of Dawn his mother, and fanned the blazing pyre all night long, stirring up the windfed leaping fire; the wild breezes, neighbours of the sun, shot the gleams into the air. Along with sorrowing Lyaios, Asterios of Dicte who was one of his kindred, holding a twohanded cup of sweet fragrant wine, made the dust of the earth drunken in honour of the soul of Arestor's son now carried on the wind.

[86] But when morning, the harbinger of Dawn's dewy car, scored the night with his ruddy gleams, then all awoke, and quenched their comrade's pyre with cups of Bacchos's juice in turn. Then the hot wind returned on quick pinions to the lightbringing mansion of Helios. Asterios collected the bones, and wrapping them in folded fat laid the relics of the dead in a golden urn. Then the whirling Corybants, since their lot was cast in the haunts of Ida, gave burial to the body as an inhabitant of one country, a true-born son of Crete, and digging the foundations deep they made his round tomb in a hollow dug in the earth, and last of all they poured foreign dust over Opheltes. They built up his barrow with taller stones, and engraved these lines on this monument of their recent sorrow: "Here lies Arestor's son who untimely died: Cnossian, Indianslayer, comrade of Bromios, Opheltes."

[103] Then the god of the vine brought the funeral prizes. He kept the people there, and marked out a wide space for games with the goal for a chariot-race. There was on the ground a stone of a fathom's width, rounded into a half-circle, like the moon, well smoothed on its two sides, such as an old craftsman

has fashioned and rounded with industrious hands wishing to make the statue of a god. A giant Cyclops lifted this in his hands and set it in the earth for a stone turning-post, and fixed another like it at the opposite end. There were various prizes, cauldron, tripod, shields, horses, silver, Indian jewels, cattle, Pactolian silt.

[116] The god offered prizes of victory for the charioteers. For the first, a bow and Amazonian quiver, a demilune buckler, and one of those warlike women, whom once as he walked on the banks of Thermodon he had taken while bathing and brought to the Indian city. For the second, a bay mare swift as the north wind, with long mane overshadowing her neck, still in foal and gone half her time and her belly swollen with the burden her mate had begotten. For the third, a corselet, and a shield for the fourth. This was a masterpiece made on the Lemnian anvil and adorned with gold patterns; the round boss in the middle was wrought with silver ornaments. For the fifth, two ingots, treasure from the banks of Pactolos. Then he stood up and encouraged the drivers:

[131] “My friends, whom Ares has taught citystorming war, to whom Seabluehair has given the racer’s horsemanship! You whom I urge are men not unacquainted with hardship, but used to heavy toils; for our warriors hold dear all sorts of manly prowess.

If one is of Lydian birth from Tmolos, he will do deeds worthy of the victorious racing of Pelops. If one comes from the land of Pisa, nurse of horses, a man of Elis with its fine chariots, a countryman of Oinomaos, he knows the sprigs of Olympian wild olive: but this is not the race of Oinomaos, our drivers here have not the goad of a marriage fatal to strangers — this is a race for honour and free from the Foamborn. If one has the land of Aonia or the blood of Phocis, he knows the Pythian contest honoured by Apollo. If he holds Marathon, rich in olives, the home of artists, he knows those jars teeming with rich juice. If one is a habitant of the fruitful land of Achaia, he has learnt of Pellene, where men wage a shivery contest for the welcome prize of a woollen cloak, a coat to huddle up their cold limbs in winter. If he has grown up to live in sea-girdled Corinth, he knows the Isthmian contest of our Palaimon.”

[154] He spoke, and the leaders came hastening up and ran round each to his chariot. First Erechtheus brought his horse Bayard under the yoke, and if they are from the regions near Delphi (144), they are neighbours of the Pythian Games (that these were not founded till centuries later does not seem to trouble Nonnos). If they are from the Isthmus of Corinth (152-153) they are to remember that the Games there are in honour of Palaimon (*cf* ix. 90). Apparently a chronological scruple prevents him naming the Nemean Games, said to have been founded by the Seven champions on their way to Thebes. Of the minor Games, the prizes for which were not wreaths but objects of value, he mentions (146) the (Heracleia at) Marathon, but obviously confuses them with the Panathenaia, for the Marathonian prizes were silver goblets (*schol.*

Find. *Ol.* xiii. 110), oil being the prize of the Panathenaia. In 148-149 the allusion is to the Hermaia at Pellene in Achaia, where the prize was a woollen cloak. Probably he had his information from Pindar and his scholiast. fastened in his mare Swiftfoot; both sired by North-wind Boreas in winged coupling when he dragged a stormfoot Sithonian Harpy to himself, and the Wind gave them as loveprice to his goodfather Erechtheus when he stole Attic Oreithyia for his bride.

[162] Second, Actaion swung his Ismenian lash. Third was speedyfoal Scelmis, offspring of Earthshaker lord of the wet, who often cut the water of the sea driving the car of his father Poseidon. Fourth Phaunos leapt up, who came into the assembly alone bearing the semblance of his mother's father, with four horses under his yoke like Helios; and fifth Achates mounted his Sicilian chariot, one insatiable for horsemanship, full of the passion which belongs to the river that feeds the olivetrees of Pisa. For he lived in the land of the nymph loved by hapless Alpheios, who brings to Arethusa as a gift of love his garlanded waters untainted by the brine.

[174] Bold Actaion was led away from the crowd by his father, who addressed these loving injunctions to his eager son:

[176] "My son, your father Aristaios has more experience than you. I know you have strength enough, that in you the bloom of youth is joined with courage; for you have in you the blood of Apollo my father, and our Arcadian mares are stronger than any for the race. But all this is in vain, neither strength nor running horses know how to win, as much as the driver's brains. Cunning, only cunning you want; for horseracing needs a smart clever man to drive.

[185] "Then listen to your father, and I will teach you too all the tricks of the horsey art which time has taught me, and they are many and various. Do your best, my boy, to honour your father by your successes. Horseracing brings as great a repute as war; do your best to honour me on the racecourse as well as the battlefield. You have won a victory in war, now win another, that I may call you prizewinner as well as spearman. My dear boy, do something worthy of Dionysos your kinsman, worthy both of Phoibos and of skilful Cyrene, and outdo the labours of your father Aristaios. Show your horsemastery, win your event like an artist, by your own sharp wits; for without instruction one pulls the car off the course in the middle of a race, it wanders all over the place, and the obstinate horses in their unsteady progress are not driven by the whip or obedient to the bit, the driver as he turns back misses the post, he loses control, the horses run away and carry him back where they will. But one who is a master of arts and tricks, the driver with his wits about him, even with inferior horses, keeps straight and watches the man in front, keeps a course ever close to the post, wheels his car round without ever scratching the mark. Keep your eyes open, please, and tighten the guiding rein swinging the whole near horse about and just clearing the post, throwing your weight sideways to make the car tilt, guide your course by needful measure, watch until as your car turns the hub of the wheel seems almost to touch the surface of the mark

with the near-circling wheel. Come very near without touching; but take care of the stone, or you may strike the post with the axle against the turning-post and wreck both horses and car together. As you guide your team this way and that way on the course, act like a steersman; ply the prick, scold and threaten the whip without sparing, press the off horse, lift him to a spurt, slacken the hold of the bit and don't let it irk him. Manage your car like a good steersman; guide your car on a straight course, for the driver's mind is like a car's rudder if he drives with his head."

[224] With this advice, he turned away and retired, having taught his son the various tricks of his trade as a horseman, which he knew so well himself.

[226] One after another as usual each put a blind hand into the helmet, turning away his face, and hoping to get the uncertain lot in his favour, as one who shakes his fingers for a throw of the doubtful dice far from him. So the leaders in turn took their lots. Horsemad Phaunos, offspring of the famous blood of Phaethon, was first by lot, and Achates was second, next came the brother of Damnamenes, and next to him Actaion; but the best racer of all got the last lot, horsewhipper Erechtheus.

[236] Then the drivers lifted their leather whips, and stood in a row each in his chariot. The umpire was honest Aiacos; his duty was to view the crown-eager drivers turning the post, and to watch with unerring eyes how the horses ran. He was the witness of truth, to settle quarrels and differences.

[242] The race started from the barrier. Off they went — one leading in the course, one trying to catch him as he raced in front, another chasing the one between, and the last ran close to the latter of these two and strove to graze his chariot. As they got farther on driver caught driver and ran car against car, then shaking the reins forced off the horses with the jagged bit. Another neck and neck with a speeding rival ran level in the doubtful race, now crouching sideways, now stretching himself, now upright when he could not help it, with bent hips urging the willing horse, just a touch of the master's hand and a light flick of the whip. Again and again he would turn and look back for fear of the car of the driver coming on behind: or as he made speed, the horse's hoof in the spring of his prancing feet would be slipping into a somersault, had not the driver checked his still hurrying pace and so held back the car which pressed him behind. Again, one in front with another driver following behind would change his course to counter the rival car, moving from side to side uncertainly so as to bar the way to the other who pressed him close. And Scelmis, offspring of the Earthshaker, swung Poseidon's sea-whip and drove his father's team bred in the sea; not Pegasos flying on high so quickly cut the air on his long wings, as the feet of the seabred horses covered their course on land unapproachable.

[269] The people collected together sat in rows on a high hill, to see the race, and watched from a distance the course of the galloping horses. One stood anxious, another shook a finger and beckoned to a driver to hurry. Another possessed with the fever of horses' rivalry, felt a mad heart galloping along

with his favourite driver; another who saw a man running ahead of his favourite, clapt his hands and shouted in melancholy tones, cheering on, laughing, trembling, warning the driver.

[279] The fine chariots, faster than the furious Bear, now flew high aloft, now skimmed the earth scarcely touching the surface of dust. The track of the car dashing straight on with quick circling wheel scratched the sandy soil as it passed. Then there was a confused struggle; the dust also was stirred and rose to the horses' chests, their manes shook in the airy breezes, the busy drivers shouted all with one voice together louder than their cracking whips.

[289] Now they were on the last lap. Scelmis with a swift leap was first of all pressing on his seachariot. Erechtheus was close upon him whipping up his team, and you might almost say you saw the second car ready to climb aboard the car of the maritime Telchis; for the spirited stallion of Erechtheus was up in the air, panting and snorting with both nostrils, so as to warm the back of the other charioteer. The eyes of Scelmis were turned back again and again on the other driver, and he might have pulled Erechtheus' horse by the mane, and the foaming stallion might have shaken his jaw with a quick jerk and spat out the bit; but Erechtheus checked the car, and turned it to one side with a vigorous pull at the stout reins, wrenching the horses' jaws slowly towards himself. Then again he drove close, having escaped the disaster of a horse without bit and bridle. And Scelmis when he saw him making for his car shouted in threatening tones —

[307] "That will do now! It's of no use to run a match with horses of the sea! Pelops long ago driving another car of my father's beat in a race the unconquered horses of Oinomaos. As guide of my horsemanship I will call on the Horse God of the deep: you, my friend the horse flogger, direct all your hope to Athena the Perfect Webster. I do not want your paltry olive; I'll carry off a different garland, a vinewreath and not your trumpery olive."

[315] Erechtheus was a hasty man, and these words of Scelmis made him angrier than before, and his quick intelligent mind began at once to weave plots and plans. His hands went on with his driving, but in his heart he uttered a quick prayer to Athena the queen of his own city in his own country language, to crave help in his horsemanship:

[320] "Lady of Cecropia, horsemistress, Pallas unmothered! As thou didst conquer Poseidon in thy contest, so may Erechtheus thy subject, who drives a horse of Marathon, conquer Poseidon's son!"

[324] With this appeal he touched up the flanks of his colts and brought up level car to car and yoke to yoke, and with his left hand caught at the mouth of his rival's horse, and pulled at the heavy grip of the bit, forcing back by the bridle the car running by his side; with his right hand he lashed his own highnecked steeds putting on a spurt. So he took the place of Scelmis on the course, and made that charioteer fall behind. Then he looked back with a laughing countenance on the son of Poseidon, and mocked him in his turn with raillery, the words tumbling over his shoulder in a stream —

[334] “Scelmis, you’re beaten! Erechtheus is a better man than you, for my old ambling mare Swift-foot has beaten your Piebald, with Zephyros for sire, a horse too, and a young one, and one that can run on the sea without getting wet! If you are so proud of the skill of Pelops and praise the seacoursing car of your father, it was Myrtilos who contrived that cheating victory, with his clever invention, when he made a wax model of an axle to deceive his master. If you are haughty because of your father Earth-shaker, the Horse God as you call him, who rides in the chariot of the deep, himself lord of the sea and master of the trident, Athena, a female, has beaten your backer, the male!”

[346] As he said this, the man of Athena’s town ran past the Telchis. Next after him came Phaunos flogging his fourhorse team. Fourth was Actaion the cunning and artful, who had not forgotten his father’s good advice; and the last was Tyrsenian Achates.

[351] Now bold Actaion thought of a cunning plan. His car was just behind Phaunos and catching him up, when with a sharper cut of the whip, he turned his horses aside and drove them up level, slipping by the driver and getting a little in front, then pressing his knees against the rail, he scraped the rival car with his own crossing car and scratched the horse’s legs with his running wheel. The car was upset, and over the wreckage three of the horses lay fallen on the ground, one on the flank, one on the belly, one on the neck. But one kept clear by a swerve and remained standing, his feet firmly rooted on the earth, shaking his trembling neck; he supported the whole leg of the horse yoked next to him, and lifting the yokeband pulled the car up again. There they were in a mess on the ground; the driver rolled in the dirt beside his wheel, close to the car, the skin of his forehead barked, his chin soiled, his arm stretched out in the dust and the elbow torn by the ground. The driver leapt up quickly, and in a moment he was standing beside his wrecked car, dragging up the prostrate horse with shamed hand and flogging the discomfited beast with quick lash. Bold Actaion watched Phaunos in difficulties beside his car, and made merry at his plight:

[375] “That will do now! It’s of no use to press your unwilling horses. That will do, it’s all of no use! I shall be there first, and I will inform Dionysos that Phaunos will let all the other drivers pass, and he will come in last dragging his own car. Spare your whip. It really makes me sorry to see your poor horses torn like that with a fleshcutting prick!”

[381] Phaunos was furious to hear these words, as the speaker drove his team quickly on with speeding whip. He pulled at the thick tails of the horses lying on the ground, and with great difficulty made the beasts get up from the dust. One colt which had struggled out of the untied yokestrap he brought back again and fastened into the bridle. He put the feet of the struggling horses into their places on both sides, and mounted the car, taking his stand firmly in it, then once more whipt up the team with his terrible lash. Harder than ever Phaunos drove and urged on his galloping horses, quicker than ever he pursued the driver in front of him — and he caught up the team ahead, for

horsegod Earthshaker put spirit into the horses to honour his bold son. Then seeing a narrow pass by a beetling cliff, he wove a tangled web of deceitful artifice, to catch Achates and pass him by skilful driving.

[397] There was a deep ravine, which the errant flood of rain pouring from the sky had torn by the side of the course under the wintry scourge of Zeus; the torrent of rain confined there had cut away a strip of earth and hollowed the ground so as to form a narrow ridge. Achates when he got there had unwillingly checked his car, to avoid a collision with the approaching driver; and as Phaunos galloped upon him, he called out in a trembling voice —

[404] “Your dress is dirty still, foolish Phaunos! the tips of your harness are still covered with sand! You have not yet dusted your untidy horses! Clean off your dirt! What’s the good of all that driving? I fear I may see you tumbling and struggling again! Take care of that bold Actaion, or he may catch you and flick your back with his leather thong and shoot you headlong into the dust again. You still show scratches on your round cheeks. Why do you still rage, Phaunos, bringing disgrace alike on Poseidon your father and Helios your gaffer? Pray have respect for the mocking throat of the Satyrs — beware of the Seilenoi and the attendants of Dionysos, or they may laugh at your dirty car! Where are your herbs and your plants, where all the drugs of Circe? All have left you, all, as soon as you began this race. Who will tell your proud mother the tale of a tumbling chariot and a filthy whip?”

[422] Such were the proud words that Achates shouted in mockery: but Nemesis recorded that big speech. Now Phaunos came close and drove alongside. Chariot struck chariot, and hitting the middle bolt with his axle he broke it with his rolling wheel — the other wheel rolled off by itself and fell twisting on the ground, as with the chariot of Oinomaos, when the wax of the false axle melted in Phaethon’s heat and ended the horsemanship of that furious driver. Achates remained in the narrow way, while Phaunos in his car, leaning over the rail of his four-in-hand, passed him -with speeding whip as if he did not hear; he lifted his lash more than ever, flogging the necks of the galloping horses beyond pursuit. Now he was next behind Actaion, as far as the long throw of a hurtling quoit when some stout lad casts it with strong hand.

[439] The spectators were mad with excitement, all quarrelling and betting upon the uncertain victory that was not yet. They lay their wagers on the storm-foot horses — tripod or cauldron or sword or shield; native quarrelled with native, friend with comrade, old with old and young with young, man with man. All took sides shouting in confusion, one praised up Achates, a second would prove Phaunos the worse, for falling to the ground from his upset car; another maintained that Erechtheus was second behind Telchis the driver from the sea; another would have it that the resourceful man of Athens was visible close by, that his team was in front and he had won after passing Scelmis the leading driver.

[453] The quarrel had not ended when Erechtheus came in first, a near thing!

unceasingly lashing his horses right and left down from the shoulder. Sweat ran in rivers over the horses' necks and hairy chests, their driver was sprinkled with plentiful dry splatterings of dust; the car was running hard on the horses' footsteps amid rising whirls, and the undisturbed surface of the light dust was disturbed by the rolling tyres. After this flying race, he came into their midst in his car. He wiped off with his dress the sweat which poured from his wet brow, and quickly got out of the car. He rested his long whip against the fine yoke, and his groom Amphidamas unloosed the horses. Then quickly with happy hand he lifted the first prize of victory, quiver and bow and helmeted woman, and shook the flat half-shield with the boss in the middle.

[470] Scelmis came second in his chariot from the sea — for he drove Poseidon's car from the sea, as far behind as the round wheel is behind the running horse — as he gallops, the hairy tip of his long waving tail just touches the tyre. He took the second prize, the mare in foal, and gave her in charge to Damnamenēs, offering her with jealous hand.

[477] Third Actaion lifted his token of victory, the corselet shining with gold, the gorgeous work of Olympus.

[479] Next came Phaunos, and there checked his car. He lifted the shield with rounded silver boss, and he still showed those relics of the dirty dust.

[482] When Achates arrived despondent beside his slowrolling car, a Sicilian groom displayed two ingots of gold, a consolation from his kind friend the splendid Dionysos.

[485] Next the god put up the boxing, a hard match that. For the first man, he offered a bull from an Indian stall as a prize; for the second, he put up a barbaric manicoloured shield which had been a treasure of the blackskin Indians. Then standing up he called with urgent voice for competitors, inviting two men to contend for the prize of ready hands:

[491] "This is the battle for hardy boxers. The victor in this contest shall have a shaggy bull, to the loser I will give a shield with many layers of good hide."

[494] When Bromios had spoken, shakeshield Melisseus stood up, one well practised and familiar with boxing; and seizing the bull's horn he shouted these big words,

[497] "This way anyone who wants a painted shield! For I will not let another have the fat bull as long as I can hold up my hands!"

[499] At these words, silence sealed all lips. Only Eurymedon rose to face him, one to whom Hermes had given the gear of stronglimbed boxing. This man, a son of Hephaistos, had always been used to remain busy beside his father's furnace hammering away at the beaten anvil. Now his brother Alcon attended him full of excitement, placed his body-belt beside him and fitted the girdle to his loins, coiled the straps of dry leather neatly round his brother's long hands. Then the champion advanced into the ring, holding his left hand on guard before his face like a natural shield, and the fleshcutting straps of his artificial hand did for a wrought lance. Always he kept on his

defence before the dangerous attack of his adversary, that he might not get one in upon brow or forehead, or land on the face and draw blood, or smash his temple with a lucky blow, tearing a way to the very centre of his busy brain, or with a hard hook over the temples tear the eyes out of his blinded face, and smash his bloody jaw and drive in a long row of his sharp teeth.

[520] But now as Eurymedon rushed him, Melisseus landed one high up on the chest; he countered with a lead at the face but missed — hit nothing but air. Shaking with excitement, he skipt round the man past his chest with a side-step and brought home his right on the exposed breast under the nipple. Then they clinched, one against the other, shifting a bit their feet carefully in short steps, hands making play against hands: as the blows fell in quick succession the straps wreathed about their fingers made a terrible noise. Cheeks were torn, drops of blood stained the handstraps, their jaws resounded under the blows, the round cheeks swelled and spread on the puffy face, the eyes of both sunk in hollows.

[534] Eurymedon was badly shaken by Melisseus and his artful dodging. He had to stand with the sun shining intolerably in his face and blinding his eyes; Melisseus rushed in, dancing about with quickened twists and turns, and popped in a sudden one on the jaw beneath the ear; and Eurymedon being distressed fell on his back and rolled in the dust helpless, fainting, like a drunken man. He inclined his head to one side and spat out a foam of thickish blood. His brother Alcon slung him over his back and gloomily carried him out of the ring, stunned by the blow and unconscious, then quickly lifted the great Indian shield.

[546] Next Dionysos called for a couple of competitors in wrestling, and announced the contest for this prize. He offered a tripod of twenty measures as prize for the winner, and brought out a cauldron with flower-ornaments reserved for the defeated man. Then he rose, and called out with announcing voice,

[552]— “This way, friends, for the next fine contest!”

[553] He spoke, and at the summons of crownloving Dionysos, Aristaios first rose, then second Aiacos, one well schooled in the lore of strongarmed wrestling. The athletes came forward naked but for the body-belts that hid their unseen loins. They both began by grasping each the other's wrists, and wreathed this way and that way, and pulled each other in turn over the surface of the widespread dust, holding the arms in a close grip of the fingers. Between the two men it was like ebb and flow, man drawing man with evenly balanced pulls, dragging and dragged; for they hugged each other with both arms and bent the neck, and pressed head to head on the middle of the forehead, pushing steadily downwards. Sweat ran from their rubbed foreheads to show the hard struggle; the backs of both were bent by the pull of the arms, and pressed hard by the two pairs of twined hands. Many a weal ran up of itself and made a purple pattern with the hot blood, until the fellows' bodies were marked with it.

[576] So they showed each against the other all the various tricks of the wrestler's art. Then first Aristaios got his arms round his adversary and heaved him bodily from the ground. But Aiacos the crafty did not forget his cunning skill; with insinuating leg he gave a kick behind the left knee of Aristaios, and rolled him over bodily, helpless upon his back on the ground, for all the world like a falling cliff. The people round about all gazed with astonished eyes at the son of Phoibos, so grand, so proud, so famous, taking a fall! Next Aiacos without an effort lifted the gigantic son of Cyrene high above the ground, to be an example of valour for his future sons, Peleus the unwearying and Telamon the mighty: he held the man in his arms, bending neither back nor upright neck, carrying the man with both arms by the middle, so that they were like a couple of cross-rafters which some carpenter has made to calm the stormy compulsion of the winds. Aiacos threw down the man at full length in the dust, and got on his adversary's back as he lay, thrust both legs along under his belly and bent them in a close clasp just below the knees, pressing foot to foot, and encircling the ankles; quickly he stretched himself over his adversary's back and wound his two hands over each other round the neck like a necklace, interlacing his fingers, and so made his arms a fetter for the neck. Sweat poured in streams and soaked the dust, but he wiped away the running drops with dry sand, that his adversary might not slip out of his encircling grip by the streams of hot moisture which he sent out of his squeezed neck.

[602] As he lay in this tight embrace, the heralds came running up at full speed, men chosen to be overseers of the games, that the victor might not kill him with those strangling arms. For there was then no such law as in later days their successors invented, for the ease when a man overwhelmed by the suffocating pain of a noose round the neck testifies the victory of his adversary with significant silence, by tapping the victor with submissive hand.

[610] Then the Myrmidons laid hands on the twenty-measure tripod as the servants of the victorious prince; and Actaion quickly lifted the cauldron, his father's second prize, and carried it away with sorrowful hand.

[614] Then Bacchos set the contest of the footrace. For the first man he offered as treasures of victory a silver mixing-bowl and a woman captive of the spear; for the second he offered a Thessalian horse with dappled neck; for the last, a sharp sword with well-wrought sling-strap. He rose and made the announcement, calling for quickfoot runners:

[620] "Let these be the prizes for men who can run!"

[621] At these words, came Dictaian Ocythoos, falls counted (in which A throws B off his feet while still standing himself). The name inferred from what follows. A line has dropt out. wagging his experienced knees. Next ran up fleet Erechtheus, a man full of craft, and dear to Victorious Pallas; after him fleetfoot Priasos, one from the arable land of Cybele. Off they went from scratch. Ocythoos led, light as the stormwind on his feet, going straight ahead and keeping his lead. Close behind came Erechtheus second at full speed, with

his breath beating on the back of Ocythoos close by, and warming his head with it: as near as the rod lies between the web and the breast of a girl who loves the shuttle, when she holds it at measured distance with skilful hand working at the loom, so much was he behind Ocythoos, and he trod in his footmarks on the ground before the dust could settle in them. Then it would have been a dead heat; but Ocythoos saw this rival running pace for pace with himself, so he made a spurt and ran past the fellow by a longer distance, as much as a man's pace. Then Erechtheus anxious for victory addressed a prayer to Boreas and cried out:

[640] "Goodson, help your own Erechtheus and your own bride, if you still cherish a sweet passion for my girl, your sweetheart! Lend me the speed of your swift wings for one hour, that I may pass kneequick Ocythoos now in front!"

[644] Boreas heard his supplicating voice, and made him swifter than the rapid gale. All three were moving their legs like the wind, but the balance was not equal for all: as far as Erechtheus was behind Ocythoos running before him with swift foot, so far behind, near stormswift Erechtheus, was Priasos the proud son of Phrygia. So they ran on, until just as the end of the race was coming for their bounding feet, kneeswift Ocythoos slipt in the dirt, where was an infinite heap of dung from those cattle which had been slaughtered by the Mygdonian knife of Dionysos beside the tomb. But he sprang backwards with a quick-whirling spring of his foot and jumped back again, then off he went — and he would have quickly passed the travelling step of his rival running in front if there had been even a little space to run: whereby he would either have made a dead heat by a spurt or he would have passed the Athenian.

[660] Swift Erechtheus then lifted the Sidonian mixing-bowl, that treasure adorned with curious workmanship on the surface; Ocythoos took off the Thessalian horse; Priasos quietly walked in third, and received the sword with silver sling-strap. The company of Satyrs laughed in mocking spirit when they saw the Corybant smeared all over with dirt, and spitting out the dung that filled his throat.

[667] Now Dionysos brought out a lump of crude ore and laid it before him, and summoned competitors to put the weight. For the first, he brought and offered two spears and a helmet with horsehair crest; for the second, a brilliant round body-girdle; for the third, a flat bowl; and for the fourth a fawnskin, which the craftsman of Zeus had fastened with a golden brooch. Then he rose, and made his announcement among them in a rousing tone:

[674] "This contest calls for competitors with the weight!"

[675] At these words of Bromios up rose shakeshield Melisseus; second after him came footlifting Halimedes, and third, Eurymedon, and fourth, Acmon. The four stood in a row side by side. Melisseus took the lump, swung it well and threw: the Seilenoi laughed loudly at the fellow's miserable throw! Second, Eurymedon rested his hand on the weight [and threw it farther] .

Then highcrested Acmon took the lump, swung it well with experienced wrist, and cast the heavy missile hurtling through the air; the missile travelled through the air like the wind, and passed Eurymedon's mark by a longer measure, whirling swiftly. Then Halimedes, towering high on his feet, sent the weight travelling through the air to the mark: the mass whistled amid the stormwinds in the sky when hurled by that strong hand — for it flew like an arrow straight from a bow, twirled by unstable breezes; down from the sky to the earth it fell after its long leap, and rolled along the ground still under the impulse of the accomplished hand, moving of itself, until it had passed all the marks. The spectators of the contest crowded and cheered all together, amazed at the unchecked movement of the weight bounding along.

[697] Halimedes proudly received the double prize, and went off with the highplumed helmet shaking the pair of spears. Acmon came shuffling up and lifted the body-belt shining with gold; third Eurymedon took up his treasure, the brand-new bowl with two handles; Melisseus with downcast countenance lifted the dappled fawnskin.

[703] Now Dionysos put prizes ready for champions of the bow, the offering for good archery. He led out for the contest a hardy sevenyear mule, and made it stand before the company; and laid down a well-finished goblet as prize of victory to be kept for the less competent man. Then Euryalos planted a ship's tall mast in the ground, upright above the sandy soil, and fastened a wild pigeon by a string to the top of the mast, winding a light cord about the two feet. The god called to all those assembled for the games, inviting any to shoot at the flying mark:

[714] "Whoever shall pierce the skin of the pigeon, let him receive this valuable mule as witness to his victory: whoever shall draw at the mark and miss the pigeon, leaving the bird unwounded by the barbed arrow', but shall touch the string with his feathered shaft, he will be a worse shot and he shall receive a worse prize; for instead of the mule he shall carry off the goblet, that he may pour a libation to Archer Apollo and Winegod Dionysos."

[722] Such was the proclamation of wealthy Lyaios. Then Hymenaios the longshot, with his flowing hair, came forward [and after him Asterios. The lot fell to Asterios;] and he taking aim straight at the mast in front of him, with his Cnossian bow and the string pulled back from it, let fly the first shot, and hit the string. When the shaft cut the string, the bird flew away up into the sky and the cord fell to the ground. Archer Hymenaios followed round the bird's high course with his eye and watched for him over the clouds; he had his bowstring quite ready, and let fly a swift shot through the air at his highflying mark, aiming at the pigeon. The winged arrow sped travelling through the air visible on high, grazing the surface of the cloud in the middle, whistling at the winds. Apollo held the shot straight, keeping faith with his lovesick brother Dionysos; the point hit the flying pigeon and struck it upon the breast as it sped, and the bird fell through the air quick as the wind to the earth, with heavy head, and half-dead the pigeon beat about with its wings in the dust,

fluttering about the feet of Dionysos weaver of dances.

[743] Then the god leapt up on the young man's victory, and clapt his hands to applaud Hymenaios; and the company one and all who were present at the contest were astonished at the long shot of Hymenaios near the clouds. Dionysos laughing led forward with his own hands the mule which was due as a prize to Hymenaios, and gave it to him; and the comrades of Asterios lifted his prize, the goblet.

[750] Now Bacchos invited those present to a friendly match at casting the javelin, and brought forward Indian prizes, a pair of greaves, and a stone from the Indian sea. He rose and made his announcement, and called for two warriors, bidding them show a fictitious image of bloodless battle, with not-killing steel in sport:

[756] "This contest summons two javelin-men, and knows only Ares gentle and Enyo tranquil."

[758] So spoke Bromios, and Asterios came up armed, shaking his weapons of steel; and Aiacos stept forward, holding a bronze spear and shaking a shield gorgeously adorned, like a lion in the country charging a bull or a shaggy boar. Both these spearmen of Ares marched forward covered with steel corselets. Asterios cast a furious spear with the vigour of Minos his father, and he wounded the right arm grazing the skin. Aiacos, doing a deed worthy of his father Zeus Lord in the highest, aimed his iron spear at the gullet and tried to pierce the throat right in the middle; but Bacchos checked him and caught the deadly blade, that he might not strike the neck with the cast spear. Then he made them both stop, and called out with wild voice —

[773] "Drop those spears! Yours was a friendly battle. This is a peaceful war, a contest without wounds."

[775] So he spoke. Aiacos proudly received the prize of battlestirring victory, and took the golden greaves, which he handed over to his servant. Asterios carried off the second prize, the Indian stone taken by force of arms.

BOOK XXXVIII

*When the thirty-eighth takes its turn, you have the fate of unhappy Phaethon
in the chariot, with a blazing brand.*

THE games were over. The people retired into the recesses of the forest, and entered their huts. The rustic Pans housed themselves under shelter in the ravines, for they occupied at evening time the natural caverns of a lioness in the wilds. The Satyrs dived into a bear's cave, and hollowed their little bed in the rock with sharp finger-nails in place of cutting steel; until the lightbringing morning shone, and the brightness of Dawn newly risen showed itself peacefully to both Indians and Satyrs. For then Time rolling in his ambit prolonged the truce of combat and strife between Indians and Mygdonians; there was no carnage among them then, no conflict, and the shield which Bacchos had borne for six years lay far from the battle covered with spiders' webs.

[15] But as soon as the Seasons brought the seventh year of warfare, a foreboding sign was shown to winefaced Bacchos in the sky, an incredible wonder. For at midday, a sudden darkness was spread abroad, and a midday obscurity covered Phaethon with its black pall, and the hills were overshadowed as his beams were stolen away. Many a stray brand fell here and there scattered from the heavenly car; thousands of rainshowers deluged the surface of the earth, the rocks were flooded by drops from the sky, until fiery Hyperion rose again shining high on his chariot after his hard struggle.

[26] Then a happy omen was seen by impatient Bacchos, an eagle flying high through the air, holding a horned snake in his sharp talons. The snake twisted his bold neck, and slipt away of itself diving into the river Hydaspes. Trembling silence held all that innumerable host. Idmon alone stood untrembling, Idmon the treasury of learned lore, for he had been taught the secrets of Urania, the Muse who knows the round circuit of the stars: he had been taught by his learned art the shades on the Moon's orb when in union with the Sun, and the ruddy flame of Phaethon stolen out of sight from his course behind the cone of darkness, and the clap of thunder, the heavenly bellow of the bursting clouds, and the shining comet, and the flame of meteors, and the fiery leap of the thunderbolt. Having been taught all these doings by Urania the goddess he stood with dauntless heart, while the limbs of every man were loosened. But Idmon that ancient seer encouraged all the host, with laughing countenance, and words of confident persuasion upon his lips: "I know," he said, "that victory is near, and soon it will end this long struggle."

[46] Erechtheus also inquired of the accomplit Phrygian prophet, when he saw the portents of Highest Zeus, whether they were favourable to the enemy or to Indian-slaying Dionysos. He did not so much wish for the end of the

conflict, but rather to hear the message from Olympus, the theme of mystical tales, and the orders of circling stars, and the round moon, and the sunset at midday which has no light of Phaethon because this is stolen away. Always the citizens of ancient Athens are ready to hear discourses concerning the gods.

[55] Nor was the old seer neglectful; but shaking his Euian thyrsus instead of the Panopeian laurel, he uttered these words of interpretation with his mouth:

[58] “Do you wish, Erechtheus, to hear the heart-consoling tale which only the gods know who dwell in Olympus? Well, I will speak, as my laurelled Apollo has taught me. Tremble not at the lightning, fear not the travelling brand, nor the darkened course of Helios, nor the bird of Olympus, first harbinger of Lyaïos’s victory to come; as that horned snake, torn by the sharp pointed claws of the robber bird and pierced by its talons, slipt into the waters of the river, and old Hydaspes swallowed the reptile corpse, so Deriades shall be swallowed in the flood of his father’s stream under the likeness of his bullhorned sire.”

[70] Thus spoke the old prophet; and at the diviners words all the host was glad, but beyond others the citizen of unmothered Athene mingled gladness with wonder, as full of joy in his sweet hopes as if he were triumphing in Marathon itself after the war with Deriades.

[75] And now to Dionysos, alone among the rocks which he loved, came Hermes his brother from heaven as messenger of Zeus, and spoke assuring him of victory:

[78] “Tremble not at this sign, even though night came at midday. This sign, fearless Bacchos, your father Cronion has shown you to foretell your victory in the Indian War. For I liken Bacchos the light-bringer to the sun shining again, and the bold black Indian to the thick darkness. That is what is meant by the picture in the sky. For as the darkness blotted out and covered the light of shining day, and then Helios rose again in his fire-shining chariot and dispersed the gross darkness, so you also shall shake from your eyes far far away the darksome sightless gloom of the Tartarian Fury, and blaze again on the battlefield like Hyperion. So great a marvel ancient eternal Time our foster-father has never brought, since Phaethon, struck by the steam of fire divine, fell tumbling half-burnt from Helios’s lightbearing chariot, and was swallowed up in the Celtic river; and the daughters of Helios are still on the banks of Eridanos, lamenting the audacious youth with their whimpering leaves.”

[96] At these words, Dionysos rejoiced in hope of victory; then he questioned Hermes and wished to hear more of the Olympian tale which the Celts of the west know well: how Phaethon tumbled over and over through the air, and why even the daughters of Helios were changed into trees beside the moaning Eridanos, and from their leafy trees drop sparkling tears into the stream.

[103] In answer, friendly Hermes opened his mouth and noised out his

inspired tale to Bacchos eagerly listening:

[105] "Dionysos, joy of mankind, shepherd of human life! If sweet desire constrains you to hear these ancient stories, I will tell you the whole tale of Phaethon from beginning to end.

[108] "Loudbooming Oceanos, girdled with the circle of the sky, who leads his water earth-encompassing round the turning point which he bathes, was joined in primeval wedlock with Tethys. The watery bridegroom begat Clymene, fairest of the Naiads, whom Tethys nursed on her wet breast, her youngest, a maiden with lovely arms. For her beauty Helios pined, Helios who spins round the twelvemonth light-gang, and travels the sevenzone circuit garland-wise — Helios dispenser of fire was afflicted with another fire! The torch of love was stronger than the blaze of his car and the shining of his rays, when over the bend of the reddened Ocean as he bathed his fiery form in the eastern waters, he beheld the maiden close by the way, while she swam naked and sported in her father's waves. Her body gleamed in her bath, she was one like the full Moon reflected in the evening waters, when she has filled the compass of her twin horns with light. Half-seen, unshod, the girl stood in the waves shooting the rosy shafts from her cheeks at Helios; her shape was outlined in the waters, no stomacher hid her maiden bosom, but the glowing circle of her round silvery breasts illuminated the stream.

[130] "Her father united the girl to the heavenly charioteer. The lightfoot Seasons acclaimed Clymene's bridal with Helios Lightbringer, the Naiad Nymphs danced around; in a watery bridal-bower the fruitful maiden was wedded in a flaming union, and received the hot bridegroom into her cool arms. The light that shone on that bridal bed came from the starry train; and the star of Cypris, Lucifer, herald of the union, wove a bridal song. Instead of the wedding torch, Selene sent her beams to attend the wedding. The Hesperides raised the joy-cry, and Oceanos beside his bride Tethys sounded his song with all the fountains of his throat.

[142] "Then Clymene's womb swelled in that fruitful union, and when the birth ripened she brought forth a baby son divine and brilliant with light. At the boy's birth his father's ether saluted him with song; as he sprang from the childbed, the daughters of Oceanos cleansed him, Clymene's son, in his grandsire's waters, and wrapt him in swaddlings. The stars in shining movement leapt into the stream of Oceanos which they knew so well, and surrounded the boy, with Selene our Lady of Labour, sending forth her sparkling gleams. Helios gave his son his own name, as well suited the testimony of his form; for upon the boy's shining face was visible the father's inborn radiance.

[155] "Often in the course of the boy's training Oceanos would have a pretty game, lifting Phaethon on his midbelly and letting him drop down; he would throw the boy high in the air, rolling over and over moving in a high path as quick as the wandering wind, and catch him again on his arm; then he would shoot him up again, and the boy would avoid the ready hand of Oceanos, and

turn a somersault round and round till he splashed into the dark waters, prophet of his own death. The old man groaned when he saw it, recognizing the divine oracle, and hid all in prudent silence, that he might not tear the happy heart of Clymene the loving mother by foretelling the cruel threads of Phaethon's Fate.

[167] "So the boy, hardly grown up, and still with no down on his lip, sometimes frequented his mother Clymene's house, sometimes travelled even to the meadows of Thrinacia, where he would often visit and stay with Lampetie, tending cattle and sheep... There he would long for his father the charioteer divine; made a wooden axle with skilful joinery, fitted on a sort of round wheel for his imitation ear, fashioned yoke-straps, took three light withies from the flowering garden and plaited them into a lash, put unheard of bridles on four young rams. Then he made a clever imitation of the morning star round like a wheel, out of a bunch of white flowers, and fixed it in front of his spokewheeled waggon to show the shape of the star Lucifer. He set burning torches standing about his hair on every side, and mimicked his father with fictitious rays as he drove round and round the coast of the seagirt isle.

[184] "But when he grew up into the fair bloom of youth, he often touched his father's fire, lifted with his little hand the hot yokestraps and the starry whip, busied himself with the wheel, stroked the horses' coats with snow-white hands — and so the playful boy enjoyed himself. With his right hand he touched the fire-shotten bridle, mad with longing to manage the horses. Seated on his father's knees, he shed imploring tears, and begged for a run with the fiery chariot and heavenly horses. His father said no, but he only begged and prayed all the more with gracious pleading. Then the father said in affectionate words to his young son in the highfaring car:

[196] "'Dear son of Helios, dear grandson of Oceanos, ask me another boon; what have you to do with the chariot of the sky? Let alone the course of horsemanship. You cannot attain it, for you cannot guide my car — I can hardly drive it myself! Furious Ares never armed him with flaming thunderbolt, but he blares his tune with a trumpet, not with thunder. Hephaistos never collects his father's clouds; he is not called Cloudgatherer like Cronion, but hammers his iron anvil in the forge, and pours artificial blasts of artificial wind. Apollo has a winged swan, not a running horse. Hermes keeps his rod and wears not his father's aegis, lifts not his father's fiery lightning. But you will say—" He gave Zagreus the flash of the thunderbolt." Yes, Zagreus held the thunderbolt, and came to his death! Take good care, my child, that you too suffer not woes like his.'

[212] "So he spoke, but the boy would not listen; he prodded his father and wetted his tunic with hotter tears. He put out his hands and touched his father's fiery beard; kneeling on the ground he bent his arched neck, pleading, and when the father saw, he pitied the boy. Clymene cried and begged too. Then although he knew in his heart the immovable inflexible spinings of Fate, he consented regretful, and wiped with his tunic the rain of tears from

the unsmiling face of sad Phaethon, and kissed the boy's lips while he said:

[222] "“There are twelve houses in all the fiery ether, set in the circle of the rounded Zodiac, one close after another in a row, each separate; through these alone is the inclined winding path of the restless planets rolling in their courses. All round these Cronos crawls from house to house on his heavy knees along the seventh zone upon the circle, until at last with difficulty he completes thirty circuits of returning Selene. On the sixth, quicker than his father, Zeus has his course opposite, and goes his round in a lichtgang. By the third, fiery Ares passes [one sign that is, of the Zodiac] in sixty days, near your father. I myself rise in the fourth, and traverse the whole sky garland-wise in my car, following the winding circles of the heavenly orbits. I carry the measures of time, surrounded by the four Seasons, about the same centre, until I have passed through a whole house and fulfilled one complete month as usual; I never leave my journey unfinished and change to a backward course, nor do I go forward again; since the other stars, the planets, in their various courses always run contrary ways: they check backwards, and go both to and fro; when the measures of their way are half done they run back again, thus receiving on both sides my one-sided light. One of these planets is the horned moon whitening the sky; when she has completed all her circuit, she brings forth with her wise fire the month, being at first half seen, then curved, then full moon with her whole face.

Against the moon I move my rolling ball, the sparkling nourisher of sheafproducing growth, and pass on my endless circuit about the turning-point of the Zodiac, creating the measures of time. When I have completed one whole circle passing from house to house I bring off the lichtgang. Take care of the crossing-point itself, lest when you come close, rounding the cone of darkness with your car, it should steal all the light from your overshadowed chariot. And in your driving do not stray from the usual circuit of the course, or be tempted to leave your father's usual goal by looking at the five parallel circles with their multiple bond of long encompassing lines, or your horses may run away and carry you through the air out of your course. Do not, when you look about on the twelve circles as you cross them, hurry from house to house. When you are driving your car in the Ram, do not try to drive over the Bull. Do not seek for his neighbour, the Scorpion moving among the stars, the harbinger of the plowtree, when you are driving under the Balance, until you complete the thirty degrees.

[267] "“Just listen to me, and I will tell you everything. When I reach the Ram, the centre of the universe, the navel-star of Olympos, I in my exaltation let the Spring increase; and crossing the herald of the west wind, the turning-line which balances night equal with day, I guide the dewy course of that Season when the swallow comes. Passing into the lower house, opposite the Ram, I cast the light of equal day on the two hooves; and again I make day balanced equally with dark on my homeward course when I bring in the leafshaking course of the autumn Season, and drive with lesser light to the

lower turning-point in the leafshedding month. Then I bring winter for mankind with its rains, over the back of fishtailed Capricorn, that earth may bring forth her gifts full of life for the farmers, when she receives the bridal showers and the creative dew. I deck out also contending summer the messenger of harvest, flogging the wheatbearing earth with hotter beams, while I drive at the highest point of my course in the Crab, who is right opposite to the cold Capricorn: both Nile and grapes together I make to grow.

[287] “‘When you begin your course, pass close by the side of Cerne, and take Lucifer as guide to lead the way for your ear, and you will not go astray; twelve circling Hours in turn will direct your way.’

[291] “After this speech, he placed the golden helmet on Phaethon’s head and crowned him with his own fire, winding the seven rays like strings upon his hair, and put the white kilt girdlewise round him over his loins; he clothed him in his own fiery robe and laced his foot into the purple boot, and gave his chariot to his son. The Seasons brought the fiery horses of Helios from their eastern manger; Lucifer came boldly to the yoke, and fastened the horses’ necks in the bright yokestraps for their service.

[301] “Then Phaethon mounted, Helios his father gave him the reins to manage, shining reins and gleaming whip: he shook in trembling silence, for he understood that his son had not long to live. Clymene his mother could be half seen near the shore, as she watched her dear son mounting the flaming car, and shook with joy.

[307] “Already Lucifer was sparkling, that dewy star, and Phaethon rose traversing the eastern ambit, after his bath in the waters of Oceanos his grandsire. The bold driver of brilliant horses, running on high, scanned the heavens dotted with the company of the stars, girdled about by the seven Zones; he beheld the planets moving opposite, he saw the earth fixed in the middle like a centre, uplifted on tall cliffs and fortified on all sides by the winds in her caverns, he scanned the rivers, and the brows of Oceanos, driving back his own water into his own stream.

[318] “While he directed his eye to the upper air and the flood of stars, the diverse races of earth and the restless back of the sea, gazing round and round on the foundations of the infinite universe, the shining horses rolled along under the yoke over their usual course through the zodiac. Now inexperienced Phaethon with his fiery whip could be seen flogging the horses’ necks; they went wild shrinking under the goad of their merciless charioteer, and all unwilling they ran away over the limit of their ancient road beyond the mark of the zodiac, expecting a different call from their familiar driver. Then there was tumult along the bounds of the South and the back of the North Wind: the quickfoot Seasons at the celestial gate wondered at the strange and unreal day, Dawn trembled, and star Lucifer cried out.

[333] “‘Where are you hurrying, dear boy? Why have you gone mad with reins in your hand? Spare your headstrong lash! Beware of these two companies — both planets and company of fixed stars, lest bold Orion kill

you with his knife, lest ancient Bootes hit you with fiery cudgel. Spare this wild driving, and let not the Olympian Whale entomb you in his belly in high heaven; let not the Lion tear you to pieces, or the Olympian Bull arch his neck and strike you with fiery horn! Respect the Archer, or he may kill you with a firebarbed arrow from his drawn bowstring. Let there not be a second chaos, and the stars of heaven appear at the rising day, or erratic Dawn meet Selene at noonday in her car!’

[347] “As he spoke, Phaethon drove harder still, drawing his car aside to South, to North, close to the West, near to the East. There was tumult in the sky shaking the joints of the immovable universe: the very axle bent which runs through the middle of the revolving heavens. Libyan Atlas could hardly support the selfrolling firmament of stars, as he rested on his knees with bowed back under this greater burden. Now the Serpent scraped with his writhing belly the equator far away from the Bear, and hissed as he met with the starry Bull; the Lion roared out of his throat against the scorching Dog, heating the air with ravening fire, and stood boldly to attack the eight claws of the Crab with his shaggy hair bristling, while the heavenly Lion’s thirsty tail flogged the Virgin hard by his hind leg, and the winged Maiden darting past the Waggoner came near the pole and met the Wain. The Morning Star sent forth his straying light in the setting region of the West and pushed away the Evening Star who met him there. Dawn wandered about; blazing Sirius grabbed the thirsty Bear instead of his usual Hare. The two starry Fishes left one the South and one the North, and leapt in Olympos near Aquarius; the Dolphin danced in a ring and tumbled about with Capricorn. Scorpios also had wandered around from the southern path until he came near to Orion and touched his sword — Orion trembled even among the stars, lest he might creep up slowly and pierce his feet once again with a sharp sting. The Moon leapt up at midday, spitting off the half-completed light from her face and growing black on the surface, for she could no longer steal the counterfeit light from the male torch of Phaethon opposite and milk out his inborn flame. The sevenstar voices of the Pleiades rang circling round the sevenzone sky with echoing sound; the planets from as many throats raised an outcry and rushed wildly against them. Cypris pushed Zeus, Ares Cronos; my own wandering star approached the Pleiad of Spring, and mingling a kindred light with the seven stars he rose halfseen beside my mother Maia — he turned away from the heavenly chariot, beside which he always runs or before it in the morning, and in the evening when Helios sets he sends his following light, and because he keeps equal course with him and travels with equal portion, astronomers have named him the Sun’s Heart. Europa’s bridegroom the Olympian Bull bellowed, stretching his neck drenched with damp snowflakes; he raised a foot curved for a run, and inclining his head sideways with its sharp horn against Phaethon, stamped on the heavenly vault with fiery hooves. Bold Orion drew sword from sheath hanging by his glowing thigh; Bootes shook his cudgel; Pegasos neighed rearing and shaking the knees of his starry

legs — halfseen the Libyan courser trod the firmament with his foot and galloped towards the Swan his neighbour, angrily flapping his wings, that again he might send another rider hurtling down from the sky as he had once thrown Bellerophontes himself out of the heavenly vault. No longer the circling Bears danced back to back beside the northern turningpost on high; but they passed to the south, and bathed their unwashed feet in the unfamiliar Ocean beside the western main.

[410] “Then Father Zeus struck down Phaethon with a thunderbolt, and sent him rolling helplessly from on high into the stream of Eridanos. He fixed again the joints which held all together with their primeval union, gave back the horses to Helios, brought the heavenly chariot to the place of rising; and the agile Hours that attended upon Phaethon followed their ancient course. All the earth laughed again. Rain from lifebreeding Zeus cleared all the fields, and with moist showers quenched the wandering fires, all that the glowing horses had spat whinnying from their flaming throats out of the sky over all the earth. Helios rose driving his car on his road again; the crops grew, the orchards laughed again, receiving as of yore the life-giving warmth from the sky.

[424] “But Father Zeus fixed Phaethon in Olympos, like a Charioteer, and bearing that name. As he holds in the radiant Chariot of the heavens with shining arm, he has the shape of a Charioteer starting upon his course, as if even among the stars he longed again for his fathers car. The fire-scorched river also came up to the vault of the stars with consent of Zeus, and in the starry circle rolls the meandering stream of burning Eridanos.

[432] “But the sisters of the charioteer fallen to his early death changed their shape into trees, and from the weeping trees they distil precious dew out of their leaves.”

BOOK XXXIX

In the thirty-ninth, you see Deriades after the flood trying to desert the host of fire-blazing Indians.

THIS story told, Hermes went into the heavens unapproachable, leaving joy and amazement to his brother Dionysos.

[3] While Bacchos was wondering still at the confusion of the disordered stars, and Phaëthon's fall, how he slipt down among the Celts into the Western river, firescorched, the foreign ships were arriving, which the Rhadamanes had been navigating over the tranquil sea, guiding their columns on the deep towards the Indian War of ships, splashing into the deep with alternating motions, oarsmen of battle; to suit the haste of Lyaïos, a following wind whistled against the ships. And Lycos led them driving his car over the waters, and skimmed over the flood, where the horses' hooves left no mark.

[14] But gigantic Deriades high on his battlements saw with angry eye the sails of the ships like a cloud; and in his overweening pride, as he heard that an Arabian shipwright had built battle-rousing ships, he swore to make war on the woodcutting Arabs, and threatened to mow down the Rhadamanes with destroying steel and to devastate the city of Lycurgos." The fearless Indians trembled at sight of the fleet, when they surveyed the seabeaten armada, until even the knees of daring Deriades gave way. With a forced laugh on a calm face, the Indian king ordered men to be marshalled from three hundred islands along the unapproachable slopes of his elephantfeeding land. In haste a herald went on his way, travelling from land to land with many a twist and turn, and a fleet came with speed from the many scattered isles at the summons of their king: boldly he stretched his neck, and drew the helmeted ships into the maritime war, with words of encouragement to all his men which he uttered in high-hearted tones:

[33] "My men, bred beside my standfast Hydaspes, now fight again with confidence! Bring flaming fire into battle, light unquenchable torches, that I may burn those newly come ships with blazing brand and sink in the sea that waterfaring host, with spear, with corselet, with ships, with Dionysos! If Bacchos is a god, I will destroy Bacchos with my fire. Is it not enough, that he has sprinkled those cunning poisons in the water and reddened my Hydaspes with Thessalian flowers? That I have looked on him in silence, and let myself quietly behold the yellow streams of my maddened river? For if that stream came from a foreign river, if the warlike Indian Hydaspes were not my own father, then I would have filled that flood with heaps of dust to drown the viny stink of Dionysos; I would have walked upon the drunken stream of my father and crossed unwetting water with dusty feet, as once it is said among the Argives that Earthshaker made water dry, and a horse's hoof left his prints on the dust of river Inachos dried up.

[53] “No god, no god is that man; he has lied about his birth. For what Olympian aegis of Cronion does he brandish? What spark has he of Zeus-thrown thunderbolt? What heavenly lightning of his father’s does he lift? No Cronides equips himself for war with vineleaf and ivy! I cannot compare the music of thunder to rattling cymbals. I will not call the thyrsus anything like the thunderbolt of Zeus, I will not allow an earthly corselet to be equal to the clouds of Zeus. How can I liken a dappled fawnskin to the pattern of the stars? — But you will say, he received the grapes and the liquid wine as gifts from Cronion his father, who blesses the crops with increase. Well, Zeus gave Olympian nectar to one of Trojan blood, a country clown, a cowman, Ganymede the cupbearer, and wine is not equal to nectar: thyrsus, you have the worst of it! Bacchos feasts on earth with Satyrs; Ganymede banquets with the heavenly immortals. If this mortal had a heavenly father, he would have touched one board with Zeus and the Blessed. I have heard how Zeus once gave his throne and the sceptre of Olympus as prerogative to Zagreus the ancient Dionysos — lightning to Zagreus, vine to wineface Bacchos!”

[74] He spoke, and away to battle. The people rushed together armed with spears, with shields, and now transferred their last hope of victory from land to sea. Then Dionysos called to his leaders with wild voice:

[78] “Mighty sons of Ares and corseleted Athena, whose life is the works of war, whose hope is conflict!

Make haste now — destroy the Indian race on the sea as well, and finish your land victory with another by sea! Come, take in hand those messengers of sea-warfare, spears coupled together with double rings, welded seapikes with bronze fixed at the mouth, and join sea-terrifying battle with your enemies — get in before them, that Deriades may not lift his fireblazing torch and burn up the warlike timbers of our ships. Fight without fear, Mimalones! For the hopes of our seafighting adversaries are all empty boasts. If for all his efforts the Indian chieftain could not finish off his war on land, seated on the neck of mountainous elephants, near the clouds, unapproachable, unwounded, a neighbour to the sky, then I never lack champions, I will call on no other helper after my father Cronion, charioteer of sea and sky; or if it please me, I will arm Poseidon the brother of my Cronides, to wipe out all the Indian host with his trident, and I have as my ally Earthshaker’s offspring Glaucos, the broadbearded champion, as neighbour of my own Thebes and seaborne inhabitant of the land of Aonian Anthedon — yes, Glaucos I have and Phorcys. And Melicertes will drown the vessel of Deriades flogged by the sea; he shall glorify Dionysos his kinsman, for his mother once nursed baby Bacchos, since Ino of the sea gave one milk to both Palaimon and Dionysos. I am also the friend of Proteus the Old Man prophetic, who told with a voice out of the deep waters my coming victory on the sea. My Thetis also prepares the daughters of Nereus for war, and in the battle my Ino is arming to help the Bassarids. Aiolos too I will arm for warfare, that I may behold East Wind shooting arrows and North Wind hurling javelins — North Wind goodson of

my champion and the spoiler of the Marathonian bride, South Wind the Ethiopian defender of Lyaïos. West Wind also much more shall destroy the ships of my adversaries with stormy tumult, for he has to wife Iris the messenger of my father Zeus. No, better let bold Aiolos keep away from the battle of Indian and thyrsus and remain in peace and quiet; let him tie up tight his windy bag by its usual cord, that the winds may not be heroes on the deep and slay the Indians with their blasts. I will finish the battle shaking a ship-destroying thyrsus.”

[123] With these words, he armed his confident captains. Already the trumpet was there as harbinger of war, and the pipes of war gave out their battle-rousing tune collecting the army. The stricken shield sounded with bronze-rattling noise for the seafight, and the host-assembling syrinx mingled its piercing tones, and Pan’s answering Echo came from the sea with faint warlike whispers instead of her rocky voice.

[131] Then there was din amongst the fighters, and the noise of clamour arose. The host fought with their accustomed skill, and surrounded all the enemy in ring; the Indian fleet was in the middle girt about with an unbroken circle of ships like a shoal of fish enclosed in a net. Then Aiacos beginning the battle cried aloud with inspired voice this prophecy of the watery strife at Salamis for the descendants of Aiacos:

[138] “If ever, O Zeus of the rains, thou hast heard our voice of prayer, and driven away seedless drought from the broad threshing floors of our country, and brought lifegiving water upon the thirsty land, then give us again an equal boon now at last, and glorify me here also with water! Then men may say when they see our victory, ‘As Zeus showed honour to his son on land, so he shows him honour on the sea.’ Some other man of Achaia may say, ‘Aiacos is both Indian-slayer and lifebringer at once; he both cuts off his enemies’ heads and brings fruit to the furrow, giving joy to Demeter and a merry heart to Dionysos.’ Protect thou the sailing of our ship! As I brought lifegiving water to the hollow of the parched earth, so now I arm this flood from the hollows of the deep to bring death, battling against the armies and ships of Deriades.

[153] “Come, O Father, monarch of life, monarch of battle! Send me an eagle, the auspicious herald of my birth, on the right hand of my captains and your own Dionysos! Let another omen come on the left for my adversaries, and let these two be opposite tokens for both. Let me see the one sailing along with robber’s wing and lifting a huge horned serpent, dead and torn by sharp points of his keen talons, proclaiming the end of my horned enemy: let the other come to my host of adversaries black-hued, with dark wings, foretelling the carnage of the Indians, the black image of self-inflicted death. If it be thy pleasure, foretell my victory with claps of thunder, and send the lightning which lighted the birth of Bromios to honour your son once again with fire, and let thunderbolts strike the helmeted ships of the foe. Yes, Father, remember Aigina, and do not shame the bridegroom ° of thy bride, the lovebird of like feather with this!”

[171] After this prayer, he began the fight; Erechtheus also east up his eye to the heavenly path of the ever-returning Bear, and prayed to his goodson in these words:

[193] “Goodson Boreas, put on your armour, and send a helping blast to your bride’s father in battle! Give victory by sea as the price of your bride! Bring a ship-stirring wind for Bromios’s fleet and grant a boon to Erechtheus and Dionysos alike. For the ships of Deriades, flog the maddened deep into waves with your blast and arm your tempests — for you are well practised in fighting, as one whose habitation is Thrace, well-practised as Ares himself — then drive a stormy wind upon the host of our enemies, arm yourself against Deriades with your icy spear. Raise a hurricane of war against our enemies, shoot the foe with your frozen shafts, and keep faith with Zeus and Pallas and Dionysos. Remember Cecropia with its lovely girls, where the women weave with their shuttle the love-story of your wedding. Honour Ilissos who led the bridal train, when the robber breezes made robbery of your Attic bride, sitting unshaken upon your unmoving shoulder.

[193] “I know that another wind will come to help our adversaries, the East Wind their neighbour: but I fear not bold Euros in battle, because all the winged breezes that blow are servants of Boreas. Let Corymbasos the chief of the Ethiopians never return to the arable land of the south; let him be brought low, although he is helped by his own hot Ethiopian South, let him drink the cold water of death beyond the sea. I care nothing for Zephyros, when Boreas is under arms. Show that you are of one heart with your goodfather. From heaven by your side will come Poseidon fighting for my Bacchiad armies with his trident, and Athena, she helping her countrymen, he his brother’s son; and fiery Hephaistos honouring the blood of Erechtheus will come full welcome to the watery war, swinging a warlike torch against the ships of Deriades. Grant me victory on the sea also, and after victory let Erechtheus take his people home to Cecropia unhurt, and let Athens chant of Boreas and Oreithyia.”

[212] Thus he cried loudly, and fell to the fight on the eddies of the brine with well-skilled spear — as a man of Marathon he was in love with seafighting. In that tumult of many oars Ares was then an excellent mariner, Rout held rudder in hand, Terror was pilot of the fray and threw off the hawsers of the javelinbearing ships.

[218] Troops of Cyclopians navigated the sea, showering rocks from the shore upon the ships; Euryalos shouted the warcry, and Halimedes high as the sky dashed raging into battle with brineblustering tumult. In both armies the sea-battle roared after the conflict on land, while Indian ships charged Bacchic ships with brineblustering yells. There was carnage on both sides, and the waves boiled with gore; a great company fell from both armies, the back of the blue sea grew red with newly-shed blood.

[228] Many on this side and that side fell into the mess of carnage, and navigated the sea swollen and floating. The merciless winds dragged with them the crowds of dead bodies, tossed about by the surge with breezes to

ferry them. Many fell of themselves under the whirlwind of battle, and slipt into the flood, then drank of the bitter brine, for they could not help it, and weighed down with their corselets knew the threads of the Fate who drowned them in the waters. The black water covered the black livid bodies of the swollen dead with seaweed in the depths; slimy mud covered coat of mail and seafaring wearer together; the sea was their grave. Many again had sepulture in the maw of seamonsters, or the darting seal entombed the inanimate corpse in her fishy throat and belched out a stream of brownish blood. The sea took the armour of the dead; the plumed helmet worked loose from the strap and floated upon the water by itself, its owner newly slain; many a round shield swam at random on the flood with soaking sling driven by the gale, and under the surface of the waves masses of red foam bubbled up from the grey brine, marking the spread of white with streaks of blood.

[250] Melicertes also was stained by the drops of gore; Leucothea cried out for joy, she the nurse of Lyaïos, raising a proud neck, and the Nymph crowned her hair with flowers of seaweed for the Indian-slaying victory; and Thetis unveiled peeping up out of the sea, with her hands resting on Doris and Panopeia, turned a gladsome eye towards Dionysos with his thyrsus.

[257] Galatea too came from the depths and moved half visible through the bosom of the deep sea, wrinkling the calm surface, and looking upon the sea-affrighting battle of murderous Cyclops she was shaken, and her cheeks changed colour from fear, for she thought she saw Polyphemos fighting for Lyaïos against Deriades in this Indian War; and in dismay she besought Aphrodite of the sea to protect the heroic son of Poseidon, and she prayed the loving father Seabluehair to defend his son Polyphemos in the battle. The daughters of Nereus gathered round the bearer of the deepsea trident; Earth-shaker the seagod leaning upon his trident watched the neighbouring conflict, and scanning the host of corseleted Dionysos, he observed with jealousy the valour of another Cyclops, and loudly reproached Bacchos for disturbing the waters with battle:

[273] "Bacchos my friend, how many Cyclopians you have brought into your war, and left only one far from the battle! Your conflict has lasted through many cycles, seven years, feeding the varying hopes of endless strife, because all the foremost champions of your great contest lack one, Polyphemos the invincible. If my son the Cyclops had come to your conflict, and brandished the prong of my trident, his father's, then indeed as the ally of Dionysos he would have pierced the chest of horned Deriades on this field — he would have destroyed a great and terrible host with my threetooth, and slain the whole Indian nation in one day! Before this another son of mine with a hundred hands helped your Father to destroy the Titans, Aigaion many arm, when he put Cronos to flight and stretched the farspread legion of his high-climbing arms and shadowed the sun with hair flying high over his neck, so that the grim Titans were driven from Olympos cringing, before the attack of Briareos and all his arms!"

[292] So he spoke, in a tone of grudging jealousy; and Thoosa sank down her cheeks in shame that lovesick Polyphemos was not present in the battle.

[295] But when the end came of this loudblustering conflict, Nereus saw his familiar sea flooded with blood; Earthshaker was amazed at the brownish surface of the deep, as he saw fishes eating men, and the back of the neighbouring sea bridged over dry with the heaps of corpses... The troops of Bacchos poured upon the swarthy people.

[301] There lay an infinite multitude of the enemy, struck down in the fight by swords and sharp arrows. One had a shaft lodged over the flank; one was struck by a bronze spear over the round of his temple, the wound running deep into the cloven head. Great numbers of the farscattered oarsmen on both sides cleft the dark flood with continuous strokes of alternating oars, and whitened it with foam; but the labour of the hurrying oarsmen was in vain, for the commander cut the ropes with his sword and severed with aiding steel the tangled mass of lashings.)

[312] From each army flew straight a shower of long-shafted arrows whizzing unerring through the air. One struck full upon a mast, one ran noisily through a flapping sail quick as the wind, another pierced the forestays, another fell and stuck in the mastbox; an arrow again flying through the air hit the end of the yard which supported the sail, another stuck straight up on the foredeck. Others came near the helmsman, but missed the way in which they had been sent and scraped the top of the moving rudder. Phlogios the famous archer drew a shot through the air, and hit the ship's deck but missed Lyaïos. You could see a winged arrow fly and skim over the sea, then embraced in the feelers of a curling squid. Many missed, but one with Erythraian steel aimed at Dionysos hit a pilot-fish. Corymbasos cast a lance at a Satyr's tail, but the lance missed him and scored the forked tail of a waterfaring fish with its sharp point. Deriades aimed his steel at a target impossible to hit, as he cast at unwounded Dionysos; the deadly point missed Bacchos and got to work on the backbone of a dolphin, where the curving neck of the fish joins the bristling back — the fish leapt of itself in its usual curving course, and already half-dead skipt with the leap of a dancing Fate. On all sides many a fish with pierced back tumbled about in his dance of death.

[340] Steropes also fought in the forefront; Halimedes high uplifted upon his feet grasped the crag of a seaborne cliff and threw it at the foe — astray ship sank, struck by the rounded mass of hard stone. Or again, a spear cast over the sea at close quarters joined ship to ship and coupled the pair together, holding two vessels fast in a common bond, while they were all crushed together in a cloud — great was the clamour on both sides.

[348] The two fleets were engaged in four divisions: one facing the backbone of the scorching East Wind, one by the wing of the rainy Sou'west, one in the region of the North, one in the South. Morrheus with alternating rushes marched kneeswift from ship to ship and scattered the seascared array of

Bassarids, a conquering hero equally on the sea; but Euios wounded him with his thyrsus and checked his valour on the deep — then Morrheus in agony was gone back to the city.

[357] While the divine wound which had got him was being healed by the godly hand of a painquelling Brahman with Apollo's art, who cooed a verbose ditty of solemn incantation, so long the Lydian wargod prevailed against his enemies.

[361] Their assault awoke a new conflict: Enyo went before their sails, and the struggle of the two navies in the brineplashing battle was different. For those of the enemy who were struck by volleys of hard stones, or deadly leaves, or spears or swords, paddled the black water with unaccustomed hands and found a grave in the sea with staggering steps; but if any warrior of Bromios fell stricken into the brine, he darted out his arms and swam cutting the waves with seabattling hands, as he fought the surge with brineblustering noise and cleft water instead of men.

[372] Now Cronion inclined the balance of the sea-fight, preparing a watery victory for Dionysos; Seabluehair armed him with his trident of the deep to fight the foe, and Melicertes madly drove the unwetted car of Poseidon. The winds also rode on four tempests over the sea, armed for the fray and towering up the waves, with a will to destroy the lines of their enemies' ships, these to help Deriades, those Lyaios: Zephyros was ready, Notos whistled against Euros, Boreas brought up his Thracian breeze as a counterblast and flogged the back of the maddened sea. Discord guided the warlike navy of Deriades and led the battle; but Victory filled out the sails of Dionysos with a hand which bore death for the Indians. Nereus pressed his conch of war with dripping lips and boomed a tune through the sea-trumpet, and Thetis shrilled a tune of warlike sound and defended Lyaios with her father's billows.

[391] Eurymedon the Cabeiros lifting his familiar torch invented a useful stratagem of war. He set fire to his own long vessel on purpose; then the vessel was sent adrift bounding over the sea against the enemy at the command of Bacchos. The errant bonfire floated round of itself by wayward turns from ship to ship, and setting alight here and there the long line of far-scattered vessels. The Nereid unveiled seeing the glare of the fire-shotten sea dived into the depths, and fled from liquid fire through burning water.

[402] Then the Indian host left the sea and retreated to the land; and Phaethon laughed, because Ares in the seafight had fled again before the fire of Hephaistos, as once before he fled from his chains. And Deriades when he saw the flame, fast as the wind fled to the land, wagging his knees too quick to catch, as he tried to escape the watery assault of seafighting Dionysos.

BOOK XL

The fortieth has the Indian chief wounded, and how Dionysos visited Tyre, the native place of Cadmos.

YET he escaped not allseeing Justice, nor the inflexible threads of Fate herself the inexorable Spinner. No — Pallas Athena beheld him in flight, for she sat on a headland high over the sea, and watched the Indians contending in their battle on the sea. Down from the height she leapt, and put on the shape of a man, the form of Morrheus; and, all to please Dionysos, she checked Deriades, cajoling the Indian chieftain with mindstealing whispers. As if anxious about the conflict, she poured out words of affright in reproachful tones:

!"You flee, Deriades! Whom have you left in charge of the seafight? How can you show yourself to the people? Or how will you look in the face of dauntless Orsiboe, if she hears that Deriades is in flight and will not stand before women? Have respect for manbreaking Cheirobie, let her not see you shrinking from fight with Lyaïos unarmed — why, she held a furious spear, she heaved up an oxhide and fought the Bassarids following her husband! Give place, please, to Morrheus — you have left the field, and if you please, I will be champion myself and destroy that weakling Bacchos. I call you good-father no more, you, a runaway — let your girl Cheirobie find another husband: for I am ashamed — I will leave your city and migrate to the Median country, I will go to Scythia, that I may not be called your goodson.

[25] "But you will say 'My wife is well armed, she understands warfare!' There are Amazons about Caucasos, and many women are there far better champions than Cheirobie. There I will carry off a strong one for my bed, captive of my spear, to wed me without brideprice, if I like. For I will never receive into my bridechamber your daughter, whose father is a fugitive from the battle!"

[31] With this reproach she persuaded proud Deriades, and gave him courage again, that he might be struck down by the mandestroying thyrsus of warring Bromios. He knew not that it was deceitful Athena before him; he heard the reproachful voice of the pretended Morrheus, and bold again, spoke comforting words with shamed lips:

[37] "Spare your words. Why do you reproach me, fearless Morrheus? No soldier is this, no soldier, who is always changing shape. Indeed I am at a loss who it is I am fighting and whom I strike. Eager to shoot Dionysos with a feathered arrow, or to cut through his neck with a sword, or desiring to cast a spear and pierce his belly — instead of Lyaïos I find a speckled panther charging upon me.... A lion is fighting and I hasten to shear his neck, and I see a bold horrible serpent instead of a lion — I attack, and instead of a serpent I behold a bear's back — I cast my furious spear at the curving neck, but in

vain I hurl the long shaft, for instead of a bear appears a flame flickering up into the air uninjured! I see a boar rushing and I hear a bull's bellow, instead of the boar I see a bull lowering his head sideways and stabbing our elephants with flashing horns. I swing my sword against all sorts of beasts, and cannot overcome that one beast. I behold a tree and take aim, but it is off and I see a spout of water curving into the path of the sky. Therefore I tremble at the bewitched miracles of his art, and shrink from the changeable warfare of Dionysos. But I will confront Bromios again, until I lay bare the cunning enchantments of Dionysos the botcher of guile!"

[61] He spoke, and a second time armed himself, wild as before; again the uproar of battle rose on the plain — there after the seafight he met Dionysos in arms. He had forgotten the former victory of Bromios, when his neck was entangled in leafy bonds and he offered his prayers of many supplications to Bacchos, who saw it all. Again he was a soldier fighting against the gods; doubtful only whether to kill or make Bromios a slave. Thrice he cast a spear, and missed, striking nothing but air; but when the fourth time in his arrogance Deriades rushed upon wineface Bacchos, and cast his spear through the air at a mark which could not be hit, he called his goodson to help him — and Morrheus was no longer to be seen, but Athena had changed her deceptive shape and stood beside the vinegod. Deriades saw her, and his knees trembled with overwhelming fear: he understood that the human shape which bore the likeness of Morrheus was all a deception, and recognized the deluding trick of wise Athena. But Dionysos was glad when he saw Athena, and knew in his heart that she had been helping him in disguise.

[82] Then the grapy deity was maddened with anger. He rose lofty and huge, like the rock of Parnassos, and pursued swiftrunning Deriades; he raced off light and quick as the hurrying winds, but when they reached the place where ancient Hydaspes rolled his warbreeding water in wild bubbling waves, he stood immense on the river bank as having now an ally, his father, roaring loud, to shoot with his waters against Dionysos in battle: there the vine-deity cast his fleshcutting thyrsus and just grazed the skin of Deriades. Struck with the mandestroying ivy bunch he slipt headfirst into his father's flood, and bridged all that water himself with his long frame.

[96] Now the long Indian War was ended, the gods returned again to Olympos with Zeus the Lord of all; the Bacchants cheered in triumph around Dionysos the invincible, crying Euoi for the conflict, and many thronged round Deriades piercing him everywhere with their spears.

[101] Orsiboe wailed on the battlements with a loud lamentable dirge, sorrowing for her husband who lay so newly slain; she scratched her cheeks with her fingernails in sorrow, and heedlessly tore out bunches of her curling hair, and poured smoking ashes on her head. Cheirobie lamented for her dead father, and scored her black arms, rent her white robe and bared all her breast; Protonoe unshod tore her cheeks and smeared her face all over with dirty dust, weeping for both husband and father, with twofold agony, and cried in tones

of sorrow —

[113] “Husband, how young you have lost your life! You have left me a widow in the house ere I have borne a child, no baby son I have to console me! I never saw my husband come home a second time after victory, but he slew himself with his own steel, and gave his name to the stream, and died among strangers, that I should have to call the watery Orontes my husband, childless, self-slain, never returned! I wail for both Deriades and Orontes, both perished by one watery fate: Deriades the death of many men was buried in the wave, the flood swallowed Orontes. But I am not like my mother; for Orsiboe sang her hymn over her daughters’ weddings accomplished, she saw the marriage of Protonoe, she received Orontes as goodson, she joined Cheirobie to an unconquered husband, whom Bacchos trembled at great as he is; Cheirobie has her dear husband alive, no thyrsus, no flood has brought him down — but I it seems doubly suffer, my husband gone and my father perished.

[131] “Cease to comfort your child, my nurse, all in vain. Let me have my husband, and I will not bewail my father; show me a child to console me for my husband’s loss! Who will take me and bring me to the broad stream of Hydaspes, that I may kiss the wave of that honeydropping river? Who will take me and bring me to the sacred vale of Daphne, that I may embrace Orontes even in the waters? O that I too could be a lovely stream! O that I might also become a fountain there, watered by my own tears, a watery bride where my husband dead rolls his beautiful waters! Then I shall be like Comaitho, who in olden days was enamoured of a lovely river and still has the joy of holding Cydnos her husband in her arms, as I hear is a favourite story among those Cilician men. So says Morrheus my goodbrother. But I am not like runaway Periboia; I will not pass charming Orontes whom I love, I will not draw back my winding water and avoid a watery spouse. If it was not ordained that I should die near his neighbour Daphne, may Hydaspes my father’s father drown me in his waves, and save me from sleeping in the arms of a horned Satyr, and seeing Phrygian revels, rattling their cymbals in my hands, joining their sportive rites; that I may not see Maonia and Tmolos, the house of Lyaïos or the all-burdensome yoke of slavery; that men may not say —’ The daughter of Deriades the spearbold king, taken captive after the war, is now a servant to Dionysos.’”

[158] When she had finished the women groaned piteously with her, those who had lost a son or a brother, whose fathers were dead or husband untimely taken, with the down on his chin. And Cheirobie tore the hair from her head and scored her cheeks; she was tormented by double sorrow, and she groaned not so much for her father as she was indignant against her husband, for she had heard the enamoured passion of her husband and the delusive guile of chaste Chalcomedeia. She rent her dress and spoke:

[167] “By sparing his spear Morrheus killed my father, and no one avenged his death. For desire of that hateful Chalcomede he did not rout the women on

the field — nay, he still shows favour to the Bassarids. Tell me, Fates; what jealousy destroyed the Indian city? What jealousy came down suddenly upon both daughters of Deriades? Dying on the battlefield, Orontes made his wife Protonoe a widow to mourn uncared-for; Cheirobie still living was repudiated by her husband. And I have more cruel things to suffer than my sister. Protonoe had a husband who defended her that nursed him; Cheirobie had a husband who destroyed his country, a useless warrior, the lackey of Cyprogeneia, a strong man unstable, a partisan of Lyaïos. Even my marriage was my enemy, for the Indian city was sacked because my Morrheus fell in love. I was robbed of my father for my husband's sake; I so proud once, and daughter of a king, I once the mistress of the Indians, I too shall be one of the servants; perhaps I shall be so unhappy as to give the title of mistress to Chalcomedeia the serf! Traitor Morrheus, to-day India is your home; to-morrow unbidden you will go to the Lydian land, a menial of Dionysos because of Chalcomedes's beauty. Husband Morrheus, make no secret of your union with Chalcomedes; for you fear no longer the threatening tongue of Deriades. Begone! the serpent calls you back, the one that chased you away with hisses from the wedding which you failed to force!"

[194] Thus lamented the wife with heavy tears, and Protonoe wailed a second time. Their mother rested an arm on each and dolorously cried —

[197] "The hopes of our country have perished! No longer I see Deriades my husband, no longer Orontes my son. Deriades is dead; the city of the Indians is plundered. The unbreakable citadel of my country has fallen: would that I myself may be taken by Bacchos and slain with my dead husband! May he seize and cast me into the swift-flowing Hydaspes, for I refuse the earth. Let my goodfather's water receive me, may I see Deriades even in the waters; may I not see Protonoe following Dionysos perforce, may I never hear another piteous groan from Cheirobie while she is dragged to a captive wedlock; may I not see another husband after Deriades, my man. May I dwell with the Naiads, since Seabluehair received Leucothea also living and she is called one of the Nereids; and may I appear another watery Ino, no longer white, but blackfooted." °

[213] Such were the lamentations of the longrobed women, standing in a row upon the loud-echoing battlements.

[215] But the Bacchoi rattled their cymbals, having now made an end of warring, and they cried with one voice: "We have won great glory! we have slain the Indian chieftain!"

[218] And Dionysos laughed aloud, trembling with the joy of victory. Now resting from his labours and the bloody contest, he first gave their due to the crowd of unburied dead. He built round the pyre one vast tomb for all alike with a wide bosom, a hundred feet long. Round about the bodies the melodious Mygdonian syrinx sounded their dirge, and the Phrygian pipers wove their manly tune with mournful lips, while the Bacchant women danced and Ganyctor trolled his dainty song with Euian voice. The double

Berecynthia pipes in the mouth of Cleochos drooned a gruesome Libyan lament, one which long ago both Sthenno and Euryale with one manythroated voice sounded hissing and weeping over Medusa newly gashed, while their snakes gave out voice from two hundred heads, and from the lamentations of their curling and hissing hairs they uttered the “manyheaded dirge of Medusa.”

[234] Now resting from his labours, he cleansed his body with water, and assigned a governor for the Indians, choosing the godfearing Modaios; they now pacified touched one table with banqueting Bacchoi over a common bowl, and drank the yellow water from the winebreeding river. There was dancing without end. Many a Bassarid skipt about, tapping the floor with wild slipper; many a Satyr stormed the resounding ground with heavy foot, and revelled with side-trippings of his tumbling feet as he rested an arm on the neck of some maddened Bacchant. The foot-soldiers of Bromios danced round with their oxhides and mimicked the pattern of the shieldbearing Corybants, wildly circling in the quick dance under arms. The horsemen in their glancing helmets also stood up for the dance, acclaiming the all vanquishing victory of Dionysos. Not a soul was silent — the Euian tones went up to the sevenzone sky with shouts of triumph from every tongue.

[251] But when the revels of the carefree feast were over, and Dionysos had gathered all the spoil after his Indian War, he remembered the land of his ancient home, now he had swept away the foundations of that seven years' conflict. The whole wealth of the enemy was given to the army as their plunder. One got an Indian jasper, one the jewel of Phoibos's patterned sapphire and the smooth green emerald; another hurried under the lofty peaks of broad-based Imaios the straight-legged elephants which he had captured by his spear. Here was one by the deepcaverned mountain of Hemodos driving to exile a team of Indian lions, in triumph; there was another pulling a panther to the Mygdonian shore with a chain fast about its neck. A Satyr rushed along with a striped tiger before him, which he flogged in his wild way with a handful of tipling-leaves. Another returned with a gift for his Cybeleid bride, the fragrant plants of seagrown reeds and the shining stone which is the glory of the Erythraian brine. Many a blackskin bride was dragged out of her chamber by the hair, her neck bound fast under the yoke of slavery, spoil of war along with her newly wedded husband. The Bacchant woman god-possessed returned to the hills of Tmolos with hands full of streaming riches, chanting Euoi for the return of Dionysos.

[275] So Dionysos distributed the spoils of battle among his followers, after the Indian War, and sent returning home the whole host who had shared his labours. The people made haste to go, laden with shining treasures of the Eastern sea and birds of many strange forms. Their return was a triumphal march with universal acclaim to Dionysos the invincible; all revelled, for they left behind them all memory of that toilsome war, to blow away with the north wind, and each came returning home at last with his thank-offerings for

victory. Asterios alone did not now return to his own country; instead, he settled near the foot-unwashed Bears, about the river Phasis in a cold land by the Massagetic Gulf, where he dwelt under the snowburdened feet of his father's father, Tauros the Bull, translated to the stars. He avoided the Cnossian city and the sons of his family, hating Pasiphae and his own father Minos, and preferring Scythia to his own country. But Bacchos, followed only by his Satyrs and the Indianslaying Bacchant women, after a war in the Caucasos beside the Amazonian River, visited Arabia the second time, where he stayed and taught the Arabian people who knew not Bacchos to uplift the mystic fennel, and crowned the Nysian hills with the vineclusters of his fruitful plant.

[298] Leaving the long stretch of Arabia with its deep-shadowy forests he measured the Assyrian road on foot, and had a mind to see the Tyrian land, Cadmos's country; for thither he turned his tracks, and with stuffs in thousands before his eyes he admired the manycoloured patterns of Assyrian art, as he stared at the woven work of the Babylonian Araehne; he examined cloth dyed with the Tyrian shell, shooting out sea-sparklings of purple: on that shore once a dog busy by the sea, gobbling the wonderful lurking fish with joyous jaws, stained his white jowl with the blood of the shell, and reddened his lips with running fire, which once alone made scarlet the sea-dyed robes of kings.

[311] He was delighted to see that city, which Earth-shaker surrounded with a liquid girdle of sea, not wholly, but it got the shape which the moon weaves in the sky when she is almost full, falling short of fullness by one point. And when he saw the mainland joined to the brine, he felt a double wonder, since Tyre lies in the brine, having her own share in the land but joined with the sea which has joined one girdle with the three sides together. Unshakable, it is like a swimming girl, who gives to the sea head and breast and neck, stretching her arms between under the two waters, and her body whitened with foam from the sea beside her, while she rests both feet on mother earth. And Earthshaker holding the city in a firm bond floats all about like a watery bridegroom, as if embracing the neck of his bride in a splashing arm.

[327] Still more Bacchos admired the city of Tyre; where alone the herdsman's way was near the fisherman, and he kept company with his piping along the shore, and goatherd with fisher again when he drew his net, and the glebe was cleft by the plow while opposite the oars were cutting the waters. Shepherds near the seaside woods gossiped in company [with boatmen, fisher with] woodmen, and in one place was the loud noise of the sea, the lowing of cattle, the whispering of leaves, rigging and trees, navigation and forest, water, ships, and lugger, plowtail, sheep, reeds, and sickle, boats, lines, sails, and corselet. As he surveyed all this, he thus expressed his wonder:

[338] "How's this — how do I see an island on the mainland? If I may say so, never have I beheld such beauty. Lofty trees rustle beside the waves, the Nereid speaks on the deep and the Hamadryad hears hard by. A delicate

breeze of the south breathes from Lebanon upon Tyrian seas and seaside plowland, pouring a breath of wind which fosters the corn and speeds the ships at once, cools the husbandman and draws the seaman to his voyage. Here harvesthome Deo brings the sickle of the land close to the trident of the deep, and speaks to the monarch of the wet, who drives his car unwetted upon the soundless calm, while she asks him to guide her rival car on the same course, and herself whips the bounteous backs of her aerial dragons. O world-famous city, image of the earth, picture of the sky! You have a belt of sea grown into one with your three sides!"

[353] So he spoke, and wandered through the city casting his eyes about. He gazed at the streets paved with mosaic of stones and shining metals; he saw the house of Agenor his ancestor, he saw the courtyards and the women's apartments of Cadmos; he entered the ill-guarded maiden chamber of Europe, the bride stolen long ago, and thought of his own horned Zeus. Still more he wondered at those primeval fountains, where a stream comes pouring out through the bosom of the earth, and after one hour plenty of water bubbles up again with flood self-produced. He saw the creative stream of Abarbaree, he saw the lovely fountain named after Callirhoe, he saw the bridal water of Drosera herself spouting daintily out.

[366] But when he had noted all this and gratified his curiosity, he went revelling to the temple of the Starclad and there called loudly upon the leader of the stars in mystic words:

[369] "Starclad Heracles, lord of fire, prince of the universe! O Helios, longshadowed shepherd of human life, coursing round the whole sky with shining disk and wheeling the twelvemonth lichtgang the son of Time! Circle after circle thou drivest, and from thy car is shaped the running lifespace for youth and age! Nurse of wise birth, thou bringest forth the threefold image of the motherless Moon, while dewy Selene milks her imitative light from thy fruitful beam, while she fills in her curving bulls-horn. Allshining Eye of the heavens, thou bringest in thy four-horse chariot winter following autumn, and changest spring to summer. Night pursued by thy shooting torch moves and gives place, when the first morning glimpse comes of thy straightnecked steeds drawing the silver yoke under thy lashes; when thy light shines, the varied heavenly meadow no longer shines brighter dotted with patterns of bright stars. From thy bath in the waters of the eastern Ocean thou shakest off the creative moisture from thy cool hair, bringing the fruitful rain, and discharging the early wet of the heavenly dew upon the prolific earth. With thy disk thou givest increase to the growth of harvest, irrigating the bounteous corn in the life-nourishing furrows.

[392] "Belos on the Euphrates, called Ammon in Libya, thou art Apis by the Nile, Arabian Cronos, Assyrian Zeus! On thy fragrant altar, that thousand-year-old wise bird the phoenix lays sweetsmelling woods with his curved claw, bringing the end of one life and the beginning of another; for there he is born again, self-begotten, the image of equal time renewed — he sheds old

age in the fire, and from the fire takes in exchange youthful bloom. Be thou called Sarapis, the cloudless Zeus of Egypt; be thou Cronos, or Phaethon of many names, or Mithras the Sun of Babylon, in Hellas Delphic Apollo; be thou Gamos, whom Love begat in shadowy dreams, fulfilling the deceptive desire of a mock union, when from sleeping Zeus, after he had sprinkled the damp seed over the earth with the self-wedding point of the sword, the heights brought forth by reason of the heavenly drops; be thou painquelling Paieon, or patterned Heaven; be thou called the Starclad, since by night starry mantles illuminate the sky — O hear my voice graciously with friendly ears!"

[411] Such was the hymn of Dionysos. Suddenly in form divine the Starclad flashed upon him in that dedicated temple. The fiery eyes of his countenance shot forth a rosy light, and the shining god, clad in a patterned robe like the sky, and image of the universe, with yellow cheek sparkling and a starry beard, held out a hand to Lyaïos, and entertained him with good cheer at a friendly table. He enjoyed a feast without meatcarving, and touched nectar and ambrosia: why not indeed, if he did drink sweet nectar, after the immortal milk of Hera? Then he spoke to the Starclad in words full of curiosity:

[423] "Inform me, Astrochiton, what god built this city in the form of a continent and the image of an island? What heavenly hand designed it? Who lifted these rocks and rooted them in the sea? Who made all these works of art? Whence came the name of the fountains? Who mingled island with mainland and bound them together with mother sea?"

[428] He spoke, and Heracles satisfied him with friendly words:

[429] "Hear the story, Bacchos, I will tell you all. People dwelt here once whom Time, bred along with them, saw the only agemates of the eternal universe, holy offspring of the virgin earth, whose bodies came forth of themselves from the unplowed unsown mud. These by indigenous art built upon foundations of rock a city unshakable on ground also of rock. Once on their watery beds among the fountains, while the fiery sun was beating the earth with steam, they were resting together and plucking at the Lethean wing of mind-rejoicing sleep. Now I cherished a passion of love for that city; so I took the shadowed form of a human face, and stayed my step overhanging the head of these earthborn folk, and spoke to them my oracle in words of inspiration:

[443] "'Shake off idle sleep, sons of the soil! Make me a new kind of vehicle to travel on the brine. Clear me this ridge of pinewoods with your sharp axes and make me a clever work. Set a long row of thickset standing ribs and rivet planks to them, then join them firmly together with a wellfitting bond — the chariot of the sea, the first craft that ever sailed, which can heave you over the deep! But first let it have a long curved beam running from end to end to support the whole, and fasten the planks to the ribs fitted about it like a close wall of wood. Let there be a tall spar upright in the middle held fast with stays. Fasten a wide linen cloth to the middle of the pole with twisted ropes on each side. Keep the sail extended by these ropes, and let it belly out to the

wind of heaven, pregnant by the breeze which carries the ship along. Where the newfitted timbers gape, plug them with thin pegs. Cover the sides with hurdles of wickerwork to keep them together, lest the water leak through unnoticed by a hole in the hollow vessel. Have a tiller as guide for your craft, to steer a course and drive you on the watery path with many a turn — twist it about everywhere as your mind draws you, and cleave the back of the sea in your wooden hull, until you come to the fated place, where driven wandering over the brine are two floating rocks, which Nature has named the Ambrosial Rocks.

[469] ““On one of them grows a spire of olive, their agemate, selfrooted and joined to the rock, in the very midst of the waterfaring stone. On the top of the foliage you will see an eagle perched, and a well-made bowl. From the flaming tree fire selfmade spits out wonderful sparks, and the glow devours the olive tree all round but consumes it not. A snake writhes round the tree with its highlifted leaves, increasing the wonder both for eyes and for ears. For the serpent does not creep silently to the eagle flying on high, and throw itself at him from one side with a threatening sweep to envelop him, nor spits deadly poison from his teeth and swallows the bird in his jaws; the eagle himself does not seize in his talons that crawler with many curling coils and carry him off high through the air, nor will he wound him with sharptoothed beak; the flame does not spread over the branches of the tall trunk and devour the olive tree, which cannot be destroyed, nor withers the scales of the twining snake, so close a neighbour, nor does the leaping flame catch even the bird’s interlaced feathers. No — the fire keeps to the middle of the tree and sends out a friendly glow: the bowl remains aloft, immovable though the clusters are shaken in the wind, and does not slip and fall.

[493] ““You must catch this wise bird, the highflying eagle agemate of the olive, and sacrifice him to Seabluehair. Pour out his blood on the seawandering cliffs to Zeus and the Blessed. Then the rock wanders no longer driven over the waters; but it is fixed upon immovable foundations and unites itself bound to the free rock. Found upon both rocks a builded city, with quays on two seas, on both sides.’

[501] “Such was my prophetic message. The Earthborn awaking were stirred, and the divine message of the unerring dreams still rang in the ears of each. I showed yet another marvel after the winged dreams to these troubled ones, indulging my mood of founding cities, myself destined to be City-holder: out of the sea popped a nautilus fish, perfect image of what I meant and shaped like a ship, sailing on its voyage selftaught. Thus observing this creature so like a ship of the sea, they learnt without trouble how to make a voyage, they built a craft like to a fish of the deep and imitated its navigation of the sea. Then came a voyage: with four stones of an equal weight they trusted their balanced navigation to the sea, imitating the steady flight of the crane; for she carries a ballast-stone in her mouth to help her course, lest the wind should beat her light wings aside as she flies. They went on until they saw that place,

where the rocks were driven by the gales to navigate by themselves.

[521] “There they stayed their craft beside the seagirt isle, and climbed the cliffs where the tree of Athena stood. When they tried to catch the eagle which was at home on the olive tree, he flew down willingly and awaited his fate. The Earthborn took their winged prey inspired, and drawing the head backwards they stretched out the neck free and bare, they sacrificed with the knife that selfsurrendered eagle to Zeus and the Lord of the waters. As the sage bird was sacrificed, the blood of prophecy gushed from the throat newly cut, and with those divine drops rooted the seafaring rocks at the bottom near to Tyre on the sea; and upon those unassailable rocks the Earthborn built up their deepbreasted nurse.

[535] “There, Lord Dionysos, I have told you of the soilbred race of the Earthborn, selfborn, Olympian, that you might know how the Tyrian breed of your ancestors sprang out of the earth. Now I will speak of the fountains. In the olden days they were chaste maidens primeval, but hot Eros was angered against their maiden girdles, and drawing a shaft of love he spoke thus to the marriage-hating nymphs: ‘Naiad Abarbarie, so fond of your maidenhood, you too receive this shaft, which nature has felt. Here I will build Callirhoe’s bridechamber, here I will sing Drosera’s wedding hymn — But you will say, Mine is a watery race, I came selfborn from the streams, and my nurse was a fountain. — Yes, Clymene was a Naiad, and the offspring of Oceanos; but she yielded to wedlock, she also was a bride, when she saw Seabluehair the mighty a lackey of Eros, and shaken with the passion of Cypris. Primeval Oceanos, who commands all rivers and waters, knows love for Tethys and a watery wedding. Make the best of it, and endure as Tethys did. Another sprung from the sea so great and not from a little fountain, Galateia, has desire for melodious Polyphemos; the deepsea maiden has a husband from the land, she migrates from sea to land, enchanted by the lute. Fountains also have known my shafts. I need not teach you of love in the waters; you have heard of the watery passion of Syracusan Arethusa, that lovestricken fountain; you have heard of Alpheios, who in a watery bower embraces the indwelling nymph with watery hands. You — the offspring of a fountain — why are you pleased with the Archeress? Artemis did not come from the water like Aphrodite. Tell that to Callirhoe, do not hide it from Drosera herself. You ought rather to please Cypris, because she herself bent her neck to Eros even though she is nurse of the loves. Accept the stings of desire, and I will call you by birth one waterwalking, by love sister of Aphrodite.’ So he spoke; and from his backbent bow let fly three shots. Then in that watery bower he joined in love sons of the soil to the Naiads, and sowed the divine race of your family.”

[574] So much Heracles leader of heaven said to Bacchos in pleasant gossip. He was delighted at heart by the tale, and offered to Heracles a mixing-bowl of gold bright and shining, which the art of heaven had made; Heracles clad Dionysos in a starry robe.

[579] Then Bacchos left the Starclad god, cityholder of Tyre, and went on to another district of Assyria.

BOOK XLI

The forty-first tells how Aphrodite bore Amymone a second Cypris to the son of Myrrha.

ALREADY he had planted in the earth the clustering vintage of his glorious fruit under the beetling crags of Lebanon, and intoxicated all the winebearing bottoms of the land. He saw the wedding-chamber of Paphia; there with newgrown shoots of the gardenvine he roofed a deep-shaded grove, then presented the viny gift to Adonis and Cythereia. There was also a troop of Graces; and from the luxuriant coppice high leapt the ivy in his girdle of cultivated vine, and climbed aloft embracing the cypress.

[10] Come now, ye Muses of Lebanon on the neighbouring land of Beroe, that handmaiden of law! recite the lay of Amymone, the war between Cronides of the deep and well-besung Lyaïos, the war of waters and the strife of the vine.

[13] There is a city Beroe, the keel of human life, harbour of the Loves, firmbased on the sea, with fine islands and fine verdure, with a ridge of isthmus narrow and long, where the rising neck between two seas is beaten by the waves of both. On one side it spreads under the deepwooded ridge of Assyrian Lebanon in the blazing East, and there comes for its people a lifesaving breeze, whistling loud and shaking the cypress trees with fragrant winds. There the ancient shepherd shared his domain and made his music along with the fisherman; there was the dwelling of the farmers, where often near the woodland, Deo sickle in hand met Pan playing on his pipes; and the husbandman bending his neck over the plowpole, and showering the corn behind him into the newcut furrows with backturned wrist, the bowed plowman gripping his yoke of bulls, had converse with his neighbour the shepherd along the foothills of the woodland pasture. The other part by the seas the city possesses, where she offers her breast to Poseidon, and her watery husband embraces the girl's pregnant neck with wet arm, putting moist kisses on the bride's lips; his bedfellow in her well-accustomed bosom accepts Poseidon's familiar bride-gifts from his hand out of the deep, the sea-bred flocks of the waters, the fishes of many colours for her banqueting-table, which dance on the table of Nereus in the brine, in the region of the Bear, where the northerly coast receives the deep waves into its long channel. About the southern neck of this delightful country sandy roads lead to the southern hills and the Sidonian land, where are all manner of trees and vines thick with foliage in the gardens, and a highway stretches that no traveller can miss, overshadowed with long leafy branches. The sea bending its course beats on the shore about the darkfaced west, while the bight of Libya is fanned by the dewy whistle of Zephyros as he rides with shrill-sounding heel over the western channels, where is a flowery land, where nurseries bloom hard by the

sea, and the fragrant forest pervaded by humming winds sings from its leafy trees.

[51] Here dwelt a people agemates with the Dawn, whom Nature by her own breeding, in some unwedded way, begat without bridal, without wedding, fatherless, motherless, unborn: when the atoms were mingled in fourfold combination, and the seedless ooze shaped a clever offspring by commingling water with fiery heat and air, and quickened the teeming mud with the breath of life. To these Nature gave perfect shape: for they had not the form of primeval Cecrops, who crawled and scratched the earth with snaky feet that spat poison as he moved, dragon below, but above from loins to head he seemed a man half made, strange in shape and of twyform flesh; they had not the savage form of Erechtheus, whom Hephaistos begat on a furrow of Earth with fertilizing dew; but now first appeared the golden crop of men brought forth in the image of the gods, with the roots of their stock in the earth. And these dwelt in the city of Beroe, that primordial seat which Cronos himself builded, at the time when invited by clever Rheia he set that jagged supper before his voracious throat, and having the heavy weight of that stone within him to play the deliverer's part, he shot out the whole generation of his tormented children. Gaping wide, he sucked up the storming flood of a whole river, and swallowed it in his bubbling chest to ease his pangs, then threw off the burden of his belly; so one after another his pregnant throat pushed up and disgorged his twiceborn sons through the delivering channel of his gullet.

[77] Zeus was then a child, still a baby methinks; not yet the lightning flashed and cleft the hot clouds with many a dancing leap, not yet bolts of Zeus were shot to help in the Titans' war, not yet the rainy sound of thunderclaps roared heavily with bang and boom through colliding clouds: but before that, the city of Beroe was there, which Time with her first appearing saw when born together with her agemate Earth. Tarsos the delight of mankind was not then, Thebes was not then, nor then was Sardis where the bank of Pactolos sparkles with opulent ooze disgorged, Sardis agemate of Helios. The race of men was not then, nor any Achaian city, nor yet Arcadia itself which came before the moon. Beroe alone grew up, older than Phaethon, from whom Selene got her light, even before all the earth, milking out from Helios the shine of his newmade brightness upon her allmothering breast and the later perfected light of unresting Selene Beroe first shook away the cone of darkling mist, and threw off the gloomy veil of chaos. Before Cyprus and the Isthmian city of Corinth, she first received Cypris within her welcoming portal, newly born from the brine; when the water impregnated from the furrow of Uranos was delivered of deepsea Aphrodite; when without marriage, the seed plowed the flood with male fertility, and of itself shaped the foam into a daughter, and Nature was the midwife — coming up with the goddess there was that embroidered strap which ran round her loins like a belt, set about the queen's body in a girdle of itself. Then the goddess, moving through the water along the quiet shore, ran out, not to Paphos, not to Byblos,

set no foot on land by the dry beach of Colias, even passed by Cythera's city itself with quicker circuit: aye, she rubbed her skin with bunches of seaweed and made it purpler still; paddling with her hands she cleft the birthwaters of the waveless deep, and swam; resting her bosom upon the sea she struck up the silent brine, marking it with her feet, and kept her body afloat, and as she cut through the calm, pushed the water behind her with successive thrusts of her feet, and emerged at Beroe. Those footsteps of the goddess coming out from the sea are all lies of the people of Cyprus.

[119] Beroe first received Cypris; and above the neighbouring roads, the meadows of themselves put out plants of grass and flowers on all sides; in the sandy bay the beach became ruddy with clumps of roses, the foamy stone teemed with sweetsmelling wine and brought forth purple fruit on its rocky bosom, a shadowing shower of dew with the liquor of the winepress,... a white rill bubbled with milky juice: the fragrant breeze wafted upwards the curling vapours of scent, selfspread, and intoxicated the paths of the air. There, as soon as she was seen on the brows of the neighbouring harbourage, she brought forth Mild Eros, first seed and beginning of generation, quickening guide of the system of the universe; and the quickleg boy, kicking manfully with his lively legs, hastened the hard labour of that body without a nurse, and beat on the closed womb of his unwedded mother; then a hot one even before birth, he shook his light wings and with a tumbling push opened the gates of birth. Thus quickly Eros leapt into his mother's gleaming arms, and pounced at once upon her firm breasts spreading himself over that nursing bosom. Untaught he yearned for his food; he bit with his gums the end of the teat never milked before, and greedily drank all the milk of those breasts swollen with the pressure of the lifegiving drops.

[143] O Beroe, root of life, nurse of cities, the boast of princes, the first city seen, twin sister of Time, coeval with the universe, seat of Hermes, land of justice, city of laws, bower of Merryheart, house of Paphia, hall of the Loves, delectable ground of Bacchos, home of the Archeress, jewel of the Nereids, house of Zeus, court of Ares, Orchomenos of the Graces, star of the Lebanon country, yearsmate of Tethys, running side by side with Oceanos, who begat thee in his bed of many fountains when joined in watery union with Tethys — Beroe the same they named Amymone when her mother brought her forth on her bed in the deep waters!

[155] But there is a younger legend, that her mother was Cythereia herself, the pilot of human life, who bore her all white to Assyrian Adonis. Now she had completed the nine circles of Selene's course carrying her burden: but Hermes was there in time on speedy foot, holding a Latin tablet which was herald of the future. He came to help the labour of Beroe, and Themis was her Eileithyia — she made a way through the narrow opening of the swollen womb for the child, and unfolded the wrapping, and lightened the sharp, pang of the ripening birth, with Solon's laws in hand. Cypris under the oppression of her travail leaned back heavily against the ministering goddess, and in her

throes brought forth the wise child upon the Attic book, as the Laconian women bring forth their sons upon the round leather shield. She brought forth her newborn child from her motherly womb with Hermes the Judge to help as man-midwife. So she brought the baby into the light. The girl was bathed by the four Winds, which ride through all cities to fill the whole earth with the precepts of Beroe. Oceanos, first messenger of the laws for the newborn child, sent his flood for the childbed round the loins of the world, pouring his girdle of water in an everflowing belt. Time, his coeval, with his aged hands swaddled about the newborn girl's body the robes of Justice, prophet of things to come; because he would put off the burden of age, like a snake throwing off the rope-like slough of his feeble old scales, and grow young again bathed in the waves of Law. The four Seasons struck up a tune together, when Aphrodite brought forth her wonderful daughter.

[185] The beasts were wild with joy when they learnt of the Paphian's child safely born. The lion in playful sport pressed his mouth gently on the bull's neck, and uttered a friendly growl with pouting lips. The horse rattled off, scraping the ground with thuds of galloping feet, as he beat out a birthday tune. The spotted panther leaping on high with bounding feet capered towards the hare. The wolf let out a triumphal howl from a merry throat and kissed the sheep with jaws that tore not. The hound left his chase of the deer in the thickets, now that he felt a passion strange and sweet, and danced in tripping rivalry with the sportive boar. The bear lifted her forefeet and threw them round the heifer's neck, embracing her with a bond that did no hurt. The calf bending again and again in sport her rounded head, skipt up and licked the lioness's body, while her young lips made a half-completed moo. The serpent touched the friendly tusks of the elephant, and the trees uttered a voice.

[204] With calm face ever-smiling Aphrodite rang out her unfailing laugh, when she saw the birthday games of the happy beasts. She turned her round eyes delighted in all directions; only the boars she would not watch in their pleasures, for being a prophet she knew, that in the shape of a wild boar, Ares with jagged tusk and spitting deadly poison was destined to weave fate for Adonis in jealous madness.

[212] Virgin Astraia, nurse of the whole universe, cherisher of the Golden Age, received Beroe from her mother into the embrace of her arms, laughing, still a babe, and fed her with wise breast as she babbled words of law. With her virgin milk, she let streams of statutes gush into the baby's lips, and dropt into the girl's mouth the sweet produce of the Attie bee; she pressed the bee's riddled travail of many cells, and mixed the voiceful comb in a sapient cup. If the girl thirsting asked for a drink, she gave the speaking Pythian water kept for Apollo, or the stream of Ilissos, which is inspired by the Attic Muse when the Pierian breezes of Phoibos beat on the bank. She took the golden Cornstalk from the stars, and entwined it in a cluster to put round the girls neck like a necklace. The dancing maidens of Orchomenos, handmaids of the Paphian, drew from the horsehoof fountain of imagination, dear to the nine

Muses, delicate water to wash her.

[230] Beroe grew up, and coursed with the Archeress, carrying the nets of her hunter sire. She had the very likeness of her Paphian mother, and her shining feet. When Thetis came up out of the sea to skip with snowy dancing foot, she saw another silverfoot Thetis, and hid in shame, fearing the raillery of Cassiopeia once again. Zeus perceiving another unwedded maiden of Assyria, was fluttered again and wished to change his form: certainly he would have carried the burden of love in bull's form again, skimming away with his legs in the water, paddling along, bearing the woman unwetted on his back, had he not been held back by the memory of that Sidonian bullhorned wedding, and had not the Bull of Olympos, Europa's bridegroom, bellowed from out the stars with jealous throat, to think that he might set up there a new star of seafaring amours and make the image of a rival bull in the sky. So he left Beroe, who was destined for a watery bridal, as his brother's bedfellow, for he wished not to quarrel with Earth-shaker about a mortal wife.

[250] Such was Beroe, flower of the Graces. If ever the girl uttered her voice trickling sweeter than honey and the honeycomb, winning Persuasion sat ever upon her lips and enchanted the clever wits of men whom nothing else could charm. Her laughing eyes outshone all the company of her young Assyrian agemates as they shot their shafts of love, with brighter graces, like the moon at the full, when showering her cloudless rays and hiding the stars. Her white robes falling down to the girl's feet showed the blush of her rosy limbs. There is no wonder in that, even if she had such fairness beyond her young yearsmates, since bright over her countenance sparkled the beauties of both her parents.

[263] Then Cypris saw her: pregnant with prophetic intelligence she sent her imagination wandering swiftly round, and driving her mind to wander about the whole earth surveyed the foundations of the brilliant cities of ancient days. She saw how Mycene girt about with a garland of walls by the Cyclopan masons took the name of twinkle-eye Mycene; how Thebes beside the southern Nile took the name of primeval Thebe; and she decided to design a city named after Beroe, being possessed with a passion to make her city as good as theirs. She observed there the long column of Solon's Laws, that safeguard against wrong, and turned aside her eye to the broad streets of Athens, and envied her sister the just Judge. With hurrying shoe, she whizzed along the vault of heaven to the hall of Allmother Harmonia, where that nymph dwelt in a house, self-built, shaped like the great universe with its four quarters joined in one. Four portals were about that stronghold standing proof against the four winds. Handmaids protected this dwelling on all sides, a round image of the universe: the doors were allotted — Antolia was the maid who attended the East Wind's gate; at the West Wind's was Dysis the nurse of Selene; Mesembrias held the bolt of the fiery South; Arctos the Bear was the servant who opened the gate of the North, thick with clouds and sprinkled with hail.

[288] To that place went Charis, fellow-voyager with the Foamborn, and running ahead she knocked at the eastern gate of Euros. As the rap came on the saffron portal of sunrise, Astynomeia an attendant ran up from within; and when she saw Cypris standing in front of the gatehouse of the dwelling, she went with returning feet to inform her mistress beforehand. She was then busy at Athena's loom, weaving a patterned cloth with her shuttle. In the robe she was weaving, she worked first Earth as the navel in the midst; round it she balled the sky dotted with the shape of stars, and fitted the sea closely to the embracing earth; she embroidered also the rivers in a green picture, shaped each with a human face and bull's horns; and at the outer fringe of the wellspun robe she made Ocean run all round the world in a loop. The maid came up to the woman's loom, and announced that Aphrodite stood before the gatehouse. When the goddess heard, she dropt the threads of the robe and threw down the divine shuttle from her hands busy at the loom. Quickly she wrapped a snow-white ° The names mean Rising, Setting, She of Midday. robe about her body, and brighter than the gold took her place on her usual seat to await Cythereia. As soon as Aphrodite appeared in the distance, she leapt from her throne to show due respect. Eurynome in her long robe led the Paphian to a seat near her mistress; Harmonia the Nurse of the world saw the looks and dejected bearing of Cypris that showed her distress, and comforted her in friendly tones:

[315] "Cythereia, root of life, seedsower of being, midwife of nature, hope of the whole universe, at the bidding of your will the unbending Fates do spin their complicated threads! [Tell me your trouble.]"

[318] [She replied] : "... Reveal to your questioner, and tell me, as nourisher of life, nurse of immortals, as coeval with the universe your agemate; which of the cities has the organ of sovereign voice? which has reserved for it the unshaken reins of troublesolving Law? I joined Zeus in wedlock with Hera his sister, after he had felt the pangs of longlasting desire and desired her for three hundred years: in gratitude he bowed his wise head, and promised as a worthy reward for the marriage that he would commit the precepts of Justice to one of the cities allotted to me. I wish to learn whether the gift is reserved for land of Cyprus or Paphos or Corinth, or Sparta whence Lycurgos came, or the noblemen's country of my own daughter Beroe. Have a care then for Justice, and grant harmony to the world, you who are Harmonia the saviour of life! For I was sent here in haste by the Virgin of the Stars herself, the nurse of law-abiding men; and what is more, law-loving Hermes has passed on this honour to me, that I alone by enforcing the laws of marriage may preserve the men whom I have sown."

[338] To these words of hers the goddess replied with an encouraging speech:

[339] "Be of good cheer, fear not, mother of the Loves! For I have oracles of history on seven tablets, and the tablets bear the names of the seven planets. The first has the name of revolving Selene; the second is called of Hermes, a

shining ° tablet of gold, upon which are wrought all the secrets of law; the third has your name, a rosy tablet, for it has the shape of your star in the East; the fourth is of Helios, central navel of the seven travelling planets; the fifth is called Ares, red and fiery; the sixth is called Phaethon, the planet of Cronides; the seventh shows the name of highmoving Cronos. Upon these, ancient Ophion has engraved in red letters all the divers oracles of fate for the universe. But since you ask me about the directing laws, this prerogative I keep for the eldest of cities. Whether then Arcadia is first or Hera's city, whether Sardis be the oldest, or even Tarsos celebrated in song be the first city, or some other, I have not been told. The tablet of Cronos will teach you all this, which first arose, which was coeval with Dawn."

[360] She spoke; and led the way to the glorious oracles of the wall, until she saw the place where Ophion's art had engraved in ruddy vermilion on the tablet of Cronos the oracle to be fulfilled in time about Beroe's country. "Beroe came the first, coeval with the universe her agemate, bearing the name of the nymph later born, which the colonizing sons of the Ausonians, the consular lights of Rome, shall call Berytos, since here fell a neighbour to Lebanon...

[368] Such was the word of prophecy that she learnt. But when the deity had scanned the prophetic beginning of the seventh tablet, she looked at the second, where on the neighbouring wall many strange signs were engraved with varied art in oracular speech: how first shepherd Pan will invent the syrinx, Heliconian Hermes the harp, tender Hyagnis the music of the double pipes with their clever holes, Orpheus the streams of mystic song with divine voice, Apollo's Linos eloquent speech; how Arcas the traveller will find out the measures of the twelve months, and the sun's circuit which is the mother of the years brought forth by his fourhorse team; how wise Endymion with changing bends of his fingers will calculate the three varying phases of Selene; how Cadmos will combine consonant with vowel and teach the secrets of correct speech; how Solon will invent inviolable laws, and Cecrops the union of two yoked together under the sacred yoke of marriage made lawful with the Attic torch.

[385] Now the Paphian, after all these manifold wonders of the Muse, scanned the various deeds of the scattered cities; and on the written tablet which lay in the midst on the circuit of the universe, she found these words of wisdom inscribed in many lines of Grecian verse:

[389] "When Augustus shall hold the sceptre of the world, Ausonian Zeus will give to divine Rome the lordship, and to Beroe he will grant the reins of law, when armed in her fleet of shielded ships she shall pacify the strife of battlestirring Cleopatra. For before that, citysacking violence will never cease to shake citysaving peace, until Berytos the nurse of quiet life does justice on land and sea, fortifying the cities with the unshakable wall of law, one city for all cities of the world."

[399] Then the goddess, having learnt all the oracles of Ophion, returned to

her own house. She placed her own goldwrought throne beside the place where her son sat, and throwing an arm round his waist, with quiet countenance opened her glad arms to receive the boy and held the dear burden on her knees; she kissed both his lips and eyes, touched his mind-bewitching bow and fingered the quiver, and spoke in feigned anger these cunning words:

[408] “You hope of all life! You cajoler of the Foamborn! Cronion is a cruel tyrant to my children alone! After nine full months of hard travail I brought forth Harmonia, suffering the bitter pangs of painful childbirth; and now she suffers all sorts of grief and tribulation. But Leto has borne Artemis Eileithyia, the Lady of Travail, the ally of womankind. You Amymones brother, son of the same mother, need not to be told how I got my blood from brine and ether; but I would perform a worthy deed, and being born of heaven, I will plant heaven on earth beside the sea my mother. Come then — for your sisters beauty draw your bow and bewitch the gods, or say, shoot one shaft and hit with the same shot Poseidon and vinegod Lyaïos, Blessed Ones both. I will give you a gift for your long shot which will be a proper wage worthy of your feat — I will give you the marriage harp of gold, which Phoibos gave to Harmonia at the door of the bridal chamber; I will place it in your hands in memory of a city to be, that you may be not only an archer, but a harpist, just like Apollo.”

BOOK XLII

*The forty-second web I have woven, where I celebrate a delightful love of
Bacchos and the desire of Earthshaker.*

HE obeyed her request; treading on Time's heels hot Love swiftly sped, plying his feet into the wind, high in the clouds scoring the air with winged step, and carried his flaming bow; the quiver too, filled with gentle fire, hung down over his shoulder. As when a star stretches straight with a long trail of sparks, a swift traveller through the unclouded sky, bringing a portent for a warhost or some sailor man, and streaks the back of the upper air with a wake of fire — so went furious Eros in a swift rush, and his wings beat the air with a sharp whirring sound that whistled down from the sky. Then near the Assyrian rock he united two fiery arrows on one string, to bring two wooers into like desire for the love of a maid, rivals for one bride, the vinegod and the ruler of the sea.

[17] Meanwhile one came from the deep waters of the sea-neighbouring roadstead, and one left the land of Tyre, and among the mountains of Lebanon the two met in one place. Maron loosed the panther sweating from the yoke of his awful car, and brushed off the dust and swilled the beasts with water of the fountain, cooling their hot scarred necks. Then Eros came quickly up to the maiden hard by, and struck both divinities with two arrows. He maddened Dionysos to offer his treasures to the bride, life's merry heart and the ruddy vintage of the grape; he goaded to love the lord of the trident, that he might bring the sea-neighbouring maid a double lovegift, seafaring battle on the water and varied dishes for the table. He set Bacchos more in a flame, since wine excites the mind for desire, and wine finds unbridled youth much more obedient to the rein when it is charmed with the prick of unreason; so he shot Bacchos and drove the whole shaft into his heart, and Bacchos burnt, as much as he was charmed by the trickling honey of persuasion. Thus he maddened them both; and in the counterfeit shape of a bird circling his tracks in the airy road as swift as the rapid winds, he rose with paddling feet, and cried these taunting words: "If Dionysos confounds men with wine, I excite Bacchos with fire!"

[40] The vinegod turned his eye to look, and scanned the tender body of the longhaired maiden, full of admiration the conduit of desire; his eye led the way and ferried the newborn love. Dionysos wandered in that heart rejoicing wood, secretly fixing his careful gaze on Beroe, and followed the girls path a little behind. He could not have enough of his gazing; for the more he beheld the maid standing there, the more he wanted to watch. He called to Helios, reminding the chief of stars of his love for Clymene, and prayed him to hold back his car and check the stalled horses with the heavenly bit, that he might prolong the sweet light, that he might go slow to his setting and with sparing

whip increase the day to shine again. Pressing measured step by step in Beroe's tracks the god passed round her as if noticing nothing; while Earthshaker stole from Lebanon with lingering feet, and departed with steps slow to obey, turning again and again, his mind shifting like the sea and rippling with billows of ever-murmuring care.

[60] Unsated, in the delicious forests of Lebanon, Dionysos was left alone beside the lonely girl. Dionysos was left alone! Tell me, Oreiad Nymphs, what could he wish for more lovely than to see the maiden's flesh, alone, and free from lovesick Earth-shaker? He kissed with a million kisses the place where she set her foot, creeping up secretly, and kissed the dust where the maiden had trod making it bright with her shoes of roses. Bacchos watched the girl's sweet neck, her ankles as she walked, beauty which nature had given her, the beauty which nature had made: for no ruddy ornament for the skin had Beroe smeared on her round rosy face, no meretricious rouge put a false blush on her cheeks. She consulted no shining mirror of bronze with its reflection a witness of her looks, she laughed at no lifeless form of a mimic face to estimate her beauty, she was not for ever arranging the curls over her brows, and setting in place some stray wandering lock of hair by her eyebrows with cunning touch. But the natural beauties of a face confound the desperate lover with far sharper sting, and the untidy tresses of an unbedizened head are all the more dainty, when they stray unbraided down the sides of a snow-white face.

[89] Sometimes athirst when beaten by the heat of the fiery Dog of heaven, the girl sought out a neighbouring spring with parched lips; the girl bent down her curving neck and stooped her head, dipping a hand again and again and scooping the water of her own country to her mouth, until she had enough and left the rills. When she was gone, Dionysos would bend his knee to the lovely spring, and hollow his palms in mimicry of the beloved girl: then he drank water sweeter than selfpoured nectar. And the unshod deep-bosomed nymph of the spring, seeing him struck by the sting of desire, would say:

[100] "Cold water to drink, Dionysos, is of no use to you; for all the stream of Oceanos cannot quench the thirst of love. Ask your own father! Europa's bridegroom traversed that wide gulf and yet did not quench the fire of longing, but he suffered still more on the waters. Witness wandering Alpheios, whom you see the servant of waterfaring love, in that trailing water through water in all those floods he escaped not hot love, though he was a watery traveller!"

[108] So said the unveiled Naiad, and laughed at Lyaios, diving into her spring, which had one colour with her body. And the god grudging at Poseidon ruler of the waves felt fear and jealousy, since the maiden drank water and not wine. He uttered his voice to the unhearing air, as if the girl were there to hear and obey:

[114] "Maiden, accept the nectar — leave this water that maidens love! Avoid the water of the spring, lest Seabluehair steal your maidenhood in the water — for a mad lover and a crafty one he is! You know the love of

Thessalian Tyro ° and her wedding in the waters; then you too take care of the crafty flood, lest the deceiver loose your girdle just as the wedding-thief Enipeus did. O that I also might become a flood, like Earthshaker, and murmuring might embrace my own Tyro of Lebanon, thirsty and careless beside the lovestricken spring!”

[124] So the god spoke; and changing his form for another he plunged into the shady thicket where the maiden was, Euios wholly like a hunter; in a new and unknown aspect he joined the softhaired unyoked maid, like a youth, moulding a false image of modesty with steady looks on his face. Now he surveyed the peak of a lonely rock, now he spied into the long-branching trees on the uplands, turning an eager eye on a pine or again inspecting a fir-tree, or an elm — but with cautious countenance and stolen glances he watched the girl so close to him, lest she should turn and run away; for beauty and the eyes of a girl of his own age have little consolation to a lad who gazes at her for the loves which the Cyprian sends.

[138] He came near to Beroe and would have spoken a word, but fear held him fast. God of jubilation, where is your manslaying thyrsus? Where your frightful horns? Where the green snaky ropes of earthfed serpents in your hair? Where is your heavy-booming bellow? See a great miracle — Bacchos trembling before a maid, Bacchos before whom the tribes of the giants trembled! Love’s fear has conquered the destroyer of giants. He mowed down all that warmad nation of the Indians, and he fears one weak lovely girl, fears a tender woman. On the mountains he quieted the terrifying roar of lions with his beast-ruling fennel, and he trembled before a woman’s threat. A word strayed into his trembling mouth to the tip of his tongue close behind the lips — it came from his heart and crept back to his heart again, but the bittersweet fear held it in shamefast silence, and drew back the voice, as it tried to issue into the light. Too late he spoke, and hardly then, when he burst the chain of shame from his lips and undid the procrastinating silence, and asked Beroe in a voice of pretence,

[158] “Artemis, where are your arrows? Who has stolen your quiver? Where did you leave the tunic you wear, just covering the knees? Where are those boots quicker than the whirling wind? Where is your company in attendance? Where are your nets? Where your fleet hounds? You are not making ready for chase of the pricket, for you do not wish to hunt where Cypris is sleeping beside Adonis.”

[164] So he spoke, feigning astonishment, and the maiden smiled in her heart; she lifted a proud neck in unsuspecting pleasure, rejoicing in her youthful freshness, because she, a mortal woman, was likened to a goddess in beauty, and did not see the trick of mindconfusing Dionysos. But Bacchos was yet more affected, because the girl in her childish simplicity knew not desire; he wished she might learn his own overpowering passion, since when the girl knows, there is always hope for the lad that love will come at last, but when women do not notice, man’s desire is only a fruitless anxiety.

[175] Thus day after day, midday and afternoon, morning and evening, the god lingered in the pine-wood, waiting for the girl and ever willing to wait; for men can have enough of all things, of sweet sleep and melodious song, and when one turns in the moving dance — but only the man mad for love never has enough of his longing; Homer's book did not tell the truth!

[182] Dionysos suffered and moaned in silence, struck with the divine whip, stewing the hidden wound of love in his restless heart. As an ox goes scampering over the flats past the well-know swarm of hillranging bulls, driven from the herd when a gadfly has pierced his hide with sharp sting under the leafy trees unnoticed: how small the sting that strikes, how vast the bulk of the routed beast! he lifts the tail straight over his back and lashes back, bends and scratches his chine on the rocks, and darts a sharp horn at his side striking only the unwounded elastic air — so Dionysos, crowned so often with victory, was pricked by little Love and his allbewitching sting.

[196] At length, seeking a sweet medicine for love, he disclosed to bushybreasted Pan in words full of passion the unsleeping constraint of his desire, and craved advice to defend him against love. Horned Pan laughed aloud, when he heard the firebreathing torments of Bacchos, but, a luckless lover himself, heartbroken he pitied one unhappy in love, and gave him love-advice; it was a small alleviation of his own love to see another burnt with a spark from the same quiver:

[205] "We are companions in suffering, friend Bacchos, and I pity your feelings. How comes it that bold Love has conquered you too? If I dare to say so, Eros has emptied his quiver on me and Dionysos! But I will tell you the multifarious ways of deception in love.

[209] "Every woman has greater desire than the man, but shamefast she hides the sting of love, though mad for love herself; and she suffers much more, since the sparks of love become hotter when women conceal in their bosoms the piercing arrow of love. Indeed, when they tell each other of the force of desire, their gossip is meant to soothe the pain and deceive their voluptuous longings. And you, Bacchos, must wear a deceptive blush of pretended shame to carry your love along. You must keep an unsmiling countenance as if through modesty, and stand beside Beroe as if by mere chance. Hold your nets in hand, and look at the rosy girl with pretended amazement, praising her beauty; say that not Hera has the like, call the Graces less fair, find fault with the good looks of both Artemis and Athena, tell Beroe she is more brilliant than Aphrodite. Then the girl when she hears your feigned faultfinding, stands there more delighted with your praise; more than mountains of gold she would hear about her rosy comeliness, how her beauty surpasses all the friends of her youth. Charm the maiden to love with a meaning silence. Let your eyelids move, send wink and beck towards her. Open your hand and slap your brow without mercy, and show your feigned amazement by prudent silence. You will say, fear restrains you in the presence of a modest maid; tell me, what will a lonely girl do to you? She shakes no

spear, she draws no shaft with that rosy hand; the girl's weapons are those eyes which shoot love, her batteries are those rose-red girlish cheeks. For lovegifts to be treasures for your bride, do not display the Indian jewel, or pearls, as is the way of mad lovers; for to get love, your own handsome shape is enough — to touch your beautiful body is what women want, not gold!

[243] “I need no other testimony — what gifts did Selene take from softhaired Endymion? What love-gift did Adonis produce for Cypris? Orion gave no silver to Dawn; Cephalos provided no delectable wealth; but the only one it seems who did offer handsome gifts was Hephaistos, being lame, to make up for his unattractive looks, and then he failed to persuade Athena — his birthdelivering axe did not help him, but he missed the goddess he wanted.

[251] “But there is a stronger charm for wedded union, which I will teach you if you like. Twang the lyre which was dedicated to your Rheia, the delicate treasure of Cypris beside the winecup. Pour out the varied sounds together, voice and striker! Sing first Daphne, sing the erratic course of Echo, and the answering note of the goddess who never fails to speak, for these two despised the desire of gods. Yes, and sing also of Pitys who hated marriage, who fled fast as the wind over the mountains to escape the unlawful wooing of Pan, and her fate — how she disappeared into the soil herself; put the blame on the Earth! Then she may perhaps lament the sorrows and the fate of the wailing nymph; but you must let your heart rejoice in silence, as you see the honey-sweet tears of the sorrowing maid. No laugh was ever like that, since women become more desirable with that ruddy flush when they mourn. Sing Selene madly in love with Endymion, sing the wedding of graceful Adonis, sing Aphrodite herself wandering dusty and unshod, and tracking her bridegroom over the hills. Beroe will not run away from you when she hears the honeyhearted lovestories of her home. There you have all I can tell you, Bacchos, for your unhappy love! Now you tell me something to charm my Echo.”

[274] Having said his say, he dismissed the son of Thyone comforted. Then Dionysos put on a serious look, the trickster! and questioned the maiden about her father Adonis, as a friend of his, as a fellow-hunter among the hills. She stood still, he brought a longing hand near her breast, and stroked her belt as if not thinking what he did: but touching her breast, the lovesick god's right hand grew numb. Once in her childlike way, the girl asked the son of Zeus beside her who he was and who was his father. With much ado he found an excuse, when he saw before the portals of Aphrodite the vineyard and the bounteous harvest of the land, the dewy meadow and all the trees; and in the cunning of his mind, he made as if he were a farm-labourer and spoke of wedding in words that meant more than they said:

[282] “I am a countryman of your Lebanon. If it is your pleasure, I will water your land, I will grow your corn. I understand the course of the four Seasons. When I see the limit of autumn is here, I will call aloud—’ Scorpion is rising with his bounteous plenty, he is the herald of a fruitful furrow, let us yoke

oxen to the plow. The Pleiads are setting: when shall we sow the fields? The furrows are teeming, when the dew falls on land parched by Phaethon.' And in the showers of winter when I see Arcturos close to the Arcadian wain, I will exclaim—' At last thirsty Earth is wedded with the showers of Zeus.' As the spring rises up, I will cry out in the morning—' Your flowers are blooming, when shall I pluck lilies and roses? Just look how the iris has run over the neighbouring myrtle, how narcissus laughs as he leaps on anemone!' And when I see the grapes of summer before me I will cry—' The vine is in her prime, ripening without the sickle: Maiden, your sister has come — when shall we gather the grapes? Your wheatear is grown big and wants the harvest; I will reap the crop of corn-ears, and I will celebrate harvest home for your mother the Cyprus - born instead of Deo.'

[303] "Accept me as your labourer to help on your fertile lands. Take me as planter for your Foam-born, that I may plant that lifebringing tree, that I may detect the half-ripe berry of the tame vine and feel the newgrowing bud. I know how apples ripen; I know how to plant the widespreading elm too, leaning against the cypress. I can join the male palm happily with the female, and make pretty saffron, if you like, grow beside bindweed. Don't offer me gold for my keep; I have no need of wealth — my wages will be two apples and one bunch of grapes of one vintage."

[313] All this he said in vain; the girl answered nothing, for she understood nothing of the mad lover's long speech.

[315] But Eiraphiotes thought of trick after trick. He took the hunting-net from Beroe's hands and pretended to admire the clever work, shaking it round and round for some time and asking the girl many questions—" What god made this gear, what heavenly art? Who made it? Indeed I cannot believe that Hephaistos mad with jealousy made hunting-gear for Adonis!"

[322] So he tried to bewilder the wits of the girl who would not be so charmed. Once it happened that he lay sound asleep on a bed of anemone leaves; and he saw the girl in a dream decked out in bridal array. For what a man does in the day, the image of that he sees in the night; the herdsman sleeping takes his horned cattle to pasture; the huntsman sees nets in the vision of a dream; men who work on the land plow the fields in sleep and sow the furrow with corn; a man parched at midday and possessed with fiery thirst is driven by deceiving sleep to a river, to a channel of water. So Dionysos also beheld the likeness of his troubles, and let his mind go flying in mimic dreams until he was joined to her in a wedding of shadow. He awoke — and found no maiden, and wished once again to slumber: he carried away the empty largess of that short embrace, as he slept on the leaves of the anemone which perishes so soon. He reproached the dumb leaves there spread; and sorrowfully prayed to Sleep and Love and Aphrodite of the evening, all at once, to let him see the same vision of a dream once more, longing for the deceptive phantom of an embrace. Bacchos often slept near the myrtle and never dreamt of marriage. But sweet pain he did feel; and limb-relaxing Dionysos found his own limbs

relaxed by lovestricken cares.

[346] In company with Beroe's father, the son of Myrrha, he showed his hunting-skill. He cast his thyrsus, and wrapt himself in the dappled skins of the newslain fawns, ever with his eye secretly on Beroe; as he stood, the maiden covered her bright cheeks with her robe, to escape the wandering eye of Dionysos. She made him burn all the more, since the servants of love watch shamefast women more closely, and desire more strongly the covered countenance.

[355] Once he caught sight of the unyoked girl of Adonis alone, and came near, and changed his human form and stood as a god before her. He told her his name and family, the slaughter of the Indians, how he found out for man the vine-dance and the sweet juice of wine to drink; then in loving passion he mingled audacity with a boldness far from modesty, and his flattering voice uttered this ingratiating speech:

[363] "Maiden, for your love I have even renounced my home in heaven. The caves of your fathers are better than Olympus. I love your country more than the sky; I desire not the sceptre of my Father Zeus as much as Beroe for my wife. Your beauty is above ambrosia; indeed, heavenly nectar breathes fragrant from your dress! Maiden, when I hear that your mother is Cypris, my only wonder is that her cestus has left you uncharmed. How is it you alone have Love for a brother, and yet know not the sting of love? But you will say Brighteyes had nothing to do with marriage; Athena was born without wedlock and knows nothing of wedlock. Yes, but your mother was neither Brighteyes nor Artemis. Well, girl, you have the blood of Cypris — then why do you flee from the secrets of Cypris? Do not shame your mother's race. If you really have in you the blood of Assyrian Adonis the charming, learn the tender rules of your sire whose blessing is upon marriage, obey the cestus girdle born with the Paphian, save yourself from the dangerous wrath of the bridal Loves! Harsh are the Loves when there's need, when they exact from women the penalty for love unfulfilled.

[383] "For you know how Syrinx disregarded fiery Cythera, and what price she paid for her too-great pride and love for virginity; how she turned into a plant with reedy growth substituted for her own, when she had fled from Pan's love, and how she still sings Pan's desire! And how the daughter of Ladon, that celebrated river, hated the works of marriage and the nymph became a tree with inspired whispers, she escaped the bed of Phoibos but she crowned his hair with prophetic clusters. You too should beware of a god's horrid anger, lest hot Love should afflict you in heavy wrath. Spare not your girdle, but attend Bacchos both as comrade and bedfellow. I myself will carry the nets of your father Adonis, I will lay the bed of my sister Aphrodite.

[396] "What worthy gifts will Earthshaker bring? Will he choose his salt water for a bridegift, and lay sealskins breathing the filthy stink of the deep, as Poseidon's coverlets from the sea? Do not accept his sealskins. I will provide you with Bacchantes to wait upon your bridechamber, and Satyrs for your

chamberlains. Accept from me as bridegift my grape-vintage too. If you want a wild spear also as daughter of Adonis, you have my thyrsus for a lance — away with the trident's tooth! Flee, my dear, from the ugly noise of the neversilent sea, flee the madness of Poseidon's dangerous love! Seabluehair lay beside another Amydone, but after the bed the wife became a spring of that name. He slept with Scylla, and made her a cliff in the water. He pursued Asterie, and she became a desert island; Euboia the maiden he rooted in the sea. This creature woos Amydone just to turn her too into stone after the bed; this creature offers as gift for his wedding a drop of water, or seaweed from the brine, or a deepsea conch. And I, distressed for your beauty as I stand here, what have I for you, what gifts shall I offer? The daughter of golden Aphrodite needs no gold. Shall I bring you heaps of treasure from Alybe? Silverarm cares not for silver! Shall I bring you gleaming gifts from brilliant Eridanos? Your beauty, your blushing whiteness, puts to shame all the wealth of the Heliades; the neck of Beroe is like the gleams of Dawn, it shines like amber, [outshines] a sparkling jewel; your fair shape makes precious marble cheap. I would not bring you the lampstone blazing like a lamp, for light comes from your eyes. I would not give you roses, shooting up from the flowercups of a rosy cluster, for roses are in your cheeks."

[429] Such was his address; and the girl pressed the fingers of her two hands into her ears to keep the words away from her hearing, lest she might hear again another speech concerned with love, and she hated the works of marriage. So she made trouble upon trouble for lovestricken Lyaïos. What is more shameless than love, or when women avoid men who yearn with the heart-eating maddening urge of desire, and only make them more passionate by their modesty? The love within them is doubled when a maiden flees from a man.

[438] So he was flogged by the maddening cestus of desire; and he kept away from the girl, but full of bittersweet pangs, he sent his mind to wander a-hunting with the girl with ungirt tunic. Then out from the sea came Poseidon, moving his wet footsteps in search of the girl over the thirsty hills, a foreign land to him, and sprinkling the unwatered earth with watery foot; and as he hasted along the fertile slope of the woodland, the topmost peaks of the mountains shook under the movement.... He espied Beroe, and from head to foot he scanned her divine young freshness while she stood. Clear through the filmy robe he noted the shape of the girl with steady eyes, as if in a mirror; glancing from side to side he saw the shining skin of her breasts as if naked, and cursed the jealous bodice wrapt about in many folds which hid the bosom, he ran his lovestricken eye round and round over her face, he gazed never satisfied on her whole body. Then mad with passion Earth-shaker lord of the brine appealed in his trouble to Cythereia of the brine, and tried with flattering words to make friends with the maiden standing beside the country flock:

[459] "One woman outshines all the lovely women of Hellas! Paphos is celebrated no longer, nor Lesbos, Cyprus no longer has a name as mother of

beauty; no longer will I sing Naxos which the singers call isle of fair maids; yes, even Lacedaimon is worsted for children and childbirth! No more Paphos, no more Lesbos — the land of the rising sun, Amymone's nurse, has plundered all the glory of Orchomenos, for one single Grace of her own! For Beroe has appeared a fourth grace, younger than the three!

[468] "Maiden, leave the land. That is just, for your mother grew not from the land, she is Aphrodite daughter of the brine. Here is my infinite sea for your bridegift, larger than earth. Hasten to challenge the consort of Zeus, that men may say that the lady of Cronides and the wife of Earthshaker hold universal rule, since Hera has the sceptre of snowy Olympos, Beroe has gotten the empire of the sea. I will not provide you with mad-eyed Bassarids, I will give you no dancing Satyr and no Seilenos, but I will make Proteus chamberlain of your marriage-consummating bed, and Glaucos shall be your underling — take Nereus too, and Melicertes if you like; and I will call murmuring Oceanos your servant, broad Oceanos girdling the rim of the eternal world. I give you as a bridal gift all the rivers together for your attendants. If you are pleased to have waiting maids also, I will bring you the daughters of Nereus; and let Ino the nurse of Dionysos be your chambermaid, whether she likes it or not!"

[486] Thus he pleaded, but the maiden was angry and would not listen; so he left her, pouring out his last words into the air —

[488] "Happy son of Myrrha, you have got a fine daughter, and now a double honour is yours alone; you alone are named father of Beroe and bridegroom of the Foamborn."

[491] Thus Earthshaker was flogged by the blows of the cestus; but he offered many gifts to Adonis and Cythereia, bride gifts for the love of their daughter. Dionysos burning with the same shaft brought his treasures, all the shining gold that the mines near the Ganges had brought forth in their throes of labour; earnestly but in vain he made his petition to Aphrodite of the sea.

[497] Now Paphia was anxious, for she feared both wooers of her much wooed girl. When she saw equal desire and ardour of love in both, she announced that the rivals must fight for the bride, a war for a wedding, a battle for love. Cypris arrayed her daughter in all a woman's finery, and placed her upon the fortress of her country, a maiden to be fought for as the dainty prize of contest. Then she addressed both gods in the same words:

[506] "I could wish had I two daughters, to wed one as is justly due to Earthshaker, and one to Lyaïos; but since my child was not twins, and the undefiled laws of marriage do not allow us to join one girl to a pair of husbands together change and change about, let battle be chamberlain for one single bride, for without hard labour there is no marriage with Beroe. Then if you would wed the maid, first fight it out together; let the winner lead away Beroe without brideprice. Both must agree to an oath, since I fear for the girl's neighbouring city where I am known as Cityholder, that because of Beroe's beauty I may lose Beroe's home. Make treaty before the marriage, that seagod

Earthshaker if he lose the victory shall not in his grief lay waste the land with his trident's tooth; and that Dionysos shall not be angry about Amymone's wedding and destroy the vineyards of the city. And you must be friends after the battle: both be rivals in singlehearted affection, and in one contract of goodwill adorn the city of the bride with still more brilliant beauty."

[526] The wooers agreed to this proposal. Both took a binding oath, by Cronides and Earth, by Sky and the floods of Styx; and the Fates formally witnessed the bargain. Then Strife grew greater to escort the Loves, and Turmoil also; Persuasion the handmaid of marriage, armed them both. From heaven came all the dwellers on Olympos, with Zeus, and stayed to watch the combat upon the rocks of Lebanon.

[534] Then appeared a great portent for lovestricken Dionysos. A stormswift falcon was in chase of a feeding pigeon; he drooped his breeze-impregnated wings, when suddenly an osprey caught up the pigeon from the ground and flew to the deep, holding the bird high in gentle talons. When Dionysos beheld this, he cast away hope of victory; nevertheless he entered the fray. Father Cronion was pleased with the contest of these two, as he watched from on high the match between his brother and his son with smiling eye.

BOOK XLIII

Look again at the forty-third, in which I sing a war of the waters and a battle of the vine.

So battlestirring Ares, who leads the channel for Love, shouted the warcry to prepare for the bridal combat. Enyo laid the foundations of the war for a wedding; and lusty Hymenaios was he that kindled the quarrel for Earthshaker and Dionysos — he danced into the battle, holding the bronze pike of Amyclaiian Aphrodite, while he drooned a tune of war on a Phrygian hoboy. For King of Satyrs and Ruler of the Sea, a maiden was the prize. She stood silent, but reluctant to have a foreign wedding with a wooer from the sea; she feared the watery bower of love in the deep waves, and preferred Bacchos: she was like Deianeira, who once in that noisy strife for a bride preferred Heracles, and stood there fearing the wedding with a fickle bullhorn River.

[16] Heaven unclouded by its own spinning whirl trumpeted a call to war; and Seabluehair armed himself with his Assyrian trident, shaking his maritime pike and pouring a hideous din from a mad throat. Dionysos threatening the sea danced into the fray with vineleaves and thyrsus, seated in the chariot of his mother mountainranging Rheia; and round the rim of the Mygdonian car was a vine self-grown, which covered the whole body of Bacchos, and girdled its overshadowing clusters under entwined ivy. A lion shaking his neck entwined under the yokestrap scratched the earth's surface with sharp claw, as he let out a harsh roar from snarling lips. An elephant slowly advanced to a spring hard by, striking straight into the ground his firm unbending leg, lapped the rainwater with parched lips and dried up the stream; and as the waters became bare earth, he drove elsewhere the Nymph of the spring thirsty and uncovered.

[34] Meanwhile, the lord of the waters prepared for conflict. There was confusion among the Nereids; the deities of the waters came from the stretches of the sea to form array. Poseidon's house, the water of the sea, was flogged with long bunches of leaves; the caverns of the mountains were shaken by the trident, and the vines of Lebanon were rooted up. With wild leaps the Thyiades threw themselves upon a herd of black cattle of Poseidon's, feeding near the sea. One with a touch cut through the back of a glaring bull, another sheared off from its forehead the two stiff projecting horns, one pierced the belly with destroying thyrsus, another slit the whole side of the creature: halfdead the bull sank down and rolled helpless on his back on the ground — as he rolled in the dust with these fresh wounds, one pulled off his hind legs, one tugged at the forefeet, and threw up the two hooves tumbling over and over straight up in the air.

[52] Then Dionysos mustered his captains, and made five divisions for the watery conflict. The first line was led by him of the vine, Cilician Oineus, son

of Ereuthalion, whom he begat near the Tauros of Phyllis, in the open air. The second was led by blackhair Helicaon, a blond man with rosy cheeks, and long curls of hair hanging down over his neck. Oinopion led the third, Staphylos stood before the fourth, two sons of a tippling sire, Oinomaos; Melantheus was captain of the fifth, an Indian chief and the son of Oinone the Ivy-nymph: his mother had wrapt her boy in leafy tips of the sweet-smelling vine for swaddlings, and bathed her son in the winepress teeming with strong drink. Such was the host armed with missiles of ivy which followed Bacchos the vinegod; and when he had armed them, Bacchos called to the host in stirring tones:

[70] "Fight, Bassarids! When Lyaïos is under arms, let my pipes of horn strike up a warlike tune, answering the booming sound of the conch, let the cymbals of bronze beat a loud noise with double clashing. Let Maron dancing in battle shoot Glaucos with manbreaking thyrsus. Go, tie up the hair of Proteus with ivy, something new for him! Let him leave the Egyptian water of the Pharian Sea, and change his sealskins for a speckled fawnskin, and bow his bold neck to me. Let Melicertes fight against drunken Seilenos, if he can. Teach old Phorcys to leave the seaweedy deeps and dwell in Tmolos holding a thyrsus, and let the old man become a vinegrower on land. Let the Satyr stand fast and brandish his fennel, and with his countryman's hands transport thirsty Nereus out of the sea; enwreath Palaïmon's hair with bonds of vine from newly planted gardens, and bring that charioteer of the sea from the depths of the Isthmian brine to be a servant for Mother Rheia and to guide her lions with his whip, for I will no longer leave my cousin in the deep: I will behold the host of the spear conquered sea decked out in the fawn skin. Give cymbals to the inexperienced Nereid Nymphs, mingle Hydriads with Bacchants — spare only the hospitable house of goddess Thetis, although she is one of the seabrood. Fit the unshod feet of Leucothea in buskins; let Doris appear on dry land and lift my mystic torch along with the revelling Bacchants; let Panopeia shake off the seaweed of the deep and wreath her locks in clustering vipers; let Eidothea unwilling receive the rattling tambourine. What harm is there that Galateia should be servant to Dionysos, when she has a passion like his own mad love, that her hands may make a woven robe as a gift for the wedding pomp of Amymone the queen of Lebanon? — No, leave alone the family of Nereus; for I want no handmaids from the sea, or Beroë might be jealous.

[109] "Let Pan my old mountainranger, proud with the longbranching points on his forehead, press Poseïdon with unarmed hand and butt him with sharp horn, strike him full in the chest with those curving prongs, or with a rocky stone, let him break with his hooves the ring of Triton's backbone where his two natures join. Let Glaucos the attendant of brinesoaken Earthshaker be servant to Bacchos, and lift in his hands the rattling cymbals of Rheia which hang by a strap beside his neck. Not for Beroë alone I fight, but for the native city of my bride. Earthshaker must not strike it, but it must stand unshaken,

although it lies in the sea and he is lord of the sea — he must not destroy it with his trident because I will face him in arms: it is as much one as the other — if the sea is its neighbour, it has ten thousand plants of mine, a sign of my victory; for close to the shore [are my vineyards] . But as for Pallas of old, so for the appeal of Bacchos, may a new Cecrops come as umpire, that the vine may be celebrated as citysustainer, like the olive. Then I will make the city of another shape: I will not leave it near the sea, but I will cut off rugged hills with my fennel and dam up the deep brine beside Berytos, making the water dry land and stony with rocks, and the rough road is smoothed by the sharp thyrsus.

[133] “Come, fight again, Mimallones, confident in your constant victory — my fawnskin is red with the newly-shed blood of slain Giants, the very east still trembles before me, Indian Ares bows his neck to the ground, old Hydaspes shivers, and sheds tears of supplication, tears like his own flood! When I have won my bride of Lebanon after the battle in the sea, I grant one boon to Earthshaker the lover. If he will, he may sing a song at my wedding, only let him not look askance at my Beroe.”

[143] So spoke Dionysos; and Seabluehair replied in threatening tones and mocked at him:

[145] “I am ashamed to confront you, Dionysos, because you want to fight the swinger of the trident, when you fled from Lycurgos’s poleaxe! Look here, Thetis! Here is a fine return for life and safety that your fugitive Dionysos gives to the hospitable sea! I am not surprised, Torch bearer: fire killed your mother when you were born, so you act like the fire.

[149] “Up, my dear Tritons, help — tie up the Bacchants and make them seafarers! May the cymbals that mountain harboured Seilenos holds be swallowed up in the sea, may the wave drag him along, may the Satyr float on the swelling flood and his Euian pipe toss on the rolling water; may Bassarids lay the bed for me instead of Lyaïos in my watery hall. — Nay, I want no Satyrs, I drag no Mainads to the deep: Nereids are better. But let the Mimallones quench their thirst in the sea and drown there; instead of flowing draughts of wine let them drink my salt water. Let many a Bassarid driven by the wet pike of Proteus drift and toss aimlessly on the sea, tripping the dance of death for Lyaïos. Drag down companies of Ethiopians and ranks of Indians as spoil for the Nereids; bring the daughters of nymph Cassiepeia, that tongue of evil, as slaves for Doris in tardy expiation. Let Oceanos banish viny Seirios from Olympos, the leader of that unresting dance in the winepress, and bathe in his resistless flood the fiery star of Maira.

[172] “And you, Lydian Bacchos, leave your miserable thyrsus and seek you another weapon; put off your speckled fawnskins, the scanty covering of your limbs. If in that marriage the wooing flame of Zeus was your midwife, now fight with fire, O fireborn! now battle with the thunderbolt of your father against the helmsman of the trident, hurl the lightning and wield your father’s aegis. No champion Deriades faces you now: this is no contest with Lycurgos,

no little Arabian fight, but your adversary is the sea so mighty. Heaven still trembles at my spear of the deep, Heaven knows what a battle with the sea is like. Champion Phaethon too in his celestial course felt the point of my trident, when the deep waged formidable war in that starry battle for Corinth. The sea rose to the sky, the thirsty wain bathed in the Ocean, Maira's dog found salt water at hand to bathe in and cooled his hot chin; the deep bottom of the waters was uplifted in towering waves, the dolphin of the sea met the dolphin of the sky amid the lashing surges!"

[192] As he spoke, he shook with his trident the secret places of the sea, roaring surf and swelling flood flogged the sky with booming torrents of water. The army of the brine took up their wet shields. Under the water beside the brinesoaked manger of Cronion, Melicertes shook the spear of the deep, and yoked the Isthmian team; he slung to the side of the seaborne car the spear of the seafaring king, and scored the back of the water with its triple prong — he yoked the Isthmian team, and the roar of Indian lions resounded along with the neighing of the horses.

[203] He drove his watery course; as the car sped, the hoof unwetted, unmoistened, scored only the surface. The broadbearded Triton sounded his note for the mad battle — he has limbs of two kinds, a human shape and a different body, green, from loins to head, half of him, but hanging from his trailing wet loins a curving fishtail, forked. So Glaucos yoked beside their manger in the sea the team that travels in the swift gale, and as they galloped along dryfoot he touched up the necks of the horses with dripping whip, and chased the Satyrs. In the loud sea-tumult horned Pan, lightly treading upon the untrodden waters and splashing up the brine with his goats-hooves himself unwetted, skipt about quickly beating the sea with his crook and whistling the tune of war on his pipes; then hearing on the waves the shadow of a counterfeit sound carried by the wind, he ran all over the sea with his hillranging feet seeking the other sounds — and so the sea-echo produced by his pipes in the wind was hunted itself. Some one else tore up a firmbased island cliff and threw it at the Hydriads — the rock missed the Nereids and shook the hall of Palaimon among the seaweed.

[225] Proteus left the flood of the Isthmian sea of Pallene, and armed him in a cuirass of the brine, the sealskin. Round him in a ring rushed the swarthy Indians at the summons of Bacchos, and crowds of the woollyheaded men embraced the shepherd of the seals in his various forms. For in their grasp the Old Man Proteus took on changing shapes, weaving his limbs into many mimic images. He spotted his body into a dappleback panther. He made his limbs a tree, and stood straight up on the earth a selfgrown spire, shaking his leaves and whistling a counterfeit whisper to the North Wind. He scored his back well with painted scales and crawled as a serpent; he rose in coils squeezing his belly, and with a dancing throb of his curling tail's tip he twirled about, lifted his head and spat hissing from gaping throat and grinning jaws a shooting shower of poison. So from one shadowy shape to another in

changeling form he bristled as a lion, charged as a boar, flowed as water — the Indian company clutched the wet flood in threatening grasp, but found the pretended water slipping through their hands. So the crafty Old Man changed into many and varied shapes, as many as the varied shapes of Periclymenos, whom Heracles slew when between two fingers he crushed the counterfeit shape of a bastard bee. Flocks of sea-monsters ringed round the Old Man on his expedition to dry land, water splashed with a heavy roar from the open mouths of the sand-loving seals.

[253] Ancient Nereus armed himself with a watery spear, and led his regiment of daughters into the Euian struggle. With sea-traversing trident he leapt at the elephants, terrible to behold: many a neighbouring cliff along the shore toppled sideways under the seapike of Nereus. The tribes of Nereids sounded for their sire the cry of battle-triumph: unshod, half hidden in the brine, the company rushed raging to combat over the sea. Restless Ino speeding unarmed into strife with the Satyrs, fell again into her old madness spitting white foam from her maddened lips. Terrible Panopeia also shot through the quiet water flogging the greeny back of a sealioness. Galateia too the sea-nymph lifting the club of her lovesick Polyphemos attacked a wild Bacchant. Eido rode unshaken, unwetted, over the water mounted on the back of a seabred pilot fish.

[270] As a driver in the circus rounding the post with skill, turns about the near horse to hug the post and lets the off horse follow along on a slackened rein, goading him on and yelling horselashing threats — he stoops and crouches, resting his knees on the rail, and leans to the side: as he drives a willing horse with the sparing hand of a master, and a little touch of the whip, as he turns his face casting an eye behind while he watches the car of the driver behind — so then the Nereids drove their fishes like swift-moving horses about the watery goal of their contest. Another opposite handling her reins on a dolphin's back peeped out over the water, and moved on her seaborne course as she rode down the quiet sea on the fish in a wild race over the waters; then the mad dolphin travelling in the sea half-visible cut through his fellow-dolphins.

[286] The Rivers came roaring into the battle with Dionysos, encouraging their lord, and Oceanos gaped a watery bellow from his overflowing throat while Poseidon's trumpet sounded to tell of the coming strife; the deeps rounded into a swell rallying to the Trident. Myrtoan hurried up to Icarian, Sardinian came near Hesperian, Iberian with swelling waves rolled along to Celtic; Bosporos never still mingled his curving stream with both his familiar seas; the deeps of the Ionian Sea rolling with the stormwind beat together upon the streams of Aegean, and the wild Adriatic brine rose high as the clouds and in towering waves beat on the feet of the raging Sicilian. Libyan Nereus caught up his conch under the water by Syrtis, and boomed on his sea-trumpet. Then one rising from the surge and stepping on land rested his left foot on a rock, and with right broke off the top of the cliff with earthshaking

tread and hurled it at a Mainad's inviolate head; and Melicertes lunging at Dionysos with his trident of the sea went madly along in leaps like his mother's.

[307] Companies of Bassarids marched to battle. One shaking the untidy clusters of her tresses to and fro, armed herself with raging madness for battle with the waters, driven wildly along with restless dancing feet. One whose home was in the Samothracian cavern of the Cabeiroi, skipt about the peaks of Lebanon crooning the barbarous notes of Corybantian tune. Another from Tmolos on a lioness newly whelped, having wreathed snakes in her own manly hair, a Maionian Mimallon unveiled, bellowed and set her foot on the lofty slope, with foam on her lips like the seafoam. Seilenoi spluttering drops of Cilician wine-dew equipt themselves as riders of Mygdonian lions, and danced "with a din against the crowd from the sea, brandishing in their hands their viny warpole, as they stretched their hands over the lions' necks and plucked at the mane and boldly checked their furious mounts by this bristly bridle. A Seilenos tore off a roof from a rocky hole and attacked Palaimon, and drove Ino wandering through the water with his ivy spear. One fought with another: a Bacchant did not shrink but cast a thyrsus hurtling against the trident, she, a Bacchant and a woman; Nereus defending the sea came on land to fight with foaming arms against a rock-loving Pan; a mountain Bacchant chased the god of Pallene with blood-dripping ivy, but did not shake him! Glaucos assailed Dionysos, but Maron shot his thyrsus at him and shook him off. A cloudborn elephant with earthshaking motions of his limbs stamped about his stiff legs with massive unbending knee, and attacked an earth-bedding seal with his long snout. Satyrs also bustled about in dancing tumult, trusting to the horns on their bull-heads, while the straight tail dragged from their loins for a change as they hurried. Hosts of Seilenoi rushed along, and one of them with his two legs straddling across the back of a bull, squeezed out a tune on his two pipes tied together. A Mygdonian Bacchant rattled her pair of cymbals, with hair fluttering in the brisk winds; she flogged the bowed neck of a wild bear against a monster of the deep, and the wild panther of the mountains was driven by a thyrsus-goad. One Bassarid possessed with mindrobbing throes of madness skipt over the sea with unwetted feet, as if she were dancing upon Poseidon's head — she stamped on the waves, threatened the silent sea, flogged the deaf water with her thyrsus, that Bassarid who never sank; from her hair blazed fire selfkindled over her neck and burnt it not, a wonder to behold. Psamathe sorrowful on the beach beside the sea, watching the turmoil of seabattling Dionysos, uttered the dire trouble of her heart in terrified words:

[361] "O Lord Zeus! if thou hast gratitude for Thetis and the ready hands of Briareus, if thou hast not forgot Aigaion the protector of thy laws, save us from Bacchos in his madness! Let me never see Glaucos dead and Nereus a slave! Let not Thetis in floods of tears be servant to Lyaïos, let me not see her a slave to Bromios, leaving the deep, to look on the Lydian land, lamenting in

one agony Achilles, Peleus, Pyrrhos, grandson, husband, and son! Pity the groans of Leucothea, whose husband took their son and slew him — the heartless father butchered his son with the blade of his murderous knife!”

[372] She spoke her prayer, and Zeus on high heard her in heaven. He granted the hand of Beroe to Earthshaker, and pacified the rivals’ quarrel. For from heaven to check the bridebattle yet undecided came threatening thunderbolts round about Dionysos. The vinegod wounded by the arrow of love still craved the maiden; but Zeus the Father on high stayed him by playing a tune on his trumpet of thunder, and the sound from his father held back the desire for strife. With lingering feet he departed, with heavy pace, turning back for a last gloomy look at the girl; jealous, with shamed ears, he heard the bridal songs of Amymone in the sea. The syrinx sounding from the brine proclaimed that the rites were already half done. Nereus as Amymone’s chamberlain showed the bridal bed, shaking the wedding torches, the fire which no water can quench. Phorcys sang a song; with equal spirit Glaucos danced and Melicertes romped about. And Galateia twangled a marriage dance and restlessly twirled in capering step, and she sang the marriage verses, for she had learnt well how to sing, being taught by Polyphemos with a shepherd’s syrinx.

[394] After celebrating Beroe’s wedding in the sea, her bridegroom Earthshaker was a friend to her native place. He gave her countrymen victory in war on the sea as a precious treasure in return for his bride. It was a wealthy wedding. Arabian Nereus brought to the bridechamber in the deep a worthy gift of love, a clever work of Hephaistos, Olympian ornaments, for the bride; necklace and earrings and armlets he brought and offered, all that the Lemnian craftsman had made for the Nereids with inimitable workmanship in the waves — there in the midst of the brine he shook his fiery anvil and tongs under water, blowing the enclosed breath of the bellows with mimic winds, and when the furnace was kindled the fire roared in the deep unquenched. Nereus then brought these gifts in great variety. But Persian Euphrates gave the girl the webspinner’s embroidered wares; Iberian Rhine brought gold; old Pactolos came bringing the like offerings from his opulent mines, with cautious hands, for he feared the Lydian master, Bacchos his king, and he feared Rheia his neighbour, the cityholder of his country Mygdonia. Eridanos brought shining gifts, amber from the Heliad trees that trickle riches; and from the silver rock, all the metals of Strymon and all that Geudis has were brought as a marriage-gift to Amymone by Seabluehair.

[419] And so the dances were over, and Earthshaker was happy in the bridechamber beneath the waters; but Lyaïos never smiled, and his brother Eros came to console him in his jealous mood:

[422] “Dionysos, why do you still bear a grudge against the cestus that makes marriages? Beroe was no proper bride for Bacchos, but this marriage of the sea was quite fitting, because I joined the daughter of Aphrodite of the sea to a husband whose path is in the sea. I have kept a daintier one for your

bridechamber, Ariadne, of the family of Minos and your kin. Leave Amyclone to the sea, a nobody, one of the family of the sea herself. You must leave the mountains of Lebanon and the waters of Adonis and go to Phrygia, the land of lovely girls; there awaits you a bride without salt water, Aura of Titan stocks Thrace the friend of brides will receive you, with a wreath of victory ready and a bride's bower; thither Pallene also the shakespeare summons you, beside whose chamber I will crown you with a wedding wreath for your prowess, when you have won Aphrodite's delectable wrestling-match."

[437] So wild Eros spoke to his lovmad brother Bacchos: then he flapt his whizzing fiery wings, and up the sham bird flew in the skies travelling until he came to the house of Zeus. And from the Assyrian gulf Dionysos went daintily clad into the Lydian land along the plain of Pactolos, where the dark water is reddened by the goldgleaming mud of wealthy lime; he entered Maonia, and stood before Rheia his mother, offering royal gifts from the Indian sea. Then leaving the stream of this river of deep riches, and the Phrygian plain, and the nation of softliving men, he planted his vine on the northerly plain, and passed from the towns of Asia to the cities of Europe.

BOOK XLIV

*The forty-fourth web I have woven, where you may see maddened women and
the heavy threat of Pentheus.*

ALREADY he had passed the Daulantian tribe of Illyrian soil, and the plain of Haimonia and the Pelion peak, and was nearing Hellas; there he established dances on the Aonian plain. The shepherd hearing the tune of the drooning pipes formed congregations for Pan at Tanagra. A fountain bubbled on the spot where the horse's wet hoof scratched the surface of the ground and made a hollow for the water which took its name from him. Asopos danced breathing fiery streams, as he swept his floods along and twirled his waters. Dirce danced, spouting her whirling waters along with her father Ismenos. At times a Hamadryad shot out of her clustering foliage and half showed herself high in a tree, and praised the name of Dionysos cluster-laden; and the unshod nymph of the spring sang in tune with her.

[15] The noise of the raw cowhide resounded over the mountains, and reached the ears of irreconcilable Pentheus. The impious king was angry with winegod Bacchos, and he armed a hostile host, calling to the people to bar the portals of the sevenway city. One by one they were shut, but the locks of the gates suddenly opened of themselves: in vain the servants resisted the winds of heaven and set the long bars at each gate. Then no gatewarden could check a Bacchant if he saw her; but shielded spearmen trembled before old Seilenoi unarmed — disregarding often the threats of their clamouring king, they danced with singlethroated acclaim; with their well-made oxhides they danced the round in shieldshaking leaps, the very picture of the noisy Corybants. Terrible bears growled madly in the hills, the panther gnashed her teeth and leapt high in the air, the lion in playful sport gave a gentle roar to his comrade lioness.

[35] Already the palace of Pentheus began of itself to tremble and quake, and started from its immovable foundations all about; the gatehouse quivered and sprang up with earthshaking throbs, foretelling the trouble to come. The stone altar of Oncaian Athena tottered of itself, that which Cadmos had built, when with slow-convincing movement the heifer's hoof sank, to bid him build a wall and found a city; over the divine image of the cityholding goddess, godsent sweat beaded in drops of itself, bringing fear to the people — from head to foot the statue of Ares ran with gore, telling of things to come.

[46] The inhabitants also were shaken. The mother of boastful Pentheus quivered with fear, mad with anxiety, remembering that bloody dream of old with its prophecy of bitterness; how once, after Pentheus had seized his father's sovereignty, Agaue slumbering on her bed had been terrified all night in her sleep, when the unreal phantom of a dream had leapt through the Gate of Horn which never deceives, and whispered in her sleepy ear. For she

thought she saw Pentheus a dainty dancer on the road, his manly form dressed up in a woman's robe, throwing to the ground the purple robe of kings, bearing the sceptre no longer but holding a thyrsus. Again, Cadmeian Agaue thought she saw him perched high up in a shady tree; round the lofty trunk where sat bold Pentheus was a circle of wild beasts, furiously pushing to root up the tree with the dangerous teeth of their hard jaws. The tree shook, and Pentheus came tumbling over and over of himself, and when he dumped down, mad she-bears tore him; a wild lioness leapt in his face and tore out an arm from the joint — then the mad raging monster set one paw on the throat of Pentheus cut in two, and tore through his gullet with her sharp claws, and lifted the bloody head in her ferocious paw piteously lacerated, and showed it to Cadmos, who saw it all, swinging it about as she spoke in human voice these wicked words:

[73] "I am your daughter, the slayer of wild beasts! I am the mother of Pentheus, happiest of men, your Agaue, the loving mother! See what a beast I have killed! Accept this head, the firstfruits of my valour, after victorious slaughter of the lion. Such a beast Ino my sister never slew, Autonoe never slew. Hang up before your hall this keepsake from Agaue your doughty daughter."

[80] Such was the horrible vision that pale Agaue saw. Then after she had shaken off sleep's wing, trembling with terror, in the morning she called in the seer, Chariclo's son, and revealed to him her dream, the bloody prophecy of things to come. Teireisias the diviner bade her sacrifice a male bull to help against the bloody dream, at the altar where men call upon Zeus the Protector, beside the trunk of a tall pinetree where Cithairon spreads his lofty head; he told her to offer a female sheep to the Hamadryad Nymphs in the thicket. He knew the beast as human, he knew Agaue hunting the fruit of her own womb, the struggle that killed her son, the head of Pentheus; but he concealed in wordless silence the deceptive vision of victory in the dream, that he might not provoke the heavy wrath of Pentheus his king. Agaue the tender mother obeyed the wise old man, and went to the lofty hill together with Cadmos while Pentheus followed. At the horns of the altar Cadmos Agenorides made one common sacrifice to Zeus and the Hadryads, female and male together, sheep and horned bull, where stood the grove of Zeus full of mountain trees; he lit the fire on the altar to do pleasure to the gods, and did sacrifice to both. When the flame was kindled, the rich savour was spread abroad with the smoke in fragrant rings. When the bull was slaughtered, a jet of bloody dew spouted straight up of itself and stained the hands of Agaue with red blood.... A serpent crept with its coils, surrounding the throat of Cadmos like a garland, twining and trailing a crooked swollen collar about it in a lacing circle but doing no harm — the gentle creature crept round his head like a trailing chaplet, and his tongue licked his chin all over dribbling the friendly poison from open mouth, quite harmless; a female snake girdled the temples of Harmonia like a wreath of clusters in her yellow hair. Then Cronion turned

the bodies of both snakes into stone, because Harmonia and Cadmos were destined to change their appearance and to assume the form of stone snakes, at the mouth of the snakebreeding Illyrian gulf. Then Agaue returned home with her son and her father, having a new fear besides the fear of the dream.

[119] Such was the vision which Agaue had seen, and remembering this ominous dream the fond mother was shaken with fear.

[123] Already Rumour was flying about the sevensgated city proclaiming the rites of danceweaving Dionysos. No one there was throughout the city who would not dance. The streets were garlanded with spring leafage by the country people. The chamber of Semele, still breathing sparks of the marriage thunders, was shaded by selfgrowing bunches of green leaves which intoxicated the place with sweet odours. King Pentheus swelled with arrogance and jealousy to see the terrible wonders of Bacchos in so many shapes. Then Pentheus uttered proud boasts and empty threats to his servants in these insulting words:

[134] “Bring here my Lydian slave, that womanish vagabond, to serve the table of Pentheus at his dinner; let him fill his winebeaker with some other drink, milk or some sweet liquor; I will flog my mother’s sister Autonoe with retributive strokes of my hands, and we will crop the uncropt locks of Dionysos. Throw to the winds his tinkling cymbals, and the Berecynthian din and Euian tambourines of Rheia. Drag hither the mad Bassarids, drag the Bacchants hither, the handmaids who attend on Bromios — hurl them into the watery beds of Ismenos here in Thebes, mingle the Naiads with the Aonian river nymphs their mates, let old Cithairon receive Hadryads to join his own Hadryads instead of Lyaïos. Bring fire, men, for by the law of vengeance I will throw Bacchos into the fire, if he came out of the fire: Zeus tamed Semele, I will destroy Dionysos! If he would like to try my thunder also, he shall learn what fire I have from earth! For my fire has hotter sparks to match the heavenly fire. To-day I will make the viny one a scorchy one! If he lift his thyrsus and give battle, he shall learn what kind of a spear I have from earth. I will destroy him without a wound in foot or flank, breast or belly! I will not cut off the two crooked horns from his bullhorned head with a poleaxe, I will not cut through his neck: I will pierce the fork of his thigh with a blow from a spear of bronze, because of his lies about the thigh of great Zeus, and heaven as his home. Instead of the palace of Zeus, instead of his gatehouse, I will send him down to Hades, or make him roll himself helpless into the waves of Ismenos to hide — we can do without the sea!

[167] “I will not receive a mortal man as a bastard god. If I dare say it, I will deny my own breeding, like Dionysos. I have not in me the blood of mortal Cadmos, but my father is the chief of stars — Helios begat me, not Echion; Selene brought me forth, not Agaue; I am the offspring of Cronides and a citizen of heaven, the sky with its wandering stars is my home — so forgive me, Thebes! Pallas is my concubine, immortal Hebe my consort. Queen Hera gave me the breast after Ares, divine Leto brought me forth after Phoibos. I

will woo Artemis, who wants me — she does not run from me as she did from Phoibos, the wooer of her maidenhood, because she feared blame for wedding with a brother. And if the heavenly flame did not burn your Semele, Cadmos did burn his house for his daughter's shame, and gave the name of lightning to the earthly fire he kindled, called the flame of torches the spark of the thunderbolt."

[184] When the king had spoken, his men of war mustered in arms to fight the empty winds; there was an infinite host in the pinewood, seeking the tracks of Lyaios ever unseen.

[188] But while Pentheus was giving his commands to the people, Dionysos waited for darksome night, and appealed in these words to the circling Moon in heaven:

[191] "O daughter of Helios, Moon of many turnings, nurse of all! O Selene, driver of the silver car! If thou art Hecate of many names, if in the night thou dost shake thy mystic torch in brandcarrying hand, come nightwanderer, nurse of puppies because the nightly sound of the hurrying dogs is thy delight with their mournful whimpering. If thou art staghunter Artemis, if on the hills thou dost eagerly hunt with fawnkilling Dionysos, be thy brother's helper now! For I have in me the blood of ancient Cadmos, and I am being chased out of Thebes, out of my mother Semele's home. A mortal man, a creature quickly perishing, an enemy of god, persecutes me. As a being of the night, help Dionysos of the night, when they pursue me! If thou art Persephoneia, whipper-in of the dead, and yours are the ghosts which are subservient to the throne of Tartaros, let me see Pentheus a dead man, and let Hermes thy musterer of ghosts lull to sleep the tears of Dionysos in his grief. With the Tartarean whip of thy Tisiphone, or furious Megaira, stop the foolish threats of Pentheus, this son of earth, since implacable Hera has armed a lateborn Titan against Lyaios. I pray thee, master this impious creature, to honour the Dionysos who revived the name of primeval Zagreus. Lord Zeus, do thou also look upon the threat of this madman. Hear me, father and mother! Lyaios is condemned: let thy marriage lightning be the avenger of Semele!"

[217] To this appeal bullface Mene answered on high:

[218] "Night-illuminating Dionysos, friend of plants, comrade of Mene, look to your grapes; my concern is the mystic rites of Bacchos, for the earth ripens the offspring of your plants when it receives the dewy sparkles of unresting Selene. Then do you, dancing Bacchos, stretch out your thyrsus and look to your offspring; and you need not fear a race of puny men, whose mind is light, whose threats the whips of the furies repress perforce. With you I will attack your enemies. Equally with Bacchos, I rule distracted madness. I am the Bacchic Mene, not alone because in heaven I turn the months, but because I command madness and excite lunacy. I will not leave un-punished earthly violence against you. For already Lycurgos who threatened Dionysos, so quick of knee once, who sharply harried the Mainads, is a blind vagabond who needs a guide. Already over the stretches of Erythraian reedbeds a crowd

of Indians lie dead here and there, dumb witnesses to your valour, and foolish Deriades has been swallowed up in the unwilling stream of his father Hydaspes, pierced with an ivy spear — yes, he fled and fell into the sad stream of his despondent father. The Tyrsenians learnt your strength, when the standing mast of their ship was changed, and turned into a vinestock of itself, the sail spread into a shady canopy of leaves of garden-vine and rich bunches of grapes, the forestays whistled with clumps of serpents hissing poison, your enemies threw off their human shape and intelligent mind and changed their looks to senseless dolphins wallowing in the sea — still they make revel for Dionysos even in the surge, skipping like tumblers in the calm water. Indian Orontes also is dead, struck by your sharp thyrsus, and drowned in the Assyrian floods, still fearing the name of Bacchos even under the waters.”

[253] Such was the answer of the goldenrein deity to Bromios. But while Bacchos yet conversed with circling Mene, even then Persephone was arming her Furies for the pleasure of Dionysos Zagreus, and in wrath helping Dionysos his later born brother.

[258] Then at the grim nod of Underworld Zeus, the Furies assailed the palace of Pentheus. One leapt out of the gloomy pit swinging her Tartarean whip of vipers; she drew a stream from Cocytos and water from Styx, and drenched Agaue's rooms with the infernal drops as if with a prophecy of tears and groanings for Thebes; and the deity brought that Attic knife from Attica, which long before murdered Itylos, when his mother Procne with heart like a lioness, helped by murderous Philomele, cut with steel the throat of the beloved child of her womb, and served up his own son for cannibal Tereus to eat. This knife, the channel of bloodshed, the Fury held, and scratching up the dust with her pernicious fingernails she buried the Attic blade among the hillgrown roots of a tall fir, among the Mainads, where Pentheus was to die headless. She brought the blood of Gorgon Medusa, scraped off into a shell fresh when she was newly slain, and smeared the tree with the crimson Libyan drops. This is what the mad Fury did in the mountains.

[278] Now with darkling steps night-illuminating Dionysos entered the palace of Cadmos, wearing the head of a bull, cracking Pan's Cronian whip of madness, and put madness into the unbridled wife of Aristaios. He called Autonoe and cried in wild tones —

[283] “Autonoe, happier far than Semele — for by your son's late marriage you can rival Olympos itself! You have seized the honours of the skies, now Artemis has got Actaion for her dainty leman, and Selene Endymion! Actaion never died, he never took the shape of a wild creature, he had no antlered horn of a dappled deer, no bastard shape, no false body, he saw no hounds hunting and killing him. No, these were all herdsmen's lies, empty-minded fables of malicious tongues about your son's fate, because they hated the bridegroom of an unwedded goddess. I know where this invention came from: women are jealous about marriage and love in others. Come, leap up with stormy shoe!

Make haste, speed into the mountains! There you shall see Actaion beside Lyaios on the hunt, with Artemis not far off, woven nets in his hands and hunting-boots on his feet, fingering his quiver. Happier far than Semele, Autonoe! for a goddess came to you for marriage, a goddess became your gooddaughter, the Archeress herself! More blessed than that mother Ino proud of her son, for your son got the bed of a goddess, which proud Otos never got. Bold Orion was never bridegroom of the Archeress. Your Cadmos is young again with joy for your son's bride, and holds revel beside their bridal bed in the mountains, with his snowy hair fluttering in the airy breeze. Wake up, and make one in the marriage company, happy mother! This is a proper love, for holy Artemis has a brother's son for bridegroom, not a stranger husband. And when the goddess who hated marriage brings forth a child, you shall dandle the son of the chaste Archeress in your cherishing arms and make Agaue jealous at the sight! Why should not the huntress be pleased to bear a son in her bridal chamber, a hunter himself and a marksman, like Actaion, or Cyrene who loved the mountains, and let him ride behind his mother's team of swift deer?"

BOOK XLV

*See also the forty-fifth, where Pentheus binds the bull instead of stronghorn
Lyaïos.*

WHEN Bromios had spoken, the nymph rushed from the house possessed by joyous madness, that she might see Actaïon as bridegroom seated beside the Archeress; along with her as she hastened swift as the wind sped Agauë to the mountain, with staggering steps, unveiled, frenzied, the sting of the Cronian whip flogging her wits, while she poured out these heedless words from her maddened lips:

[8] "I rebel against that ridiculous Pentheus, to teach him what a bold Amazon is Agauë the daughter of Cadmos! I too am chockfull of valour. If I like, I will tame all Pentheus even with my bare hands, and I will destroy his well-armed host with no weapon in my hand! I have a thyrsus; ashplant I want not, no spear I shake — with viny lance I strike the spearshaking man! I wear no corselet, but I will tame the man who wears the best. Shaking my cymbals and my tambour which I beat on both sides I magnify the son of Zeus, I honour not Pentheus. Give me the Lydian drums — why do ye delay, ye hours of festival? I will come to the hills, where Mainads, where women of like years, join the hunt of hunting Lyaïos. O Dionysos, I am jealous of Cyrene lionslayer! Spare me Bromios, O thou rebel against heaven — spare him, O Pentheus! I will come at speed into the hills, that I too may sing Euïos and twirl a dancing foot. No longer I refuse the rites of grapegod Bacchos, no longer I hate the Bassarids' dance; but I too stand in awe of Dionysos, offspring of the bed incorruptible, bathed by thunderbolts from Zeus on high. Swift will my shoes go, as I carry nets beside the Archeress, no longer the skeins of Athena."

[31] So crying she flew away, a new skipping Mimallon, practising the Euïan leap of the winepress, calling Euoi to Bacchos and lauding Thyone — aye, and she called to Semele, wife of Zeus the highest, and loudly sang the brightness of those bridal lightnings.

[36] Then there was great dancing on the hills. The rocks resounded all about, a thousand new noises rolled round the land of sevingate Thebes; the one concordant chorus of the singers filled Cithairon with heavy-echoing din; the dewy salt sea roared; one could see trees making merry, and hear voices from the rocks. Many a maiden ran out of her room to foot it in the dance, when the pipe of horn tootled through its drilled holes, and the double blows on the raw hide made the girls go mad, and drove them from their well-built halls to be Bacchantes in the wilderness of the lofty mountains. Many a maiden driven crazy shook her hair loose and rushed with stormy shoe from her chamber, leaving loomcomb and Athena with her craft, cast away the veil unheeded from her hair, mingled with Bassarids — and lo! Aïonian turned

Bacchant!

[52] Teiresias built an altar to Protecting Dionysos and sacrificed there, that he might prevent the defiance of Pentheus and avert the wrath of Lyaios yet unappeased; but his prayers were in vain, since the thread of Fate was there. The wise seer called Semele's father also, that they might share the dance of Dionysos. With heavy feet ancient Cadmos danced, crowning his snowy hair with Aonian ivy, and Teiresias his old comrade wheeled a sluggish foot, beating a Phrygian revelstep for Mygdonian Dionysos; so he joined the eager efforts of Cadmos hastening to the dance, and supported his old arm on a pious fennel stalk. Pentheus the hothead saw old Teiresias and Cadmos there together, and looking askance at them cried out —

[66] “Why this madness, Cadmos? What god do you honour with this revel? Tear the ivy from your hair, Cadmos, it defiles it! And drop that fennel of Dionysos, the deluder of men's wits! Take up the bronze of Athena Oncaia, which makes men sane. Foolish Teiresias to wear that garland! Throw these leaves to the winds, that false chaplet on your hair. Take up rather the Ismenian laurel of your own Phoibos, instead of a thyrsus. I respect your old age, I honour the hoary locks that witness to the years of your life, as old as theirs. But if this old age and this your hair did not save you, I had twisted galling bonds about your hands and sealed you up in a gloomy cell.

[78] “I understand what is in your mind. You have a grudge against Pentheus, and you make a man into a bastard god by lying oracles — that Lydian impostor has bribed you by promising plenty of gold from the famous golden river. But you will say, Bacchos has invented the wine-fruit. — Yes, and what wine always does is to drag drunken men into lust; what vine does is to excite an unstable man's mind to murder. But he wears the shape and garments of Zeus his father! — Golden robes are what Lord Zeus wears, not fawnskins, when he thunders in the heights among the Blessed; when Ares fights with men, he carries a spear of bronze, not a thyrsus of vineleaves in his hand; Apollo is not horned with bull's horns. Was it a River that wedded Semele? did the bride bear a horned bastard to her bullhorned husband? But you will say, Brighteyes Pallas Athena marches to battle with men, holding the spear and shield that were born with her.... Then you should hold the aegis of your father Cronides.”

[95] When Pentheus ended, the wise seer replied:

[96] “Why do you persecute Dionysos, begotten by Zeus the Lord on high, whom Cronides brought forth from a pregnant thigh, whom Rheia mother of the gods nursed with her cherishing milk, who halfcomplete, with a whiff of his mother still about him, was bathed by lightnings which burnt him not? This is the only rival to Demeter mother of harvest, with his fruit of grapes against the corn! Nay, beware of the wrath of Bromios. About impiety, I will tell you, if you wish, my son, a Sicilian story.

[105] “Sons of the Tyrsenians once were sailing on or possibly his hair (one way of dressing the hair was called “the horn”). the sea — wandering

mariners, murderers of the stranger, pirates of the rich, stealing from every side the flocks of sheep near the coast. Many an old sailor man from the ships which they captured here and there was rolled half dead to his fate in the waters; many a stout shepherd fighting for his herd dyed his grey hairs in his red blood. If any merchant then sailed the seas, if any Phoinician with sea-purple stuffs from Sidonian parts for sale, the Tyrsenian pirate caught him suddenly out at sea, and set upon his vessels laden with riches; and so many a man lost infinite cargo without a penny paid, and the Phoinician was carried to Sicilian Arethusa in chains, far from home, his fortune stolen and gone. But Dionysos disguised himself in a deceptive shape, and outwitted the Tyrsenians.

[120] “He put on a false appearance, like a lovely boy with smooth chin, wearing a gold necklace upon his neck; about his temples was a chaplet shining with selfsped gleams of a light unquenchable, broad green emeralds and the Indian stone,” a scintillation of the bright sea. His body was clad in robes streaked with dye from the Tyrian shell more brilliant than the circling Dawn, when she has just been marked with lines. He stood on the brow of the shore, as if he wished to embark in their ship. They leapt ashore and captured the radiant son of Thyone in his guile; they stript him of his possessions, and tied Dionysos’s hands fast with ropes running behind his back. Suddenly the lad grew tall with wonderful beauty, as a man with horned head rising up to Olympus, touching the canopy of aerial clouds, and with booming throat roared as loud as an army of nine thousand men. The long hawsers became trailing snakes, changed into live serpents twisting their bodies about, the stayropes hissed, up into the air a horned viper ran along the mast to the yard in trailing coils: near the sky, the mast was a tall cypress with a shade of green leaves; ivy sprang up from the mastbox and ran into the sky wrapping its tendrils about the cypress of itself, the Bacchic stem popped out of the sea round the steering-oars all heavy with bunches of grapes; over the laden poop poured a fountain of wine bubbling the sweet drink of Dionysos. All along the decks wild beasts were springing up over the prow: bulls were bellowing, a lion’s throat let out a fearsome roar.

[152] “The Tyrsenians shrieked and rushed wildly about goaded with fear. Plants were sprouting in the sea: the rolling waves of the waters put out flowers; the rose grew there, and reddened the rounded foaming swell upon it as if it were a garden, lilies gleamed in the surge. As they beheld these counterfeit meadows their eyes were bewitched. The place seemed to be a hill thick with trees, and a woodland pasturage, companies of countrymen and shepherds with their sheep; they thought they saw a tuneful herdsman playing a tune on his shepherd’s pipes; they thought they heard the melody from the loud pipes’ holes, and saw land while still sailing upon the boundless sea; then deluded by their madness they leapt into the deep and danced in the quiet water, now dolphins of the sea — for the shape of the men was changed into the shape of fish.

[169] "So you also, my son, should beware of the resourceful anger of Lyaïos. But you will say — I have mighty strength, I have in my nature the blood of the terrible giants that sprang of themselves from the sown Teeth. Then avoid the divine hand of Dionysos Giantslayer, who once beside the base of Tyrsenian Peloros smashed Alpos, the son of Earth who fought against gods, battering with rocks and throwing hills. No wayfarer then climbed the height of that rock, for fear of the raging Giant and his row of mouths; and if one in ignorance travelled on that forbidden road whipping a bold horse, the son of Earth spied him, pulled him over the rock with a tangle of many hands, entombed man and colt in his gullet! Often some old shepherd leading his sheep to pasture along the wooded hillside at midday was gobbled up. In those days melodious Pan never sat beside herds of goats or sheepcotes playing his tune on the assembled reeds, no imitating Echo returned the sounds of his pipes; but prattler as she was, silence sealed those lips which were wont to sound with the pipe of Pan never silent, because the Giant then oppressed all. No cowherd then came, no band of woodmen cutting timbers for a ship troubled the Nymphs of the trees, their agemates, no clever shipwright clamped together a barge, the woodriveted car that travels the roads of the sea, until Bacchos on his travels passed by that peak, shaking his Euian thyrsus. As Lyaïos passed, the huge son of Earth high as the clouds attacked him. A rock was the shield the Alps in some way; the syllable *alp*-is found in other place-names. upon his shoulders, a hilltop was his missile; he leapt on Bacchos, with a tall tree which he found near for a pike, some pine or planetree to cast at Dionysos. A pine was his club, and he pulled up an olive spire from the roots to whirl for a quick sword. But when he had stript the whole mountain for his long shots, and the ridge was bare of all the thick shady trees, then Bacchos thyrsus-wild sped his own shot whizzing as usual to the mark, and hit this towering Alpos full in the wide throat — right through the gullet went the sharp point of the greeny spear. Then the Giant pierced with the sharp little thyrsus rolled over half dead and fell in the neighbouring sea, filling the whole deephollowed abyss of the bay. He lifted the waters and deluged Typhaon's rock, flooding the hot surface of his brother's bed and cooling his scorched body with a torrent of water. Nay, my son, be careful, that you too may not see what the sons of Tyrsenia saw, what the bold son of Earth saw."

[216] He spoke, but could not convince; and so with undaunted shoe he hurried to the high mountains with Cadmos, that he might share the dance. But Pentheus in flashing helm, shield on arm, cried to his armed warriors —

[220] "My servants, make haste through the city and the depth of the woods — bring me here in heavy chains that weakling vagabond, that flogged by the repeated lashes of Pentheus he may cease to bewitch women with his drugged potion, and bend the knee instead. Bring back also out of the hills my fond mother Agaue now gone mad, separate her from the sleepless wandering dance — drag her by the hair now snoodless in her frenzy!"

[228] At this command, Pentheus's men with swift foot ran to the rugged ridge of leafy woodland seeking the tracks of hillranging Dionysos. With difficulty the soldiers found the thyrsus-maddened god near a lonely rock; they rushed upon him and wound straps about Bromios's hands, binding him fast — that is how they meant to imprison invincible Dionysos! But he disappeared — gone in a flash, untraceable, on his winged shoes. The men stood silent — speechless, cowed by divine compulsion, shrinking before the wrath of Lyaios unseen, terrified. And Bacchos in the likeness of a soldier with shield in hand, seized a wild bull by the horn, making as if he were one of the servants of Pentheus, crying out upon this false horned Dionysos. He put on a look of rage and came near to mad Pentheus where he sat, and mocked at the proud boasts of the frenzied king as he spoke unsmiling these deceitful threatening words:

[246] "This is the man, your Majesty, who has sent your Agaue mad! This is the man who covets the royal throne of Pentheus! Take this horned vagabond Bacchos full of tricks — bind in galling fetters the pretender to your throne — and beware of the bull's horns of Dionysos's head, or he may catch you and pierce you with the long point of his horn!"

[252] When Bromios had finished, god-defiant Pentheus uttered reckless words, his mind being possessed by the delirium of Bromios:

[254] "Bind him, bind him, the robber of my throne! This is the enemy of my sceptre, this is he that comes coveting the royal seat of Semele and her father! A fine thing for me to share my honour with Dionysos, the son of an illicit bed, a bull in human form, with a shape of borrowed glory upon his oxhorned face, whom Semele perhaps mothered for a bull, like another Pasiphae, mated with a grazing horned bedfellow!"

[262] He spoke, and bound fast the legs of the wild bull in galling shackles. Taking him for Lyaios he led him shackled near the horses' manger, thinking his captive Semele's bold son and no bull. He tied together with ropes the hands of all the ranks of Bassarids, sealed them up in a mouldy dungeon, a vaulted cavern, a house of joyless constraint, whence none could escape, dark as the Cimmerians, far from the light of day, these followers of Bromios in the revels; their arms were bound in a clasp of galling straps, chains of bronze were sealed on their legs.

[273] But when the time came for the quickturning dance, then danced the Mainads. The Bacchantes like a storm shook loose the wrappings of their straps unbroken and circled quickly in tripping step, rattling a free Euian noise with rhythmic claps, while the turning of their feet broke the thick heavy fetters of bronze round their legs. A heavensent radiance filled the dark dungeon of the Bassarids, diffused over the gloomy roof; the doors of the darksome den opened of themselves; the jailers were stupefied at the cries and the ferocious foaming teeth of the Bassarids, and their leaping feet, and fled in terror.

[285] So they escaped and turned their way back to the forest in the lonely

hills. One slew a herd of bulls with skinpiercing thyrsus, and soiled her hands in the gore, tearing the rough bull's hide with her fingernails. Another cut to pieces a flock of sheep with bloody twigs, not tearing their soft wool; another killed goats, and all were dyed with bloody streams of gore from the slaughtered herd. Another snatched from the father a three year child, and set it upon her shoulder untrembling, unshaken, unbound, balancing the boy in the winds' charge — there he sat laughing, never falling in the dust. The boy asked the Bacchant for milk, thinking it was his mother, and pawed her breast — and milky drops ran of themselves to the breasts of the unwedded maiden, she opened her hairy wrap for the hungry boy, and offered a newly flowing teat to his childish lips; so a virgin stilled the boy with an unfamiliar drink. Many forced away newborn cubs from a shaggy chested lioness and nursed them. Another struck the thirsty soil with the point of a thyrsus; the top of the hill split at once, and the hard rock poured out purple wine of itself, or with a tap on the rock fountains of milk ran out of themselves in white streams. Another threw a snake at an oak; the snake coiled round the tree, and turned into moving ivy running round girdling the trunk, just as snakes run their coils round and round. A Satyr rushed along carrying a snarling beast, a dangerous tiger which sat on his back, which for all its wild nature did not touch the bearer. One old Seilenos dragged a boar by the snout and threw the tusked swine up in the air for fun. Another with stormy leaps of his feet in a moment mounted upon a camel's neck; and one jumped on a bull and rode on his back.

[323] So much for the mountains; but in music-built Thebes, Bacchos manifested many wonders to all the people. The women danced wildly with staggering feet... with foaming lips. All Thebes was shaken, and sparks of fire shot up from the streets; all the foundations quaked, the immovable gates of the mansions bellowed as if they had throats like a bull; even the unshaken building rumbled in confusion, as if giving voice with a stone trumpet of its own.

[332] Yet Dionysos did not abate his wrath. He sent his divine voice into the sky as far as the seven orbits of the stars, bellowing with his own throat like a mad bull. He pursued frenzied Pentheus with his witnesses, the fires, and filled the whole house with the blaze. Tongues of fire danced gleaming over the walls right and left with showers of burning sparks; over the king's brilliant robes and the seapurple stuff about his chest ran spirals of fire which did not burn his garments. Separate streaks of fire went in hot leaps from foot to middleback, across his loins to the top of his backbone and round his neck ran the travelling flashes: often the divine light spat sparks that did not burn on the splendid bed of the earthborn king, the fire dancing about at random. Pentheus seeing this fire moving about of itself roared aloud and called his slaves to help, to bring saving water to drench the place with protective torrents and quench the burning flames. And the rounded cisterns were emptied, bared of water, the fountain of the river great as it was, dried up when those thousands of vessels were dipt in the water. Their trouble was

useless, the water did no good, wet floods poured on the fire only made its flames grow hotter still; there was a sound as of the echoing bellow of many bulls under that roof, and the palace of Pentheus resounded with internal thunders.

BOOK XLVI

See also the forty-sixth, where you will find the head of Pentheus and Agaüë murdering her son.

As soon as Pentheus, that audacious king, understood that the fetters of iron had dropt of themselves from the prisoners' hands, and the Mainads were rushing abroad to the mountain forest, as soon as he knew the crafty plan of unseen Dionysos, restless at once he swelled with violent wrath. Then he saw him returned there, with wreaths of the usual ivy about his head, and the long locks of hair flowing in unkempt trails over his shoulders, and blustered out these wild words from his frenzied throat —

[10] "I like you for sending that swindler Teiresias to me! Your seer cannot deceive my mind. Tell all that to someone else. How could goddess Rhea refuse her breast to Zeus her own son, and yet nurse the son of Thyone? Ask the cave in the rock of Dicte with its flashing helmets, ask the Corybants too, where little Zeus used to play, when he sucked the nourishing pap of goat Amaltheia and grew strong in spirit, but never drank Rhea's milk. You also have a touch of your deceitful mother. Semele was a liar, and Cronides burnt her with his thunders: take care that Cronides does not crush you like your mother. I too have no share of barbaric race in me. I am sprung from primeval Ismenos, not from watery Hydaspes; I know nothing of Deriades, my name is not Lycurgos. Now leave the streams of Dirce and take your Satyrs and mad Bacchants with you; use your thyrsus, if you like, to kill another and a younger Orontes among the Assyrians. You are no Olympian offspring of Cronion: for the lightnings cry aloud the shame of your perishing mother, the thunders are witnesses of her illicit bed. Zeus of the Rains burnt not Danae after the bed; he carried Europa, the sister of my Cadmos, and kept her unshaken — he did not drown her in the sea. I know that fire from heaven consumed the babe unborn along with the burning mother, and released the bastard fruit of this scorching delivery half-formed: if it did not destroy the babe, because you are innocent of your mother's furtive love of an earthly bedfellow, I believe it as you declare, and unwillingly I will call you son of heavenly Zeus and one not burnt up by the thunder. Now tell me in your turn, and bear true witness: when did their father Zeus ever produce Ares or Apollo from his thigh? If you have in you the blood of Zeus, migrate to the vault of Olympos and live in heaven, leave to Pentheus his native Thebes. You should find another tale to fit the case, something plausible, and mix with your cunning imposture persuasion to enchant the mind — that Cronides brought you forth from his prolific brow as usual. Perhaps it would not be quite so incredible a story that he produced Bacchos too like Pallas from that unwedded brow. I would wish if you had been of the Olympian breed, yes if only Cronion Lord on High had got you, that I might hunt the offspring of

Zeus and conquer Dionysos, I, called the son of Echion!"

[52] At these words the god was indignant, and replied, concealing the weight of a fatal threat deep in his heart:

[54] "I admire the Celtic land with its barbarous law, where the Rhine tests the pure birth of a young baby: he is judge of a doubtful birth, and knows how to detect the bastard offspring of unknown blood. But my appeal is not to the insignificant stream of that river called Rhine, but I have heralds more trustworthy than rivers, in the thunderbolts. Seek no better testimony than the lightning, Pentheus. The Gaul believes the water, do you believe the testifying fire. I need not the earthly palace of Pentheus; the home of Dionysos is his father's heaven. If there were a choice between earth and starry Olympos, tell me I ask, which could you call better yourself, sevenzone heaven or the land of sevendate Thebes? I need not the earthly palace of Pentheus!

[69] "Only respect the honeydripping bloom of my fruit, do not despise the drink of Dionysos and his vine. War not against Bromios the slayer of Indians, but only one woman, fight if you can only with one manbreaking Bacchant! Perhaps the prophetic Fates named you well, to foreshow your death. No wonder that Pentheus having the earthborn breed of his ancestor sprung from the soil, should suffer the direful fate of the Giants. No wonder that Bacchos too, having the Olympian breed of his race, should play the part of Zeus his giantslaying father. Ask Teiresias who it is you are defying; ask Pytho who it is that slept with Semele, who it is begat Thyone's child.

[81] "And if you are willing to learn the mysteries of dancedelighting Bacchos, put off your royal robes, Pentheus, condescend to wear the garments of a woman and become the woman Agaue, and let not the women escape you when you hunt them. Or if your hand draws the bow to slay wild beasts, Cadmos will praise you when you join your mother in the hunt. Alone, rival Bacchos, and if it be lawful, the Archeress, that I may call you a new Actaion lionslayer. Put off these arms. My women slay steel-armed warriors with their bare hands; if they conquer with unarmed female onset you clad in armour, which of your people would praise a man outworn in a battle with women? The Bassarid fears no feathered shaft, she flees no spear. No — be crafty and secret, disguise your aspect that none may know, and you shall see all the mysteries of danceweaving Dionysos."

[97] Thus he persuaded Pentheus, since he lashed the man's mind, and shook him, in the clutches of throbbing madness and distraction.... Mene also helped Bromios, attacking Pentheus with her divine scourge; the frenzied reckless fury of distracting Selene joining in displayed many a phantom shape to maddened Pentheus, and made the dread son of Echion forget his earlier intent, while she deafened his confused ears with the bray of her divine avenging trumpet, and she terrified the man.

[106] Pentheus entered the house goaded to madness with a desire to see the secrets of Bacchos's congregation. He opened the scented coffers, where lay the women's garments dyed in purple of the Sidonian sea. He donned the

embroidered robe of Agaue, bound Autonoe's veil over his locks, laced his royal breast in a rounded handwork, passed his feet into women's shoes; he took a thyrsus in hand, and as he walked after the Bacchantes a brodered smock trailed behind his hunting heel.

[116] With mimicking feet Pentheus twirled in the dance, full of sweet madness; he rattled the ground with sidelong boot, darting one foot away from another. Unmanning his two hands he shook them in alternate beats, like a dancing woman at play; as drumming a double tune on the two plates of the cymbals, he loosed his long hair to float on the breezes of heaven and struck up a Euian melody of Lydia. You might fairly say you saw a wild Bacchant woman madly rollicking. Yes, and he saw two suns and two cities of Thebes; he thought he could hold a gatehouse of seven-gate Thebes, hoisting it upon his untiring shoulders."

[128] Round him the people assembled in a ring, climbing one on a round tump of earth, one conspicuous high on a rock, while a third rested an arm over the shoulder of a neighbour and raised his foot on tiptoe above the ground: here one made for some lump sticking out of the earth, another was on a projecting bastion, another watched with slanting eye from the towering ramparts; another hugging a round pillar swarmed up with the flat of his feet, and watched Pentheus waving his thyrsus and fluttering his veil and leaping in the throes of madness.

[139] Already he had gone round the walls of Thebes while the portals of the seven gates opened on self-moving pivots, already he had passed the soft waters of dragon-feeding Dirce before the city, with his hair blowing on the wind; and beating mad feet in the circling dance he followed his course behind the vine-god.

[145] But when he came to the place where the trees were, and the dances and rites of the congregation of Bromios, where also was the hunting of their prickets by the unshod Bassarids, then vine-god Bacchos was glad, and espied in the mountain forest an ancient fir-tree tall as the neighbouring rock, which cast a shade with its bushy leaves over the cloud-high hills. With unflinching hand he seized the top of the tree and dragged it down, down to the ground. Pentheus lay along the ground [and Bacchos let go] the soaring spire, Pentheus clung to the tree that carried him on high, grasped the branches with his hands as they were borne aloft, and whirling his legs about this way and that way restlessly, moved lightly like a dancer.

[158] Then came the dancing-hours for the Bassarids. They called to one another and tucked up their robes and threw on the fawn-skins. Hill-ranging Agaue shouted aloud with foam on her lips —

[162] "Autonoe, let us make haste to the dance of Lyaïos, where the hill-ranging voice of the familiar pipe is heard, that I may recite the song that Euïos loves, that I may learn who first will lead the dance for Dionysos, who will beat whom in doing worship to Lyaïos! You're late, you slack dancer, Ino has got there before us! She is no longer an exile in the sea, but here she too

comes running from the brine with Melicertes the seafarer, she has come to defend hunted Dionysos, lest impious Pentheus overwhelm Lyaios. Mystics, to the mountains! Ismenian Bacchants, here! Let us celebrate our rites, and match the Lydian Bassarids with rival dances, that some one may say — Mainad Agaue has beaten Mygdonian Mimallon!”

[176] As the words were spoken, she saw sitting high in a tree, like a savage lion — the mother saw her impious son. She pointed him out to the frenzied Bacchants gathering there, and in the voice of a maniac called her own human son a wild beast. The women thronged round him girdlewise as he sat amid the leaves; they embraced the trunk with a ring of skilful hands and tried to throw down the tree with Pentheus in it — but Agaue threw her two arms about the trunk, and with earthshaking heave pulled the tree up from its base, roots and all. The tree fell to the ground, and Cithairon was bare. Pentheus the audacious king shot through the air of himself with a dancing leap, rolling and tumbling like a diver. At that moment the madness left him which Dionysos had sent to confuse his mind, and he recovered his senses again. He saw fate near him on the earth, and cried in lamentable tones:

[192] “Cover me, Hamadryad Nymphs! Let not Agaue my loving mother destroy her son with her own hands! O my mother, cruel mother, cease from this heartless frenzy! How can you call me your son a wild beast? Where is my shaggy chest? Where is my roaring voice? Do you not know me any longer whom you nursed, do not you see any longer? Who has robbed you of sense and sight? Farewell, Cithairon, farewell these mountains and trees! Be happy, Thebes, be happy you too, Agaue my dear mother and my murderer! See this chin with its young beard, see the shape of a man — I am no lion; no wild beast is what you see. Spare the fruit of your womb, pitiless one, spare your breasts. Pentheus is before you, your nursling. Silence, my voice, keep your tale to yourself, Agaue will not hear! But if you kill me to please Dionysos, let no other destroy your son, unhappy one, let not your son be destroyed by the alien hands of Bassarids.”

[209] Such was his prayer, and Agaue heard him not; but the terrible women attacked him with one accord; as he rolled in the dust, one pulled on his legs, one seized his right arm and wrenched it out at the joint, Autonoe dragged opposite at the left; his deluded mother set her foot on his chest, and cut through that daring neck as he lay with sharp thyrsus — then ran nimbleknee with frenzied joy in his murder, and displayed the bloody head to unwelcoming Cadmos. Triumphant in the capture of a lion, as she thought, she cried out these words of madness:

[221] “Blessed Cadmos, more blessed now I call you! For in the mountains Artemis has seen Agaue triumphant with no weapon in her hands; and even if she is queen of the hunt, she must hide her jealousy of your lionslaying daughter. The Dryads also wondered at my work. And the father of our Harmonia, armed with his familiar lance, brazen Ares, wondered full of pride at your child without a spear, casting a thyrsus and destroying lions. Pray call

the king on your throne, Cadmos, call Pentheus here, that with envious eyes he may see the beastslaying sweat of a weak woman!

[232] “This way, my men, hang up this head as a votive offering of my victory on the gatehouse of Cadmos. Sister Ino never killed a beast like this! Look here Autonoe, and bow your neck to Agaue! For you have never won glory like mine — the still famous victory of lionslaying Cyrene, mother of your Aristaios and your own goodmother, has been put to shame by mine!”

[239] While she spoke, she lifted her dear burden; but Cadmos hearing the distracted boasts of his exulting daughter, answered in mourning voice and mingled his tears with his words:

[242] “Ah, what a beast you have brought down, Agaue my child, one with human reason! What a beast you have brought down, one which your own womb brought forth! What a beast you have brought down, one that Echion begat! Look upon your lion, one that Cadmos lifted upon his nursing arm when he was still a little tot, held in his joyful arms. Look upon your lion, one that your mother Harmonia often caught up and held to your suckling breast. You search for your son to see your work: how can I call Pentheus, when you hold him in your hands? How can I call your son, whom you have killed in ignorance? Look at your beast, and you will recognize your son.

[252] “O Dionysos! A fine return you bring to Cadmos who reared you! Fine bridal gifts Cronion gave me with Harmonia! They are worthy of Ares and heavenly Aphrodite. Ino is in the sea, Semele was burnt by Cronion, Autonoe mourns her horned son, and Agaue — what misery for Agaue! She has killed her only son, her own son untimely; and my Polydoros wanders in sorrow, a banished man. Alone I am left, in a living death. Who will be my refuge, now Pentheus is dead and Polydoros gone? What foreign city will receive me? Curse you, Cithairon! You have slain those two who should cherish Cadmos in old age: Pentheus is with you, dead, Actaion is buried in your soil.”

[265] When Cadmos had ended, ancient Cithairon groaned from his springs and poured forth tears in fountains; the trees lamented, the Naiad Nymphs chanted dirges. Dionysos was abashed before the hoary head of Cadmos and his lamentations; mingling a tear with a smile on that untroubled countenance, he gave reason back to Agaue and made her sane once more, that she might mourn for Pentheus.

[271] The mother, herself again with eyes that she could trust, stood awhile rigid and voiceless. Then seeing the head of Pentheus dead she threw herself down, and rolled in helpless misery on the ground smearing the dust on her hair. She tore the shaggy skins from her breast and threw down the goblets of Bromios's company, scoring her chest and the cleft between her bare breasts with red scratches. She kissed her son's eyes and his pallid cheeks, and the charming locks of his bloodstained hair; then with bitter lamentation she spoke:

[283] “Cruel Dionysos, insatiable persecutor of your family! Give me back my former madness — for a worse madness possesses me now in my sanity.

Give me back that delirium, that I may call my son a wild beast once more. I thought I had struck a beast — I hold a head newly cut from the neck, but no lions head, it is Pentheus! Autonoe is happy for all her heavy tears, for she mourned Actaion dead, and the mother slew not her son. I alone have become a childmurderer. Ino slew not Melicertes or Learchos, Ino my banished sister, but the father destroyed the son he had begotten. How unhappy I am! Zeus slept with Semele only that I might mourn Pentheus; Zeus the father childed Dionysos from his own thigh, only to destroy the whole family of Cadmos. May Dionysos forgive me, he has destroyed the whole race of Cadmos. Now may even Apollo strike his harp again as before, as at the marriage feast where the gods were guests, as by Harmonia's bed, as in the bridechamber of my father Cadmos, let him twangle one dirge for Autonoe and Agaue both, and chant loudly of Actaion and Pentheus so quickly to perish. What medicine is there for my sorrow, O my dearest boy? I have never lifted the marriage torch at your wedding; I have never heard the bridal hymn for your wedded love. What son of yours can I see to comfort me? Would that some other, some Bacchant, had destroyed you, not allwretched Agaue! Blame not your frenzied mother, illfated Pentheus, blame Bacchos rather — Agaue is innocent! My hands, dear lad, are dripping with the dew from your shorn neck, the blood from your head has incarnadined all the robe of the mother who shed it. Yes, I beseech you, give me the cup of Bromios; for instead of wine I will pour the blood of my Pentheus as a libation to Dionysos. For you, untimely dead, I will build amid my tears a tomb with my own hands. I will lay in the earth your headless body; and on your monument I will carve these words: 'Wayfarer, I am the body of Pentheus; the cherishing womb of Agaue brought me forth, and the murdering hand of Agaue slew her son.'

[320] So spoke the maddened creature in words of sanity — and while she lamented, Autonoe spoke with a sorrowful voice of consolation:

[322] "I envy and desire your unhappiness, Agaue; for you kiss the sweet face of Pentheus, his lips and his dear eyes and the hair of your son. Sister, I think you happy, even if you the mother slew your own son. But I had no Actaion to mourn; his body was changed, and I wept over a fawn — instead of my son's head I buried the long antlers of a changeling stag. It is a small consolation to you in your pain, that you have seen your dead son in no alien shape, no fawn's fell, no unprofitable hoof, no horn you took up. I alone saw my son as a changeling corpse, I lamented an image of alien shape dappled and voiceless; I am called mother of a stag and not a son. But I pray to thee, prudish daughter of Zeus, glorify thy Phoibos the begetter of Aristaios my husband, and change my mortal shape to a deer — do grace to Apollo! Give unhappy Autonoe also as a prey to the same dogs as Actaion, or to your own hounds; let Cithairon see the mother torn by dogs even after the son, but when I am changed to the same horned shape as thy deer, yoke me not, unhappy, to thy car nor flog me fiercely with thy whip.

[344] "Farewell, tree of Pentheus, farewell pitiless Cithairon; farewell also ye

fennels of mind-deluding Dionysos! Happy be thou, Phaethon men's delight! Shine on the hills; show thy light both for Leto's daughter and Dionysos! And if thou knowest how to destroy men also with thy rays, strike with thy pure fire Autonoe and Agaue. Be Pasiphae's avenger, to plague with a laugh Harmonia's mother Aphrodite."

[352] She spoke; and Agaue childmurderer sorrowed yet more. The loving mother entombed the dead son whom she had slain, pouring a fountain of tears over her face, and the people built a goodly sepulchre.

[356] So they mourned in dejection; Lord Bacchos saw and pitied, and checked the dirge of the lamenting women, when he had mingled a medicine with honeysweet wine and passed it to each in turn as a drink to lull their troubles. He gave them the drink of forgetfulness, and when Cadmos lamented he soothed his sorrowful moans with healing words. He sent Autonoe and Agaue to their beds, and showed them oracles of god to tell of coming hope. Over the Illyrian country to the land of the Western sea he sped, and banished Harmonia with Cadmos her agemate, both wanderers, for whom creeping Time had in store a change into the shape of snaky stone.

[368] Then Bacchos with his Pans and Satyrs whipt up his lynxes, and went in gorgeous pomp to farfamed Athens.

BOOK XLVII

Come to the forty-seventh, in which is Perseus, and the death of Icarios, and Ariadne in her rich robes.

ALREADY Rumour was flitting up and down the city, announcing of herself that Dionysos of the grapes had come to visit Attica; and prolific Athens broke out into wild dancing for unresting Lyaïos. Loud was the sound of revelling; crowds of citizens with forests of fluttering hands decked out the streets in hangings of many colours, and vineleaves which Bacchos made to grow wreathed themselves all over Athens. [The women hung mystic plates of iron over their breasts and bound them round their bodies:] the maidens danced and crowned their brows with flowers of ivy braided in Attic hair. Ilissos rolled round the city living water to glorify Dionysos; the banks of Cephisos echoed the Euian tune to the universal dance. The plant shot up from the bosom of the earth, grapes selfgrown with sweet fruit ripening reddened the olive-groves of Marathon. Trees whispered, meadows put forth in season roses of two colours with opening petals, the hills gave birth to the lily selfgrown. Athena's pipes answered the Phrygian pipes, the Acharnian reed pressed by the fingers played its double ditty. The native Bacchant leaned her arm on the young Pactolian bride, and sounded a double harmony with deep note answering the Mygdonian girl, or held up the dancing nightly flame of double torches, for Zagreus born long ago and Dionysos lately born. The melodious-throated nightingale of Attica sang her varied notes in the chorus, remembering Itylos and Philomela busy at the loom; and the chattering bird of Zephyros twittered under the eaves, casting to the winds all memory of Tereus.

[34] No one in the city did not dance. Then Bacchos glad went to the house of Icarios, who excelled the other countrymen in planting new sorts of trees. The old gardener danced on his clownish feet when he saw Dionysos as his visitor, and entertained the lord of noble gardenvines at his frugal board. Erigone went to draw and mingle milk of the goats, but Bacchos checked her, and handed to the kindly old man skins full of curetrouble liquor. He took in his right hand and offered Icarios a cup of sweet fragrant wine, as he greeted him in friendly words:

[45] "Accept this gift, Sir, which Athens knows not. Sir, I deem you happy, for your fellow-citizens will celebrate you, proclaiming aloud that Icarios has found fame to obscure Celeos, and Erigone to outdo Metaneira. I rival Demeter of the olden days, because Deo too brought a gift, the harvest-corn, to another husbandman. Triptolemos discovered corn, you the winecheeked grape of my vintage. You alone rival Ganymedes in heaven, you more blessed than Triptolemos was before; for corn does not dissolve the sorrows that eat the heart, but the winebearing grape is the healer of human pain."

[56] Such were the words he spoke, as he offered a handsome cup full of mindawakening wine to the hospitable old man. The old hardworking gardener drank, and drank again, with desire insatiable for the dewy trickling drops. His girl poured no more milk, but reached him cup after cup of wine until her father was drunken; and when at last he had taken enough of that table spread with cups, the gardener skipt about with changing step, staggering and rolling sideways, and struck up the Euian chant of Zagreus for Dionysos. Then the plantloving god presented to the old countryman Euian shoots of vine in return for his hospitable table, and the Lord taught him the art of making them grow, by breaking and ditching and curving the shoots round into the soil.

[70] So the industrious old gardener passed on to other countrymen the gifts of Bromios with their vintage of grapes, and taught them how to plant and care for the viny growth of Dionysos; he poured into his rustic mixer streams of wine inexhaustible, and cheered the hearts of banqueters with cup after cup, releasing the fragrant liquid from his wineskins. Many a one would compliment Erigone's father with grateful words as he drank the sweet liquor of mind-awakening wine:

[78] "Tell us, gaffer, how you found on earth the nectar of Olympos? This golden water never came from Cephisos, this honeysweet treasure was not brought from the Naiads! For our fountains do not bubble up honey-streams like this, the river Ilissos does not run in such a purple flood. This is no drink from the plantloving bee, which quickest of all brings satiety to mortal man. This is another kind of water, sweeter than sweet honey; this is no national draught born from the Athenian olive. You have a drink richer than milk which ever keeps its taste, mingled with drops of honey-posset. If the rosyarm Seasons have learnt to distil a drink for mortals from all the flowercups that grow in our gardens, I would call this a spring-time beverage of Adonis or Cythereia, the sweetsmelling dew of roses! A strange drink yours, which dissolves trouble! for it has scattered my cares wandering in the winds of heaven.

[95] "Can it be that immortal Hebe has given you this gift from heaven? Can it be that Athena your city holder has provided this? Who has stolen the mixing-bowl from the sky, from which Ganymedes mixes the liquor and ladles out a cup for Zeus and the immortals? O more blessed than hospitable Celeos, can it be you also have yourself entertained some gracious Olympian who dwells in the heavens? I believe some other god came in mirth to visit your roof, and gave this drink to our country in friendship for your hospitable table, as Deo gave us corn!"

[104] Thus he spoke, admiring the delicious drink; and from his lips rang out a stream of rustic song in sweet madness.

[106] So the countrymen quaffed cup after cup, and made a wild revel over the wine which dazed their wits. Their eyes rolled, their pale cheeks grew red — for they drank their liquor neat, their peasant-breasts grew hot, their heads

grew heavy with the drink, the veins were swollen upon their foreheads. The bosom of the earth shook before their eyes, the trees danced and the mountains skipt. Men fell on their backs rolling helplessly over the ground, full of the unfamiliar wine with its slippery drops.

[116] Then the company of countrymen driven by murderous infatuation charged upon poor Icarios in maniac fury, as if the wine were mixt with a deceiving drug — one holding an iron poleaxe, one with a shovel for a weapon in his hands, one holding the cornreaping sickle, another raising an immense block of stone, while another, beside himself, brandished a cudgel in his hand — all striking the old man: one came near with a goad and pierced his body with its fleshcutting spike.

[125] The unhappy old industrious gardener thus beaten with blows fell to the ground, then leaping upon the table upset the mixing-bowl and rolled half-dead in the flood of ruddy wine: his head sank under the shower of blows from the countrymen, and drops of his red blood mingled with the red wine. Now next-door to death he stammered out these words:

[132] “The wine of my Bromios, the comfort of human care, that sweet one is pitiless against me alone! It has given a merry heart to all men, and it has brought fate to Icarios. The sweet one is no friend to Erigone, for Dionysos who mourns not has made my girl to mourn.”

[137] Before he could finish his words, fate came first and stayed his voice: there he lay dead with eyes wide open, far from his modest daughter. His murderers heavy with wine slumbered careless on the bare ground like dead men. When they awoke, they mourned aloud for him they had unwittingly slain, and in their right mind now they carried his body on their shoulders up to a woody ridge, and washed his wounds in the abundant waters of a mountain brook. So they who had slain buried him they had slain in their senseless fury, the same murderous hands buried the body which they had lately torn.

[148] The soul of Icarios floated like smoke to the room of Erigone. It was a light phantom in mortal shape, the shadowy vision of a dream, like a man newly slain; the wretched ghost wore a tunic with marks that betrayed the unexplained murder, red with blood and dirty with dust, torn to rags by blows on blows of beating steel. The phantom stretched out its hands and came close to the girl, and pointed out the wounds on the newly mangled limbs for her to see. The maiden shrieked in this melancholy dream, when she saw so many wounds on that head, when the poor thing saw the blood which had lately poured from that red throat. And the shade of her father spoke these words to his sorrowing child:

[161] “Wake, poor creature, go and seek your father! Wake, and search for my drunken murderers! I am your much-afflicted father, whom the savage country folk have destroyed because of wine with cold steel. I call you happy, my child; your father was killed, but you heard not the smashing of my beaten head, you saw not the hoary hair stained with gore, the body new-mangled

panting on the ground, you saw not the clubs that killed your father. No: Providence kept you far away from your father, and guarded your eyes that they might not see the death of a murdered sire. Look at my clothes, red with blood! For yesterday country people drunken with cup after cup of wine and dribbling the unfamiliar juice of Bacchos, thronged about me. As the steel tore me, I called on the shepherds, and they heard not my voice: only Echo heard the noise of me and followed with answering tones, and mourned your father with a copy of my lamentable words. Never now will you lift your crook in the midst of the woodlands and go to the meadows and flowery pasture along with a rustic husband, feeding your flock; never will you handle your hoe to work about the trees and bring water along the channels to make the garden grow. Yet be not too greedy with my honeydripping fruit, but weep for me your father low fallen in death. I shall see you living as an orphan and knowing nothing of marriage.”

[187] So spoke the vision of the dream, and then flew away. But the girl awaking tore her rose-red cheeks, and mourning scored her firm breasts with her finger-nails, and tore long locks of hair from the roots; then seeing the cattle still standing by her on the rock, the sorrowful maiden cried in a voice of lamentation:

[193] “Where is the body of Icaros? Tell me, beloved hills! Tell me my father’s fate, ye bulls that knew him well! Who were the murderers of my father slain? Where has my darling father gone? Is he wandering over the countryside, staying with the countrymen and teaching a neighbour to plant the young shoots of his fair vintage, or is he the guest of some pastoral gardener and sharing his feast? Tell his mourning daughter, and I will endure till he come. If my father is still alive, I will live with my parent again and water the plants of his garden: but if my father is dead and plants trees no more, I will face death like his over his dead body.”

[205] So she spoke, and ran with swift knee up into the mountain forest, seeking the tracks of her father newly slain. But to her questions no goatherd was bold to reply, no herdsman of cattle in the woodlands pitied the maiden or pointed to a faint trace of her father still unheard-of, no ancient shepherd showed her the body of Icaros, but she wandered in vain. At last a gardener found her and told the sad news in a sorrowful voice, and showed the tomb to her father lately slain.

[214] When the maiden heard it, she was distracted but with sober madness: she plucked the hair from her head and laid it upon the beloved tomb, a maiden unveiled, unshod, drenching her clothes with selfshed showers of ever-flowing tears. Speechless for a time, Erigone kept her lips sealed with silence; the dog the companion of Erigone shared her feelings, he whimpered and howled by the side of his mourning mistress, sorrowing with her sorrow. Wildly she ran up to a tall tree: she tied upon it a rope with a noose fast about her neck and hung herself high in the air, twisting in self-sought agonies with her two twitching feet. So she died, and had a willing fate; her dog ran round

and round the girl with sorrowful howls, a dumb animal dropping tears of sympathy from his eyes.

[229] The dog would not leave his mistress alone, unguarded, but there he stayed by the tree, and chased off the preying beasts, panther or lion. Then wayfarers passed, and he showed with mute gestures the unwedded maid hanging in the tree with a noose about her neck. Full of pity they came up to the tree on tiptoe, and took down dog knew what they did, and helped them, scratching and scattering the surface of the soil with sharp claws and grubbing with clever feet. So the wayfarers buried the body but lately dead, and they went away on their business quickfoot with a weight of sorrow under their hearts one and all. But the dog remained near the tomb alone, for love of Erigone, and there he died of his own free will.

[246] Father Zeus had pity, and he placed Erigone in the company of the stars near the Lion's back. The rustic maid holds an ear of corn; for she did not wish to carry the red grapes which had been her father's death. And Zeus brought old Icarios into the starspangled sky to move beside his daughter, and called him Bootes, the Plowman, shining bright, and touching the Wain of the Arcadian Bear. The Dog he made also a fiery constellation chasing the Hare, in that part where the starry image of seafaring Argo voyages round the circle of Olympos.

[256] Such is the fiction of the Achaian story, mingling as usual persuasion with falsehood: but the truth is: Zeus our Lord on high joined the soul of Erigone with the star of the heavenly Virgin holding an ear of corn, and near the heavenly Dog he placed a dog like him in shape, Seirios of the autumn as they call him, and the soul of Icarios he combined with Bootes in the heavens. These are the gifts of Cronides to the vinelands of Attica, offering one honour to Pallas and Dionysos together.

[265] Now Bacchos left the honeyflowing streams of Ilissos, and went in dainty revel to the vineclad district of Naxos. About him bold Eros beat his wings, and Cythereia led, before the coming of Lyaïos the bridegroom. For Theseus had just sailed away, and left without pity the banished maiden asleep on the shore, scattering his promises to the winds. When Dionysos beheld deserted Ariadne sleeping, he mingled love with wonder, and spoke out his admiration cautiously to the danceweaving Bacchantes:

[275] "Bassarids, shake not your tambours, let there be no sound of pipes or feet. Let Cypris rest! — But she has not the cestus which marks the Cyprian. I believe it is the Grace that wedded Hypnos, cunning creature! But since dawn is bright and morning seems near, awaken sleeping Pasithea. But who has given a dress to the naked Grace in Naxos, who? Is it Hebe? But to whom has she left the goblet of the Blessed? Can this be Selene, that bright driver of cattle, lying on the seashore? Then how can she be sleeping apart from her inseparable Endymion? Is it silverfoot Thetis I see on the strand? No, it is not naked, that rosy form. If I may dare to say so, it is the Archeress resting here in Naxos from her labours of the hunt, now she has wiped off in the sea the

sweat of hunting and slaying. For hard work always brings sweet sleep. But who has seen Artemis in the woods in long robes? Stay, Bacchants — stand still, Maron — dance not this way, stop singing, dear Pan, that you may not disturb the morning sleep of Athena. No — with whom did Pallas leave her spear? and who bears the bronze helmet or aegis of Tritogeneia?”

[295] So cried Bacchos — Sleep flew away, the poor lovelorn girl scattered sleep, awoke and rose from the sand, and she saw no fleet, no husband — the deceiver! But the Cydonian maiden lamented with the kingfishers, and paced the heavy murmuring shore which was all that the Loves had given her. She called on the young man’s name, madly she sought his vessel along the seaside, scolded the envious sleep, reproached even more the Paphian’s mother, the sea; she prayed to Boreas and adjured the wind, adjured Oreithyia to bring back the boy to the land of Naxos and to let her see that sweet ship again. She besought hardhearted Aiolos yet more; he heard her prayer and obeyed, sending a contrary wind to blow, but Boreas lovelorn himself cared nothing for the maid stricken with desire — yes, even the breezes themselves must have had a spite against the maiden when they carried the ship to the Athenian land. Eros himself admired the maiden, and thought he saw Aphrodite lamenting in Naxos where all is joy. She was even more resplendent in her grief, and pain was a grace to the sorrower. Compare the two, and Aphrodite gently smiling and laughing with love must give place to Ariadne in sorrow, the delectable eyes of Peitho or the Graces or Love himself must yield to the maiden’s tears. At last in her tears she found voice to speak thus:

[320] “Sweet sleep came to me, when sweet Theseus left me. Would that I had been still happy when he left me! But in my sleep I saw the land of Cecrops; in the palace of Theseus was a splendid wedding and dance with songs for Ariadne, and my happy hand was adorning the Loves’ blooming altar with luxuriant spring flowers. And I wore a bridal wreath; Theseus was beside me in wedding garments, sacrificing to Aphrodite. Alas, what a sweet dream I saw! But now it is gone, and I am left here yet virgin. Forgive me, Peitho! All this bridal pomp the misty darkness marshalled for me, all this the envious dawn of day has torn from me — and awaking I found not my heart’s desire! Are the very images of Love and Love Returned jealous of me? for I saw a delightful vision of marriage accomplished in a deceitful dream, and lovely Theseus was gone.

[336] “To me, even kind Sleep is cruel. Tell me, ye rocks, tell the unhappy lover — who stole the man of Athens? If it should be Boreas blowing, I appeal to Oreithyia: but Oreithyia hates me, because she also has the blood of Marathon, whence beloved Theseus came. If Zephyros torments me, tell Iris the bride of Zephyros and mother of Desire, to behold Ariadne maltreated. If it is Notos, if bold Euros, I appeal to Eos and reproach the mother of the blustering winds, lovelorn herself.

[345] “Give me again, Sleep, your empty boon, so pleasant; send me another

delectable dream like that, so that I may know the sweet bed of love in a deceptive dream! Only linger upon my eyes, that I may know the unreal passion of married love in a dream! O Theseus my treacherous bridegroom, if the marauding winds have carried your course from Naxos to the Athenian land, tell me now I ask, and I will resort to Aiolos at once reproaching the jealous and wicked winds. But if some cruel seaman without your knowledge left me outlawed in desert Naxos, and sailed away, he sinned against Theseus and against Themis, against Ariadne. May that sailor never see a favourable wind; if he rides the raging storm, may Melicertes never look on him graciously or bring him a calm sea; but may Notos blow when he wants Boreas, may he see Euros when he needs Zephyros; when the winds of springtime blow upon all mariners, may he alone meet with a wintry sea.

[364] "That lawless sailor sinned: but I myself was blinded when I desired the countryman of chaste Athena. Would that I had not desired him, love-lorn! For Theseus is as savage as he is charming in love. This is not what he said to me while yet he handled my thread, this is not what he said at our labyrinth!

O that the cruel bull had killed him! Hush, my voice, no more folly, do not kill the delightful boy. Alas, my love! Theseus has sailed alone to Athens his happy mother. I know why he left me — in love no doubt with one of the maidens who sailed with him, and now he holds wedding dance for the other at Marathon while I still walk in Naxos. My bridal bower was Naxos, O Theseus my treacherous bridegroom! I have lost both father and bridegroom: alas my love! I see not Minos, I behold not Theseus; I have left my own Cnossos, but I have not seen your Athens; both father and fatherland are lost. O unhappy me! Your gift for my love is the water of the brine. Who can be my refuge? What god will catch me up and convey to Marathon Ariadne, that she may claim her rights before Cypris and Theseus? Who will take me and carry me over the flood? If only I could myself see another thread, to guide my way too! Such a thread I want for myself, to escape from the Aigaian flood and cross to Marathon, that I may embrace you even if you hate Ariadne, that I may embrace you my perjured husband. Take me for your chambermaid, if you like, and I will lay your bed, and be your Ariadne (in Marathon) instead of Crete, like some captive girl. I will endure to serve your most happy bride; I will ply the rattling loom, and lift a pitcher on envious shoulders, an unfamiliar task, and bring handwash after supper for sweet Theseus — only let me see Theseus! My mother too once was the menial of a farmer, and bowed her neck for a herdsman, and prattled of love to a dumb bull in the pasture, and brought the bull a calf. She cared not to hear the herdsman make music on his pipe so much as to hear the bellowing bull. I will not touch the crook, I will not stand in the stall; but I will be ready beside my queen to hear the voice of Theseus, not the bellowing of a bull. I will sing a lovely song for your wedding, and hide my jealousy of your newly wedded bride.

[406] "Stay your voyage by the sands of Naxos, sailor, stay your ship for me!

What — are you angry too? So you too come from Marathon? If you are bound for your lovely land, where is the home of love, take this unhappy girl on board that I may behold the city of Cecrops. If you must leave me, pitiless, and go on your voyage, tell your Theseus of mourning Ariadne, how she reproaches the treacherous oath of love unfulfilled. I know why angry Eros has left unfulfilled Theseus the deceiver's promise. He swore his marriage-oath not by Hera, whom they call the Nuptial goddess, but by the immaculate Athena, the goddess who knows nothing of marriage. He swore by Pallas — and what has Pallas to do with Cythereia?"

[419] Bacchos was enraptured to hear this lament.

He noticed Cecropia, and knew the name of Theseus and the deceitful voyage from Crete. Before the girl he appeared in his radiant godhead; Eros moved swiftly about, and with stinging cestus he whipt the maiden into a nobler love, that he might lead Minos's daughter to join willingly with his brother Dionysos. Then Bacchos comforted Ariadne, lovelorn and lamenting, with these words in his mindcharming voice:

[428] "Maiden, why do you sorrow for the deceitful man of Athens? Let pass the memory of Theseus; you have Dionysos for your lover, a husband incorruptible for the husband of a day! If you are pleased with the mortal body of a youthful yearsmate, Theseus can never challenge Dionysos in manhood or comeliness. But you will say, 'He shed the blood of the halfbull man whose den was the earthdug labyrinth!' But you know your thread was his saviour: for the man of Athens with his club would never have found victory in that contest without a rosy-red girl to help him. I need not tell you of Eros and the Paphian and Ariadne's distaff. You will not say that Athens is greater than heaven. Minos your father was not the equal of Zeus Almighty, Cnossos is not like Olympos. Not for nothing did that fleet sail from my Naxos, but Desire preserved you for a nobler bridal. Happy girl, that you leave the poor bed of Theseus to look on the couch of Dionysos the desirable! What could you pray for higher than that? You have both heaven for your home and Cronion for your goodfather. Cassiepeia will not be equal to you because of her daughter's Olympian glory; for Perseus has left her heavenly chains to Andromeda even in the stars, but for you I will make a starry crown, that you may be called the shining bedfellow of crownloving Dionysos."

[453] So he comforted her; the girl throbbed with joy, and cast into the sea all her memories of Theseus when she received the promise of wedlock from her heavenly wooer. Then Eros decked out a bridal chamber for Bacchos, the wedding dance resounded, about the bridal bed all flowers grew; the dancers of Orchomenos surrounded Naxos with foliage of spring, the Hamadryad sang of the wedding, the Naiad nymph by the fountains unveiled unshod praised the union of Ariadne with the vine-god: Ortygia cried aloud in triumph, and chanting a bridal hymn for Lyaïos the brother of Phoibos cityholder she skipt in the dance, that unshakable rock. Fiery Eros made a round flowergarland with red roses and plaited a wreath coloured like the stars, as prophet and

herald of the heavenly Crown; and round about the Naxian bride danced a swarm of the Loves which attend on marriage.

[470] The Golden Father entering the chamber of wedded love sowed the seed of many children. Then rolling the long circle of hoary time, he remembered Rheia his prolific mother; and leaving faultless Naxos still full of Graces he visited all the towns of Hellas. He came near horsebreeding Argos, even though Hera ruled the Inachos. But the people would not receive him; they chased away the danceweaving women and Satyrs; they repudiated the thyrsus, lest Hera should be jealous and destroy her Pelasgian seat, if her heavy wrath should press hard on Lyaïos; they checked the old Seilenoi. Then Dionysos, angry, sent madness upon all the Inachian women. The women of Achaia loudly bellowed; they attacked those they met at the threeways; the poor creatures sharpened knives for their own newborn babies — one mother drew sword and slew her son, another destroyed her three year old child, one again hurled into the air her baby boy still searching for the welcome milk. Inachos was stained with the death of perishing newborn babes; a mother killed a son, never missed him at her nursing breast, never thought of the pangs of travail. Asterion, where the young men so often cut the flower of their bared brows as firstfruits of growing age, now received the children themselves and no longer locks of hair.

[496] As Lyaïos came up, a man of the Pelasgian country thus called out to one of the servants of the god:

[498] “You there with the grapes, you hybrid! Argos has her Perseus, one worthy of Hera, and needs not Dionysos. I have another son of Zeus and I want no Bacchos. Dionysos treads the vintage with dancing feet; my countryman cuts the air with high-travelling steps. Do not think ivy as good as the sickle, for Perseus with his sickle is better than Bacchos with his ivy; if Bacchos destroyed the Indian host, I will announce an equal prize for Perseus Gorgonslayer and Dionysos Indianslayer. If Bacchos once in the western region of the rolling sea turned into stone a Tyrrhenian ship and fixt it in the sea, my Perseus turned into stone a whole huge monster of the deep. If your Dionysos saved Ariadne, sleeping on the sands beside an empty sea, Perseus on the wing loosed the chains of Andromeda and offered the stone seamonster as a worthy bridal gift. Not for the Paphian’s sake, not while she longed for Theseus did Perseus save Andromeda to be his bride; a chaste wedding was his. No fiery lightnings burnt Danae to ashes, like Semele; but the father of Perseus came to his wedding as a golden shower of love from heaven, not as a flaming bedfellow.

[520] “I do not admire this hero at all. For what lusty spear of war does he hold? Stay, Perseus, do not fight the woman’s ivy with your Gorgonslayer sickle, do not defile your hand with a woman’s buskins, do not shake the cap of Hades upon your brow against a wreath of vineleaves — but if you wish, arm Andromeda against unarmed Dionysos. Begone, Dionysos, I tell you; leave Argos and its horses and madden once more the women of sevengate

Thebes. Find another Pentheus to kill — what has Perseus to do with Dionysos? Let be the swift stream of Inachos, and let the slow river of Aonian Thebes receive you. I need not remind you of heavyknee Asopos boiling still with the thunderbolt.”

[533] So the man spoke, deriding Dionysos. Meanwhile Pelasgian Hera equipped her Argive army; she took the shape of the seer Melampus, and angrily called to Perseus Gorgonslayer in martial words:

[537] “Perseus Flashhelm, offspring of heavenly race! Lift your sickle, and let not weak women lay waste your Argos with an unwarlike thyrsus. Tremble not before only one snake wreathed in the hair, when your monsterslaying sickle reaped such a harvest as the vipers of Medusa! Attack the army of Bassarids; remember the brazen vault which was Danae’s chamber, where Rainy Zeus poured in her bosom a shower of bridestealing gold — let not Danae after that bed, after the wedding of gold, bend a slavish knee to that nobody Dionysos. Show that you have in you the true blood of Cronion, show that you have the golden breed, proclaim the bed that received that snowstorm of heavenly riches. Make war on the Satyrs too: turn towards battling Lyaaios the deadly eye of snake hair Medusa, and let me see a new Polydectes made stone after the hateful king of wave washed Seriphos. By your side is Argive Hera in arms, all vanquishing, the stepmother of Bromios. Defend Mycene lift your sickle to save our city, that I may behold Ariadne captive of your spear following Perseus. Kill the array of bullhorned Satyrs, change with the Gorgon’s eye the human countenances of the Bassarids into like images selfmade; with the beauty of the stone copies adorn your streets, and make statues like an artist for the Inachian market-places. Why do you tremble before Dionysos, no offspring of the bed of Zeus? Tell me, what could he do to you? When shall a foot-farer on the ground catch a winged traveller of the air?”

[567] So she encouraged him, and Perseus flew into the fray. The Pelasgian trumpet blared calling the people. They came, one lifting the spear of spearman Lynceus, one the spear of Phoroneus more ancient still, one that of Pelasgos, one carried on his arm the oxhide of Abas, and the ashplant of Proitos, another bore the quiver of Acrisios; this bold man stood up to fight holding the sword of Danaos, which once he raised naked when he armed his daughters for those husband-murdering bridals; another again grasped the great axe which Inachos held to strike the bulls’ foreheads, when he stood as the inspired priest of Hera Cityholder. The battlestirring host behind their prancing teams ran with Perseus to the field; and he stood before them shouting the warcry with harsh voice, on foot himself, and shook back the rounded quiver over his shoulder, and fitted arrows to curving bow. Perseus of the sickle was champion of the Argives; he fitted his feet into the flying shoes, and he lifted up the head of Medusa which no eyes may see.

[587] But Iobacchos marshalled his women with flowing locks, and Satyrs with horns. Wild for battle he was when he saw the winged champion

coursing through the air. The thyrsus was held up in his hand, and to defend his face he carried a diamond, the gem made stone in the showers of Zeus which protects against the stony glare of Medusa, that the baleful light of that destroying face may do him no harm.

[594] And Flashhelm Perseus when he saw the ranks of the Bassarids and the gear of Lyaïos, laughed terribly and cried —

[596] “It’s nice to see you there with that thyrsus, that greenleaf shaft, marching against me armed with your wretched foliage, playing at war! If you have in you the blood of Zeus, show your breeding! If you have the water of golden Pactolos River, I have a golden Father — my father is Zeus of the Rains. See the crimson foundations of my mother’s chamber, still keeping relics of that snowstorm of wealth! Go, flee now from famous Argos, since these buildings belong to steadfast Hera, your mother’s destroyer, lest she make you the maddener mad, lest I see you once more driven with frenzy at last.”

[607] He spoke, and advanced to the fight. All-vanquishing Hera marshalled the battle, and scattered the Bacchantes with Medusa’s reaper; she dashed upon Bacchos like the lightning, a godsent leaping fire, and cast at Bromios her gleaming flashing lance. But Dionysos laughing replied in a wild voice —

[613] “Not so much of a flash you make in that blade of yours, with no iron; you cannot scare me, though your point is on fire! Even the lightning of Zeus does not hurt me; for when I was half-made and still a baby the thunders bathed me, pouring breath which burnt not upon inviolate Dionysos. You too, Perseus of the sickle, proud as you are, make an end! This is no battle for a feeble Gorgon, the prize is not a lone girl in heavy chains, Andromeda. Lyaïos is your enemy, the offspring of Zeus, to whom alone long ago Rheia offered the life-giving breast; for whom long ago the flame of marriage lightning was a gentle midwife; the admiration of East and of West, before whom the armies of India gave way; at whom Deriades trembled, and Orontes with his towering giant-stature fell; to whom bold Alpos bent his knee, that son of Earth with huge body rising near the clouds; to whom the Arabian nation kneels down, and the Sicilian mariner still sings the changeling shape of sea-scouring Tyrrhenian pirates, when once I transformed their human bodies and now instead of men they are fishes dancing and leaping in the sea.

[633] “You have heard the groaning of sevengeate Thebes; I need not remind you of Pentheus in dire madness and Agaue who slew her child; you need no tale or witness how your Argos has felt Lyaïos, and the wives of Achaia themselves are still mourning for their children. Very well, fight, my friend, and soon you shall praise Bacchos with his weapons of leafage, when you see the wings of your shoes yielding to my unconquerable buskins. Never shall you scatter my battling Bassarids, never will I cease casting my vine-wand, until I show Argos your throat pierced by my spear of ivy and your sickle beaten by my leaves. Zeus my father will not save you, nor Brighteyes my sister, nor your own Hera, however she hates the steadfast Dionysos: but I

will kill you, and boastful Mycene shall see beheaded the man who beheaded Medusa. Or I will bind you in a chest with greater bonds, and throw you to float again on the sea you know so well; you may land again at Seriphos by and by, if you like. If you are so proud of your golden birth, you may take the golden Aphrodite, that good-for-nothing, to help you.”

[654] When he had ended, he went on fighting: the Bacchants fell to, the Satyrs joined the battle. Over the head of Bromios Perseus flew in the air, flapping his light wings; but Iobacchos lifted his body and rose wingless on high near to the heavens with larger limbs over flying Perseus, and brought his hand near the sevenring sky, and touched Olympos, and crushed the clouds: Perseus quivered with fear as he saw the right hand of Dionysos out of reach and touching the sun, catching hold of the moon.

[664] So he left Dionysos and fought with the mad Bacchants. He shook in his hand the deadly face of Medusa, and turned armed Ariadne into stone. Bacchos was even more furious when he saw his bride all stone. He would have sacked Argos and razed Mycene to the ground and mowed down the whole host of Danaans, yes even wounded invulnerable Hera herself, who was fighting unrecognized in the false borrowed shape of a mortal, a seer, and Swiftshoe Perseus would have perished, fate or no fate, — but Hermes appeared behind him with winged shoes and pulled him back by his golden hair, and calmed him with friendly words to avert the ruin:

[676] “Trueborn offspring of Zeus, if bastard for jealous Hera! You know how I saved you from the fires that fell from heaven, and entrusted you to those Nymphs, the daughters of river Lamos, when still a little child; how again I carried you in my arms to the house of Ino your fostering nurse. Then show gratitude, my brother, to your saviour the son of Maia, and still this feud of brothers — for both Perseus and Dionysos are offspring of one sire. Do not reproach the people of Argos, nor the sickle of Perseus, for he arms not willingly for this war. But Hera has armed him, and she is fighting openly in the shape of the seer Melampus. Retire and leave the strife, or Hera irreconcilable may overwhelm you again in her might. But you will urge the fate of your bride. She has died in battle, a glorious fate, and you ought to think Ariadne happy in her death, because she found one so great to slay her, one sprung from heaven and of no mortal stock, one who killed the seamonster and beheaded horsebreeding Medusa. The Fates’ threads obey not persuasion. For Electra died, the bedfellow of heavenly Zeus; Europa herself disappeared after the Olympian bed, the sister of your Cadmos, she who was wedded to Zeus; your mother perished too, while she still carried you in her womb; Semele entered not the gates of Olympos before death, but after she had received her fate. And your bride even in death shall enter the starspangled sky, and she will be seen near Maia my mother among the seven travelling Pleiads. What could Ariadne wish more welcome than to live in the heavens and give light to the earth, after Crete? Come now, lay down your thyrsus, let the winds blow battle away, and fix the selfmade image of mortal

Ariadne where the image of heavenly Hera stands. Do not sack the city where the stock of your parents remains, but still your thyrsus, and respect the country of cowhorn Io. You will praise the women of Achaia by and by, when they shall build an altar to bullface Hera and your charming bride.”

[713] So he spoke, and leaving Argos the land of horses returned to the sky, after he had mingled a league of friendship between Perseus and Dionysos. Nor did Argive Hera remain long in that place; but putting off her pretended mortal body she took her divine form and returned to Olympos. Then old Melampus addressed the Icarian host, he the offspring of divine Pelasgian Lynceus founder of the race: —

[721] “Obey your seer, and shake your tambours in honour of wineface Bacchos, shake your bronze tambours and the Euian cymbals of Rheia, that he may not wipe out the whole Inachian race, that he may not destroy the young men after the little children, that he may not kill the wives after their offspring. Come, do sacrifice to Bacchos and Zeus, and please the gods heart, and dance before Perseus and Dionysos.”

[727] They did as he bade them. The people gathered together, and struck up a song with nightly dances for Bacchos and performed the holy rites: in the pious dance the tambours rattled, the feet beat the ground, the torches blazed. All the people in company smeared their cheeks with white mystic chalk. Kettledrums rattled, the double tap sounded as the bronze was beaten. Altars were red with bulls slaughtered in rows one after another, a multitude of sheep were killed. At the burning altar men made their peace with Bacchos, women won his grace. Women’s voices resounded in the air echoing in turn the song of salvation; Inachian women and Mainad women cast their deluding fury to the winds.

BOOK XLVIII

In the forty-eighth, seek the blood of the giants, and look out for Pallene and the son of sleeping Aura.

Now Bacchos quitted the horsebreeding soil of ancient Phoroneus, and mounted in his round car behind the team of panthers passed in revelry over the Thracian land. But Inachian Hera had not softened her rancorous rage for Argos maddened; she remembered the frenzy of the Achaian women and prepared again to attack Bacchos. She addressed her deceitful prayers to Allmother Earth, crying out upon the doings of Zeus and the valour of Dionysos, who had destroyed that cloud of numberless earthborn Indians; and when the lifebringing mother heard that the son of Semele had wiped out the Indian nation with speedy fate, she groaned still more thinking of her children. Then she armed all round Bacchos the mountainranging tribes of giants, earth's own brood, and goaded her huge sons to battle:

[15] "My sons, make your attack with hightowering rocks against clustergarlanded Dionysos — catch this Indianslayer, this destroyer of my family, this son of Zeus, and let me not see him ruling with Zeus a bastard monarch of Olympos! Bind him, bind Bacchos fast, that he may attend in the chamber when I bestow Hebe on Porphyryon as a wife, and give Cythereia to Chthonios, when I sing Bright-eyes the bedfellow of Encelados, and Artemis of Alcyoneus. Bring Dionysos to me, that I may enrage Cronion when he sees Lyaïos a slave and the captive of my spear. Or wound him with cutting steel and kill him for me like Zagreus, that one may say, god or mortal, that Earth in her anger has twice armed her slayers against the breed of Cronides — the older Titans against the former Dionysos, the younger Giants against Dionysos later born."

[31] With these words she excited all the host of the Giants, and the battalions of the Earthborn set forth to war, one bearing a bulwark of Nysa, one who had sliced off with steel the flank of a cloud high precipice, each with these rocks for missiles armed him against Dionysos; one hastened to the conflict bearing the rocky hill of some land with its base in the brine, another with a reef torn from a brinegirt isthmus. Peloreus took up Pelion with high towering peak as a missile in his innumerable arms, and left the cave of Philyra bare: as the rocky roof of his cave was pulled off, old Cheiron quivered and shook, that figure of half a man growing into a comrade horse. But Bacchos held a bunch of giants bane vine, and ran at Alcyoneus with the mountain upraised in his hands: he wielded no furious lance, no deadly sword, but he struck with his bunch of tendrils and shore off the multitudinous hands of the Giants; the terrible swarms of ground bred serpents were shorn off by those tippling leaves, the Giants' heads with those viper tresses were cut off and the severed necks danced in the dust. Tribes innumerable were destroyed;

from the slain Giants ran everflowing rivers of blood, crimson torrents newly poured coloured the ravines red. The swarms of earthbred snakes ran wild with fear before the tresses of Dionysos viper-enwreathed.

[56] Fire was also a weapon of Bacchos. He cast a torch in the air to destroy his adversaries: through the high paths ran the Bacchic flame leaping and curling over itself and shooting down corrosive sparks on the Giants' limbs; and there was a serpent with a blaze in his threatening mouth, half-burnt and whistling with a firescorched throat, spitting out smoke instead of a spurt of deadly poison.

[63] There was infinite tumult. Bacchos raised himself and lifted his fighting torch over the heads of his adversaries, and roasted the Giants' bodies with a great conflagration, an image on earth of the thunderbolt cast by Zeus. The torches blazed: fire was rolling all over the head of Encelados and making the air hot, but it did not vanquish him — Encelados bent not his knee in the steam of the earthly fire, since he was reserved for a thunderbolt. Vast Alcioneus leapt upon Lyaïos armed with his Thracian crags; he lifted over Bacchos a cloud high peak of wintry Haimos — useless against that mark, Dionysos the invulnerable. He threw the cliff, but when the rocks touched the fawnskin of Lyaïos, they could not tear it, and burst into splinters themselves. Typhoeus towering high had stript the mountains of Emathia (a younger Typhoeus in all parts like the older, who once had lifted many a rugged strip of his mother earth), and cast the rocky missiles at Dionysos. Lord Bacchos pulled away the sword of one that was gasping on the ground and attacked the Giants' heads, cutting the snaky crop of poisonspitting hair; even without weapon he destroyed the selfmarshalled host, fighting furiously, and using the treeclimbing longleaf ivy to strike the Giants.

[87] Indeed he would have slain all with his manbreaking thyrsus, if he had not retired of his own will out of the fray and left enemies alive for his Father.

[90] Then he would quickly have gone to Phrygia with speeding foot, but another task held him back; that after so many had died he might kill one murderous creature, Pallene's deathdealing father. He once had an unlawful passion for his daughter; he used to thwart her marriage and hinder every match. Wooers innumerable who would have wed her he killed, a great harvest of them; the places of wrestling were noisy with their murders and red with their blood, until Bacchos came as the champion of Justice. There was Pallene, ever so near to wedlock, and her father full of unholy passion: Bacchos came near, and proposed to make the wicked match with his horrible daughter, offering all manner of gifts. To this request of Lyaïos, the dreadful man declared how wrestling must win the bride. He led him into the place of contest, so ill-omened for strangers, where the audacious girl stood ready spear in hand bearing her bridal shield on her shoulders.

[106] Then Cypris presided over the ring. In the midst was Eros naked, holding out to Bacchos the bridal wreath. Wrestling was to win the bride: Peitho clad her delicate body in a silvery robe, foretelling victory for Lyaïos's

wooing. The girl stript the clothes off her muscular limbs; she laid down the fierce wedding-spear. There stood the daughter of Sithon, daintier now, unshod, unveiled, unarmed, revealed a woman, but a red band girt the rounded curve of her firm breasts. Her body was uncovered, but for the long tresses of the abundant hair which flowed loose over the girl's neck. Her legs were visible, and the curve of her thighs uncovered with the part above the knee bare, but a white wrap fitted close over the thighs to cover her nakedness. Her skin had been well rubbed with fat oil, and her arms more than all, that she might slip out easily if her body were pressed in a grasp too strong to loosen.

[124] She came up to Lyaïos her eager wooer with rough threatening words, and threw her two arms with a swing linking them round his neck; Bacchos just threw back his neck with the woman's fetters about it, and shook it loose again, throwing off the girl's tender fingers. Then he put his two arms round her waist like a girdle, and shook her from side to side by movements of his feet. He grasped a rosy palm, and felt comfort for his love as he squeezed the snow white hand. He did not wish so much to give the maid a throw as to touch the soft flesh, entranced with his delightful task; he used all his guile, panting with labouring breath, as if he were a mortal, delaying victory on purpose. Lovely Pallene tried a trick of the ring to lift the body of Lyaïos, but her woman's arms were not equal to raise that great weight; she tired, and let go the masculine limbs of Dionysos immovable. Then the god took a like hold of the lovely girl, and joining his two arms about his adversary lifted her as if she were his own wand, and threw her aslant round and over his shoulder; then with gentle hand swung off the sturdy girl and laid her at full length quiet on the ground. He let his eyes furtively wander, scanning the limbs of the girl covered with her glorious hair in the dust, the luxurious tresses of the untidy head dabbled in dirt.

[150] But the girl jumped up again from the dust and stood up steady on her feet once more. Then Dionysos with an agile movement mercilessly set his knee against Pallene's belly, and holding her tried to roll her over on the ground with a sideways heave, changed his arms to a grasp round her waist, bent his head to one side and shifted his fingers behind to the middle of her back, and tried to hook ankle or shin, or to catch the knee. At last the god fell back of himself rolling on the ground and let a feeble hand conquer him: a charming physick it was for his love, when he lay beautiful in that happy dust on his back, bearing upon his own belly that lovely burden — he lay still, and did not throw off the girl, but held her fast with soulconsoling bonds of desire. She pulled herself from the manly hands of love mad Dionysos, and lifted herself to her feet with a twist of her legs in a quick supple movement; but the god with a slight effort simply rolled over and laid the rosy girl flat on the ground. So there lay the girl on the ground stretching her arms abroad, and as she lay along the ground he joined his arms neatly in a clasp about her neck.

[172] Then with swift feet her father leapt between them. The girl wanted to try again, but he held her back, and put an end to this wedding-contest for a

bride by yielding love's victory to Dionysos, for fear he might kill her in that immovable grip. So after the victory in this contest, with the consent of Zeus, Eros crowned his brother with the cluster that heralds a wedding; for he had accomplished a delectable wedding-bout. It was indeed a contest like that when Hippomenes once conquered flying Atalanta, by rolling golden marriage-gifts in front of her feet.

[183] But when Bacchos had ended the wrestling-match for his bride, still dripping with the sweat of his wedding contest he struck down Sithon with a stab of his sharp thyrsus, Sithon the murderer of wooers; and as the father rolled in the dust he gave his daughter the thyrsus that slew him, as a love-gift. That was however the right to pursue in his own chariot and spear the suitor if he could catch him. In one version of the story of Pallene (Parthenios vi. 3-4), chariots are introduced also, though it is said that the competitors for her hand (*cf* note on 93) were to fight from them, not race in them, a very odd archaism, since fighting in (as opposed to from) chariots was already obsolete in the days of Homer. This suggests that here again a pursuit (not a race in the ordinary sense) may have been the original contest. Atalante also, in a version preserved by Hyginus (*Fab.* 185. 2, see Rose *ad loc.*), did not race with her suitors, but ran after them, killing them if she caught them before they got to the goal. Now if we compare the curious ritual of Orchomenos (Plutarch, *Quaest. Grace.* 38), in which the priest of Dionysos pursued with a sword certain women, and might kill any one of them he caught, it seems in no way impossible that all these stories, or some of them at least, represent a ritual flight and pursuit (a common enough ceremony in itself) with a real or pretended killing involved. That such a performance should be confused with a ritual combat, also a fairly common proceeding, is natural enough. a wedding of many songs: the bridechamber was never silent, Seilenoi chanted, Bacchants danced, drunken Satyrs wove a hymn of love and sang the alliance which came of this victorious match. Companies of Nereids under the foothills of the neighbouring isthmus encircled Dionysos with wedding dances and warbled their lay; beside the Thracian sea danced old Nereus, who once had Bromios for a guest; Galateia tript over the wedding-sea and carolled Pallene joined with Dionysos; Thetis capered although she knew nothing of love; Melicertes crowned the seagirt wedding-reef of the isthmus chanting Euoi for Pallene's bridal; many a Hamadryad of Athos kindled a Thracian torch for the bridal in fiery Lemnos close by. And while the bride mourned her father, the Euian bridegroom comforted her with lover's tender talk: —

[185] "Maiden, lament not for your father so wicked in his love! Maiden, lament not for one that wooed your maidenhood! What father ever begat and then married his own daughter? Leave your empty mourning, because now that Sithon your father is slain Justice dances and laughs, and kindles a wedding-torch with her virgin hands; she who knows not marriage still is singing your marriage, as she beholds a new Oinomaos dead. Oinomaos died

indeed, but although her father had perished, Hippodameia took her joy with her husband newly-wedded. Then you too must throw to the winds your regret for your father, and take your joy united with your vinegod lover, now that you have escaped a father's disgrace. I need not tell you of Sithon's hateful love and your marriage delayed; how he took in hand a murderous blade to kill your wooers, and let you grow old without a taste of Aphrodite, scattered your hopes of a husband and left your bed solitary. Look at the rotting relics of your pretenders' bodies, whom the Paphian adorned and the furious Avenger slew! See those heads hung before your doors like first-fruits of harvest, still dripping with the gore of those inhospitable bridal feasts! You are no mortal daughter of Sithon. I believe a heavenly being begat you, your own Thracian Ares. I believe Cythereia brought you to birth; and you have marks of both parents imprinted, the temper of Ares and the radiance of Aphrodite. Or I believe your father was Lord Hermes of the ring, when he entered the delicate bed of Peitho who brings marriage to pass, and he taught you the wrestling which leads the way to love."

[234] So he consoled her with words that healed her sorrow, and stilled the lovely tears of the mourning maiden. And he lingered for some time beside his wedded bride, taking his joy in the love of this new marriage.

[238] Then he left the halls of Pallene and Thracian Boreas, and went on to Rheia's house, where the divine court of the prolific Cybele stood on Phrygian soil. There grew Aura the mountain maiden of Rhyndacos, and hunted over the foothills of rocky Dindymon. She was yet unacquainted with love, a comrade of the Archeress. She kept aloof from the notions of unwarlike maids, like a younger Artemis, this daughter of Lelantos; for the father of this stormfoot girl was ancient Lelantos the Titan, who wedded Periboia, a daughter of Oceanos; a manlike maid she was, who knew nothing of Aphrodite. She grew up taller than her yearsmates, a lovely rosy-armed thing, ever a friend of the hills. Often in hunting she ran down the wild bear, and sent her swift lance shooting against the lioness, but she slew no prickets and shot no hares. No, she carried her tawny quiver to shoot down hillranging tribes of ravening lions, with her shafts that were death to wild beasts. Her name was like her doings: Aura the Windmaid could run most swiftly, keeping pace with the highland winds.

[258] One day in the scorching season of thirsty heat the maiden was asleep, resting from her labours of hunting. Stretching her body on Cybele's grass, and leaning her head on a bush of chaste laurel, she slept at midday, and saw a vision in her dreams which foretold a delectable marriage to come — how the fiery god, wild Eros, fitted shaft to burning string and shot the hares in the forest, shot the wild beasts in a row with his tiny shafts; how Cypris came, laughing, wandering with the young son of Myrrha as he hunted, and Aura the maiden was there, carrying the quiver of huntsman Eros on the shoulder which was ere now used to the bow of Artemis. But Eros went on killing the beasts, until he was weary of the bowstring and hitting the grim face of a

panther or the snout of a bear; then he caught a lioness alive with the allbewitching cestus, and dragging the beast away showed her fettered to his merry mother. The maiden saw in the darkness how mischievous Eros teased herself also as she leaned her arm on Cythereia and Adonis, while he made his prey the proud lioness, bend a slavish knee before Aphrodite, as he cried loudly, "Garlanded mother of the loves! I lead to you Aura, the maiden too fond of maidenhood, and she bows her neck. Now you dancers of lovestricken Orchomenos, crown this cestus, the strap that waits on marriage, because it has conquered the stubborn will of this invincible lioness!" Such was the prophetic oracle which Aura the mountain maiden saw. Nor was it vain for the loves, since they themselves bring a man into the net and hunt a woman.

[287] The maiden awoke, raved against the prudent laurel, upbraided Eros and the Paphian — but bold Sleep she reproached more than all and threatened the Dream: she was angry with the leaves and thought, though she spoke not,

[292] "Daphne, why do you persecute me? What has your tree to do with Cypris? I was deluded when I slept under your neighbouring branches, because I thought yours was a plant of chastity; but I found nothing of your reputation or my hope. And so, Daphne, when you changed your shape you found how to change your mind? Surely you are not the servant of conjugal Aphrodite after your death? This is not the tree of a decent girl but of a bride newly wed. One might expect to see such dreams near a myrtle: this dream is worthy of a harlot. Did Peitho plant you, did your laurel-Apollo plant you with his own hand?"

[301] She spoke thus, angry at the plant and Eros and Sleep all together.

[302] And once it happened that Artemis queen of the hunt was hunting over the hills, and her skin was beaten by the glow of the scorching heat, in the middle of glowing summer, at midday, when Helios blazed as he whipt the Lion's back with the fire of his rough whistling whip; so she got ready her car to cool her hot frame along with the Naiad Nymphs in a bath in some hill burn. Then Artemis hillranger fastened her prickets under the yokestraps. Maiden Aura mounted the car, took reins and whip and drove the horned team like a tempest. The unveiled daughters of everflowing Oceanos her servants made haste to accompany the Archeress: one moved her swift knees as her queen's forerunner, another tucked up her tunic and ran level not far off, a third laid a hand on the basket of the swift moving car and ran alongside. Archeress diffusing radiance from her face stood shining above her attendants, as when Selene in her heavenly chariot sends forth the flame of her ever-wakeful fires in a shower of cloudless beams, and rises in full refulgence among the firefed stars, obscuring the whole heavenly host with her countenance: radiant like her, Archeress traversed the forest, until she reached the place where the heavenfallen waters of Sangarios river are drawn in a murmuring stream.

[328] Then Aura checked her swinging whip, and holding up the prickets

with the golden bridles, brought the radiant car of her mistress to a standstill beside the stream. The goddess leapt out of the car: took the bow from her shoulders, and Hecaege the quiver; the daughters of Oceanos took off the well-strung hunting-nets, and [another took charge of] the dogs; Loxo loosed the boots from her feet. She in the midday heat still guarded her maiden modesty in the river, moving through the water with cautious step, and lifting her tunic little by little from foot to head with the edge touching the surface, keeping the two feet and thighs close together and hiding her body as she bathed the whole by degrees. Aura looked sideways through the water with the daring gaze of her sharp eyes unashamed, and scanned the holy frame of the virgin who may not be seen, examining the divine beauty of her chaste mistress; virgin Aura stretched out her arms and feet at full length and swam by the side of the swimming divinity. Now Artemis lady of the hunt [stood] half visible on the river bank, and wrung out the dripping water from her hair; Aura the maid of the hunt stood by her side, and stroked her breasts and uttered these impious words:

[351] “Artemis, you only have the name of a virgin maid, because your rounded breasts are full and soft, a woman’s breasts like the Paphian, not a man’s like Athena, and your cheeks shed a rosy radiance! Well, since you have a body like that desirous goddess, why not be queen of marriage as well as Cythereia with her wealth of fine hair, and receive a bridegroom into your chamber? If it please you, leave Athena and sleep with Hermes and Ares. If it please you, take up the bow and arrows of the loves, if your passion is so strong for a quiver full of arrows. I ask pardon of your beauty, but I am much better than you. See what a vigorous body I have! Look at Aura’s body like a boy’s, and her step swifter than Zephyros! See the muscles upon my arms, look at my breasts, round and unripe, not like a woman. You might almost say that yours are swelling with drops of milk! Why are your arms so tender, why are your breasts not round like Aura’s, to tell the world themselves of unviolated maidenhood?”

[370] So she spoke in raillery; the goddess listened downcast in boding silence. Waves of anger swelled in her breast, her flashing eyes had death in their look. She leapt up from the stream and put on her tunic again, and once more fitted the girdle upon her pure loins, offended. She betook herself to Nemesis, and found her on the heights of Tauros in the clouds, where beside neighbour Cydnos she had ended the proudnecked boasting of Typhon’s threats. A wheel turned itself round before the queen’s feet, signifying that she rolls all the proud from on high to the ground with the avenging wheel of justice, she the all vanquishing deity who turns the path of life. Round her throne flew a bird of vengeance, a griffin flying with wings, or balancing himself on four feet, to go unbidden before the flying goddess and show that she herself traverses the four separate quarters of the world: highcrested men she bridles with her bit which none can shake off, such is the meaning of the image, and she rolls a haughty fellow about as it were with the whip of

misery, like a self-rolling wheel. When the goddess beheld Artemis with pallid face, she knew that she was offended and full of deadly threatenings, and questioned her in friendly words:

[392] “Your looks, Archeress, proclaim your anger. Artemis, what impious son of Earth persecutes you? What second Typhoeus has sprung up from the ground? Has Tityos risen again rolling a lovmad eye, and touched the robe of your untouchable mother? Where is your bow, Artemis, where are Apollo’s arrows? What Orion is using force against you once more? The wretch that touched your dress still lies in his mother’s flanks, a lifeless corpse; if any man has clutched your garments with lustful hands, grow another scorpion to avenge your girdle. If bold Otos again, or boastful Ephialtes, has desired to win your love so far beyond his reach, then slay the pretender to your unwedded virginity. If some prolific wife provokes your mother Leto, let her weep for her children, another Niobe of stone. Why should not I make another stone on Sipylos? Is your father pestering you to marry as he did with Athena? Surely Cronion has not promised you to Hermes for a wife, as he promised pure Athena to Hephaistos in wedlock? But if some woman is persecuting you as one did to your mother Leto, I will be the avenger of the offended Archeress.”

[414] She had not finished, when the puppybreeding maiden broke in and said to the goddess who saves from evil:

[416] “Virgin all vanquishing, guide of creation, Zeus pesters me not, nor Niobe, nor bold Otos; no Tityos has dragged at the long robes of my Leto; no new son of Earth like Orion forces me: no, it is that sour virgin Aura, the daughter of Lelantos, who mocks me and offends me with rude sharp words. But how can I tell you all she said? I am ashamed to describe her calumny of my body and her abuse of my breasts. I have suffered just as my mother did: we are both alike — in Phrygia Niobe offended Leto the mother of twins, in Phrygia again impious Aura offended me. But Niobe paid for it by passing into a changeling form, that daughter of Tantalos whose children were her sorrow, and she still weeps with stony eyes; I alone am insulted and bear my disgrace without vengeance, but Aura the champion of chastity has washed no stone with tears, she has seen no fountain declaring the faults of her uncontrolled tongue. I pray you, uphold the dignity of your Titan birth. Grant me a boon like my mother, that I may see Aura’s body transformed into stone immovable; leave not a maiden of your own race in sorrow, that I may not see Aura mocking me again and not to be turned — or let your sickle of beaten bronze drive her to madness!”

[439] She spoke, and the goddess replied with encouraging words:

[440] “Chaste daughter of Leto, huntress, sister of Phoibos, I will not use my sickle to chastise a Titan girl, I will not make the maiden a stone in Phrygia, for I am myself born of the ancient race of Titans, and her father Lelantos might blame me when he heard: but one boon I will grant you, Archeress. Aura the maid of the hunt has reproached your virginity, and she shall be a

virgin no longer. You shall see her in the bed of a mountain stream weeping fountains of tears for her maiden girdle.”

[449] So she consoled her; and Artemis the maiden entered her car with its team of four prickets, left the mountain and drove back to Phrygia. With equal speed the maiden Adrasteia pursued her obstinate enemy Aura. She had harnessed racing griffins under her bridle; quick through the air she coursed in the swift car, until she tightened the curving bits of her fourfooted birds, and drew up on the peak of Sipylos in front of the face of Tantalos’s daughter with eyeballs of stone. Then she approached the haughty Aura. She flicked the proud neck of the hapless girl with her snaky whip, and struck her with the round wheel of justice, and bent the foolish unbending will. Argive Adrasteia let the whip with its vipers curl round the maiden’s girdle, doing pleasure to Artemis and to Dionysos while he was still indignant; and although she was herself unacquainted with love, she prepared another love, after the bed of Pallene, after the loss of Ariadne — one was left in her own country, one was a stone in a foreign land like the statue of Achaian Hera — and more than all for the ill success with Beroe’s bed.

[470] Nemesis now flew back to snowbeaten Tauros until she reached Cydnos again. And Eros drove Dionysos mad for the girl with the delicious wound of his arrow, then curving his wings flew lightly to Olympos.

[474] And the god roamed over the hills scourged with a greater fire. For there was not the smallest comfort for him. He had then no hope of the girl’s love, no physic for his passion; but Eros burnt him more and more with the mind bewitching fire to win mad obstinate Aura at last. With hard struggles he kept his desire hidden; he used no lover’s prattle beside Aura in the woods, for fear she might avoid him. What is more shameless, than when only men crave, and women do not desire? Wandering Bacchos felt the arrow of love fixt in his heart if the maiden was hunting with her pack of dogs in the woods; if he caught a glimpse of a thigh when the loving winds lifted her tunic, he became soft as a woman. At last buffeted by his tumultuous desire for Aura, desperate he cried out in mad tones —

[489] “I am like lovelorn Pan, when the girl flees me swift as the wind, and wanders, treading the wilderness with boot more agile than Echo never seen! You are happy, Pan, much more than Bromios, for during your search you have found a physic for love in a mind bewitching voice. Echo follows your tones and returns them, moving from place to place, and utters a sound of speaking like your voice. If only maid Aura had done the same, and let one word sound from her lips! This love is different from all others, for the girl herself has a nature not like the ways of other maidens. What physic is there for my pain? Shall I charm her with lovers’ nod and beck? Ah when, ah when is Aura charmed with moving eyelids? Who by lovemad looks or wooing whispers could seduce the heart of a shebear to the Paphian, to Eros? Who discourses to a lioness? Who talks to an oak? Who has beguiled a lifeless fir-tree? Who ever persuaded a cornel-tree, and took a rock in marriage? And

what man could charm the mind of Aura proof against all charms? What man could charm her — who will mention marriage, or the cestus which helps love, to this girl with no girdle to her tunic? Who will mention the sweet sting of love or the name of Cyprogeneia? I think Athena will listen sooner; and not intrepid Artemis avoids me so much as prudish Aura. If she would only say as much as this with her dear lips—' Bacchos, your desire is vain; seek not for maiden Aura.'”

[514] So he spoke to the breezes of spring, while walking in a flowery meadow. Beside a fragrant myrtle he stayed his feet for a soothing rest at midday. He leaned against a tree and listened to the west breeze whispering, overcome by fatigue and love; and as he sat there, a Hamadryad Nymph at home in the clusters of her native tree, a maiden unveiled, peeped out and said, true both to Cypris and to loving Lyaaios:

[522] “Bacchos can never lead Aura to his bed, unless he binds her first in heavy galling fetters, and winds the bonds of Cypris round hands and feet; or else puts her under the yoke of marriage in sleep, and steals the girl’s maidenhood without brideprice.”

[527] Having spoken she hid again in the tree her agemate, and entered again her woody home; but Bacchos distressed with lovebreeding dreams made his mind a parade: the soul of dead Ariadne borne on the wind came, and beside Dionysos sleeping sound, stood jealous after death, and spoke in the words of a dream:

[534] “Dionysos, you have forgotten your former bride: you long for Aura, and you care not for Ariadne. O my own Theseus, whom the bitter wind stole! O my own Theseus, whom Phaidra got for husband! I suppose it was fated that a perjured husband must always run from me, if the sweet boy left me while I slept, and I was married instead to Lyaaios, an inconstant lover and a deceiver. Alas, that I had not a mortal husband, one soon to die; then I might have armed myself against lovmad Dionysos and been one of the Lemnian women myself. But after Theseus, now I must call you too a perjured bridegroom, the invader of many marriage beds. If your bride asks you for a gift, take this distaff at my hands, a friendly gift of love, that you may give your mountaineering bride what your Minoian wife gave you; then people can say—’ She gave the thread to Theseus, and the distaff to Dionysos.’

[550] “You are just like Cronion changing from bed to bed, and you have imitated the doings of your womanmad father, having an insatiable passion for changing your loves. I know how you lately married your Sithonian wife Pallene, and your wedding with Althaia: I will say nothing of the love of Coronis, from whose bed were born the three Graces ever inseparable. But O Mycenai, proclaim my fate and the savage glare of Medusa! Shores of Naxos, cry aloud of Ariadne’s lot, constrained to a hateful love, and say, ‘O bridegroom Theseus, Minos’s daughter calls you in anger against Dionysos!’ But why do I think of Cecropia? To her of Paphos, I carry my plaint against them both, Theseus and Dionysos!”

[563] She spoke, and her shade flew away like shadowy smoke. Bold Bacchos awoke and shook off the wing of Sleep. He lamented the sorrow of Ariadne in his dream, and sought for some clever device which could meet all needs and lead him to love. First he remembered the bed of the Astacid nymph long before, how he had wooed the lovely nymph with a cunning potion and made sleep his guide to intoxicated bridal.

[570] While Bacchos would be preparing a cunning device for her bed, Lelantos's daughter wandered about seeking a fountain, for she was possessed with parching thirst. Dionysos failed not to see how thirsting Aura ran rapidly over the hills. Quickly he leapt up and dug the earth with his wand at the foundation of a rock: the hill parted, and poured out of itself a purple stream of wine from its sweet-scented bosom. The Seasons, handmaids of Helios, to do grace to Lyaia, painted with flowers the fountain's margin, and fragrant whiffs from the new-growing meadow beat on the balmy air. There were the clustering blooms which have the name of Narcissos the fair youth, whom horned Selene's bridegroom Endymion begat on leafy Latmos, Narcissos who long ago gazed on his own image formed in the water, that dumb image of a beautiful deceiver, and died as he gazed on the shadowy phantom of his shape; there was the living plant of Amyclaian iris; there sang the nightingales over the spring blossoms, flying in troops above the clustering flowers.

[590] And there came running thirsty at midday Aura herself, seeking if anywhere she could find raindrops from Zeus, or some fountain, or the stream of a river pouring from the hills; and Eros cast a mist over her eyelids: but when she saw the deceitful fountain of Bacchos, Peitho dispersed the shadowy cloud from her eyelids, and called out to Aura like a herald of her marriage —

[597] "Maiden, come this way! Take into your lips the stream of this nuptial fountain, and into your bosom a lover."

[599] Gladly the maiden saw it, and throwing herself down before the fountain drew in the liquid of Bacchos with open lips. When she had drunk, the girl exclaimed:

[602] "Naiads, what marvel is this? Whence comes this balmy water? Who made this bubbling drink, what heavenly womb gave him birth? Certainly after drinking this I can run no more. No, my feet are heavy, sweet sleep bewitches me, nothing comes from my lips but a soft stammering sound."

[607] She spoke, and went stumbling on her way. She moved this way and that way with erring motions, her brow shook with throbbing temples, her head leaned and lay on her shoulder, she fell asleep on the ground beside a tallbranching tree and entrusted to the bare earth her maidenhood unguarded.

[613] When fiery Eros beheld Aura stumbling heavy-knee, he leapt down from heaven, and smiling with peaceful countenance spoke to Dionysos with full sympathy:

[616] "Are you for a hunt, Dionysos? Virgin Aura awaits you!"

[617] With these words, he made haste away to Olympos flapping his wings, but first he had inscribed on the spring petals—"Bridegroom, complete your

marriage while the maiden is still asleep; and let us be silent that sleep may not leave the maiden.”

[621] Then Iobacchos seeing her on the bare earth, plucking the Lethaeon feather of bridal Sleep, he crept up noiseless, unshod, on tiptoe, and approached Aura where she lay without voice or hearing. With gentle hand he put away the girl's neat quiver and hid the bow in a hole in the rock, that she might not shake off Sleep's wing and shoot him. Then he tied the girl's feet together with indissoluble bonds, and passed a cord round and round her hands that she might not escape him: he laid the maiden down in the dust, a victim heavy with sleep ready for Aphrodite, and stole the bridal fruit from Aura asleep. The husband brought no gift; on the ground that hapless girl heavy with wine, unmoving, was wedded to Dionysos; Sleep embraced the body of Aura with overshadowing wings, and he was marshal of the wedding for Bacchos, for he also had experience of love, he is yokefellow of the moon, he is companion of the Loves in nightly caresses. So the wedding was like a dream; for the capering dances, the hill skipt and leapt of itself, the Hamadryad halfvisible shook her agemate fir — only maiden Echo did not join in the mountain dance, but shamefast hid herself unapproachable under the foundations of the rock, that she might not behold the wedding of womanmad Dionysos.

[645] When the vinebridegroom had consummated his wedding on that silent bed, he lifted a cautious foot and kissed the bride's lovely lips, loosed the unmoving feet and hands, brought back the quiver and bow from the rock and laid them beside his bride. He left to the winds the bed of Aura still sleeping, and returned to his Satyrs with a breath of the bridal still about him.

[652] After these caresses, the bride started up; she shook off limbloosing sleep, the witness of the unpublished nuptials, saw with surprise her breasts bare of the modest bodice, the cleft of her thighs uncovered, her dress marked with the drops of wedlock that told of a maidenhood ravished without bridegift. She was maddened by what she saw. She fitted the bodice again about her chest, and bound the maiden girdle again over her rounded breast — too late! She shrieked in distress, held in the throes of madness; she chased the countrymen, slew shepherds beside the leafy slopes, to punish her treacherous husband with avenging justice — still more she killed the oxherds with implacable steel, for she knew about charming Tithonos, bridegroom of Dawn, the lovelorn oxherd, knew that Selene also the driver of bulls had her Latmian Endymion who was busy about the herds of cattle; she had heard of Phrygian Hymnos too, and his love that made him rue, the lovelorn herdsman whom another maiden slew: still more she killed the goatherds, killed their whole flocks of goats, in agony of heart, because she had seen Pan the dangerous lover with a face like some shaggy goat; for she felt quite sure that shepherd Pan tormented with desire for Echo had violated her asleep: much more she laid low the husbandmen, as being also slaves to Cypris, since a man who tilled the soil, Iasion, had been bedfellow of Demeter the mother of

sheaves. The huntsmen she killed believing an ancient story; for she had heard that a huntsman Cephalos, from the country of unmothered Athena, was husband of rosecrowned Dawn. Workmen of Bacchos about the vintage she killed, because they are servants of Lyaïos who squeeze out the intoxicating juice of his liquor, heavy with wine, dangerous lovers. For she had not yet learnt the cunning heart of Dionysos, and the seductive potion of heady love, but she made empty the huts of the mountainranging herdsmen and drenched the hills with red blood.

[689] Still frantic in mind, shaken by throes of madness, she came to the temple of Cypris. She loosed the girdle from her newly spun robe, the enemy Latmian herdsman (though his country and legend alike vary) was her love, and she cast him into an unending sleep. Hymnos, *cf* xv. 204 ff.; Iasion, *Odyssey* v. 125: Cephalos, see iv. 194. of the cestus, and flogged the dainty body of the unconquerable goddess; she caught up the statue of marriage-consummating Cythereia, she went to the bank of Sangarios, and sent Aphrodite rolling into the stream, naked among the naked Naiads; and after the divine statue had gone with the scourge twisted round it, she threw into the dust the delicate image of Love, and left the temple of Cybelid Foamborn empty. Then she plunged into the familiar forest, wandering unperceived, handled her net-stakes, remembered the hunt again, lamenting her maidenhood with wet eyelids, and crying loudly in these words:

[703] "What god has loosed the girdle of my maidenhood? If Zeus Allwise took some false aspect, and forced me, upon my lonely bed, if he did not respect our neighbour Rheia, I will leave the wild beasts and shoot the starry sky! If Phoibos Apollo lay by my side in sleep, I will raze the stones of worldfamous Pytho wholly to the ground! If Cyllenian Hermes has ravished my bed, I will utterly destroy Arcadia with my arrows, and make goldchaplet Peitho my servant! If Dionysos came unseen and ravished my maidenhood in the crafty wooing of a dream-bridal, I will go where Cybele's hall stands, and chase that lustmad Dionysos from highcrested Tmolos! I will hang my quiver of death on my shoulders and attack Paphos, I will attack Phrygia — I will draw my bow on both Cypris and Dionysos! You, Archeress, you have enraged me most, because you, a maiden, did not kill me in my sleep still a virgin, yes and did not defend me even against my bedfellow with your pure shafts!"

[723] She spoke, and then checked her trembling voice overcome by tears. And Aura, hapless maiden, having within her the fruitful seed of Bacchos the begetter, carried a double weight: the wife maddened uncontrollably cursed the burden of the seed, hapless maiden Aura [lamented the loss of her maidenhood; she knew not] whether she had conceived of herself, or by some man, or a scheming god; she remembered the bride of Zeus, Berecynthian Pluto, so unhappy in the son Tantalos whom she bore. She wished to tear herself open, to cut open her womb in her senseless frenzy, that the child half made might be destroyed and never be reared. She even lifted a sword, and

thought to drive the blade through her bare chest with pitiless hand. Often she went to the cave of a lioness with newborn cubs, that she might slip into the net of a willing fate; but the dread beast ran out into the mountains, in fear of death, and hid herself in some cleft of the rocks, leaving the cub alone in the lair. Often she thought to drive a sword willingly through the swelling womb and slay herself with her own hand, that self-slain she might escape the shame of her womb and the mocking taunts of glad Artemis. She longed to know her husband, that she might dish up her own son to her loathing husband, childslayer and paramour alike, that men might say—" Aura, unhappy bride, has killed her child like another Procne."

[749] Then Artemis saw her big with new children, and came near with a laugh on her face and teased the poor creature, saying with pitiless voice:

[752] "I saw Sleep, the Paphian's chamberlain! I saw the deceiving stream of the yellow fountain at your loving bridal! The fountain where young girls get a treacherous potion, and loosen the girdle they have worn all their lives, in a dream of marriage which steals their maidenhood. I have seen, I have seen the slope where a woman is made a bride unexpectedly, in treacherous sleep, beside a bridal rock. I have seen the love-mountain of Cypris, where lovers steal the maidenhood of women and run away.

[760] "Tell me, you young prude, why do you walk so slowly to-day? Once as quick as the wind, why do you plod so heavily? You were wooed unwilling, and you do not know your bedfellow! You cannot hide your furtive bridal, for your breasts are swelling with new milk and they announce a husband. Tell me heavy sleeper, pigsticker, virgin, bride, how do you come by those pale cheeks, once ruddy? Who disgraced your bed? Who stole your maidenhood?

O fair-haired Naiads, do not hide Aura's bridegroom!

I know your furtive husband, you woman with a heavy burden. I saw your wedding, clearly enough, though you long to conceal it. I saw your husband clearly enough; you were in the bed, your body heavy with sleep, you did not move when Dionysos wedded you.

[773] "Come then, leave your bow, renounce your quiver; serve in the secret rites of your womanmad Bacchos; carry your tambour and your tootling pipes of horn. I beseech you, in the name of that bed on the ground where the marriage was consummated, what bridegifts did Dionysos your husband bring? Did he give you a fawnskin, enough to be news of your marriage-bed? Did he give you brazen rattles for your children to play with? I think he gave you a thyrsus to shoot lions; perhaps he gave cymbals, which nurses shake to console the howling pains of the little children."

[783] So spoke the goddess in mockery, and went away to shoot her wild beasts again, in anger leaving her cares to the winds of heaven.

[786] But the girl went among the high rocks of the mountains. There unseen, when she felt the cruel throes of childbirth pangs, her voice roared terrible as a lioness in labour, and the rocks resounded, for dolorous Echo

gave back an answering roar to the loud-shrieking girl. She held her hands over her lap like a lid compressing the birth, to close the speedy delivery of her ripening child, and delayed the babe now perfect. For she hated Artemis and would not call upon her in her pains; she would not have the daughters of Hera, lest they as being children of Bacchos's stepmother should oppress her delivery with more pain. At last in her affliction the girl cried out these despairing words, stabbed with the pangs of one who was new to the hard necessity of childbirth:

[799] "So may I see Archeress and wild Athena, so may I see them both great with child! Reproach Artemis in labour, O midwife Seasons, be witness of her delivery, and say to Tritogeneia—' O virgin Brighteyes, O new mother who mother had none!' So may I see Echo who loves maidenhood so much, suffering as I do, after she has lain with Pan, or Dionysos the cause of my troubles! Artemis, if you could bring forth, it would be some consolation to Aura, that you should trickle woman's milk from your man's breast."

[808] So she cried, lamenting the heavy pangs of her delivery. Then Artemis delayed the birth, and gave the labouring bride the pain of retarded delivery.

[811] But Nicaia, the leader of the rites of Lyaïos, seeing the pain and disgrace of distracted Aura, spoke to her thus in secret pity:

[814] "Aura, I have suffered as you have, and you too lament you your maidenhood. But since you carry in your womb the burden of painful childbirth, endure after the bed to have the pangs of delivery, endure to give your untaught breast to babes. Why did you also drink wine, which robbed me of my girdle? Why did you also drink wine, Aura, until you were with child? You also suffered what I suffered, you enemy of marriage; then you also have to blame a deceitful sleep sent by the Loves, who are friends of marriage. One fraud fitted marriage on us both, one husband was Aura's and made virgin Nicaia the mother of children. No more have I a beaustslaying bow, no longer as once, I draw my bowstring and my arrows; I am a poor woman working at the loom, and no longer a wild Amazon."

[827] She spoke, pitying Aura's labour to accomplish the birth, as one who herself had felt the pangs of labour. But Leto's daughter, hearing the resounding cries of Aura, came near the bride again in triumph, taunted her in her suffering and spoke in stinging words:

[832] "Virgin, who made you a mother in childbed? You that knew nothing of marriage, how came that milk in your breast? I never heard or saw that a virgin bears a child. Has my father changed nature? Do women bear children without marriage? For you, a maiden, the friend of maidenhood, bring forth young children, even if you hate Aphrodite. Then do women in childbed under the hard necessity of childbirth no longer call on Artemis to guide them, when you alone do not want Archeress the lady of the hunt? Nor did Eileithyia, who conducts your delivery, see your Dionysos born from his mother's womb; but thunderbolts were his mid wives, and he only half-made! Do not be angry that you bear children among the crags, where Rheia queen

of the crags has borne children. What harm is it that you bear children in the mountains, you the mountaineer wife of mountainranging Dionysos!"

[848] She spoke, and the nymph in childbirth was indignant and angry, but she was ashamed before Artemis even in her pains. Ah poor creature! she wished to remain a maiden, and she was near to childbirth. A babe came quickly into the light; for even as Artemis yet spoke the word that shot out the delivery, the womb of Aura was loosened, and twin children came forth of themselves; therefore from these twins (*δίδυμοι*) the highpeaked mountain of Rheia was called Dindymon. Seeing how fair the children were, the goddess again spoke in a changed voice:

[858] "Wetnurse, lonely ranger, twin mother, bride of a forced bridal, give your untaught breast to your sons, virgin mother. Your boy calls daddy, asking for his father; tell your children the name of your secret lover. Artemis knows nothing of marriage, she has not nursed a son at her breast. These mountains were your bed, and the spotted skins of fawns are swaddling-clothes for your babies, instead of the usual robe."

[865] She spoke, and swift shoe plunged into the shady wood. Then Dionysos called Nicaia, his own Cybeleid nymph, and smiling pointed to Aura still upbraiding her childbed; proud of his late union with the lonely girl, he said:

[870] "Now at last, Nicaia, you have found consolation for your love. Now again Dionysos has stolen a marriage bed, and ravished another maiden: woodland Aura in the mountains, who shrank once from the very name of love, has seen a marriage the image of yours. Not you alone had sweet sleep as a guide to love, not you alone drank deceitful wine which stole your maiden girdle; but once more a fountain of nuptial wine has burst from a new opening rock unrecognized, and Aura drank. You who have learnt the throes of childbirth in hard necessity, by Telete your danceweaving daughter I beseech you, hasten to lift up my son, that my desperate Aura may not destroy him with daring hands — for I know she will kill one of the two baby boys in her intolerable frenzy, but do you help Iacchos: guard the better boy, that your Telete may be the servant of son and father both."

[887] With this appeal Bacchos departed, triumphant and proud of his two Phrygian marriages, with the elder wife and the younger bride. And in deep distress beside the rock where they had been born, the mother in childbed held up the two boys and cried aloud —

[892] "From the sky came this marriage — I will throw my offspring into the sky! I was wooed by the breezes, and I saw no mortal bed. Winds my namesakes came down to the marriage of the Windmaid, then let the breezes take the offspring of my womb. Away with you, children accursed of a treacherous father, you are none of mine — what have I to do with the sorrows of women? Show yourselves now, lions, come freely to forage in the woods; have no fear, for Aura is your enemy no more. Hares with your rolling eyes, you are better than hounds. Jackals, let me be your favourite; I will

watch the panther jumping fearless beside my bed. Bring your friend the bear without fear; for now that Aura has children her arrows in bronze armour have become womanish. I am ashamed to have the name of bride who once was virgin; lest I sometime offer my strong breast to babes, lest I press out the bastard milk with my hand, or be called tender mother in the woods where I slew mid beasts!”

[910] [She took the babes and] laid them in the den of a lioness for her dinner. But a panther with understanding mind licked their bodies with her ravening lips, and nursed the beautiful boys of Dionysos with intelligent breast; wondering serpents with poisonspitting mouth surrounded the birthplace, for Aura’s bridegroom had made even the ravening beasts gentle to guard his newborn children.

[917] Then Lelantos’s daughter sprang up with wandering foot in the mid temper of a shaggycrested lioness, tore one child from the wild beast’s jaws and hurled it like a flash into the stormy air: the newborn child fell from the air headlong into the whirling dust upon the ground, and she caught him up and gave him a tomb in her own maw — a family dinner indeed! The maiden Archeress was terrified at this heartless mother, and seized the other child of Aura, then she hastened away through the wood; holding the boy, an unfamiliar burden in her nursing arm.

[928] After the bed of Bromios, after the delirium of childbirth, huntress Aura would escape the reproach of her wedding, for she still held in reverence the modesty of her maiden state. So she went to the banks of Sangarios, threw into the water her backbending bow and her neglected quiver, and leapt headlong into the deep stream, refusing in shame to let her eyes look on the light of day. The waves of the river covered her up, and Cronion turned her into a fountain: her breasts became the spouts of falling water, the stream was her body, the flowers her hair, her bow the horn of the horned River in bull-shape, the bowstring changed into a rush and the whistling arrows into vocal reeds, the quiver passed through to the muddy bed of the river and, changed to a hollow channel, poured its sounding waters.

[943] Then the Archeress stilled her anger. She went about the forest seeking for traces of Lyaïos in his beloved mountains, while she held Aura’s newborn babe, carrying in her arms another’s burden, until shamefast she delivered his boy to Dionysos her brother.

[948] The father gave charge of his son to Nicaia the nymph as a nurse. She took him, and fed the boy, pressing out the lifegiving juice of her childnursing breasts from her teat, until he grew up. While the boy was yet young, Bacchos took into his car this Bacchos his father’s namesake, and presented him to Attic Athena amid her mysteries, babbling “Euoi.” Goddess Pallas in her temple received him into her maiden bosom, which had welcome for a god; she gave the boy that pap which only Erechtheus had sucked, and let the alien milk trickle of itself from her unripe breast. The goddess gave him in trust to the Bacchants of Eleusis; the wives of Marathon wearing ivy tript around the

boy Iacchos, and lifted the Attic torch in the nightly dances of the deity lately born. They honoured him as a god next after the son of Persephoneia, and after Semele's son; they established sacrifices for Dionysos late born and Dionysos first born, and third they chanted a new hymn for Iacchos. In these three celebrations Athens held high revel; in the dance lately made, the Athenians beat the step in honour of Zagreus and Bromios and Iacchos all together.

[969] But Bacchos had not forgotten his Cydonian darling, no, he remembered still the bride once his, then lost, and he placed in Olympos the rounded crown of Ariadne passed away, a witness of his love, an everlasting proclaimer of garlanded wedding.

[974] Then the vinegod ascended into his father's heaven, and touched one table with the father who had brought him to birth; after the banquets of mortals, after the wine once poured out, he quaffed heavenly nectar from nobler goblets, on a throne beside Apollo, at the hearth beside Maia's son.

The Greek Text



'The Abduction of Europa' by Jean François de Troy — which occurs in the first book of the epic poem

CONTENTS OF THE GREEK TEXT



In this section of the eBook, readers can view the original Greek text of Nonnus' 'Dionysiaca'. You may wish to Bookmark this page for future reference.

Source text: Nonnus of Panopolis. Dionysiaca, 3 Vols. W. H. D. Rouse. Cambridge, MA., Harvard University Press; London, William Heinemann, Ltd. 1940-1942. With thanks to the Pegasus Digital Library.

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BOOK 1

πρῶτον ἔχει Κρονίωνα, φαεσφόρον ἄρπαγα νύμφης,
καὶ παλάμαις Τυφῶνος ἀρασσόμενον πόλον ἄστρον.
εἶπέ, θεά, Κρονίδαο διάκτορον αἴθοπος αὐγῆς,
νυμφιδίῳ σπινθῆρι μογοστόκον ἄσθμα κεραυνοῦ,
καὶ στεροπὴν Σεμέλης θαλαμηπόλον: εἶπε δὲ φύτλην
Βάκχου δισσοτόκοιο, τὸν ἐκ πυρὸς ὕγρον ἀείρας
5 Ζεὺς βρέφος ἡμιτέλεστον ἀμαιεύτοιο τεκούσης,
φειδομέναις παλάμησι τομὴν μηροῖο χαράξας,
ἄρσενι γαστρὶ λόχευσε, πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
εὖ εἰδὼς τόκον ἄλλον, ἐπεὶ γονόεντι καρῆνῳ,
ἄσπορον ὄγκον ἀπιστον ἔχων ἐγκύμονι κόρσῃ,
10 τεύχεσιν ἀστράπτουσαν ἀνηκόντιζεν Ἀθῆνην.
ἄξατέ μοι νάρθηκα, τινάξατε κύμβαλα, Μοῦσαι,
καὶ παλάμη δότε θύρσον ἀειδομένου Διονύσου:
ἀλλὰ χοροῦ ψαύοντα, Φάρῳ παρὰ γείτονι νήσῳ,
στήσατέ μοι Πρωτῆα πολύτροπον, ὄφρα φανείη
15 ποικίλον εἶδος ἔχων, ὅτι ποικίλον ὕμνον ἀράσσω:
εἰ γὰρ ἐφερπύσσειε δράκων κυκλοῦμενος ὀλκῷ,
μέλψω θεῖον ἄεθλον, ὅπως κισσῶδεϊ θύρσῳ
φρικτὰ δρακοντοκόμων ἐδαΐζετο φῦλα Γιγάντων:
εἰ δὲ λέων φρίξειεν ἐπαυχενίην τρίχα σειῶν,
20 Βάκχον ἀνευάξω βλοσυρῆς ἐπὶ πήχεϊ Ῥεῖης
μαζὸν ὑποκλέπτοντα λεοντοβότοιο θαίνης:
εἰ δὲ θυελλήεντι μετάρσιος ἄλματι ταρσῶν
πόρδαλις αἶξη πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμείβων,
ὕμνήσω Διὸς υἱά, πόθεν γένος ἔκτανεν Ἰνδῶν
25 πορδαλίων ὀχέεσσι καθιππεύσας ἐλεφάντων:
εἰ δέμας ἰσάζοιτο τύπῳ συός, υἱά Θυώνης
ἀείσω ποθέοντα συοκτόνον εὐγαμον Αὔρην,
ὀπιγόνου τριτάτοιο Κυβηλίδας μητέρα Βάκχου:
εἰ δὲ πέλοι μιμηλὸν ὕδωρ, Διόνυσον ἀείσω
30 κόλπον ἄλός δύνοντα κορυσσομένοιο Λυκούργου:
εἰ φυτὸν αἰθύσσοιτο νόθον ψιθύρισμα τιταίνων,
μνήσομαι Ἰκαρίοιο, πόθεν παρὰ θυιάδι ληνῷ
βότρυς ἀμιλλητῆρι ποδῶν ἐθλίβετο ταρσῷ.
Ἄξατέ μοι νάρθηκα, Μιμαλλόνες, ὠμαδίην δὲ
35 νεβρίδα ποικιλόνωτον ἐθήμονος ἀντὶ χιτῶνος
σφιγξατέ μοι στέρνοισι, Μαρωνίδος ἔμπλεον ὁδοῖς
νεκταρέης, βυθίῃ δὲ παρ' Εἰδοθέῃ καὶ Ὀμήρῳ
φωκᾶων βαρὺ δέρμα φυλασσέσθω Μενελάῳ.
εὐιά μοι δότε ῥόπτρα καὶ αἰγίδας, ἡδυμελῆ δὲ

40 ἄλλω διθροον αὐλὸν ὀπάσσετε, μὴ καὶ ὀρίνω
Φοῖβον ἐμόν: δονάκων γὰρ ἀναίνεται ἔμπνοον ἤχῳ,
ἐξ ὅτε Μαρσύαο θεημάχον αὐλὸν ἐλέγξας
δέρμα παρηώρησε φυτῷ κολπούμενον αὖραις,
γυμνώσας ὅλα γυῖα λιπορρίνοιο νομῆος.
45 ἀλλὰ, θεά, μαστῆρος ἀλήμονος ἄρχεο Κάδμου.
Σιδονίης ποτὲ ταῦρος ἐπ' ἥονος ὑπὶ κερως Ζεὺς
ἱμερόεν μῦκημα νόθῳ μιμήσατο λαίμῳ
καὶ γλυκὺν εἶχε μῦωπα: μετοχμάζων δὲ γυναιῖκα,
κυκλώσας παλάμας περὶ, γαστέρα διζυγι δεσμῷ,
50 βαιὸς Ἔρωσ κούφιζε, καὶ ἐγγύθεν ὑγροπόρος βοῦς
κυρτὸν ὑποστορέσας λοφίην ἐπιβήτορι κούρῃ,
δόχμιος ὀκλάζων, κεχਾਲασμένα νῶτα τιταίνων,
Εὐρώπην ἀνάειρε: διεσσυμένοιο δὲ ταύρου
πλωτὸς ὄνωξ ἐχάραξε βατῆς ἀλὸς ἄψοφον ὕδωρ
55 ἴχνησι φειδομένοισιν: ὑπὲρ πόντοιο δὲ κούρῃ
δείματι παλλομένη βοέῳ ναυτίλλετο νώτῳ
ἄστεμφῆς ἀδιάντος: ἰδὼν δὲ μιν ἦ τάχα φαίης
ἦ Θέτιν ἦ Γαλάτειαν ἦ εὐνέτιν ἐννοσιγαίου
ἦ λοφίῃ Τρίτωνος ἐφεζομένην Ἀφροδίτην:
60 καὶ πλόον εἰλιπόδην ἐπεθάμβεε κυανοχαίτης,
τρίτων δ' ἠπεροπῆα Διὸς μυκηθμὸν ἀκούων
ἀντίτυπον Κρονίῳνι μέλος μυκήσατο κόχλῳ
αἰείδων ὑμέναιον: ἀειρομένην δὲ γυναιῖκα
θαῦμα φόβῳ κεράσας ἐπεδείκνυε Δωριδί Νηρεὺς,
65 ξείνον ἰδὼν πλωτῆρα κερασφόρον: ἀκροβαφῇ δὲ
ὀλκάδα ταῦρον ἔχουσα βοοστόλος ἔπλεε νύμφη,
καὶ διερῆς τρομέουσα μετάρσιον ἄλμα πορείης
πηδάλιον κέρας ἔσχε, καὶ Ἴμερος ἔπλετο ναύτης.
καὶ δολόεις Βορέης γαμίῃ δεδονημένον αὔρῃ
70 φᾶρος ὅλον κόλπωσε δυσίμερος, ἀμφοτέρῳ δὲ
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτων ἐπεσύρισεν ὄμφακι μαζῷ.
ὥς δ' ὅτε Νηρεΐδων τις, ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης,
ἐζομένη δελφίνι χυτὴν ἀνέκοπτε γαλήνην,
καὶ οἱ ἀειρομένης ἐλελίζετο μυδαλέῃ χεῖρ
75 νηχομένης μίμημα, φέρων δὲ μιν ἄβροχον ἄλμης
ἡμιφανῆς πεφόρητο δι' ὕδατος ὑγρὸς ὁδίτης,
κυρτώσας ἐὰ νῶτα, διερπύζουσα δὲ πόντου
δίπτυχος ἄκρα κέλευθα κατέγραφεν ἰχθύος οὐρή:
ὥς ὃ γε νῶτον ἄειρε: τιταινομένοιο δὲ ταύρου
80 βουκόλος αὐχένα δοῦλον Ἔρωσ ἐπεμάστιε κεστῷ,
καὶ νομίην ἄτε ράβδον ἐπωμίδι τόξον ἀείρων
Κυπριδίῃ ποιμαίνε καλαῦροπι νυμφίον Ἥρης
εἰς νομὸν ὑγρὸν ἄγων Ποσιδήιον: αἰδομένη δὲ

παρθενίην πόρφυρε παρηίδα Παλλὰς Ἀμήτωρ
85 ἥνιοχον Κρονίωνος ὀπιπεύουσα γυναῖκα.
καὶ Διὸς ὕδατόεντι διεσσυμένου πόρον ὀλκῶ
οὐ πόθον ἔσβεσε πόντος, ὅτι βρυχίην Ἀφροδίτην
οὐρανίης ὠδινεν ἀπ' αὐλακος ἔγκυον ὕδωρ:
καὶ βοὸς ἀφλοίσβοιο κυβερνήτειρα πορεῖης
90 κούρη φόρτος ἔην καὶ ναυτίλος. εἰσορόων δὲ
μιμηλὴν ταχύγουνον ἐχέφρονα νῆα θαλάσσης
τοῖον ἔπος περίφοιτος Ἀχαιικὸς ἴαχε ναύτης:
‘Ὄφθαλμοί, τί τὸ θαῦμα; πόθεν ποσὶ κύματα τέμνων
νήχεται ἀτρυγέτοιο δι' ὕδατος ἀγρονόμος βοῦς;
95 μὴ πλωτὴν Κρονίδης τελέει χθόνα; μὴ διὰ πόντου
ὕγρὸς ἀλιβρέκτοιο χαράσσεται ὀλκὸς ἀμάξης;
παπταίνω κατὰ κύμα νόθον πλόον: ἦ ῥα Σελήνη
ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἔχουσα μετ' αἰθέρα πόντον ὀδεύει,
ἀλλὰ Θέτις βυθίῃ διερὸν δρόμον ἥνιοχεύει;
100 οὐ βοῖ χερσαίῳ τύπον εἴκελον εἰνάλιος βοῦς
ἔλλαχεν — ἰχθυόεν γὰρ ἔχει δέμας — , ἀντὶ δὲ γυνμῆς
ἄλλοφανῆς ἀχάλινον ἐν ὕδασι πεζὸν ὀδίτην
Νηρεῖς ἔλκεσίπεπλος ἀήθεα ταῦρον ἐλαύνει.
εἰ πέλε Δημήτηρ σταχυηκόμος, ὕγροπόρῳ δὲ
105 γλαυκὰ διασχιζεῖ βοέῳ ποδὶ νῶτα θαλάσσης,
καὶ σὺ βυθοῦ μετὰ κύμα, Ποσειδάων, μετανάστης
γαίης διψία νῶτα μετέρχεο πεζὸς ἄροτρεὺς,
νῆι θαλασσαιῇ Δημήτερος αὐλακα τέμνων,
χερσαιοῖς ἀνέμοισι βατὸν πλόον ἐν χθονὶ τεύχων.
110 ταῦρε, παρεπλάγχθης μετανάστιος: οὐ πέλε Νηρεὺς
βουκόλος, οὐ Πρωτεὺς ἀρότης, οὐ Γλαῦκος ἀλωεύς,
οὐχ ἔλος, οὐ λειμῶνες ἐν οἷδμασιν, ἀλλὰ θαλάσση
ἀτρυγέτῳ πλώοντες ἀνήροτα ναύλοχον ὕδωρ
πηδάλιῳ τέμνουσι καὶ οὐ σχίζουσι σιδήρῳ:
115 αὐλακας οὐ σπείρουσιν ὀπάνες ἐννοσιγαίου,
ἀλλὰ φυτὸν πόντοιο πέλει βρύα καὶ σπόρος ὕδωρ,
ναυτίλος ἀγρονόμος, πλόος αὐλακες, ὀλκὰς ἐχέτλη.
ἀλλὰ πόθεν μεθέπεις τινὰ παρθένον; ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτοὶ
ταῦροι ἐρωμανέοντες ἀφαρπάζουσι γυναῖκας;
120 ἦ ῥα Ποσειδάων ἀπατήλιος ἥρπασε κούρην
ταυρείην κερόεσσαν ἔχων ποταμηίδα μορφήν;
μὴ δόλον ἄλλον ὕφηνε πάλιν μετὰ δέμνια Τυροῦς,
ὥς καὶ χθιζὰ τέλεσσεν, ὅθ' ὕδατοεῖς παρακοίτης
χεύμασι μιμηλοῖσι νόθος κελάρυζεν Ἐνιπεύς;
125 τοῖον ἔπος περόων Ἑλλήνιος ἔννεπε ναύτης
θαμβάλεος. βοέους δὲ γάμους μαντεύσατο κούρη,
καὶ πλοκάμους τίλλουσα γοήμονα ῥῆξεν ἰωήν:

‘Κωφὸν ὕδωρ, ῥηγμῖνες ἀνανδέες, εἴπατε ταύρῳ,
εἰ βόες εἰσαΐουσιν: ἄμειλιχε, φεῖδεο κούρης.’

130 εἴπατέ μοι, ῥηγμῖνες, ἐμῷ φιλόπαιδι τοκῆι
Εὐρώπην λιπόπατριν ἐφεζομένην τινὶ ταύρῳ
ἄρπαγι καὶ πλωτῆρι καί, ὥς δοκέω, παρακοίτῃ.
μητέρι βόστρυχα ταῦτα κομίσσατε, κυκλάδες αὔραι.
ναί, λιτομαι, Βορέης, ὥς ἦρπασας Ἀτθίδα νύμφην,
135 δέξῳ με σαῖς πτερύγεσσι μετάρσιον: ἴσχεο, φωνή,
μὴ Βορέην μετὰ ταῦρον ἐρωμανέοντα νοήσω.’
ὥς φαμένη ῥαχίησι βοδὸς πορθμεύετο κούρη:
Κάδμος ὅθεν περίφοιτος ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰς χθόνα βαίνων
ἄστατα νυμφοκόμοιο μετήιεν ἴχνια ταύρου.

140 ἦλθε καὶ εἰς Ἀρίμων φόνιον σπέος, εὖτε κολῶναι
φοιτάδες ἀρρήκτοιο πύλας ἦρασσον Ὀλύμπου,
εὖτε θεοὶ πτερόεντες ἀχείμονος ὑψόθι Νείλου
ὀρνίθων ἀκίχητον ἐμιμήσαντο πορείην
ἡερίῳ ξένον ἴχνος ἐρετμώσαντες ἀήτη,
145 καὶ πόλος ἐπτάζωνος ἱμάσσετο: καὶ γὰρ ἐς εὐνὴν
Πλουτοῦς Ζεὺς Κρονίδης πεφορημένος, ὄφρα φυτεῦσθαι
Τάνταλον οὐρανίων ἀεσίφρονα φῶρα κυπέλλων,
αἰθέρος ἔντεα θῆκε μυχῶ κεκαλυμμένα πέτρης
καὶ στεροπὴν ἔκρυσεν: ὑπωροφίων δὲ κεραυνῶν

150 καπνὸν ἐρευγομένων ἐμελαίνεται λευκὰς ἐρίπτην,
καὶ κρυφίῳ σπινθῆρι πυριγλώχινος ὀιστοῦ
πηγαὶ ἐθερμαίνοντο, χαρὰδραίων δὲ ῥεέθρων
Μυγδονὶς ἀφριόωσα φάραγξ ἐπεβόμβεεν ἀτμῶ.
καὶ παλάμας τανύσας ὑπὸ νεύματι μητρὸς Ἀρούρης
155 ὄπλα Διὸς νιφόνετα Κίλιξ ἔκλεψε Τυφωεύς,
ὄπλα πυρός: πετάσας δὲ βαρυσμαράγων στίχα λαιμῶν
παντοίην ἀλάλαζεν ὁμοφθόγγων ὅπα θηρῶν:
συμφυέες δὲ δράκοντες ἐπερρώοντο προσώπῳ
πορδαλίων, βλοσυρὰς δὲ κόμας λιχμῶντο λεόντων,

160 καὶ βοέας σπειρηδὸν ἐμιτρώσαντο κεραίας
οὐραίας ἐλίκεσσι, τανυγλώσσω δὲ γενείων
ἰὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα συῶν ἐπεμίγνουον ἀφρῶ.
ἔντεα δὲ Κρονίδαο τιθεὶς ὑπὸ φωλάδα πέτρην
ἡλιβάτων ἐτίταινεν ἐς αἰθέρα λήια χειρῶν:
165 εὐπαλάμῳ δὲ φάλαγγι περὶ σφυρὸν ἄκρον Ὀλύμπου
τῇ μὲν ἐπισφίγγων Κυνοσουρίδα, τῇ δὲ πιέζων
ἄξονι κεκλιμένης λοφίην ἀνεσεύρασεν Ἄρκτου
Παρρασίης, ἐτέρῃ δὲ λαβῶν ἀνέκοψε Βοώτην,
ἄλλῃ Φωσφόρον εἶλκε, μάτην δ’ ὑπὸ κυκλάδι νύσση
170 πρῶιος αἰθερίας ἐπεσύρισεν ἦχος ἱμάσθλης:
εἶρυσεν ἡριγένειαν, ἐρυκομένοιο δὲ Ταύρου

ἄχρονος ἡμιτέλεστος ἑλώφρεν ἱππότις ὦρη:
καὶ σκιεροῖς πλοκάμοισιν ἐχιδνοκόμων κεφαλῶν
ἀλγύι φέγγος ἔην κεκερασμένον, ἡματιῇ δὲ
175 ἥελίῳ σελαγίζε συναντέλλουσα Σελήνη.
οὐδὲ Γίγας ἀπέληγε: παλιννόστω δὲ πορεῖη
εἰς Νότον ἐκ Βορέας, λιπὼν πόλον εἰς πόλον ἔστη:
καὶ δολιχῇ παλάμῃ δεδραγμένος Ἡνιοχῆος
νῶτα χαλαζήεντος ἐμάστιεν Αἰγοκερῆος,
180 καὶ διδύμους ἐπὶ πόντον ἀπ' αἰθέρος Ἰχθύας ἔλκων
κριὸν ἀνεστυφέλιξε, μεσόμφαλον ἄστρον Ὀλύμπου,
γείτονος εἰαρινοῖο πυραυγέος ὑπόθι κύκλου
ἀμφιταλαντεύοντος ἰσόζυγον ἥμαρ ὁμίχλῃ.
ὀλκαίοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἀνῆώρητο Τυφωεὺς
185 ἀγχινεφής: πετάσας δὲ πολυσπερὲς ἔθνος ἀγοστῶν
αἰθέρος ἀννεφέλοιο κατέσκεπεν ἄργυρον αἴγλην
αἰθύσσων ὀφίων σκολιδὸν στρατόν: ὦν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ὄρθιος ἄξονίῳ διέτρεχεν ἄντυγα κύκλου,
οὐρανίου δὲ Δράκοντος ἐπεσκίρτησεν ἀκάνθη
190 Ἄρεα συρίζων: ὁ δὲ Κηφέος ἐγγύθι κούρης
ἀστραίαις παλάμῃσιν ἰσόζυγα κύκλον ἐλίξας
δέσμιον Ἀνδρομέδην ἐτέρῳ σφικώσατο δεσμῷ
λοξὸς ὑπὸ σπείρησιν: ὁ δὲ γλωχῖνι κεραίης
ἰσοτύπου ταύροιο δράκων κυκλοῦτο κεράσσης,
195 οἰστρήσας ἐλικηδὸν ὑπὲρ βοέοιο μετώπου
ἀντιτύπους Ὑάδας, κεραῆς Ἰνδαλμα Σελήνης,
οἰγομέναις γενύεσσιν: ὁμοπλεκέων δὲ δρακόντων
ἰοβόλοι τελαμῶνες ἐμιτρώσαντο Βοώτην:
καὶ θρασὺς ἄλλος ὄρουσεν, ἰδὼν Ὀφιν ἄλλον Ὀλύμπου,
200 πῆχυν ἐχιδνήεντα περισκαίρων Ὀφιοῦχου,
καὶ στεφάνῳ στέφος ἄλλο περιπλέξας Ἀριάδνης,
αὐχένα κυρτώσας, ἐλελίζετο γαστέρος ὀλκῷ.
καὶ Ζεφύρου ζωστήρα καὶ ἀντιπόρου πτερὸν Εὐρου
αἰθύσσων πολύπηχυς ἐπεστρωφᾷτο Τυφωεὺς
205 νύσσαν ἐς ἀμφοτέρην, μετὰ Φωσφόρον Ἑσπερον ἔλκων
καὶ λόφον Ἀτλάντειον. ἐνὶ βρυόεντι δὲ κόλπῳ
πολλάκι συμμάρψας Ποσιδήιον ἄρμα θαλάσσης
εἰς χθόνα βυσσόθεν εἴλκεν: ἀλιβρέκτων δὲ κομῶν
αὐτὴ ἐρύσας στατὸν ἵππον ὑποβρυχίης παρὰ φάτνης
210 οὐρανίην ἔρριπεν ἐς ἄντυγα πῶλον ἀλήτην
αἰχμαζών ἐς Ὀλυμπον: ἱμασσομένοιο δὲ διφρου
ἥελιου χρεμέτιζον ὑπὸ ζυγὰ κυκλάδες ἵπποι:
πολλάκι δ' ἀγραύλοιο πεπαυμένον ἰστοβοῆος
ταῦρον ἀπειλητῆρι μεμυκότα πῆχεϊ σείων
215 ἰσοφυῆς μίμημα κατηκόντιζε Σελήνης,

καὶ δρόμον ἐστήριξεν· ἀνακρούσας δὲ χαλινῷ
ταύρων λευκὰ λέπαδνα κατερροίζησε θεαίνης,
λοιγίον ἰοβόλοιο χέων συριγμὸν ἐχίδνης.
οὐδὲ κορυσσομένῳ Τιτηνιάς εἵκαθε Μῆνη·
220 μαρναμένη δὲ Γίγαντος ὁμοκραίροισι καρήνοισι
ταυρεῖς ἐχάραξε φασφόρα κύκλα κεραίης·
καὶ βόες αἰγλήεντες ἐμυκήσαντο Σελήνης
χάσμα Τυφονίοιο τεθηπότες ἀνθερεῶνος.
ἀστραίας δὲ φάλαγγας ἀταρβέες ὥπλισαν Ὠραι.
225 καὶ στίχες οὐρανίων Ἑλίκων νωμήτορι κύκλῳ
εἰς ἐνοπὴν σελάγιζον· ἐπερροίζησε δὲ πυρσῷ
αἰθέρα βακχεύων στρατὸς αἰόλος, οἳ τε Βορῆα,
καὶ Λιβὸς ἔσπερα νῶτα, καὶ οἳ λάχον ἄντυγας Εὐρου,
καὶ Νοτίους ἀγκῶνας· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
230 ἀπλανέων ἀτίνακτος ἀπεπλάγχθη χορὸς ἄστρον,
ἀντιπόρους δ' ἐκίχησαν ἀλήμονας· ἔβρεμε δ' ἡχῇ
οὐρανίῳ κενεῶνι πεπαρμένος ὄρθιος ἄξων
μεσσοπαγῆς· ὁρόων δὲ κυνοσσόος ἔθνεα θηρῶν
Ὠρίων ξίφος εἶλκε, κορυσσομένου δὲ φορῆος
235 φαιδρὰ Ταναγραίης ἀμαρύνσετο νῶτα μαχαίρης·
καὶ σέλας αἰθύσσων πυριθαλπέος ἀνθερεῶνος
δίψιος ἀστερόεντι κύων ἐπεπάφλασε λαιμῷ
πέμπων θερμὸν ὕλαγμα, καὶ ἠθάδος ἀντὶ λαγωοῦ
θηρσὶ Τυφονίησιν ἀνήρυγεν ἀτμὸν ὁδόντων.
240 καὶ πόλος ἐσμαράγησεν· ἀμειβομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνον ἰσηρίθμων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
πληιάδων ἀλάλαζε βοῇν ἐπτάστομος ἡχώ,
καὶ καναχὴν ἰσόμετρον ἐπεγδούπησαν ἀλῆται.
σμερδαλέην δὲ Γίγαντος ἰδὼν Ὀφιώδεα μορφήν
245 αἰγλήεις Ὀφιοῦχος ἀλεξικάκων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
γλαυκὰ πυριτρεφῶν ἀπεσεύσατο νῶτα δρακόντων,
στικτὸν ἀκοντίζων σκολιὸν βέλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ πυρσῷ
λαίλαπες ἐρροίζησαν, ἐτοξεύοντο δὲ λοξοὶ
ἥερα βακχεύοντες ἐχιδνήεντες ὀιστοί·
250 καὶ θρασὺς ἰχθυόεντος ὁμόδρομος Αἰγόκερῆος
Τοξευτὴρ βέλος ἦκεν· ἀμαξαίῳ δ' ἐνὶ κύκλῳ
μεσσοφανῆς διδύμησι Δράκων μεμερισμένος Ἄρκτοις
αἰθερίης ἐλέλιξε σελασφόρον ὀλκὸν ἀκάνθης·
γεῖτων δ' Ἥριγόνης ἐλατὴρ ὁμόφοιτος Ἀμάξης
255 πῆχεϊ μαρμαίροντι καλαῦροπα πάλλε Βοώτης·
γούνατι δ' Εἰδῶλοιο καὶ ἀγχιπόρῳ παρὰ Κύκνῳ
φόρμιγξ ἀστερόεσσα Διὸς μαντεύσατο νίκην.
Κωρυκίου δὲ κάρηνα λαβὼν ἐτίναξε Τυφωεύς,
καὶ Κίλικος ποταμοῖο ῥόον ναετῆρα πιέζων

260 Ταρσὸν ὁμοῦ καὶ Κῦδνον ἐνὶ ξύνωσεν ἀγοστῶ:
καὶ κραναοῖς βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύων στίχας ἄλμης
εἰς σκοπέλους μετένασσε, μετ' αἰθέρα πόντον ἱμάσπων:
νισσομένον δὲ Γίγαντος ἀλιβρέκτου ποδὸς ὀλκῷ
φαίνεται γυμνωθεῖσα δι' ὕδατος ἄβροχος ὁσφύς,
265 καὶ μεσάτῳ βαρύδουπον ὕδωρ ἐπεβόμβεε μηρῷ:
νηχόμενοι δὲ δράκοντες, ἀλιγδούπων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
Ἄρεα συρίζοντες, ἐπεστρατώντο θαλάσση
ἰὼν ἀποπτύοντες: ἐν ἰχθυόεντι δὲ πόντῳ
ἵσταμένου Τυφῶνος ἔσω βρυόεντος ἐναύλου
270 βένθει ταρσὰ πέπηκτο, καὶ ἥερι μίγνυτο γαστήρ
θλιβομένη νεφέεσσι: Γίγαντειο δὲ καρήνου
φρικτὸν ἄερσιλόφων αἰὼν βρύχημα λεόντων
πόντιος ἱλύοντι λέων ἐκαλύπτετο κόλπῳ:
πᾶσα δὲ κητώεσσα φάλαγξ ἔστεινέτο πόντῳ,
275 γηγενέος πλήσαντος ὅλην ἅλα μείζονα γαίης
ἀκλύστοις λαγόνεσσιν: ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ φῶκαι,
καὶ βυθίῃ δελφῖνες ἐνεκρύπτοντο θαλάσση:
καὶ σκολιαῖς ἐλίκεσσι περίπλοκον ὀλκὸν ὑφαίνων
πούλυπος αἰολόμητις ἐθήμονι πήγνυτο πέτρῃ,
280 καὶ μελέων Ἴνδαλμα χαραδραίῃ πέλε μορφή.
οὐδέ τις ἄτρομος ἔσκε: μετερχομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
οἰστρομανῆς μύραινα δρακοντεῖς πόθον εὐνῆς
ποντοπόρων ἔφριξε θεημάχον ἄσθμα δρακόντων.
πυργώθῃ δὲ θάλασσα καὶ ὠμίλησεν Ὀλύμπῳ
285 ἡλιβάτοις πελάγεσσιν: ἀερσιπόρῳ δὲ ρεέθρῳ
ἥερος ἄβροχος ὄρνις ἐλούσατο γείτονι πόντῳ.
καὶ βυθίου τριόδοντος ἔχων μίμημα Τυφωεὺς
χειρὸς ἀμετρήτοιο ταμῶν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ
νῆσον ἀλικρήπιδος ἀποσπάδα πέζαν ἀρούρης
290 ῥίψε παλινδίνητον ὅλην σφαιρηδὸν ἐλίξας:
μαρναμένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐν ἥερι γείτονες ἄστρων
ἠέλιον σκιόωντες ἐθωρήχθησαν Ὀλύμπῳ
ἡλιβάτου πρηῶνος ἀκοντιστήρες ἀγοστοί.
καὶ βύθιον μετὰ τέρμα, μετὰ χθονὸς εὐλοχον ἔδρην
295 Ζεὺς νόθος ὥπλισε χεῖρα πυριγλώχινι κεραυνῷ:
ἔντεα δὲ Κρονίωνος ἀμαιμακέτησιν αἰείρων
χερσὶ διηκοσίησι πέλωρ ἐμόγησε Τυφωεὺς
βριθοσύνη: παλάμη δὲ μιῇ κούφιζε Κρονίων.
ἀννεφέλου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐπὶ ξηροῖσιν ἀγοστοῖς
300 βροντὴ κωφὸν ἔπεμπεν ἀδουπήτου μέλος ἥχοϋς
ἠρέμα βομβήσασα, μόγις δὲ οἱ ἥερος αὐχμῷ
ἄσταγέος νιφετοῖο κατεῖβετο διψὰς ἐέρση:
ἀστεροπὴ δ' ἥχλυσε, καὶ εἴκελον αἶθοπι καπνῷ

μαρμαρυγῇ σελάγιζε κατηφεί λεπταλέον πῦρ:
305 καὶ παλάμας νοέοντες ἀπειρήτοιο φορῆος,
ἄρσενά πυρσὸν ἔχοντες, ἐθήλυνοντο κεραυνοί,
πυκνὸν ὀλισθήσαντες ἀμετρήτων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ἄλμασιν αὐτοπόροισιν: ἀπεπλάζοντο δὲ πυρσοὶ
οὐρανοῦ ποθέοντες ἐθήμονα χεῖρα φορῆος.
310 ὥς δ' ὅτε τις πλῆξιπτος ἀποπτυστήρα χαλινουῖ
ξεῖνος ἀνὴρ ἀδίδακτος ἀπειθέα πῶλον ἱμάσσων
πυκνὰ μάτην μογέεσκεν, ὁ δὲ θρασὺς ἔμφροني θυμῷ
χεῖρα νόθην γίνωσκεν ἀήθεος ἠνιοχῆος,
οἰστρηθεὶς δ' ἀνέπαλτο, καὶ ὄρθιος ὑψόσε βαίνων,
315 στηριζας ἀτίνακτον ὀπισθιδίου ποδὸς ὀπλῆν,
προσθιδίους προβλήτας ἐκούφισε γούνατα πάλλων,
καὶ λόφον ἠώρησεν, ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρων δὲ οἱ ὤμων
ἀμφιλαφῆς δεδόνητο παρήγορος αὐχένι χαίτη:
ὥς ὅ γε χερσὶν ἔκαμνεν ἀμοιβαίησιν ἀείρων
320 μαρμαρυγὴν φύξην ἄλωμένοιο κεραυνοῦ.
ὄφρα μὲν εἰν Ἀρίμοις ἐπεφοίτεε Κάδμος ἀλήτης,
τόφρα δὲ Δικταίης ὑπὲρ ἠόνος ὑγροπόρος βοῦς
ἐκ λοφιῆς ἀδιάντον ἔης ἀπεθήκατο κούρην.
καὶ Κρονίδην ὀρώσα πόθῳ δεδονημένον Ἥρη
325 ζηλομανῆς γελῶντι χόλῳ ξυνώσατο φωνήν:
‘Φοῖβε, τεῷ γενετῆρι παρίστασο, μή τις ἀροτρεὺς
Ζῆνα λαβὼν ἐρύσειεν ἐς ἐννοσίγαιον ἐχέτλην.
αἶθε λαβὼν ἐρύσειεν, ὅπως Διὶ τοῦτο βοήσω:
τέτλαθι διπλὰ κέντρα καὶ ἀγρονόμων καὶ Ἑρώτων.
330 ὥς Νόμιος, κλυτότοξε, τὸν ποίμαινε τοκῆα,
μὴ Κρονίδην ζεύξειε βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη,
μὴ λέχος Ἐνδυμίωνος ἰδεῖν σπεύδουσα νομῆος
Ζηνὸς ὑποστίξειεν ἀφειδέι νῶτον ἱμάσθλῃ.
Ζεῦ ἄνα, πόρτις ἐοῦσα κερασφόρος ἡμβροτεν Ἰώ,
335 ὅττι σε μὴ ποτε τοῖον ἶδεν πόσιν, ὄφρα λοχεύσῃ
ἰσοφυῇ τινα ταῦρον ὁμοκραίρῳ παρακοίτῃ.
Ἑρμείαν πεφύλαξο βοοκλόπον ἠθάδι τέχνῃ,
μὴ σε λαβὼν ἄτε ταῦρον ἐὼν κλέψειε τοκῆα,
καὶ κιθάρην ὀπάσειε τεῷ πάλιν υἱεὶ Φοίβῳ
340 ἄρπαγος ἀρπαμένου κειμήλιον. ἀλλὰ τι ῥέξω;
ὥφελεν ἀγρύπνοισιν ὅλον δέμας ὄμμασι λάμπων
Αργος ἔτι ζῶειν, ἵνα δύσβατον εἰς νομὸν ἔλκων
πλευρὰ Διὸς πλῆξειε καλαῦροπι βουκόλος Ἥρης.’
ἡ μὲν ἔφη: Κρονίδης δὲ λιπὼν ταυρώπιδα μορφήν
345 εἵκελος ἠιθέῳ περιδέδρομεν ἄζυγα κούρην:
καὶ μελέων ἔψαυσεν, ἀπὸ στέρνοιο δὲ νύμφης
μίτρην πρῶτον ἔλυσε περίτροχον, ὥς ἀέκων δὲ

οἶδαλέην ἔθλιψεν ἄκαμπέος ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,
καὶ κύσε χεῖλεος ἄκρον, ἀναπτύξας δὲ σιωπῇ
350 ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτου πεφυλαγμένον ἄμμα κορείης
ὄμφακα Κυπριδίῳ ἐδρέψατο καρπὸν Ἑρώτων.
καὶ διδύμη σφριγώωσα γονῇ κυμαίνεται γαστήρ:
καὶ ζαθέης ὠδίνος ἔην ἐγκύμονα νύμφην
κάλλιπεν Ἀστερίωνι, βαθυπλούτῳ παρακοίτῃ,
355 Ζεὺς πόσις: ἀντέλλων δὲ παρὰ σφυρὸν Ἥνιοχῆος
νυμφίος ἀστερόεις ἀμαρύσσετο Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,
εἰαρινῷ Φαέθοντι φιλόδροσα νῶτα φυλάσσων,
ὄκλαδὸν ἀντέλλων ἐπικάρσιος: ἡμιβαφῆς δὲ
δεξιὸν Ὠρίωνι πόδα προβλήτα τιταίνων
360 φαίνεται, ἐσπερίην δὲ θοώτερος ἄντυγα βαίνων
σύνδρομον ἀντέλλοντα παρέρχεται Ἥνιοχῆα.
ὥς ὁ μὲν ἐστήρικτο κατ' οὐρανόν. οὐ δὲ Τυφωεὺς
μέλλεν ἔτι κρατέειν Διὸς ἔντεα: τοξοφόρῳ γὰρ
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης σὺν Ἑρωτι πόλον δινωτὸν ἑάσας
365 φοιταλέῳ μαστῆρι δι' οὖρεος ἦντετο Κάδμῳ
πλαζομένῳ, ξυνὴν δὲ πολύτροπον ἥρτυε βουλὴν
ῥαψάμενος Τυφῶνι δυσηλακάτου λῖνα Μοίρης.
καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι συνέμπορος αἰγίβοτος Πᾶν
δῶκε βόας καὶ μῆλα καὶ εὐκεράων στίχας αἰγῶν:
370 πλέξας δ' ἐκ καλάμων καλύβην, ἐλικώδεϊ δεσμῷ
πῆξεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο, καὶ ἀγνώστῳ τινὶ μορφῇ
ποιμενίην ἐσθῆτα καθαψάμενος χροῖ Κάδμου
εἵμασι μιμηλοῖσι νόθον χλαίνωσε νομῆα:
καὶ δολίην σύριγγα φέρων εἰδήμονι Κάδμῳ
375 δῶκε Τυφαιονίῳ κυβερνήτειραν ὀλέθρου.
ψευδαλέον δὲ βοτῆρα καὶ ἡνιοχῆα γενέθλης
Ζεὺς καλέσας πετρώοντα μίαν ξυνώσατο βουλὴν:
'Κάδμε πέπον, σύριζε, καὶ οὐρανὸς εὐδῖος ἔσται:
δηθύνεις, καὶ Ὀλυμπος ἱμάσσεται: ἡμετέροις γὰρ
380 τεύχεσιν οὐρανίοις κεκορυθμένος ἐστὶ Τυφωεὺς
αἰγίς ἐμοὶ μούνη περιλείπεται: ἀλλὰ τί ῥέξει
αἰγίς ἐμὴ Τυφῶνος ἐριδμαίνουσα κεραυνῷ;
δειδία, μὴ γελάσειε γέρων Κρόνος, ἀντιβίου δὲ
ἄζομαι αὐχένα γαῦρον ἀγήνορος Ἰαπετοῖο:
385 δειδία μυθοτόκον πλέον Ἑλλάδα, μὴ τις Ἀχαιῶν
ὑέτιον Τυφῶνα καὶ ὑψιμέδοντα καλέσση
ἢ ὕπατον, χραίνων ἐμὸν οὔνομα. γίνεο βούτης
εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν, ἀμερσινόῳ δὲ λιγαίνων
ῥύεο ποιμενίῃ σέο πηκτίδι ποιμένα κόσμου,
390 μὴ νεφεληγερέταο Τυφώος ἥχον ἀκούσω,
μὴ βροντὴν ἐτέροιο νόθου Διός, ἀλλὰ ἐ παύσω

μαρνάμενον στεροπῆσι καὶ αἰχμάζοντα κεραυνῷ.
εἰ δὲ Διὸς λάχες αἶμα καὶ Ἴναχίης γένος Ἴοϋς,
κερδαλέης σύριγγος ἁλεξικάκῳ σέο μολπῇ
395 θέλγε νόον Τυφῶνος. ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἄξια μόχθων
δῶσω διπλὰ δῶρα: σὲ γὰρ ῥυτῆρα τελέσσω
ἁρμονίης κόσμοιο καὶ Ἀρμονίης παρακοίτην.
καὶ σὺ, τελεσσιγόνοιο γάμου πρωτόσπορος ἀρχή,
τεῖνον, Ἔρωσ, σέο τόξα, καὶ οὐκέτι κόσμος ἀλήτης.
400 εἰ πέλεν ἐκ σέο πάντα, βίου φιλοτήσιε ποιμήν,
ἐν βέλος ἄλλο τάνυσσον, ἵνα ξύμπαντα σαώσῃς:
ὥς πυρόεις, Τυφῶνι κορύσσεο, πυρσοφόροι δὲ
ἐκ σέο νοστήσωσιν ἐμὴν ἐπὶ χεῖρα κεραυνοί.
πανδαμάτωρ, ἔνα βάλλε τεῶ πυρί, θεलगόμενον δὲ
405 σὸν βέλος ἀγρεύσειε, τὸν οὐ νίκησε Κρονίων:
Καδμείης δ' ἐχέτω φρενοθελγέος οἷστρον ἀοιδῆς
ὅσσον ἐγὼ πόθον ἔσχου ἐς Εὐρώπης ὕμεναιους.
ὥς εἰπὼν κερόεντι πανεῖκελος ἔσσυτο ταύρῳ,
ἐνθεν ὄρος πέλε Ταῦρος ἐπώνυμον. ὃξὺ δὲ τείνων
410 Κάδμος ὁμοφθόγγων δονάκων ἀπατήλιον ἠχῶ,
κλίνας γείτονι νῶτον ὑπὸ δρυῖ φορβάδος ὕλης:
καὶ φορέων ἄγραυλον ἀληθέος εἶμα νομῆος,
πέμπε Τυφαιονίησι δολοπλόκον ὕμνον ἀκουαῖς
οἰδαλέῃ φύσημα παρηίδι λεπτὸν ἰάλλων.
415 ἔνθα Γίγας φιλάοιδος ἐχιδναίῳ ποδὸς ὀλκῷ
ἄνθορεν εἰσαῖων δόλιον μέλος: ἔνδοθι δ' ἄντρου
ὄπλα Διὸς φλογόεντα λιπῶν παρὰ μητέρι Γαίῃ
τερψινόου σύριγγος ἐδίξετο γείτονα μολπῇν
ἐσπόμενος μελέεσσιν: ἰδὼν δὲ μιν ἐγγῦθι λόχμης
420 Κάδμος, ἄτε τρομέων, ὑπὸ ῥωγάδι κεύθετο πέτρῃ.
ἀλλὰ μιν ὕψικάρηνος ἀλυσκάζοντα νοήσας
νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοισι πέλωρ ἐκάλεσσε Τυφωεύς,
καὶ δόλον οὐ γίνωσκε λιγύθροον: ἀντιτύπῳ δὲ
ποιμένι δεξιτερὴν μίαν ὤρεγεν, ἄρκυν ὀλέθρου
425 ἀγνώσσων: μεσάτῳ δὲ δαφαινήεντι προσώπῳ
ἀνδρομέῳ γελῶν κενεαυχέα ῥήξατο φωνήν:
Ἄϊπόλε, τί τρομέεις με; τί φάεα χειρὶ καλύπτεις;
καλὸν ἐμοὶ βροτὸν ἄνδρα μετὰ Κρονίωνα διώκειν,
καλὸν ἐμοὶ σύριγγα σὺν ἀστεροπῆσιν αἶρειν:
430 τί ξυνὸν καλάμοισι καὶ αἰθαλόεντι κεραυνῷ;
πηκτιδα σὴν ἔχε μοῦνος, ἐπεὶ λάχεν ἄλλο Τυφωεύς
ὄργανον αὐτοβόητον Ὀλύμπιον: ἐζόμενος δὲ
χερσὶν ἀδουπήτοις ἐθήμονος ἄμμορος ἠχοῦς
πηκτιδος ὑμετέρης ἐπιδεύεται ἀννέφελος Ζεὺς:
435 σῶν δ' ὀλίγων δονάκων ἐχέτω κτύπον: οὐτιδανοὺς γὰρ

οὐ πλεκτοὺς καλάμους καλάμοις στοιχηδὸν ἔλίσσω,
ἀλλὰ κυλινδομένας νεφέλας νεφέλῃσι συνάπτων
οὐρανίοις πατάγοισιν ὁμόζυγα δοῦπον ἰάλλω.
στήσω δ', ἣν ἐθέλῃς, φιλήν ἔριν· ἀλλὰ σὺ μέλπων
440 πέμπε μέλος δονακῶδες, ἐγὼ βρονταῖον ἄράσσω·
πνεύματι μὲν σφριγώσαν ἔχων προβλήτα παρειήν
φυσιάας στομάτεσσιν, ἱμασσόμενοι δὲ Βορῆος
ἄσθματι φυσητῆρος ἐμοὶ βρομέουσι κεραυνοί.
βουκόλε, μισθὸν ἔχοις σέο πηκτίδος· οὐράνιον γὰρ
445 ἀντὶ Διὸς σκηπτοῦχος ὅτε θρόνον ἠνιοχεύσω,
ἐσπόμενον μετὰ γαῖαν ἐς αἰθέρα καὶ σέ κομίσσω
αὐτῇ ὁμοῦ σύριγγι καί, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, ἅμα ποιμνῇ·
οὐδὲ τεῆς ἀγέλης νοσφίσσεαι· ἰσοτύπου γὰρ
στηρίξω σέθεν αἴγας ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν Αἰγοκερῆος
450 ἢ σχεδὸν Ἠνιοχῆος, ὃς Ὡλενίην ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ
πήχεϊ μαρμαίροντι σελασφόρον Αἴγα τιταίνει·
στήσω δ' ὁμβροτόκοιο παρὰ πλατὺν αὐχένα Ταύρου
σοὺς βόας ἀστερόεντας ἐπαντέλλοντας Ὀλύμπῳ,
ἢ δροσερὴν παρὰ νύσσαν, ὅπῃ ζωθαλπέι λαίμῳ
455 ἠνεμόεν μῦκημα βόες πέμπουσι Σελήνης.
οὐδὲ τεῆς καλύβης ὀλίγης χρέος· ἀντὶ δὲ λόχμης
αἰθερίαις Ἐρίφοισι συναστράπτοι σέο ποιμνῇ.
καὶ φάτνης ἑτέρης τελέσω τύπον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴ
ἰσοφυῆς λάμψειεν Ὀνων παρὰ γείτονι Φάτνῃ.
460 ἔσσο καὶ ἀστερόεις μετὰ βουκόλον, ἥχι Βοώτης
φαίνεται, ἀστραῖν δὲ καλαύροπα καὶ σὺ τιταίνων
ἔσσο Λυκαονίης ἐλατῆρ Ἀρκτῶος Ἀμάξης.
οὐρανίου Τυφῶνος ὁμέστιος, ὄλβιε ποιμὴν,
σήμερον ἐν χθονὶ μέλπε, καὶ αὔριον ἐντὸς Ὀλύμπου.
465 μολπῆς δ' ἄξια δῶρα παρ' ἀστεροφεγγεὶ κύκλῳ
στηρίξω σέθεν ὄψιν Ὀλύμπιον, ἡδυμελῆ δὲ
οὐρανίῃ Φόρμιγγι τεὴν σύριγγα συνάψω.
σοὶ γάμον, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, δωρήσομαι ἀγνὸν Ἀθήνης·
εἰ δέ σοι οὐ γλαυκῶπις ἐπεύαδε, δέχνυσο Λητῶ
470 ἢ Χάριν ἢ Κυθέρειαν ἢ Ἄρτεμιν ἢ γάμον Ἥρης·
μούνης ἡμετέρης μὴ διῆξο δέμνιον Ἥρης.
εἰ δ' ἔλαχες πλήξιππον ἀδελφεὸν ἰδμονα δίφρου,
ἔμπυρον Ἥελίου τετράζυγον ἄρμα δεχέσθω·
εἰ δὲ Διὸς ποθέεις, ὥς αἰπόλος, αἰγίδα πάλλειν,
475 δώσω σοι τόδε δῶρον. ἐγὼ δ' ἐς Ὀλυμπον ὁδεύσω
οὐκ ἄλέγων Κρονίωνος ἀτευχέος· οὐτιδανὴ γὰρ
ἔντεσι θῆλυς ἐοῦσα τί μοι ῥέξειεν Ἀθήνη·
ἀλλὰ Τυφασίνην ἀναβάλλεο, βουκόλε, νίκην,
γνήσιον ὑμνείων με νέον σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπου

480 σκῆπτρα Διὸς φορέοντα καὶ ἀστράπτοντα χιτῶνα.
εἶπε, καὶ Ἀδρήστεια τόσῃν ἐγράψατο φωνήν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ γίνωσκεν ἐκούσιον εἰς λίνον ἄγρης
νήματι Μοιριδίῳ πεφορημένον υἷὸν ἁρούρης
τερψινόων δονάκων βεβολημένον ἥδεϊ κέντρῳ,
485 κερδαλέην ἀγέλαστος ἀνήρυγε Κάδμος ἰωήν:
'Βαῖον ἐμῆς σύριγγος ἐθάμβεες ἦχον ἀκούσας:
εἶπέ, τι κεν ῥέξιαις, ὅταν σέο θῶκον ἀείσω
ἐπτατόνου κιθάρης ἐπινίκιον ὕμνον ἀράσσω;
καὶ γὰρ ἐπουρανίοισιν ἐγὼ πλήκτροισιν ἐρίζω
490 Φοῖβον ἐμῇ φόρμιγγι παρέδραμον, ἡμετέρας δὲ
χορδὰς εὐκελάδους Κρονίδης ἀμάθυνε κεραυνῷ
υἱεὶ νικηθέντι φέρων χάριν: εἰ δὲ ποθ' εὖρω
νεῦρα πάλιν σφριγύωντα, μέλος πλήκτροισι τιταίνων
θέλξω δένδρεα πάντα καὶ οὖρεα καὶ φρένα θηρῶν:
495 καὶ στέφος αὐτοέλικτον, ὁμόζυγον ἥλικι γαίῃ,
ὠκεανὸν σπεύδοντα παλινδίνητον ἐρύξω
τὴν αὐτὴν περὶ νύσαν ἄγειν κυκλούμενον ὕδωρ,
ἀπλανέων δὲ φάλαγγα καὶ ἀντιθέοντας ἀλήτας
στήσω, καὶ Φαέθοντα καὶ ἱστοβοῆα Σελήνην.
500 ἀλλὰ θεοὺς καὶ Ζῆνα βαλὼν πυρόεντι βελέμνῳ
μοῦνον ἔα κλυτότοξον, ὅπως περὶ δελτίνα τραπέζης
δαινυμένου Τυφῶνος ἐγὼ καὶ Φοῖβος ἐρίζω,
τίς τίνα νικήσειε μέγαν Τυφῶνα λιγαίνων.
Πιερίδας μὴ κτεῖνε χορίτιδας, ὄφρα καὶ αὐταὶ
505 Φοίβου κῶμον ἄγοντος ἢ ὑμετέροιο νομῆος
θῆλυ μέλος πλέξωσιν ὁμόθορον ἄρσενι μολπῇ.'
ἔννεπε: καὶ χαροπῇσιν ἐπ' ὄφρυσιν νεῦσε Τυφωεύς,
καὶ πλοκάμους ἐδόνησεν: ἐρευγομένων δὲ κομῶν
ἰὸν ἐχιδνήεντα περιρραίνοντο κολῶναι.
510 καὶ ταχὺς εἰς ἐὸν ἄντρον ἐπείγετο: κείθεν ἀείρας
νεῦρα Διὸς δολόεντι πόρεν ξεινήια Κάδμῳ,
νεῦρα, τὰ περ χθονὶ πῖπτε Τυφασινίῃ ποτὲ χάρμη.
καὶ δόσιν ἀμβροσίην ἀπατήλιος ἦνεσε ποιμήν:
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀμφαφάασκε καὶ ἄρμενον οἷά τε χορδὴν
515 ἔσσομένην φόρμιγγι κατέκρυφε κοιλάδι πέτρῃ,
Ζηνὶ Γίγαντοφόνῳ πεφυλαγμένα: φειδομένῳ δὲ
λεπταλέον φύσημα μεμυκότι χεῖλεϊ πέμπων,
θλιβομένοις δονάκεσιν ὑποκλέπτων τόνον ἥχοϋς,
λαρότερον μέλος εἶπε: καὶ οὕατα πολλὰ τιταίνων
520 ἁρμονίης ἦκουε, καὶ οὐ γίνωσκε Τυφωεύς.
θελγομένῳ δὲ Γίγαντι νόθος παρεσύρισε ποιμήν
ἀθανάτων ἅτε φύζαν ἐῖ σύριγγι λιγαίνων,
καὶ Διὸς ἔσσομένην ἐμελίζετο γείτονα νίκην

ἔζομένῳ Τυφῶνι μόρον Τυφῶνος ἀείδων:
525 καὶ πλέον οἷστρον ἔγειρε. καὶ ὡς νέος ἡδὲι κέντρῳ
ἄβρὸς ἐρωμανέων ἐπιθέλγεται ἥλικι κούρῃ,
καὶ πῆ μὲν χαρίεντος ἐς ἄργυφα κύκλα προσώπου,
πῆ δὲ βαθυσμήριγγος ἀλήμονα βότρυν ἐθείρης
δέρκεται, ἄλλοτε χεῖρα ῥοδόχροον, ἄλλοτε μίτρη
530 σφιγγομένην ῥοδόεντος Ἴτυν μαζοῖο δοκεῖει
αὐχένα παπταίνων γυμνούμενον, ἀμφὶ δὲ μορφῇ
θέλγεται ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἄγων ἀκόρητον ὀπωπὴν,
οὐ δὲ λιπεῖν ἐθέλει ποτὲ παρθένον: ὥς ὃ γε Κάδμῳ
θελγομένην μελέεσσιν ὅλην φρένα δῶκε Τυφωεύς.

BOOK 2

δεύτερον ἀστερόφοιτον ἔχει Τυφῶνος Ἐνυὼ
καὶ στεροπὴν καὶ ἄεθλα Διὸς καὶ κῶμον Ὀλύμπου.
ὥς ὁ μὲν αὐτόθι μίμνε παρὰ σφυρὰ φορβάδος ὕλης
ἀκροπόρῳ σύριγγι μετάτροπα χεῖλεα σύρων,
Κάδμος Ἀγηνориδης νόθος αἰπίλος: ἀπροϊδῆς δὲ
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης ἀκίχητος ὑπὸ σπέος ἄσφορος ἔρπων
5 χεῖρας ἕας ἐκόρυσσε τὸ δεύτερον ἠθάδι πυρσῷ
καὶ νέφος ἔσκεπε Κάδμον ἀθηήτῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ,
μὴ δόλον ἠπεροπῆα μαθῶν καὶ φῶρα κεραυνοῦ
λάθριον ὑστερόμητις ἀποκτείνειε Τυφωεὺς
βουκόλον ἄλλοπρόσαλλον: ὁ δὲ πλεον ἠδέι κέντρῳ
10 ἥθελεν εἰσαΐειν φρενοθελγέα ῥυθμὸν ᾠοιδῆς.
ὥς δ' ὅτε τις Σειρήνος ἐπὶ κλοπον ὕμνον ἀκούων
εἰς μόρον αὐτοκέλευστον ἰώριος εἵλκετο ναύτης,
θελγόμενος μελέεσσι, καὶ οὐκέτι κῦμα χαράσσων
γλαυκὸν ἀκυμάντοισιν ὕδωρ λεύκαινεν ἔρετμοῖς,
15 ἀλλὰ λιγυφθόγγοιο πεσῶν ἐπὶ δίκτυα Μοίρης
τέρπετο πηδαλίοιο λελασμένος, ἄστρον ἑάσας
Πλειάδος ἑπαπτόριο καὶ ἄντυγα κυκλάδος Ἄρκτου:
ὥς ὁ γε κερδαλέης δεδονημένος ἄσθμασι μολπῆς
πηκτίδος ἠδὺ βέλεμνον ἐδέξατο πομπὸν ὀλέθρου.
20 ἀλλὰ καλυπτομένου νεφέων σκιοειδέι μίτρῃ
ἔμπνοος εὐκελάδοιο δόναξ σίγησε νομῆος,
ἁρμονίην δ' ἀνέκοψεν. ἀερσιπότης δὲ Τυφωεὺς
οἴστρον ἐλὼν πολέμοιο κατέδραμεν εἰς μυχὸν ἄντρου,
βροντὴν δ' ἠνεμόφοιτον ἐδίεζο φοιτάδι λύσση
25 καὶ στεροπὴν ἀκίχητον, ἐρευνητῆρι δὲ ταρσῷ
ζαφλεγὲς ἄρπαμένοιο σέλας μάστευε κεραυνοῦ,
καὶ κενεὸν σπέος εὔρε. δολοφραδέας δὲ μενοινὰς
ὄψὲ μαθῶν Κρονίδαο καὶ αἰόλα δήνεα Κάδμου
αἰχμάζων σκοπέλοισιν ἐπεσκίρτησεν Ὀλύμπῳ.
30 καὶ ποδὸς ἀγκύλον ἶχνος ἄγων ὀφιώδεϊ ταρσῷ
ἰὼν ἀκοντιστῆρος ἀπέπτυνεν ἀνθερεῶνος:
ὑψιλόφου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐχιδναίῃσιν ἐθεύραις
πίδακας ὁμβρήσαντος ἐκυμαίνοντο χαράδραι:
καὶ οἱ ἐπαῖσσοντι βαθυνομένην χθονὸς ἔδρην
35 ἀκλινέος δαπέδοιο Κίλιξ ἐλελίζετο πυθμὴν
ποσσὶ δρακοντείοισι, πολυσφαράγῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ταυρείου λοφόντος ἀρασσομένου κενεῶνος
γείτονες ὠρχήσαντο φόβῳ Παμφυλίδες ὄχθαι,
καὶ χθόνια σήραγγες ἐβόμβεον, ἔτρεμον ἄκρα

40 ἥϊόνες, σείοντο μυχοί, καὶ ὀλίσθανον ἄκται
λυομένης ψαμάθοιο ποδῶν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ.
οὐ νομός, οὐ τότε θῆρες ἀπήμονες: ὠμοβόροι γὰρ
ἄρκτοι ἐδαιτρεύοντο Τυφονίοιο προσώπου
ἄρκτώαις γενύεσσι, λεοντείων δὲ καρήνων
45 γλαυκὰ δασυστέρνων ἐλαφύσσετο γυῖα λεόντων
χάσμασιν ἰσοτύποισιν, ἐχιδνήεντι δὲ λαιμῷ
ψυχρὰ πεδοτρεφέων ἐδαΐζετο νῶτα δρακόντων,
ἡερίους δ' ὄρνιθας ἐδαίνυτο γείτονι λαιμῷ
ἵπταμένους ἀβάτοιο δι' αἰθέρος, ἀγχιφανῇ δὲ
50 αἰετὸν ἦσθιε μᾶλλον, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ὄρνις ἀκοῦει:
ἦσθιε βοῦν ἀροτῆρα, καὶ οὐκ ᾧκτειρε δοκεῦν
αἰμοβαφῇ ζυγίῳ κεχαραγμένον αὐχένα δεσμῷ.
καὶ ποταμοὺς ἐκόνισσε ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ,
Νηιάδων δὲ φάλαγγας ἀπεστυφέλιξεν ἐναύλων:
55 καὶ βυθίη στείχουσα βατὸν ῥόον ἄλματι πεζῷ
ἀβρέκτοις μελέεσσιν ἀσάμβαλος ἴστατο Νύμφη
νηιάς ὕγροκέλευθος, ἀμιλλητῆρι δὲ ταρσῷ
κούρης παλλομένης παρὰ διψάδα πέζαν ἐναύλων
σφιγγετο πηλώνεντι πεπηγότα γούνατα δεσμῷ.
60 μαινομένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἰδὼν πολύμορφον ὅπωπῃν
ταρβαλέος σύριγγα γέρων ἀπεσεΐσατο ποιμῆν
νόσφι φυγῶν: ὀρόων δὲ πολυσπερὲς ἔθνος ἀγοστῶν
αἰπόλος ἀστήρικτον ἐπέτρεπεν αὐλὸν ἀέλλαις:
οὐ σπόρον ἀμφεκάλυψε πέδῳ ταλαεργὸς ἀροτρεὺς
65 ῥαίνων ἀρτιχάρακτον ὀπισθοβόλῳ χθόνα καρπῷ,
οὐδὲ Τυφονίης παλάμης νωμήτορι παλμῷ
αὐλακα τεμνομένην ἐνοσίχθονι τάμνε σιδήρῳ,
ἀλλὰ βόας μεθέηκε, Γιγαντείῳ δὲ βελέμνῳ
σχιζομένης κενεῶνες ἐγυμνώθησαν ἀρούρης.
70 καὶ διερῆν φλέβα λῦσεν, ἀνοιγομένου δὲ βερέθρου
χεύμασι πηγαίοισιν ἀνέβλυε νέρτερος αὐλῶν,
ἀσκεπέος δαπέδοιο χέων ὑποκόλπιον ὕδωρ:
καὶ σκόπελοι ρίπτοντο: χαραδραίοις δὲ ῥεέθροις
ἡερόθεν πίπτοντες ἐνεκρύπτοντο θαλάσση,
75 ὕδατα χερσῶσαντες: ἀπὸ χθονίων δὲ βελέμνων
αὐτοπαγῇ ῥιζοῦτο νεηγενέων σφυρὰ νήσων.
δένδρεα δ' αὐτόπρεμνα μετωχλίσθησαν ἀρούρης,
καὶ δαπέδῳ πέσε καρπὸς ἁώριος, ἀρτιθαλῆς δὲ
κῆπος αἰστώθη, ῥοδόεις δ' ἀμαθύνετο λειμῶν:
80 καὶ Ζέφυρος δεδόνητο κυλινδομένων κυπαρίσσω
αὐχμηροῖς πετάλοισι: φιλοθρήνοισι δὲ μολπαῖς
αἴλινα Φοῖβος ᾄδειε δαΐζομένων ὑακίνθων,
πλέξας πένθιμον ὕμνον, Ἀμυκλαίων δὲ κορύμβων

κοπτομένη πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐπέστενε γείτονι δάφνη:
85 κεκλιμένην δ' ὠρθωσεν ἐὴν πίτυν ἀχνύμενος Πάν:
καί, Μορίης μνησθεῖσα, φερέπτολιν Ἀθτίδα νύμφην
τεμνομένη Γλαυκῶπις ἐπεστονάχιζεν ἐλαίη:
καὶ Παφίη δάκρυσε κονιομένης ἀνεμώνης,
πυκνὰ δὲ μυρομένη καλύκων εὐώδεα χαίτην
90 βόστρυχον ἀβρὸν ἔπιλλε κονιομένου ῥοδεῶνος:
καὶ στάχυν ἡμιτέλεστον ὀλωλότα μύρετο Δηῶ,
μηκέτι κῶμον ἄγουσα θαλύσιον: Ἀδρυάδες δὲ
ἥλικες ὠδύροντο λιπόσκια δένδρεα Νύμφαι.
καὶ τις ἐυπτόρθοιο διχαζομένοιο κορύμβου
95 σύγχρονος ἀκρήδμενος Ἀμαδρυὰς ἄνθορε δάφνης,
ἐκ πίτυος δὲ φυγοῦσα βατῶ ποδὶ παρθένος ἄλλη
ἀγχιφανῆς ἀγόρευε μετήλυδι γείτονι Νύμφῃ:
‘Δαφναίη φυγόμενος Ἀμαδρυὰς, εἷς δρόμος ἔστω
ἀμφοτέραις, μὴ Φοῖβον ἴδης, μὴ Πᾶνα νοήσω.
100 ὕλοτόμοι, τάδε δένδρα παρέλθετε, μὴ φυτὰ Δάφνης
τέμνετε δειλαίης τετιημένα: φεῖδω, τέκτων,
ὀλκάδα μὴ τελέσης πιτυώδεα δούρατα τέμνων,
μὴ ῥοθίων ψαύσειε θαλασσαιῆς Ἀφροδίτης.
ναί, δρυτόμος, πυμάτην πόρε μοι χάριν, ἀντὶ κορύμβων
105 κόπτέ με σοῖς πελέκεσσι, καὶ ἡμετέρου διὰ μαζοῦ
πῆξον ἀνυμφεύτοιο σαόφρονα χαλκὸν Ἀθήνης,
ὄφρα θάνω πρὸ γάμοιο καὶ Ἄιδι παρθένος ἔλθω,
εἰσέτι νῆις Ἔρωτος, ἃ περ Πίτυς, οἷά τε Δάφνη.’
ὥς φαμένη πετάλοισι νόθην ποιήσατο μίτρην,
110 καὶ χλοερῶ ζωστήρι κατέσκεπεν ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
αἰδομένη, καὶ μηρὸν ἐπεσφικώσατο μηρῶ:
ἡ δὲ μιν εἰσορώσα κατηφέα ῥήξατο φωνήν:
‘Παρθενίης ἔμφυλον ἔχω φόβον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἐκ Δάφνης γεγαυῖα διώκομαι, οἷά τε Δάφνη.
115 πῇ δὲ φύγω; σκοπέλους ὑποδύσομαι; ἀλλὰ κολώνας
ῥιπτομένας ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἐτεφρώσαντο κεραυνοί,
καὶ τρομέω σέο Πᾶνα δυσίμερον, ὅς με χαλέψει,
ὥς Πίτυν, ὥς Σύριγγα: διωκομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
ἄλλη δευτερόφωνος ὀρίδρομος ἔσσομαι Ἥχῳ.
120 οὐκέτι ταῦτα κόρυμβα μετέρχομαι, ἡμιφανῇ δὲ
οὔρεα ναιετάω μετὰ δένδρεον, ἦχι καὶ αὐτὴ
Ἄρτεμις ἀγρώσσει φιλοπάρθενος: ἀλλὰ Κρονίων
Καλλιστοῦς λάχε λέκτρον ἐς Ἄρτεμιν εἶδος ἀμείψας.
ἵξομαι εἰς ἀλὸς οἶδμα: τί μοι γάμος; ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ πόντῳ
125 Ἀστερίην ἐδίωκε γυναιμανέων Ἐνοσίχθων.
αἶθε λάχον πετὰ κοῦφα: δι’ ὕψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
ἡερίοις ἀνέμοισι συνέμπορον οἶμον ὀδεύσω:

ἀλλὰ τάχα πετρύγων κενεὸς δρόμος, ὅτι Τυφωεὺς
ἡλιβάτοις παλάμησιν ἐπιπαύει νεφελῶν.

130 εἰ δὲ γάμοις ἀδίκους με βιήσεται, εἶδος ἀμείψω,
μίξομαι ὀρνίθεσσι, καὶ ἵπταμένη φιλομήλη
καὶ ῥόδον ἀγγέλλουσα καὶ ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἐέρσην
ἔσσομαι εἰαρινοῖο φίλη Ζεφύροιο χελιδών,
135 ὀρχηθμῶ πτερόεντι περισκαίρουσα καλὴν.

Πρόκνη, πικρὰ παθοῦσα, σὺ μὲν δέο πενθάδι μολπῇ
υἷέα δακρύσειας, ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὰ λέκτρα γοήσω.

Ζεῦ ἄνα, μὴ τελέσης με χελιδόνα, μὴ με διώξῃ
καὶ Τηρεὺς πτερόεις κεχολωμένος, οἷα Τυφωεὺς.

140 ἄηρ, οὐρεα, πόντος ἀνέμβατος· ἔνδοθι γαίης
κρύπτομαι· ἀλλὰ Γίγαντος ἐχιδναίων ἀπὸ ταρσῶν
ἰοβόλοι δύνουσιν ὑπὸ χθόνα φωλάδες ὕδρα.

εἶην ὕγρὸν ὕδωρ ἐπιδήμιον, οἷα Κομαιθῶ
πατρῷω κεράσασα νεόρρυτα χεῦματα Κῦδνῳ·

145 οὐκ ἐθέλω παρὰ μῦθον, ὅτι προχοῇσι συνάψω
παρθενικῆς δυσέρωτος ἐμὸν φιλοπάρθενον ὕδωρ.

πῇ δὲ φύγω; Τυφῶνι μιγήσομαι; ἀλλὰ λοχεύσω
ἄλλοφυῇ πολύμορφον ὁμοῖον υἷα τοκῆι.

εἶην δένδρεον ἄλλο, καὶ ἐκ δρυὸς εἰς δρύας ἔλθω
150 οὐνομα παιδὸς ἔχουσα σαόφρονος· ἀντὶ δὲ Δάφνης

μὴ Μύρρης ἀθέμιστον ἐπώνυμον ἔρνος ἀκούσω.

ναί, λίτομαι, παρὰ χεῦμα γοήμονος Ἥριδανοῖο

εἶην Ἡλιάδων καὶ ἐγὼ μία· πυκνὰ δὲ δὲ πέμψω
ἐκ βλεφάρων ἤλεκτρα, φιλοθρήνοις δὲ κορῦμβοις

155 γείτονος αἰγείροιο περίπλοκα φύλλα πετάσσω
δάκρυσιν ἀφνειοῖσιν ἐμὴν στενάχουσα κορείην·

οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ Φαέθοντα κινῶρομαι. Ἰλαθι, δάφνη,
αἰδέομαι φυτὸν ἄλλο μετὰ προτέρης φυτὸν ὕλης.
ἔσσομαι, ὥς Νιόβη, καὶ ἐγὼ λίθος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν

160 λαϊνέην στενάχουσαν ἐποικτεῖρῳσιν ὀδῖται·

ἀλλὰ κακογλώσσοιο τί μοι τύπος; Ἰλαθι, Λητῷ·

ἔρρέτω αἰνοτόκοιο θεημάχον οὐνομα Νύμφης·

ἢ μὲν ἔφη· φαέθων δὲ πόλον δινωτὸν ἐάσας
εἰς δύσιν ἔτραπε δίφρον· ἀναθρώσκουσα δὲ γαίης

165 ὕψιτενῆς ἄτε κῶνος ἐς ἡέρα σιγαλεῖ Νῦξ

οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντι διεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνι,

αἰθέρα δαιδάλλουσα· καὶ ἀννεφέλῳ παρὰ Νεῖλῳ

ἄθάνατοι πλάζοντο, παρ' ὀφρυόεντι δὲ Ταύρῳ

Ζεὺς Κρονίδης ἀνέμιμνεν ἐγερσιμόθου φάος Ἅοϋς.

170 νῦξ μὲν ἔην· φρουραὶ δὲ περὶ στίχες ἦσαν Ὀλύμπου

ἐπτα περὶ ζώνησι, καὶ οἷα περ ὕψοθι πύργων

ἔννυχον ἦν ἀλάλαγμα, βοή δ' ἑτερόθορος ἄστρων
ἀμφιλαφῆς πεφόρητο, καὶ ἄξονις κτύπον ἦχοῦς
ἐκ Κρονίης βαλβίδος ἐδέχνυτο νύσσα Σελήνης:
175 καὶ νεφῶν στεφανηδὸν ἐπασσυντέρησι καλύπτραις
οὐρανὸν ἐφράξαντο φυλάκτορες αἰθέρος Ὠραι
ἀμφίπολοι Φαέθοντος· ἀσυλήτων δὲ πυλῶν
ἀστέρες Ἀτλάντειον ἐπεκλήρισαν ὀχῆα,
μὴ λόχος εἰσέλθῃσι πόλον μακάρων ἀπεόντων:
180 ἀντὶ δὲ συρίγγων ἐνοπῆς καὶ ἐθήμονος αὐλοῦ
ἐννυχίαις πτερύγεσσι μέλος σύριζον ἀῖται.
αἰθερίῳ δὲ Δράκοντι συνέμπορος Ἀρκάδος Ἄρκτου
ἐννυχίην Τυφῶνος ἐπήλυσιν ὑψόθι λεύσσων
ὄμμασιν ἀγρύπνοισι γέρων ἐφύλασσε Βοώτης,
185 ἀντολίην ἐδόκευεν Ἐωσφόρος, Ἔσπερος ἀστήρ
ἐσπερίην, Νοτίας δὲ λιπὼν ἰθύντορι τόξων
ὄμβρηρὰς Βορέας πύλας περιδέδρομε Κηφεύς.
καὶ πυρὰ πάντοθεν ἦεν, ἐπεὶ φλόγες αἴθοπες ἄστρων
καὶ νύχιοι λαμπτήρες ἀκοιμήτοιο Σελήνης
190 ὥς δαῖδες σελάγιζον, ἀελλήεντι δὲ ρόμβῳ
πυκνὰ διαθρώσκοντες ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἄκρον Ὀλύμπου
ἀστέρες ἀικτῆρες ἐπέγραφον ἡέρα πυρσῶ
δεξιτεροὶ Κρονίωνι, κυβιστητῆρι δὲ παλμῶ
πυκνὰ διαίσσουσα χαρασσομένων νεφελάων
195 ἀστεροπὴ σκίρτησεν, ἀμοιβαίῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
κρύπτετο καὶ σελάγιζε παλινδρομος ἄστατος αἶγλη,
καὶ πλοκάμους πλεκτοῖο πυρὸς βοτρυδὸν ἐλίξας
φέγγει λαχνήεντι σέλας τρήχυνε κομήτης,
καὶ δοκίδες μάρμαιρον ἐπήλυδες, οἷα δὲ μακροὶ
200 ἡερόθεν τανύοντο δοκοὶ δολιχῆρεϊ πυρσῶ
Ζηνὶ συναιχμάζοντες, ὑπ' ἀκτίνεσσι δὲ λάμπων
ἀντιπόρου Φαέθοντος ἐκάμπτετο σύνδρομος ὄμβρῳ
ἶριδος ἀγκύλα κύκλα πολύχροος ὀλκὸς ὑφαίνων,
χλωρὰ μελαινομένῳ, ῥοδοειδέϊ λευκὰ κεράσσας.
205 καὶ Διὶ μουνωθέντι παρήγορος ἵκετο Νίκη
ἡέρος ἄκρα κέλευθα διαγράψασα πεδίλῳ,
Λητοῦς εἶδος ἔχουσα, καὶ ὀπλίζουσα τοκῆα
ἀντιτύποις στομάτεσσι πολύτροπον ἴαχε φωνήν:
'Ζεῦ ἄνα, σῶν τεκέων πρόμος ἴστασο, μηδὲ νοήσω
210 μίγνυμένην Τυφῶνι γάμων ἀδίδακτον Ἀθήνην:
μητέρα μὴ τελέσειας ἀμήτορα, μαρνάμενος δὲ
ἀστεροπὴν κούφιζε σελασφόρον ἔγχος Ὀλύμπου,
καὶ νεφέλας συνάγειρε τὸ δεύτερον, ὑέτιε Ζεῦ:
ἤδη γὰρ σταθεροῖο τινάσσεται ἔδρανα κόσμου
215 χερσὶ Τυφαονίησιν, ὁμοζυγέων δὲ λυθέντων

στοιχείων πισύρων ἤρνήσατο λήια Δηῶ:
ἤβη λείπε κύπελλον, Ἄρης δ' ἄπεσεῖσατο λόγχην,
Ἑρμῆς ῥάβδον ἔθηκε, λύρην δ' ἔρριπεν Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ πτερόεις πεπότητο λιπῶν πτερόεντας ὀιστούς,
220 εἶδος ἔχων κύκνοιο, τελεσσιγάμου δὲ θεαίνης
ἄσπορος ἔπλετο κόσμος ἄλωομένης Ἀφροδίτης,
ἁρμονίης δ' ἄλυτου λύτο πείσματα: νυμφοκόμος γὰρ
πανδαμάτωρ ἀδάμαστος Ἔρως θρασὺς εἰς φόβον ἔπτη
τόξα λιπῶν γονόντα: καὶ ἠθάδα Λῆμνον ἐάσας
225 σὸς πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος ἀπειθέα γούνατα σύρων
ἅ βραδὺς ἀστήρικτον ἔχει δρόμον. ἅ μέγα θαῦμα,
καὶ μάλα μοι κοτέουσαν ἐποικτεῖρω σέθεν Ἥρην.
ἦ ῥα τεδὸς γενέτης πάλιν ἕζεται εἰς χορὸν ἄστρων;
μὴ ποτε τοῦτο γένοιτο: καὶ εἰ Τιτηνὶς ἀκούω,
230 οὐκ ἐθέλω Τιτῆνας ἰδεῖν κρατέοντας Ὀλύμπου,
ἀλλὰ σὲ καὶ σέο τέκνα. σὺ δὲ κρατέοντι κεραυνῷ
Ἀρτέμιδος προμάχιζε σαόφρονος: ἦ ῥα φυλάσσω
παρθενικὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀναγκοῖω παρακοίτη;
ἦ ῥα τόκου ταμίη τόκον ὄψεται; ἦ ῥα τανύσσει
235 χεῖρας ἔμοι; ποίην δὲ καλέσσομαι ἰοχεαίρη
Ἰλαον Εἰλείθυιαν, ὅτ' Εἰλείθια λοχεύσῃ;
ὥς φαμένης σκιοειδὲς ἐδὼν πτερὸν Ὕπνος ἐλίξας
εὐνάσεν ἀμπνείουσαν ὅλην φύσιν: ἀλλὰ Κρονίων
ἦν τότε μοῦνος ἄυπνος: ἐφαπλώσας δὲ Τυφωεὺς
240 νωθρὰ βαρυνομέναις ἐπερείσατο νῶτα χαμεύναις
πλήσας μητέρα γαῖαν: ἀνοιγομένοιο δὲ κόλπου
χάσματι κοιλαίνοντο σεσηρότι φωλάδες εὐναὶ
εἰς χθόνα δυομένοισιν ἐχιδναίοισι καρήνοισι.
ἡελίου δὲ φανέντος ὁμογλώσσω ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
245 εἰς ἐνοπὴν πολύπηχυσ ἐπεβρυχᾶτο Τυφωεὺς
Ζῆνα μέγαν καλέων: βλοσυρὴ δὲ οἱ ἔκετο φωνή,
ῥιζοπαγῆς ὅθι πέζα παλιμπόρου Ὠκεανοῖο
τέτραχα τεμνομένην περιβάλλεται ἄντυγα κόσμου,
ζωσαμένη στεφανηδὸν ὅλην χθόνα κυκλάδι μίτρῃ:
250 φθεγγομένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἀμειβομένη στίχα φωνῆς
παντοίῃ σμαράγησε καὶ οὐ μία σύνθορος ἡχώ:
τοῦ δὲ κορυσσομένοιο φυῆς πολυειδέϊ μορφῇ
ὠρυγὴ κελάδησε λύκων, βρύχημα λεόντων,
ἄσθημα συῶν, μύκημα βοῶν, σύριγμα δρακόντων,
255 πορδαλίων θρασὺ χάσμα, κορυσσομένων γένους ἄρκτων,
λύσσα κυνῶν: μεσάτῃ δὲ Γίγας βροτοειδέϊ μορφῇ
Ζηνὸς ἀπειλήτειραν ἀπερροῖβδησεν ἰωήν:
Ἑχέρες ἐμαί, Διὸς οἶκον ἀράξατε, πυθμένα κόσμου
σεῖσατε σὺν μακάρεσσι, καὶ αὐτοέλικτον Ὀλύμπου

260 κόψατε θεῖον ὄχηα, καὶ αἰθερίης ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κίονος ἔλκομένης φυγέτω δεδονημένος Ἄτλας,
ἄντυγα δ' ἄστερόφοιτον ἀπορρίψειεν Ὀλύμπου,
μηκέτι δειμαίνων ἔλικά δρόμον — οὐ γὰρ ἔασω
ᾧμοις θλιβομένοις κυρτούμενον υἷδ' Ἀρούρης
265 αἰθέρος ὀχλίζοντα παλινδίνητον ἀνάγκην — ,
ἀλλὰ θεοῖς ἑτέροιςιν ἀτέρμονα φόρτον ἔσας
μαρνάσθω μακάρεσσιν, ἀναρρήξειε δὲ πέτρας
τρηχαλέοις βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύων πόλον ἄστρον,
ὄν πάρος ἠέρταζεν, ἱμασσόμεναι δὲ κολώναις
270 ταρβαλέαι φυγέτωσαν ἀνάκιδες οὐρανὸν ὦραι,
δμῳίδες Ἡελίοιο περιπλέγδην δὲ λαβοῦσαι
ἠέρι μιζατε γαῖαν, ὕδωρ πυρὶ, πόντον Ὀλύμπῳ.
καὶ πισύρων ἀνέμων τελέσω δουλειον ἀνάγκην,
μαστιζῶ Βορέην, κλονέω Νότον, Εὐρον ἱμάσσω,
275 καὶ Ζέφυρον πλήξαιμι, καὶ ἥματι νύκτα κεράσσω
χειρὶ μιῇ : καὶ γνωτὸς ἐμὸς πολυπίδακι λαιμῷ
ὦκεανὸς πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἄγων ὑφούμενον ὕδωρ,
πέντε παραλλήλων πεφορημένος ὑπόθι κύκλων,
ἄστρα κατακλύσσειε, καὶ ὕδατι διψὰς ἀλάσθω
280 ἄρκτος Ἀμαζαίοιο δεδυκότος ἱστοβοῆος.
ταῦροι ἐμοί, δονέοντες ἰσημερον ἄντυγα κύκλων
αἰθέρι μυκήσασθε, χαρασσομέναις δὲ κεραΐαις
ἰσοτύπου φλογεροῖο κεράατα ῥήξατε Ταύρου:
καὶ βόες ὕγρὰ κέλευθα μεταλλάσσωσι Σελήνης
285 δειδιότες βαρύδουπον ἐμῶν μύκημα καρήνων:
καὶ βλοσυρῶν μέγα χάσμα διαπτύξασα γενεῖων
ἄρκτος ἀνοιστρήσειε Τυφαιονὶς Ἄρκτον Ὀλύμπου:
αἰθερίῳ δὲ Λέοντι λέων ἐμὸς ἀντιφερίζων
Ζωδιακῆς ἀέκοντα μεταστήσειε κελεύθου:
290 ἡμετέρους δὲ δράκοντας Ὀφίς φρίξειεν Ἀμάξης...
ἄστεροπαῖς ὀλίγαις κεκορυθμένος: ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
κύματα λυσσήεντα, λόφοι χθονός, ἄγχεα νήσων
φάσγανά μοι γεγάσι, καὶ ἀσπίδες εἰσὶ κολῶναι,
καὶ σκόπελοι θώρηκες ἀαγέες, ἔγχεα πέτραι,
295 καὶ ποταμοὶ σβεστήηρες ἀκιδνοτάτοιο κεραυνοῦ.
δεσμοὺς δ' Ἰαπετοῖο Ποσειδάωνι φυλάσσω,
ἀμφὶ δὲ Καύκασον ἄκρον εὐπτερος ἄλλος ἀρείων
αἰετὸς αἰμάξειε παλιμφυὲς ἦπαρ ἀμύσσων
Ἥφαιστου πυρόεντος, ἐπεὶ πυρὸς εἵνεκα κάμνει
300 ἦπατος αὐτοφύτοιο χαρασσομένοιο Προμηθεύς:
υἷάσι δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἔχων τύπον Ἴφιμεδείης
κρύψω ἀλυκτοπέδησι περίπλοκον υἷέα Μαίης
χαλκῶ ἐν κεράμῳ πεφυλαγμένον, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ:

‘λύσας δεσμὸν Ἄρηος ἐκεύθετο δέσμιος Ἑρμῆς.’
305 λυσαμένη δ’ ἄψαυστον ἔῃς σφρηγίδα κορείης
Ἄρτεμις Ὠρίωνος ἀναγκαίη δάμαρ ἔστω,
καὶ Τιτυῶ πετάσειε παλαιότερα φάρεα Λητώ,
εἰς γάμον ἐλκομένη βεβημένον· ἀνδροφόνον δὲ
ῥωγαλέων σακέων γυμνούμενον Ἄρεα δήσας
310 κοίρανον ὑσμίνης ληίσσομαι ἀντὶ φονῆος
μείλιχον, ὀφιγάμω δὲ συναπτομένην Ἐφιάλτη
Παλλάδα ληιδίην νυμφεύσομαι, ὄφρα νοήσω
Ἄρεα θητεύοντα καὶ ὠδίνουσαν Ἀθήνην.
καὶ μογεροῖς ὤμοισι παλινδίνητον ἀείρων
315 οὐρανὸν Ἀτλάντειον ἐλαφρίσσειε Κρονίων
ὄρθιος, ἡμετέρων δὲ γάμων ὑμέναιον ἀκούσῃ
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτων, ὅτε νυμφίος ἔσσομαι Ἥρης.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ δαΐδων ἐπιδεύομαι· αὐτόματος δὲ
δαλὸς ἐμῶν θαλάμων στεροπῆς σέλας, ἀντὶ δὲ πεύκης
320 αὐτὸς ἐμοὶ Φαέθων ἰδίης φλογὸς ἀψάμενος πῦρ
νυμφιδίῳ τανύσειε Τυφωεὶ δούλιον αἴγλην,
καὶ γαμίους σπινθῆρας ἐπαιθύσσοντες Ὀλύμπῳ
ἀστέρες ἀστράφειαν ἐμῶν λαμπτήρες Ἑρώτων,
ἀστέρες ἔσπερα λύχνα· σὺν εὐθαλάμῳ δ’ Ἀφροδίτῃ
325 εὐνέτις Ἐνδυμίωνος ἐμὴ θεράπαινα Σελήνη
δέμνιά μοι στορέσειε· καὶ εἰ χρέος ἐστὶ λοετρῶν,
λούσομαι ἀστερόεντος ἐν ὕδασιν Ἥριδανοῖο·
ἀλλὰ Διὸς μετὰ λέκτρα Τυφωεὶ, κυκλάδες ὧραι,
πήξατε παστὸν Ἑρωτος· ἀπ’ Ὠκεανοῦ δὲ καὶ αὐταί,
330 Λητώ, Ἀθηναίη, Παφίη, Χάρις, Ἄρτεμις, Ἥβη,
νυμφοκόμῳ Τυφῶνι κομίσσατε σύγγονον ὕδωρ·
καὶ γαμίους πλήκτροισιν ἐμῆς παρὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης
ἀντὶ Διὸς μέλψειε Τυφωέα λάτρις Ἀπόλλων.
οὐ ξείνου δαπέδοιο φέρω πόθον· ἡμέτερον γάρ
335 οὐρανὸν ἀστερόνωτον ἀδελφεὸν ἠνιοχεύσω,
αὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχων μητρώιον, νῆα γαίης.
καὶ Κρόνον ὠμησθήρα τὸ δεύτερον εἰς φάος ἔλκων
γνωτὸν ἐμὸν συνάεθλον ἀπὸ χθονίοιο βερέθρου
λύσω δεσμὰ βίαια, παλιννόστους δὲ τελέσω
340 αἰθερίους Τιτῆνας, ὁμωροφίους δὲ κομίσσω
γηγενέας Κύκλωπας ἐς οὐρανόν, ἄλλα δὲ τεύξω
ὄπλα πυρός· πολέων γὰρ ἐμοὶ χρέος ἐστὶ κεραυνῶν,
ὅττι διηκοσίησι, καὶ οὐ διδύμαις πολεμίζω
χερσὶν ἐγὼ Κρονίδῃ πανομοίος· ἀντιτύπους δὲ
345 κρείσσονας ὀφιγόνους πολυφεγγεὶ μείζονι πυρσῶ
ἀστεροπὰς ἑτέρας χαλκεύσομαι, εὐρύτερον δὲ
ὄγδοον οὐρανὸν ἄλλον ὑπέρτερον ὑπόθι τεύξω

ἄστρασι φαιδροτέροισι κεκασμένον: οὐ δύναται γὰρ
ἀγχιφανῆς πόλος οὗτος ὅλον Τυφῶνα καλύψαι.

350 καὶ μετὰ θήλεα τέκνα καὶ ἄρσενόπαιδα γενέθλην
πουλυτόκου Κρονίδαο πολυσπερὲς ἄλλο φυτεύσω
αἷμα νέων μακάρων πολυαύχενον: οὐ χορὸν ἄστρον
λείψω νόσφι γάμων ἀχρήιον, ἀλλὰ συνάψω
ἄρσενι θηλυτέρην, ἵνα δοῦλια τέκνα λοχεύσῃ

355 παρθενικὴ πτερόεσσα παρευνηθεῖσα Βοώτῃ.
εἶπεν ὁμοκλήσας: Κρονίδης δ' ἐγέλασεν ἀκούων.
καὶ μῆθος ἀμφοτέροισιν ἐπέβρεμεν: ἦν δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
πομπὸς Ἑρις Τυφῶνι, Διὸς δ' ἡγήσατο Νίκη
εἰς μῆθον. οὐ βοῆς ἀγέλης χάριν, οὐ περὶ ποίμνης
360 ἦεν ἀγών, οὐ νεῖκος ἔην ἐπὶ κάλλει νύμφης,
οὐ κλόνος ἀμφὶ πόληος ὀλίζονος: ἀλλ' ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ
αἰθέρος ἴστατο δῆρις, ἔην δ' ἐνὶ γούνασι Νίκης
σκῆπτρα Διὸς καὶ θῶκος ἀέθλια δαιοτήτος.

Ζεὺς μὲν ἱμασσομένων νεφέων βρονταῖον ἀράσσω
365 αἰθέριον μύκημα μέλος σάλπιζεν Ἐννοῦς,
καὶ νεφέλας ἐλικηδὸν ἐπὶ στέρνοιο καθάψας
εἶχε Γιγαντείων βελέων σκέπας: οὐδὲ Τυφωεὺς
ἄσφορος ἦν: κεφαλὰὶ δὲ βοῶν μυκηθμὸν ἰεῖσαι
αὐτόματοι σάλπιγγες ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ὀλύμπῳ,
370 συμμιγέες δὲ δράκοντες ἐσύρισαν, Ἄρεος αὐλοί.

καὶ σίτχας ἡλιβάτων μελέων θώρηξε Τυφωεὺς
φραζάμενος σκοπέλῳ σκόπελον μέγαν, εἰσόκε πυκναὶ
ἄρραγέες στοιχηδὸν ἐπυργώθησαν ἐρίπναι,
καὶ πέτρην προθέλυμνον ἐπασσυντέρῃ θέτο πέτρῃ:

375 ἦν δὲ κορυσσομένης στρατιῆς τύπος: ἀγχιφανῆς γὰρ
ῥωγάδα ῥωγὰς ἔρειδε, λόφος λόφον, αὐχένα δ' αὐχὴν,
ὑψινεφῆς δ' ἀγκῶνα πολὺπτεχον ὥθεεν ἀγκών:
καὶ κρανααὶ πῆληκες ἔσαν Τυφῶνι κολῶνα
αἰπυλόφῳ πρηῶνι καλυπτομένων κεφαλῶν.

380 μαρναμένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἔην πολυδειράδι μορφῇ
ἐν δέμας, ἀλλὰ φάλαγγες ἀπείρονες, αἱ μὲν ἀγοστών,
αἱ δὲ λεοντείων γενύων εὐθηγέες αἰχμαί,
ἄλλαι ἐχιδναίων πλοκάμων ἐπιβήτορες ἄστρον.

δένδρεα δ' ἐπτύσσοντο Τυφασίων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
385 σειόμενα Κρονίδαο καταντίον, ἄλλα δὲ γαίης
ἔρνεα καλλιπέτηλα, τὰ περ βεβριθότι παλμῷ
Ζεὺς ἀέκων ἀμάθυνεν ἐνὶ σπινθῆρι κεραυνοῦ:
πολλὴ μὲν πτελέη σὺν ὁμήλικι ῥίπτετο πεύκη
καὶ πλάτανος περίμετρος, ἀκοντίζοντο δὲ λεῦκαι
390 ἅντα Διός: πολλὴ δὲ λαγὼν ἐρρήγνυτο γαίης.
πᾶσα δὲ τετράπλευρος ἵτους στυφελίζετο κόσμου,

καὶ πίσυρες Κρονίῳ συναιχμάζοντες ἤϊται
ἤεριν σκοτόεσσαν ἐπυργώσαντο κονίην
κύματα κυρτώσαντες· ἱμασσομένης δὲ θαλάσσης
395 Σικελίῃ δεδόνητο, Πελωρίδες ἔβρεμον ὄχθαι
Αἰτναῖοι τε τένοντες, ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ πέτραι
μάντιες ἐσσομένων Λιλυβήιδες, ἔκτυπε δ' ἄκτῇ
ἐσπέριον παρὰ χεῦμα Παχυνιάς· ἐγγύθι δ' ἄρκτου
ἀμφὶ νάπην Θρήισαν Ἀθωιάς ἔκλαγε Νύμφη,
400 Πιερικῷ δὲ τένοντι Μακεδονίς ἴαχεν ὕλη·
ἀντολῆς δὲ θέμεθλα τινάσσετο, δενδροκόμοι δὲ
Ἀσσυρίου Λιβάνοιο θυώδεες ἔκτυπον αὐλαί.
καὶ Διὸς ἀκαμάτοιο καταιχμάζοντα κεραυνοῦ
ρίπτετο πολλὰ βέλεμνα Τυφονίων ἀπὸ χειρῶν·
405 καὶ τὰ μὲν αἰσσοντα Σεληναίῳ παρὰ δίφρῳ
ἄσταθῶν ἀχάρακτα κατέγραφον ἵχνια ταύρων,
ἄλλα δὲ δινηθέντα δι' ἥερος ὀξέι ῥοίζῳ
ἄσθμασιν ἀντιπόροισι μετερρίπιζον ἤϊται·
καὶ Διὸς ἀψαύστοιο παραπλαγχθέντα κεραυνοῦ
410 πολλὰ Ποσειδάωνος ἐδέξατο τερπομένη χεῖρ,
γειοτόμου γλωχῖνος ἀφειδήσασα τριαίνης·
ὕγροβαφῇ δὲ βέλεμνα παρὰ Κρονίης πόρον ἄλμης
Ζηνὶ φέρων ἀνάθημα γέρων ἰδρῦσατο Νηρεὺς,
καὶ βλοσυροὺς δύο παῖδας Ἐνυαλίοιο κορύσσας
415 εἶχε Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ὀπάονα πατροπάτωρ Ζεὺς
αἰθέρος ἀσπιστῆρας ὀμήλυδας, ἀστεροπῇ δὲ
στῆσε Φόβον, καὶ Δεῖμον ἐπεστήριξε κεραυνῷ
δεῖμα φέρων Τυφῶνι· καὶ ἀσπίδα κούφισε Νίκη
πρόσθε Διὸς τανύουσα, καὶ ἀντιάχησεν Ἐνὼ,
420 Ἄρης δ' ἐσμαράγησεν. ἐπαιγίζων δὲ θυέλλαις
ἠερόθεν πεφόρητο μετάρσιος αἰγίοχος Ζεὺς,
ἐζόμενος περόεντι Χρόνου τετράζυγι δίφρῳ·
ἵπποι δὲ Κρονίωνος ὁμόζυγες ἦσαν ἤϊται.
καὶ πῇ μὲν στεροῇσι κορύσσετο, πῇ δὲ κεραυνῷ,
425 ἄλλοτε δὲ βροντῇσιν ἐπέχραεν, ἄλλοτε δ' ὄμβρων
πηγνυμένης προχέων πετρούμενα νῶτα χαλάζης
ὄμβρηροῖς βελέεσσι· Γιγαντείοισι δὲ πυκνοὶ
κίονες ὕδατόεντες ἐπερρήγνυντο καρήνοισι
ὄξυβελεῖς, παλάμαι δὲ Τυφωέος, οἷα μαχαίρη,
430 ἠερίῳ τέμονοντο χαλαζήεντι βελέμνῳ·
καὶ παλάμη κεκόνιστο, καὶ οὐ μεθέηκε κολώνης,
ἀλλὰ νιφοβλήτοιο τομῇ πληγεῖσα χαλάζης
μάρνατο καὶ πίπτουσα, διαῖσσουσα δὲ γαίης
ἄλμασιν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπάλλετο μαινομένη χεῖρ,
435 οἷα βαλεῖν ἐθέλουσα καὶ εἰσέτι κύκλον Ὀλύμπου.

καὶ πρόμος οὐρανίων πυρρὸν βέλος ὑπόθι σείων
δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο κέρας πολέμοιο νομεύων
ὑψιφανῆς πολέμιζεν· ἐς ὑδροπόρους δὲ χαράδρας
ῶρτο Γίγας πολὺπηχυς, ἔπασσυντέρῳ δὲ συνάψας
440 αὐτομάτῳ σφήκωσεν ὁμόπλοκα δάκτυλα δεσμῷ
κοιλαινῶν παλάμας πολυχανδέας, ἧσιν αἰείρων
μεσσοῦσι χειμερίων ποταμῶν ὀρεσίδρομον ὕδωρ,
χερσὶ βαθυνομέναις μεμερισμένα χεῦματα πέμπων,
ἀστεροπῇ προέηκε· χαραδραῖω δὲ ῥέεθρῳ
445 βαλλομένη σελάγιζε δι' ὕδατος αἰθερίῃ φλόξ
λαβροτέρῳ σπινθῆρι, καὶ ἔξεσε δίψιον ὕδωρ
αἰθαλόεν, διερὴ δὲ δύσις τερσαίνεται μύδρῳ·
σβέσσαι γὰρ μενέαινε Γίγας θρασὺς αἰθέριον πῦρ,
νήπιος· οὐδ' ἐνόησε, πυραυγέες ὅτι κεραυνοὶ
450 καὶ στεροπαὶ γεγάασιν ἀπ' ὀμβροτόκων νεφελάων.
καὶ πάλιν ἰθυμῆτας ἐλὼν σπῆλυγγας ἐναύλων
στέρνα Διὸς μενέαινε βαλεῖν ἄτρωτα σιδήρῳ,
καὶ σκοπὴ Διὸς ἅντα τιταίνεται· χεῖλεϊ δ' ἄκρω
Ζεὺς ὀλίγου φύσησε, καὶ ὑψίκρημον ἐοῦσαν
455 λεπταλέον φύσημα παρέτραπτε κυκλάδα πέτρην.
χειρὶ δὲ δινήεντα λόφον νησαῖον ἀράξας
εἰς ἐνοπὴν πολὺδινος ἀνηώρητο Τυφωεύς,
καὶ Διὸς ἀρρήκτοιο κατηκόντιζε προσώπου·
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἀντικέλευθον ἀλεύατο μάρμαρον αἰχμὴν
460 κρᾶτα παρακλίνας, στεροπῆς δ' ἐτύχησε Τυφωεύς
θερμὸν ἀμειβομένης ἔλिका δρόμον, αἶψα δὲ πέτρη
ἄκροφαληριώσασα μελαίνεται μάρτυρι καπνῷ.
καὶ τριτάτην προΐαλλεν· ἐπεσσυμένην δὲ Κρονίων
πεπταμένης παλάμης μεσάτῳ νωμήτορι καρπῷ,
465 σφαῖραν ἄτε θρῶσκουσας, ἀτέρμονι χειρὶ πατάξας
πέμπε πάλιν Τυφῶνι· μεταστρεφθεῖσα δὲ πολλῇ
ἥριπῇ στροφάλιγγι παλιννόστοιο πορείης
αὐτομάτῃ τόξευεν ὅιστευτῆρα κολῶνῃ.
τέτρατον ἠκόντιζεν ὑπέρτερον· ἀψαμένη δὲ
470 αἰγίδος ἀκροτάτων θυσάνων ἐδιχάζετο πέτρη.
ἄλλην δὲ προέηκεν· ἀελλήεσσα δὲ πέτρη
ἡμιδαῆς σελάγιζεν ὅιστευθεῖσα κεραυνῷ.
οὐ σκοπιαὶ νέφος ὕγρὸν ἀνέσχισαν, ἀλλ' αὖ τυπεῖσαι
ὑδρηλαῖς νεφέλῃσι διερρήγγυντο κολῶναι.
475 ξυνὴ δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἰσόρροπος ἦεν Ἐνυὼ
καὶ Διὶ καὶ Τυφῶνι· πολυφλοίσβῳ δὲ βελέμνῳ
αἰθέρος ὀρχηστῆρες ἐβακχεύοντο κεραυνοὶ.
μάρνατο δὲ Κρονίδης κεκορυθμένος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμῷ
βροντὴν μὲν σάκος εἶχε, νέφος δὲ οἱ ἔπλετο θῶρηξ,

480 καὶ στεροπὴν δόρυ πάλλε, Διπετέες δὲ κεραυνοὶ
ἤερόθεν πέμποντο πυριγλώχινες ὀιστοί·
ἤδη γὰρ περίφοιτος ἀπὸ χθονίου κενεῶνος
ξηρὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἀνέδραμεν ἀτμὸς ἀρούρης,
καὶ νεφέλης ἔντοσθεν ἐλμένος αἴθοπι λαιμῷ
485 πνίγεται θερμαίνων νέφος ἔγκυον· ἀμφὶ δὲ καπνῷ
τριβομένων καναχηδὰ πυριτρεφῶν νεφελάων
θλιβομένη πεφόρητο δυσέκβατος ἐνδόμυχος φλόξ
διζομένη μέσον οἴμον, ἐπεὶ σέλας ὑπόθι βαίνειν
οὐ θέμις· ἀστεροπὴν γὰρ ἀναθρώσκουσιν ἐρύκει
490 ὀμβρηρῇ ῥαθάμιγγι λελουμένος ἱκμιος ἄηρ,
πυκνῶσας νέφος ὑγρὸν ὑπέρτερον· ἀζαλεὺς δὲ
νειόθεν οἴγομένοιο διέδραμεν ἀλλόμενον πῦρ.
ὥς λίθος ἀμφὶ λίθῳ φλογερὴν ὠδῖνα λοχεύων
λάινον ἠκόντιζε πολυθλιβὲς αὐτόγονον πῦρ,
495 πυρσογενῆς ὅτε θῆλυς ἀράσσεται ἄρσενι πέτρῳ·
οὕτω θλιβομένησιν ἀνάπτεται οὐρανίη φλόξ
λιγνύι καὶ νεφέλῃσιν· ἀπὸ χθονίοιο δὲ καπνοῦ
λεπταλέου γεγαῶτος ἐμαιώθησαν ἀῆται.
ἄλλην δ' ἐξ ὑδάτων μετανάστιον ἀτμίδα γαίης
500 ἡἷλιος φλογερῇσι βολαῖς ἀντωπὸν ἀμέλγων
τινθαλέῳ νοτέουσιν ἀνείρυσεν αἰθέρος ὀλκῷ·
ἡ δὲ παχυνομένη νεφῶν ὠδινε καλύπτρην,
σεισαμένη δὲ πᾶχιστον ἀραιοτέρῳ δέμας ἀτμῷ,
ἂψ ἀναλυσασμένη μαλακὸν νέφος εἰς χύσιν ὄμβρου,
505 ὕδρηλὴν προτέρην μετεκίαθεν ἔμφυτον ὕλην.
τοῖος ἔφω φλογόεις νεφῶν τύπος, οἷσι καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἰσότητοι στεροπῇσι συνωδίνοντο κεραυνοὶ.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ πολέμιζε· κατ' ἀντιβίοιο δὲ πέμπων
ἠθάδα πυρσὸν ἱάλλεν, ἀκοντιστῆρα λεόντων,
510 βάλλων ποικιλόφωνον ἀμετρήτων στίχα λαιμῶν
οὐρανίῳ πρηστῆρι· Διοβλήτου δὲ βελέμνου
ἐν σέλας ἔφλεγε χεῖρας ἀπείρονας, ἐν σέλας ὦμους
νηρίθμους ἀμάθυνε καὶ αἰόλα φῦλα δρακόντων,
καὶ κεφαλὰς ἐδάϊξαν ἀτέρμονας αἰθέρος αἰχμαί,
515 καὶ πλοκάμους Τυφῶνος ἔλιξ ἀμάθυνε κομήτης
ἀντιπόρῳ σπινθῆρι δασύτριχα πυρσὸν ἱάλλων,
καὶ κεφαλαὶ σελάγιζον, ἀναπτομένων δὲ κομῶν
βόστρυχα συρίζοντα κατεσφρηγίσσατο σιγῇ
οὐρανίῳ σπινθῆρι, μαραινομένων δὲ δρακόντων
520 ἰοβόλοι ῥαθάμιγγες ἑτερσαίνοντο γενεῖων·
μαρναμένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἑτεφρώθησαν ὀπωπαὶ
καπνῷ λιγνυόεντι, νιφοβλήτων δὲ προσώπων
χιονέαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐλευκαίνοντο παρειαί.

καὶ πισύρων ἀνέμων τετράζυγον εἶχεν ἀνάγκη·
525 εἰ γὰρ ἐς ἀντολίην σφαλερὰς ἐλέλιζεν ὀπωπᾶς,
ὑσμίνην φλογέσσαν ἐδέχνυτο γείτονος Εὐρου·
εἰ κλίσιν ἐσκοπίαζε δυσήνεμον Ἀρκάδος Ἄρκτου,
χειμερίου πρηστῆρος ἀθαλπεί βάλλετο πάχνη·
φεύγων ψυχρὸν ἄλημα νιφοβλήτοιο Βορῆος
530 καὶ διερῶ δεδόνητο καὶ αἰθαλόεντι βελέμνῳ·
καὶ δύσιν εἰσορῶν βλοσυρῆς ἀντώπιον Ἥοϋς
ἐσπερίην ἔφριξε θυελλήεσσαν Ἐνυώ,
εἰαρινῆς αἰὼν Ζεφυρηίδος ἦχον ἱμάσθλης·
καὶ Νότος ἀμφὶ τένοντα μεσημβρινὸν Αἰγοκερῆος
535 ἄντυγας ἡερίας ἐπεμάστιε, θερμὸς ἀήτης,
φλογμὸν ἄγων Τυφῶνι πυραυγεί καύματος ἀτμῶ.
εἰ πάλιν ὄμβρον ἔχευε κατάρρυτον ὑέτιος Ζεὺς,
λυσιπόνους λιβάδεσσιν ὅλον χροᾶ λοῦσε Τυφωεὺς
θερμὰ καταψύχων κεκαφηότα γυῖα κεραυνῶ.
540 καὶ κραναοῖς βελέεσσι χαλαζαίου νιφετοῖο
παιδὸς ἱμασσομένου τραφερῇ μαστίζετο μήτηρ·
δερκομένη δὲ Γίγαντος ἐπὶ χροῖ μάρτυρα Μοίρης
λαίνα πηκτὰ βέλεμνα καὶ ὑδατόεσσαν ἀκωκὴν
ἠέλιον Τιτῆνα κατηφεί λίσσετο φωνῇ,
545 ἔν φάος αἰτίζουσα θερεΐτατον, ὄφρ᾽ αὖ κε πυρσῶ
θερμοτέρῳ λύσειε Διὸς πετρούμενον ὕδωρ
νιφομένῳ Τυφῶνι χέων ἐμφύλιον αἶγλην·
καὶ οἱ ἱμασσομένῳ συνετήκετο· καιομένων δὲ
ἡλιβάτων ὀρώσῃ πυριστεφὲς ἔθνος ἀγοστῶν
550 χειμερίην ἰκέτευε μολεῖν δυσπέμφελον αὖρην
εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν, ἵνα ψυχροῖσιν ἀήταις
διψαλέην Τυφῶνος ἀποσβέσσειεν ἀνάγκην.
Ἰσοτύπου δὲ τάλαντα μάχης ἔκλινε Κρονίων.
χειρὶ δὲ δενδρήεσσαν ἀπορρίψασα καλύπτρην
555 μήτηρ ἄχνυτο Γαῖα, Τυφασόνων κεφαλᾶν
καπνὸν ὀπιπεύουσα· μαραινομένων δὲ προσώπων
γηγενέος λυτο γοῦνα· προθεσπίζουσα δὲ νίκην
βρονταίοις πατάγοισι Διὸς μυκήσατο σάλπιγξ·
ἦριπε δ' οὐρανίῳ μεθύων φλογόεντι βελέμνῳ,
560 ὠτειλὴν ἀσίδηρον ἔχων πολέμοιο, Τυφωεὺς
ὑψιτενής, καὶ νῶτα βαλὼν ἐπὶ μητέρι Γαίῃ
κεῖτο, περιστορέσας ὀφιώδεα γυῖα κονίη,
πυρσὸν ἀναβλύζων. Κρονίδης δ' ἐρέθιζε γελάσσας,
τοῖον ἔπος προχέων φιλοπαίγμονος ἀνθερεῶνος·
565 ᾿Καλὸν ἀοοσητῆρα γέρων Κρόνος εὖρε, Τυφωεῦ·
χθὼν μόγις νῖα λόχευσε, μέγαν γόνον Ἰαπετοῖο·
ἠδὺς ὁ Τιτῆνων τιμήορος· ὥς ὀρώω δέ,

ἄδρανέες γεγάασι τάχα Κρονίδαο κεραυνοί.
δηθύνεις τέο μέχρις ἀνέμβατον αἰθέρα ναιέιν,
570 ψευδόμενε σκηπτοῦχε; μένει δέ σε θῶκος Ὀλύμπου:
σκηπτρα Διὸς καὶ πέπλα θεημάχε δέξο Τυφωεῦ
Ἀστραῖον δὲ κόμισσον ἐς οὐρανόν: ἦν δ' ἐθελήσης,
αἰθέρι νοστήσειε καὶ Εὐρυνόμη καὶ Ὀφίων
καὶ Κρόνος ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμόστολος: ἐρχομένῳ δὲ
575 σὺν σοὶ ποικιλόντων ἐς ὑψιπόρων Ἴτυν ἄστρον
δεσμὰ φυγῶν δολόμητις ὁμαρτήσειε Προμηθεὺς,
ἥπατος ἡβώνοντος ἀφειδέα δαιτυμονῆα
οὐραίνης θρασὺν ὄρνιν ἔχων πομπῇα κελεύθου.
τί πλέον ἦθελες ἄλλο μετὰ κλόνον ἢ ἐνοῆσαι
580 Ζῆνα καὶ ἐννοσίγαιον ὁπάονα σείο θεώκων;
Ζῆνα μὲν ἄδρανέοντα καὶ οὐ σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπου,
βροντῆς καὶ νεφέων γυμνούμενον, ἀστεροπῆς δὲ
ἀντὶ πυρὸς ζαθέοιο καὶ ἡθάδος ἀντὶ κεραυνοῦ
δαλὸν ἀερτάζοντα Τυφαιονίῳ παρὰ παστῶ,
585 ληιδίης ἀλόχοιο τεῆς θαλαμηπόλον Ἥρης
ὀφθαλμῶ κοτέοντι τεῶν ζηλήμονα λέκτρων:
σύζυγα δ' ἐννοσίγαιον ἀποζευχθέντα θαλάσσης
ὑμετέρῃ μετὰ πόντον ὑποδρήσσοντα τραπέζῃ,
διψάδι χειρὶ φέροντα τεδὸν δέπας ἀντὶ τριαίνης.
590 Ἄρεα λάτριν ἔχεις, θεράπων τεὸς ἐστὶν Ἀπόλλων:
πέμπε δὲ Τιτήνεσσι διάκτορον υἱέα Μαιῆς
σὸν κράτος ἀγγέλλοντα καὶ οὐραίνην σέθεν αἰγλῇν:
ἐργατίνην δ' Ἥφαιστον ἐθήμονι κάλλιπε Λήμνω,
ὄφρα κεν ἀσκήσειε νεοζεύκτῳ σέο νύμφῃ
595 ποικίλον αὐχένος ὄρμον ἐύχροον ἦνοπι κόσμῳ,
ἢ ἐπεδοσιβέων ἀμαρύγματα φαιδρὰ πεδίων,
οἷσι τεὴ παράκοιτις ἀγάλλεται, ἢ ἐτελέσση
χρυσοφαῖ θρόνον ἄλλον Ὀλύμπιον, ὄφρα γελάσση
κρείσσονα θῶκον ἔχουσα τεὴ χρυσόθρονος Ἥρη:
600 καὶ χθονίους Κύκλωπας ἔχων ναετῆρας Ὀλύμπου
τεῦξον ἀρειοτέριοι νέον σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ.
ἀλλὰ δόλῳ θέλξαντα τεδὸν νόον ἐλπίδι νίκης
χρυσῷ δῆσον Ἐρωτα μετὰ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης:
χαλκῷ σφίγξον Ἄρηα κυβερνητῆρα σιδήρου.
605 ἀστεροπαὶ φεύγουσι καὶ οὐ μίμνουσιν Ἐννώ:
πῶς στεροπῆς ὀλίγης οὐκ ἔκφυγες ἀπτόλεμον πῦρ;
ἢ πόθεν οὔασι σοῖσιν ἀμετρήτοισιν ἀκούων
βρονταίνην ἐλάχειαν ἐδείδιες ὄμβριον ἠχώ;
τίς σε τόσον ποίησεν ἀνάλκιδα; πῇ σέθεν αἰχμαί;
610 πῇ κεφαλὰὶ σκυλάκων; πῇ χάσματα κεῖνα λεόντων
καὶ χθόνιον μύκημα βαρυφθόγγων σέο λαϊμῶν;

πῆ δε δρακοντείης δολιχόσκιος ἰὸς ἐθείρης;
οὐκέτι συρίζεις ὀφιώδεϊ κυκλάδι χαίτη;
πῆ βοέων στομάτων μυκήματα; πῆ σέο χειρῶν
615 ἡλιβάτου πρηῶνος ἄκοντιστῆρες ἄγοστοί;
οὐκέτι μαστίζεις ἐλικώδεας ἄντυγας ἄστρων;
οὐκέτι λευκαίνουσι συῶν προβλήτες ἄκωκαὶ
ἄφροκόμῳ ῥαθάμιγγι διάβροχον ἀνθερεῶνα;
πῆ μοι φρικτὰ γένεια σεσηρότα λυσσάδος ἄρκτου;
620 εἴξον ἐπουρανίοισι, πεδοτρεφές: ὑμετέρων γὰρ
χειρὶ μιῇ νίκησα διηκοσίων στίχα χειρῶν.
ἀλλὰ βαθυκρήμοισι περισφίγγουσα κολώναις
Σικελίῃ τρικάρηνος ὄλον Τυφῶνα δεχέσθω
οἰκτρὰ κονιομένους ἑκατὸν κομώνοντα καρήνοισ.
625 ἔμπης, εἰ νόον ἔσχες ὑπέρβιον, εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτῷ
ἐλπίσιν ἀπρήκτοισιν ἐπεσκίρτησας Ὀλύμπῳ,
τεύξω σοι, πανάποτμε, κενήριον, ὑστάτιον δὲ
σὸν κενεὸν παρὰ τῦμβον, ἀτάσθαλε, τοῦτο χαράξω:
‘Γηγενέος τόδε σῆμα Τυφώεος, ὃν ποτε πέτροις
630 αἰθέρα μαστίζοντα κατέφλεγεν αἰθέριον πῦρ.’
ἔννεπε κερτομένων νέκυν ἔμπνοον, υἱὸν Ἀρούρης.
καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι χέων ἐπινίκιον ἠχῷ
λαϊνέῃ σάλπιγγι Κίλιξ μυκήσατο Ταῦρος,
ὑδρηλοῖς δὲ πόδεσσιν ἔλιξ ὠρχήσατο Κύνδος
635 Ζηνὸς ἀνευάζων διερῷ βρυχήματι νίκην,
μεσσοφανῆς προχέων ναέτην ῥόον ἥλικι Ταρσῷ.
γαῖα δὲ πετρήεντα διαρρήξασα χιτῶνα
ἄχυντο κεκλιμένη, καὶ πενθάδος ἀντὶ μαχαίρης
κοπτομένην ἀνέμοις ἀπεκείρατο δενδράδα χαίτην,
640 βόστρυχον ὑλήεντος ἀποτμήξασα καρήνου
φυλλοχόῳ ἄτε μηνί, χαραδραίας δὲ παρειᾶς
δρύπατο, καὶ κελαδεῖνὰ δι’ εὐύδρων κενεῶνων
ἔρρεε μυρομένης ποταμῆια δάκρυα Γαίης.
ἐκ δὲ Τυφαιώνων μελέων στροφάλιγγες ἀέλλης
645 κύματα μαστίζουσιν, ἐπεσσύμεναι δὲ καλύψαι
ὀλκάδας ἀκλύστοιο καθιππεύουσι γαλήνης,
οὐ μούνοισι ῥοθίοισιν ἐπήλυδες: ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ γαίῃ
πολλάκις αἰθύσουσα θυελλήεσσα κονίη
ὄρθιον ἡβῶνonta κατέκλυσε καρπὸν ἄλωῆς.
650 καὶ ταμίη κόσμοιο, παλιγγενέος Φύσις ὕλης,
ῥηγνυμένης κενεῶνα κεχηνότα πῆξεν Ἀρούρης,
νησάιους δὲ τένοντας ἀποτμηγέντας ἐναύλων
ἁρμονίης ἀλύτοιο πάλιν σφρηγίσσατο δεσμῷ.
οὐκέτι δὲ κλόνος ἦεν ἐν ἄστρασιν: ἥελιος γὰρ
655 χαίτηεντα Λέοντα παρὰ σταχυώδεϊ Κούρη

Ζωδιακῆς ἔστησε παραίξαντα κελεύθου:
οὐρανίου δὲ Λέοντος ἐπισκαίροντα προσώπῳ
καρκίνον ἀντικέλευθον ἀθαλπέος Αἰγόκερῆος
ἅψ ἀνασειράζουσα διεστήριξε Σελήνη.
660 οὐ μὲν ἰδοπόλοιο λελασμένος ἔπλετο Κάδμου
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης, καλέσας δὲ τὸσσην ἐφθέγγατο φωνῇ
ἡερίης σκιοειδὲς ἀποσκεδάσας νέφος ὄρφνης:
‘Κάδμε, τεῇ σύριγγι πύλας ἔστεψας Ὀλύμπου:
σὸν γάμον οὐρανίῃ καὶ ἐγὼ Φόρμιγγι γεραίρω:
665 γαμβρὸν ἐγὼ τελέσω σε καὶ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Κυthereίῃ,
καὶ χθονίου δαίπνοιο θεοὺς ἔχε δαιτυμονίᾳς.
ἴξομαι εἰς σέο δῶμα: τί φίλτερον ἄλλο νοήσεις
ἢ μακάρων βασιλῆα τεῆς ψαύοντα τραπέζης;
εἰ δὲ τύχης ἐθέλεις ἐτερότροπα κύματα φεύγειν
670 πορθμεύων βιότοιο γαληναίοιο πορείην,
Ἄρεα μὲν Διρκαῖον ἀεὶ πεφύλαξο χαλέψαι,
Ἄρεα νόσφι λόχου κεχολωμένον: ἐννύχιος δὲ
οὐρανίοιο Δράκοντος ἐναντίον ὄμμα τιτήνας
ῥέξον ὑπὲρ βωμοῖο λαβὼν εὐδομον ὀφίτην,
675 κικλήσκων Ὀφιοῦχον Ὀλύμπιον, ἐν πυρὶ καίων
Ἰλλυρικῆς ἐλάφοιο πολυγλώχινᾳ κεραῖην,
ὄφρα φύγῃς, ὅσα πικρὰ τεῷ πεπρωμένα πότμῳ
Μοιριδίδης ἔκλωσεν ἔλιξ ἄτρακτος ἀνάγκης,
εἰ λῖνα Μοιράων ἐπιπείθεται. ἀλλὰ τοκῆος
680 μνῆσιν ἔα κοτέοντος Ἀγήνορος, ἀσταθέων δὲ
ἀμφὶ κασιγνήτων μὴ δείδιθι: κεκριμένοι γὰρ
πάντες ἔτι ζώουσιν, ἐπεὶ Νοτίην χθόνα Κηφεὺς
νάσσατο Κηφίων ἐπιήρανος Αἰθιοπῶν,
καὶ Θάσος εἰς Θάσον ἦλθεν, ἀερσιλόφοιο δὲ Ταύρου
685 δύσνιφον ἀμφὶ τένοντα Κίλιξ Κιλίκεσσιν ἀνάσσει,
Θρηκίην δ’ ἐπὶ πέζαν ἀπόσσυτος ἴκετο Φινεὺς:
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ κομόωντα βαθυπλούτοισι μετάλλοις
γαμβρὸν ἐς Ὠρεῖθιαν ἄγω καὶ Θρηῖκα Βορήα,
νυμφίον ὀμφήεντα φιλοστεφάνου Κλεοπάτρης.
690 καὶ σὺ κασιγνήτων ἰσοελκέϊ νήματι Μοίρης
Καδμείων βασιλεὺς καὶ οὕνομα λείπε πολίταις:
πλαγκτοσύνης δ’ ἀπόειπε παλίμπορα κύκλα κελεύθου,
καὶ βοδὸς ἄστατον ἵχνος ἀναινεο: Κυπριδίῳ γὰρ
σύγγονον ὑμετέρην ζυγίῳ νυμφεύσατο θεσμῷ
695 Ἀστερίων Δικταῖος ἀναξ Κορυβαντίδος Ἰδης.
καὶ τὰ μὲν αὐτὸς ἐγὼ μαντεύσομαι, ἄλλα δὲ Φοῖβῳ
καλλείψω: σὺ δέ, Κάδμε, μεσόμφαλον ἄξονα βαινών
Δελφίδος αὐδήεντα μετέρχεο τέμπεα Πυθοῦς.’
ὥς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμπεν Ἀγηνορίδην μετανάστην

700 Ζεὺς Κρονίδης· καὶ κραιπνὸς ἐς αἰθερίων ἵτυν ἄστρον
χρῦσεον ἔτραπε δίφρον, ἐπεμβεβαῖα δὲ Νίκη
ἦλασεν οὐρανίη πατρώιον ἵππον ἱμάσθλῃ.
καὶ θεὸς εἰς πόλον ἦλθε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐρχομένῳ δὲ
οὐρανίας πετάσαντο πύλας ὑψαύχενες ὦραι,
705 αἰθέρα δ' ἐστέψαντο· παλιννόστῳ δ' ἐνὶ μορφῇ
σὺν Διὶ νικήσαντι θεοὶ νόστησαν Ὀλύμπῳ,
καὶ πτερόεν μίμημα μετηλλάξαντο προσώπου.
ἀβροχίτων δ' ἀσίδηρος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἦλθεν Ἀθήνη
Ἄρεα Κῶμον ἔχουσα, Μέλος δέ οἱ ἔπλετο Νίκη·
710 καὶ Θέμις ὄπλα Γίγαντος ὀλωλότος ἄφρονι Γαίῃ
εἰς φόβον ἐσσομένων ἐπεδείκνυε, μητρὶ Γιγάντων,
ὑψιπαγῇ κρεμάσασα παρὰ προθύροισιν Ὀλύμπου.

BOOK 3

ἐν τριτάτῳ μάστευε πολὺπλανον ὀλκάδα Κάδμου Ἥλεκτρης τε μέλαθρα
φιλοξενίην τε τραπέζης.

λῦτο δ' ἄγῳν, ὅτε χεῖμα παρήλυθεν· ἄκρα δὲ φαίνων
ἀννεφέλῳ τελαμῶνι φασφόρα νῶτα μαχαίρης
ᾠρίων ἀνέτελλε, καὶ οὐκέτι κυκλάδι λίμνῃ
λούετο παχνήεντα δεδυκότος ἴχνια Ταύρου:

5 οὐκέτι δ' ὀμβροτόκοιο παρὰ κλίμα διψάδος Ἄρκτου
ἴχνεσιν ἀβρέκτοισιν ὀδεύετο μάρμαρον ὕδωρ:
οὐκέτι Μασσαγέτης μετανάστιον οἶκον ἱμάσσων,
δουρατέῳ τροχόεντι διαστειβῶν ῥόον ὀλκῶ,
ὑδρηλὰς ἐχάρασσε πεπηγόντος αὐλακας Ἴστρου:

10 ἤδη γάρ Ζεφύροιο προάγγελος ἔγκυος ᾠρῇ
σχιζομένων καλύκων δροσεροὺς ἐμέθυσσεν ἀήτας,
καὶ λιγυρῇ μερόπεσσι συνέστιος εἶλαρι κῆρυξ
ὄρθριον ὕπνον ἄμερσε λάλος τρυζουσα χελιδῶν
ἄρτιφανής, καὶ γυμνὸν ἀπ' εὐδόμοιο καλύπτρης
15 εἰαριναῖς ἐγέλασσε λελουμένον ἄνθος ἐέрсαις
ζωογόνους. Κιλίκων δὲ παρὰ κροκόεντας ἐναύλους
ὑψιλόφου Ταύροιο λιπῶν πρηῶνα κεράστην
πρώιος ἦιε Κάδμος, ὅτε ζόφον ἔσχισεν Ἡῶς.

καὶ πλόος ὥριος ἦεν· ἐπειγομένοιο δὲ Κάδμου

20 ἐκ χθονὸς ὠχλίζοντο χαλινωτήρια νηῶν:
ἰσθὸς δ' ὑψικάρηνος ὑπέρτερον ἤερα τύπτων
ὄρθιος ἐστήρικτο καὶ ἡρέμα πόντον ἱμάσσων
ἄσθμασιν ἠώοις ἐπεβόμβεε κοῦφος ἀήτης,
πομπὸν ἔχων κελάδημα, καὶ ἄλλοπρόσαλλα θυέλλαις

25 οἷδματα κυρτώσας διερῆς ἀνέκοψε χορεῖης
σιγαλέης δελφῖνα κυβιστητῆρα γαλήνης.

συμπλεκέες δὲ κάλῳες ἐσύρισαν ὀξέι ῥοίζῳ,
σπερχομένῳ δ' ἀνέμῳ πρότονοι μύκον, ἰθυπόρου δὲ
λαῖφος ἐκολπώθη βεβημένον ἔγκυον αὖρης:

30 σχίζετο δ' ἄστατον οἶδμα παλιμπετές, ἄφρεε δ' ὕδωρ
οἶδαλέον, καὶ νηὸς ἐπειγομένης διὰ πόντου
κύματι βομβήεντι περὶ τρόπιν ἦπυεν ἠχώ:

πηδαλίου δὲ κόρυμβα διχαζομένης ἀλὸς ὀλκῶ
κυρτὰ φαληριόωντα κατέγραφε νῶτα θαλάσσης.

35 καὶ δεκάτης μετὰ νύσαν ἀχείμονα κυκλάδος Ἡοῦς
Κάδμος ἀκυμάντοισι Διὸς πεφορημένος αὖραις,
Τρώιον ὕγρονόμοιο διασχίζων πόρον Ἑλλης,
ἄρπαγος ἐξ ἀνέμοιο μεμυκῶτι σύρετο πορθμῶ
εἰς Σάμον ἀντικέλευθον ἐγερσιμόθοιο Καμάνδρου,

40 γείτονα Σιθονίης, ὅθι παρθένος εἰσέτι Κάδμω
Ἄρμονι πεφύλακτο· καὶ Ὀλκάδα θέσπιδι Ῥεῖη
Θρηικίην πόμπευον ἐς ἡῶνα μάντιες αὔραι.
καὶ Σαμίης ὀρόωντες ἀκοιμήτου φλόγα πεύκης
ἀγχιγυνοὶ στείλαντο γεγηθότες ἱστία ναῦται·
45 νῆα δὲ πορθμεύσαντες ἀκυμάντου σχεδὸν ὄρμου
νήνεμον ἀκροτάτοισιν ὕδωρ ἐχάρασσον ἐρετμοῖς,
καὶ λιμένος προσέκελσαν ὑπὸ σκέπας· ἀκλινέων δὲ
τρητὸς ὄνυξ πετραῖος ἐδέξατο πείσματα νηῶν,
καὶ διερῆς ψαμάθοιο βαθυνομένου διὰ κόλπου
50 Ὀλκάδος ἀγκυλόδοντες ἐπεσφῆκωντο χαλινοὶ
δυομένου Φαέθοντος· ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖο δὲ ναῦται
ἄστορέας ψαμάθοισιν ἐπεστορέσαντο χαμεύνας
ἐσπερίην μετὰ δαῖτα· βαρυνόμενοισι δὲ φωτῶν
ὄμμασιν ἄψοφον ἵχνος ἐπήγαγεν Ὕπνος ἀλήτης.
55 ἀλλ' ὅτε πορφυρέοιο παρὰ πτερὸν αἶθοπος Εὐρου
ἄκρα χαρασσομένην ὑπὸ ῥωγάδα Τευκρίδος Ἰδης
ὄρθρον ἀποπτύουσα φάνη λιμενοσκόπος Ἡώς,
ἀντιπόρου μέλαν οἶδμα καταυγάζουσα θαλάσσης,
Ἄρμονιην τότε Κύπρις ἵνα ζεύξειεν ἀκοίτη,
60 ἄπλοα σιγαλῆς ἐτανύσσετο νῶτα γαλήνης.
ἦδη δ' ἔκλαγεν ὄρνις ἐώιος ἡέρα τέμνων,
καὶ στίχες εὐπήληκες ἐρημονόμων Κορυβάντων
Κνώσσιον ἐκρούσαντο σακεσπάλον ἄλμα χορείης
ἵχνεσι μετρητοῖσιν· ἐρισμαράγου δὲ βοεῖης
65 τυπτομένης ἐλικηδὸν ἀμιλλητῆρι σιδήρῳ
δίκτυπος αὐλὸς ἔμελπε, καὶ ὀρχηστῆρας ἐπείγων
σύνθροον ἐσμαράγησε μέλος βητάρμονι παλμῷ.
καὶ δρυὲς ἐψιθύριζον, ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ πέτραι,
καὶ νοερῷ σείοντο τινάγματι θυιάδες ὕλαι,
70 καὶ Δρυάδες κελάδησαν· ἐπεσσεύοντο δὲ πυκναὶ
εἰς χορὸν ἀντιπόρῳ σκιρτήματι κυκλάδες ἄρκτοι,
βρυχηθῶ δὲ λέοντες ὁμοζήλων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
μυστιπόλων ἀλαλαγμὸν ἐμιμήσαντο Καβείρων
ἔμφρονα λύσσαν ἔχοντα· φιλοσκύλακος δὲ θεαίνης
75 μελπομένης Ἑκάτης θιασώδεες ἔβρεμον αὐλοὶ
ἄζυγες, οὕς Κρονίη κεραοξόος εὖρατο τέχνη.
καὶ πατάγω κελάδοντι φιλοσμαράγων Κορυβάντων
πρῶιος ἔγρετο Κάδμος, ὁμοπλεκέες δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ὄρθρινῆς αἰόντες ἀσιγήτοιο βοεῖης
80 Σιδόνιοι πλωτῆρες ἐυκροκάλων ἀπὸ λέκτρων
ἀκταίης μεθέηκαν ἀλίκτυπα νῶτα χαμεύνης.
καὶ πόλιν ἵχνεύων ἐπλάζετο Κάδμος ὁδίτης
νῆα λιπῶν ἐτάροισιν ἀπόσσυτος· ἐρχομένῳ δὲ

εἷς δόμον Ἀρμονίης θαλαμηπόλος ἦντετο Πειθῷ
85 θνητῆς εἶδος ἔχουσα, καὶ ἀχθοφόρου διὰ κόλπου,
οἷα γυνὴ ταλαεργός, ἀφυσσαμένη πόμα πηγῆς
ἀργυρέην εὖκυκλον ἐκούφισε κάλπιν ἀγοστῷ,
ἄγγελος ἐσσομένων, ὅτι νυμφίον ἠθάδι θεσμῷ
ζωογόνοις πρὸ γάμοιο καθικμαίνουσι λοετροῖς.
90 καὶ σχεδὸν ἄστεος ἦεν, ὅθι γλαφυροῖς ἐνὶ βόθροις
συμπλεκέων ῥυπόωσαν ἐπασσυτέρων στίχα πέπλων
ποσσί πολυσκάρθοισιν ἐπιστεῖβουσι γυναιῖκες,
ποσσὶν ὁμοζήλοισι. καὶ ἀκροτάτων ἀπὸ ταρσῶν
κυανὴν νεφέλῃ κεκαλυμμένον ἄχρι καρήνου
95 Κάδμον ἀσημάντοιο δι' ἄστεος ἤγαγε Πειθῷ
ξεινοδόκου βασιλῆος ἐρευνητῆρα μελάθρου,
πομπὸς ὁδοῦ Παφίης ὑπὸ νεύμασιν: ἔνθα τις ὄρνις,
ἐξομένη γλαυκωπὸν ὑπὸ σκέπας ἀβρὸν ἐλαίης,
ὁμφαίῃ στόμα λάβρον ἀναπτύξασα κορώνῃ
100 ἠιθέω νεμέσιζεν, ἐς Ἀρμονίην ὅτι νύμφην
ἦε φειδομένῳ γαμίῳ ποδὶ νωθρὸς ὁδίτης,
καὶ πτερὰ σεισαμένη φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν:
'Νήπιος ἔπλετο Κάδμος, ἢ ἔπλετο νῆις Ἐρώτων:
νυμφίον οὐ βραδὺν οἶδεν Ἔρωσ ταχύς: ἴλαθι, Πειθῷ,
105 δηθύνει σέο Κάδμος ἐπειγομένης Ἀφροδίτης.
θερμὸς Ἔρωσ καλέει σε: τί, νυμφίε, νωθρὸς ὁδεύεις;
ἦδὺς, ὃς ἱμερόεντος Ἀδώνιδος ἔπλεο γείτων,
ἦδὺς ὃ Βυβλιάδεσσιν ὁμώλακα πατρίδα ναίων.
ἦλιτον, οὐ ῥόον εἶδες Ἀδώνιδος, οὐ χθόνα Βύβλου
110 ἔδρακες, ἦχι πέλει Χαρίτων δόμος, ἦχι χορεύει
Ἀσσυρίῃ Κυθέρεια καὶ οὐ φυγόδεμνος Ἀθήνη.
τερπομένην δὲ γάμοισι τιθηνήτειραν Ἐρώτων
πειθῷ πομπὸν ἔχεις, οὐκ Ἄρτεμιν: ἴσχεο μόχθων,
Ἀρμονίης ἀπόναιο καὶ Εὐρώπην λίπε ταύρῳ:
115 σπεῦδε, καὶ Ἠλέκτρῃ σε δεδέξεται, ἥς ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ναὶ δὴ καὶ γαμίων ἐμβάλλεο φόρτον Ἐρώτων
ἐμπορίην φιλότητος ἐπιτρέψας Ἀφροδίτῃ,
Κυπριδίην δὲ θυγάτρα φυλασσομένην σέο παστῷ
ἄλλην δέχνυσσο Κύπριν: ἐπαινήσεις δὲ κορώνῃ,
120 καὶ γαμίην καλέσεις με θεοπρόπον ὄρνιν Ἐρώτων.
ἦλιτον: ἀλλὰ με Κύπρις ἐπέπνεεν: ἐκ Παφίης γὰρ
θεσπίζω σέο λέκτρα, καὶ εἰ πέλον ὄρνις Ἀθήνης.'
ὥς φαμένη σφρήγισσε λάλον στόμα μάρτυρι σιγῇ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε οἱ στείχοντι λεωφόρα κύκλα κελεύθου
125 τηλεφανῆς βασιλῆος ἐφαίνετο πανδόκος αὐλῇ
κίοσιν ὑψωθείσα, τανυσσαμένη τότε Κάδμῳ
δάκτυλον ἀντιτύποιο νοήμονα μάρτυρα φωνῆς

σιγαλέω κήρυκι δόμον σημῆνατο Πειθῶ
ποικίλον ἀστράπτοντα· καὶ αἰθέρα δύσατο δαίμων
130 ἄλλοφανῆς πτερόεντι διαιθύσσουσα πεδίλῳ.
καὶ δόμον ἐσκοπίαζεν ἀλήμονι Κάδμος ὅπως
Ἥφαιστου σοφὸν ἔργον, ὃν Ἥλέκτρῃ ποτὲ νύμφῃ
ἐργοπόνος Λήμνοιο Μυριναίῃ κάμε τέχνη,
δαίδαλα πολλὰ φέροντα. νεοσταθέος δὲ μελάθρου
135 χάλκεος οὐδὸς ἔην εὐήλατος· ἀμφίθυροι δὲ
σταθμοὶ ἐμηκύνοντο πολυγλυφῶν πυλεώνων,
καὶ λόφος ὁμφαλόεντι διεσφαίρωτο καρήνῳ
μεσσοφανῆς ὀρόφοιο· λιθοστρώτοιο δὲ τοίχου
νῶτα κατεστήρικτο πεπηγότα λευκάδι γύψῳ
140 εἰς μυχὸν ἐξ οὐδοῖο. πέλας δὲ τις ὄρχατος αὐλῆς
ἀμφιλαφῆς δροσόεντι φυτῶν ἐβαρύνετο καρπῷ
τετράγυος πρὸ δόμοιο· καὶ ἄρσενά φύλλα πετάσσας
θηλυτέρῳ φοίνικι πόθον πιστώσατο φοῖνιξ·
ὄγχνη τ' ἀγλαόκαρπος ὁμήλικι σύμφυτος ὄγχνη
145 ὄρθριον ἐψιθύριζεν, ἐλίσσομένη δὲ κορύμβοις
γείτονα πιαλῆς ἐπεμάστιε θάμνον ἐλαίης·
εἰαρινοῖς ἀνέμοισιν ἀναινομένη παρὰ δάφνῃ
σειέτο μύρσινά φύλλα, καὶ εὐπετάλου κυπαρίσσου
ὄρθριον ἐρρίπιζε κόμην εὐοδμος ἀήτης·
150 συκῆς θ' ἡδυτόκοιο καὶ ἱκμαλέης ἀπὸ ῥοιῆς
καρπὸς ἐρευθιῶν ἐπεθήλεεν οἴνοπι καρπῷ
ἀγχιφύτῳ, καὶ μῆλον ἐπήνθεε γείτονα μῆλῳ·
πολλὰ δὲ Φοιβείοισι σοφοῖς ποικίλλετο φύλλοις
γράμματα δενδρήεντα φιλοκλαύτων ὑακίνθων·
155 καὶ Ζεφύρου πνειοντος ἀεξιφύτου διὰ κήπου
ἄστατον ὄμμα τίταινε πόθων ἀκόρητος Ἀπόλλων,
καί, φυτὸν ἡβητῆρος ἰδὼν δεδονημένον αὖραις,
δίσκου μνηστὴν ἔχων ἐλελίζετο, μὴ ποτε κούρῳ
ζηλήμων φθονέσειε καὶ ἐν πετάλοισιν ἀήτης,
160 εἰ ἔτεόν ποτε κεῖνον ἐπισπαίροντα κονίῃ
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ἰδὼν δάκρυσεν Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ τύπος ἀνθεμόεις μορφώσατο δάκρυα Φοίβου
αἴλινον αὐτοκέλευστον ἐπιγράψας ὑακίνθῳ.
ὄρχατος ἔπλετο τοῖος ἐύσκιος· ἄγχι δὲ πηγῇ
165 δίστομος, ἔνθεν ἔην ναέταις ποτόν, ἔνθεν ἄλγεος
ἐξ ἀμάρης ὀχέτευε πολυσχιδὲς ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ
εἰς φυτὸν ἄλλο μετ' ἄλλο· ῥόος δὲ τις ὥς ἀπὸ Φοίβου
ἄβρᾴ μελιζομένης ἐπεβόμβεε πυθμένι δάφνης.
καὶ πολὺς εὐποίητος ἐρειαόμενος πόδα πέτρῳ
170 χρύσεος ἴστατο κοῦρος, ἐναντία δαιτυμονήων
λαμπάδος ἐσπερίης τανύων ἐπιδόρππον αἶγλην·

πολλαὶ δ' ἰσοτύπων μελέων τεχνήμονι σιγῇ
χάσμασι ποιητοῖσι σεσηρότος ἀνθερεῶνος
ψευδαλέων σκυλάκων στίχες ἔμφρονες ἄγχι θυράων
175 ἔστασαν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, καὶ ἀργυρέω κυνὶ γείτων
χρύσεος οἰδαίνοντι κύων συνυλάκτεε λαιμῷ
σαίνων ἡθάδα φῶτα· παραστείχοντι δὲ Κάδμω
μιμηλῆς ἀπέπεμπε βοῆς ξεινοσσόν Ἥχῳ,
ποιητῆς δ' ἐλέλιξε φιλοστόργου τύπον οὐρῆς.
180 ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Κάδμος ἐυστρέπτοιο προσώπου
ὄμματα δινεύων διεμέτρεε κῆπον ἀνάκτων
καὶ γλυφίδας καὶ κάλλος ὅλον γραπτοῖο μελάθρου,
λαϊνέων ὁρόων ἀμαρύγματα φαιδρὰ μετάλλων,
τόφρα δὲ καλλείψας ἀγορὴν καὶ νείκεα λαῶν,
185 φαιδρὸς ἀερσιλόφοιο περὶ ῥάχιν ἤμενος ἵπτου,
Ἥμαθίων Θρήισσαν ἔχων Σάμον, Ἄρεος ἔδρην,
μητέρος Ἥλέκτρης Βασιλῆιον εἰς δόμον ἔστη,
ὃς τότε μοῦνος ἄνασσε κασιγνήτοιο νομεύων
ἡνία κοιρανίης, ὅτι πάτριον οὔδας ἔασας
190 Δάρδανος ἀντικέλευθον ἐνάσσατο πέζαν ἀρούρης,
Δαρδανίην εὐπυργον ἐπώνυμον ἄστὶ χαράξας,
Ἰδαίην ἀροτῆρι διαγράψας κόνιν ὀλκῷ·
καὶ ῥόον Ἐπαπόροιο πιδὼν καὶ χεύματα Ῥήσου
γνωτῷ κλῆρον ἔλειπεν ἔχειν καὶ σκῆπτρα Καβείρων.
195 Δάρδανος, Ἥμαθίωνος ἀδελφεός, ὃν Διὸς εὐναὶ
ἤροσαν, ὃν κομέεσκε Δίκη τροφός, εὔτε λαβοῦσαι
σκῆπτρα Διὸς καὶ πέπλα Χρόνου καὶ ῥάβδον Ὀλύμπου
εἰς δόμον Ἥλέκτρης βασιληίδος ἔδραμον Ἵωραι
κοιρανίης ἀλύτοιο προμάντιες Αὖσονιήων·
200 καὶ βρέφος ἐθρέψαντο, καὶ ἀτρέπτω Διὸς ὄμφῃ
κοῦρος ἀνασταχῶν παλιναυξέος ἄνθεμον ἥβης
Ἥλέκτρης λίπεν οἶκον, ὅτε τριτάτου χύσις ὄμβρου
κύμασι πυργωθεῖσα κατέκλυσεν ἔδρανα κόσμου.
πρώτου γὰρ κελάδοντος ἐπειρήθη νιφετοῖο
205 Ὠγυγος ἡλιβάτοιο δι' ὕδατος αἰθέρα τέμνων,
χθῶν ὅτε κεύθετο πᾶσα κατάρρυτος, ἄκρα δὲ πέτρης
Θεσσαλίδος κεκάλυπτο, καὶ ὑπόθι Πυθιάς ἄκρη
ἀγχινεφῆς νιφόντι ῥόω κυμαίνετο πέτρη.
δεύτερος ὄμβρος ἔην, ὅτε κυκλάδος ἄντυγα γαίης
210 χεύματι λυσσῆεντι κατέκρυφε δύσνιφον ὕδωρ,
Δευκαλίων ὅτε μοῦνος ὁμόστολος ἥλικι Πύρρῃ
ὄλλυμένων μερόπων ἐνὶ λάρνακι κοιλάδι τέμνων
χεῦμα παλινδίνητον ἀτεκμάρτου νιφετοῖο
ἡέρος ὕδατόεντος ἔλιξ πορθμεύετο ναύτης.
215 καὶ τρίτατος Διὸς ὄμβρος ὅτε χθονὸς ἔκλυσεν ἔδρην

καὶ σκοπέλους ἔκρυψεν, Ἀθωιάδος δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
ἄβροχα Σιθονίης ἔκαλύπτετο νῶτα κολώνης,
ὑψιπόρου τότε χεῦμα διασχίζων νιφετοῖο
Δάρδανος ἀρχαίης ἐπεβήσατο γείτονος Ἴδης.
220 τοῦ τότε Σιθονίης χιονώδεος ἀρχὸς ἀρούρης
σύγγονος Ἡμαθίων ἀγορὴν βαρύδουπον ἔασας
θάμβεεν ἀνέρος εἶδος, ἐπεὶ νῦ οἱ ἔμφυτος ἦβη
ἠγορέην καὶ κάλλος ἐμίγνυε σύζυγι μορφῇ,
θάμβεε τηλίκον εἶδος: ἀριφραδέων γὰρ ἀνάκτων
225 αὐτόματοι κήρυκες ἀναυδέες εἰσὶν ὀπωπαί.
καὶ μιν ἑλὼν ξείνισσε, σὺν Ἠλέκτρῃ δὲ καμουσῇ
αἰόλα παλῆς ἐπεκόσμεε δεῖπνα τραπέζης,
ξεῖνον ὑποσσαιῶν φιλίῳ καὶ ἀμεμφεὶ μύθῳ,
πολλὰ τιθεῖς. ὁ δὲ κυφὸν ἐπ' οὐδὲος ἀυχένα κάμψας
230 ἀμφιπόλων ἀπάνευθεν ἀθελγέας εἵλκεν ὀπωπάς,
καὶ μόλις εἰλαπίναζε: φιλοξείνοιο δὲ νύμφης
ἐξομένης ἀντωπὸς ὑποκλέπτοντι προσώπῳ
αἰδομένην ἐτίταινε σαόφρονα χεῖρα τραπέζῃ.
τοῖσι δὲ δαινυμένοισιν ἐπήτριμος ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
235 ἔμπνοος ἐσμαράγησε δόναξ Κορυβαντίδος Ἴδης:
ἐκ δὲ πολυτρήτοιο πόρου σκιρτήματι χειρῶν
σύνθροον ἐκρούσαντο μέλος μυκήτορος αὐλοῦ
δάκτυλοι ὀρχηστῆρες ἐπιθλίβοντες αἰοιδῆν:
καὶ τροχαλοῖς κροτέοντα τινάγμασι σύνθροον ἠχῷ
240 κύμβαλα βομβήεντα συνέκτυπε δίζυγι χαλκῷ
συμπερτοῖς δονάκεσσιν: ὑπὸ πλήκτρῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ
ὄρθιος ἐπατόνοιο λύρης ἐλελίζετο χορδῇ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μετὰ δαῖτα κορέσσατο Βίστονος αὐλοῦ,
εἰρομένη πελάσας φιλοπευθεὶ θῶκον ἀνάσση
245 Κάδμος ἀλιπλάγκτοιο μεληδόνης οἷστρον ἔασας,
φαιδρὸν ἔδν γένος εἶπε, καὶ ἀενάων στίχα μύθων
οἴγομένου κρουνηδὸν ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος:

Νύμφα φίλῃ, τί με τόσσον ἀνείρεαι αἶμα γενέθλης;
ὠκυμόρων μερόπων γενεὴν φύλλοισιν εἴσκω:
250 φύλλα τὰ μὲν κατέχευαν ἐπὶ χθονὶ θυιάδες αὔραι
ῶρης ἱσταμένης φθινοπωρίδος, ἄλλα δὲ καιρῷ
εἰαρινῷ κομέουσι τεθηλότα δενδράδες ὕλαι:
ὥς βροτὴ γενεὴ μινυώριος ἢ μὲν ὀλέθρῳ
δάμναται ἱππεύσασα βίου δρόμον, ἢ δ' ἔτι θάλλει,
255 ἄλλῃ ὅπως εἴξιεν: ἐπεὶ παλινάγρετος ἔρπων
εἰς νέον ἐκ πολιοῖο ῥέει μορφούμενος αἰών.
ἀλλ' ἑρέω περίπυστον ἐμὴν εὐπαιδα γενέθλην:
ἔστι πόλις, κλυτὸν Ἄργος, ἐδέθλιον ἵππιον Ἥρης,

νήσου Τανταλίδας μεσόμφαλος· ἔνθα δὲ κούρην
260 θηλυτόκοις ἔσπειρε γοναῖς εὐπάρθενον ἀνήρ
Ἴναχος, Ἴναχίης ὀνομάκλυτος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
νηοπόλος, καὶ φρικτὰ πολισσούχοιο θεαίνης
ὄργια βυσσοδόμειε θεηγόρα μύστιδι τέχνῃ
πρεσβυγενής· καὶ Ζῆνα, θεῶν πρόμον, ὄρχαμον ἄστρον,
265 γαμβρὸν ἔχειν ἀπέειπε, σέβας πεφυλαγμένος Ἥρης,...
ταυροφυῆς ὅτε πόρτις ἀμειβομένοις προσώπου
εἰς ἀγέλην ἄγραυλον ἐλαύνετο σύννομος Ἴώ,
καὶ δαμάλης ἄγρυπνον ἐθήκατο βουκόλον Ἥρη
ποικίλον, ἀπλανέεσσι κεκασμένον Ἄργον ὀπωπαῖς,
270 Ζηνὸς ὀπιπευτῆρα βοοκραίρων ὑμεναίων,
Ζηνὸς ἀθηήτοιο, καὶ εἰς νομὸν ἦε κούρη
ὀφθαλμοὺς τρομέουσα πολυγλήνοιο νομῆος·
γυιοβόρῳ δὲ μύωπι χαρασσομένη δέμας Ἴώ
Ἰονίης ἀλὸς οἶδμα κατέγραφε φοιτάδι χηλῇ·
275 ἦλθε καὶ εἰς Αἴγυπτον, ἐμὸν ρόου, — ὃν πολιῆται
Νεῖλον ἐφημιζαντο φερώνυμον, οὐνεκα γαίῃ
εἰς ἔτος ἐξ ἔτεος πεφορημένος ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης
χεύματι πηλῶεντι νήην περιβάλλεται ἰλύν, —
ἦλυθεν εἰς Αἴγυπτον, ὅπῃ βοέην μετὰ μορφὴν
280 δαιμονίης Ἰνδαλμα μεταλλάξασα κεραίης
ἔσκε θεὰ φερέκαρπος· ἀναπτομένοιο δὲ καρποῦ
Αἴγυπτίης Δήμητρος, ἐμῆς κεραελκέος Ἰοῦς,
εὐόδοις ὁμόφοιτος ἐλίσσεται ἀτμὸς ἀήταις.
ἐνθ' Ἐπαφον Διὶ τίκτεν, ἀκηρασίῳ ὅτι κόλπω
285 Ἴναχίης δαμάλης ἐπαφήσατο θεῖος ἀκοίτης
χερσὶν ἐρωμανέεσσι· θεηγενέος δὲ τοκῆος
ἐξ Ἐπάφου Λιβύη· Λιβύης δ' ἐπὶ παστὸν ὀδεύων
Μέμφιδος ἄχρις ἵκανε Ποσειδάων μετανάστης,
παρθένον ἰχνεύων Ἐπαφίδα, καὶ τότε κούρη
290 δεξαμένη ναετῆρα βυθοῦ χερσαῖον ὀδίτην
Ζῆνα Λιβύν τέκε Βῆλον, ἐμῆς ἀροτῆρα γενέθλης.
καὶ Διὸς Ἀσβύσταο νήην ἀντίρροπον ὁμφὴν
Χαονίῃ βοόωσι πελειάδι διψάδες ἄμμοι
μαντιπόλοι· πέμπτῳ δὲ πατὴρ ἰσόμετρον ἀριθμῷ
295 Βῆλος ἐπασσυτέρην γενεὴν σπερμήνατο παιδῶν,
Φινέα καὶ Φοίνικα λιπόπτολιν, οἷς ἅμα θάλλων
ἀστὸς ἀμοιβαίων πολίων περίφοιτος Ἀγήνωρ
ἀσταθέος βιότοιο, πατὴρ ἐμός, εἶχε πορείην
εἰς Θῆβην μετὰ Μέμφιν, ἐς Ἀσσυρίην μετὰ Θῆβην,
300 καὶ σοφὸς Αἴγυπτίης ναέτης Αἴγυπτος ἀρούρης
αἰνοτόκος πολύτεκνος, ὃς ἀρσενόπαιδι γενέθλι
ἦροσε τοσσατίων μινυῶρια πῶεα παιδῶν,

καὶ Δαναὸς λιπόπατρις, ὃς ὤπλισεν ἄρσενι φύτλη
θῆλυ γένος τανύων γάμιον ξίφος, ὅππότε παστοὶ
305 αἶματι φοινίσσοντο δαΐζομένων ὑμεναίων,
καὶ κρυφίοις ξιφέεσσι σιδηροφόρων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
ἄρσενα γυμνὸν Ἄρηα κατεύνασε θῆλυς ἔνυ·
οὐ μὲν Ὑπερμνήστρη κακονύμφιον εὐάδεν ἔρυν,
ἀλλὰ παρωσαμένη δυσπένθερα θεσμὰ τοκῆος
310 ἡερίη πατρῶον ἐπέτρεπε μῦθον ἀέλλη,
καὶ καθαρὴν ἐφύλαξεν ἀναίμονα χεῖρα σιδήρου·
ἔπλετο δ' ἀμφοτέρων ὄσιος γάμος· ἀρτιθαλῆ δὲ
γνωτὴν ἡμετέρεν θρασὺς ἥρπασε ταῦρος ἀλήτης,
εἰ ἔτεδ' οὐκ οἶδα πιθέσθαι,
315 εἰ βόες ἱμείρουσι γυναικείων ὑμεναίων.
καὶ με κασιγνήτοισιν ὀμήλυδα πέμψεν Ἀγῆνωρ
σύγγονον ἰχνεύοντα καὶ ἄγριον ἄρπαγα νύμφης,
ταῦρον ἀκυμάντοιο νόθον πλωτῆρα θαλάσσης,
οὗ χάριν ἀστήρικτος ἀλώμενος ἐνθάδε βαίνω.

320 τοῖα μὲν εὐσύριγγος ἔσω μυθεῖτο μελάρου
Κάδμος ἐνγλώσσοιο χέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνος,
πατρῴης ἐνέπων τεκνοσσοδὸν οἷστρον ἀπειλῆς
καὶ Τυρίων ῥοθίων ψευδήμονα ταῦρον ὀδίτην,
Σιδονίης ἀκίχητον ἀπευθέος ἄρπαγα νύμφης.
325 Ἥλέκτρη δ' αἰούσα παρήγορον ἶαχε φωνήν·
ἔεινε, κασιγνήτην καὶ πατρίδα καὶ γενετῆρα
Ληθαίῃ στροφάλιγγι καὶ ἀμνήστῳ πόρε σιγῇ·
οὕτω γὰρ μερόπων φέρεται βίος ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλω
μόχθον ἔχων, ὅτι πάντες, ὅσους βροτὴ τέκε γαστήρ,
330 Μοιριδίου κλωστήρος ἐδουλώθησαν ἀνάγκη·
μάρτυς ἐγὼ, βασιλεία καὶ εἰ πέλον, εἴ ποτε κείνων
πληιάδων γενόμην καὶ ἐγὼ μία, τῶν ποτε μήτηρ
θηλυτέρας ὠδῖνας ἔσω μαιώσατο κόλπου,
ἐπτάκις Εἰλείθυιαν ἐῖ καλέσασα λοχείῃ
335 κέντρον ἐλαφρίζουσιν ἀμοιβαίου τοκετοῖο
μάρτυς ἐγὼ· πατέρων γὰρ ἀπόπροθι δώματα ναίω,
οὐ Στεροπὴν, οὐ Μαῖαν ὁμόστολον, οὐδὲ Κελαινὴν
σύγγονον ἐγγὺς ἔχουσα συνέστιον· οὐδ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ
γνωτῆς Τηϋγέτης Λακεδαίμονα διζυγί παλμῷ
340 παιδοκόμῳ πήχυνα γεγηθότα κοῦρον ἀγοστῶ·
οὐ σχεδὸν Ἀλκυόνης ὁρώ δόμον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
φθεγγομένης Μερόπης φρενοτερπέα μῦθον ἀκούω.
πρὸς δ' ἔτι καὶ τότε μᾶλλον ὀδύρομαι· ἀρτιθαλῆς γὰρ
υἱὸς ἐμὸς λιπόπατρις, ὅτε χνόον ἔσχεν ἰούλων,
345 Δάρδανος Ἰδαίης μετανάσασατο κόλπον ἀρούρης,

καὶ φρυγίῳ Σιμόεντι θαλύσια δῶκε κομᾶων
Θυμβραίου ποταμοῖο πίων ἀλλότριον ὕδωρ·
καὶ Λιβύης παρὰ τέρμα πατὴρ ἑμὸς εἰσέτι κάμνει
ὦμοις θλιβομένοισι, γέρων κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας,
350 αἰθέρος ἐπτάμῳνον ἀερτάζων κενεῶνα.
ἔμπης τόσσα παθοῦσα παρήγορον ἐλπίδα βόσκω
Ζηνὸς ὑποσχεσίησιν, ὅτι γνωτῆσι σὺν ἄλλαις
ἐκ χθονὸς Ἀτλάντειον ἐλεύσομαι εἰς πόλον ἄστρον
οὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχουσα, καὶ ἔσσομαι ἑβδομος ἀστήρ.
355 καὶ σὺ τεὰς πρήνυε μεληδόνας· ἀπροϊδὴς δὲ
εἰς σὲ βιοπλάγκτοιο τύχης στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων
φρικτὸς ἀκινήτοιο μίτος σφρηγίσσατο Μοίρης·
τλήῃ φέρειν λιπόπατρις ἀκαμπέα δεσμὸν ἀνάγκης,
ἔσσομένων προκέλευθον ὑπέρτερον ἐλπίδα βόσκων,
360 εἰ γένος ἐρρίζωσε τεδὸν πρωτόσπορος Ἴω,
εἰ λάχες ἐκ Λιβύης Ποσιδῆιον αἶμα γενέθλης·
μίμνε παρ' ὀθνείοις, ἅτε Δάρδανος, οἰκία ναιῶν,
ναιετάων ξένον ἄστυ, πατὴρ τεδὸς ὥς περ Ἀγῆνωρ,
ὥς Δαναὸς γενετῆρος ἀδελφεός· ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸς
365 ἄλλος ἀνὴρ φερέοικος ἔχων γένος ἔνθεον Ἰοῦς,
αἰθέριον βλάστημα Διιπετές, οὖνομα Βύζας,
αὐτογόνου Νεῖλοιο πίων ἐπτάστομον ὕδωρ
γείτονα γαῖαν ἔνειμεν, ὅπη παρὰ Βόσπορον ἀκτὴν
Ἰναχίη δαμάλη πεπερημένον ἔλκεται ὕδωρ,
370 πᾶσι περικτιόνεσσι τιθεῖς φάος, ὅππότε κείνου
ἀκλινέος δόχμωσε μεμνηνός αὐχένα ταύρου·
εἶπεν Ἀγηνוריδαο κατευνάζουσα μερίμνας.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ προέηκε τανύπτερον υἷα Μαιῆς
εἰς δόμον Ἠλέκτρης ταχὺν ἄγγελον, ὄφρα κε Κάδμω
375 Ἀρμονίην ὀπάσειεν ἐς ἁρμονίην ὑμεναίων,
παρθένον οὐρανόθεν μετανάστιον, ἣν Ἀφροδίτης
λαθριδίη φιλότῃ γαμοκλόπος ἤροσεν Ἄρης·
καὶ βρέφος αἰδομένη κρυφίης αὐτάγγελον εὐνῆς
μήτηρ οὐκ ἀτίταλλεν, ἀπ' αἰθερίοιο δὲ κόλπου
380 πήχεϊ κεκλιμένην ἐπιμάζιον ἤγαγε κούρην
εἰς δόμον Ἠλέκτρης μαιήιον, ἥς τόκον ὦραι
ὑγρὸν ἐμαίωσαντο λεχωίδες, ἥς ἔτι πυκνοὶ
ἄργεννήν σφριγόνωντες ἀνέβλυον ἱκμάδα μαζοί·
δεξαμένη δὲ θύγατρα νόθην ἰσόζυγι θεσμῷ
385 σύγχρονον Ἡμαθίωνος ἐνὶ ξυνώσατο μαζῷ
κούρην ἀρτιλόχευτον, ὁμοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
διχθαδίην θρεπτῆρι γονὴν κούφιζεν ἀγοστῷ.
ὥς δὲ τις ἀγροτέρη διδυμητόκος ἔνδοθι λόχμης
λαχνήεσσα λέαινα γαλαξαίησιν ἐέρσαις

390 σκύνμοις ἀμφοτέροις διδυμάοντας ἤρμοσε μαζοὺς
καὶ διδύμοις τεκέεσσι μεριζομένην πόρε θηλήν,
καὶ χρῶα λιχμάζουσα καὶ ἄτριχον εἰσέτι δειρὴν
ἰσοτύποις κομιδῇσιν ἀνέτρεφεν ἥλικα φύτλην:
ὥς τότε παιδοκόμῳ φιλῇ μαιώσατο θηλῇ
395 ἄρτιγόνων μεθέπουσα συνωρίδα διζυγα τέκνων:
πολλάκι νήπιον υἷα συνέμπορον ἥλικι κούρη
πίονος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα μετάτροπον ἱκμάδι μαζοῦ
πεπταμένης πήχυνε φιλήτορι χειρὸς ἀγοστῶ:
γούνασι δ' ἄρσενα παῖδα συνίδρυε θήλει κούρη,
400 μηρὸν ἐφαπλώσασα κεχηνότα γείτοني μηρῶ,
κόλπον ἀνευρύνουσα βαθυνομένοιο χιτῶνος:
καὶ τεκῶν κλάζουσα μέλος θελκτήριον ὕπνου
ἀμφοτέρους εὐδοντας ἐκοίμισε μαιάδι τέχνῃ,
πῆχυν ὑποστορέσασα συνήορον αὐχένι παιδων,
405 καὶ σφισι λέκτρον ἔθηκεν ἔδν γόνυ, διχθαδίῳ δὲ
φάρεος ἄκρον ἔλισσε διαιθύσσουσα προσώπῳ,
τέκνα καταψύχουσα, καὶ ἔσβεσε καύματος ὀρμὴν
ἀντίτυπον φύσημα χέων ποιητὸς ἀήτης.
ὄφρα μὲν ἔζετο Κάδμος ἐχέφρονος ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης,
410 τόφρα λαθὼν πυλαωρὸν ἐῷ ληίστορι ταρσῷ
ἀπροΐδης ἀκίχητος ἐς οἶκίον ἦιεν Ἑρμῆς
εἵκελος ἡιθέῳ: ῥοδέῳ δὲ οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
ἄσκεπέος κεχάλαστο παρήορος ὀλκὸς ἐθειρης
ἀμφιλαφής, στέψας δὲ νεότριχος ἄκρα παρειῆς
415 λεπτὸς ἀεξομένων ἐρυθαίνετο κύλος ἰούλων
ἄρτιφυῆς ἐκάτερθε περιδρομος: οἷα δὲ κῆρυξ
ἡθάδα ῥάβδον ἄειρεν: ἀθηήτῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
ἐκ κεφαλῆς νεφέεσσι κεκασμένος εἰς πόδας ἄκρους
πιαλέης ἐκίχησε πεπαυμένα δεῖπνα τραπέζης:
420 οὐδὲ μιν Ἑμαθίων σχεδὸν ἔδρακεν, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
Ἄρμονι καὶ Κάδμος ὁμέσπιος, οὐ χορὸς ἀνδρῶν
δούλιος: Ἠλέκτρῃ δὲ θεουδέι φαίνεται μούνη
Ἑρμῆς ποικιλόμυθος: ἐλὼν δὲ μιν εἰς μυχὸν οἴκου
ἀπροΐδης ὀάριζε καὶ ἀνδρομέῃ φάτο φωνῇ:
425 Ὑμνοκασινήτη, Διὸς εὐνέτι, χαῖρε, γυναικῶν
πασάων μετόπισθε μακαρτάτη, ὅττι Κρονίων
κοιρανίην κόσμοιο τεοῖς τεκέεσσι φυλάσσει,
καὶ χθονὸς ἄστεα πάντα κυβερνήσει σέο φύτλη,
ἔδνα τεῆς φιλότητος, ἐμῇ δ' ἅμα μητέρι Μαίῃ
430 ἄστρασιν ἐπαπόροισι συναστράψεας Ὀλύμπῳ
σύνδρομος Ἡελίοιο, συναντέλλουσα Σελήνῃ.
εἰμὶ τεῆς, φιλότεκνε, γουῆς ἐμφύλιος Ἑρμῆς,
ἄγγελος ἀθανάτων τανααίπτερος, οὐρανόθεν δὲ

ξείνιος ὑψιμέδων με τεὸς προέηκεν ἀκοίτης
435 ἀμφὶ τεοῦ ξείνοιο θεουδέος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
πείθεο σῶ Κρονίωνι, καὶ Ἀρμονίην σέο κούρην
πέμπε μολεῖν ἀνάεδνον ὁμόστολον ἥλικι Κάδμῳ,
καὶ Διὶ μακάρεσσι χαρίζεο· τειρομένους γὰρ
ἀθανάτους ὁ ξείνος ὅλους ἐσάωσεν αἰείδων·
440 οὗτος ἀνὴρ μογέοντι τεῶ χραίσμησεν ἀκοίτη,
οὗτος ἀνὴρ ἐπέτασεν ἐλεύθερον ἦμαρ Ὀλύμπῳ.
μὴ σε τεῇ θέλξειε γόῳ φιλομήτορι κούρῃ·
ἀλλὰ μιν εἰς ὑμένσιον ἀλεξικάκῳ πόρε Κάδμῳ
πειθομένη Κρονίωνι καὶ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Κυθερείῃ·

BOOK 4

ἰχνεύων δὲ τέταρτον ὑπὲρ πόντοιο νοήσεις
Ἀρμονίην πλώουσαν ὁμόστολον ἥλικι Κάδμῳ.
ὥς εἰπὼν ἔς Ὀλυμπον ἐύρραπς ἦεν Ἑρμῆς
αἰθύσσων πτερὰ κοῦφα, τιταινομένων δὲ πεδίλων
σύνδρομος ἡερίοισιν ἐρέσσετο ταρσὸς ἀήταις.
οὐδὲ γυνὴ Θρήισα, κυβερνήτειρα Καβείρων,...
5 ἀλλὰ Διὸς σέβας εἶχε, καὶ Ἄρεος ἄζυγι κούρη
ὄρθια δινεύουσα νοήμοι δάκτυλα παλμῷ
Ἀρμονίην ἐκάλεσσε τύπῳ τεχυήμονι φωνῆς:
ἢ δὲ τιταινομένη βλεφάρων ἀντώτιον αἶγλην
Ἥλέκτρης ἀγέλαστον ἐδέρκετο κύκλον ὥπωπῆς,
10 καὶ βαθὺν ἀφράστοιο νεόσσυτον ὄγκον ἀνίης
σιγαλέαι κήρθε ἐμκαντεύοντο παρειαί.
παρθενικὴ δ' ἀνέπαλτο καὶ ὠμάρτησε τεκούσῃ
εἰς δόμον αἰτύδητον: ἀναπτύξασα δὲ μήτηρ
ἐπταμύχου θαλάμοιο πολυσφρήτιστον ὀχῆα
15 λαῖνον οὐδὸν ἄμειψε: φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοιῶ
ἄστατα ταρβαλῆς ἐλελίζετο γούνατα νύμφης:
καὶ παλάμην ῥοδόπηχυν ἐῆς ἀνεκούφινσε κούρη
δραξαμένη παλάμη χιονώδεϊ: καὶ τάχα φαίης
ἦβην χειρὸς ἔχουσαν ἰδεῖν λευκώλενον Ἥρην.
20 ἀλλ' ὅτε πορφυρέοισι πέδον στείβουσα πεδίλοις
λοιίσθια μαρμαίροντος ἐδύσατο κύκλα μελάθρου,
παρθένον ἀχνυμένην Ἀτλαντιάς ἴδρθε νύμφη
εἰς θρόνον εὐποίητον: ἀμοιβαίῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ
ἐξομένη στοιχηδὸν ἐπ' ἀργυροφεγγεῖ δίφρῳ
25 ἀγγελίην Κρονίωνος ἀπειθεῖ πέφραδε κούρη,
καὶ μιν πάντα δίδαξεν, ὅσα βροτοεἰδὲ μορφῇ
ἄλλοφανῆς ἄτε κοῦρος Ὀλύμπιος ἔννεπε κῆρυξ.
παρθενικὴ δ' αἰούσα πολυπλάγκτους ὑμεναίους
καὶ πόσιν ἀστήρικτον, ὑπωρόφιον μετανάστην,
30 ξεῖνον ἔχειν ἀπέειπε, καὶ ἐκ Διὸς ὅσσα τοκῆος
ξεινοδόκος Κάδμοιο βοοσσός ἔννεπεν Ἑρμῆς:
καὶ πόσιν ἦθελε μᾶλλον ὁμόπτολιν, ὥς κεν ἀλύξῃ
συζυγίην φερέοκον ἀδωροδόκων ὑμεναίων:
καὶ παλάμη κρατέουσα κατηφεί χειρὰ τιθήνης
35 δάκρυαι μυδαλὲ πολυξμεμέα ῥήξατο φωνήν:
'Μῆτερ ἐμή, τί παθοῦσα τεῖην ἡρνήσαιο κούρην;
οὕτω σεῖο θύγατρα νεήλυδι φωτὶ συνάπτεις;
ποῖον ἐμοὶ ποτε δῶρον ὁ ναυτίλος ἐγγυαλίζει;
ἦ ῥά μοι ἔδνα γάμων πρυμνήσια νηὸς ὀπάσσει;

40 οὐκ ἔδāην, φιλότεκνε, τήν ὅτι παῖδα φυλάσσεις,
παρθενικὴν λιπόπατριν, ἀλήμονας εἰς ὕμεναιους.
ἄλλοι ἐμοὶ μνηστῆρες ἀρειονές εἰσι πολῖται:
τί χρέος ἦν ἀνάεδνον ἔχειν τινὰ γυμνὸν ἀκοίτην
ἀλλοδαπὸν περίφοιτον, ἄλυσκάζοντα τοκῆα;
45 ἀλλ', ἐρέεις, Κρονίῳ τεῶ χραίσμησεν ἀκοίτη:
πῶς Διὸς οὐ γέρας ἔσχεν Ὀλύμπιον, εἴ περ Ὀλύμπου,
ὥς ἐνέπεις, προμάχιζε, καὶ οὐ Διὸς εὐνετις Ἥρη
Ζηνὸς ἀοσσητῆρι συνήρμοσε παρθένον Ἥβην;
οὐ χατέει Κάδμονιο τεὸς πόσις ὕψιμέδων Ζεὺς:
50 ἰλήκοι Κρονίδης: ἐψεύσατο θέσκελος Ἑρμῆς
ἀμφὶ Διὸς γενετῆρος: ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα πιθέσθαι,
εἰ λίπε θυῖρον Ἄρηα, κυβερνητῆρα κυδοιμοῦ,
καὶ βροτὸν ἄνδρα κάλεσσεν ἐοῦ συνάεθλον ἀγῶνος
ὁ κρατέων κόσμοιο καὶ αἰθέρος. ἃ μέγα θαῦμα,
55 τοσσατίους Τιρῆνας ἐνεκλήισσε βερέθρῳ,
καὶ Κάδμου χατέεσκεν, ὅπως ἓνα μοῦνον ὀλέσσει.
οἷδας ἐμῶν πατέρων διδυμάονα σύγγονον εὐνὴν:
Ζεὺς προπάτωρ ἐμὸς ἔσχε κασιγνήτης λέχος Ἥρης
θεσμὸν ἔχων θαλάμων ἐμφύλιον: ἀμφοτέροι δὲ
60 Ἄρης καὶ Κυθήρεια, μιῆς ἐπιβήτορες εὐνῆς,
Ἀρμονίης γενετῆρες, ἐνὸς γεγάσι τοκῆος,
δέμνιον ἀμφιέποντες ὁμόγνιον, ὥμοι ἀνάγκης:
γνωταὶ γνωτὸν ἔχουσιν, ἐγὼ λιπόπατριν ἀκοίτην.
ὥς φαμένης ἀπένεψε γοήμονος ὄμβρον ὅπωπῆς
65 μήτηρ ἀσχαλώωσα: διχοστασίῃ δὲ μενοινῆς
Ἀρμονίην ὥκτερπε, Διὸς δ' ἀλέεινεν ἀπειλήν.
ἀλλὰ περισφίγξασα δέμας φρενοθελγεί κεστῶ
κερδαλέῳ ζωοτῆρι δολοφράδμων Ἀφροδίτῃ,
καὶ χροῖ δυσάμενη φιλοτήσια φάρεα Πειθοῦς
70 Ἀρμονίης εὐδομον ἐδύσατο παρθενεῶνα:
καὶ τύπον οὐρανίοιο μεταλλάξασα προσώπου
Πεισινόῃ δέμας ἴσον εἰσकेτο γεῖτονι κούρη,
Κάδμον ἃ περ ποθέουσα, καὶ ὥς κρυθίῃ τινὶ νοῦσῳ
λεπταλέον πέμπουσα σέλας χλοάοντι προσώπῳ
75 ἀμφιπόλους ἔσσευε: παρεδριόωσα δὲ μούνη,
οἷα περ αἰδομένη, δολίην ἀνενεῖκατο φωνήν:
"Ὀλβιῇ, οἷον ἔχεις ἐνὶ δώμασι καλὸν ἀλήτην,
οἷον ἔχεις μνηστῆρα, μακαρτάτη: οἷον ἀκοίτην
ὄφειαι ἱμερόεντα, τὸν οὐ λάχε παρθένος ἄλλη:
80 ἀτρεκές Ἀσσυρίης ἀπὸ πατρίδος αἶμα κομίζει,
ἦχι ῥόος χαρίεντος Ἀδώνιδος: ἱμερόεις γὰρ
ἐκ Λιβάνου νέος οὗτος, ὅπη Κυθήρεια χορεύει.
ἦλιτον: οὐ τάχα Κάδμον ἐπιχθονίῃ τέκε γαστήρ,

ἀλλὰ Διὸς γένος ἔσχεν, ἣν δ' ἐψεύσατο φύτλιν.
85 οἶδα, πόθεν νέος οὗτος Ὀλύμπιος· εἴ ποτε Μαίη
σύγγονον Ἠλέκτρην Τιτήνιος ἤροσεν Ἄτλας,
Ἀρμονίη πόσις ἦλθεν ἀνεψιὸς ἄπτερος Ἑρμῆς,
οὐδὲ μάτην Καδμῖλος αἰδέεται· οὐρανὴν γάρ
μορφὴν μοῦνον ἄμειψε καὶ εἰσέτι Κάδμος ἀκούει.
90 εἰ δὲ πέλει θεὸς ἄλλος ἔχων βροτοειδέα μορφήν,
Ἥμαθίων τάχα Φοῖβον ἐῷ ξεινίσσε μελᾶθρῳ.
παρθένε πασιμέλουσα, μακαρτέρη ἐσσί τεκούσης
εἰς πόθον, εἰς ὑμέναιον Ὀλύμπιον· ἃ μέγα θαῦμα,
λάθριος Ἠλέκτρην νυμφεύσατο μητίετα Ζεὺς,
95 ἀμφοδὸν Ἀρμονίην μνηστεύεται αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων·
ὀλβιη, ἣν ἐπόθησεν ἐκηβόλος· αἶθε καὶ αὐτῆς
Πεισινόης σπεύσειεν ἔχειν ὑμέναιον Ἀπόλλων·
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ ποτε Φοῖβον ἀναινομαι, οἷά τε Δάφνην,
οὐ νόον Ἀρμονίης μιμήσομαι· ἀλλὰ λιποῦσα
100 κλῆρον ἐμὸν καὶ δῶμα καὶ οὓς ποθέω γενετῆρας,
ἵξομαι Ἀπόλλωνι συνέμπορος εἰς ὑμεναιούς.
μέμνημαί ποτε τοῖον ἐγὼ τύπον· ἡμετέρῳ γὰρ
εἰς δόμον ὁμφήεντα συνεσπομένη γενετῆρι
Πύθιον εἶδον ἄγαλμα, καὶ ὥς τεδὸν εἶδον ἀλήτην,
105 ὠσιάμην Φοῖβοιο πάλιν βρέτας ἐνθάδε λεύσσειν.
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι Φοῖβος ἔχει χρυσαυγέα μίτρην·
χρῦσεος ἔπλετο Κάδμος ὅλον δέμας· ἦν δ' ἐθέλησης,
δμῶας ἐμοὺς ἔχε πάντας ἀπείρονας, ἀντὶ δὲ κείνου
χρυσὸν ἐμὸν ξυμπαντα καὶ ἄργυρον ἐγγυαλιζῶ,
110 καὶ Τυρίης ὀπάσω βασιλῆα πέπλα θαλάσσης
καὶ δόμον, ἣν ἐθέλης, πατρώιον· εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
δέχνυσο καὶ γενέτην καὶ μητέρα, δέχνυσο πάσας
ἀμφιπόλους, καὶ μοῦνον ἐμοὶ πόρε τοῦτον ἀκοίτην.
παρθένε, τί τρομέεις; σὺ μὲν εἴαρι ποντοπορήσεις
115 στεινὸν ὕδωρ πλώουσα, σὺν ἱμερόεντι δὲ Κάδμῳ
ὠκεανὸν περιμέτρον ἐγὼ κατὰ χεῖμα περήσω.
μὴ τρομέοις ἀλὸς οἶδμα βαρὺβρομον, ὅτι σαώσει
εἶν ἀλὶ φόρτον Ἑρωτος ἀλὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη.
παρθένε, Κάδμον ἔχεις, μὴ διζέο θῶκον Ὀλύμπου.
120 οὐ ποθέω στίλβουσιν Ἑρυθραίων λίθον Ἰνδῶν,
οὐ φυτὸν Ἑσπερίδων παγχρύσειον, οὐδέ με τέρπει
Ἥλιάδων ἤλεκτρον, ὅσον μία νυκτὸς ὁμίχλη,
τῇ ἓνι Πεισινόην προσπτύζεται οὗτος ἀλήτης.
εἰ δὲ γένος μεθέπεις ἐξ Ἄρεος, ἐξ Ἀφροδίτης,
125 σοὶ γάμον ἄξιον εὔρε γάμων ταμίη σέο μήτηρ.
οὐ ποτε τηλίκον ἄνθος ἐσέδρακον· αὐτόματον γὰρ
εἰαρινὸν δῶρημα φύσις δωρήσατο Κάδμῳ·

εἶδον ἐγὼ παλάμην ῥοδοδάκτυλον, εἶδον ὅπωπῃν
ἦδ' ὃν μέλι στάζουσιν: ἐρωτοτόκου δὲ προσώπου
130 ὡς ῥόδα φοινίσσουσι παρηίδες, ἀκροφαῖ δὲ
δίχροα χιονέων ἀμαρύσσεται ἴχνια ταρσῶν
μεσσοῖ πορφύροντα, καὶ ὡς κρίνον εἰσὶν ἀγοστοί.
καλλεῖψω πλοκαμίδας, ὅπως μὴ Φοῖβον ὀρίνω
χροῖῃ ὀνειδίζουσα Θεραπναίης ὑακίνθου.
135 εἴ ποτε δινεύων φρενοτερπέα κύκλον ὅπωπῃς
ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐλέλιζεν, ὅλη σελάγιζε Σελήνην
φέγγει μαρμαίροντι, καὶ εἴ ποτε βόστρυχα σείσας
αὐχένα γυμνὸν ἔθηκεν, ἐφαίνετο Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ.
χείλεα σιγήσαιμι: τὸ δὲ στόμα, πορθμὸν Ἑρώτων,
140 πειθῶ ναιετάουσα χέει μελιθεά φωνήν,
καὶ Χάριτες μεθέπουσιν ὅλον δέμας: ἄκρα δὲ χειρῶν
αἰδέομαι κρίνειν, ἵνα μὴ γάλα λευκὸν ἐλέγξω:
δέχνυσο δειλαίην με συνέστιον: ἡιθέου δὲ
δεξιτερῆς ψαύουσα καὶ ἀμφαφώσω χιτῶνα
145 κρυπταδῆς εὖροιμι παρήγορα φάρμακα νούσου:
αὐχένα γυμνὸν ἴδοιμι καὶ ἐξομένοιο πῆσσω
δάκτυλον ὡς ἀέκουσα, καὶ ἡμετέρου διὰ κόλπου
τεθναίνην ὅτε μοῦνον ἀφειδέα χεῖρα χαλάσας
ἀμφοτέρων θλίψειεν ἐλεύθερον ἄντυγα μαζῶν,
150 χεῖλεσιν ἡμετέρουσι μεμυκότα χεῖλεα πῆξας,
τέρπων ἀκροτάτοισι φιλήμασιν: ἡίθεον δὲ
εἰσέτι πηχύνουσα καὶ εἰς Ἀχέροντα περήσω
αὐτομάτη, γλυκερὸν δὲ πολυκλαύτῳ παρὰ Λήθη
λέξω καὶ φθιμένοισιν ἐμὸν μόρον, ὥς κεν ἐγείρω
155 οἶκτον ὁμοῦ καὶ ζῆλον ἀθελγεί Περσεφονεῖη:
καὶ Χαρίτων πνείοντα φιλήματα κεῖνα διδάξω
θηλυτέρας δυσέρωτας, ὅσας κτάνεν ἱμερόεν πῦρ,
καὶ νέκυας τελέσω ζηλήμονας, εἰ παρὰ Λήθη
εἰς Παφίην μετὰ πότμον ἔτι φθονέουσι γυναῖκες.
160 ἔσπομαι, ἦν ἐθέλης, καὶ ὁμόστολος, οὐ τρομέω δὲ
πλαγκτοσύνην ἀδίδακτον. ἀμείλιχε, γίνεο Κάδμου
κουριδίη παράκοιτις: ἐγὼ θαλαμηπόλος εἶην
ἀμφοτέροις θεράπαινα, καὶ Ἀρμονίη καὶ Ἀκοίτη.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν τρομέω σε, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις,
165 μὴ ποτέ σοι διὰ λέκτρα χόλον καὶ ζῆλον ἐγείρω,
ὅττι, θεὰ περ ἐοῦσα καὶ αἰθέρος ὄρχαμος, Ἥρη
Ζηνὸς ἐπιχθονίησι νόθαις ἀλόχοισι μεγαίρει:
Εὐρώπῃ κεχόλωτο καὶ ἦκαχεν ἄστατον Ἴω:
οὐδὲ θεὰς μεθέκε: χολωμένης δὲ τεκούσης
170 ἦλασεν ὠδίνουσαν Ἄρης ἐγκύμονα Λητώ.
εἰ μὴ ζῆλος ἔχει σε, πόθων ἵνα φάρμακον εὖρω,

εἷς μίαν ἡριγένειαν ἔμοι πόρε τοῦτον ἀκοίτην,
 ναί, λίτομαι, καί νυκτὸς ἓνα δρόμον· εἰ δὲ μεγάριεις,
 χειρὶ τεῇ με δάξον, ὅπως ἄμπαυμα νοήσω
 175 τηλίκον ἀπρήνυτον ἀεὶ κατὰ νύκτα καὶ ἥῳ
 ἐνδόμυχον μεθέπουσα περὶ φρένα βοσκόμενον πῦρ.
 εἶπε, καὶ Ἀρμονίην φυγοδέμνιον ἦλασε κεστῷ
 εἷς πλόον οἰστρήσασα πόθῳ πειθήμονα κούρην.
 ἡ δὲ μεταστρέψασα νόον διδυμάονι βουλῇ
 180 ξεῖνον ἔχειν μενέαινε καὶ ἤθελε πατρίδα ναίειν,
 καὶ τίνα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἱμασσομένη νόον οἷστρον·
 “ὦμοι, τίς μετὰμειψεν ἐμὴν φρένα; σῶζεο, πάτρη,
 χαίροις, Ἥμαθίων καὶ πᾶς δόμος· ἄντρα Καβείρων,
 χαίρετε, καὶ σκοπαιὶ Κορυβαντίδες· οὐκέτι λεύσω
 185 μητρώης Ἑκάτης νυχὴν θιασώδεα πεύκην.
 σῶζεο, παρθενίη, νυμφεύομαι ἡδέϊ Κάδμῳ·
 Ἄρτεμι, μὴ νεμέσα, χαροπῆς ἀλὸς οἶδμα περήσω.
 ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις, ὅτι πόντος ἀμείλιχος· οὐκ ἀλεγίζω
 μαινομένου ῥοθίοιο, συνολλυμένους δὲ δεχέσθω
 190 Ἀρμονίην καὶ Κάδμον ἐμὸν μητρώιον ὕδωρ.
 ἔσπομαι ἡβητῆρι γάμους βοόωσα θεάων·
 εἰ μὲν ἐς ἀντολίην με φέρει πλώουσας ἀκοίτης,
 ἵμερον Ὠρίωνος ἐς Ἥριγένειαν ἐνίψω,
 καὶ Κεφάλου θαλάμῳ μιμνήσκομαι· εἰ δέ ποτ’ ἔλθω
 195 εἷς δύσιν ἀχλυόεσσας, ἐπ’ Ἐνδυμίωνι καὶ αὐτῇ
 Λατμιάς Ἴσα παθοῦσα παρηγορέει με Σελήνη.”
 τοῖα νοοπλανέεσσι μεληδόσιν ἦπυε κούρη
 ἄσχετος ἱμερόεντι δαΐζομένη νόον οἷστρον·
 καὶ κινυρῇ ῥαθάμιγγι διαινομένοιο προσώπου
 200 Ἠλέκτρης κύσε χεῖρα καὶ ὄμματα καὶ πόδας ἄκρους
 καὶ κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα, καὶ Ἥμαθίῳ ὀπωπὴν
 χεῖλεσιν αἰδομένοισι, κασιγνήτου περ ἐόντος,
 πάσας δ’ ἀμφιπόλους ἡγκάζετο· μυρομένη δὲ
 τυκτὰ πολυγλυφῶν ἡσπάσσατο κύκλα θυράων
 205 ἄπνοα καὶ κλιντῆρα καὶ ἔρκεα παρθενεῶνος·
 πατρώην δὲ λαβοῦσα κόνιν προσπτύξατο κούρη.
 καὶ τότε χειρὸς ἔχουσα θεῶν ὑπὸ μάρτυρι πομπῇ
 Ἀρμονίην ἀνάεδνον ὀφειλομένην φέρε Κάδμῳ
 Ἠλέκτρῃ, χυτὸν ὄμβρον ἀποσμήξασα προσώπου.
 210 Κυπριδίην δὲ θύγατρα λαβὼν ἡῷος ὀδίτης
 γρηὶ σὺν ἀμφιπόλῳ λίπε δώματα, δῶρον ἀνάσσης
 λάτρην ἔχων πομπῇ δι’ ἄστεος ἄχρι θαλάσσης.
 παρθενικὴν δ’ ὀρόωσα παρ’ ἡόνας ὑψόθι πόντου
 ξεινὴν ἐφεσπομένην, φλογερῇ ζεῖουσας ἀνάγκῃ,
 215 Κύπριδι μεμφομένη φιλοκέρτομος ἴαχε Μήνη·

‘Κύπρι, καὶ εἰς σέο τέκνα κορύσσεαι, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
ὕμετέρης ὠδῖνος ἐφείσατο κέντρον Ἑρώτων;
ἦν τέκες, οὐκ ἐλέαιρες, ἀμείλιχε; καὶ τίνα κούρην
οἰκτεῖρεις ἑτέρην, ὅτε σὸν γένος εἰς πόθον ἔλκεις;
220 πλάζεο καὶ σύ, φίλη; Παφίης τέκος εἶπε τεκούσῃ:
‘κερτομέει Φαέθων σε, καὶ αἰσχύνει με Σελήνη.’

Ἀρμονίη, λιπόπατρι δυσίμερε, κάλλιπε Μήνην
νυμφίον Ἐνδυμίωνα, καὶ ἄμφεπε Κάδμον ἀλήτην,
τλῆθι φέρειν πόνον Ἴσον, ἐρωτοτόκῳ δὲ μερίμνῃ
225 μνώεο καὶ σὺ καμοῦσα ποθοβλήτοιο Σελήνης.’
ὥς φαμένης ἑτάρους ὑπὲρ ἥονα Κάδμος ἐπείγων
ὀλκάδος ἰθυπόροιο παλίμπορα πείσματα λύσας
εἰαρινῷ κόλπωσεν ἀχείμονι λαῖφος ἀήτη:
διχθαδίους δὲ κάλως ἐφαψάμενός τινι γόμφῳ
230 δουροπαγὲς πόμπευε δι’ οἷδατος ἄρμα θαλάσσης,
ἰσάζων ἐκάτερθε νεὼς πόδας, οἷα δὲ Φοῖνιξ,
ναυτιλῆς νοέων πατρώιον ἠθάδα τέχνην,
πηδαλίῳ παρέμιμνεν: ἐπὶ πρύμνῃ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴν
Ἀρμονίην ἄψαυστον ὁμόπλοον ἵδρυε κούρην
235 νηὸς ἰδὼν ξεινὸς ἐπιβήτορας, οὓς τότε ναῦται
μισθοφόρους ἐδέχοντο. καὶ ἡρέμα σύμπλοος ἀνὴρ
ἀμφοτέρους ὁρώων ἐκεράσσατο θαύματι φωνήν:
‘Αὐτὸς Ἔρωσ πέλεν οὗτος ὁ ναυτίλος: οὐ νέμεσις γὰρ
υῖα τεκεῖν πλωτῆρα θαλασσαιήν Ἀφροδίτην:

240 ἀλλὰ βέλος καὶ τόξον ἔχει καὶ πυρσὸν ἀίρει
βαῖος Ἔρωσ πτερύγεσσι κεκασμένος: εἰσορώω δὲ
ὀλκάδα Σιδονίην. Δολόεις τάχα φῶριος Ἄρης
ἔζεται ἐν πρύμνῃσιν ἔσω Λιβάνοιο κομίζων
ἐσπερίην πλώουσιν ἀπὸ Θρήκης Ἀφροδίτην.
245 ἴλαθι, μήτηρ Ἔρωτος, ἀκυμάντῳ δὲ γαλήνῃ
πέμπε μοι ἵκμενον οὖρον ἀχείμονι μητρὶ θαλάσσῃ.’
τοῖον ἔπος λαθραῖον ὁμόπλοος ἔννεπεν ἀνὴρ
λοξὸς ἐς Ἀρμονίην ἀντώπιον ὄμμα τιταίνων.
καὶ πλόον ἤνυσε Κάδμος ἐς Ἑλλάδα, Φοιβάδος ὀμφῆς
250 οἷστρον ἔχων πραπίδεςσι, Διὸς δὲ οἱ αἰὲν ἐπείγων
ἐνθεος ἀπλανέεσσιν ἐπέτρεχε μῦθος ἀκουαῖς.
ἐνθα Πανελλήνεσσι νεώτερα δῶρα τιταίνων
ἀρχεκάκου Δαναοῖο φερέσβιον ἔκρυφε τέχνην,
ὕδροφόρου Δαναοῖο: τί γὰρ πλέον εὔρεν Ἀχαιοῖς,
255 εἴ ποτε χαλκείῃσι πεδοσκαφέεσσιν μακέλλαις
χάσματος οὐδαίοιο χυτὸν κενεῶνα κολάψας
δίψιον Ἄργος ἔπαυσε, κονιομένοισι δὲ πολίταις
ὕγρα ποδῶν ἐπίβαθρα πόρεν, ξεινήιον ὕδωρ,
ἐκ βυθίων λαγόνων ὀλίγον ῥόον; αὐτὰρ ὁ πάσῃ

260 Ἑλλάδι φωνήεντα καὶ ἔμφρονα δῶρα κομίζω
γλώσσης ὄργανα τεῦξεν ὁμόθροα, συμφυέος δὲ
ἁρμονίης στοιχηδὸν ἐς ἄζυγα σύζυγα μίξας
γραπτὸν ἀσιγήτοιο τύπον торνώσατο σιγῇ,
265 Αἰγυπτίης σοφίης μετανάστιος, ἦμος Ἀγὴνωρ
Μέμφιδος ἐνναέτης ἑκατόμυλον ὥκισε Θῆβην·
καί, ζαθέων ἄρρητον ἀμελγόμενος γάλα βιβλῶν,
χειρὸς ὀπισθοπόροιο χαράγματα λοξὰ χαράσσων
ἔγραφεν ἀγκύλα κύκλα· καὶ Αἰγυπτίου Διονύσου
270 εὖια φοιτητῆρος Ὀσίριδος ὄργια φαίνων
μύστιδος ἐννουχίας τελετὰς ἐδιδάσκετο τέχνης,
καὶ κρυφίῃ μάγον ὕμνον ἀνέκλαγε θυιάδι φωνῇ
λεπτὸν ἔχων ὀλόλυγμα· λιθοξοάνοιο δὲ νηοῦ
γλυπτὰ βαθυνομένῳ κεχαραγμένα δαίδαλα τοίχῳ
275 κουρίζων δεδάηκε· πολυφράστῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
μετρήσας φλογόεσσαν ἀνηρίθμων ἴτυν ἄστρον
καὶ δρόμον Ἡελίοιο μαθὼν καὶ μέτρον ἀρούρης,
χειρὸς ἐυστροφάλιγγος ὁμόπλοκα δάκτυλα κάμψας,
ἄστατα κύκλα νόησε παλιννόστοιο Σελήνης,
280 πῶς τρισσαῖς ἐλίκεσσι μετὰτροπον εἶδος ἀμείβει,
ἄρτιφαῆς, διχόμηνης, ὅλῳ στίλβουσα προσώπῳ,
πῶς δὲ συναπτομένη καὶ ἀπόρρυτος ἄρσενι πυρσῷ
ἡελίου γενετῆρος ἀμήτορι τίκτεται αἶγλη,
πατρὸς ὑποκλέπτουσα παλιμφυὲς αὐτόγονον πῦρ.
285 τοῖος ἔην· καὶ κραιπνὸς Ἀχαιῖδος ἄστεα βαίνων
ναυτιλίην μεθέηκε· σὸν Ἀρμονίῃ δὲ κομίζων
ἐσμὸν ἀλιπλανέων ἐτάρων χερσαῖον ὁδίτην
ἄρμασιν ἵππειοισι καὶ ἀχθοφόροισιν ἀμάξαις
μαντῶοις ἀδύτοισιν ἐπέστιχεν· ἔνθα κιχήσας
290 Δελφὸν ἀσιγήτοιο μεσόμφαλον ἄξονα Πυθοῦς
μαντοσύνην ἐρέεινε, καὶ ἔμφρονα Πύθιος ἄξων
κυκλόθεν αὐτοβόητος ἐθέσπισε κοιλάδι φωνῇ·
‘Κάδμε, μάτην, περίφοιτε, πολυπλανὲς ἶχνος ἐλίσσεις·
μαστεύεις τινὰ ταῦρον, ὃν οὐ βοέη τέκε γαστήρ,
295 μαστεύεις τινὰ ταῦρον, ὃν οὐ βροτὸς οἶδε κιχῆσαι·
Ἀσσυρίην ἀπόειπε, τεῆς δ’ ἡγήτορα πομπῆς
ἄμφεπε βοῦν χθονίην, μὴ διζέο ταῦρον Ὀλύμπου·
νυμφίον Εὐρώπης οὐ βουκόλος οἶδεν ἐλαύνειν·
οὐ νομόν, οὐ λειμῶνα μετέρχεται, οὐ τινι κέντρῳ
300 πείθεται, οὐ μάστιγι κελεύεται· οἶδεν ἀείρειν
Κύπριδος ἄβρὰ λέπαδνα καὶ οὐ ζυγόδεσμον ἀρότρων,
αὐχένα μοῦνον Ἑρωτι καὶ οὐ Δήμητρι τιταίνει.
ἀλλὰ πόθον Τυρίοιο τεοῦ γενετῆρος ἔασας

μίμνε παρ' ἄλλοδαποῖσι, καὶ Αἰγυπτίης σέο Θήβης
305 πατρίδος ἄστὺ πόλισσον ἐπώνυμον, ἦχι πεσοῦσα
εὐνήσει βαρύγουνον ἐδὸν πόδα δαιμονίη βοῦς.
ὥς φάμενος τριπόδων ἐπεκοίμισε θυιάδα φωνήν,
καὶ ῥία Παρνησοῖο τινάσσετο Φοιβάδος ἠχοῦς
γείτονος εἰσαῖοντα, καὶ ὁμφῆεντι ῥεέθρῳ
310 Κασταλῆς πάφλαζε νοήμονος ἔνθεον ὕδωρ.
εἶπε θεός· καὶ Κάδμος ἐχάζετο καὶ παρὰ νηῶ
βοῦν ἶδε, νισσομένη δὲ συνέστιχεν· ἐσπόμενοι δὲ
ἄνερές ἀπλάγκτοιο βοὸς βραδυπειθεὶ χηλῇ
φειδομένην ἰσόμετρον ἐποίησαντο πορείην
315 ὀτρηροὶ θεράποντες· ὅθεν τότε Κάδμος ὁδεύων
ἱερὸν ἔδρακε χῶρον ἐπόσιον, ἦχι νοήσας
Πῦθιος ἐννεάκυκλον ὀρειάδος ὀλκὸν ἀκάνθης
εὔνασε Κιρραίης θανατηφόρον ἰὸν ἐχίδνης.
Παρνησοῦ δὲ κάρηνα λιπῶν μετανάστιος ἀνὴρ
320 Δαυλίδος ἔστιχεν οὔδας ὁμοῦριον, ἔνθεν ἀκούω
σιγαλῆς λάλον εἶμα δυσηλακάτου Φιλομήλης,
Τηρεὺς ἦν ἐμίαιεν, ὅτε ζυγίη φύγεν Ἥρη
συζυγίην ἀχόρευτον ὀρεσσαύλων ὕμεναίων,
κούρη δ' ἄστορέεσσιν ἐπεστενάχιζε χαμεύναις
325 εἰνοδίου θαλάμοιο, λιπογλώσσοιο δὲ κούρης
μυρομένης Θρήϊσαν ἀναγκαίην Ἀφροδίτην
δάκρυσι μιμηλοῖσι λιπόθροος ἔστενεν Ἥχώ,
παρθενικὴν φυγόμενον ὄδυρομένη Φιλομήλην,
ὅπποτε φοινῆεντι μεμιγμένον αἵματος ὀλκῷ
330 γλώσσης ἀρτιτόμοιο συνέβλυνεν αἶμα κορείης·
καὶ Τιτυοῦ πόλιν εἶδεν, ὅπῃ θρασὺς υἱὸς Ἀροῦρης
ἄλσεα καλλιπέτῃλα διαστείχων Πανοπῆος
ἀγνὰ βιαζομένης ἀνεσεύρασε φάρεα Λητοῦς·
καὶ ποδὸς ἶχνος ἔθηκε Ταναγραίῳ κενέωνι,
335 ἐκ δὲ Κορωνεῖης Ἀλιάρτιον οὔδας ἀμείβων
Θεσπίων τε πόλῃα βαθυκνήμους τε Πλαταιᾶς
Ἄονιης σχεδὸν ἦλθε πέδον Βοιωτὸν ὁδεύων,
ἦχι ποτ' Ὠρίωνα, δυσίμερον υἷα γαίης,
σκορπίος, ἀστόργοιο βοηθός ἰοχεαίρης,
340 τηλίκον ἐπρήνιξεν, ἀνυμφεύτοιο θεαίνης
ἀκροτάτην ἔτι πέζαν ἀναστείλαντα χιτῶνος,
ὁ βραδὺς ἐρπύζων, χθόνιον τέρας, ἀντιβίου δὲ
ταρσὰ χαλαζήεντι τυχῶν ἐχαράξατο κέντρῳ.
καὶ γαίης ἐπέβη Χαιρωνίδος, ἔνθα κονίην
345 ἀργυφῆν τέμνουσα βοὸς λευκαίνετο χηλῇ,
καὶ κραναῆς μεθέπων πολυκαμπέα κύκλα πορείης
λευκὰ κονιομένων ἀπεσείσατο λύματα ταρσῶν.

καὶ βοὸς ὀμφήεσσα χαμευνάδος ὤκλασε χηλὴ
ἄστεος ἔσσομένοιο προάγγελος. ἀλλ' ὅτε Κάδμῳ
350 Πύθιον οὐδαίης ἔτελείετο θέσφατον ἠχοῦς,
βοῦν ἱερὴν θυόεντι διαστήσας παρὰ βωμῷ
δίζετο πηγαίων ὑδάτων χύσιν, ὄφρα καθήρη
μαντιπόλους ἔο χεῖρας, ἐπισπείσῃ δὲ θυηλαῖς
ἀγνὸν ὕδωρ: οὐ πῶ γὰρ ἐν οἶνοφῦτοισιν ἄλωαῖς
355 ἄβρὸς ἀεζομένης ἀνεφαίνετο καρπὸς ὀπώρης.
καὶ πόδας ἐστήριξε δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ Δίρκῃ:
στῇ δὲ ταφών, ὅθι λοξὰ φανεῖς ὀφιώδεϊ δεσμῷ
Ἄρεος αἰολόνωτος ὄφιν μιτρώσατο πηγὴν,
καὶ στρατὸν ἐποίησεν, ὅσος πολὺς ἔσπετο Κάδμῳ:
360 τὸν μὲν ὑπὸ στέρνοισι δακῶν χαροποῖσι γενεῖοις,
τὸν δὲ δαφοινήεντι τυχῶν ἐχάραξεν ὀδόντι,
ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο βιοσσόον ἦπαρ ἀμύξας
θῆκε νέκυν: ψαφαρὴ δὲ κατ' αὐχένος ἔρρεε χαίτη
αὐτομάτη, πλαδαροῖο διειλυαθεῖσα καρήνου:
ἄλλον ἀνεποίησε θορῶν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα κόρσης
ἀνδρομέης, ἑτέρου δὲ διέτρεχεν ἀνθερεῶνος
ἄσχετος, ἰοβόλῳ δὲ βαλὼν ὀφθαλμὸν ἐέρση
360 μαρμαρέην ἥχλυσε μεμυκός: ὄμματος αἶγλην:
ἄλλου ταρσὸν ἔμαρψε, χαρασσόμενον δὲ γενεῖῳ
εἶχε δακῶν, καὶ χλωρὸν ἀνήρυγεν ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων
εἰς δέμας ἠιθέοιο, πελιδναίῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἰσοφυῆς χλοάοντι διεψύχθη δέμας ἰῶ:
365 ἄλλου φυσιόωντος ὑπὸ πληγῇσι γενεῖων
ἄσταθέες μὴνιγγες ἐκυμαίνοντο καρήνου
δήγματι φαρμακόνεντι, δι' ἐγκεφάλου δὲ χυθέντος
μυδαλέῳ μυκτῆρι κατάσσυτος ἔρρεεν ἰχώρ.
365 καὶ ταχὺς ἀμφιέλικτος ἐπὶ κνήμησιν ἀνέρπων
Κάδμον ἀπειλητῆρι δράκων ἐζώσατο δεσμῷ,
καὶ δέμας ὀρθώσας μελέων ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
ταυρεῖης περίκυκλον ἐς ὀμφαλὸν ἄλτο βοεῖης:
καὶ σκολιαῖς ἐλίκεσσι πόδας μιτρούμενος ἀνὴρ
370 ὀλκαίῃ βαρὺδεσμος ἐχιδναίῃ κάμε σειρήν,
φόρτον ἔχων δασπληῆτα, βαρυνόμενον δὲ φορῆα
ὄρθιον ἐστηῶτα κατέσπασεν εἰς πέδον ἔλκων,
καὶ στόμα πικρὸν ἔλυσε, δυσηλεγέος δὲ χανόντος
φοῖνιος ὠμοβόρου πυλεὼν εὐρύνετο λαιμοῦ,
375 καὶ κεφαλὴν δόχθωσε, τινασσομένου δὲ καρήνου
ὑπιτενῆς ἐλέλικτο μέσος κυρτούμενος αὐχὴν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε Κάδμος ἔκαμνε, τότε σχεδὸν ἦλθεν Ἀθήνη
390 ἔσσομένης δονέουσα προάγγελον αἰγίδα νίκης
Γοργεῖῳ κομώσαν ἐχιδνήεντι καρήνῳ,

καὶ οἱ ἄτυζομένω λαοσσόος ἴαχε δαίμων:
‘Κάδμε, Γιγαντοφόνιοι Διὸς συνάεθλε κυδοιμοῦ,
δαιμαίνεις ἕνα μοῦνον ἰδὼν ὄφιν; ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
395 σοὶ πίσυνος Τυφῶνα κατεπρήνιξε Κρονίων
τοσσατίοις κομώντα δρακοντείοισι καρήνοις.
παῦεο θηρείων τρομέων συριγμὸν ὀδόντων:
Παλλὰς ἐποτρύνει σε, καὶ οὐ φονίη παρὰ Δίρκη
ῥύσεται ἐρπηστῆρα φυλάκτορα χάλκεος Ἄρης.
400 ἀλλὰ, καταφθιμένοιο λαβὼν δασπλῆτας ὀδόντας
θηρὸς, ἐχιδνήεντι περισπείρας χθόνα καρπῷ
κεῖρε Γιγαντεῖς ὀφιώδεα λήια χάρμης,
γηγενένων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐνὶ ξύνωσον ὀλέθρῳ
πέντε λιπὼν ζῶοντας: ἐπεσσομένησι δὲ Θήβαις
405 σπαρτῶν ἀγλαόκαρπος ἀνασταχύοιτο γενέθλη.’
ὥς φαμένη θάρσυνε τεθηπότα Κάδμον Ἀθήνη,
καὶ βαθὺν ἠνεμόεντι κατέγραφεν ἡέρα ταρσῷ,
δυσάμενη Διὸς οἶκον. ὁ δὲ τραφερῇ παρὰ βῶλῳ
μάρμαρον εὐρυάλως ἐντροχὸν οὔρον ἀρούρης
410 ἴστατο κουφίζων κραναὸν βέλος, ἰθυπόρῳ δὲ
ἄκρα δρακοντείοιο καρήνατος ἔθλασε πέτρῳ:
θηγαλέην δὲ μάχαιραν ἐρυσσάμενος παρὰ μηροῦ
αὐχένα θηρὸς ἔτεμεν: ἀπαμθεῖσα δὲ κόρη
σώματος ἐκτὸς ἔμιμνε, κυλινδομένη δὲ κονίῃ
415 ἠθάδα κύκλον ἔλισσε παλῖλλυτον ἄστατος οὐρή,
καὶ δαπέδῳ τετάνυστο δράκων νέκυς. ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
θοῦρος Ἄρης βαρὺμηνις ἀνέκραγε: χωομένου δὲ
Κάδμος ἀμειβομένων μελέων ἐλικῶδεϊ μορφῇ
ἄλλοφυῆς ἤμελλε παρ’ Ἴλλυρίδος σφυρὰ γαίης
420 ξεῖνον ἔχειν ἰνδαλμα δρακοντείοιο προσώπου.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν πέπρωτο μετὰ χρόνον. αὐτὰρ ὁ μέσση
χαλκείῃ κυνέῃ συνελέξατο καρπὸν ὀλέθρου,
θηρείων γενύων βλοσυρὸν θέρος: ἐνδαπίης δὲ
Παλλάδος ὑβὸν ἄροτρον ἀπ’ ὀργάδος εἰς χθόνα σύρων
425 καὶ χαροπῆς ἀρόσας πολεμητόκον αὐλακα γαίης
ἰοβόλων ἔσπειρε πολὺστιχον ὄγμου ὀδόντων.
καὶ στάχυσ αὐτολόχευτος ἀνῆξῆτο Γιγάντων,
ὣν ὁ μὲν ὑψικάρηνος ἀνέδραμεν ἄκρα τιταίνων
στήθεος εὐθώρηκος, ὁ δὲ προθορόντι καρήνῳ
430 φρικτὸν ἀνοιγομένης ὑπερέσχεθεν ὦμον ἀρούρης:
ἄλλος ἄνω προῦκυψεν ἐς ὀμφαλόν, ὃς δ’ ἐπὶ γαίῃ
ἤμιτελῆς ἀνέτελλε πεδοτρεφὲς ὄπλον αἰείρων:
ἄλλος ὑπερκύπτοντα λόφον προβλήτα τιταίνων
οὐ πω στέρνον ἔφαινε, καὶ εἰσέτι μητρὸς ἀνέρπων
435 ἐκ λαγόνων κατὰ βαιὸν ἀταρβεί μάρνατο Κάδμῳ

τεύχεσιν αὐτοφύτοις κεκορυθμένος· ᾧ μέγα θαῦμα,
ὥπλισεν Εἰλείθυια, τὸν οὐ μαιώσατο μήτηρ·
καὶ τις ἀνηκόντιζεν ὁμόγνιον ἔγχος ἀφάσσων
ἡμιφανής, ὃ δὲ κοῦφος ὄλον δέμας εἰς φάος ἔλκων
440 ἄκρα ποδῶν ἀτέλεστα πεπηγότα λείπεν ἀρούρη.
οὐ μὲν ἐφημοσύνης ἐπελήσατο Κάδμος Ἀθήνης,
ἀλλὰ παλιμφυέων καλάμην ἤμησε Γιγάντων·
τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο βαλὼν ἀνεμώδεϊ λόγχῃ,
τὸν δὲ κατὰ κληῖδα παρὰ πλατὺν αὐχένα τύψας
445 ὅστέα λαχνήεντος ἀνέσχισεν ἀνθερεῶνος·
ἄλλον ἀκοντιστῇρι βαλὼν ἐχαράξατο πέτρῳ
γαστέρος ἄχρι φανέντα· καὶ αἵματος αἰνογιγάντων
ἐκχυμένου ποταμηδὸν Ἄρης ὠλίσθανε λύθρῳ
φοινίξας ἐὰ γυῖα, παρισταμένης δὲ κυδοιμῷ
450 πορφυρέῃ ῥαθάμιγγι χιτῶν ἐρυθαίνετο Νίκης.
ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο παρ' ἰσχίον ἄορι τύψας
συμφυέος διέκερσε σὺν ἰξὺι νῶτα βοείης.
καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἔσκε· δαΐζομένων δὲ Γιγάντων
λοιγίος αἰμαλέης ἀνεκῆκιεν αὐλὸς ἐέρης
455 ἄορι θεινομένων. ὃ δὲ Παλλάδος ἔμφρονι βουλῇ
γηνγενέων τινὰ πέτρον ἐπηώρησε καρήνων·
οἱ δὲ δαφροινήντι πόθῳ μεθύοντες Ἐννοῦς
Ἄρεϊ βακχεύθησαν, ὁμογνήτῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἀλλήλων ὀλετῆρες ἐτυμβεύοντο κονίῃ.
460 ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ἔριζεν· ἐρευθιόωντι δὲ λύθρῳ
στικτὰ διαινομένης ἐμελαίνετο νῶτα βοείης
γηνγενέος κταμένοιο· κατουδαίης δὲ μαχαίρης
γνωτοφόνῳ γλωχῖνι δαΐζετο καρπὸς ἀρούρης.

BOOK 5

πέμπτον ἔτι σκοπίαζε καὶ Ἀκταίωνα νοήσεις,
τὸν κεμᾶς οὐκ ὤδινε, κυνοσπάδα νεβρὸν ἀλήτην.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολέμων ὀφιώδεα λήια κείρων
Κάδμος ὀδοντοφύτων καλάμην ἤμησε Γιγάντων,
σπένδων λύθρον Ἴαρι θαλύσια δημοτῆτος,
φαιδρύνας ἐὰ γυῖα δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ Δίρκῃ
5 Δελφίδα βοῦν ἱέρευσε θεοδμήτων ἐπὶ βωμῶν,
Παλλάδι καλὸν ἄγαλμα. Καταρχομένῳ δὲ θυηλὰς
δίξυγες ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περιρραίνοντο κεραῖαι
οὐλοχύταις: ὁ δὲ γυμνὸν ἐλὼν παρὰ γείτονι μηρῷ
φάσγανον Ἀσσυρίοιο παρήγορον ἐκ τελαμῶνος
10 ἄκροτάτην τρίχα τάμνε τανυρρίνοιο καρήνου
ἄορι κωπήεντι: Θεοκλύμενος δὲ κεραίης
δραξάμενος μόσχοιο παλίντονον εἴρυσσε δειρήν,
αὐχενίους δὲ τένοντας ἀπηλοίησε Θυέστης
ἀμφιτόμῳ βουπλῆγι, καὶ αἵμαλέῳ βοδὸς ὀλκῷ
15 λάινος Ὀγκαίης ἐρυθαίνετο βωμὸς Ἀθήνης,
καὶ βοέου κερόεντος ἄρασσομένοιο μετώπου
πρηνῆς μόσχος ἔπιπτε: δαΐζομένης δὲ σιδήρῳ
πλευρὰ διατμήξαντες ἐμιστύλαντο μαχαίρῃ,
καὶ βοέην τρηχεῖαν ἐγυμνώσαντο καλύπτρην
20 ἐκταδίην: ὁ δὲ φαιδρὸν ἐπὶ χθονὶ φᾶρος ἐλίξας
αὐτὸς ἄναξ πεπόνητο, καὶ εὐφυέων κρέα μηρῶν
ὠμὰ διατμήξας ἐκαλύψατο δίξυγι δημῷ
μιστύλλων κατὰ βαιόν, ἐπ' ἀνθρακιῇ δὲ τανύσσας
σπλάγχνα σιδηρείοισι πεπαρμένα μακρὰ κορύμβοις
25 εἴρυσεν, ὀπτήσας ἀπαλῷ πυρί: μεσσοπαγῇ δὲ
ἄκροπόρῳ στοιχηδὸν ἄγων τετορημένα χαλκῷ
ἀνθοκόμου κατέθηκε χαμαιζήλοιο τραπέζης
δαιτρός, ἐπασσύτερους ὀβελοὺς ζείοντας αἰείρας.
καὶ θυόεις ἐλέλικο δι' ἥερος ἀτμὸς ἀλήτης
30 Ἀσσυρίης λιβάνοιο. τελειομένης δὲ θυηλῆς
δεῖπνον ἔην, καὶ Κάδμος ἐλὼν ἐπένειμεν ἐκάστῳ
κεκριμένης ὀρέγων ἰσοελκέα μοῖραν ἐδωδῆς.
δαιτυμόνων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπ' εὐκύκλοιο τραπέζης
εἰλαπίνης ἀπέθεντο πόθον κεκορηότι θυμῷ.
35 οὐδὲ δρακοντοφόνῳ καμάτων τέλος ἔπλετο Κάδμῳ,
ἀλλὰ μεθ' ἐρπηστῆρα, μετ' ἄγρια φῦλα Γιγάντων,
Ἐκτήνων προμάχοισι καὶ Ἴωνι μάρνατο λαῷ
βάρβαρον ἀμῶων στάχυν Ἴαρος, ἀγχιπόροις δὲ
ἔχραε Τεμμίκεσσι: καλεσσομένῳ δὲ μαχητᾷ

40 ποικίλος ἔσμος ἴκανε περικτιόνων ἐπικούρων.
καὶ διδύμαις στρατιῇσιν Ἔρις ξύνωσεν Ἐνυῶ
φύλοπιν ὠδίνουσα· συνερχομένων δὲ κυδοιμῷ
τόξον ἐκυκλώθη, δόρυ πάλλετο, σείετο πῆληξ,
καὶ βέλος ἐρροίζησεν, ἐπ' ὀμφαλόεντι δὲ κύκλῳ
45 βαλλομένη μυλόεντι λίθῳ σμαράγησε βοεῖη.
καὶ κταμένων ῥέεν αἷμα· πολὺς δ' ἐπὶ φορβάδι γαίῃ
ἡμιθανὲς προκάρηνος ἀνὴρ κεκύλιστο κονίῃ.
καὶ στρατὸς ἀντιβίων ἱκέτης ἐκλίνετο Κάδμῳ·
λῦτο δ' ἄγών. Φονίην δὲ μετὰ στροφάλιγγα κυδοιμοῦ
50 Κάδμος ἀπυργώτοιο θεμείλια πήγνυε Θήβης.
πολλὰ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα μεριζομένων κενέωνων
αὐλάκες ἐτμήγοντο, πολυσχιδέων δὲ κελεύθων
ἔδρανα καρχαρόδοντι βοῶν κεχάρακτο σιδήρω·
πολλὰ δ' ἀντιπόρων ἀνέμων τετράζυγι κόσμῳ
55 ἔμμοροι ἐν χόρτοισιν ἐμετρήθησαν ἀγνυαί.
καὶ πόλις Ἀοινὴ Τυρίης ποικίλλετο τέχνης
κάλλει λαϊνέῳ· καὶ ἐποίπνυνεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
γειοτόμῳ γλωχῖνι ταμῶν ἑτερόχροα πέτρην
ἐργατίνης Βοιωτὸν ὑπὸ κλέτας, ἣν παρὰ λόχημ
60 Τευμησσοῦ δρυόεντος ἐμαιώσαντο κολῶναι,
ἣν Ἑλικῶν βλάστησε καὶ ἣν ὤδινε Κιθαιρῶν.
καὶ νηοὺς ἐτέλεσσε θεῶν καὶ δώματα φωτῶν
τορνώσας κανόνεσσιν· ἐπ' ἀρρήκτοις δὲ δομαίοις
ἐπταπόρῳ πυλεῶνι περιδρομον ἄστρῳ χαράξας
65 οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνον ἐῖμι μιμήσατο τέχνῃ,
ἐσσομένον ναέταις Ἀμφίονι τεῖχος ἐάσας
πυργοδόμῳ κιθάρῃ πεφυλαγμένον. οὐρανίοις δὲ
ἐπτα πύλας ἀνέθηκεν ἰσηρίθμοισιν ἀλήταις
ἰσοτύπους· πρῶτον μὲν ἐς ἐσπέριον κλίμα πήξας
70 Ὅγκαιην ἐπένειμε πύλην γλαυκῶπιδι Μήνῃ
ἐκ βοῶς ὀγκηθμοῖο φερώννυμον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ταυροφυῆς κερόεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνῃ
τριπλόον εἶδος ἔχουσα πέλει Τριτωνὶς Ἀθήνῃ·
δεύτερον Ἑρμάωνι διαυγεί γείτονι Μήνης
75 δῶκε γέρας πυλεῶνα· διαγράψας δὲ τετάρτην
Ἥλεκτρην Φαέθοντος ἐπώννυμον, ὅττι φανέντος
σύγχροος Ἥλεκτρης ἀμαρύσσεται ὄρθριος αἴγλη,
ἡελίῳ πυρόεντι πύλην ἀντῶπιον Ἡοῦς
μεσσατίνην ἀνέθηκεν, ἐπεὶ μέσος ἐστὶ πλανήτων·
80 πέμπτην δ' Ἄρεϊ δῶκε, πόρε τριτάτην Ἀφροδίτῃ,
ἀμφοτέρων ἐκάτερθεν ὅπως Φαέθων μέσος εἶη,
γείτονα θεῶν Ἄρηα διατμήγων Ἀφροδίτης·
ἔκτῃ Ζηνὸς ἀγαλμα φαεινότερῳ κάμε κόσμῳ

ὕψιφανῆ: πυμάτην δὲ Κρόνου λάχεν ἔβδομος ἀστήρ.

85 τοῖον ἔδος ποίησε: καὶ ἱερὸν ἄστρῳ πολίσσας
Αἰγυπτίης ἐκάλεσεν ὁμώνυμον ἄστει Θήβης,
ποικίλον ἀσκήσας χθόνιον τύπον, ἴσον Ὀλύμπῳ.
Ἀονίων δὲ θυγατρὲς ἀνεκρούσαντο χορεΐαις
Ἀρμονίης ὑμέναιον: ἐπ' εὐθαλάμῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ
90 Ὀρηκίης φθέγγαντο χορίτιδες οὖνομα νύμφης.
καὶ Παφίη νεότευκτον ἐκόσμεε παστάδα Κάδμῳ
παιδὸς ἑῆς μέλπουσα θεοκλήτους ὑμεναίους
μήτηρ ἱμερόεσσα: πατήρ δ' ὑπὸ χάρματι κούρης
γυμνὸς ἄτερ σακέων ὠρχήσατο μείλιχος Ἄρης
95 δεξιτερὴν ἀσίδηρον ἐπικλίνων Ἀφροδίτῃ,
καὶ γαμίῃ σάλπιγγι μελίζετο θυμὸν ἐρώτων
ἀντίτυπον σύριγγι, σιδηροφόρου δὲ καρήνου
ἠθάδας εὐπολέμοιο λόφους ἀπεσεύσατο χαίτης,
μιτρώσας πλοκαμῖδας ἀναιμάκτοισι κορύμβοις,
100 πλέξας κῶμον Ἑρωτι: σὺν ἀθανάτοισι δὲ χορεύων
εἰς γάμον Ἀρμονίης Ἰσμήνιος ἦλθεν Ἀπόλλων
ἐπτατόνῳ κιθάρῃ φιλοτήσιον ὕμνον ἀράσσω:
καὶ μέλος ἐκρούσαντο βιοσσόον ἐννέα Μοῦσαι,
καὶ παλάμας ἐλέλιξε Πολύμνια, μαῖα χορεΐης,
105 μιμηλὴν δ' ἐχάραξεν ἀναυδέος εἰκόνα φωνῆς,
φθεγγομένη παλάμῃσι σοφὸν τύπον ἔμφρονι σιγῇ,
ὄμματα δινέουσα: πολυστρέπτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ,
Ζηνὶ χαριζομένη, θαλαμηπόλος ἴστατο Νίκη,
Κάδμον ἀνευάζουσα, Διὸς πρόμον, ἀμφὶ δὲ παστῶ
110 παρθενίοις στομάτεσσι γαμήλιον ἔπλεκε μολπὴν,
καὶ ποδὸς ἶχνος ἔλισσεν, ἐπ' εὐκύκλῳ δὲ χορεΐῃ
αἰδομένη περὰ πάλλε παρὰ πτερύγεσσιν Ἑρώτων.
ἐκ δὲ πολυσπερέων δαΐδων ὁμοφεγγέος αἴγλης
ἐσπερίης ἀνέτελλε φάος ψευδήμονος Ἡοῦς.
115 καὶ λιγυροῖς στομάτεσσι φιλοσκάρθμῳ παρὰ παστῶ
πάννυχος ἔπλετο κῶμος ἀκοιμήτοιο χορεΐης
μελπομένων:
σπεύδων γάρ ἐς ἀγρύπνους ὑμεναίους ...
ἠθάδα ῥάβδον ἔλειπεν, ἐπεὶ ταμίη πέλεν ὕπνου.
καὶ Θήβη χορὸς ἦεν Ὀλύμπιος: ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
120 Κάδμον ὁμοῦ καὶ Ζῆνα μιῆς ψαύοντα τραπέζης.
καὶ γαμίοις θαλάμοισι φέρων νυμφοστόλον ὦρην
Ἀρκτώης ἀνέτελλε Δράκων ὁμόφοιτος Ἀμάξης,
ἄγγελος ἐσσομένων, ὅτι σύννομος ἤλικι νύμφῃ
ἐκ βροτέης ἤμελλεν ἔχειν ὀφιώδεα μορφὴν
125 νυμφίος Ἀρμονίης. μακάρων δὲ τις ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
εἰς θαλάμους σπεύδοντι γέρας δωρήσατο Κάδμῳ:

Ζεὺς μὲν πάντα τέλεια: κασιγνήτην δὲ γεραίρων
Ἥρην πασιμέλουσαν, ἐπεὶ πέλεν Ἄρεϊ μήτηρ,
ἵππος ὥπασε δῶρα θαλάσσια κυανοχαίτης:
130 Ἑρμῆς σκῆπτρον ἔδωκεν, Ἄρης δόρυ, τόξον Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ στέφανον κομώντα λίθων ἑτερόχροϊ κόσμῳ
Ἀρμονίης Ἥφαιστος ἐπῆώρησε καρήνῳ,
χρυσεῖν κροτάφοισιν ἐπικρεμάσας ἀναδέσμων:
καὶ θρόνον εὐλαίγῃ πόρε χρυσόθρονος Ἥρῃ:
135 Ἄρεα κυδαίνουσα πολυφράδμων Ἀφροδίτη
χρύσειον ὄρμῶν ἔχοντα λίθων πολυδαίδαλον αἶγλην
λευκὸν ἐρευθιόωντι συνήρμοσεν αὐχένι κούρης,
Ἥφαιστου σοφὸν ἔργον, ὃ περ κάμε Κυπρογενεῖη,
τοξευτῆρος Ἑρωτος ὅπως ὀπτήριον εἴη:
140 ἔλπετο γὰρ Κυθήρειαν αἰὲ βαρύνουνος ἀκοίτης
νῆα τεκεῖν σκάζοντα, ποδῶν μίμημα τοκῆος:
ἀλλὰ μάτην ἐδόκησε, καὶ ἄρτιπον νῆα νοήσας
λαμπόμενον περυγέσσιν ὁμοῖον υἱεὶ Μαίης
ποικίλον ὄρμῶν ἔτευξεν, ὃς ἀστεροφεγγεῖ νώτῳ
145 ὥς ὄφιν ἦν ἐλικῶδες ἔχων δέμας: οἷα γὰρ αὐτῇ
δίστομος ἀμφίσβαινα μέσῳ μηρύνεται ὀλκῷ
ἰὼν ἀποπτύουσα δι' ἀμφοτέροιο καρήνου,
ἀμφελελιζομένη μελέων ἑτερόζυγι παλμῷ,
εἰς κεφαλὴν δὲ κάρηνον ἐφερπύζουσα συνάπτει,
150 λοῦξῃ καμπύλῃ νῶτα περισκαίρουσα πορεῖη:
ὥς ὃ γε ποικίλος ὄρμος ἐαγότα νῶτα τιταίνων
κάμπτετο, κυρτωθεῖσαν ἔχων διδυμάονα δειρὴν,
ἀμφιλαφὴς φολίδεσσιν ἐς ὀμφαλὸν ἄχρῃς ἰκάνων
πλεκτὸς ὄφιν δικάρηνος: ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι δὲ τέχνης
155 χρύσειος ὀλκαίης ἐλελίζετο κύκλος ἀκάνθης,
καὶ οἱ ἐλισσομένη κεφαλῇ πολυδίνει παλμῷ
ψευδαλέον σύριγμα διήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος.
καὶ στομάτων ἐκάτερθεν ὀπῇ τέλος ἐστὶ καὶ ἀρχή,
αἰετὸς ἦν χρύσειος, ἅτε πλατὺν ἡέρα τέμνων,
160 ὀρθὸς ἐχιδναίων διδύμων μεσσηγὺ καρήνων,
ὑψιφανὴς περυγῶν πισύρων τετράζυγι κημῷ:
τῇ μὲν ξανθὸς ἱασπὶς ἐπέτρεχε, τῇ δὲ Σελήνης
εἶχε λίθον πάνλευκον, ὃς εὐκεράοιο θεαίνης
λειπομένης μινύθει καὶ ἀέξεται, ὅππότε Μῆνην
165 ἀρτιφαῆς σέλας ὑγρὸν ἀποστίλβουσα κεραίης
ἡελίου γενετῆρος ἀμέλγεται αὐτόγονον πῦρ:
ἄλλῃ μάργαρον εἶχε φασφόρον, οὗ χάριν αἶγλης
γλαυκὸν Ἑρυθραίης ἀμαρύσσεται οἶδμα θαλάσσης
λαμπομένης: ἑτέρης δὲ μεσόμφαλος αἶθοπι κόσμῳ
170 λεπτοφαῆς σέλας ὑγρὸν ἀπέπτυνεν Ἴνδος ἀχάτης.

ἀλλήλαις δ' ἑκάτερθε συναπτομένων κεφαλᾶων
χάσματα δισσὰ δράκοντος ἀνευρύνοντο καρήνων,
αἰετὸν ἀμφοτέροισι περικλείοντα γενεῖσις
σύμπλοκον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα: δι' εὐφάεος δὲ προσώπου
175 λυχνίδες ἡκόντιζον ἐν ὄμμασι σύμφυτον αἶγλην
ὄξυ σέλας πέμπουσιν, ὁμοῖον αἶθοπι λύχνῳ
ἀπτομένῳ: κομῶν δὲ λίθων πολυειδέι μορφῇ
πόντος ἔην, γλαυκῆς δὲ λίθος χλοάουσα μαράγδου
δεξαμένη κρύσταλλον ὁμόζυγον εἴκελον ἀφρῶ
180 εἶχε φαληριῶντα μελαινομένης τύπον ἄλμης:
τῷ ἔνι δαίδαλα πάντα τετεύχαστο, τῷ ἔνι πάντα
χρυσοφαῖ μάρμαιρεν ἀλίτροφα πῶεα λίμνης,
οἷα περισκαίροντα: πολὺς δὲ τις ὕγρὸς ὀδίτης
μεσσοφανῆς ἐχόρευεν ἐπιζῶν ἄλα δελφίς —
185 ψευδαλέην δ' ἐλέλιζεν ἔην αὐτόσσυτον οὐρήν —
καὶ χορὸς ὀρνίθων ἐτερόχροος, ὧν τάχα φαίης
ἵπταμένων περυγῶν ἀνεμῶδεα δοῦπον ἀκούειν,
ὄρμὸν ἐπεὶ Κυθήρεια γέρας δωρήσατο κούρη
chrύσειον, εὐλαίγγα, παρήγορον αὐχένι νύμφης.
190 καὶ γαμίων ζευχθεῖσα πόθων ἰθύντορι κεστῷ
Ἄρμονι πολὺπαιδα γονὴν μαιώσατο κόλπῳ
τικτομένην κατὰ βαιόν: ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ λοχείῃ
ἔγκυον ὄγκον ἔλυσεν θυγατρογόνου τοκετοῖο,
τετράκις ἑννέα κύκλα διαπλήσασα Σελήνης.
195 πρώτη δ' Αὐτονόη γονίμων ἀνεπήλατο κόλπων
μητέρος ἐννεάμηνον ἀναπτύξασα λοχείῃν
πρωτοτόκοις ὠδίσιν: ὁμογνήτῳ δὲ γενέθλι
καλλιφυῆς Ἀθάμαντος ἀέξετο σύγγαμος Ἴνώ,
μήτηρ δισσοτόκος: τριτάτῃ δ' ἀνέτελλεν Ἀγαυή,
200 ἥ ποτε νυμφευθεῖσα Γιγαντεῖσις ὕμεναιοῖς
εἴκελον υἷα λόχευσεν ὀδοντοφύτῳ παρακοίτῃ:
καὶ Χαρίτων Ἴνδαλμα ποθοβλήτοιο προσώπου
Ζηνὶ φυλασσομένη Σεμέλῃ βλάστησε τετάρτῃ
θυγατέρων, μούνη δὲ καὶ ὀπλοτέρῃ περ ἐοῦσῃ
205 δῶκεν ἀνικήτοιο φύσις πρεσβήια μορφῆς.
ἄρσενά δ' ὀπιτέλεστον ὁμόζυγα θήλει φύτλῃ
Ἄρμονι νέον υἷα γεγηθότι γείνατο Κάδμῳ,
Ἀοινῆς Πολύδωρον ἑωσφόρον ἀστέρα πάτρης,
ὀπλοτερον Σεμέλης ῥοδοειδέος, ὃν παρὰ Θήβαις
210 σκῆπτρα λαβὼν ἀθέμιστος ἀναξ ἀπενόσφισε Πενθεύς.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ἡμέλλε γέρων χρόνος ὅψ' ἐτελέσσαι.
Κεκριμένας δὲ θυγάτρας ἐπεκλήρισεν ἀκοίταις
Κάδμος ἀμοιβαιοῖο γάμου τετράζυγι παστῷ,
καὶ λέχος ἄλλο μετ' ἄλλο συνήρμοσε: δωροφόρος γὰρ

215 πρῶτος Ἀρισταῖος, Νόμιος καὶ ἐπώνυμος Ἀγρεὺς,
αἷμα σοφοῦ Φοίβοιο καὶ εὐπαλάμοιο Κυρήνης,
Αὐτονόην ζυγίων ἄρότων νυμφεύσατο θεσμῶ:
οὐ μὲν Ἀγνηορίδης πολυφερβέος ἴδμονα τέχνης
γαμβρὸν ἔχειν ἀπέειπε, βιοσσόον υἷα Φοίβου,
220 ἀλλὰ Διιπετέων ἀνέμων ζωαρκέσιν αὖραις
λοιγίον εὐνήσαντι πυρώπιδος ἀστέρα Μαιρης
παῖδα συνεκλήτισε περισσονόω παρακοίτῃ.
καὶ γάμος ἦν πολύολβος, ἐπεὶ γέρας ἄζυγι κούρη
δῶκε βόας, πόρεν αἶγας, ὀρίτροφον ὥπασε ποιμήνην:
225 καὶ πολὺς ἀχθοφόρῳ βεβαρημένος ὄγμος ἀνάγκη
φόρτον ἐλαιήεντος ἐκούφισεν ἀμφιφορῆος,
ἔδνα γάμων, πολλήν δὲ σοφῆς ἐκόμισσε μελίσσης
δαίδαλῆν ὥδῖνα πολυτρήτοιο λοχείης.
κεῖνος ἀνὴρ πρῶτιστος ὀρίδρομος ἄλματι ταρσῶν
230 εὗρε φιλοσκοπέλοιο πόνον κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρης,
πῶς νοεῶν μυκτῆρι παρὰ σφυρὰ φορβάδος ὕλης
θηρὸς ἀσημάντοιο κύων μαντεύεται ὁδμήν,
ὄρθια λοξοκέλευθον ἐπὶ δρόμον οὖατα τείνων,
καὶ δολίης δεδάηκε πολὺπλοκα δίκτυα τέχνης
235 καὶ σταλίκων τύπον ὀρθόν, ὑπὲρ ψαμάθοιο δὲ θηρῶν
πρῶιον ἀτρίπτῳ κεχαραγμένον ἶχνος ἀρούρη...
καὶ ποσὶν ἐνδρομίδας θηρήτορα φῶτα διδάξας
ἄσχετον αἰσσοντα κυνοσσόον εἰς δρόμον ἄγρης
πέπλα φαεινομένης ἐπιγουνίδος ἄχρι φορῆσαι,
240 μὴ ποτε θηρητῆρος ἐπειγομένου ποδὸς ὀρμῇ
ἅψ ἀνασειράζοιτο καθιεμένοιο χιτῶνος.
κεῖνος ἀνὴρ ἐνόησε πολυτρήτων στίχα σίμβλων,
πλαζομένης δ' ἔστησεν ἐρημάδος ἔργα μελίσσης,
ἢ τις ἔσω λειμῶνος ἀπ' ἀνθεος ἀνθος ἀμείβει
245 εἰς φυτὸν ἀγλαόκαρπον, ἐφιπταμένη δὲ κορύμβοις
χείλεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν ἀμέλγεται ἄκρον ἐέρσης:
καὶ λινέαις ἀψῖσι πολυπλέκτοιο χιτῶνος
γυῖα περισφίγξας ὀνύχων ἄπο μέχρι κομῶν
255 φρικτὰ κορυσσομένης ἐφυλάσσετο κέντρα μελίσσης,
καὶ δολίῳ πνιγόνεντι πυρὸς τεχνήμονι καπνῷ
250 σινομένην πρήνυνεν, ὑπηγέμιον δὲ τινάσσων
πυρσὸν ἀπειλητῆρα φιλοσμήνοιο μελίσσης
δίζυγα χαλκὸν αἶρειν, ὑπωροφίῃ δὲ λοχείῃ
βομβηδὸν κλονέοντος ἀσιγήτοιο κυδοιμοῦ
χειρὶ πολυκροτάλῳ διδυμάονα δοῦπον ἀράσσων
καὶ προταμῶν κηροῖο πολυγλώχινῃ καλύπτρην
ἔβλισεν αἰόλα δῶρα μελισσταγέος τοκετοῖο.
πρῶτος ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἀλείφατος εὗρεν ἐέρσην,

καρπὸν ὅτε βρίθοντι ταμῶν μυλοειδέι πέτρῳ
260 πίονας ὕγροτόκοιο γονᾶς ἔθλιψεν ἑλαίης.
καὶ σκιερῆς πολὺδενδρον ὑπὸ κλέτας εὐβοτον ὕλης
εἰς ἔλος, εἰς λειμῶνα φέρων ἐδίδαξε βοτῆρας
ἡελίου φαίνοντος ἐς ἔσπερον ἄχρι νομεύειν.
πλαζομένων δ' ἀκίχητον ἀπειθέα φοιτάδι χηλῇ
265 ἐσπομένων βραδὺν οἶμον ὀπισθοπόρων στίχα μῆλων
εἰς νομὸν ἀνθεμόεντα μιῇ ξύνωσε κελεύθῳ
αἶγα λαβὼν προκέλευθον ὁμοζήλοιο πορείης.
καὶ νομίην ἐνόησεν ὀρειάδα Πανὸς ἀοιδήν.
καὶ πυρὶ σειριάοντα κατεύνασεν ἀστέρα Μαίρης,
270 καὶ Διὸς Ἴκμαίοιο θυώδεα βωμὸν ἀνάψας
αἶματι ταυρείῳ γλυκερὴν ἐπεχεύατο λοιβὴν
ποικίλα φοιταλέης ἐπιβώμια δῶρα μελίσσης,
πλήσας ἄβρᾶ κύπελλα μελικρήτου κυκεῶνος:
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ ἤκουσε καὶ υἱέος υἷα γεραίρων
275 πέμψεν ἁλεξικάκων ἀνέμων ἀντίπνοον αὔρην,
Σεῖριον αἰθαλόεντος ἀναστέλλων πυρετοῖο.
εἰσέτι νῦν κήρυκες Ἀρισταίοιο θυηλῆς
γαῖαν ἀναψύχουσιν Ἑτήσιαι ἐκ Διὸς αὔραι,
ὅπποτε ποικιλόβοτρυς ἀέξεται οἶνᾶς ὀπώρη.
280 τὸν μὲν Ἔρως πόμπευεν ἐς Ἀονίους ὑμεναίους,
Φοῖβου Κήιον υἷα: βοοστίκτου δὲ θυηλῆς
πᾶσα πόλις στεφθεῖσα, καὶ ἰθυτμηῆτες ἀγνυαὶ
ὄρχηθμῷ μεμέληντο, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ παστοῦ
εἰλιπόδην ὑμέναιον ἐπερρώσαντο πολῖται,
285 καὶ μέλος ἱμερόφωνον ἀνεκρούσαντο γυναιῖκες,
καὶ γαμῆη σύριγγι συνέκλαγον Ἄονες αὐλοῖ.
ἐνθεν Ἀρισταίοιο καὶ Αὐτονόης ἀπὸ λέκτρων
Ἀκταίων ἀνέτελλε: φιλοσκοπέλῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
Ἀγρέος αἶμα φέρων ἀπεμάξατο πάτριον ἄγρην,
290 Ἀρτέμιδος θεράπων ὄρεσίδρομος — οὐ νέμεσις δὲ
δύσμορον Ἀκταίωνα μαθεῖν μελεδήματα θήρης
υἱὼνδον γεγαῶτα λεοντοφόνιο Κυρήνης — :
οὐ ποτέ μιν φύγεν ἄρκτος ὄρεστιάς, οὐδέ μιν αὐτῆς
λοιγίον ἐπτοίησε λεχωίδος ὄμμα λεαίνης:
295 πολλὰκι δ' ὑψιπότητον ἐπιθρῶσκοντα δοκεύων
πόρδαλιν ἐπρήνιξεν: αἰεὶ δὲ μιν ὑπόθι λόχμης
ὄμμασι θαμβαλέοισιν ἐδέρκετο μηλονόμος Πᾶν
ὠκείης ἐλάφοιο παραῖσσοντα πορείην.
ἀλλὰ οἱ οὐ χραίσμησε ποδῶν δρόμος, οὐδὲ φαρέτρη
300 ἦρκεσεν, οὐ βελέων σκοπὸς ὄρθιος, οὐ δόλος ἄγρης:
ἀλλὰ μιν ὤλεσε Μοῖρα, κυνοσπάδα νεβρὸν ἀλήτην,
Ἴνδῳ μὲν μετὰ δῆριν ἔτι πνεῖοντα κυδοιμοῦ,

εὔτε τανυπρέμνοιο καθήμενος ὑπόθι θηγοῦ
λουομένης ἐνόησεν ὅλον δέμας ἰοχεαίρης,
305 θητηῖρ δ' ἀκόρητος ἀθηήτοιο θεαίνης
ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτοιο δέμας διεμέτρεε κούρης
ἀγχιφανής· καὶ τὸν μὲν ἀνείμονος εἶδος ἀνάσσης
ὄμματι λαθριδίῳ δεδοκημένον ὄμματι λοξῷ
νηϊὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀπόπροθεν ἔδρακε Νύμφη,
310 ταρβαλέη δ' ὀλόλυξεν, ἣ δ' ἥγγειλεν ἀνάσση
ἀνδρὸς ἐρωμανέος θράσος ἄγριον· ἡμιφανὴς δὲ
Ἄρτεμις ἀρπάξασα σὺν εἵματι κυκλάδα μίτρην
παρθενίῳ ζωστῆρι σαόφρονας ἔσκεπε μαζούς,
καὶ διεροῖς μελέεσσιν ἔσω δύνουσα ῥεέθρων
315 αἰδμένη κατὰ βαιὸν ὅλον δέμας ἔκρυφε κούρη.
Ἀκταίων βαρύποτμε, δὲ μὲν λίπεν αὐτίκα μορφὴ
ἀνδρομέη, πισύρων δὲ ποδῶν ἐδιχάζετο χηλὴ,
καὶ τανασιὶ γναθμοῖν ἐμηκύνοντο παρειαί,
κνηῖμαι ἐλεπτύνοντο, καὶ ἀκυκλὰ δοιὰ μετώπῳ
320 φύετο μακρὰ κόρυμβα τανυπτόρθοιο κεραΐης,
καὶ στικτοῖς μελέεσσι νόθη ποικίλλετο μορφὴ,
καὶ λάσιον δέμας εἶχεν· ἀελλήεντι δὲ νεβρῷ
εἰσέτι μοῦνος ἔην νόος ἔμπεδος· ὠκυπόρῳ δὲ
ἔτρεχεν ἀξείνοιο δι' οὖρεος ἄλματι χηλῆς,
325 θηρητῆρ τρομέων θηρήτορας. ἄλλοφθῇ δὲ
οὐκέτι τὸν πρὶν ἄνακτα κύνες μάθον· ἀχνυμένης γὰρ
νεύμασιν ἀτρέπτοισι βαρύφρονος ἰοχεαίρης
φοιτάδος οἰστρήεντι μεμηνότες ἄσθματι λύσσης
νεβροφόνων ἐχάραξαν ὁμόζυγον ὄγμον ὀδόντων,
330 ψευδομένη δ' ἐλάφοιο παραπταλαχθέντες ὅπως
στικτὸν ἐθοινήσαντο νόθον δέμας ἄφρονι λύσσει.
καὶ θεὸς ἄλλο νόησε, κύνας βραδέεσσι γενεαῖσι
ἔμπνοον Ἀκταίωνα κεκασμένον ἔμφρονι θυμῷ
δαρδάπτειν κατὰ βαιόν, ἵνα φρένα μᾶλλον ἀμύξῃ
335 ὀξυτέραις ὀδύνησιν· ὑπὸ βροτέῃ δὲ μενοινῇ
πότμον ἐὼν στενάχων κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ·
‘Ὅλβιε Τειρεσία, σὺ γὰρ ἔδρακες ἐκτὸς ὀλέθρου
γυμνὸν ἀναινομένης οἰκτίρμονος εἶδος Ἀθήνης·
οὐ θάνες, οὐκ ἐλάφοιο δέμας λάχες, οὐδὲ μετώπῳ
340 ὑμετέρῳ προβλῶτες ἐπηώρηντο κεραΐαι·
ζῶεις σῶν βλεφάρων ὀλέσας φάος· ὑμετέρων δὲ
ὀφθαλμῶν ἀμάρυγμα νόῳ μετέθηκεν Ἀθήνη·
χῶεται ἰοχέαιρα κακώτερα Τριτογενείης.
αἶθέ μοι ἄλγος ὅπασσεν ὁμοῖον, αἶθε καὶ αὐτὴ
345 ὄμμασιν ἡμετέροισιν ἐπέχραεν ὥς περ Ἀθήνη,
αἶθε νόον μετὰμειψεν, ἃ περ δέμας· ἄλλοφυῆς γὰρ

μορφῇ θηρὸς ἔχει με, καὶ ἀνέρος ἦθος ἀέξω.
σφωιτέρῳ πότε θῆρες ἐπιστενάχουσιν ὀλέθρῳ;
ἀφραδῆες ζώουσι καὶ οὐ νοέουσι τελευτήν.
350 μοῦνος ἐγὼ μεθέπω πινυτὸν νόον· ὀλλύμενος δὲ
ὀφρὺσι θηρεῖησιν ἐχέφρονα δάκρυα λείβω.
ἄγριοι ἄρτι γένεσθε κύνες πλέον· οὐ ποτε τόσσον
ἄλματι λυσσῆεντι κατεσσεύεσθε λεόντων.
αἶλινον Ἀκταίωνι, φίλαι, φθέγξασθε, κολῶναι,
355 ναί, λίτομαι, καὶ θῆρες ὁμοῖον· εἶπέ, Κιθαιρῶν,
Αὐτονόη, τὰ περ εἶδες, Ἀρισταίῳ δὲ τοκῇ
δάκρυσι πετραίοισιν ἐμὴν ἀγόρευε τελευτὴν
καὶ κύνας οἷστροθέντας ἀφειδέας. ὦμοι ἀνάγκης,
αὐτὸς ἐμαῖς παλάμησιν ἐμοὺς ἔθρεψα φονῆας.
360 αἶθε λέων με δάμασσεν ὀρίδρομος, αἶθέ με σύρων
πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἀνέσχισεν, αἶθέ με πικροῖς
ἀμφιπαγεῖς ὀνύχεσιν ἀφειδέσι λυσσάδες ἄρκτοι
νεβροφανῇ χαροποῖσιν ἐδαιτρεύσαντο γενεῖοις,
μηδὲ κύνες με δάμασσαν ὀμήθεες· οὐκέτι μορφῇν,
365 οὐκέτι γινώσκουσιν ἐμὴν ἑτερόθροον ἡχώ·
ἡμιθανὴς τάδ' ἔλεξε, καὶ οὐκ αἶοντα λιτῶν
θηρεῖη κύνα μάργον ἐλίσσετο πενθάδι φωνῇ·
μύθους μὲν προέηκεν ἐχέφρονας, ἀντὶ δὲ φωνῆς
ἀνδρομέης κελάδησεν ἀσημάντου θρόος ἡχοῦς.
370 ἦδη δ' αὐτοτέλεστος ὀρεστιάς ἵππατο Φῆμη
Αὐτονόη βοόωσα κυνοσπάδα παιδὸς ἀνάγκην,
οὐ μὲν ὅπως ἐλάφοιο δασύτριχα δύσατο μορφήν,
ἀλλ' ὅτι μοῦνον ὄλωλε. φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
νήλιπος ἀκρήδεμνος ἱμάσσετο πένθει μήτηρ·
375 καὶ πλοκάμους ἐδάιξεν, ὅλον δ' ἔρρηξε χιτῶνα,
πενθαλέοις δ' ὀνύχεσιν ἐὰς ἐχάραξε παρειὰς
αἶματι φοινίξασα, κατὰ στέρνοιο δὲ γυμνοῦ
παιδοκόμων ἐρύθηνε φερέσβιον ἄντυγα μαζῶν
μνησαμένη τοκετοῖο· φιλοθρήνου δὲ προσώπου
380 δάκρυσιν ἀνέοις ἐλούσατο φάρεα νύμφη.
καὶ κύνες Ἀκταίωνος ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο μολόντες
μῦθον ἐπιστώσαντο δυσάγγελον· ἡιθέου γὰρ
δάκρυσι σιγαλέοισιν ἐμαντεύοντο τελευτήν.
μυρομέους δ' ὀρώωσα πολὺ πλέον ἔστενε μήτηρ·
385 καὶ πολὴν πλοκαμίδα λέρων ἀπεκείρατο Κάδμος,
Ἀρμονίη δ' ἰάχισε· φιλοκλαυαύτων δὲ γυναικῶν
συμφερτὴ βαρύδουπος ὅλον δόμον ἔβπεμεν ἡχώ.
Αὐτονόη δ' ὁμόφοιτος Ἀρισταίῳ παρακοίτη
ἦιε μαστεύουσα πολὺπλανα λείψανα νεκροῦ·
390 εἶδε καὶ οὐ γίνωσκεν ἐὸν γόνον, ἔδρακε μορφήν

δαίδαλης ἐλάφοιο καὶ οὐκ ἶδεν ἀνδρὸς ὅπωπῃν,
πολλάκι δ' ἀγνώστοιο παρέστιχεν ὅστέα νεβροῦ
ἐν χθονὶ κεκλιμένοιο καὶ οὐ μάθεν: ὀλλυμένοιο γὰρ
παιδὸς ἐοῦ δοκέεσκεν ἰδεῖν βροτοειδέα μορφήν.
395 δῦσμορον Αὐτονόην οὐ μέμφομαι: ἄλλοφυῇ γὰρ
λείψανα παιδὸς ὅπωπεν, ἀτεκμάρτου δὲ προσώπου
γαμφλᾶς ἐνόησε καὶ οὐκ ἶδε κύκλον ὅπωπῃς,
καὶ κεράων ἔψαυσε καὶ υἱέος οὐ μάθε κόσῃν:
λεπταλέους πόδας εὔρε καὶ οὐκ ἐφράσσατο ταρσοὺς,
400 λεπταλέους πόδας εἶδε καὶ οὐκ ἶδε κύκλα πεδίων.
δῦσμορον Αὐτονόην οὐ μέμφομαι: οἰχομένου γὰρ
ὀφθαλμοὺς βροτέους οὐκ ἔδρακεν, οὐκ ἶδε μορφῆς
ἀνδρομέης Ἰνδαλμα, καὶ οὐκ ἐνόηδεν ἰούλων
ἄνθει πορφυρέω κεχαραγμένον ἀνθερεῶνα.
405 φοιταλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι διερχομένη ῥάχιν ὕλης
τρηχαλῆς ἐπάτησε δυσέμβατα νῶτα κολώνης:
λυσιχίτων ἀπέδιλος: ὀριπλανέων δ' ἀπὸ μόχθων
νόστιμος εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν: ἐπ' ἀπρήκτῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
ἄχνημένη μόγις εὔδε σὺν αἰνοτόκῳ παρακοίτῃ.
410 ἄμφω δὲ σκιεροῖσιν ἐφωμίλησαν ὀνείροις,
ὄμμασιν ἀρπάζαντες ἀηδονίου πτερὸν Ὕπνου.
ψυχὴ δ' ἠιθέοιο κατηφεί πατρὶ παρέσθη
στικτὸν ἔχων ἐλάφου σκίοεν δέμας, ἐκ βλεφάρων δὲ
ἔμφρονα δάκρυα χεῦε, καὶ ἀνδρομέη φάτο φωνῇ:
415 ὦ πάτερ, ὑπνώεις, καὶ ἐμὴν οὐκ οἶδας ἀνάγκην:
ἔγρεο καὶ γίνωσκε νόθην ἄγνωστον ὅπωπῃν,
ἔγρεο καὶ πῆχυνε φίλης ἐλάφοιο κεραῖην,
καὶ κύσον ἔμφρονα θῆρα, τὸν Αὐτονόης τέκε γαστήρ.
αὐτὸν ὀπιπεύεις με, τὸν ἔτρεφες: ἀμφότερον γὰρ
420 δέρκεαι Ἀκταίωνα καὶ Ἀκταίωνος ἀκούεις.
εἰ παλάμην ποθέεις καὶ δάκτυλα παιδὸς ἀφάσσειν,
προσθιδίους σκοπίαζε πόδας, καὶ χεῖρα νοήσεις:
εἰ κεφαλὴν ποθέεις, κεφαλὴν ἐλάφοιο δοκεύεις:
εἰ βροτέους κροτάφους, δολιχὰς σκοπίαζε κεραίας:
425 εἰ πόδας Ἀκταίωνος, ὀπισθιδίην ἶδε χηλὴν:
εἰ μελέων τρίχας εἶδες, ἐμοὶ γεγάσι χιτῶνες.
υἷα, πάτερ, γίνωσκε, τὸν οὐκ ἐσάωσεν Ἀπόλλων:
υἷα, πάτερ, στενάχιζε, τὸν οὐκ ἐφύλαξε Κιθαιρῶν.
ἄλλοφυῇ σέο παῖδα κατηφεί κεῦθε κοινῇ:
μὴ σε παραπλάγξει νόθη καὶ ἄπιστος ὅπωπῃ:
430 μὴ τεὸν ἀκτερείστον ὀλωλότα νεβρὸν ἐάσῃς.
αἶθε, πάτερ, με φύλαξας ἀήθεα θηροσυνῶν:
οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ πόθον εἶχον ἐρημάδος ἰοχεαίρης,
οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ δέμας εἶδον Ὀλύμπιον. αἶθε δὲ κούρης

435 θνητῆς εἶχον ἔρωτα· χαμαιγενέας δὲ γυναῖκας
καλλείφας ἑτέροισι καὶ ὠκυόρους ὕμεναιους
ἀθανάτην ἐπόθησα· χολωομένης δὲ θεαίνης
δεῖπνον ἐμῶν σκυλάκων γενόμην, πάτερ· εἰσὶ κολῶναι
μάρτυρες· εἰ σκοπέλοις οὐ πείθεαι, εἴρεο Νύμφας
440 Νηιάδας· δεδάσσι δ' ἐμαὶ δρῦες· ἰσοτύπους δὲ
θῆρας ἐμοὺς ἐρέεινε, καὶ οὓς ἐκάλεσσα νομῆας.
ἀλλὰ, πάτερ, πυμάτην πόρε μοι χάριν, ἀφραδέας δὲ
πένθος ἔχων φιλότεκνον ἐμοὺς μὴ κτεῖνε φονῆας,
παιδοφόνους οἴκτειρον ἀμεμφέας· ἡμετέραις γὰρ
445 θηρείαις ἀέκοντες ἀπεπλάγχθησαν ὀπωπαῖς.
τίς δὲ κύνων ἐλάθου ποτὲ φεῖδεται; ἢ τίς ἀνήρ
νεβροφόνους σκυλάκεσσι χολώεται; ἅ πόσα δειλοὶ
κυκλάδας ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περιτροχόωσι κολώνας,
καὶ νέκυν ἰχνεύουσι, τὸν ἔκτανον· ἐκ βλεφάρων δὲ
450 δάκρυα μὲν προχέουσιν ἐχέφρονα, καὶ ποσὶν ἄκροις
δίκτυα πηγύνουσι φιλοστόργῳ τινὶ δεσμῷ
ἀνδράσιν ἀχνυμένοισιν ἐοικότες, ἡμετέρῃ δὲ
πενθαλέαις ὕλακῆσιν ἐπικλαίουσι χαμεύνη.
ναί, λίτομαι, μὴ κτεῖνε γοήμονας· ἡμετέρου γὰρ
455 δέρματα λαχνήεντος ἐθήησαντο προσώπου,
οὐδὲ λιταῖς πείθοντο, καὶ οὐκ ἀνέκοψαν ὀδόντας
ἄλλοις αἰόντες ἐμῆς μυκήματα φωνῆς,
καὶ κινυροῖς στομάτεσσιν ἐμὴν ἐρέεινον ἐρίπνην·
'σήμερον Ἀκταίωνά τις ἦρπασεν, εἴπατε, πέτραι,
460 πῇ δρόμον ἀμφιέπει κεμαδοσσόον, εἴπατε, Νύμφαι.
τοῖα κύνες φθέγγαντο· καὶ ἀντιάχθησε κολώνη·
'τίς κεμὰς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἔχει κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρην;
οὐκ ἔλαφον πυθόμην ἐλαφρηβόλον· ἄλλοφνῆς δὲ
Ἀκταίων μετὰμειπτο καὶ ἐπλετο νεβρὸς ἐχέφρων,
465 ὃς ποτε θῆρας ἔπεφνεν· ὑπ' ἀνδροφόνῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
Ἀγρέος αἶμα φέρων ἀγρεύεται ἰοχαίρη.'
τοῖα μὲν ἀχνυμένων σκυλάκων ἐβόησαν ἐρίπναι.
πολλάκι δ' Ἄρτεμις εἶπεν ἐμῷ μαστῆρι φωνῇ·
'λῆγε, κύνων βαρὺμοχθε, πολυπλανὲς ἵχνος ἐλίσσων·
470 διῆσαι Ἀκταίωνα, τὸν ἐνδοθὶ γαστρὸς αἰεῖρεις,
διῆσαι Ἀκταίωνα, τὸν ἔκτανες· ἦν ἐθελήσης,
ὄψαι ὅστέα μοῦνα τεῆς ἔτι λείψανα φορβῆς.'
ἀλλὰ, πάτερ, κατὰ κόσμον ἐμὸν μόρον εἰς σὲ βοήσω.
θάμνος ἔην τανύφυλλος, ὃ μὲν φυλῆς, ὃ δ' ἐλαίης·
475 δειλὸς ἐγώ· φυλῆς γὰρ ἐπώνυμον ἔρνος ἐάσας
πρέμνον ἐς ἀγκικέλευθον ἀνέδραμον ἀγνὸν ἐλαίης
Ἀρτέμιδος χροά γυμνὸν ἀθηήτοιο δοκεύων.
ἀσάμην· διδύμην γὰρ ἀτάσθαλον ὕβριν ἀέξων

Παλλάδος εἰς φυτὸν ἦλθον, ἰδεῖν δέμας ἰοχεαίρης
480 τολμηροῖς βλεφάροισιν, ὅθεν βαρὺμηνις ἀπειλὴ
ἔχραεν Ἀκταίωνι καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος καὶ Ἀθήνης.
ἄρτι γὰρ ἰδρώουσα πυραυγὲ καύματος ἀτμῷ
Ἄρτεμις εὐκαμάτοιο μετὰ δρόμον ἠθάδος ἄγρης
λούετο μὲν καθαροῖσιν ἐν ὕδασι, λουομένης δὲ
485 ὀφθαλμοὺς ἀμάρυσσεν ἐμοὺς ἀντῶπιος αἴγλη
χιονέας ἀκτῖνας ἀκοντίζουσα ρεέθροις:
φαίης δ', ὥς παρὰ χεῦμα παλὶμπορον Ὀκεανοῖο
ἐσπερίη σελάγιζε δι' ὕδατος ὄμπνια Μῆνη.
νηιάδες δ' ὀλόλυξαν ὀμήλυδες: ἴαχε Λοξῷ
490 σύνθροον Οὐπιν ἔχουσα, γαληναίῳ δὲ ρεέθρῳ
νηχομένην ἀνέκοψε κασιγνήτην Ἑκαέργην.
καὶ ζόφος ἡερόφοιτος ἐμὰς ἐκάλυπεν ὀπωπάς:
ἐκ δὲ φυτοῦ προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησα κονίη,
καὶ λάχον ἐξαπίνης δέμας αἰόλον, ἀντὶ δὲ μορφῆς
495 ἀνδρομέης ἄγνωστον ἐμὸν δέμας ἔσκεπε λάχνη,
καὶ κύνες ἀγρευτῆρες ὁμῶς ἐχάραξαν ὀδόντας.
σιγῇσω τόδε πάντα: τί δεῦτερον ἄλγος ἐνίψω;
μὴ σε καὶ ὑπνῶντα πάλιν στοναχῇσι πελάσσω.
πολλάκι δένδρον ἐκεῖνο παρέστιχες, ὀππόθι κεῖται
500 λείψανον Ἀκταίωνος, ὑπὲρ δαπέδου δὲ λυθέντα
πολλάκι δαιδαλέοιο παρήλυθες ὅστέα νεβροῦ
οἰκτρὰ πολυβρώτων μελέων, μεμερισμένα γαίῃ,
ἀλλήλων ἀπάνευθεν. ἐγὼ δὲ σοι ἄλλο βοήσω
πιστὸν ἐμοῦ θανάτου σημήιον: ἀρχεκάκου γὰρ
505 ὄψεαι ἰοδόκην καὶ ἐμὸν βέλος ἐγγῦθι δένδρου,
εἰ μὴ καὶ πετρόεντες ἐμορφώθησαν ὀιστοί,
εἰ μὴ χωρόμενη πάλιν Ἄρτεμις εἰς φυτὸν ὕλης
τόξον ἐμὸν μετὰμειψεν, ἐμὴν δ' ἥλλαξε φαρέτρην.
Ὀλβιος ὤτος ἔην, ὅτι μὴ πέλε νεβρὸς ἀλήτης:
510 οὐ κύνες Ὠρίωνα κυνοσσοῶν... αἶθε καὶ αὐτὸν
σκορπίος Ἀκταίωνα κατέκτανεν ὀξεὶ κέντρῳ.
δειλὸς ἐγώ: κενεὴ γὰρ ἐμὸν νόον ἥπαφε φήμη:
εἰσαΐων δ', ὅτι Φοῖβος, ἀδελφεὸς ἰοχεαίρης,
Κυρήνῃ παρίαυεν, ἐμὸν δ' ἔσπειρε τοκῆα,
515 Ἀρτεμιν ὠισάμην ἐμφύλιον εἰς γάμον ἔλκειν.
καὶ πάλιν εἰσαΐων, ὅτι νυμφίον ἀργέτις Ἥως
ἥρπασεν Ὠρίωνα καὶ Ἐνδυμίωνα Σελήνῃ,
καὶ βροτὸν Ἰασίωνα πόσιν προσπτύξατο Δηῷ,
ὠισάμην, ὅτι τοῖος ἔην νόος ἰοχεαίρης.
520 ἀλλὰ, πάτερ, κτερέιζε νόθην κεραελκέα μορφήν,
μηδὲ λίπης ἑτέροισι κυσὶν μέλπηθρα γενέσθαι.
ἦν δὲ κατακρύψης ἐμὰ λείψανα κοιλάδι γαίῃ,

δῶρον ἔμοι καὶ τοῦτο χαρίζεο, τόξα καὶ ἰοῦς
πῆξον ἔμὸν παρὰ τύμβον, ὃ περ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων.
525 ἀλλὰ βέλος καὶ τόξον ἔα, πάτερ, ὅτι βελέμνοις
τέρπεται ἰοχέαιρα καὶ ἀγκύλα τόξα τιταίνει.
ζωότυπον δ' ἰκέτευε πολύτροπον, ὄφρα χαράξῃ
στικτὸν ἔμὸν νόθον εἶδος ἀπ' αὐχένος εἰς πόδας ἄκρους:
μοῦνον ἔμοῦ βροτέοιο τύπον τεύξειε προσώπου,
530 πάντες ἵνα γνῶσιν ἑμὴν ψευδήμονα μορφήν.
μὴ δέ, πάτερ, γράφειας ἔμὸν μόρον: οὐ δύναται γάρ
δακρυχέειν ἔμὸν εἶδος ὁμοῦ καὶ πότμον ὁδίτης.
εἶπεν ὄνειρεῖη νοερὴ κεμάς, ἀπροΐδης δὲ
ᾤχετο πωτήεσσα: καὶ Αὐτονόης παρακοίτης
535 ἄνθορεν ὁμφήεντος ἀπορρίψας πτερὸν Ὕπνου.
ἐκ λεχέων δὲ δάμαρτα πολυπτοίητον ἐγείρας
πέφραδε θηρεῖην κεραελκέα παιδὸς ὀπωπὴν,
καὶ μύθους ἀγόρευεν, ὅσους φάτο νεβρὸς ἐχέφρων.
καὶ γόος ἔπλετο μᾶλλον: Ἀρισταίιο δὲ νύμφη
540 ἦε μαστεύουσα τὸ δεύτερον, ἀχνυμένη δὲ
πυκνὰ τανυπρέμνοιο διέστιχεν ἔνδια λόχμης:
καὶ κραναῶν στείβουσα δυσέμβατα κύκλα κελεύθων
κεῖνο μόγις φυτὸν εὔρε μαιφόνον, εὔρε καὶ αὐτὴν
ἰοδόκην καὶ τόξον ἐρημαίῳ παρὰ δένδρῳ.
545 ὅστέα δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χυτῇ μεμερισμένα γαίῃ,
λείψανα πεπτηῶτα, μόγις συνελέξατο μήτηρ,
καὶ φιλὶ παλάμῃ γλυκερὴν πήχυνε κραίην,
καὶ κύσεν αἰνομόροιο δασύτριχα χεῖλεα νεβροῦ.
ὄξυ δὲ κωκύουσα νέκυν τυμβεύσατο μήτηρ,
550 πάντα δέ οἱ παρὰ τύμβον ἐπέγραφεν, ὅσσα τοκῇ
ἐννυχος Ἀκταίωνος ὄνειρεῖη φάτο φωνή.
ὄφρα μὲν ἔβρεμε πένθος Ἀρισταίιο μελάθρῳ,
τόφρα δὲ καλλίστερνος Ἐχίονι τίκτεν Ἀγαυή
γηγενέος θρασὺν υἷα θεημάχον: ἀρτιφάτου δὲ
555 πένθεος ἱσταμένοιο φερώννυμος ἔπλετο Πενθεύς.
καὶ Νεφέλης μετὰ λέκτρα, μετὰ προτέρους ὕμεναίους
εἰς θαλάμους Ἀθάμαντος ἐκώμασε παρθένος Ἰνώ:
αἰνοπαθῇ δὲ Λέαρχον ἐγείνατο καὶ Μελικέρτην
ποντιαῖς ἐσσομένη μετανάστις, οἷα τιθήνη
560 παιδοκόμος Βρομίῳ φερέσβιος: ἀμφοτέροις γὰρ
μαζὸν ἓνα ζύνωσε Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ Σεμέλῃ πεφύλακτο φαεινότεροις ὕμεναίοις:
ἦδη γὰρ μενέαινε νέον Διόνυσον ἀέξειν,
ταυροφυνὲς μίμημα παλαιγενέος Διονύσου,
565 αἰνομόρου Ζαγρῆος ἔχων πόθον ὕψιμέδων Ζεὺς,
ὃν τέκε Περσεφόνεια δρακοντείῃ Διὸς εὐνῇ

σύγγαμος οὐδαίσιο μελαγχλαῖνον ψευδήμονα μορφήν,
Ζεὺς ὅτε πουλυέλικτος, ἔχων ψευδήμονα μορφήν,
μειλίχος ἱμερόεντι δράκων κυκλούμενος ὀλκῷ
570 Περσεφόνης σύλησεν ἀνυμφεύσιο κορείην
κευθομένης, ὅτε πάντες, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
παιδὶ μιῇ θέλγοντο καὶ ἀγχιγάμου περὶ κούρης
Κυπριδίην ἔριν εἶχον ἀσυλήτων ὑμεναίων
δωροφόροι· μή πω δὲ μολῶν ἐπὶ δέμνια Πειθοῦς
575 ῥάβδον ἔην ἐτίταινε γέρας θαλαμηπόλον Ἑρμῆς,
ᾧρεγε δ' ἔδνα γάμοιο λύρην εὐνυμον Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ δόρυ καὶ θώρηκα γαμήλιον ὥπασεν Ἄρης
ἀσπίδα δῶρον ἄγων νυμφήιον, εὐκελάδου δὲ
Λήμνιος ἄρτιτέλεστον ἔτι πνείοντα καμίνου
580 ποικίλον ὀρμὸν ἔτεινε πολύχροον ἀμφιγυήεις·
ἦδη γάρ προτέρην ἀέκων ἡρνήσατο νύμφην
Ἄρεϊ βακχευθεῖσαν ὀπιπεύων Ἀφροδίτην·
δείκνυε καὶ μακάρεσσι γαμοκλόπον ἄρπαγα λέκτρων,
ἀγγελίῃ Φαέθοντος ἀραχναίῳ τινὶ δεσμῷ
585 γυμνῇ γυμνὸν Ἄρηα περισφίγξας Ἀφροδίτῃ.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐθέλετο Περσεφονεῖη·
καὶ Διὶ πατταίνοντι φυῆς εὐπάρθενον ἦβην
ὀφθαλμὸς προκέλευθος ἐγένετο πομπὸς Ἑρώτων,
Περσεφόνης ἀκόρητος· ὑπὸ κραδίην δὲ οἱ αἰεὶ
590 λαίλαπες ἐρροίζησαν ἀκοιμήσιο μερίμνης·
καὶ Παφίης κατὰ βαιὸν ἀνήπτετο μείζονι πυρσῷ
ἐξ ὀλίγου σπινθῆρος· ἐπ' εὐκόλπῳ δὲ θεαίνῃ
Ζηνὸς ἐρωμανέοντος ἐδουλώθησαν ὀπωπαί.
καὶ ποτε χαλκὸν ἔχουσα διαυγέα τέρπετο κούρη
595 κάλλεος ἀντιτύσιο δικασπόλον, αὐτομάτῳ δὲ
σιγαλέῳ κήρυκι τύπον πιστώσατο μορφῆς
ψευδαλέον σκιάεντι δέμας κρίνουσα κατόπτρῳ,
μιμηλὴν δ' ἐγέλασσε ἐς εἰκόνα· Περσεφόνῃ δὲ
αὐτοχάρακτον ἄγαλμα διοπτεύουσα προσώπου
600 ψευδομένης νόθον εἶδος ἐδέρκετο Περσεφονεῖης·
καὶ ποτε διψαλέοιο πυραυγεί καύματος ἀτμῷ
καρφαλέης φεύγουσα μεσημβρινὸν ἵχνιον Ὠρης
κερκίδος ἱστοπόνων καμάτων ἀμπαύετο κούρη,
καὶ διεροῦς ἰδρῶτας ἀποσμήξασα προσώπου,
605 σφιγγομένην στέρνοισι σαόφρονα λύσατο μίτρην,
καὶ χροὰ λυσιπύνοισι καθικμαίνουσα λοετροῖς
πηγαίῳ πεφόρητο καταψύχοντι ῥέεθρῳ,
νήματα καλλεῖψασα πεπαρμένα Παλλάδος ἱστῷ.
οὐδὲ Διὸς λάθην ὄμμα πανόφιον· ἀσκεπέος δὲ
610 λουομένης ὄλον εἶδος ἐδέρκετο Περσεφονεῖης·

οὐτόσον ἱμεῖρων ἐπεμήνατο Κυπρογενεῖη,
ἦν ποθέων ἀκίχητα γονὴν ἔσπειρεν ἀρούρη
θερμὸν ἀκοντίζων αὐτόσσυτον ἀφρὸν Ἑρώτων,
ἔνθεν ἀεξιτόκοιο κεραστίδος ἔνδοθι Κύπρου
615 Φηρῶν εὐκεράων διδυμόχροος ἦνθεε φύτλη.
καὶ μεδέων κόσμοιο καὶ οὐρανὸν ἠνιοχεύων
εἰς πόθον αὐχένα κάμψεν ὁ τηλίκος· οὐδὲ κεραυνοί,
οὐ στεροπὴ χραίσμησε κορυσσομένης Ἀφροδίτης·
Ἥρης δ' οἶκον ἔλειπε, λέχος δ' ἀπέειπε Διώνης,
620 Δημοῦς ῥῖψεν ἔρωτα, Θέμιν φύγε, κάλλιπε Λητώ,
μούνης δ' εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐθέλγετο Περσεφονείης.

BOOK 6

Δίξεο θέσκελον ἔκτον, ὅπη Ζαγρῆα γεραίρων
γαίης ἔδρανα πάντα κατέκλυσεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς.
οὐδὲ πατήρ τότε μοῦνος ἔχεν πόθον: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἐν βέλος ἴσον ἔχοντες, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
Δηῶης ὑμέναιον ἐδνῶσαντο θεαίνης.

ἔνθα σέλας ῥοδέοιο διαλλάξασα προσώπου

5 ἄλγεσι κυμαίνοντα νόον μαστίζετο Δηῶ:

καὶ κεφαλῆς γονόεσσαν ἀπεσφῆκωσε καλὺπτρην,
αὐχενίης λύσασα καθειμένα βόστρυχα χαίτης,
παιδὶ περιφρίσσουσα: βαρυνομένης δὲ θεαίνης
δάκρυσιν αὐτοχύτοισι καθικμαίνοντο παρειαί,

10 ὅττι τόσους μνηστῆρας ἐνὶ φλογόεντι βελέμνω

εἰς ἔριν οἰστρηθέντας ὁμοζήλων ὑμεναίων

ξυνὸς Ἔρωσ βάκχευεν, ἀμιλλητῆρας Ἐρώτων:

πάντας μὲν τρομέεσκε, τὸ δὲ πλεόν ὄμπνια μήτηρ
παιδὸς ἔχειν Ἥφαιστον ἐδείδιε χολὸν ἀκοίτην.

15 καὶ δόμον Ἀστραίοιο μετέστιχεν εὖποδι ταρσῶ,

δαίμονος ὁμφήεντος: ὀπισθοπόρων δὲ κομῶν

ἄπλοκον ἀσταθέεσσιν ἐσείετο βόστρυχον αὖραις.

τὴν μὲν ἰδὼν ἦγγειλεν Ἐωσφόρος: εἰσαΐων δὲ
ῶρτο γέρων Ἀστραῖος: ὁ μὲν γραμμῆσι χαράσσων

20 κυανέην ἐνέπασσε κόνιν περὶ νῶτα τραπέζης,

καὶ τυπὼν ἐλικηδὸν ὑπ' ἀγκυλόδοντι σιδήρῳ

πυθμένα τετράπλευρον ἐπέγραφεν αἶθοπι τέφρῃ,

καὶ τύπον ἄλλον ἔτευξεν ἰσογλώχινι τριγώνῳ.

ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν μεθέηκε καὶ ἦλυθεν ἄγχι θυράων

25 ἀντιῶν Δήμητρι: διεσσυμένων δὲ μελάρου

ἔσπερος ἠγεμόνευε, καὶ εἰς θρόνον ἴδρυε Δηῶ

πατρὸς ἐοῦ παρὰ θῶκον: ὁμοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ

νεκταρέου κεράσαντες ἀπὸ κρητῆρος Ἀῆται

δαίμονα λυσιπύνοισιν ἐδεικνάνωντο κυπέλλοις

30 υἱέες Ἀστραίοιο: πιεῖν δ' ἠρνήσατο Δηῶ

Περσεφόνης μεθύουσα μεληδόνι: μουντοκοὶ γὰρ

τηλυγέτους διὰ παῖδας αἰεὶ τρομέουσι τοκῆες:

ἀλλὰ μόγις παρέπεισεν ἀναινομένην ἔτι Δηῶ

ἠδυεπὴς Ἀστραῖος ἔχων θελξιφρονα Πειθῶ.

35 ἔνθα γέρων μέγα δεῖπνον ἐπήρτυεν, ὄφρα μερίμνας

θυμοδακεῖς Δήμητρος ἀποσκεδάσειε τραπέζῃ.

καὶ πίσυρες λαγόνεσσι καθαψάμενοι τελαμῶνας

πατρὸς ὑποδρηστῆρες ἐμιτρώθησαν Ἀῆται:

νεκταρέῳ δὲ κύπελλα παρὰ κρητῆρι τιταίνων

40 εὖρος ἔωνοχόει, προχόω δ' ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ
εἶχε Νότος, Βορέης δὲ φέρων ἐπέθηκε τραπέζη
ἀμβροσίην, Ζέφυρος δὲ περιθλίβων θρόον αὐλοῦ
εἰαρινοῖς δονάκεσσι μελιζέτο θῆλυς Ἀήτης·
καὶ στεφάνους ἔπλεξεν Ἑωσφόρος ἄνθεα δῆσας
45 ὀρθρινοῖς κομώνοντα δροσιζομένοισι κορῦμβοις·
καὶ νυχίου λαμπτήρος ἐθήμονα πυρσὸν αἰείρας
ἔσπερος ὀρχηστῆρι ποδῶν ἐλελιζέτο ταρσῶ
πάλλων καμπύλον ἵχνος, ἐπεὶ πέλε πομπὸς Ἑρώτων,
καὶ σκαρθμῶ μεμέλητο χοροπλεκέων ὕμεναίων.
50 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μετὰ δαῖτα θεᾷ κεκόρητο χορείης
σεισαμένη βαρὺ κέντρον ἀμερσινόοιο μερίμνης,
μαντοσύνην ἐρέεινε, φιλοστόργου δὲ γεραιοῦ
λαίῃ μὲν παλάμη γονάτων θίγε, λισσομένη δὲ
δεξιτερῇ ψαύεσκε βαθυσμήριγγος ὑπῆνης·
55 καὶ πολέας μνηστῆρας ἔῃς μυθήσατο κούρης
θέσφατα μαστεύουσα παρήγορα· μαντοσύνη γάρ
ἐλπίσιν ἔσσομένησιν ὑποκλέπτουσιν ἀνίας.
οὐδὲ γέρων Ἀστραῖος ἀναίνετο· μουντοκόου δὲ
κούρης ἀρτιλόχευτα γενέθλια μέτρα νοήσας
60 καὶ χρόνον οὐ παῖοντα καὶ ἀπλανέος δρόμον ὦρης
ἀρχεγόνου, κάμψας δὲ μετὰ τροπα δάκτυλα χειρῶν
ἀμφὶ παλιννόστοιο μετήλυδα κύκλον ἀριθμοῦ
ἐκ παλάμης παλάμη διεμέτρεε δίζυγι παλμῶ·
καὶ οἱ κεκλομένῳ θεράπων εὐκυκλον αἰείρας
65 σφαῖραν ἐλισσομένην, τύπον αἰθέρος, εἰκόνα κόσμου,
Ἀστερίων παρέθηκε λαβὼν ἐπὶ πώματι χηλοῦ.
ἔνθα γέρων πεπόνητο, καὶ ἄξιονος ἄκρον ἐλίσσων
ζωδιακὸν περὶ κύκλον ἐὴν ἐτίταινεν ὀπωπὴν
λεύσσων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα καὶ ἀπλανέας καὶ ἀλήτας·
70 καὶ πόλον ἀμφελέλιζε· πολυστροφάλιγγι δὲ ῥιπῇ
εἰς δρόμον ἀστήρικτον ἀτέρμονι κάμπτετο νύσση
ἄστρασι ποιητοῖσι νόθος κυκλοῦμενος αἰθήρ,
ἄξονι μεσσαιτίῳ τετορημένος· εὗρε δὲ δαίμων
σφαῖραν ἰδὼν στεφανηδόν, ὅτι πλήθοντι προσώπω
75 ἀγκύλα συνδέσμοιο διέτρεχε νῶτα Σελήνην,
καὶ Φαέθων ἰσόμοιρος ἔην ἀντώπιδι Μῆνην
κέντρῳ ὑποχθονίῳ πεφορημένος, ἀχλύοις δὲ
κῶνος ἀερσιπότητος ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὀξὺς ἀνέρπων
ἀντίτυπον Φαέθοντος ὅλην ἐκάλυψε Σελήνην·
80 καὶ γαμῖης φιλότητος ἀμιλλητῆρας ἀκούων
Ἄρεα διζέτο μᾶλλον, ὑπὲρ δυτικοῦ δὲ μελάθρου
φῶρα γάμων ἐνόησε σὺν ἀστέρι Κυπρογενεῖης
ἔσπερίῳ· καὶ κλῆρον ἐπώνυμον εὗρε τοκῆυν

παρθενικῆς ἀστραῖον ὑπὸ στάχυν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ
85 ὀμβροτόκου Κρονίδαο Φαεσφόρος ἔτρεχεν ἀστήρ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε πάντα νόησεν ἀριθμήσας ἔτυν ἄστρον,
σφαῖραν ἀειδίνητον ἀνέκρυφε κοιλάδι κίστη,
σφαῖραν ποικιλόνωντον· ἀνειρομένη δὲ θεαίνῃ
τριπλὸν ὁμφαίης ἀνερεῦγετο θέσφατον ἥχοϋς·
90 'Δημῆτερ φιλότεκνος, ὑπὸ σκιοειδέϊ κώνω
κλεπτομένης ἀκτῖνος ἀφωτίστοιο Σελήνης
νυμφίον ἄρπακτῆρα φυλάσσεο Περσεφονείης
κρυπτὸν ἀσυλήτοιο τεῆς λήϊστορα κούρης,
εἰ λῖνα Μοιράων ἐπιπείθεται· ἀπροῖδῃ δὲ
95 ἀθρήσεις πρὸ γάμοιο νόθον λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην
θηρομινῇ δολόμετιν, ἐπεὶ δυτικῷ παρὰ κέντρῳ
σὺν Παφίῃ στείχοντα γαμοκλόπον Ἄρεα λεύσσω,
ἀμφοτέροις δὲ Δράκοντα παραντέλλοντα δοκεῦ.
ὀλβίστην ἐνέπω σε· σὺ γὰρ τετράζυγι κόσμῳ
100 ἔσσεαι ἀγλαόκαρπος, ὅτι χθονὶ καρπὸν ὀπάσσεις
ἀτρυγέτω· κούρης γὰρ ὑπὲρ κλήροιο τοκῆων
παρθένος Ἀστραίῃ σταχυώδεα χεῖρα τιταίνει.'
ὥς φάμενος μαντῶον ὑπὸ στόμα κοίμισεν ὁμφὴν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε Δημήτηρ δρεπανηφόρος ἐλπίδα καρπῶν
105 ἔσσομένων ἤκουσε καὶ αὐτοκέλευστον ἀκοίτην
τηλυγέτης ἀδμήτος ἀνέγγυνον ἄρπαγα κούρης,
ἔστενε μειδιόωσα· δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
οἶκον εὖν σπεύδουσα κατηφεί δύσατο ταρσῷ
καὶ ζυγὸν εὐδίνητον ἐχιδναίῃ παρὰ φάτνῃ
110 ἀμφιταλαντεύσασα λόφῳ διδυμάονι θηρῶν
ἄζυγας ἐρπηστίῃρας ἐπεσφῆκωσε λεπάδνῳ·
καὶ γένυν ἀγκυλόδοντι περισφίγγουσα χαλινῷ
ξανθοφυῆς βλοσυροῖο δι' ἄρματος ἤγαγε Δηῷ
παῖδα καλυπτομένην νεφέλης κυανάμπυκι μίτρῃ,
115 καὶ κτύπον ἀντικέλευθον ἐπιβρομέοντος ἀπήνῃ
θηρονόμῳ μάλιστα κατερροίζησε Βορήος,
ἡερίης ἱππηδὸν ἐπεσσυμένων δρόμον αὖρης
ἀσταθέων πτερὰ κοῦφα περιστέλλουσα δρακόντων
ἀμφὶ κέρας Λιβυκοῖο παλίσσυντον Ὠκεανοῖο.
120 Δικταίης δ' αἰούσα μέλος κορυθαιόλον ἠχοῦς
Κρήτα χορὸν παράμειβε βαρυσμαράγιο βοείης
νῶτα περισκαίροντα κυβιστητῆρι σιδήρῳ.
καὶ τινα λάινον οἶκον ἐποπτεύουσα θεαίνῃ
Σικελίης τριλόφοιο Πελωρίδα δύσατο πέτρῃν
125 Ἀδριάδας παρὰ θῖνας, ὅπῃ χύσις ἄστατος ἄλμης
εἰς δύσιν ἐλκομένη περικάμπτεται εἴκελος ἄρπῃ,
εἰς Λίβα πομπεύουσα Βορειόθεν ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ·

καί, Κυανῆν ὄθι πυκνὰ ῥόος χυτλώσατο κούρην
κρηναίῳ στροφάλιγγι χέων ὀπήριον ὕδωρ,
130 γείτονα κόλπον ὅπως ἐσοσταθέοντα μελάθρῳ,
λαϊνέης ὀρόφοιο περιστεφθέντα καλύπτρῳ,
ὃν φύσις ἐθρίγκωσε χαραδραίῳ πυλεῶνι
λάινον ἱστὸν ἔχοντα μεμηλότα γείτοσι Νύμφαις.
καὶ θεὸς ὀρφναίοιο διερπύζουσα μελάθρου
135 παῖδα πολυσφρήγιστον ἐνέκρυφε φωλάδι πέτρῃ:
λυσάμενῃ δὲ δράκοντας ὑπετερύγων ἀπὸ δίφρων
τὸν μὲν δεξιτεροῖο παρὰ πρηῶνα θυρέτρου,
τὸν δὲ λιθογλώχινῃ πύλης παρὰ λαιὸν ὀχῆα
στήσεν ἀθηήτοιο φυλάκτορα Περσεφονείης:
140 κεῖθι δὲ Καλλιγένειαν, ἔῃν εὖπαιδα τιθήνην,
κάλλιπε σὺν ταλάροισι, καὶ ὀππόσα θήλει φύτλῃ
Παλλάδος εὐπαλάμοιο νέμει ταλασῆιος ἰδρώς:
καὶ ποσὶν ἡέρα τέμνεν, ἐρημονόμοις δὲ φυλάξαι
καμπύλα πετραίῃσιν ἐπέτρεπεν ἄρματα Νύμφαις.
145 ἀμφὶ δὲ καρχαρόδοντα γένυν πεπόνητο σιδήρου
εἰροκόμῳ ξαίνουσα περὶ κτενὶ λήνεα κούρη,
ἡλακάτῃ δ' ἐνέλισσε: πολυστροφάδεσσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
εἰλυφῶν ἄτρακτος ἔλιξ βητάρμονι παλμῷ
νηθομένων ἐχόρευε μίτων κυκλοῦμενος ὀλκῷ:
150 καὶ ποσὶ φοιταλέοισι παλίνδρομος ἄκρον ἀπ' ἄκρου
πρωτοπαγῇ ποίησε διάσματα, φάρεος ἀρχήν,
ἱστῷ δ' ἀμφὶς ἔλισσεν: ὕφαινε δὲ κερκίδι κούρη
πηνίον ἐξέλκουσα παρὲκ μίτον, ἀμφὶ δὲ πέπλῳ
γνωτὴν ἱστοτέλειαν ἔῃν ἐλίγαινε Ἀθήνην.
155 παρθένε Περσεφόνεια, σὺ δ' οὐ γάμον εὗρες ἀλύξαι,
ἀλλὰ δρακοντείοισιν ἐνυμφεύθης ὕμεναιόις,
Ζεὺς ὅτε πουλυέλικτος ἀμειβομένοιο προσώπου
νυμφίος ἱμερόεντι δράκων κυκλοῦμενος ὀλκῷ
εἰς μυχὸν ὀρφναίοιο διέστιχε παρθενεῶνος,
160 σείων δαυλὰ γένεια: παρισταμένων δὲ θυρέτρω
εὕνασεν ἱσοτύπων πεφορημένος ὄμμα δρακόντων...
καὶ γαμίαις γενέεσσι δέμας λιχμάζετο κούρης
μειλίχως. αἰθερίων δὲ δρακοντείων ὕμεναιῶν
Περσεφόνης γονόεντι τόκῳ κυμαίνεται γαστήρ,
165 Ζαχρέα γειναμένη, κερόεν βρέφος, ὃς Διὸς ἔδρης
μοῦνος ἐπουρανίης ἐπεβήσατο, χειρὶ δὲ βαιῇ
ἀστεροπὴν ἐλέλιξε νεηγενέος δὲ φορῆος
νηπιάχοις παλάμῃσιν ἐλαφρίζοντο κεραυνοί.
οὐδὲ Διὸς θρόνον εἶχεν ἐπὶ χρόνον: ἀλλὰ ἐ γύψῳ
170 κερδαλέῃ χρισθέντες ἐπὶ κλοπα κύκλα προσώπου
δαίμονος ἀστόργοιο χόλῳ βαρυμήνιος Ἥρης

Ταρταρίη Τιτῆνες ἐδηλήσαντο μαχαίρῃ
 ἀντιτύπῳ νόθον εἶδος ὀπιπεύοντα κατόπτρῳ.
 ἔνθα διχαζομένων μελέων Τιτῆνι σιδήρῳ
 175 τέρμα βίου Διόνυσος ἔχων παλινάγρετον ἀρχὴν
 ἄλλοφυῆς μορφοῦτο πολυσπερὲς εἶδος ἀμείβων,
 πῆ μὲν ἄτε Κρονίδης δόλιος νέος αἰγίδα σείων,
 πῆ δὲ γέρων βαρύγουνος ἄτε Κρόνος ὄμβρον ἰάλλων·
 ἄλλοτε ποικιλόμορφον ἔην βρέφος, ἄλλοτε κούρῳ
 180 εἵκελος οἴστρηθέντι, νέον δὲ οἱ ἄνθος ἰούλων
 ἄκροκελαινιόωντα κατέγραφε κύκλα προσώπου·
 πῆ δὲ χόλῳ δασπλῆτι λέων μιμηλὸς ἰάλλων
 φρικαλέον βρύχημα σεσηρότι μαίνεται λαίμῳ,
 ὀρθώσας πυκινῆσι κατάσκιον αὐχένα χαίταις,
 185 ἀμφελελιζομένης λασιότριχος ὑπόθι νώτου
 αὐτομάτῃ μάστιγι περιστίζων δέμας οὐρῆς·
 ἔνθα λεοντείοιο λιπῶν Ἰνδαλμα προσώπου
 ὑψιλόφῳ χρεμετισμὸν ὁμοῖον ἔβρεμεν ἵππῳ
 ἄζυγι, γαῦρον ὀδόντα μετοχμάζοντι χαλινοῦ,
 190 καὶ πολὺ λεύκαινε περιτρίβων γένυν ἀφρῶ·
 ἄλλοτε ῥοιζήεντα χέων συριγμὸν ὑπήνης
 ἀμφιλαφῆς φολίδεσσι δράκων ἐλέλικτο κεράστης,
 γλῶσσαν ἔχων προβλήτα κεχηνότος ἀνθερεῶνος,
 καὶ βλοσυρῷ Τιτῆνος ἐπεσκίρτησε καρήνῳ
 195 ὀρμὸν ἐχιδνήεντα περίπλοκον αὐχένι δῆσας·
 καὶ δέμας ἐρπηστῆρος ἀειδίνητον ἑάσας
 τίγρις ἔην, στίξας δέμας αἰόλον· ἄλλοτε ταῦρῳ
 ἰσοφυῆς, στομάτων δὲ νόθον μυκηθμὸν ἰάλλων
 θηγαλέῃ Τιτῆνας ἀνεστυφέλιξε κεραίῃ.
 200 καὶ ψυχῆς προμάχιζεν, ἔως ζηλήμονι λαίμῳ
 τρηχαλέον μύκημα δι' ἥερος ἔβρεμεν Ἥρη,
 μητρυιῇ βαρύμηνης, ἰσοφθόγγῳ δὲ θεαίνῃ
 αἰθέριον κελάδημα πύλαι κανάχιζον Ὀλύμπου,
 καὶ θρασὺς ὤκλασε ταῦρος· ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ φονῆς
 205 ταυροφυῇ Διόνυσον ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ.
 Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ, προτέροιο δαΐζομένου Διονύσου
 γινώσκων σκιόεντα τύπον δοδίοιο κατόπτρου,
 μητέρα Τιτήνων ἐλάσας ποινήτορι πυρσῷ
 Ζαγρέος εὐκεράοιο κατεκλήισσε φονῆας
 210 Ταρταρίῳ πυλεῶνι· καὶ αἰθομένων ἀπὸ δένδρων
 θερμὰ βαρυνομένης ἐμαραίνετο βόστρυχα γαίης.
 ἀντολὴν δ' ἔφλεξε καὶ αἰθαλόεντι βελέμνῳ
 αἶθετο Βάκτριον οὔδας ἑώιον, ἀγχιπόροις δὲ
 κύμασιν Ἀσσυρίοισιν ἐδαιετο Κάσπιον ὕδωρ,
 215 Ἰνδῶοι τε τένοντες· Ἐρυθραίοιο δὲ κόλπου

ἔμπυρα κυμαίνοντος Ἄραψ θερμαίνεται Νηρεὺς.
καὶ δύσιν ἀντικέλευθον ἔῳ πρήνιξε κεραυνῷ
Ζεὺς πυρόεις φιλότεκνος: ὑπὸ Ζεφύροιο δὲ ταρσῷ
ἡμιδαῆς σέδας ὕγρὸν ἀπέπτυνεν ἔσπερὶς ἄλμη,
²²⁰ Ἀρκτῶοι τε τένοντες: ὁμοφλεγέος δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
πηγνυμένης πάφλαζε Βορῆια νῶτα θαλάσσης:
καὶ Νοτίου νιφόεσσαν ὑπὸ κλίσιν Αἰγοκερῆος
θερμότερῳ σπινθῆρι μεσημβρινὸς ἔξεν ἀγκών.
καὶ διεροῖς βλεφάροις ποταμῆια δάκρυα λείβων
²²⁵ Ὠκεανὸς λιτάνευε χέων ἱκετήσιον ὕδωρ:
Ζεὺς δὲ χόλον πρήνυε, μαραινομένην δὲ καραυνῷ
γαῖαν ἰδὼν ἐλέαιρε, καὶ ἦθελεν ὕδατι νίψαι
λύματα τεφρήεντα καὶ ἔμπυρον ἔλκος ἀρούρης.
καὶ τότε γαῖαν ἅπασαν ἐπέκλυσεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς
²³⁰ πυκνῶσας νεφέεσσιν ὅλον πόλον, οὐρανὴν δὲ
βρονταίοις πατάγοισι Διὸς μυκήσατο σάλπιγξ,
ἀστέρες ὁππότε πάντες ἐνὶ σφετέροισι μελάνθοις
κεκριμένοι δρόμον εἶχον, ἐπεὶ τετράζυγι δίφρῳ
ἥελιος σελάγιζε λεοντείων ἐπὶ νώτων
²³⁵ ἵππεύων ἐὼν οἶκον: ἐπιτροχόωσα δὲ δίφρῳ
καρκίνον ὀκταπόδην τριφυῆς κυκλοῦτο Σελήνη,
καὶ δροσερὴν ὑπὸ πέζαν ἰσημερίῳ παρὰ κύκλῳ
Κύπρις ἀπὸ Κριοῖο μεταστήσασα κεραίης
εἰαρινὸν δόμον εἶχεν, ἀχείμονα Ταῦρον Ὀλύμπου,
²⁴⁰ γείτων δ' Ἥελίοιο προάγγελον Ἰστοβοῆος
σκορπίον εἶχεν Ἄρης, μιτρούενον αἴθιοπι Ταύρῳ,
δόχμιος ἀντικέλευθον ὀπιπεύων Ἀφροδίτην,
καὶ τελέων λυκάβαντα δυωδεκάμηνος ὀδίτης
ἰχθύας ἀστερόεντας ἐπέτρεχεν ἀκρόνυχος Ζεὺς,
²⁴⁵ δεξιτερὴν τρίπλευρον ἔχων ἐλικώδεα Μήνην,
καὶ Κρόνος ὄμβρια νῶτα διέστιχεν Αἰγοκερῆος
φέγγει παχνήεντι διάβροχος, ἀμφὶ δὲ φαιδρῇ
παρθενικῇ περυγέσσιν ἔην ὑψούμενος Ἑρμῆς,
ὅττι Δίκην δόμον εἶχε δικασπὸλος. ἐπταπόρου δὲ
²⁵⁰ αἰθέρος ὕδατόεντες ἀνωίχθησαν ὀχῆες
Ζηνὸς ἐπομβρήσαντος: ἐριφλοίσβοιο δὲ κόλπου
κρουνοῖς πλειοτέροισιν ἐμυκήσαντο χαράδραι,
ὕδρηλαὶ δὲ θύγατρες ἀποσπάδες Ὠκεανοῖο
λίμναι ἐκουφίζοντο, καὶ ἥερι νέρτερον ὕδωρ
²⁵⁵ κρουνοὶ ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀνέβλυον Ὠκεανοῖο,
καὶ σκοπιαὶ ραθάμιζον, ὀρεσσιχῦτῳ δὲ ῥέεθρῳ
δοφαλέαι ποταμηδὸν ἐμορμύροντο κολῶναι:
ὕψωθη δὲ θάλασσα, καὶ εἰς ὄρος ὑψόθι λόχμησ
Νηρείδες γεγάσιν Ὀρειάδες. ἃ μέγα δειλή,

260 χερσὶν ἀπειρήτοισιν ἐνήχετο παρθένος Ἥχῳ
ἀρχαίης φόβον ἄλλον ἀμειβομένη περὶ μίτρης,
μὴ ποτε Πᾶνα φυγοῦσα Ποσειδάωνι μιγείη.
ποντοπόροι δὲ λέοντες ἀήθεος ἔνδοθι πέτρης
χερσαίων ἐχόρευον ἐνὶ σπήλυγγι λεόντων
265 μυδαλέοις μελέεσσι: χαραδραίῳ δ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ
εἰναλίῳ δελφῖνι συνήντετο κάπρος ἀλήτης:
καὶ ξυνοῖς ῥοθίοισιν ὀρεσσιχύτου νιφετοῖο
θῆρες ἐναυτίλλοντο σὺν ἰχθύσιν: εἰλικόεις δὲ
πούλυπος οὖρεσίφοιτος ἐπεσκίρτησε λαγωῷ.
270 καὶ διεροὶ Τρίτωνες ὑπὸ σφυρὰ φωλάδος ὕλης
ἔγχλοον αἰθύσσοντες ἐπ' ἐξῦ διπτυχον οὐρὴν
Πανὸς ὀρεσσαύλοισιν ἐνεκρύπτοντο μελάθροις,
σύμπλοον ἡερίοισιν ἐπιτρέψαντες ἀήταις
στικτὴν ἠθάδα κόχλον: ἐν εὐύδρῳ δὲ κολώνῃ
275 Πανὶ φιλοσκοπέλῳ μετανάστιος ἦντετο Νηρεὺς,
καὶ ναέτης πετραῖος ὄρος μετὰ πόντον ἀμείβων
μυδαλέην σύριγγα διαπλώουσαν ἐάσας:
ἰκμαλέον σπέος εἶχεν ὑπωροφίης δόμον Ἥχοϋς.
καὶ διερῷ τότε φῶτες ἀνοιδαίνοντες ὀλέθρῳ
280 ὕδασι τυμβεύοντο, πολὺς δέ τις ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
πλώετο κυματόεντι νέκυς πεφορημένος ὀλκῷ:
καὶ νιφετῷ κελάδοντι κεχηνότος ἀνθερεῶνος
χανδὸν ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιῳ πίων ὀρεσίδρομον ὕδωρ
πῖπτε λέων, πέσε κάπρος. ὁμοζεύκτῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
285 λίμναι ὁμοῦ ποταμοῖσι, Διὸς ῥόος, ὕδατα πόντου
ἀλλήλοισ κεκέραστο, καὶ εἰν ἐνὶ τέσσαρες αὖραι
συμμιγέων ἀνέμων ἐπεμάστιον ἄκριτον ὕδωρ.
καὶ διερὴν χθόνα πᾶσαν ἰδὼν ὑπὸ μείζονι παλμῷ
μοῦνον ἀπειλητῆρι τινασσομένην Διὸς ὄμβρῳ
290 πόντιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἔην ἔρριπεν ἀκωκὴν
ἀσχαλῶων, τίνα γαῖαν ἀνοχλίσσειε τριαινῇ.
Νηρεΐδων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέπλεον ἄβροχον ὕδωρ:
καὶ χλοερῆς Θέτιν εἶχεν ἐπ' ἰξυὸς ὑγρὸς ὀδίτης,
τρίτων εὐρυγένειος, ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντι δὲ νώτῳ
295 πομπίλον ἠνιόχευεν ἐν ἡέρι φοιτᾶς Ἀγαυή,
καὶ λόφον ὕδατόεντι φέρων κυκλοῦμενον ὀλκῷ,
Δωρίδα κουφίζων, μετανάστιος ἔτρεχε δελφίς.
καὶ βυθίη φάλλαινα περισκαίρουσα κολώναις
πλάζετο, μαστεύουσα χαμευνάδος ἄντρα λεαίνης.
300 καὶ τότε κυματόεσσαν ἰδὼν ὑπὸ γείτονα πέτρην
νηχομένην Γαλάτειαν ἀνίαχε μυδαλέος Πάν:
'Πῇ φέρεαι, Γαλάτεια, δι' οὖρεος ἀντὶ θαλάσσης;
μὴ τάχα μαστεύεις ἐρατὴν Κύκλωπος αἰοιδήν;

πρὸς Παφίης λίτομαι σε καὶ ὑμετέρου Πολυφήμου,
305 μὴ κρύψῃς δεδαυῖα βαρὺν πόθον, εἰ παρὰ πέτραις
νηχομένην ἐνόησας ἐμὴν ὀρεσίδρομον Ἥχῳ.
ἦ ῥά σοι ἶσον ἔχει διεπὸν δρόμον; ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὴ
ἐξοθὲν δελφῖνι θαλασσαίης Ἀφροδίτης,
ὥς Θέτις ἀκρήδεμνος, ἐμὴ ναυτίλλεται Ἥχῳ;
310 δεῖδια, μὴ μιν ὄρινε δυσάντεα κύματα πόντου:
δεῖδια, μὴ μιν ἔκλυθε μέγας ῥόος· ὥς ἄρα δειλὴ
ἄστατος ἐν πελάγεσσι μετ' οὖρεα κύματα βαίνει:
ἦ ποτε πετρήεσσα φανήσεται ὕδριās Ἥχῳ.
ἀλλὰ τεδὸν Πολύφημον ἔα βραδύν· ἦν ἐθελήσῃς,
315 αὐτὸς ἐμοῖς ὥμοισιν ἀερτάζων σε σάωσω:
οὐ με κατακλύζει κελάδων ῥόος· ἦν ἐθελήσω,
ἔχνεσιν αἰγείοισιν ἐλεύσομαι εἰς πόλον ἄστρον.
ὥς φαμένῳ Γαλάτεια τόσῃν ἀντίαχε φωνήν:
'Πᾶν φίλε, σὴν ἀνάειρε δι' οἶδατος ἄπλοον Ἥχῳ:
320 μὴ με μάτην ἐρέεινε, τί σήμερον ἐνθάδε βαίνω:
ἄλλον ἐμοὶ πλόον εὗρεν ὑπέρτερον ὑέτιος Ζεὺς.
καὶ γλυκερὴν περ ἐοῦσαν ἔα Κύκλωπος ἀοιδήν.
οὐκέτι μαστεύω Σικελὴν ἄλα· τοσσατίου γὰρ
τάρβος ἔχω νιφετοῖο καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγω Πολυφήμου.'
325 εἶπε, καὶ ὑγροπόροιο παρήλυθε Πανὸς ἐναύλους.
πυκνά δὲ κυμαίνοντος ἄμαιμακέτου νιφετοῖο
πᾶσα πόλις, πᾶς δῆμος ἔην ῥόος· οὐδέ τις ἀγκῶν
ἄβροχος ἦν, οὐ γυμνὸς ἔην λόφος, οὐ ῥίον Ὀσσης,
οὐ τότε Πήλιον ἄκρον· ὑπὸ τριλόφῳ δὲ κολώνῃ
330 Τυρσηνὸς κελάδησεν· ἱμασσομένοιο δὲ πόντου
Ἀδριάδες Σικελοῖσιν ἐρόχθεον ὕδασι πέτραι
ὀμβρηροῖς ῥοθίοισιν. ἐν ἡερίῃ δὲ κελεύθῳ
μαρμαρυγαὶ Φαέθοντος ἐθηλύνοντο ῥεέθροις:
ζώνῃ δ' ἐβδομάτῃ χθαμαλῆς ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα πέζης
335 κύμασιν ἠλιβάτοισι σέλας ψύξασα Σελήνῃ
μυδαλέων ἀνέκοψε λελουμένον αὐχένα ταύρων:
ἀστραίῃ δὲ φάλαγγι μεμιγμένον ὄμβριον ὕδωρ
λευκοτέρην ποίησε Γαλαξαίην Ἴτυν ἀφρῶ.
καὶ ῥοθίῳ γονόνεντι χέων ἐπτάστομον ὕδωρ
340 Ἀλφειῷ δυσέρωτι συνήντετο Νεῖλος ἀλήτης,
ὣν ὁ μὲν εὐκάρποιο δι' αὐλάκος ἤθελεν ἔρπειν
τέρπων ἱκμαλέοισι φιλήμασι διψάδα νύμφην,
ὅς δὲ παραΐξας προτέρην ὁδὸν ἠθάδος ἀγρῆς
ἀχνύμενος πεφόρητο· συνερπύζοντα δὲ λεύσσω
345 Πύραμον ἡμερόεντα τόσῃν ἀνενεῖκατο φωνήν:
'Νεῖλε, τί κεν ῥέξαιμι καλυπτομένης Ἀρεθοῦσης;
Πύραμε, τί σπεύδεις; τίني κάλλιπες ἠθάδα Θίσβην;

ὄλβιος Εὐφρήτης, ὅτι μὴ λάχε κέντρον Ἐρώτων.
ζῆλον ἔχω καὶ δεῖμα μεμιγμένον· ὕδατόεις γὰρ
350 ἱμερτῇ παρίαυε τάχα Κρονίδης Ἀρεθοῦση·
δειδία, μὴ προχοῇσι τεῖην νυμφεύσατο Θίσβην.
Πύραμος, Ἀλφειοῖο παραίφασις, ἡμέας ἄμφω
οὐ Διὸς ὄμβρος ὄρινεν, ὅσον βέλος ἀφρογενείης.
ἔσπεό μοι φιλέοντι, Συρηκοσίης δ' Ἀρεθοῦσης
355 ἔχνια μαστεύσω, σὺ δέ, Πύραμε, δίξεο Θίσβην.
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι γαῖα τινάσσεται, ὅτι χαλέπτοι
οὐρανός, ὅτι θάλασσα βιάζεται, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸς
ἄπλοος ἀφριόωντι ῥόῳ κυμαίνεται αἰθήρ·
οὐκ ἄλέγω νιφετοῖο μεμνηνός, ἃ μέγα θαῦμα·
360 αἰθομένην Διὸς ὄμβρος ὅλην χθόνα καὶ φλόγα πόντου
καὶ ποταμοὺς ἐκάθηρεν, ἅπ' Ἀλφειοῖο δὲ μούνου
οὐτιδανὸν Παφίης οὐκ ἔσβεσεν ἀπτόμενον πῦρ.
ἔμπης, εἰ κλονέει με τόσος ῥόος, εἰ πυρὶ κάμνω,
βαῖον ἐμῆς ὀδύνης πέλε φάρμακον, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸς
365 πλάζεται ἀβρὸς Ἄδωνις ἀνιάζων Ἀφροδίτην.
οὐ πω μῦθος ἔλγηε, φόβος δ' ἐβίησατο φωνήν.
καὶ τότε Δευκαλίων περὶ ὧν ὑφούμενον ὕδωρ
ναυτίλος ἦν ἀκίχητος, ἔχων πλόον ἡεροφοίτην,
καὶ στόλος αὐτοκέλευθος ἄτερ ποδός, ἄμμορος ὄρμου,
370 λάρνακος αὐτοπόροιο κατέγραφε δύσνιφον ὕδωρ.
καὶ νῦν κε κόσμος ἄκοσμος ἐγίνετο, καὶ νῦν κεν ἀνδρῶν
ἄσπορον ἁρμονίην ἀνελύσατο πάντροφος Αἰὼν·
ἀλλὰ Διὸς ζαθέοις ὑπὸ νεύμασι κυανοχαίτης
Θεσσαλικοῦ σκοπέλοιο μεσόμφαλον ἄκρον ὀρύξας
375 γειοτόμῳ τριόδοντι διέσχισε, καὶ διὰ μέσσου
ῥηγνυμένου πρηῶνος ἐχάζετο μάρμαρον ὕδωρ·
καὶ χύσιν ὑψικέλευθον ἀπωσαμένη νιφετοῖο
γαῖα φάνη παλινόρσος· ἐλαυνομένων δὲ ῥεέθρων
εἰς βυθίους κευθμῶνας ἐγυμνώθησαν ἐρίπναι.
380 καὶ χθονὸς ὕγρὰ μέτωπα χέων πολυδίψιον αἶγλην
ἥελιος ξήραινε· παχυνομένων δὲ ῥοάων
θερμότεραις ἀκτῖσιν ἐχερσώθη πάλιν ἱλὺς
οἷα πάρος. βροτῆ δὲ τετυγμένα μείζονι τέχνῃ
ἄστεα λαϊνέοισιν ἐνεστήρικτο θεμέθλοις,
385 δωμήθη δὲ μέλαθρα, νεοκτίστων δὲ πολλῶν
ἀρτιγόνους μερόπεσιν ἐρυμνώθησαν ἀγνιαί.
καὶ φύσις ἅψ ἐγέλασσε· συνιπταμένων δὲ θυέλλαις
ὀρνίθων πετρύγεσιν ἐρετμώθη πάλιν ἡήρ.

BOOK 7

ἔβδομον ἱκεσίην πολιὴν Αἰῶνος αἰίδει
καὶ Σεμέλην καὶ ἔρωτα Διδὸς καὶ φῶριον εὐνήν.
ἦδη δ' ἀενάοιο βίου παλιναυξέει καρπῷ
ἄρσενά θηλυτέρῃ γόνιμον σπόρον αὖλακι μιξας
ἄσπορον ἤροσε κόσμον Ἔρωτος, φιλόττος ἀροτρεύς·
καὶ φύσις ἐρρίζωτο, τιθηνήτειρα γενέθλης,
5 καὶ χθονὶ πῦρ κεράσασα καὶ ἥερι σύμπλοκον ὕδωρ
ἀνδρομέην μόρφωσε γονὴν τετράζυγι δεσμῷ.
ἀλλὰ βίον μερόπων ἑτερότροπος εἶχεν ἀνὴρ
ἀρχόμενον καμάτοιο καὶ οὐ λήγοντα μερίμνης.
καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι δυηπαθέων γένος ἀνδρῶν
10 ἄμμορον εὐφροσύνης ἐπεδείκνυε σύντροφος Αἰών·
οὐ πῶ γὰρ τοκετοῖο λεχώια νήματα λύσας
Βάκχον ἀνηκόντιζε πατήρ ἐγκύμονι μηρῷ,
ἀνδρομέης ἄμπαυμα μεληδόνοτος· οὐ τότε λοιβὴ
ἠερίου ἐμέθυσε πόρους εὐώδεϊ καπνῷ
15 οἶνοβαφής, στεφάνους δὲ θεῶν λειμωνίδι ποιῇ
θυγατέρες λυκάβαντος ἀτερπέες ἔπλεκον Ὠραι·
οἶνου γὰρ χρέος ἦεν· ἀβακχεύτου δὲ χορείης
ἡμιτελῆς ἀνόνητος ἔην χάρις· ἀγρομένων γὰρ
ὄμματα μοῦνον ἔθελγεν, ὅτε στροφάδεσσιν ἐρωαῖς
20 ὄρχηστήρ πολὺκυκλος ἐλίσσετο λαίλαπι ταρσῶν,
νεύματα μῦθον ἔχων, παλάμην στόμα, δάκτυλα φωνήν.
ἀλλὰ Διδὸς πετάσας ἐπὶ γούνασι λευκάδα χαίτην
αἰῶν ποικιλόμορφος, ἔχων κληῖδα γενέθλης,
ἱκεσίης ὀρέγεν κεχαλασμένον ὀλκὸν ὑπὴνης,
25 εἶχε λιτάς· δαπέδῳ δὲ καθελκομένοιο καρήνου
ἐκταδίην ἔθλιψε ῥάχιν κυρτούμενος αὐχὴν·
καὶ ποδὸς ὀκλάζοντος ἀτέρμονα χεῖρα τιταίνων
ἀενάου βιότοιο γέρων ἐφθέξατο ποιμήν·
‘Ζεῦ ἄνα, καὶ σὺ δόκευε κατηφέος ἄλγεα κόσμου.
30 οὐχ ὁράας, ὅτι γαῖαν ὅλην οἷστροησεν Ἐνυῶ
ῶριον ἀμώουσα ταχυφθιμένης στάχυν ἥβης;
οὐ πῶ λείψανα κεῖνα παρήλυθεν, ἐξ ὅτε φωτῶν
ἐκλυσας ἔθνεα πάντα, καὶ ἠερίου ῥόος ὄμβρου
ἠέρα κυμαίνων ἐπεπάφλασε γείτονι Μῆνι.
35 χαίρετ' ὦκυμόρων μερόπων βίος, ὧν ἐπὶ πότμῳ
οὐρανίους οἶηκας ἀναίνομαι οὐκέτι κόσμου
πείσμα κυβερνήσω· μακάρων δέ τις ἄλλος ἀρείων
πηδάλιον βιότοιο παλιννόστοιο δεχέσθω·
ἄλλος ἐμῶν ἐτέων ἐχέτω δρόμον· αἰνοπαθεὺς γὰρ

40 οἰκτεῖρων ἐμόγησα πολυτλήτων γένος ἀνδρῶν.
ἄρκιον οὐ πέλε γῆρας, ὃ περ νεότητα μαραίνει
καὶ βραδὺν ἄνδρα τίθησι κάτω νεύοντι καρῆνῳ,
κυφός ὅτε τρομερῇσι περισσοπόδεσσι πορεΐαις
γηροκόμῳ βαρὺγουνος ἐρείδεται ἡθάδι βάκτρῳ:
45 ἄρκιος οὐ πέλε πότμος, ὃς ἔκρυφε πολλάκι Λήθη
νυμφίον ἀρτιχόρευτον ὁμόστολον ἥλικι νύμφῃ,
συζυγίης ἀλύτοιο φερέσβια πείσματα λύσας.
οἶδα μὲν, ὥς ἐρόεις πέλεται γάμος, ἦχι λιγαίνει
Πανιάδος σύριγγος ὁμόθροος αὐλὸς Ἀθήνης:
50 ἔμπης, ποῖον ὄνειαρ, ὅτε ζυγίῳ παρὰ παστῶ
ἐπτατόνου φόρμιγγος ἀράσσεται ὄρθιος ἦχώ;
πηκτίδες οὐ λύουσι μεληδόνας: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
νυμφιδίην ἀχόρευτος Ἔρωσ ἀπεσείσατο πεύκην
τερπωλῆς χατέοντας ὀπιπεύων ὕμεναιους.
55 ἀλλὰ πολυκμήτων μερόπων ἐπὶ ληθον ἀνίης
φάρμακον ἐρρίζωτο βιοσσόον: οὐράνιον γὰρ
οὐκ ὄφελ' ἐν ποτε κεῖνο πίθου κρήδεμνον ἀνοῖξαι
ἀνδράσι Πανδῶρῃ γλυκερὸν κακόν. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
ἀνδρομέης κακότητος ἐπαίτιός ἐστι Προμηθεύς,
60 ὃς μογερῶν μερόπων ἐπικήδεται: ἀρχεκάκου γὰρ
ἀντὶ πυρὸς γλυκὺ νέκταρ, ὃ περ μακάρων φρένα τέρπει,
κλέψαι μᾶλλον ὄφελ' ἐκείνῳ ἀνδράσι δῶρον ὁπάσσαι,
ὄφρα τεῶν σκεδάσειε ποτῶν μελεδήματα κόσμου.
ἀλλὰ λιπὼν βιότοιο πολυφλοίσβοιο μερίμνας
65 σὰς τελετὰς σκοπίαζε κατηφέας: ἦ ῥά σε θέλγει
ἀσπὸνδων θυέων ἀνεμῶλιος ἀτμός ἀλήτης;
ὥς φαμένοιο γέροντος ἐπὶ χρόνον ἔμφρονι σιγῇ
μῆτιν ἐὴν ἐλέλιζεν ἀτέρμονα μητίετα Ζεὺς:
καὶ φρενὸς ἡνία λῦσεν: ἐπασσύτερησι δὲ βουλαῖς
70 ἐγκεφάλου γονόεντος ἐδινεύοντο μενοιναί.
καὶ Κρονίδης Αἰῶνι θεηγόρον ἴαχε φωνὴν
ἄξονος ὁμφέντος ὑπέρτερα θεσφата φαίνων:
ᾧ πάτερ, ἀενάων ἐτέων αὐτόσπορε ποιμήν,
μὴ νεμέσα: βροτὴ γὰρ ἁώριος οὐ ποτε λήγει
75 πληθομένη μινύθουσα φύσις, μίμημα σελήνης.
νέκταρ ἔα μακάρεσσι, καὶ ἀνδράσιν ἄλκαρ ἀνίης
αὐτοχύτῳ γλυκὺν οἶνον ἐοικότα νέκταρι δώσω:
ἄλλο ποτὶν μερόπεσσιν ἐφάρμενον: ἀρχέγονος δὲ
ἄχνηται εἰσέτι κόσμος, ἕως ἕνα παῖδα λοχεύσω.
80 τίκτω ἐγὼ γενέτης, καὶ τλήσομαι ἄρσενι μηρῶ
θηλυτέρας ὠδῖνας, ὅπως ὠδῖνα σαώσω.
χθιζὰ μὲν εὐρύαλως ἐμῆς ὑπὸ νεύματι Διοῦς
γαῖα χαρασσομένη σταχύνων μνηστῆρι σιδήρῳ

ξηρὸν ἀμαλλοτόκοιο λοχεύσατο καρπὸν ἄρουρης.
85 ἦδη δ' ἀγλαόδωρος ἑμὸς πάϊς ἐν χθονὶ πῆξει
ὕγρὸν ἄκεσσιπόνοιο θυώδεα καρπὸν ὀπώρης,
νηπενθῆς Διόνυσος, ἀπενθέα βότρυν ἀέξων,
ἀντίπαλος Δήμητρι· καὶ αἰνήσεις με δοκεύων
ἄμπελον οἶνοτόκοισιν ἐρευθιώσαν ἐέρσαις
90 εὐφροσύνης κήρυκα, καὶ ἀγρονόμους παρὰ ληνῶ
ποσσὶ βαρυνομένοισιν ἐπιθλίβοντας ὀπώρην,
Βασσαρίδων τε φάλαγγα φιλεύιον ὑφόθεν ὤμων
ἄπλοκον αἰθύσσουσιν ἐς ἡέρα λυσσάδα χαίτην·
καὶ φρένα βακχεύσαντες ἀμοιβαιοῖσι κυτέλλοις
95 πάντες ἀνευάξουσιν ἐπ' εὐκελάδοιο τραπέζης
ἀνδρομέης Διόνυσον ἀλεξητῆρα γενέθλης·
τοῦτον ἀεθλεύσαντα μετὰ χθόνα σύνδρομον ἄστρον,
γηγενέων μετὰ δῆριν, ὁμοῦ μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
Ζηνὶ συναστράπτοντα δεδέξεται αἰόλος αἰθήρ.
100 καὶ θεὸς ἡμερίδων ἐπικείμενον οἶνοπι κισσῶ
ὥς στέφος ἐρπηστῆρα περὶ πλοκάμοισιν ἐλίξας...
σῆμα νέης θεότητος ἔχων ὀφιώδεα μίτρην·
καὶ μακάρων ὁμότιμος ἐπώνυμος ἀνδράσιν ἔσται
ἄμπελόεις Διόνυσος, ἅτε χρυσόρραπτις Ἑρμῆς,
105 χάλκεος ὥς περ Ἄρης, ἐκατηβόλος ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων.'
εἶπε πατήρ· Μοῖραι δὲ συνήνεον· ἀμφὶ δὲ μύθῳ
ἔσσομένων κήρυκες ἐπέπτарον εὐποδες ὦραι.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς εἰπόντε διέτμαγεν, ὃς μὲν ἱκάνων
οἶκον ἐς Ἀρμονίης, ὃ δὲ ποικίλον εἰς δόμον Ἥρης.
110 καὶ σοφὸς αὐτοδίδακτος Ἔρωι αἰῶνα νομεύων
πρωτογόνου Χάεος ζοφεροῦς πυλεῶνας ἀράξας
ἰοδόκην ἐκόμισσε θεήλατον, ἧ ἔνι μούνη
εἰς πόθον ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἐπιχθονίων ὑμεναίων
Ζηνὶ πυριτρεφές πεφυλαγμένοι ἦσαν οἵστοι
115 δώδεκα, καὶ χρύσειον ἔπος μετρηδὸν ἐκάστω
ἔγραφεν εἰς μέσα νῶτα ποθοβλήτοιο φαρέτρης·
'πρῶτος ἄγει Κρονίωνα βοώπιδος εἰς λέχος Ἰοῦς':
'δεύτερος Εὐρώπην μνηστεύεται ἄρπαγι ταύρῳ':
'Πλουτοῦς εἰς ὑμέναιον ἄγει τρίτος ἀρχὸν Ὀλύμπου':
120 'τέτρατος εἰς Δανάην καλεῖ χρύσειον ἀκοίτην':
'πέμπτος ἐπεντύνει Σεμέλῃ φλογεροῦς ὑμεναίους':
'αἰετὸν Αἰγίνῃ πρόμον αἰθέρος ἕκτος ὀπάξει':
'ἔβδομος Ἀντιόπην Σατύρῳ δολόεντι συνάπτει':
'ὄγδοος ἔμφρονα κύκνον ἄγει γυμνόχροϊ Λήδῃ':
125 'εἵνατος ἵππια λέκτρα φέρει Περραιβίδι Διῇ':
'θέλγεται Ἀλκμήνης δεκάτῳ τρισέληνος ἀκοίτης':
'ἐνδέκατος μεθέπει νυμφεύματα Λαοδαμείης':

‘δωδέκατος τρισέλικτον Ὀλυμπιάδος πόσιν ἔλκει.’
ἀλλ’ ὅτε πάντας ὅπωπεν Ἔρωσ στοιχηδὸν ἀφάσσων,
130 ἄλλους μὲν μεθέηκε πυριγλώχινας ὀιστοὺς,
χειρὶ δὲ πέμπτον ἄειρε καὶ ἥρμοσεν αἴθοπι νευρῇ
κισσὸν ἐπὶ γλωχῖνι βαλὼν πτερόεντος ὀιστοῦ,
δαίμονος ἀμπελόεντος ἵνα στέφος ἄρμενον εἴη,
νεκταρέου κρητῆρος ὅλον βέλος ἱκμάδι βάψας,
135 νεκταρέην ἵνα Βάκχος ἀεξήσειεν ὀπώρην.
ὄφρα μὲν εἰς Διὸς οἶκον Ἔρωσ κουφίζετο παλμῷ,
τόφρα δὲ καὶ Σεμέλη ῥοδοειδεὶ σύνδρομος ὄρθρω
ἀργυρέης ἐτίταινε δι’ ἄστεος ἦχον ἱμάσθλης
ἡμιόνους ἐλάουσα, καὶ ὄρθιος ἄκρα κονίης
140 λεπτὸς ἐυκνήμιδος ἐπέγραφεν ὀλκὸς ἀπτήνης:
ὄμμασι γὰρ Ληθαῖον ἀμεργομένη πτερὸν Ὕπνου
ἀντιτύπῳ πόμπευεν ἀλήμονα θυμὸν ὀνειρῶ
θέσφατα ποικίλλοντι, καὶ ἀρτιγόνοισι κορυμβοῖς
ἔλπετο καλλιπέτηλον ἰδεῖν φυτὸν ἔνδοθι κήπου
145 ἔγχλοον, οἶδαλέῳ βεβαρημένον ὄμφακι καρπῷ,
νιφόμενον Κρονίωνος ἀξιφύτοισιν ἐέρσαις:
ἐξαπίνης δὲ πεσοῦσα δι’ αἰθέρος οὐρανίη φλόξ
δένδρον ὅλον πρήνιζεν, ἐοῦ δ’ οὐχ ἦπτετο καρποῦ:
ἀλλὰ μιν ἀρπόξας τανυσίπτερος ὄρνις ἀλήτης
150 ἡμιτελῇ χατέοντα τελεσσιγόνοιο λοχείης
ὦρεγε μὲν Κρονίῳ: πατήρ δὲ μιν ἡδέι κόλπῳ
δέκτο λαβὼν, μηρῷ δὲ συνέρραφεν: ἀντὶ δὲ καρποῦ
ταυροφυῆς κερόεντι τύπῳ μορφούμενος ἀνὴρ
αὐτοτελὴς βλάστησεν ὑπὲρ βουβῶνα τοκῆος:
155 καὶ Σεμέλη φυτὸν ἦεν, ὑπερφρίσσουσα δὲ κούρη
ἐκ λεχέων ἀνέπαλτο καὶ ἐπτοίησε τοκῆα
εὐπετάλων ἐνέπουσα σελασφόρον ἀτμὸν ἀνείρων.
καὶ Σεμέλης δεδόνητο φυτὸν πυρίκαυτον ἀκούων
Κάδμος ἄναξ: καλέσας δὲ θεηγόρον υἷα Χαρικλοῦς
160 πρῶιος αἰθαλόεντας ἐπέφραδε παιδὸς ὀνείρους.
καὶ τότε Τειρεσίαο δεδεγμένος ἔνθεον ὄμφην
παῖδα πατήρ προέηκεν ἐς ἠθάδα νηδὸν Ἀθήνης
Ζηνὶ θυηπολέουσαν ἀκοντιστῆρι κεραυνοῦ
ταῦρον ὁμοκραίριοι φυῆς Ἰνδαλμα Λυαίου,
165 καὶ τράγον ἐσσομένης σταφυλητόμον ἐχθρὸν ὀπώρης.
ἐνθεν ἔβη πρὸ πόλῃος, ὅπως Διὶ βωμὸν ἀνάψῃ,
ἀστεροπῆς μεδέοντι: παρισταμένη δὲ θυηλαῖς
αἵματι κόλπῳ ἔδευσε, φόνῳ δ’ ἐρραίνεται κούρη:
καὶ πλοκάμους ἐδῆναν ἀφειδέες αἵματος ὀλκοί,
170 καὶ βοέαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐπορφύροντο χιτῶνες:
καὶ δρόμον ἰθύνουσα βαθυσχοίνῳ παρὰ ποίῃ

γείτονος Ἀσωποῖο μετέστιχε πάτριον ὕδωρ
παρθένος αἰολόπεπλος, ἵνα σμήξειε ῥέεθροις
στικτὰ πολυρραθάμιγγι δεδευμένα φάρεα λύθρῳ.
180 καὶ Σεμέλην ὀρώσῃ παρ' Ἀσωποῖο ῥέεθροις
λουομένην ἐγέλασεν ἐν ἡέρι φοιτὰς Ἑρινὺς
μνησαμένη Κρονίωνος, ὅτι ξυνήονι πότμῳ
ἀμφοτέρους ἤμελλε βαλεῖν φλογόεντι κεραυνῷ.
κεῖθι δέμας φαίδρυνε, σὺν ἀμφιπόλοισι δὲ γυμνῇ
185 χεῖρας ἐρετμώσασα δι' ὕδατος ἔτρεχε κούρη·
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἀδιάντον ἐκούφισεν ἰδομένη τέχνη
ὑψι τιτανομένην ὑπὲρ οἴδματος, ἄχρι κομῶν
ὕγροβαφῆς, καὶ στέρνον ἐπιστορέσασα ῥέεθρῳ
ποσσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ὀπίστερον ὥθεεν ὕδωρ.
175 καὶ φόρον ἄλλον ἔδεκτο, καὶ ὑπόθι γείτονος ὄχθης
ἡῶν παρὰ πέζαν ἀλεξικάκου Διονύσου
εἰς ῥόον, εἰς ἀνέμους ἀπεσεύσατο τάρβος ὄνειων.
οὐκ ἄθεε δὲ ῥέεθρα μετήιεν, ἀλλὰ ἐ κείνου
εἰς προχοᾶς ποταμοῖο προμάντιες ἤγαγον Ὠραι
190 οὐδὲ Διὸς λάθην ὄμμα πανόψιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρη
ὑψιφανῆς ἐλέλιζεν ἀτέρμονα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς.
καὶ βιοτῆς ἐπίκουρον ἐν ἡέρι τόξον ἀνέλκων
πατρὸς ὀπιπευτῆρος Ἑρως ἀντώπιος ἔστη,
τοξευτὴρ ἀκίχητος· ἐπ' ἀνθοκόμῳ δὲ βελέμνῳ
195 νευρὴ μὲν σελάγιζεν, ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ τόξου
ἐλκομένου ῥοίζησε σοφὸν βέλος Εὐϊον ἥχῳ.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ σκοπὸς ἦεν ὁ τηλίκος· οὐτιδανῶ δὲ
αὐχένα κάμψεν Ἑρωτι· καὶ εἵκελος ἀστέρος ὀλκῶ
συριγμῶ γαμῖῳ δεδονημένος ἰὸς Ἑρώτων
200 εἰς κραδίην Διὸς ἦλθε παράτροπος ἔμφρονι παλμῶ,
ἄκροτάταις γλυφίδεσσιν ἐπιγράψας πτύχα μηροῦ,
ἔσσομένου τοκετοῖο προάγγελος· ἔνθα Κρονίων
ἄστατον ὄμμα φέρων γαίης ὀχετηγὸν ἀνάγκης
παρθενικῆς ἐς ἔρωτα πόθου μαστίζετο κεστῶ·
205 καὶ Σεμέλην ὀρώων ἀνεπάλλετο, μὴ σχεδὸν ὄχθης
Εὐρώπην ἐνόησε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
κάμνε πάλιν Φοῖνικα φέρων πόθον· ἀγλαΐης γὰρ
τῆς αὐτῆς τύπον εἶχεν, αἰεὶ δὲ οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
πατροκασιγνήτης ἀμαρῦσσετο σύγγονος αἴγλη.
210 Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ δολόεσσαν ἐὴν ἠλλάξατο μορφήν,
καὶ Σεμέλης δι' ἔρωτα προῶριος αἰετὸς ἔπτη
ὑπόθεν Ἀσωποῖο, θυγατρογόνου ποταμοῖο,
Αἰγίνης ἄτε μάντις ἐυπτερύγων ὕμεναίων
ὄξυφαῆς μίμημα φέρων ὄρνιθος ὀπωπῆς·
215 αἰθέρα δὲ προλέλοιπε καὶ ἀγχιπόρου σχεδὸν ὄχθης

γυμνὸν ἔνυπλοκάμοιο δέμας διεμέτρεε κούρης·
 οὐ γὰρ ἰδεῖν μενέαινεν ἀπόπροθεν, ἀλλὰ δοκεῦειν
 ἀγχιφανῆς πάλλευκον ὄλον δέμας ἤθελε νύμφης,
 ὅττι τόσον καὶ τοῖον ἀτέρμονα πάντοθι πέμπων
 220 ὀφθαλμὸν περίμετρον, ὅλου θηήτορα κόσμου,
 ἄρκιον οὐ δοκέεσκεν ἰδεῖν μίαν ἄζυγα κούρην.
 καὶ ῥοδέοις μελέεσσιν ἐφοινίχθη μέλαν ὕδωρ,
 καὶ ῥόος ἱμερόεις ποταμῆιος ἔπλετο λειμῶν
 ἀστράπτων Χαρίτεσιν· ὀπιπεύουσα διὰ νύμφην
 225 νηϊὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀνήρυγε θαύματι φωνή·
 ‘Μὴ προτέρην μετὰ Κύπριν ἀμερσιγάμω Κρόνος ἄρπη
 μήδεα πατρὸς ἔτεμνεν, ἕως πάλιν ἀφρὸς ἐχέφρων
 εἰς τόκον αὐτοτέλεστον ἄγων μορφοῦμενον ὕδωρ
 ὀπλοτέρην ὥδινε θαλασσαῖην Ἀφροδίτην;
 230 μὴ ποταμὸς μετὰ πόντον ὁμοζήλοισι λοχείαις
 κύματος αὐτογόνοιο λεχώιον ὀλκὸν ἐλίσσων
 ἄλλην Κύπριν ἔτικτε, καὶ οὐχ ὑπόειξε θαλάσση;
 μὴ μία Μουσάων τις ἐμὸν πατρώιον ὕδωρ
 γείτονος ἐξ Ἑλικῶνος ἐδύσατο, καὶ τινη πηγῆς
 235 Πηγασίδος προλέλοιπε μελισταγῆς ἵππιον ὕδωρ
 ἢ ῥόον Ὀλμειοῖο; τιταιομένην δὲ ῥέεθροισι
 παρθένον ἀργυρόπεζαν ἔσω ποταμοῖο δοκεῦω·
 πείθομαι, ὥς ἐθέλουσα μολεῖν ἐπὶ Λάτμιον εὐνὴν
 εἰς λέχος Ἐνδυμίωνος, ἀκοιμήτοιο νομῆος,
 240 λούεται Ἀονίησιν ἐνὶ προχοῇσι Σελήνῃ·
 εἰ δὲ δέμας φαίδρυνε χάριν γλυκεροῖο νομῆος,
 τί χρέος Ἀσωποῖο μετὰ ῥόον Ὠκεανοῖο;
 εἰ δὲ καὶ αἰθερίην μεθέπει χιονώδεα μορφήν,
 μήνης ποῖον ἔχει σημήιον; ἀστομίω γὰρ
 245 οὐρήων ζυγόδεσμα καὶ ἀργυρόκυκλος ἀπήνη
 αἰγιαλῷ παρέασιν, ὑποξεῦξαι δὲ λεπάδνῳ
 ἡμιόνους οὐκ οἶδε βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνῃ.
 εἰ δὲ τις οὐρανίη θεὸς ἦλυθε — παρθενικῆς γὰρ
 γλαυκὰ γαληναίων βλεφάρων ἀμαρῦγματα λεύσω — ,
 250 καὶ τάχα Τειρεσίαο παλαιοτέρην μετὰ νεῖκην
 λούσατο δέρμα βαλοῦσα πάλιν γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνῃ.
 κούρῃ μὲν ῥοδόπηχυν ἔχει θεοειδέα μορφήν·
 εἰ δὲ μιν ἀγλαόφορτος ἐπιχθονίη τέκε γαστήρ,
 αἰθερίων Κρονίωνος ἐπάξιος ἔπλετο λέκτρων.’
 255 τοῖα μὲν ἐν ῥοθίοισιν ὑποβρυχίῃ φάτο φωνή
 Ζεὺς δὲ πυριγλώχινι πόθου δεδονημένος οἴστρω
 νηχομένης πάπταινε ῥοδόχροα δάκτυλα κούρης·
 ἀσταθέος δ’ ἐλέλιζεν ἀλήμονα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
 πῆ μὲν ὀπιπεύων ῥοδέου σπινθῆρα προσώπου,

260 πῆ δὲ βοογλήνων βλεφάρων σέλας, ἄλλοτε χαίτην
 πλαζομένην ἀνέμοισι, παρελκομένων δὲ κομάων
 ἄσκεπτος σκοπιάζεν ἐλεύθερον αὐχένα κούρησι·
 στέρνα δὲ μᾶλλον ὅπως, κατὰ Κρονίδαο δὲ γυμνοὶ
 μαζοὶ ἐθωρήθησαν ἀκοντιστῆρες Ἑρώτων·
 265 καὶ χροὰ πάντα δόκευεν· ἀθηήτοιο δὲ μούνου
 ὄμμασιν αἰδομένοισι παρήλυθεν ὄργια κόλπου.
 καὶ Διὸς αἰθερίοιο νόος μετανάστιος ἔρπων
 νηχομένη Σεμέλῃ συνενήχετο· θελγομένῳ δὲ
 ἡδυμανῇ σπινθῆρα δεδεγμένος ἠθάδι θυμῷ
 270 παιδί πατήρ ὑπόειξεν· ἀκιδνοτάτῳ δὲ βελέμνῳ
 βαιὸς Ἔρωσ ἔφλεξεν οἷστυτῆρα κεραυνοῦ·
 οὐδὲ χύσις νιφετοῖο, καὶ οὐ φλογόεντι φορῆι
 ἄστεροπὴ χραίσμησεν, ἐνικήθη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
 ἀπτολέμου Παφίης ὀλίγῳ πυρὶ τοσσατῇ φλόξ
 275 οὐρανή· καὶ βαιὸς Ἔρωσ λασιότριχι ῥίνῳ,
 αἰγίδι κεστός ἔριζεν, ἐρωτοτόκῳ δὲ φαρέτρῃ
 βρονταίης βαρύδουπος ἐδουλώθη κτύπος ἡχοῦς.
 καὶ Σεμέλῃς δεδόνητο πόθου φρενοθελγεί κέντρῳ
 θάμβος ἔχων· φιλίῳ γὰρ ἔρωσ πέλε θαύματι γείτων.
 280 καὶ μόγισ εἰς πόλον ἦλθε δολοπλόκος ὕψιμέδων Ζεὺς
 ἔνθεον ἀμφιέπων παλινάγρετον εἶδος ὀπωπῆς.
 καὶ νυχίης ἐθέλων Σεμέλῃς ἐπιβήμεναι εὐνῆς
 εἰς δύσιν ὄμμα τίταινε, πότε γλυκὺς Ἑσπερος ἔλθῃ·
 καὶ δολιχὴν Φαέθοντος ἐμέμφετο δεῖλον ὥρην,
 285 καὶ φιλίοις στομάτεσσι δυσίμερον ἴαχε φωνή·
 ‘ Ἐννεπε, Νύξ χρονίη, φθονερὴ πότε δύεται Ἡώς·
 ἀλλὰ σὺ δαλὸν ἄειρε Διὸς προκέλευθον Ἑρώτων,
 λαμπάδα νυκτιπόλοιο προθεσπίζουσα Λυαίου
 ζηλήμων Φαέθων με βιάζεται· ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὸς
 290 ἱμείρει Σεμέλῃς καὶ ἔμοι ποθέοντι μεγάρει·
 ἦέλιε, κλονέεις με καὶ εἰ μάθες οἷστρον Ἑρώτων·
 φειδομένη μᾶστιγι πόθεν βραδὺν ἵππον ἱμάσσεις·
 οἶδα καὶ ὄξυτάτην ἐτέρην δύσιν· ἦν ἐθελήσω,
 καὶ σὲ καὶ ἡριγένειαν ἔμοῖς νεφέεσσι καλύψω,
 295 καὶ σέο κευθομένοιο φανήσεται ἡματιῇ Νύξ
 Ζηνὸς ἐπειγομένοιο γαμοστόλος, ὄφρα φαεῖνῃ
 ἄστρα μεσημβρίζοντα, καὶ ἠθάδα πομπὸν Ἑρώτων
 ἔσπερον ἀντέλλοντα καὶ οὐ δύνοντα τελέσω.
 ἀλλὰ τεδὸν προκέλευθον Ἑωσφόρον εἰς δύσιν ἔλκων
 300 σοὶ καὶ ἔμοι ποθέοντι χαρίζεο, παννύχιος δὲ
 σῆς Κλυμένης ἀπόναιο, καὶ εἰς Σεμέλῃν ταχὺς ἔλθω.
 ζεῦξον ἔμοι τεδὸν ἄρμα, φασσφόρε καὶ σὺ Σελήνῃ,
 μαρμαρυγὴν πέμπουσα φυτηκόμον, ὅττι γενέθλην

θεσπίζει γάμος οὔτος ἀεξιφύτου Διονύσου,
305 καὶ Σεμέλης ἐρατοῖσιν ἐπαντέλλουσα μελάθροισ
λάμπων ἐμοὶ ποθέοντι σὺν ἀστέρι Κυπρογενεῖς,
καὶ γλυκερὴν μήκυνε Διὸς θαλαμηπόλον ὄρφνην.
τοῖα πατήρ ἀγόρευε, τὰ περ πόθος οἶδε κελεῦσαι.
ἀλλ' ὅτε οἱ σπεύδοντι χαμαιγενὲς ἄλμα πιταίνων
310 ἀκροτενὴς περίμετρος ἀνέδραμε κῶνος ὁμίχλης,
δυομένης ζόφον ὑγρὸν ἄγων ἀντίσκιον Ἅοῦς,
ἀστερόεν τότε δῶμα παρέστιχεν ἡέριος Ζεὺς
εἰς Σεμέλης ὑμέναιον, ἀτεκμάρτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
ἄλμα θορῶν πρῶτιστον ὄλην ἀρεμέτρεε ταρσῷ
315 ἀτραπὸν ἡερίην· τὸ δὲ δεύτερον ἵκετο Θήβην
ὥς πτερὸν ἡὲ νόημα· διεσσυμένῳ δὲ μελάθρου
αὐτόματοι πυλεῶνος ἀνωίχθησαν ὀχῆες.
καὶ Σεμέλην φιλίῳ παλάμης ἠγκάσσατο δεαμῷ,
πῇ μὲν ὑπὲρ λεχέων βοέην μυκώμενος ἤχώ,
320 ἀνδρομέοις μελέεσσιν ἔχων κερόεσσαν ὀπωπὴν,
ἰσοφυνὲς μίμημα βοοκραίρου Διονύσου,
πῇ δὲ λεοντεῖην πυκινότριχα δύσατο μορφήν,
ἄλλοτε πόρδαλις ἦεν, ἅτε θρασὺν υἷα φυτεῦων,
πορδαλίων ἐλατῆρα καὶ ἡνιοχῆα λεόντων·
325 ἄλλοτε μιτρωῖσαν ὑπὸ σπείρησι δρακόντων
νυμφίος ἀμπελόεντι κόμην ἐσφίγγετο δεσμῷ,
οἶνοπα δινεύων ἐλικώδεα κισσὸν ἐθείρης,
Βάκχου πλεκτὸν ἄγαλμα· δράκων δὲ τις ἀγκύλος ἔρπων
ταρβαλὲς λιχμᾶτο ῥοδόχροον αὐχένα νύμφης
330 χεῖλεσι μειλιχίοισι, κατὰ στέρνοιο δὲ βαίνων
ἀκλινέων τροχόεσσαν ἵτυν μιτρώσατο μαζῶν,
συρίζων ὑμέναιον, ἐυσμήνοιο μελίσσης
ἡδὺ μέλι προχέων, οὐ λοίγιον ἰὸν ἐχίδνης.
Ζεὺς δὲ γάμῳ δῆθυνε, καὶ ὥς παρὰ γείτονι ληνῷ
335 εὖιον ἐσμαράγησε, φιλεῦιον υἷα φυτεῦων·
καὶ στόματι στόμα πῆξεν ἔρωμανές, ἡμερόεν δὲ
νέκταρ ἀναβλύζων Σεμέλην ἐμέθυσσεν ἀκοίτης,
νεκταρέης ἵνα παῖδα τέκῃ σκηπτοῦχον ὀπῶρης,
ἄγγελον ἐσσομένων λαθικηδέα βότρυν αἰείρων,
340 πυρσοφόρῳ νάρθηκι καταχθεά πῆχυν ἐρείσας·
ἄλλοτε θύρσον ἄειρε πολὺπλοκον οἶνπι κισσῷ,
δέπμα φέρων ἐλάφοιο· γυναιμανέος δὲ φορῆος
λαιῷ ποικιλόνωτος ἐσεῖετο νεβρίς ἀγοστῷ.
γαῖα δὲ πᾶσα γέλασσε, καὶ αὐτοφύτοισι πετῆλοις
345 ὄρχατος ἀμπελόεις Σεμέλης περιδέδρομεν εὐνὴν,
καὶ δροσεροῦ λειμῶνος ἀνέβρυν ἀνθεα τοῖχοι
ἀμφὶ γονῇ Βρομίοιο, καὶ ἀννεφέλων ἐπὶ λέκτρων

βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἐπέκτυπεν ἐνδόμυχος Ζεὺς
τύμπανα νυκτελίοιο προθεσπίζων Διονύσου.
350 καὶ Σεμέλην μετὰ λέκτρα φίλῳ προσπτύξατο μύθῳ
ἐλπίσιν ἐσσομένησι παρηγορέων ἔο νύμφην:
‘Εἰμί, γύναι, Κρονίδης σέο νυμφίος· αἰθερίῳ μὲν
αὔχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε συναπτομένη παρακοίτη,
μείζονα δὲ βροτέης μὴ δίξω μέτρα γενέθλης.
355 οὐ σοὶ ἐριδμαίνει Δανάης γάμος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῆς
πατροκασιγνήτης βοέων ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων
ἔκρυφες· Εὐρώπη γὰρ ἀγαλλομένη Διὸς εὖνῃ
ἦλυθεν εἰς Κρήτην, Σεμέλῃ δ’ ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἰκάνει.
τί πλέον ἦθελες ἄλλο μετ’ αἰθέρα καὶ πόλον ἄστρον;
360 καὶ ποτέ τις λέξειεν, ὅτι Κρονίδης πόρε τιμὴν
νερτερίῳ Μίνῳ καὶ οὐρανίῳ Διονύσῳ.
ἀλλὰ μετ’ Αὐτονόης βροτὸν υἷα καὶ τόκον Ἴνοῦς,
τὸν μὲν ἐοῖς σκυλάκεσσι δεδουπότα, τὸν δὲ τοκῆος
παιδοφόνου μέλλοντα θανεῖν πτερόεντι βελέμνῳ,
365 καὶ μετὶ λυσσαλέης μινυώριον υἷὸν Ἀγαυῆς
ἄφθιτον υἷα λόχευε, καὶ ἀθανάτην σε καλέσσω:
Ὀλβίη, ὅττι θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνδράσι χάρμα λοχεύσεις
υἷα κυσαμένη βροτέης ἐπίληθον ἀνίης.’

ὄγδοον αἰολόμυθον ἔχει φθόνον ἄγριον Ἥρης
 καὶ Σεμέλης πυρόεντα γάμον καὶ Ζῆνα φονῆα.
 ὥς εἰπὼν ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἔβη θεός· ἐν δὲ μελᾶθρῳ
 ὑπορόφῳ νόον εἶχεν ἄλωμενον ἐγγύθι νύμφης,
 Θήβης οἷστρον ἔχων πλέον αἰθέρος· ἱμερόεις γὰρ
 οὐρανὸς ἦν Κρονίδῃ Σεμέλης δόμος, ἀμφὶ δὲ παστῶ
 5 ἀμφίπολοι Κάδμοιο Διὸς πέλον εὐποδες ὦραι.
 καὶ γαμῖν ῥαθάμιγγι Διιπετέων ὑμεναίων
 ὄγκῳ θλιβομένη Σεμέλης κυμαίνεται γαστήρ·
 μαρτυρίῃ δὲ τόκοιο φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου
 στέμματι θυμὸν ἔτερπεν, ἐπ' ἀνθοκόμῳ δὲ καρήνῳ
 10 θυιάδος αὐτοέλικτον ἀνέπλεκε κισσὸν ἐθείρης
 Βασσαρίδων ἄτε μάντις, ἐπεσσομένησι δὲ νύμφαις
 ὄψιμον ἀγχιτόκοισιν ἐπωνυμίην πόρε κισσοῦ.
 καὶ βαρὺν ὄγκον ἔχουσα θεηγενέος τοκετοῖο,
 εἴ ποτέ τις σύριγγι γέρων ἐμελίζετο ποιμήν,
 15 γείτονος εἰσαΐουσα φιλαγραύλου μέλος Ἥχοϋς,
 οἰοχίτων θαλάμοιο διέστιχε θυιάδι ῥιπῇ·
 εἰ κτύπος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀκούετο διζυγος αὐλοῦ,
 ὑπορόφων ἀπέδιλος ἀναθρώσκουσα μελᾶθρων
 εἰς ῥάχιν αὐτοκέλευστος ἐρημάδος ἔστιχεν ὕλης·
 20 κύμβαλον εἰ πλατάγησε, ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῶ,
 λοξῶ καμπύλον ἵχνος ὑποσκαίρουσα πεδίλῳ·
 εἰ δὲ τανυκράιοιο μεμυκός· ἔκλυε ταύρου,
 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα βοδὸς μυκήσατο λαιμῶ·
 πολλάκι ποιμενίην ὑπὸ δειράδα θυιάδι φωνῇ
 25 Πανὶ μέλος συνάειδε καὶ ἔπλετο σύνθροος Ἥχώ,
 καὶ νόμιον κερόεντος ἀμειβομένη κτύπον αὐλοῦ
 εἰς χορὸν ἵχνος ἔκαμψε· πάις δ' ἀλόχευτος ἐχέφρων
 ἄλμασιν ἐνδομύχοισι συνεσκίρτησε τεκούσῃ
 αὐλομανὲς μίμημα, καὶ αὐτοδιδασκτον αἰοιδὴν
 30 ἥμιτελὲς κελάδῃσε χέων ὑποκόλπιον ἡχώ.
 ὥς ὁ μὲν ἄρσενόπαιδος ἀέξετο γαστέρος ὄγκῳ
 ἄγγελος εὐφροσύνης, νοερὸν βρέφος· ἀμφὲ δὲ κούρῳ
 ἀμφίπολοι Κρονίωνος ἐπέστεφον οὐρανὸν ὦραι.
 καὶ Φθόνος ὑψιμέδοντος ὀπιπεύων Διὸς εὐνήν
 35 καὶ Σεμέλης ὠδῖνα θεηγενέος τοκετοῖο
 Βάκου ζῆλον ἔδεκτο καὶ ἐνδοθὶ γαστρὸς ἐόντος,
 αὐτοπαθὲς ἄστοργος ἐῷ βεβολημένος ἰῶ.
 καὶ φρενὶ κερδαλέῃ δκολιὴν ἐφράσσατο βουλὴν
 Ἄρεος ἀντιτύποιο φέρων ψευδήμονα μορφὴν

40 ἔντεσι μιμηλοῖσι, καὶ οἷά περ αἵματος ὀλκῷ
ἄνθει φαρμακόμεντι κατέγραφε νῶτα βοεῖης
ποιητῇ ῥαθάμιγγι, καὶ ὥς κταμένων ἀπὸ φωτῶν
βάψας ἰσοτύπῳ δεδολωμένα δάκτυλα μίλτῳ
χεῖρας ἐρευθιόωντι νόθῳ φοινίσσετο λύθρῳ:
45 καὶ κτύπον ἐννεάχιλον ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος
σμερδαλέοις στομάτεσσι χέων ῥήξήνορα φωαάν:
κλεψινόοις δ' ὀάροισιν ἀνεπτοίησεν Ἀθήνην,
καὶ φθονερὴν οἷστροησεν ἔτι πλέον εἰς χόλον Ἥρην:
ἀμφοτέρας δ' ἐρέθιζε: τόσῳ δ' ἠνίπαπε μύθῳ:
50 'Δίξεό σοι νέον ἄλλον ἐν αἰθέρι νυμθιον, Ἥρη,
ἄλλον, ἐπεὶ Σεμέλη τεδὸν ἤρπασεν, ἥς χάριν εὖνῃς
Θήβης ἐπταπύλοιο γαμήλιον οὔδας ἀμείβων
οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνον ἀναινεται: ἀντὶ σέθεν δὲ
τέρπεται ἀγκὰς ἔχων χθονίην ἐγκύμονα νύμφην.
55 πῇ μοι ζῆλος ἔβη μητρώιος; ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτῆς
εἰς Σεμέλης ὑμέναιον ἐθελύνθη χόλος Ἥρης;
πῇ σέο κέντρα μύωπος ἀφειδέος; οὐκέτι πόντῳ
πόρτις ἀλιπτοίητος ἐλαύνεται; οὐκέτι βούτης
Ἄργος ἀκοιμήτοισι πολυσπερέεσσιν ὀπωπαῖς
60 κλεψιγάμου Κρονίδαο νεώτερα λέκτρα φυλάσσει;
ἀλλὰ τί μοι δίμος οὔτος Ὀλύμπιος; εἰς χθόνα βαινῶν
αἰθέρα καλλείψω πατρώιον, ἡμετέρην δὲ
Θρήκην ναιετάων οὐ μητέρος ἄλγεα λεύσσω
ἀχνυμένης, οὐ Ζῆνα γαμοκλόπον: εἰ δέ ποτ' ἔλθῃ
65 γαῖαν ἐς ἡμετέρην ποθέων Βιστωνίδα κούρην,
γνώσεται, οἷος Ἄρης, ὅτε χῶεται: ἡμετέρην γάρ
Τιτήνων ὀλέτειραν ἔχων θανατηφόρον αἰχμὴν
ἐκ Θρήκης Κρονίωνα γυναιμανέοντα διώξω:
καὶ πρόφασιν μερέπων, ὅτι παρθένον εἰς λέχος ἔλκει,
70 ἔσσομαι αὐτοκέλευστος ἐμῆς τιμήορος εὖνῃς,
ὅττι χαμαιγενέεσσιν ὀμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις
αἰθέρα ποικιλόνωτον ἐὼν ἔπλησεν ἐρώτων.
οὐρανὸς ἱλήκοι, μερόπων δόμος: ἄξονα βαινῶ;
Καλλιστῶ κατ' Ὀλυμπον ἐλίσσεται, ἦχι φαίνειν
75 κύκλος ἀερσιλόφοιο φερώνυμος Ἀρκάδος Ἄρκτου.
Πλειάδος ἐπταπόρου στυγέω δρόμον: ἐν γὰρ Ὀλύμπῳ
Ἥλεκτρη κλονέει με συναστράπτουσα Σελήῃ.
νῦν πόθεν ἡρεμέεις; ὑποκόλπιον υἷα Λητοῦς
ἦκαχες Ἀπόλλωνα, καὶ οὐ Διόνυσον ὀρίνεις;
80 πικτομένη, Ἥφαιστε, μογοστόκε Τριτογενεῖς,
υἷα νόθης ἀλόχοιο λοχεύσεται αὐτοτόκος Ζεὺς
ὠδίνων τόκον ἄλλον ὑπέρτερον ἄρσενι μηρῷ,
οὐδὲ τεοῦ βουπλήγος ἔτι χρέος. εἴξον, Ἀθήνη,

λῆγε Διὸς βοόωσα λεχώιον ἄντυγα κόρησς,
85 ὅττι σοφὴν ὠδῖνα τελεσιγόνοιο καρήνου
αἰσχύνει Διόνυσος, ὅτι χθονίης ἀπὸ φύτλης
ἔσσεται αὐτολόχευτος Ὀλύμπιος, ὥς περ Ἀθήνη,
κρύπτων Παλλάδος εὖχος ἀμήτορος. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
αἰδέομαι πολὺ μᾶλλον, ὅταν μερόπων τις ἐνίψῃ:
90 Ζεὺς πόρε δῆριν Ἄρηι καὶ εὐφροσύνην Διονύσῳ.
ἀλλὰ πόλον Κρονίδαο νόθοις τεκέεσσιν ἔασας
ἴξομαι οὐρανόθεν μετανάστιος: ὕγροπαγῆς δὲ
Ἴστρος ἐὼν σκηπτοῦχον ἀλητεύοντα δεχέσθω,
πρὶν Διὸς οἶνοχόον Γανυμήδεα δεῦρο νοήσω,
95 βουκόλον εὐχαίτην, μετὰ Πέργαμον ἄστων Ὀλύμπου,
οὐρανίης ἄψαυστον ἀμειβόμενον δέπας Ἥβης,
πρὶν Σεμέλην καὶ Βάκχον ἴδω ναετῆρας Ὀλύμπου,
καὶ στέφος ἀστερόφοιτον ἐπιχθονίης Ἀριάδνης
σύνδρομον Ἡελίοιο, συνέμπορον ἠριγενείης.
100 κεῖθι μένω, μὴ Κῆτος ἴδω, μὴ Περσέος ἄρπην,
μὴ τύπον Ἄνδρομέδης, μὴ Γοργόνος ὄμμα Μεδούσης
οὐς Κρονίδης μετόπισθεν ἐνιστήσειεν Ὀλύμπῳ.
εἶπε, καὶ αὐτογόνοιο νόον συνέχευεν Ἀθήνης,
καὶ πλέον ἠέξησε βαρυζήλου χόλον Ἥρης.
105 καὶ Φθόνος ὀξύς ὄρουσε, καὶ ἀγκύλα γούνατα πάλλων
ἦε λοξὰ κέλευθα δι' ἠέρος: ἀνδρομέοις δὲ
ὄμμασι καὶ πραπίδεσσιν ὁμοίος ἔσσυτο καπνῶ,
εἰς δόλον, εἰς κακότητα νόον τελχῖνα κορύσσων.
οὐδὲ Διὸς βαρὺμηνις ἐλώφρεεν εὐνέτις Ἥρη:
110 ἀλλὰ θυελλήεντι παραῖξασα πεδίλῳ
ποικίλον εὐφάεεσσι κεκασμένον οὐρανὸν ἄστροις
ἄσπετα φοιτητῆρι διέδραμεν ἄστεα ταρσῶ,
κερδαλέην Ἀπάτην διζημένη, εἴ που ἐφεύροι.
ἀλλ' ὅτε Δικταίης Κορυβαντίδος ὑπόθι πέτρης
115 γείτονος Ἀμνισοῖο λεχώιον ἔδρακεν ὕδωρ,
ἐνθά οἱ ἄλλοπρόσαλλος ὄρεστιάς ἦντετο δαίμων:
καὶ γὰρ αἰὲ παρέμιμε Διὸς ψευδήμονι τύμβῳ
τερπομένη Κρήτεσσιν, ἐπεὶ πέλον ἠπεροπῆς.
ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ λαγόνεσσι Κυδωνιάς ἔρρεε μήτηρ,
120 τῇ ἔνι δαίδαλα πάντα βροτῶν θελκτήρια κεῖται:
ἐν μὲν ἐπικλοπῇ πολυμήχανος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς
πάρφασις, ἐν δὲ δόλοι πολυειδέες, ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
σύνδρομος ἡερίοις ἀπατήλιος ὄρκος ἀήταις.
καὶ δολίην Ἀπάτην δολίῳ μειλιξάτο μύθῳ
125 Ἥρη ποικιλόμητις, ἀμυνομένη παρακοίτην:
ῥαῖρε, θεὰ δολόμητι δολοπλανές: οὐ σε καὶ αὐτὸς
κλεψινόοις ὁάροισι παρέρχεται αἰμύλος Ἑρμῆς:

δὸς καὶ ἔμοι ζωστῆρα παναίολον, ὃν ποτε Ῥεῖη
δῆσεν ἑαῖς λαγόνεσσιν, ἕως ἀπάφησεν ἀκοίτην.
130 οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ Κρονίῳ φέρω πετρώδεα μορφήν,
οὐδὲ λίθῳ δολόεντι παρακλέπτω παρακοίτην,
ἀλλὰ γυνὴ χθονίη με βιάζεται, ἥς χάριν εὐνῆς
θοῦρος Ἄρης βαρὺμηνις ἀναίνεται αἰθέρα ναίειν.
τί πλέον, εἰ γενόμην θεὸς ἄμβροτος; οὐτιδανὴ γὰρ
135 θνητὴ ἔμὸν πόσιν ἔσχε, τὸν οὐ θεὸς ἥρπασε Λητώ:
οὐ Δανάη παρίαυε τὸ δεύτερον ὑέτιος Ζεὺς,
ἀλλὰ σιδηροφόροιο μετὰ σφρηγῖδα μελάθρου
μεμφομένη χρυσεόισι γάμοις ναυτίλλετο νύμφη,
καὶ λάχεν ἔδνον Ἑρωτος ὕδωρ ἁλός: ἐν δὲ θαλάσσῃ
140 σύμπλοος ἀσταθέεσσιν ἐνήχετο χηλὸς αἰήταις.
οὐδὲ μετὰ Κρήτην πάλιν ἔπλεε ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,
οὐκ ἶδεν Εὐρώπην μετὰ δέμνιον: ὕγροβαφῆς δὲ
οἰστρηθεῖσα μύωπι κερασφόρος ἔπλεεν Ἴω.
οὐδὲ θεὰ γάμον εἶχεν ἐλεύθερον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
145 γαστέρι φόρτον ἔχουσα πολὺστροφος ἔτρεχε Λητώ,
ἄστατα παπταίνουσα πολυπλανέων σφυρὰ νήσων
καὶ ῥόον οὐ μίμνοντα κακοζείνοιο θαλάσσης,
καὶ λοχίης μόγις εἶδεν ἐλεύθερον ἔρνος ἐλαίης.
Λητώ τόσσα μόγησε, καὶ οὐ χραίσμησεν ἀκοίτης:
150 θνητῆς δ' ὠκυμόροιο μιῆς διὰ δέμνια νύμφης
οὐρανίης ἀπέειπε κασιγνήτης λέχος Ἥρης.
δεῖδια, μὴ Κρονίδης με πόσις καὶ γνωτὸς ἀκούων
αἰθέρος ἐξελάσειε γυναικεῖς χάριν εὐνῆς,
μὴ Σεμέλην τελέσειεν ἐοῦ βασιλείαν Ὀλύμπου.
155 εἰ δὲ Διὶ Κρονίῳ χαρίζεαι, ἥε περ Ἥρη,
μηδὲ τεῖν ὀπάσειας ἔμοι πανθελγέα μίτρην,
ὄφρα μόλῃ πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἐμὸς πάλιν υἱὸς ἀλήτης,
ὑστατὴν ἐπὶ πέζαν ἐλεύσομαι Ὠκεανοῖο
αἰθέρα καλλείψασα χάριν βροτέων ὑμεναίων
160 Τηθύος ἀρχεγόνοιο συνέστιος: ἔνθεν ἰκάνω
εἰς δόμον Ἀρμονίης, καὶ Ὀφίονος ἐγγύθι μίμνω.
ἀλλὰ σύ, κυδαίνουσα Διὸς παμμήτορα νύμφην,
δὸς μοι ἔχειν ζωστῆρα βοηθόν, ὄφρα φυγόντα
θέλξω θοῦρον Ἄρηα τὸ δεύτερον αἰθέρα ναίειν.
165 ὥς φαμένης ἀπάμειπτο θεὰ πειθήμονι μύθῳ
Ἕρῃ, ἥντιν ἔπεισε Διὸς πρωτόθρονε νύμφη,
δώσω ἔμὸν ζωστῆρα, καὶ εἰ πλέον ἄλλο κελεύεις
πεῖθομαι, ὅττι θεοῖσι μετὰ Κρονίῳ ἀνάσσεις.
δέχνυστο τοῦτον ἱμάντα: περισφιγξάσα δὲ κόλπῳ
170 Ἄρεα μὲν κομίσαιας ἐς οὐρανόν: ἦν δ' ἐθελήσης,
θέλγε νόον Κρονίδαο καὶ, εἰ χρέος, Ὠκεανοῖο

χωμένον· χθονίων δὲ λιπῶν ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων
ἵξεται αὐτοκέλευστος ἐς οὐρανὸν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
ἡμετέρῳ δολόεντι περιγνάμψας φρένα κεστῶ·
175 οὗτος ἐμῆς Παφίης φρενοθελγέα κεστὸν ἔλεγχει·
ὥς φαμένη δολόμητις ὑπηνέμιος φύγε δαίμων
ἥερα πωτήεντι διαστείχουσα πεδίλῳ.
Δικταίης δὲ λιποῦσα σακέσπαλον ἄντρον ἐρίπνης
καὶ λοχίην σπήλυγγα τελεσσιγόνοιο θεαίνης
180 εἰς θάλαμον Σεμέλης ἀπατήλιος ἦλυθεν Ἥρη,
ζήλῳ φυσιώσας· μελιγλώσσῳ δὲ γεραιῇ
ἰσοφανῆς φιλόπαιδι δέμας μορφοῦτο τιθήνῃ
παιδοκόμῳ, τὴν αὐτὸς ἀνηέξησεν Ἀγήνωρ,
καὶ οἱ κλῆρον ἔδωκε, καὶ ὥπασεν ἀνδρὶ γυναικᾶ
185 οἷα πατήρ· κομιδῆς δὲ χάριν τίνουσα καὶ αὐτὴ
νήπιον εἰσέτι Κάδμον ἐᾷ μαιώσατο μαζῶ
καὶ βρέφος Εὐρώπην φιλίῳ πῆχυνεν ἀγοστῶ.
τῇ δέμας ἴσον ἔχουσα διέστιχεν εἰς δόμον Ἥρη
χωμένη Σεμέλῃ καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ
190 μὴ πω φέγγος ἰδόντι, καὶ ἀρτιγάμῳ παρὰ παστῶ
τοῖχον ἐς ἀντικέλευθον ἐὴν ἔκλινεν ὀπωπὴν
ὄμμα παρατρέψασα, Διὸς μὴ λέκτρα νοήσῃ.
τὴν μὲν Πεισιάνασσα καθίζανεν ὑπόθι δίφρου
ἀμφίπολος Σεμέλης, Τυρίης βλάστημα γενέθλης,
195 Θελξινόῃ δὲ τάπητας ἐνήρμοσεν ἥνοπι δίφρῳ.
ἐνθα θεὰ σχεδὸν ἦστο δολοπλόκος· εὔρε δὲ κούρην
βριθομένην ὠδῖνι πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο·
καὶ τόκον, οὐ ψαύοντα τελεσσιγόνοιο Σελήνης,
γαστρὸς ἀσημάντου χλοερῇ κήρυξε παρειῇ
200 καὶ χλόος οἰνώπων μελέων πάρος· ἐξομένης δὲ
Ἥρης ψευδομένης δολόεν δέμας ἔτρεμε παλμῶ
ἀντιτύπῳ, καὶ νέρθεν ἐπὶ χθόνα κάμπτετο νεύων
ὥμοις θλιβομένοισι γέρων κυρτούμενος αὐχὴν.
καὶ πρόφασιν μόγις εὔρεν· ἐπεστενάχιζε δὲ μῦθῳ
205 δάκρυον εὐποίητον ἀποψήσασα προσώπου,
καὶ δολόεν κατέλεξεν ἔπος φρενοθελγεί φωνῇ·
‘Εἰπέ, πόθεν, βασιλεια, τεαῖ χλοάουσι παρειαί;
πῇ σέο κάλλος ἐκεῖνο; τίς εἶδεῖ σεῖο μεγαίρων
πορφυρέους σπινθῆρας ἀπημάλδυνε προσώπου;
210 καὶ ῥόδα τίς μετὰμειψεν ἐς ὠκυμόρους ἀνεμώνας;
καὶ σὺ κατηφιόωσα τί τήκεαι; ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὴ
ἐκλυες αἰσχεα κεῖνα, τὰ περ βοόωσι πολῖται;
ἐρρέτω ἀρχεκάκων ὀλοὸν στόμα θηλυτεράων.
εἰπέ δέ μοι, μὴ κρύπτε τεῆς συλήτορα μήτρης·
215 τίς σε θεῶν ἐμίγη; τίς ἥρπασε σεῖο κορείην;

εἰ μὲν Ἄρης λαθραῖος ἐμὴν νυμφεύσατο κούρην
καὶ Σεμέλη παρίαεν ἀφειδήσας Ἀφροδίτης,
ἐλθέτω εἰς σέο λέκτρα γαμήλιον ἔγχος ἀφάσσω·
γινώσκει μενέχαρμον ἐδὼν γενέτην σέο μήτηρ.

220 εἰ δέ σοι ὠκυπέδιλος ἐκώμασε νυμφίος Ἑρμῆς
καὶ Σεμέλης διὰ κάλλος ἐὴν ἡρνήσατο Πειθῷ,
ῥάβδον ἐὴν ὀπάσειε τεῆς αὐτάγγελον εὐνῆς,
ἥ σε κοσμήσειεν ἐοῖς χρυσέοισι πεδίλοις
δῶρον ἄγων λεχέων σέθεν ἄξιον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴ
225 εἷης χρυσοπέδιλος, ἃ περ Διὸς εὐνέτις Ἥρη.
εἰ δέ σοι οὐρανόθεν πόσις ἦλυθε καλὸς Ἀπόλλων
καὶ Σεμέλης ὑπ' ἔρωτι λελασμένος ἔπλετο Δάφνης,
νόσφι δόλου κρυφίοιο δι' ἡέρος εἰς σὲ χορεῦσθαι
ἄβρὸς ἀσιγῆτων ἐποχημένος ἄρματι κύκνων,
230 ἔδνα τεῆς φιλότητος ἐὴν φόρμιγγα κομίζων,
πιστὸν ἐὼν θαλάμων σημήιον· εἰσορόων γὰρ
Κάδμος ἐπουρανίην κιθάρην Θοῖβοιο νοήσει,
ἦν ἴδεν αἰολόφωνον ἐῆς παρὰ δεῖπνα τραπέζης
Ἀρμονίης μέλπουσαν ἐπιχθονίους ὕμεναίους.

235 εἰ δὲ γυναιμανέων σε βιήσατο κυανοχαίτης,
καὶ σε σοφῆς προβέβουλεν ἀειδομένης Μελανίπτης,
ἀμφαδὰ κωμάσσειε, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ Κάδμου
νυμφιδίης πῆξιεν ἐῆς γλωχίνα τριαινῆς,
ξυνώσας γέρας Ἴσον ἐχιδνοκόμῳ παρὰ Δίρκῃ,
240 οἷα παρ' Ἀργείοισι λεοντοβότῳ παρὰ Λέρνῃ,
σῆμα γάμων ἔστησεν Ἀμυμώνης, ὅθι νύμφης
Λερναίης ἔτι χῶρος ἐπώνυμός ἐστι τριαινῆς.
ἀλλὰ τί κικλήσκω σε παρευνέτιν ἐννοσιγαίου;
ποῖα Ποσειδάωνος ἔχεις σημήια λέκτρων;

245 ὕδρηλαῖς παλάμῃσι χυθεῖς ἡγκάσσατο Τυρῷ
παφλάζων δολόεντι ῥόῳ μιμηλὸς Ἐνιπέυς.
εἰ δέ καί, ὥς ἐνέπεις, σέο νυμφίος ἐστὶ Κρονίων,
ἐλθέτω εἰς σέο λέκτρα σὺν ἱμερόεντι κεραυνῷ,
ἄστεροπῇ γαμίῃ κεκορυθμένος, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ:

250 Ὅρης καὶ Σεμέλης νυμφοστόλοι εἰσὶ κεραυνοί.
ζηλήμων περ ἐοὔσα Διὸς δάμαρ οὐ σε χαλέψει:
οὐ γὰρ ἐπιτρέψειε τεὸς μητρώϊος Ἄρης.
ὀλβιῇ Εὐρώπῃ Σεμέλης πλέον, ἦν ὑπὲρ ὤμων
Ζεὺς κερόεις ἀνάειρε· ποθοβλήτοιο δὲ ταύρου
255 ἄβροχος ἀκροτάτοιο δι' ὕδατος ἔτρεχε χηλή,
καὶ σκάφος ἦεν Ἑρωτος ὁ τηλίκος. ἃ μέγα θαῦμα,
παρθένος ἡνιόχευε τὸν αἰθέρος ἡνιοχῆα.
ὀλβίζω Δανάην Σεμέλης πλέον, ἥς διὰ κόλπου
χρύσεος ἐξ ὀρόφοιο κατέρρεεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς

260 ἀφνειῇ ῥαθάμιγγι γυναιμανέος νιφετοῖο:
 οὐ μὲν χρύσεια δῶρα μακαρτᾶτη ἦτεε νύμφη:
 εἶχε γὰρ ἔδνον Ἑρωτος ὅλον πόσιν. ἀλλὰ τις εἶη
 σιγὴ ἐφ' ἡμείων, γενέτης μὴ Κάδμος ἀκούσῃ.
 ὥς φαμένη λίπε δῶμα καὶ ἀχνυμένην ἔτι νύμφην,
 265 Ἥρης ζῆλον ἔχουσαν ἀμιμήτων ὑμεναίων,
 μεμφομένην Κρονίωνι: παλιννόστω δὲ κελεύθῳ
 αἰθέρος ἔνδον ἵκανε, καὶ οὐρανίῳ παρὰ θόκῳ
 κείμενα δερκομένη Διὸς ἔντεα νόσφι φορῆος,
 οἷᾶ περ εἰσαίοντα, φίλῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ:
 270 Ἐβροντῇ, καὶ σὲ λέλοιπεν ἑμὸς νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς;
 τίς πάλιν ἀρπάξας σε τεδὸν γύνωσσε φορῆα;
 βροντῇ, ἔσυλήθης — οὐκ αἰτίος ἐστὶ Τυφωεύς —
 Ἥρης ξυνὰ παθοῦσα παρήγορε: νυμφοκόμος γὰρ
 ἡμέας ἀμφοτέρους ἀπαναίνεται ὑέτιος Ζεὺς.
 275 οὐ νιφετοῖο ἔτι γαῖα παλύνεται, ὑγροχύτου δὲ
 ὄμβρου λειπομένου περιβόσκεται αὐχμὸς ἀρούρης
 αὐλακα, καρπὸν ἔχων ἀχρήιον: ἀγρονόμοις δὲ
 ἀντὶ κελαινεφέος κικλήσκεται ἀννέφελος Ζεὺς.
 ἄστεροπαί, Κρονίωνι πυρώδεα ῥήξατε φωνήν,
 280 Ζηνὶ γυναιμανέοντι, φίλοι, φθέγγασθε, κεραυνοί.
 ἀλλὰ βαρυζήλων ἀχέων ποινήτορες Ἥρης
 εἰς Σεμέλην ἔρχεσθε γαμοστόλοι, ἔδνα δὲ μίτρης
 λισσομένη φλογόντας ἐοὺς δέξαιτο φονῆας.
 τοῖα μὲν ἀφθόγγοις Διὸς ἔντεσιν ἴαχεν Ἥρη
 285 ἀχνυμένη, φθονερῶ δὲ χόλῳ κυμαίνεται δαίμων.
 καὶ Σεμέλῃ βαρύδεσμος ἑὼ νεοπενθέι θυμῷ
 ἄστεροπὴν ποθέουσα, πυραυγέα πομπὸν Ἑρώτων,
 μεμφομένοις στομάτεσσιν ἐδὸν λιτάνευεν ἀκοίτην,
 Ἥραις ἐθέλουσα πυριστεφέος τύπον εὐνῆς:
 290 Ἐπρὸς Δανάης λίτομαι σε ῥυηφενέων ὑμεναίων,
 δὸς χάριν, Εὐρώπης κερόεις πόσις: αἰδέομαι γὰρ
 κικλήσκειν Σεμέλης σε, τὸν ὥς ὄναρ εἶδον, ἀκοίτην.
 Ἀκρίσιος Κάδμοιο μακάρτερος: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
 ἤθελον, εἰ χρύσειον ἶδον γάμον, ὑέτιε Ζεῦ,
 295 εἰ μὴ τοῦτο γέρας σέο Περσέος ἥρπασε μήτηρ:
 ἤθελον, εἴ με κόμισσας ἐν ὕδασι ταῦρος ὁδίτης
 ὦμοις ὑμετέροισιν, ἵνα πλάζοιτο καὶ αὐτὸς
 γνωτὸς ἑμὸς Πολύδωρος, ἀλήμονος ἄρπαγα νύμφης
 μαστεύων, ἅτε Κάδμος, ἑμὸν Κρονίωνα φορῆα.
 300 ἀλλὰ τί μοι βοέοιο γάμου τύπος ἢ νιφετοῖο;
 οὐκ ἐθέλω γέρας ἶσον, ὃ περ χθονίῃ λάχε νύμφη.
 Εὐρώπῃ λίπε ταῦρον, ἔα Δανάῃ χύσιν ὄμβρου:
 Ἥρης μοῦνος ἔχει με γάμων φθόνος. εἴ με γεραίρεις,

παστὸν ἔμὸν κόσμησον ἐπουρανίῳ σέο πυρσῷ
305 αἰθύσσων νεφέων ἑρόεν σέλας, ἄστεροπὴν δὲ
ἔδνον ἑμῆς φιλότητος ἀπειθεί δεῖξον Ἀγαυή:
Αὐτονόη φρίξειεν ἑμῷ παρὰ γείτονι παστῷ
νυμφοκόμων αἰουσα μέλος βρονταῖον Ἑρώτων,
σύμβολον αὐτοβόητον ἀκηρύκτων σέο λέκτρων.
310 δὸς δέ, περιπτύξαιμι φίλην φλόγα καὶ φρένα τέρψω
ἄστεροπῆς ψαύουσα καὶ ἀμφαφώσα κεραυνούς.
δὸς μοι σῶν θαλάμων ζυγίην φλόγα: πᾶσα δὲ νύμφη
πυρσὸν ἔχει πομπῇα τελεσσιγάμων ὕμεναίων.
ἦ ῥα τεῶν γαμέων οὐκ ἄξιός εἰμι κεραυνῶν
315 Ἄρεος αἷμα φέρουσα καὶ ὕμετέρης Ἀφροδίτης;
δειλὴ ἐγώ: Σεμέλης μὲν ἔχει γάμος ὠκύμορον πῦρ
καὶ χθονίους λαμπτήρας, ἐφαπτομένη δὲ κεραυνοῦ
καὶ στεροπῆς ψαύουσα τεῇ νυμφεύεται Ἥρη.
νυμφίε τερπικέραυνε, σὺ μὲν πολυφεγγεῖ παστῷ
320 ἔνθεον εἶδος ἔχων ἐπὶ δέμνιον ἔρχεαι Ἥρης
ἄστεροπαῖς γαμίησι καταυγάζων σέο νύμφην
Ζεὺς πυρόεις, Σεμέλη δὲ δράκων ἢ ταῦρος ἰκάνεις:
κείνη μὲν βαρύδουπον Ὀλύμπιον ἦχον Ἑρώτων
εἰσαίει, Σεμέλη δὲ τύπῳ σκιοειδέι μορφῆς
325 ταύρου ψευδαλέοιο νόθον μυκηθμὸν ἀκοῦει:
ἄσφορος εἰς ἑμὰ λέκτρα κατέρχεται ἀννέφελος Ζεὺς,
καὶ νεφεληγερέτης ὑπαύχενι μίγνυται Ἥρη.
κούρης δ' αἰνογάμοιο πατήρ ἐμὸς αἴσχεα φεύγων
ἐνδόμυχος σέο Κάδμος ἀλυσκάζει πάτον ἀνδρῶν,
330 αἰδόμενος ναέτησι φανήμεναι, ὅττι πολῖται
πάντες ἐφυβρίζουσι τεοῖς κρυφίοις ὕμεναίοις
μεμφόμενοι Σεμέλην, ὅτι φώριον ἔσχεν ἀκοίτην.
καλὸν ἐμοὶ πόρες ἔδνον ὀνειδεα θηλυτεράων:
καὶ χορὸς ἀμφιπόλων ἐμὲ μέμφεται, ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
335 δειμαίνω στόμα λάβρον ἀσιγήτοιο τιθήνης.
μνώεο, τίς Τυφῶνι δολόφρονα πότμον ὑφαίνων
σοὶ πόρεν ἀρπαμένοιο πάλιν σπινθήρα κεραυνοῦ:
δεῖξον ἑμῷ γενετῆρι, τὰ περ πόρε: γηραλέος γὰρ
Κάδμος ἀπαιτίζει με τεῆς σημήιον εὐνῆς.
340 οὐ πῶ ἐγὼ Κρονίωνος ἀληθέος εἶδον ὀπωπὴν,
οὐ βλεφάρων ἀκτῖνα σελασφόρον, οὐδὲ προσώπου
μαρμαρυγὰς ἐνόησα καὶ ἀστράπτουσαν ὑπὴνην:
οὐ πῶ ἶδον τεὸν εἶδος Ὀλύμπιον, ἀλλὰ δοκεῦω
πόρδαλιν ἠὲ λέοντα, θεὸν δ' οὐκ εἶδον ἀκοίτην.
345 ὥς βροτὸν εἰσορόω σε θεὸν μέλλουσα λοχεύειν.
ἄλλον ἐγὼ πυθόμην φλογερὸν γάμον: ἥελιος γὰρ
δὺν πυρὶ νυμφιδίῳ Κλυμένην ἡγκάσσατο νύμφην.'

ἔννεπεν αἰτίζουσα φίλον μόρον· ἴσα γὰρ Ἥρῃ
εἰς γάμον ἀθρῆσαι μινυῶριος ἔλπετο νύμφη
350 μείλιχιον σπινθῆρα γαληναίοιο κεραυνοῦ.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ αἰὼν φθονεραῖς ἐπεμέμφετο Μοίραις,
καὶ Σεμέλῃν ἐλέαιρεν ἄωριον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ
κερδαλέον γίνωσκεν ἀμειλίκτου χόλον Ἥρης.
Ἑρμείῃ δὲ κέλευεν ἀπὸ φλογεροῖο κεραυνοῦ
355 ἀρπάζει νέον υἷα πυριβλήτοιο Θυῶνης.
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔλεξε πατὴρ ὑψαύχενι κούρῃ·
‘ὦ γύναι, ἥ σε δόλοισι φθονερός νόος ἥπαφεν Ἥρης·
ἥ ῥα, γύναι, δοκέεις, ὅτι μείλιχοι εἰσι κεραυνοί·
τλήθι μένειν χρόνον ἄλλον, ἕως ἔτι φόρτον ἀεῖρεις,
360 τλήθι μένειν χρόνον ἄλλον, ἕως ἔμὸν υἷα λοχεύεις·
μὴ πρὸ τόκου πυρόεντας ἀπαιτίζῃς με φονῆας·
οὐ στεροπὴν μεθέπων Δανάης σύλησα κορεῖην,
οὐ βροντῆς κελάδημα, καὶ οὐ Τυρίης σέο νύμφης
Εὐρώπης ὑμέναιον ἐνυμφεύσαντο κεραυνοί,
365 οὐκ ἴδεν Ἰναχίη δαμάλη σέλας· ἀλλὰ σὺ μούνη
θνητὴ ἀπαιτίζεις με, τὰ μὴ θεὸς ἦτεε Λητώ.’
τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε καὶ οὐ μενέαινε ἐρίζειν
νήμασι Μοιριδίοισι· δι’ αἰθερίοιο δὲ κόλπου
ἀστράπτων πεφόρητο καὶ ἱκεσίην ἔο νύμφης
370 οὐκ ἐθέλων ἐτέλεσσε πόσις στεροπηγερέτα Ζεὺς,
εἰς Σεμέλῃν δ’ ἐχόρευε κατηφεί χειρὶ τιταίνων
νυμφιδίους σπινθῆρας ἀμερσιγάμοιο κεραυνοῦ·
καὶ θάλαμος στεροπῇσιν ἐλάμπετο, καὶ πυρὸς ἀτμῶ
Ἰσμηνὸς σελάγιζεν, ὅλη δ’ ἀμαρύσσετο Θήβη.
375 καὶ Σεμέλῃ φλογόεντας ἐοὺς ὁρώσα φονῆας
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ ὑψινόῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
‘Πηκτιδὸς οὐ χατέω λιγυηχέος, οὐ χρέος αὐλοῦ·
βρονταὶ ἐμοὶ γεγάσι Διὸς σὺριγγες Ἑρώτων,
αὐλὸς ἐμοὶ κτύπος οὗτος Ὀλύμπιος, αἰθερίης δὲ
380 δαλὸς ἐμῶν θαλάμων στεροπῆς σέλας· οὐτιδανῶν δὲ
οὐκ ἄλέγω δαίδων· δαίδες δὲ μοὶ εἰσι κεραυνοί.
εἰμὶ δάμαρ Κρονίωνος, Ἐχίωνός ἐστιν Ἀγαθή,
Αὐτονόην καλέσωσιν Ἀρισταίοιο γυναῖκα·
Ἰνῶ ἔχει Νεφέλῃν, Σεμέλῃ λάχε σύγγαμον Ἥρην.
385 οὐ γενόμην Ἀθάμαντος ἐγὼ δάμαρ, ὠκύμορον δὲ
οὐ τέκον Ἀκταίωνα κυνοσπάδα, σύννομον ὕλης.
οὐ χατέω φόρμιγγος ὀλίζονος· οὐρανίη γὰρ
ἀστραὶή Κιθάρῃ Σεμέλης ὑμέναιον ἀεῖδει.’
ἔννεπε κυδιόωσα καὶ ἦθελε χερσὶν ἀφάσσειν
390 ἀστεροπὴν ὀλέτειραν, ἀφειδήσασα δὲ Μοίρης
τολμηρῇ παλάμῃ φονίων ἔψαυσε κεραυνῶν·

καὶ γάμος ἦν Σεμέλης θανατηφόρος, ἥς ἐνὶ θεσμῷ
πυρκαϊὴν καὶ τύμβον ἐθήκατο παστὸν Ἑρινύς·
καὶ λοχίαις ἄκτῃσι γαμήλιον ἄσθμα κεραυνοῦ
395 Ζηνὸς ἀφειδήσαντος ὅλην τεφρώσατο νύμφην·
καὶ στεροπὴ πέλε μαῖα, καὶ Εἰλείθυια κεραυνοί·
κόλπου δ' αἰθομένοιο διαθρώσκοντα τεκούσης
Βάκχον ἐπουρανίη μαιώσατο φειδομένη φλόξ,
μητροφόνῳ σπινθῆρι μαραινομένων ὕμεναιῶν·
400 καὶ βρέφος ἡλιτόμηνον ἀδηλήτου τοκετοῖο
ἄσθμασι φειδομένοισιν ἐχυτλώσαντο κεραυνοί·
καὶ Σεμέλη πυρόεσσαν ἐσαθρήσασα τελευτῇν
ὤλετο τερπομένη λόχιον μόρον· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
ἕμερον, Εἰλείθυιαν, Ἑρινύας εἶν ἐνὶ παστῷ.
405 καὶ βρέφος ἡμιτέλεστον ἐῷ γενετῇρι λοχεῦσαι
οὐρανίῳ πυρὶ γυῖα λελουμένον ἤγαγεν Ἑρμῆς.
Ζεὺς δὲ βαρυζήλοιο μετατρέψας νόον Ἥρης
ἄγριον ἐπρήνυε παλὶλλυτον ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς,
καὶ φλογερὴν Σεμέλην μετανάστιον εἰς πόλον ἄστρον
410 οὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχουσαν ἀνήγαγε μητέρα Βάκχου
αἰθερίοις ναέτησιν ὁμέστιον, ὥς γένος Ἥρης,
ὥς τόκον Ἀρμονίης ἐξ Ἄρεος, ἐξ Ἀφροδίτης·
καὶ καθαρῷ λούσασα νέον δέμας αἶθοπι πυρσῷ...
καὶ βίον ἄφθιτον ἔσχεν Ὀλύμπιον· ἀντὶ δὲ Κὰδμου
415 καὶ χθονίου δαπέδοιο καὶ Αὐτονόης καὶ Ἀγαύης
σύνθρονον Ἄρτεμιν εὔρε καὶ ὠμίλησεν Ἀθήνη
καὶ πόλον ἔδνον ἔδεκτο, μιῆς ψαύουσα τραπέζης
Ζηνὶ καὶ Ἑρμάωνι καὶ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Κυθερείῃ.

BOOK 9

εἰς ἕνατον σκοπίαζε καὶ ὄψεαι υἷέα Μαιης
θυγατέρας τε Λάμου καὶ Μύσιδα καὶ δρόμον Ἴνοϋς.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ Σεμέλης φλογερῶν νωμήτορα κόλπω
ἡμιτελῇ λοχίοιο διαθρώσκοντα κερανοῦ
δεξάμενος Διόνυσον ἐπέρραφεν ἄρσενι μηρῶ,
μαρμαρυγὴν δ' ἀνέμιμνε τελεσσιγόνιοι Σελήνης:
5 καὶ παλάμη Κρονίδαο κυβερνήτειρα λοχείης
αὐτομάτη πέλε μαῖα πολυρραφῆος τοκετοῖο,
παιδοτόκου λύσασα μογοστόκα νήματα μηροῦ.
καὶ Διὸς ὠδίνοντος ἵτυς θηλύνετο μηροῦ,
καὶ πάις ἡλιτόμηνος ἀμήτορι τίκτετο θεσμῶ
10 ἄρσενά θηλυτέρην μετὰ γαστέρα γαστέρα βαίνων.
τὸν μὲν ὑπερκύψαντα θεηγενέος τοκετοῖο
στέμματι κισσήεντι λεχωίδες ἔστεφον Ὠραι
ἔσσομένων κήρυκες, ἐπ' ἀνθοκόμῳ δὲ καρήνων
εὐκεράων σκολιῇσιν ὑπὸ σπείρησι δρακόντων
15 ταυροφυῇ Διόνυσον ἐμιτρώσαντο κεράστην.
καὶ μιν ἔσω Δρακάνοιο λεχώιον ἀμφὶ κολώνην
πήχεϊ κολπωθέντι λαβῶν Μαιήιος Ἑρμῆς
ἡερόθεν πεπότητο: λοχευομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
πατρῶν ἐπέθηκεν ἐπωνυμίην τοκετοῖο
20 κικλήσκων Διόνυσον, ἐπεὶ ποδὶ φόρτον ἀείρων
ἦε χωλαίνων Κρονίδης βεβριθότι μηρῶ,
νῦσος ὅτι γλώσση Συρακοσσίδι χολὸς ἀκούει:
καὶ θεὸν ἀρτιλόχευτον ἐφήμισαν Εἰραφιώτην,
ὅττι μιν εὐώδινι πατήρ ἐρράψατο μηρῶ.
25 καὶ μιν ἀχυτλώτοιο διαῖσσοντα λοχείης
πήχεϊ κοῦρον ἄδακρυν ἐκούφισε σύγγονος Ἑρμῆς,
καὶ βρέφος εὐκεράοιο φυῆς Ἴνδαλμα Σελήνης
ὥπασε θυγατέρεσσι Λάμου ποταμηῖσι Νύμφαις,
παῖδα Διὸς κομέειν σταφυληκόμον: αἱ δὲ λαβοῦσαι
30 Βάκχον ἐπηχύναντο, καὶ εἰς στόμα παιδὸς ἐκάστη
ἀθλιβέων γλαγόεσσαν ἀνέβλυνεν ἰκμάδα μαζῶν.
καὶ πάις ἀντικέλευθον ἐς οὐρανὸν ὄμμα τιταίνων
ὑπτιος ἦεν ἄυπνος, ἀμοιβαίῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
ἡέρα λακτιζῶν διδυμάονι τέρπετο παλμῶ,
35 καὶ πόλον ἐσκοπίαζεν ἀήθεα, θαμβάλεος δὲ
πατρῶν ἐγέλασεν ἵτυν δεδοκήμενος ἄστρων.
καὶ βρέφος ἀθρήσασα Διὸς μαστίζετο νύμφη:
θυγατέρες δὲ Λάμοιο χόλῳ βαρυμήνιος Ἥρης
δαιμονίης κακότητος ἐβακχεύθησαν ἱμάσθλῃ:

40 ἐν δὲ δόμῳ δμῳῆσιν ἐπέχραον, ἐν τριόδοις δὲ
ξεινοφόνῳ δαίτρευνον ὁδοιπόρον ἄνδρα μαχαίρῃ·
φρικαλέαι δ' ἀλάλαζον, ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι δὲ ῥιπῇ
ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐλέλιζον ἀκοσμήτοιο προσώπου·
πάντῃ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα νοοπλανέεσσι μενοιναῖς
45 ἔτρεχον ἀσταθέων τροχαλῷ σκιρτήματι ταρσῶν·
καὶ πλοκάμους βάκχευον ἐς ἡέρα θυιάδες αὔραι
πλαζομένους· κροκόεις δὲ περὶ στέρνοισιν ἐκάστης
ἀφροκόμῳ ῥαθάμιγγι χιτῶν λευκαίνετο κούρης.
καὶ νῦ κε φοιταλέης ἑτερόφρονι κύματι λύσσης
50 νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ,
εἰ μὴ ἀσημάντοιο ποδὸς ληίστορι ταρσῷ
Βάκχον ὑποκλέψας πτερόεις πάλιν ἥρπασεν Ἑρμῆς,
καὶ βρέφος ἄρτικόμιστον ἔχων ζωαρκεῖ κόλπῳ
εἰς δόμον ἄρτιτόκοιο λεχώιον ἤγαγεν Ἴνοϋς.
55 ἢ μὲν ἀνῆέρταζεν ἐῆς προθορόντα λοχείης
νήπιον εἰσεέτι κοῦρον, ἐπωλένιον Μελικέρτην,
παιδοκόμοις παλάμησιν· ἀνοιδαίνοντο δὲ μαζοὶ
θλιβομένοιο γάλακτος ἀναβλύζοντες ἐέρσην.
καὶ φιλίῳις στομάτεσσι θεὸς μειλίζατο νύμφην
60 θέσκελον ὀμφήεντι χέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι·
‘Δέξο, γύναι, νέον υἷα, τεῷ δ' ἐνικάθθεο κόλπῳ
παῖδα κασιγνήτης Σεμέλης σέεν, ὃν παρὰ παστῷ
οὐ στεροπῆς ἀμάθυνεν ὅλον σέλας, οὐδὲ μιν αὐτοὶ
μητροφόνοι σπινθῆρες ἐδηλήσαντο κεραυνοῦ.
65 καὶ βρέφος ἀχλύοεντι δόμῳ πεφυλαγμένον ἔστω,
μηδὲ μιν ἀθρήσειεν ἔσω γλαφυροῖο μελάθρου
ἡμάτιον Φαέθοντος ἢ ἔννυχου ὄμμα Σελήνης,
μηδὲ ἐκουρίζοντα, καὶ εἰ ταυρῶπις ἀκούει,
ζηλήμων βαρύμηνις ἴδῃ κεκαλυμμένον Ἥρη.
70 δέξο κασιγνήτης σέθεν υἷέα· σοὶ δὲ Κρονίων
ἄξια σῶν καμάτων ὀπάσει θρεπτήρια κείνου.
ὀλβιῇ ἐν πάσῃσι θυγατράνσιν ἔπλεο Κάδμου·
ἦδη γὰρ Σεμέλη φλογερῷ δέδμητο βελέμνῳ,
Αὐτονὸν δὲ θανόντι σὺν υἱεὶ γαῖα καλύφει,
75 ἀμφοτέροις δ' ἓνα τύμβον ἀναστήσειε Κιθαιρῶν,
καὶ μόρον οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐσαθρήσειεν Ἀγαθή
Πενθέος ὀλλυμένοιο, νόθης ψαύσασα κονίης,
παιδοφόνος γεγαυῖα λιπόπτολις· ἀλλὰ σὺ μούνη
ἔσσαι αὐχήμεσσα, τόσης ναέτειρα θαλάσσης,
80 οἶκον ἀμειβομένη Ποσιδῆιον, εἰναλίῃ δὲ
ὥς Θέτις, ὥς Ταλάτεια φατίζεαι Ὑδριᾶς Ἴνω·
οὐ χθονίῳ κενεῶνι κατακρύψει σε Κιθαιρῶν,
ἀλλὰ σὺ Νηρείδων μία γίνεαι· ἀντὶ δὲ Κάδμου

ἐλπιδι λωιτέρῃ καλέσῃς Νηρῆα τοκῆα
85 παιδὶ τεῶ ζῶουσα σὺν ἄθανάτῳ Μελικέρτῃ,
Λευκοθέῃ, κρατέουσα χυτῆς κληῖδα γαλήνης,
εὐπλοίῃς μεδέουσα μετ' Αἰόλον· εὐδιόων δὲ
σοὶ πίσυνος πλεύσειε φιλέμπορος εἶν ἄλλ' νάυτης
βωμόν ἕνα στήσας ἐνοσίχθονι καὶ Μελικέρτῃ,
90 ῥέζων ἀμφοτέροισι· θαλασσαίοιο δὲ δίφρου
δέξεται ἡνιοχῆα Παλαίμονα κυανοχαίτης·
ὥς εἰπὼν ἀκίχητος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἔδραμεν Ἑρμῆς
ἥερι δινεύων ἀνεμώδεα ταρσὰ πεδίλων.
Ἴνῳ δ' οὐκ ἀπίθησε, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
95 παιδοκόμῳ πῆχυνεν ἀμήτορα Βάκχον ἀγοστῶ,
πῆχעי δ' ἀπλώσασα συνωρίδα δίζυγα παιδῶν
δίζυγα μαζὸν ὄρεξε Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ·
καὶ βρέφος ἀμφιπόλῳ παρεθήκατο Μῦστιδι νύμφῃ,
Μῦστιδι καλλικόμῳ Σιδωνίδι, τὴν ἔτι κούρην
100 Κάδμος ἀνῆέξησε πατὴρ θαλαμηπόλον Ἴνοϋς·
ἢ τότε Βάκχον ἐλοῦσα θεοτρεφῶν ἀπὸ μαζῶν
ἄρροϊδῇ ζοφόνετι κατεκῆισσε βερέθρῳ·
καὶ Διὸς αὐτοβόητος ἀπαγγέλλουσα λοχεῖην
μαρμαρυγῇ σελάγιζε, καταυγάζουσα προσώπου·
105 τοῖχοι δ' ἀχλύονετ' ἐλευκαίνοντο μελᾶθρου
καὶ ζόφον ἔκρυφε φέγγος ἀθηήτου Διονύσου.
καὶ Βρομίῳ παίζοντι παρέζετο πάννυχος Ἴνῳ·
πολλάκι δ' ἀστήρικτος ἀναθρώσκων Μελικέρτης
χείρῃσιν ἀντιτύποισιν ἀνέσπασε γείτονα θηλήν
110 εὖϊα παππάζοντι παρερπύζων Διονύσῳ.
καὶ θεὸν ἔτρεφε Μῦστις ἐῆς μετὰ μαζὸν ἀνάσσης
ὄμμασιν ἀγρύπνοισι παρεδρήσσουσα Λυαίῳ·
καὶ πινυτὴ θεράπαινα φερώνυμα Μῦστιδι τέχνῃ
ὄρηια νυκτελίοιο διδασκομένη Διονύσου
115 καὶ τελετὴν ἄγρυπνον ἐπεντύνουσα Λυαίῳ
πρῶτῃ ρόπτρον ἔσεισεν, ἐπεπλατάγησε δὲ Βάκχῳ
κῦμβαλα δινεύουσα περίκροτα δίζυγι χαλκῷ,
πρῶτῃ νυκτιχόρευτον ἀναψαμένη φλόγα πεύκης
εὖϊον ἐσμαράγησεν ἀκοιμήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
120 πρῶτῃ καμπύλον ἄνθος ἀναδέψασα κορύμβῳ
ἄπλοκον ἀμπελόεντι κόμην μιτρώσατο δεσμῷ,
αὐτὴ δ' ἔπλεκε θύρσον ἐμόζυγον οἴνοπι κισσῷ,
ἀκροτάτῳ δὲ σίδηρον ἐπεσφήκωσε κορύμβῳ
κευθόμενον πετάλοισιν, ὅπως μὴ Βάκχον ἀμύξῃ·
125 καὶ φιάλας γυμνοῖσιν ἐπὶ στέρνοισι καθάψαι
χαλκείας ἐνόνησε καὶ ἰξὺ δέρματα νεβρῶν·
καὶ τελετῆς ζαθέης ἐγκύμονα μῦστιδα κίστην

παίγνια κουρίζοντι διδασκομένη Διονύσω
πρώτη ἐχιδνήεντα κατὰ χροὸς ἦψεν ἱμάντα
130 σύμπλοκον, εἰλικόεις δὲ δράκων περὶ δίπλακα μίτρην
ἄμματα κυκλώσας ὀφιώδεϊ κάμπτετο δεσμῷ.
τὸν δὲ πολυκλήιστον ὑπὸ σφρηγῖδα μελάθρου
ὄμμασιν ἀπλανέεσσιν ἶδεν πανεπόπιος Ἥρη
μύστιδος ἀφράστοιο μυχῷ πεφυλαγμένον οἴκου:
135 καὶ Στυγὸς ὑστερόποινον ἐπώμνυε νέρτερον ὕδωρ
παντοίῃ κακότητι κατακλύζειν δόμον Ἴνοϋς.
καὶ νῦ κεν ἡμάλδυνε Διὸς γόνον: ἀλλὰ μιν Ἑρμῆς
ἄρπάξας ἐκόμισσε Κυβηλίδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης:
Ἥρη δ' ὠκυπέδιλος ἐπέδραμεν εὐποδι ταρσῷ
140 ὑπόθεν ἀστήρικτος: ὁ δὲ δρόμον ἔφθασεν Ἥρης,
πρωτογόνου δὲ Φάνητος ἀτέρμονα δύσατο μορφήν
καὶ θεὸν ἄζομένη πρωτόσπορον εἵκαθεν Ἥρη
ψευδομένας ἀκτῖνας ὑποπτήσσουσα προσώπου,
οὐδὲ νόθης ἐνόησε δολοπλόκον εἰκόνα μορφῆς:
145 κουφοτέροις δὲ πόδεσσιν ὀρειάδα πέζαν ἀμείβων,
χερσὶ περιπλεκέεσσι κερασφόρον ὕῤα κομίζων,
μητρὶ Διὸς γενέταο λεοντοβότῳ πόρε Ῥεῖη,
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἀριστῶδιני θεαίνῃ:
‘Δέξο, θεά, νέον ὕῤα τεοῦ Διός, ὃς μόθον Ἰνδῶν
150 ἀθλεύσας μετὰ γαῖαν ἐλεύσεται εἰς πόλον ἄστρον,
Ἥρη χωομένη μεγάλη χάρις: οὐ γὰρ ἐώκει,
ὄν Κρονίδης ὠδινεν, ἔχειν κουροτρόφον Ἰνώ:
μαῖα Διωνύσοιο Διὸς γενέτειρα γενέσθω,
μήτηρ Ζηνὸς ἐοῦσα καὶ νίωνοιο τιθήνη.’
155 ὥς εἰπὼν ταχύγουνος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἦλυθεν Ἑρμῆς
κυκλώσας βαλῖησιν ὑπηνέμιον πετρὸν αὔραις:
αὐτογόνου δὲ Φάνητος ὑπέρτερον εἶδος ἀμείψας
ἀρχαίην παλινόρσος ἐὴν ἀνεδύσατο μορφήν
μητέρι παιδοκόμῳ παλινανξέα Βάκχον ἐάσας.
160 τὸν δὲ θεὰ κομέεσκε καὶ εἰσέτι κοῦρον ἐόντα
ἄρματος ὠμοβόμων ἐπιβήτορα θῆκε λεόντων:
καὶ τροχαλοὶ Κορύβαντες ἔσω θεοδέγμονος αὐλῆς
παιδοκόμῳ Διόνυσον ἐμιτρώσαντο χορεῖη,
καὶ ξίφεα κτυπέεσκον, ἀμοιβαίησι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
165 ἀσπίδας ἐκρούσαντο κυβιστητῆρι σιδήρῳ
κουροσύνην κλέπτοντες ἀεζομένου Διονύσου:
καὶ πάις εἰσαΐων σακέων μαιήιον ἠχῷ
πατρῴαις κομιδῆσιν ἀεξήθη Κορυβάντων.
καὶ νέος ἐνναέτηρος ἔχων θηροκτόνον ἄγρην
170 ποσσὶ μὲν ὠκυτέροισι παρέστιχεν ἴθμα λαγωοῦ,
χειρὶ δὲ νηπιάχῳ μεθέπων κεμαδοσσόον ἀλκῇν

ποικίλον ἤωρῃσεν ἐπ' αὐχένι ωεβρόν ἀείρων,
καὶ θρασὺν αἰολόνωτον ἔχων τετανυσμένον ὦμῳ
τίγριν ἄνω κούφιζε μετάρσιον ἔκτοθι δεσμοῦ ...

175 σκύνοντας χερσὶν ἔχων ἐπεδείκνυε μητέρι Πείῃ,
ἄρπάξας νέα τέκνα πολυλλαγέων ἀπὸ μαζῶν,
σμερδαλέους δὲ λέοντας ἔτι ζῶοντας ἐρύσσας
μητέρι δῶρα τίταινε, ἵνα ζευῖξειεν ἀπὴνῃ
δίζυγας ἀμφοτέρῃσι πόδας παλάμῃσι πιέζων.

180 θαμβалέη δὲ γέλωτι γεγηθότι δέρκετο Πείῃ
ἡγορέην καὶ ἄεθλα νεηγενέος Διονύσου:
καὶ βλοσυρῶν Ἰόβακχον ἰδὼν ἐλατῆρα λεόντων
ὄμμασι τερπομένοισι πατήρ ἐγέλασσε Κρονίων.
καὶ χροῖ λαχνήεντας ἀνεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνας

185 Εὐῖος ἀρτιτέλεστον ἔκων παιδὴν ἦβην,
δαίδαλεν ἐλάφοιο φέρων ὦμοισι καλύπτρην,
αἰθερίων μιμηλὸν ἔχων τύπον αἰόλον ἄστρον:
καὶ Φρυγίης ὑπὸ πέζαν ἐς αὐλίας λύλκας ἐλάσσας
στικτοῖς πορδαλίεσσιν ἐὴν ἔξευξεν ἀπὴνῃν,

190 οἷά τε πατρώων δαπέδων Ἰνδαλμα γεραίρων:
πολλάκι δ' ἀθανάτης ἐποχημένος ἄρματι Πείης,
βαίῃ χειρὶ φέρων ἀπαλόχροῖ κύκλα χαλινού,
κραιπνὸν ἐπειγομένων ἀνεσεύρασεν ἄρμα λεόντων:
καὶ Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θάρσος ἀέξων

195 δεξιτερὴν ἐτίταινε ἐπὶ στόμα λυσσάδος ἄρκτου,
σμερδαλαῖς γενύεσσιν ἀταρβέα δάκτυλα βάλλων,
δάκτυλα κουρίζοντα: καὶ ἴστατο μειλιχίῃ θῆρ
νηπιάχῳ στόμα δοῦλον ἐπιτρέψασα Λυαίῳ,
καὶ κύσε καρχαλέοισι φιλήμασι δίκτυλα Βάκχου.

200 ὥς ὁ μὲν ἠέξετο φιλοσκοπέλῳ παρὰ Πείῃ
ἀρτιθαλῆς ἔτι κοῦρος ὀρίτροφος, ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτραις
Πᾶνες ἐκυκλώσαντο χοροῖτυπον νῖα Θυώνης,
ποσσὶ δασυκνήμοισι περισκαίροντες ἐρίπναις,
Βάκχον ἀνευάζοντες: ἐλίσσομένων δὲ χορείῃ

205 αἰγείῃ κροτάλιζε ποδῶν σκιρτήματι χηλῇ.
καὶ Σεμέλη κατ' Ὀλυμπον ἔτι πνεῖουσα κερανοῦ
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ ὑψινόῳ φάτο φωνῇ:
“Ἦρῃ, ἐσυλήθης: Σεμέλης τόκος ἐστὶν ἀρείων:
Ζεὺς ἐμὸν νῖα λόχευσε καὶ ἀντ' ἐμέθεν πέλε μήτηρ,

210 σπεῖρε πατήρ καὶ ἔτικτε, τὸν ἥροσεν, αὐτοτόκῳ δὲ
γαστρὶ νόθῃ τέκε παῖδα, φύσιν δ' ἥλλαξεν ἀνάγκῃ.
Βάκχος Ἐνυαλίου πέλε φέρτερος: ὑμέτερον γὰρ
ἥροσε μοῦνον Ἄρηα καὶ οὐ τεκνώσατο μηρῶ.
Θῆβῃ δ' Ὀρτυγίης κλέος ἔκρυφεν: οὐρανίῃ γὰρ
215 λάθριον Ἀπόλλωνα διωκομένη τέκε Λητώ:

Λητῷ Φοῖβον ἔτικτε, καὶ οὐκ ᾧδινε Κρονίων·
 Ἑρμείαν τέκε Μαῖα, καὶ οὐκ ἐλόχευσεν ἀκοίτης·
 ἀμφαδίην δ' ἐμόν υἷα πατήρ τέκεν. Ἄ μέγα θαῦμα,
 δέρκεο σῆς Διόνυσσον ἐν ἀγκαλίδεσσι τεκούσης
 220 πῆχεϊ παιδοκόμῳ περικείμενον· ἀνάνου δὲ
 ἢ ταμίη κόσμοιο, θεῶν πρωτόσπορος ἀρχή,
 παμμήτωρ, Βρομίου τροφὸς ἔπλετο· νηπιᾷχῳ γὰρ
 Βάκχῳ μαζὸν ὄρεξε, τὸν ἔσπασεν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς.
 τίς Κρονίδης ᾧδινε, τίς ἔτρεφεν Ἄρεα Ῥεῖη
 225 παῖδα τεόν; Κυβέλη δὲ φατιζομένη σέο μήτηρ
 Ζῆνα τέκεν καὶ Βάκχον ἀνέτρεφεν εἰν ἐνὶ κόλπῳ·
 ἀμφοτέρους ἦειρε καὶ υἷέα καὶ γενετῆρα.
 οὐδὲ τόκῳ Σεμέλης ἀπάτῳρ Ἥφαιστος ἐρίζοι
 ἄσπορος ἐκ γενετῆρος, ὃν αὐτόγονος τέκεν Ἥρην
 230 λεπταλέων σκάζοντα ποδῶν ἑτεραλκεί ταρσῶ,
 μητρώην ἀτέλεστον ὑποκλέπτοντα λοχείην.
 οὐ Σεμέλῃ πέλε Μαῖα πανεικελος, ἧς πάις Ἑρμῆς
 ἰσοφανὴς δολόεις, κεκορυθμένος οἷᾶ περ Ἄρης,
 Ἥρην ἠπερόπευσεν, ἕως γλάγος ἔσπασε μαζῶν.
 235 εἴξατέ μοι· Σεμέλῃ γὰρ ἐὼν πόσιν ἔλλαχε μούνη
 τήν αὐτὴν ἀρόωντα καὶ ᾧδίνοντα γενέθλην.
 ὀλβίστη Σεμέλῃ χάριν υἱέος· ἡμέτερος γὰρ
 νόσφι δόλου Διόνυσσος ἐλεύσεται εἰς χορὸν ἄστρον
 αἰθέρα ναιετάων πατρώιον, ὅττι θεαίνης
 240 τοσσατίης ὑπέδεκτο θεοτρεφέος γάλα θηλῆς·
 ἵξεται αὐτοκέλευστος ἐς οὐρανόν, οὐδὲ χατίζει
 Ἥραιοιο γάλακτος ἀρείονα μαζὸν ἀμέλξας.
 εἶπεν ἀγαλλομένη καὶ ἐν αἰθέρι· χωομένη δὲ
 Ζηνὸς ἀνεπτοίησε δάμαρ μετανάστιον Ἴνῳ,
 245 ἀπροϊδὴς Ἀθάμαντος ἐπιβρίσασα μελάθρῳ
 εἰσέτι κουρίζοντι χολωομένη Διονύσῳ.
 ἐκ θαλάμου δὲ φυγοῦσα διέδραμε δύσγαμος Ἴνῳ,
 τρηχαλέας ἀπέδιλος ἐπισκαίρουσα κολώνας,
 ἶχνος ἀκηρύκτοιο μετεσσυμένη Διονύσου·
 250 φοιταλέῃ δὲ βέβηκε δι' οὖρεος οὔρεα νύμφη,
 ἄχρι χαραδρήεσσιν ἐδύσατο Δελφίδα Πυθώ·
 καὶ μόγις ἶχνος ἔκαμψε δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
 ἄσχετα παιφάσσουσα· κατὰ στέρνοιο δὲ γυμνοῦ
 πενθαλέον κήρυκα διαρρήξασα χιτῶνα
 255 αἰνομανὴς πεφόρητο· νοοπλάγκτοιο δὲ νύμφης
 οἰμωγὴν αἰὼν ἑτερόθροον ἔτρεμε ποιμήν.
 πολλὰκι θεσπεσίῃ τριποδηίδι σύμπλοκον ἔδρη
 αὐχμηραῖς τριέλικτον ὄφιν σπειρηδὸν ἐθείραις
 ἥρμοσε, λεπταλέῳ δὲ περισφίγξασα καρήνῳ

260 μηκεδανὴν μίτρῳσε δρακοντείῳ τρίχα δεσμῶ:
παρθενικὰς δ' ἔδωκε θεωρίδας. οὐ τότε λοιβή,
οὐδὲ θυηπολίη μεταδήμιος, οὐ παρὰ νηῶ
Δελφὸς ἀνὴρ ἐχόρευε: τανυπλέκτοιο δὲ κισσοῦ
γυιοβόροις ἐλίκεσσιν ἑμασιτίζοντο γυναῖκες.
265 θηρητῆρ δ' ἄλέεινεν ἰδὼν ὄρεσίδρομον Ἴνω,
καλλείψας σταλίκων λίνεον δόλον: ὑψιλόφου δὲ
αἰπόλος ἦλασεν αἶγας ὑπὸ πτύχα φωλάδα πέτρης
καὶ βόας ἰδρώνοντας ὑπὸ ζυγόδεσμον ἐλαύνων
ἄλμασιν Ἰνώοισι γέρων ἔφριξεν ἀροτρεὺς.
270 καὶ χθονίης σφιγξάσα βοῆς ἀλλόθροον ἡχῶ
Πυθιάς ὁμφήεσσα δι' οὖρεος ἔτρεχε κούρη,
ἠθάδα σεισαμένη κεφαλῇ Πανοπηίδα δάφνην:
δυσσαμένη δὲ κάρηνα βαθυκνήμιδος ἐρίπτνης
Δελφικὸν ἄντρον ἔναιε φόβῳ λυσσώδεος Ἴνου.
275 ἀλλὰ διεσσυμένη πολυκαμπέος ἔνδιον ὕλης
οὐ λάθεν Ἀπόλλωνα πανόψιον: ἄγχι δὲ λόχμης
οἰκτεῖρων ταχὺς ἦλθε, καὶ εἰς βροτὸν εἶδος ἀμείψας
νύμφης ἐγγὺς ἵκανε, καὶ ἀκρότατον δέμας Ἴνου
φειδομέναις παλάμησι σοφῆς ἐπλέξατο Δάφνης,
280 καὶ οἱ νήδυμον ὕπνον ἐπήγαγεν: ἀμβροσίῃ δὲ
ὑπναλέης ἔχρισεν ὅλον χροά πενθάδος Ἴνου
λυσσιπόνῳ ῥαθάμιγγι μεμνηνὸτα γυῖα διαίνων.
καὶ χρόνον αὐτόθι μίμνεν ἔσω Παρνησίδος ὕλης
τέτρατον εἰς λυκάβαντα, καὶ ὁμφαίῃ παρὰ πέτρῃ
285 εἰσέτι νηπιάχοιο χοροὺς ἰδρύσατο Βάκχου
Φοίβου μαντοσύνησι: σὺν ἀγρύπνοισι δὲ πεύκαις
Κωρυκίδες θυόεντα μετέστιχον ὄργια Βάκχαι,
καὶ ζαθέαις παλάμησιν ἀλεξητήρια λύσσης
φάρμακα συλλέξαντο καὶ ἰήσαντο γυναῖκα.
290 Κεκλομένου δ' Ἀθάμαντος ὁπάονες ἦσαν ἀλῆται
πάντοθι μαστεύοντες: ὀριπλανέες δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ
δμῳίδες ἐστιχόωντο πολυστρέπτοισι πορείαις
διζόμεναι περίφοιτον ἀπευθέος ἵχνος ἀνάσσης
πλαζομένης ἀκίχητα: φιλοθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
295 στυγνὸς ἐρευθιόωσαν ὄνου ἤμυσσε παρειήν,
καὶ ῥοδέοις ἐκόρυσσαν ἐκούσια δάκτυλα μαζοῖς:
καὶ πολὺν οἰμωγῇσι δι' ἄστεος ἦχον ἰάλλων
πενθαλέης ὀλόλυξε βεβυσμένος οἶκος ἀνίης:
καὶ πλεόν αἰολόμητις ἐδέχνυτο Μῦστις ἀνάγκην,
300 εἶχε δὲ διπλὸν ἄλγος ἀλωομένης ἔτι δειλῆς
Ἴνου τλησιπόνιοιο καὶ ἀρπαμένου Διονύσου.
οὐ μὲν ἄναξ Ἀθάμας κινυρὴν ὠδύρετο νύμφην,
ἀλλὰ λιπὼν ἄμνηστον ἀκηρύκτου πόθον Ἴνου

δισσοτόκου Νεφέλης προτέρης μετὰ δέμνια νύμφης
305 ἄβρᾶ βαθυζώνοιο μετέστιχε λέκτρα Θεμιστοῦς,
καὶ τρίτον εἰς ὕμέναιον ἄγων Ὑψηίδα κούρην
Ἴνοῦς ῥῖπεν ἔρωτα· καὶ ὡς τροφὸς ἄβρὸν ἀθύρων,
ὕψιπόρῳ στροφάλιγγι μετάρσιον ἥερι πέμπων,
κούφισε παππάζοντα παρηγορέων Μελικέρτην·
310 καὶ οἱ δακρυχέοντι γαλακτοφόρου περὶ θηλῆς
ἄρσενά μαζδὸν ὄρεξε, πόθον δ' ἀνέκοψε τεκούσης.
ἐκ λεχέων δ' Ἀθάμαντος ἀνηέξησε Θεμιστῶ
υἱέας εὐθώρηκας, ἀλεξητῆρας Ἐνυοῦς,
Σχοινέα καὶ Λεύκωνα, νέην εὐήνορα φύτλην,
315 πρωτοτόκοις ὠδῖσιν· ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι δὲ μήτηρ
ξυνῆς δισσὰ γένεθλα μιῆς βλάστημα λοχείης
γείνατο Πορφυρέωνα καὶ ἔτρεφε πῖονι μαζῶ
Πτοῖον, ἀλεξικάκοιο θάλος παιδίον ἥβης,
ἄμφω τηλυγέτους καὶ ὀμήλικας, οὕς ποτε μήτηρ
320 μητρυιῆς ἄτε παῖδας ἀπηλοίησε Θεμιστῶ,
δίπτυχον ἀγλαόπαιδος ὀιομένη γένος Ἴνοῦς.

BOOK 10

καὶ δεκάτῳ μανίην Ἀθαμαντίδα καὶ δρόμον Ἴνου,
πῶς φύγεν εἰς ἄλδς οἶδμα σὺν ἄρτιτόκῳ Μελικέρτῃ.
ὥς ἣ μὲν φονίη παιδοκτόνος ἔπλετο μήτηρ
μαινομένη· τεκέων δὲ πατήρ ὑπὸ μάρτυρι ποινῇ,
ὅττι γονῆς ὀλέτειραν ὁμέστιον εἶχε Θεμιστῶ,
οἰστρηθεὶς Ἀθάμας μανιώδει Πανὸς ἱμάσθλῃ
5 ποίμνης εἰς μέσον ἦλθε, καὶ ὥς θεράποντας ἱμάσσω
εἰροπόκων ἐδίωκεν ἀναίτια πῶεα μῆλων·
καὶ μίαν ἤέρταζεν, ἐὴν ἄτε σύζυγα νύμφην,
σὺν διδύμοις βρεφέεσσι νεογλαγέων ἐπὶ μαζῶν
αἶγα λαβών· λασίους δὲ πόδας σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ
10 διχθαδίῳ· λύσας δὲ παρ' ἱξὺ κυκλάδα μίτρην
σφιγγομένης μάστιζε δέμας ψευδήμονος Ἴνου,
μὴ νοέων νόθον εἶδος. αἰὲ δὲ οἱ ἔνδον ἀκουῆς
Πανιάδος Κρονίης ἐπεβόμβεε δοῦπος ἱμάσθλης·
πολλάκι δ' ἀστήρικτος ἔῶν ἀνεπάλλετο θώκων
15 οὔασι ταρβαλέοισι δεδεγμένος ἄσθμα δρακόντων.
πυκνὰ δὲ τόξα τίταινε, βέλος δ' ἐπὶ κυκλάδι νευρῇ
εἰς κενεὸν σκοπὸν εἵλκεν ἀνούτατον ἥερα βάλλων.
Ταρταρίης δ' ὀφιῶδες ἰδὼν Ἴνδαλμα θεαίνης
πάλλετο δειμαίνων ἑτερόχροα φάσματα μορφῆς,
20 ἄφρον ἄκοντίζων χιονώδεα, μάρτυρα λύσσης,
ὀφθαλμοὺς μεθύοντας ἀπειλητῆρας ἐλίσσων.
καὶ οἱ ὀπιπεύοντι πολυπλανέεσσιν ἐρωαῖς
ὄμματα φοινίσσοντο· διὰ κροτάφοιο δὲ λεπταὶ
ἄσταθέος μῆνιγγες ἐδινεύοντο καρήνου.
25 ὤλετο δὲ ψυχῆς τρίτατον λάχος· ἀπλανέες γὰρ
ἄφρονος ἐγκεφάλοιο μετατρωπῶντο μενοιναί,
καὶ σφαλεραῖς ἐλίκεσσιν ἐβακχεύθησαν ὀπωπαὶ
ἀνέρος οἰστρηθέντος· ἀπεπλάζοντο δὲ χαῖται
σειόμεναι περὶ νῶτον ἀκερσικόμοιο καρήνου.
30 καὶ στόμα οἱ βάμβαινε, καὶ ἥερι χεῖλεα λύσας
πέμπεν ἀσημάντων ἐπέων ἑτερόθροον ἠχώ.
καὶ βροτέας βιότοιο μεληδόνας ἥρπασαν αὔραι
Εὐμενίδων, καὶ γλῶσσα βαρύνετο θυιάδι φωνῇ·
παπταίνων δ' ἐλικηδὸν ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι προσώπου
35 ἄλλοφυές νόθον εἶδος ἀθηήτοιο Μεγαίρης
οἰστρομανῆς Ἀθάμας ἑτερόφρονι σείετο παλμῷ·
καὶ βλοσυρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἀμερσινόοιο θεαίνης
ἄρπάξαι μενέαινε·ν ἐχιδνήεσσαν ἱμάσθλην·
γυμνώσας δὲ μάχαιραν Ἐρινύος ἀντία κόρσης

40 ἦθελε Τισιφώνης ὀφιώδεα βόστρυχα τέμνειν.
καὶ κενεοῖς ὄαροισιν ὀμίλεε γείτονι τοίχῳ
παπταίνων σκιόεσσαν ἐπικλοπον εἰκόνα μορφῆς
Ἀρτέμιδος, καὶ κοῦφον ἰδὼν εἰδωλον ὀπωπαῖς
φάσμασιν ἀντιτύποισιν ἐς ἕμερον ἤλυθεν ἄγρης.
45 ὅψε δὲ ποικιλόδακρυς ἔτος μέτα τέτρατον Ἴνῳ
νόστιμος εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν· ὀπιπεύουσα δὲ νύμφη
καὶ πόσιν οἰσטרηθέντα καὶ ἀρσενόπαιδα Θεμιστῷ
διπλόον ἄλγος ἔδεκτο. καὶ οὐ γίνωσκεν ἀκοίτης
εὐνέτιν ἀθρήσας χρονίην παλινάγρετον Ἴνῳ·
50 ἀλλὰ πόθον ταχύγουνος ἔχων κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρης
εἰς σκοπιὰς ἦιξε θυελλήεντι πεδίλῳ,
υἷδὼν ἰδὼν ἅτε θῆρα κερασφόρον· ἰθυτενὲς δὲ
τόξον ἔχων ἀκίχητος ἐπεσκίρτησε Λεάρχῳ,
ὑπικερων ἔλαφον δοκέων ψευδήμονι μορφῇ,
55 θηρείοις μελέεσσιν ὁμοίον· αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων
ταρβήεις πεπόττητο θοώτερα γούνατα πάλλων.
χερσὶ δὲ λυσσαλέησιν ὑπηνέμιον βέλος ἔλκων
παιδοφόνῳ νέον υἷα πατήρ ἐπέδρησε βελέμνῳ·
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἄγνωστον ἀπηλοίησε μαχαίρῃ
60 φάσματι νεβρωθεῖσαν· ἀσημάντου δὲ προσώπου
αἵμαλέης ἐγέλασσε γενειάδος ἄκρον ἀφάσπων,
ἀμφαφῶν ἅτε θῆρα, καὶ ἔδραμεν ἄλματι λύσσης,
παιδὸς ἔτι σπαίροντος ἀτυμβεύτοιο Λεάρχου,
μητέρα μαστεύων, στροφάδας δ' ἐλέλιζεν ὀπωπάς.
65 οὐδέ τις ἀμφιπόλων σχεδὸν ἦιε· φοιταλέος δὲ
ἐπταμύχου θαλάμοιο διέστιχεν ὠκέι ταρσῷ
κικλήσκων ἐδὼν υἷα, τὸν ἔκτανεν. ἐν δὲ μελᾶθρῳ
νήπιον ἀρτικόμιστον ἐσαθρήσας Μελικέρτην,
στηριξας δὲ λέβητα πυρίπνοον ἐσχαρεῶνι,
70 εἰς μέσον υἷεα θῆκεν· ἀναπτομένοιο δὲ πυρσοῦ,
φοίνιος ὕδατόεντι λέβης ἐπεπάφλασεν ἀτμῷ.
Παππάζων δ' ἰάχησεν ἐδὸς πάις, οὐδέ τις αὐτῷ
ἀμφιπόλων χραίσμησεν· ἀελλήεσσα δὲ μήτηρ
ἡμιδαῖ πυρίκαυτον ἀφαρπάξασα λεβήτῳ
75 ἄλμασι φοιταλέοισι ποδήνεμος ἔτρεχεν Ἴνῳ·
καὶ Λευκοῦ πεδίοιο διατμήγουσα κονίην
Λευκοθέη πεφάτιστο φερώννυμος· ἐκ δὲ μελᾶθρου
αἰνομανῆς Ἀθάμας ἀνεμώδεα γούνατα πάλλων
ὠκυτέρην ἐδίωκε μάτην ὀρεσιδρομον Ἴνῳ.
80 ἀλλ' ὅτε οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθε πολυπτοίητος ἀκοίτης
ἄστατον ἶχνος ἔχων σφαλερῷ ποδὶ, δὴ τότε δειλὴ
ἀγχιπόρῳ στήσασα διαινόμενον πόδα πόντῳ
παιδὶ φιλοθρήνῳ κινυρὴν βρυχήσατο φωνήν,

μεμφομένη Κρονίωνα καὶ ἄγγελον υἱέα Μαιῆς:
85 Ἐκατά μοι, ἄργικέραυνε, πόρες θρεπτήρια Βάκχου:
ἡμιδαῖ σκοπίαζε συνήλικα παῖδα Λυαίω:
ἦν ἐθέλης, πρήνιζον ἀφειδέι σεῖο κεραυνῶ
μητέρα καὶ νέον υἱά, τὸν ἔτρεφον εἰν ἐνὶ κόλπῳ
σύντροφον ὑμετέροιο θεηγενέος Διονύσου.
90 τέκνον, Ἀναγκαίη μεγάλη θεός: εἰς τίνα φεύγεις;
ποῖον ὄρος δέχεται σε πεφυγμένον ἐγγύθι πόντου;
τίς σκοτίῳ κενεῶνι κατακρύψει σε Κιθαίων;
τίς βροτὸς οἰκτεῖρει σε, τὸν οὐ γενέτης ἐλεαίρει;
ἦ ξίφος ἦ σε θάλασσα δεδέξεται: εἴ περ ἀνάγκη,
95 λῶιον ἐν πελάγεσσι δαμήμεναι ἢ ἐμαχαίρῃ.
οἶδα, πόθεν τόδε πῆμα τεῇ κεκύλιστο τεκούσῃ,
οἶδα, πόθεν: νεφέλῃ γὰρ Ἑρινύας εἰς ἐμὲ πέμπει,
ὄφρα θάνω κατὰ πόντον, ὅπῃ πέσε παρθένος Ἑλλή.
ἔκλυον ἡερόθεν πεφορημένον εἰς χθόνα Κόλχων
100 ἄρπαγος ἀρνειοῖο μετήορον ἡνιοχῆα
Φριξον ἔτι ζῶειν μετανάστιον: αἶθε καὶ αὐτὸς
χρυσοπόκου κριοῖο μετάρσιον οἶμον ὁδεύοι
υἱὸς ἐμὸς λιπόπατρις Ἀλυσκάζων Μελικέρτης:
αἶθε δὲ καὶ μετὰ Φοῖβον ἐποικτεῖρων σέθεν Ἰνώ
105 ξεινοδόκος Γλαύκοιο Ποσειδάων σε σώσῃ.
δεῖδια, μὴ μετὰ πότμον ἀτυμβεύτοιο Λεάρχου
νεκρὸν ἄθαστον ἄδακρυν ὀλωλότα καὶ σὲ νοήσω
αἰμαλέῃ γενετῆρος ἐπισπαίροντα μαχαίρῃ.
σπεῦδε φυγεῖν Ἀθάμαντα μεμνηνότα, μηδὲ νοήσης
110 παιδοφόνον γενετῆρα τεῆς ὀλετῆρα τεκούσης.
δέξο με καὶ σὺ, θάλασσα, μετὰ χθόνα: δέχνυσο, Νηρεῦ,
χειρὶ φιλοξείνῳ μετὰ Περσέα καὶ Μελικέρτην:
δέχνυσο καὶ Δανάης μετὰ λάρνακα σύμπλοον Ἰνώ.
ἄξια δυσσεβίης καὶ ἐγὼ πάθον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴν
115 ἄσπορον ἡμετέρην γενεὴν ποίησε Κρονίων,
ἄσπορον ὥς ἐτέλεσσα φερέσβιον αὐλάκα γαίης:
μητρυιή τις ἐοῦσα νόθην Ἀθαμαντίδα φύτλην
ἀμῆσαι προβέβουλα, καὶ εἰς ἐμὲ χῶεται Ἥρῃ
μητρυιῇ γεγαυῖα νεοτρεφέος Διονύσου.
120 ὥς φαμένη τρομεροῖσιν ὑπ' ἔχνεσιν ἤλατο πόντῳ
κραιπνὰ κυβιστήσασα σὺν υἱεί: Λευκοθέην δὲ
πεπταμέναις παλάμησιν ἐδέξατο κυανοχαίτης
δαίμοσιν ὑδροπόροισιν ὁμέστιον: ἔνθεν ἀρῆγει
ναύταις πλαζομένοισι, καὶ ἔπλετο ποντιᾶς Ἰνώ
125 Νηρεῖς ἀφλοίσβοιο κυβερνήτειρα γαλήνης.
τὴν μὲν ἄναξ Κρονίδης ἐπεδείκνυε μητρὶ Λυαίου,
ὅττι χάριν Βρομίοιο θεὰ πέλεν: ἡ δὲ χαρεῖσα

γνωτῆ ποντοπόρῳ φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν:
 Ἵνῳ, πόντον ἔχεις, Σεμέλη λάχε κύκλον Ὀλύμπου:
 130 εἷξον ἔμοι: Κρονίδην γὰρ ἐμῆς ἀροτῆρα γενέθλης
 ἀθάνατον πόσιν ἔσχον, ἐμῆς ὠδῖνα λοχεΐης
 ἀντ' ἐμέθεν τίκτοντα, σὺ δὲ χθονίῳ παρακοίτῃ
 νυμφεύθης Ἀθάμαντι, τεῆς ὀλετῆρι γενέθλης.
 σὸς πάις ἔλλαχε πόντον, ἐμὸς τόκος αἰθέρα ναιέιν
 135 ἵζεται εἰς Διὸς οἶκον ὑπέρτερον: οὐ γὰρ εἴσχω
 οὐράνιον Διόνυσον ὑποβρυχίῳ Μελικέρτῃ.
 τοῖα μὲν αἰθερίῃ Σεμέλει μυκήσατο νύμφῃ
 γνωτῆς κερτομέουσα θαλασσονόμου βίον Ἴνοϋς.
 τόφρα δὲ καὶ Διόνυσος ὑπὸ κλίμα Λυδὸν ἀρούρης,
 140 εὖϊα δινεύων Κυβελίδος ὄργανα Πείρης,
 ἦνθεε μῆκος ἔχων, ὅσον ἤθελεν: ὑψιπόρου δὲ
 φεύγων Ἥελιοιο μεσημβρίζουσιν ἱμάσθλην
 ἥσυχα παφλάζοντι δέμας φαίδρυνε λοετρῷ
 Μηονίου ποταμοῖο, χαριζόμενος δὲ Λυαίῳ
 145 Πακτωλὸς κελάρυζε, χέων χρυσόσπορον ὕδωρ
 πορφυρέαις ψαμάθοισι, βαθυπλούτων δὲ μετάλλων
 ἀφνειῷ κεκύλιστο βυθῷ χρυσούμενος ἰχθύς:
 καὶ Σάτυροι παίζοντες, ἐν ἥερι ταρσὰ μεθέντες,
 εἰς ποταμὸν προχέοντο κυβιστητῆρι καρήνων,
 150 ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτοφόρητος ἐνήχετο χερσὶν ἐρέσσων,
 πρηνῆς δ' ἐν ῥοθίοισι καὶ οἷδμασιν ἵχνος ἐρείσας
 ποσσὶν ὀπισθοτόνοισι ῥυηφενὲς ἔσχισεν ὕδωρ:
 καὶ τις ὑποβρυχίων κατεδύσατο βένθος ἐναύλων
 νειόθι μαστεύων νεπόδων ἐτερόχροον ἄγρην,
 155 τυφλὴν νηχομένοισιν ἐπ' ἰχθύσι χεῖρα τιταίνων,
 καὶ βυθὸν αὐτὶς ἔλειπε, καὶ ἰχθύας ὥρεγε Βάκχῳ
 ἰλύι φοινίσσοντας ἐχεκτεάνου ποταμοῖο :
 συμπλέγδην δὲ πόδεσσιν ἀρηρότα ταρσὰ συνάπτων
 κυφὸς ἐριδμαίνων Σατύρῳ Σειληνὸς ἀλήτης
 160 κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπεσκίρτησε ῥέεθρῳ
 ὑπόθεν εἰς βαθὺ λαῖτμα, καὶ ἰλύος ἥπτετο χαίτη,
 καὶ διδύμους στίλβοντι πόδας στηριζατο πλῶ
 ὄλβον ἐυψήφίδα μεταλλεύων ποταμοῖο:
 καὶ τις ἐνὶ προχοῇσι μετάφρενον ἥερι φαίνων
 165 ἄβροχον ὦμον ἔλειπε δι' ὕδατος, ἰσχία βάπτων
 ἀγχιβαθῆς ἀτίνακτος: ὁ δ' οὐατα γυμνὰ τιταίνων
 χεύματι μαρμαρέῳ λασίους ἐδιήνατο μηρούς,
 καὶ ῥόον αὐτοέλικτος ἐμάστιε σύμφυτος οὐρή.
 καὶ θεὸς ὀρθώσας κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα πετάσας,
 170 χεῖρας ἐρετμώσας, χρυσέην ἐχάραξε γαλήνην:
 καὶ ῥόδον αὐτοτέλεστον ἀκύμονες ἔπτουν ὄχθαι,

καὶ κρίνον ἐβλάστησε, καὶ ῥόνας ἔστεφον Ὠραι
Βάκχου λουομένοιο, καὶ ἀστράπτοντι ρέεθρῳ
ἄπλοκα κυανέης ἐρυθαίνετο βόστρυχα χαίτης.

175 καὶ ποτε θηρεύων ὑπὸ φωλάδα δάσκιον ὕλιν
ἥλικος ἡιθέοιο ῥοδῶπιδι θέλγετο μορφῇ.

ἦδη γάρ Φρυγίης ὑπὸ δειράδα κοῦρος ἀθύρων
ἄμπελος ἡέξετο, νεοτρεφὲς ἔρνος Ἑρώτων:
οὐδὲ οἱ ἄβρὸς Ἰουλος ἐρευθομένοιο γενείου

180 ἄχνοα χιονέης ἐχαράσσετο κύκλα παρειῆς,
ἥβης χρύσειον ἄνθος: ὀπισθοπόροιο δὲ χαίτης
βότρυες εἰλικόεντες ἐπ' ἀργυρέων θεὸν ὤμων
ἀπλεκέες, λιγυρῷ δὲ συναιθύσσοντες ἀήτη
ἄσθματι κουφίζοντο: παρελκομένων δὲ κομῶν

185 ἀκροφανῆς ἀνέτελλε μέσος γυμνούμενος αὐχὴν
καὶ σέλας ἠκόντιζε λιπόσκιος, οἷά τε λάμπει
μεσοφανῆς νέφος ὑγρὸν ἀνασχίζουσα Σελήνη:
καὶ στόματος ῥοδέοιο μελίπνοος ἔρρεε φωνή:

ἐκ μελέων δ' ὅλον εἶαρ ἐφαίνετο: νισσομένου δὲ
190 ἐκ ποδὸς ἀργυρέοιο ῥόδων ἐρυθαίνετο λειμῶν:

εἰ δὲ βοογλήνων φαέων εὐφεγγεὶ κύκλῳ
ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐλέλιζεν, ὅλη σελάγιζε Σελήνη.
τὸν μὲν ἔχων Διόνυσος ὁμέσιον, ἄβρὸν ἀθύρων,
εἶρετο θαμβαλέην προχέων ἐπὶ κάλλει φωνήν

195 ὥς βροτὸς, ἀθανάτην δὲ δολοπλόκος ἔκρυφε μορφήν:

‘Τίς σε πατήρ ἐφύτευσε; τίς οὐρανίη τέκε γαστήρ;
τίς Χαρίτων σε λόχευσε; τίς ἤροσε καλὸς Ἀπόλλων;
εἰπέ, φίλος, μὴ κρύπτε τεὸν γένος: εἰ μὲν ἱκάνεις
ἄπτερος ἄλλος Ἴερος βελέων δίχα, νόσφι φαρέτρης,

200 τίς μακάρων σε φύτευσε παρευνάζων Ἀφροδίτῃ;
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τρομέω σέο μητέρα Κύπριν ἐνίψαι,
μὴ γενέτην Ἥφαιστον ἢ Ἄρεα σεῖο καλέσσω.

εἰ δὲ σὺ, τὸν καλέουσιν, ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἦλυθες Ἑρμῆς,
δεῖξον ἐμοὶ πτερὰ κοῦφα καὶ ἔμπνοα ταρσὰ πεδίλων.

205 πῶς μεθέπεις ἄτμητον ἐπήγορον αὐχένι χαίτην;
μὴ σὺ μοι αὐτὸς ἱκανὲς ἄτερ κιθάρης, δίχα τόξου,
Φοῖβος ἀκερσικόμης κεχαλασμένα βόστρυχα σείων;
εἰ Κρονίδης με φύτευσε, σὺ δὲ χθονίης ἀπὸ φύτλης
βουκεράων Σατύρων μινυώριον αἶμα κομίζεις,

210 Ἴσον ἐμοὶ βασίλευε, θεῶ βροτὸς: οὐ γὰρ ἐλέγξει
οὐράνιον τεὸν εἶδος Ὀλύμπιον αἶμα Λυαίου.

ἀλλὰ τί κικλήσκω σε μινυνθαδῆς ἀπὸ φύτλης;
γινώσκω τεὸν αἶμα, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις:
ἠελίῳ σε λόχευσε παρευνηθεῖσα Σελήνη

215 Ναρκίσσῳ χαρίεντι πανεῖκελον: αἰθέριον γὰρ

εἵκελον εἶδος ἔχεις, κεραῆς Ἴνδαλμα Σελήνης.
τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε· νέος δ' ἠγάλλετο μῦθω
κυδιῶν, ὅτι κάλλος ὑπέρβαλεν ἥλικος ἥρης
εἶδεῖ φαιδροτέρῳ. καὶ ὀρειάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης
220 εἰ μέλος ἔπλεκε κοῦρος, ἐτέρπετο Βάκχος ἀκούων·
εἰ νέος ἐκτὸς ἔμιμνεν, ἀμειδέας ἔσχε παρειάς·
εἰ Σάτυρος παρὰ δαῖτα φιλοσκάρθμοιο τραπέζης
τύμπανα χερσὶν ἔτυπτε περίκροτον ἦχον ἀράσσων,
καὶ νέος ἐκτὸς ἔην μεθέπων ἐλαφηβόλον ἄγρην,
225 κούρου μὴ παρεόντος ἀναινέτο δίκτυπον ἥχώ·
εἴ ποτε Πακτωλοῖο παρ' ἀνθεμόεντι ῥεέθρῳ
δηθύνων ἀνέμιμνεν, ὅπως ἐπιδόρπιον εἴη
αὐτὸς ἐὼ βασιλῆϊ φέρων γλυκερώτερον ὕδωρ,
κούρου νόσφι μένοντος ἱμάσσετο Βάκχος ἀνίη.
230 εἰ θρασὺν αὐλὸν ἄειρε, Λιβυστίδος ὄργανον Ἥχοϋς,
οἰδαλέῃ φύσημα παρηίδι λεπτὸν ἰάλλων,
Μυγδόνοσ ἀύλητῆρος οἴετο Βάκχος ἀκούειν,
ὃν τέκε θεῖος Ὑαγνίς, ὃς εἰς κακὸν ἤρισε Φοιβῷ
τρητὸν ἐπιθλίβων διδυμόθροον αὐλὸν Ἀθήνης·
235 εἰ δὲ σὺν ἡβητῆρι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης,
κούρου φθεγγομένου πολυτερπέας εἶχεν ἀκουάς,
παυομένου δὲ νέοιο κατηφέας εἶχε παρειάς·
εἰ δὲ βαθυσκάρθμοιο πόθου πεφορημένος οἷστρω
ἄμπελος ὄρχηστῆρι ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῶ,
240 καὶ Σατύρῳ παίζοντι συνέπλεκε χεῖρα χορεύων,
δόχμιον ἐκ ταρσοῖο μετῆλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,
Βάκχος ὀπιπεύων φθονερῇ δεδόνητο μερίμνῃ.
εἴ ποτε Σειληνοῖσιν ὁμίλεεν, εἴ τιτι κούρῳ
ἥλικι θηρητῆρι συνέτρεχεν εἰς δρόμον ἄγρης,
245 ζηλήμων Διόνυσος ἐρήτυε, μὴ τις οἰστῶ
βλήμενος ἰσοτύπῳ φρενοθελγεί λάτρει Ἐρώτων
παιδὸς ἐλαφρονόοιο παραπλάγχθει μενοινήν,
καὶ νέον ἱμερόντα μεταστήσειε Λυαίου,
ἀρτιθαλῆς ἄτε κοῦρος ὁμόχρονον ἥλικα τέρπων.
250 ἄλλ' ὅτε θύρσον ἄειρε καταντία λυσσάδος ἄρκτου
ἢ βριαρῶ νάρθηκα κατηκόντιζε λεαίνης,
εἰς δύσιν ὄμμα τίταινε ἐς ἡέρα λοξὰ δοκεύων,
μὴ Ζεφύρου πνεύσειε πάλιν θανατηφόρος αὔρη,
ὥς πάρος ἡβητῆρα κατέκτανε πικρὸς ἀήτης
255 δίσκον ἀκοντιστῆρα καταστρέψας Ὑακίνθου·
δεῖδιε, μὴ Κρονίδης ἐρασίπτερος ὄρνις Ἐρώτων
ἀπροιδῆς ἀκίχητος ὑπὲρ Τμῶλοιο φανείη
φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐς ἡέρα παῖδα κομίζων,
Τρώιον οἷά τε κοῦρον ἐὼν δρησῆρα κυτέλλων·

260 ἔτρεμε καὶ δυσέρωτα κυβερνητῆρα θαλάσσης,
 μὴ μετὰ Τανταλίδην χρυσέων ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων
 εἰς δρόμον ἡερόφοιτον ἄγων περόεσσαν ἀπήνην
 ἄμπελον ἀρπάξειεν ἔρωμανέων ἔνοσιχτων.
 καὶ γλυκὺν εἶχεν ὄνειρον ὄνειροτόκων ἐπὶ λέκτρων,
 265 καὶ φιλοῦς ὀάριζε νέῳ ψευδήμονι μύθους
 μιμηλῆς ὁρόων σκιοειδέα φάσματα μορφῆς.
 εἰ δέ τι οἱ δύσμορφον ἐπήρατος εἶχεν ὀπωπῆ,
 ἱμερόεν πέλε τοῦτο ποθοβλήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
 φίλτερον ἡβητῆρος ὅλου χροός· εἰ δέ οἱ ἄκρη
 270 συμφερτὴ κεχάλαστο δι' ἰξὺς ὄρθιος οὐρῇ,
 καὶ μέλιτος γλυκεροῖο μελιχροτέρη πέλε Βάκχῳ·
 καὶ πλόκαμοι ῥυπόωντες ἀκηδέστοιο καρῆνου
 αὐτοὶ μᾶλλον ἔτερπον ἔρωμανέοντος ὀπωπῆν.
 ἥματι μὲν κεχάρητο συνέμπορος· ἄχλυτο δ' αἰεὶ
 275 νυκτὸς ἐπερχομένης, ὅτε μηκέτι παιδὸς ἀκούων
 οὐασὶ θελγομένοισιν ἐθήμονα δέχλυτο φωνήν,
 ῥεῖς ὀβριμόπαιδος ἐνὶ σπῆεσσιν ἰαύων.
 καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Σατύρων τις ἐθέλγετο θέσπιδι μορφῇ,
 καὶ κρυφίην ἐρόεσσαν ὑποκλέπτων φάτο φωνήν·
 280 Ἄνδρομέης κραδῆς ταμίη, φιλοτήσιε Πειθῷ,
 μοῦνος ἐμοὶ νέος οὗτος ἐπήρατος Ἰλαος εἷη·
 καὶ μιν ἔχων, ἅτε Βάκχος, ὁμέσιον οὐ μενεαίνω
 αἰθέρα ναιετάειν μετανάστιος, οὐ θεὸς εἶναι
 ἥθελον, οὐ Φαέθων φαεσίμβροτος, οὐ πόθον ἔλκω
 285 νέκταρος, ἀμβροσίης δ' οὐ δεύομαι· οὐκ ἀλεγιζῶ,
 ἄμπελος εἰ φιλέει με καὶ ἐχθαίρει με Κρονίων·
 ὥς ὁ μὲν ἀμφιέπων ὑποκάρδιον ἰδὼν Ἑρώτων
 κρυπτὸν ἀνηῦτησεν ἔπος ζηλήμονι φωνῇ,
 θαύματι φίλτρον ἔχων κεκερασμένον. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
 290 Εὐῖος, ἡιθέου βεβολημένος ἡδέϊ κέντρῳ,
 ἴαχε μειδιῶν Κρονίδῃ, δυσέρωτι τοκῇ·
 Ἄνεῦσον ἐμοὶ φιλέοντι μίαν χάριν, ὦ Φρύγιε Ζεῦ·
 νηπιᾶχ' μὲν ἔειπεν ἐμὴ τροφὸς εἰσέτι ῥεῖη,
 ὥς στεροπὴν Ζαγρῇ πόρες, προτέρῳ Διονύσῳ
 295 εἰσέτι παπτάζοντι, τήν πυρόεσσαν ἀκωκὴν,
 καὶ βροντῆς κελάδημα καὶ ἡερίου χύσιν ὄμβρου,
 καὶ πέλε δεύτερος ἄλλος ἔτι βρέφος ὑέτιος Ζεὺς·
 σεῖο δ' ἐγὼ πρηστῆρος ἀναίνομαι αἰθέριον πῦρ,
 οὐ νέφος, οὐ βροντῆς ἐθέλω κτύπον· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσης,
 300 Ἥφαιστῳ πυρόεντι δίδου σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ,
 Ἄρης σῶν νεφέων ἐχέτω θώρηκα καλύπτρην,
 δὸς χάριν Ἑρμᾶνι Διιπετέος χύσιν ὄμβρου,
 καὶ στεροπὴν γενετῆρος ἀεργάζοι καὶ Ἀπόλλων·

μεῖον ἔμοι, φίλε, λῆμα, φιλοσκάρθμῳ Διονύσῳ:
305 καλὸν ἔμοι Σεμέλης στεροπὴν ἐλάχειαν ἀεῖρειν,
μητροφόνοι σπινθῆρες ἀτερπέες εἰσὶ κεραυνοῦ.
ναίω Μαιονίην: τί γὰρ αἰθέρι καὶ Διονύσῳ;
κάλλος ἔμοῦ Σατύροιο φιλαίτερόν ἐστιν Ὀλύμπου.
εἶπέ, πάτερ, μὴ κρύπτε: τεὸς νέος ὄρκιος ἔστω:
310 αἰετὸς ὁππότε κοῦρον ὑπὸ σφυρὰ Τευκρίδος Ἰσης
φειδομένῳ κούφιζες ἐς οὐρανὸν ἄρπαγι ταρσῶ,
τηλίκον ἔλλαχε κάλλος ὁ βουκόλος, ὃν σὺ τραπέζῃ
αἰθερίῃ ξύνωσας ἔτι πνείοντα βοαύλων;
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἰλήκοις, τανυσίπτερε: μὴ μοι ἐνίψῃς
315 Τρώιον οἶνοχοῖα τεῶν δρηστήρα κυπέλλων,
ὅττι φαεινότεροιο φέρων ἀμάρνυγμα προσώπου
ἄμπελος ἱμερόεις Γανυμήδεος εἶδος ἐλέγχει:
Τμώλιος Ἰδαίου πέλε φέρτερος. εἰσὶ δὲ πολλαὶ
ἄλλων ἡιθέων ἐραταὶ στίχες, οὐς ἅμα πάντας,
320 ἦν ἐθέλῃς, ἀγάπαζε λιπὼν ἓνα παῖδα Λυαίῳ.’
τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε πόθου δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ:
οὐχ οὕτω λασίης Μαγνησιίδος ἔνδοθεν ὕλης
βουκόλος Ἀδμήτοιο βόας ποιμαίνειν Ἀπόλλων,
παιδὸς ἐρωτοτόκου βεβολημένος ἡδέϊ κέντρῳ,
325 ὅσσον ἐπ’ ἡιθέῳ φρένα τέρπετο Βάκχος ἀθύρων.
ἄμφω δ’ ἐπιόωντο συνήλυδες ἔνδοθι λόχημα,
πῆ μὲν ἀκοντίζοντες ἐς ἡέρα θύρσον ἀλήτην,
πῆ δὲ παρὰ πλαταμῶνα λιπόσκιον, ἄλλοτε πέτραις
ἔστιχον ἀγρώσσοντες ὀρίτροφα τέκνα λεόντων:
330 καὶ ποτε μουνωθέντες ἐρημάδος ὑπόθεν ὄχθης,
ἐν ψαμάθοις παίζοντες ἐυκροκάλου ποταμοῖο,
ἀμφὶ παλαισμοσύνης φιλοπαιγμονος εἶχον ἀγῶνα:
τοῖσι μὲν οὐ τρίπος ἦεν ἀέθλιον, οὐδ’ ἐπὶ νίκη
ἀνθεμόεις παρέκειτο λέβης, οὐ φορβάσες ἵπποι,
335 ἀλλὰ λιγυφθόγγων διδυμόθροος αὐλὸς Ἑρώτων.
ἀμφοτέροις δ’ ἔρις ἦεν ἐπήρατος: ἐν δ’ ἄρα μέσσω
ἴστατο μάργος Ἑρως, πτερόεις ἐναγώνιος Ἑρμῆς,
στέμμα πόθου νάρκισσον ἐπιπλέξας ὑακίνθῳ.
ἀμφω δ’ εἰς μέσον ἦλθον ἀεθλητῆρες Ἑρώτων,
340 καὶ παλάμας στεφανηδὸν ἐλιξάμενοι διὰ νώτου,
ἀμφοτέρων σφίγγαντες ἐπ’ ἰξὺ δεσμὸν ἀγοστῶν,
πλευρὰ διεσφήκωσαν ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ὀλκῶ,
καὶ δέμας ἀλλήλων ἀνεκούφισαν ὑπόθι γαίης
χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίησι: καὶ ἥπτετο Βάκχος Ὀλύμπου
345 ἀμφὶ παλαισμοσύνης μελιηδέος, εἶχε δὲ δισσην
τερπωλὴν ἐρόεσσαν, ἀειρόμενος καὶ ἀείρων...
καὶ παλάμην Βρομίου παλάμης περὶ καρπὸν ἐλίξας,

χερσὶ συναπτομέναις ἑτερόζυγον ἄμμα πιέζων,
διχθαδίῳ συνέργεν ἄρηρότα δάκτυλα δεσμῶ,
350 δεξιτερὴν ἑθέλοντος ἐπισφίγγων Διονύσου.
ἔνθα μὲν ἡβητῆρος ἐπ' ἱξυὶ χεῖρας ἐλίσσων,
Βάκχος ἐρωμανέεσσι δέμας παλάμησι πιέζων,
ἄμπελον ἡέρταζεν, ὃ δὲ Βρομίοιο τυχήσας
κόψε ποδὸς κώληπα· καὶ Εὖιος ἡδὺ γελάσσας,
355 ἥλικος ἡιθέοιο τυπεὶς ἀπαλόχροϊ ταρσῶ,
ὑπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίη·
καὶ χθονὶ κεκλιμένοιο θελήμονος ὑψόθι Βάκχου
γυμνῇ νηδύι κοῦρος ἐφίζανεν· αὐτὰρ ὁ χαιρων
ἐκταδὸν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χυθεὶς ἐπεκέκλιτο γαίῃ
360 γαστέρι κουφίζων γλυκερὸν βάρος· ἴθυτενὲς δὲ
ἄκρον ὑπὲρ ψαμάθοιο πεδοτριβὲς ἴχνος ἐρείσας
νῶτον ἀνηώρησε μετὰτροπον, ἡγορέην δὲ
φειδομένην ἀνέφηνεν, ἀμιλλητῆρι δὲ παλμῶ
χειρὸς ἀναινομένης ἀπεσείσατο φόρτον Ἑρώτων·
365 πλευρὰ δὲ δοχμώσας, πελάσας δ' ἀγκῶνα κονίη,
ἡβητῆρ πολὺιδρις ἐπ' ἀντιπάλου θόρε νώτου
λοξὸς ἐπὶ πλευρῇσιν, ὑπὲρ λαγόνων δὲ καθάψας
ἄκρα ποδὸς κώληπι, παρὰ σφυρὸν ἴχνος ἐρείσας,
γαστέρα διχθαδίῳ μεσάτην μιτρώσατο δεσμῶ,
370 πλευρὰ περιθλίβων, ὑπὸ γούνατι ταρσὸν ἐλίξας
ὄρθιον ἀπλωθέντα· κυλινδομένων δὲ κονίη
ἀμφοτέρων καμάτοιο προάγγελος ἔρρεεν ἰδρώς.
ὅψὲ δὲ νικηθέντος, ἀνικῆτου περ ἐόντος,
Ζηνὸς ἀεθλητῆρος ἔχων μίμημα τοκῆος
375 νικῆθη Διόνυσος ἐκούσιος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
Ζεὺς μέγας αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπ' Ἀλφειοῖο παλαίων
ᾠκλασεν, Ἡρακλῆϊ θελήμονα γούνατα κάμψας.
τοῖος ἀγὼν τετέλεστο φιλέψιος· ἡιθέου δὲ
δίθροον αὐλὸν ἄεθλον ἐκούφισε τερπομένη χεῖρ.
380 καὶ νέος ἰδρώων φαιδρύνετο γυῖα ῥεέθρω
καὶ κόνιν ἱκμαλέην ἀπενίψατο· λουομένου δὲ
ἐκ χροῶς ἰδρώοντος ἐπήρατος ἔρρεεν αἶγλη.
οὐδὲ παλαισμοσύνης τελέσας γυιαλκέα νικην
σύννομος ἡβητῆρος ἐπαύετο Βάκχος ἀθύρων,
385 ἀλλὰ ποδωκείης ἀνεμώδεα θῆκεν ἀγῶνα.
καὶ βαλίους ἐς ἔρωτα φέρων μνηστῆρας ἀγῶνος
πρώτῳ μὲν θέτο δῶρα Κυβηλίδος ὄργανα Ῥεῖης,
κύμβαλα χαλκεόνωτα καὶ αἰόλα δέρματα νεβρῶν·
νίκης δ' ἦεν ἄεθλα τὰ δεύτερα Πανὸς ἐταίρη,
390 σύριγξ ἡδυέπεια καὶ ἡχήεσσα βοεῖη
χαλκοβαρῆς· τριτάτῳ δὲ τίθει Διόνυσος ἀθύρων

ψάμμον ἔρευθιώσαν ἑτοιμοτάτου ποταμοῖο.
καὶ Βρόμιος σταδίῳ μεμερισμένον οὕδας ὀρίζων
δισσὰ πταινομένης διεμέτρεεν ἄκρα κελεύθου,
395 ὀρθώσας δεκάδωρον ἐπὶ χθονὶ σῆμα πορείης,
στήσας τέρμα δρόμου ταναὸν ξύλον: ἀντιπόρου δὲ
πῆξε τύπον βαλβίδος ἐπ' ἥονι θύρσον ἀείρας:
καὶ Σατύρους ὠτρυνεν ἀεθλεῦειν περὶ νίκης.
ὄξυ δὲ κεκλομένοιο φιλοσκάρθμοιο Λυαίου
400 Ληνεὺς πρῶτος ὄρουσε ποδήνεμος, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ
κισσὸς ἀερσιπόδης καὶ ἐπήρατος Ἄμπελος ἔστη:
καὶ ποδὸς ἰθυπόροιο πεποιθότες ὠκέϊ ταρσῷ
κεκριμένοι στοιχηδὸν ἐφέστασαν: ἓκ δαπέδου δὲ
ἄκρα χαρασσομένοιο μετάρσιον ἶχνος ἀείρας
405 κισσὸς ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν κουφίζετο παλμῷ:
τοῦ μὲν ἐπειγομένοιο μετάφρενον ἄσθματι θάλλων
Ληνεὺς ἡερίησιν ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομος αὖραις,
ἀγχιφανὴς προθέοντος, ὀπισθοπόροιο δὲ ταρσοῦ
ἶχνεσιν ἶχνια τύψε χυτῆς ψαύοντα κονίης:
410 καὶ τόσος ἀμφοτέρων ἀπελείπετο μέσσον ὀρίζων,
ὀππόσον ἱστοπόνοιο κανὼν πρὸς στήθεϊ κούρης
μεσσοφανῆς λάχε χώρον ἀκαμπεῖ γείτονα μαζῷ.
καὶ τρίτος Ἄμπελος ἦεν ὀπίστερος: εἰσορόων δὲ
ζηλήμων Διόνυσος ἐτήκετο λοξὰ δοκεῦν
415 διχθαδίου προθέοντας ἀεθλητῆρας ἀγώνων,
μὴ ποτε νικήσωσι καὶ Ἄμπελος ὕστερος ἔλθῃ:
ἀλλὰ θεὸς χραίσμησεν, ἐνιπνεύσας δὲ ὃ ἀλκὴν
κοῦρον ἐντροχάλοιο ταχίονα θῆκεν ἀέλλης:
καὶ διδύμων πρῶτιστος ἀεθλοφόρων ἐν ἀγῶνι
420 σπερχομένων, διερῆ μὲν ἐπ' ἥονι γούνατα πάλλων,
κισσὸς ἐπωλίσθησε πεσὼν ψαμαθώσεϊ πηλῷ,
καὶ σφαλερὴ Ληνῆος ἐσύρετο γούνατος ὀρμῇ
ἅψ ἀνασειράζουσα ποδῶν δρόμον: ἀθλοφόροι δὲ
ἀμφοτέροι λείποντο, καὶ Ἄμπελος ἦρπασε νικην.
425 Σειληνοὶ δὲ γέροντες ἀνίαχον Εὐϊον ἥχῳ
νικην ἡιθέοιο τεθηπότες: ἀβροκόμης δὲ
δέκτο νέος τὰ πρῶτα, τὰ δεύτερα δέχνυτο Ληνεὺς
ζῆλον ἔχων, φθονερὸν δὲ δόλον γίνωσκε Λυαίου
καὶ πόθον: αἰδομένη δὲ συνήλικας εἶδεν ὀπωπῇ
430 λοίσθια Κισσὸς ἀεθλα κατηφεί χειρὶ κομίζων.

BOOK 11

ἐνδέκατον δὲ δόκευε καὶ ἱμερόεντα νοήσεις
ἄμπελον ἀνδροφόνῳ πεφορημένον ἄρπαγι ταύρῳ.
λῦτο δ' ἄγῳν: ἐρόεις δὲ νέος φιλοπαίγμωνι νίκη
κυδιῶν σκίρτησεν ὀμέσιος ἥλικι Βάκχῳ
εἰλιπόδην περὶ κύκλον ἀλήμονα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,
δεξιτερὴν πάνλευκον ἐπικλίνων Διονύσῳ:

5 καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Ἰόβακχος ἀγήνορα δίζυγι νίκη
ποσσὶ περισκαίροντα φίλῳ μειλίξατο μῦθῳ:
‘Σπεῦδε πάλιν, φίλε κοῦε, ποδωκείης μετὰ νίκην
καὶ μετὰ πεζὸν ἄεθλον ἔχειν τρίτον ἄλλον ἀγῶνα,
νηχομένῳ δ' ἀκίχητος ὀμήλικι νήχεο Βάκχῳ.

10 Ἄμπελε, νικήσας με παρὰ ψαμάθοισι παλαίων,
ἔσσο καὶ ἐν προχοῇσιν ἐλαφρότερος Διονόσου,
καὶ Σατύρους παίζοντας ἔτι σκαρθμοῖσιν ἐάσας
εἰς τρίτατον πάλιν ἄλλον ἐπείγῃ μοῦνος ἀγῶνα:
ἐν χθονὶ νικήσῃς καὶ ἐν ὕδασι, καὶ μετὰ νίκην

15 σοὺς ἐρατοὺς πλοκάμους διδύμοις στέψαιμι κορύμβοις
διπλόα νικηθέντος ἀνικήτοιο Λυαίου.

ἔπρεπέ σοι ῥόος οὗτος ἐπήρατος, ἔπρεπε μούνῳ
κάλλει σῶν μελέων, ἵνα διπλόος Ἄμπελος εἴῃ
χρυσεῖη παλάμη χρυσαυγέα ῥεύματα τέμνων:

20 καὶ γυμνοῖς μελέεσσι τιτανομένου περὶ νίκης
κοσμήσει σέο κάλλος ὅλον Πακτώλιον ὕδωρ.
δὸς ποταμῷ γέρας ἴσον Ὀλύμπιον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
ὠκεανῷ Φαέθων ῥοδέας ἀκτῖνας ἰάλλει:

Πακτωλῷ πόρε καὶ σὺ τεδὸν σέλας, ὄφρα φανεῖη

25 ἄμπελος ἀντέλλων ἅτε Φωσφόρος: ἀμφοτέρων γὰρ
ἀστράπτει ῥόος οὗτος ἐρευθιῶντι μετάλλῳ
ὥς σὺ τεοῖς μελέεσσι: βαθυπλούτῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
σύγχροον εἶδος ἔχοντα καὶ ἡβητῆρα δεχέσθω
μῖξας κάλλει κάλλος, ὅπως Σατύροισι βοήσω:

30 ἥπως ῥόδον εἰς ῥόδον ἦλθε; πόθεν μία κίρναται αἶγλη
καὶ χροῖ φοινίσσονται καὶ ἀστράπτονται ῥεέθρῳ;
αἶθε καὶ ἐνθάδε, κοῦρε, πέλεν ῥόος Ἡριδανοῖο,
Ἡλιάδων ὅθι δάκρυ ῥυηφενές, ὄφρα κεν ἄμφω
καὶ χρυσῷ σέο γυῖα καὶ ἡλέκτροισι λοέσσω.

35 ἄλλ' ἐπεὶ Ἑοπερίου ποταμοῦ μάλα τηλόθι ναίω,
ἵξομαι εἰς Ἀλύβην ἀγχίπτολιν, ὀππόθι γείτων
Γεῦδις ἐχεκτεάνων ὕδάτων λευκαίνεται ὀλκῷ,
ὄφρα σε Πακτωλοῖο λελουμένον ἐκ ποταμοῖο,
Ἄμπελε, φαιδρύνοιμι καὶ ἀργυρέοισι ῥεέθροις.

40 Ἐρμος ἔνρρείτης ἑτέροις Σατύροισι μελέσθω:
οὐ γὰρ ἀπὸ χρυσοῖο φέρει ῥόον· ἀλλὰ σὺ μοῦνος
χρύσεος ἔπλεο κοῦρος, ἔχοις καὶ χρύσειον ὕδωρ.
ὥς εἰπὼν πεφόρητο δτ' ὕδατος· ἐκ δαπέδου δὲ
ἄμπελος ἠώρητο καὶ ὠμάρτησε Λυαίῳ:
45 καὶ γλυκὺς ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔην δρόμος ἄκρον ἀπ' ἄκρου
νηχομένοις ἐλικηδὸν ἐρικτεάνου ποταμοῖο.
καὶ θεὸς ὕδατόεντα φέρων ταχυτῆτος ἀγῶνα
ἔτρεχεν ἀστήρικτος ἐν ὕδασι, γυμνὰ ῥέεθροις
στέρνα βαλὼν, δονέων δὲ πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἐρέσσω
50 ἀφνειῆς ἀτίνακτα κατέγραφε νῶτα γαλήνης,
πῆ μὲν ἔχων ὁμόφοιτον ἐδὼν δρόμον ἥλικι κοῦρῳ,
πῆ δὲ παραΐσσων πεφυλαγμένος, ὅσσον ἐάσῃ
ἄμπελον ἀγκικέλευθον ὁμήλῳδα γείτονι Βάκχῳ:
ἄλλοτε κυκλώσας παλάμας, ἅτε κύματι κάμνων,
55 ὕγροπόρῳ ταχύγουνος ἐκούσιος ὥπασε νίκην.
καὶ ποταμοῦ μετὰ χεῦμα μετήιεν ἔνδια λόχμης
ἄμπελος αὐχένα γαῦρον ἔχων ποταμηίδι νίκη.
καὶ πλοκάμους μίτρωσεν ἐχιδνήεντι κορύμβῳ
φρικτὸν ἔχων μίμημα δρακοντοκόμοιο Λυαίου:
60 πολλάκι δ' αἰολόνωτον ἰδὼν Βρομίῳιο χιτῶνα,
δαιδαλέην μελέεσσι νόθην ἐσθῆτα καθάψας,
πορφυρέῳ πόδα κοῦφον ἐπεσφήκωσε κοθόρνῳ,
στικτὸν ἔχων χροῖ πέπλον· ὀρεσσαύλῳ δ' ἐνὶ δίφρῳ
πορδαλίων Ἰόβακχον ὀπιτεύων ἐλατῆρα
65 γαῦρα φιλοσκοπέλων ἐπεδείκνυε παίγνια θηρῶν:
πῆ μὲν ὀρεστιάδος λοφιῆς ἐπιβήμενος ἄρκτου
θηρὸς ἐπειγομένης βλοσυρὴν ἀνεσείρασε χαίτην,
πῆ δὲ λεοντεῖην λασίην ἐπεμάστιε δειρήν,
ἄλλοτε, δαιδαλέων ἐποχημένος ὑπόθι νώτων,
70 ἀστεμφῆς ἀχάλινον ἐτέρπετο τίγριν ἐλαύνων.
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος, ἔχων πρηεῖαν ἀπειλήν,
εἶπε παρηγορέων φιλίῳ μαντώδεϊ μύθῳ,
μεμφομένοις στομάτεσσι χέων οἰκτίρμονα φωνήν:
'Πῆ φέρεαι, φίλε κοῦρε; τί σοι τόσον εὖαδεν ὕλη;
75 μίμνέ μοι ἀγρώσσοντι συναγρώσσων Διονύσῳ:
εἰλαπίνης ψαύοντι συνειλαπίναιζε Λυαίῳ
κωμάζων, ὅτε κῶμον ἐγὼ Σατύροισιν ἐγείρω.
πόρδαλις οὐ κλονέει με καὶ ἀγροτέρης γένυς ἄρκτου,
μὴ τρομέοις στόμα λάβρον ὀρεσσινόμοιο λεαινίης:
80 μοῦνον ἀμειλίκοιο κεράατα δείδιθι ταύρου.'
ἔννεπεν οἰκτεῖρων θρασὺν Ἄμπελον· ἠἴθεος δὲ
οὔασι μῦθον ἄκουε, νόος δὲ οἱ ἔνδοθι παῖζεν.
ἐνθα φάνη μέγα σῆμα φιλοστόργῳ Διονύσῳ

ἄμπελον ἀγγέλλον μινυώριον· ἔκ σκοπέλου γὰρ
85 ἄρπιθαλῇ τινα νεβρὸν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο κομίζων
ἀμφιλαφῆς φολίδεσσι δράκων ἀνέτελλε κεράστης,
καὶ μιν ὑπὲρ βωμοῖο φέρων ἐφύπερθε θεμέθλων
σμερδαλέῃ πρήνιζεν ἀλοιηθέντα κεραίῃ
κύμβαχον αὐτοκύλιστον, ὄρεσσινόμοιο δὲ νεβροῦ
90 ὅξυ μέλος κλάγξαντος ἀπέπτατο θυμὸς ἀλήτης·
σπονδῆς δ' ἐσσομένης αὐτάγγελος αἵματος ὀλκῷ
λάινος αἵμαλέαις ἐρυθαίνετο βωμὸς ἐέρσαις,
οἴνου λειβομένοιο φέρων τύπον. εἰσορόων δὲ
Εὖιος ἐρπηστῆρα, κερασφόρον ἄρπαγα νεβροῦ.
95 ἄφρονος ἠιθέοιο μαθὼν ὀλετῆρα κεράστην
πένθει μῖξε γέλωτα, καὶ ἄστατον εἶχε μενοινήν
διχθαδίην, κραδίῃ δὲ μερίζετο, γείτονα πότμου
ἡβητὴν στενάχων, γελῶν χάριν ἡδέος οἴνου.
ἔμπης δ' ἱμερόεντι συνέμπορος ἦιε κούρῳ
100 εἰς ὄρος, εἰς πλαταμῶνα, καὶ εἰς δρόμον ἡθάδος ἄγρης.
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν ἔτι Βάκχος ἐτέρπετο· καὶ γὰρ ὅπως αἶ
οὐ ποτε δερκομένοισι κόρον τίκτουσιν ἐρώτων.
πολλάκι καὶ βρομίοιο παρεζομένοιο τραπέζῃ
ἠίθεος σύριζεν ἀήθεα Μοῦσαν ἀμείβων,
105 καὶ δονάκων συνέχευεν ὅλον μέλος· οἷα δὲ κούρου
καλὰ μελιζομένοιο, καὶ εἰ τόνον ἔκλασε μολπῆς,
Βάκχος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο θορῶν ἀνεμώδει παλμῷ
χερσὶ συνεπλατάγησε πολὺκροτος, ἠιθέου δὲ
εἰσέτι μελπομένοιο περὶ στόμα χεῖλος ἐρείσας
110 ἁρμονίης πρόφασιν φιλίῳ προσπτύξατο δεσμῷ·
ᾧμοσε καὶ Κρονίδην, ὅτι τηλίκον ὕμνοπόλος Πᾶν
οὐ ποτε ρύθμὸν ἄεισε, καὶ οὐ λιγύφωνος Ἀπόλλων.
καὶ θρασὺν εἰσορόωσα νέον θανατηφόρος Ἄτη
οὔρεσιν ἀγρώσσοντος ἀποπλαγχθέντα Λυαίου,
115 ἠιθέου χαριέντος ὁμοίους ἥλικι κούρῳ
Ἀμπελον ἡπεροπῇ τόσῳ μειλίζατο μύθῳ,
μητρυιῇ Φρυγίοιο χαριζομένη Διονύσου·
‘Σὸς φίλος, ἄτρομε κοῦρε, μάτην Διόνυσος ἀκούει·
ποῖον ἔταιρεις γέρας ἔλλαχες; οὐ σὺ Λυαίου
120 θέσκελον ἄρμα φέρεις, οὐ πόρδαλιν ἡνιοχεύεις.
δίφρα τεοῦ Βρομίοιο Μάρων λάχε, χεῖρα τιταίνων
θηρονόμῳ μάστιγι καὶ εὐλαίγγι χαλινῷ·
ποῖον ἔχεις τόδε δῶρον ἀπ' εὐθύρσοιο Λυαίου;
πηκτιδα Πᾶνες ἔχουσι καὶ εὐκελάδων θρόον αὐλῶν,
125 καὶ Σατύροις πόρε κύκλον ἐρισμαράχοιο βοείης
σὸς ταμῆς Διόνυσος, ὄρεστιάδες δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ
Βασσαρίδες ῥαχίησιν ἐφεδρήσουσι λεόντων.

ποῖα τεῆς φιλόττητος ἐπάξια δῶρα κομίζεις,
πορδαλίων ἐλατῆρι μάτην πεφιλημένε Βάκχῳ;
130 πολλάκι Φοιβεῖοιο καθήμενος ὑπόθι δίφρου
ὑψιφανῆς ἤλαυνεν Ἀτύμνιος ἡέρα τέμνων:
ἐκλυες αὐτὸν Ἀβαριν, ὃν εἰς δρόμον ἡεροφοίτην
ἵπταμένῳ πόμπευεν ἀλήμονι Φοῖβος ὀιστῶ
αἰετὸν ἠνιόχευεν ἐν αἰθέρι καὶ Γανυμήδης
135 Ζῆνα νόθον πετρόεντα, τεοῦ γενετῆρα Λυαίου:
ἄμπελον οὐ ποτε Βάκχος ἐκούφισεν, ὄρνις Ἐρώτων,
σὸν δέμας ἀδρύπτοισιν ἐοῖς ὀνύχεσσιν αἰείρων.
Τρώιος οἶνοχόος πέλε φέρτερος, ὃς Διὸς αὐλήν
οἶκον ἔχει. σὺ δέ, κοῦρε, φέρων πόθον εἰσέτι δίφρου
140 εἰς δρόμον ἀστήρικτον ἀναινέο πῶλον ἐλαύνειν,
ὅττι ταχυστροφάλιγγι ποδῶν δεδονημένος ὀλκῶ
ἵππος ἀελλήεις ἀποσείεται ἠνιοχῆα:
Γλαῦκον ἀπεστυφέλιξαν ἐπὶ χθόνα λυσσάδες ἵπποι,
καὶ ξυνῆς μεθέπων Ποσιδῆιον αἶμα γενέθλης
145 ἡερόθεν προκάρηνον ἀπόσπορον ἐννοσιγαίου
Πήγασος ὠκυπέτης ἀπεσείσατο Βελλεροφόντην.
δεῦρό μοι εἰς ἀγέλην, λιγυηχέες ἦχι νομῆες
καὶ βόες ἱμερόεντες, ἐφεδρήσσοντα δὲ ταύρω
ὑψιφανῆ τελέσω σε βοοσσόον ἠνιοχῆα:
150 σὸς γὰρ ἄναξ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐπαινῆσει σε δοκεύων,
ταυροφυῆς Διόνυσος, ἐφήμενον ἰξὺ ταύρου.
νόσφι φόβου δρόμος οὔτος, ἐπεὶ καὶ θῆλυς ἐοῦσα
παρθένος Εὐρώπη βοέων ἐπεβήσατο νώτων,
χερσὶ κέρας κρατέουσα καὶ οὐ χατέουσα χαλινοῦ.’
155 ὥς φαμένη παρέπεισε, καὶ ἡέρα δύσατο δαίμων.
καὶ τις ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο κατέδραμε ταῦρος ἀλήτης
ἀπροΐδης, καὶ γλῶσσαν, ἑῆς ἐπιμάρτυρα, δίψης,
χείλεσιν οἴγομένοισι προΐσχανεν ἀνθερεῶνος,
καὶ πῖεν: ἀμφὶ δὲ κοῦρον, ἃ περ παρεόντα νομῆα,
160 ἴστατο γινώσκοντι πανεῖκελος: οὐδὲ μετώπου
λοξὸν ἐὸν κέρας εἶχεν: ἀμαιμακέτοιο δὲ ταύρου
πυκνὸν ἐρευγομένοιο ποτὸν πολυχανδεῖ λαιμῶ
ἡβητὴν ἐδίηνε κατάρρυτος ἱκμάς ἐέρσης,
ἐσσομένων ἄτε μάντις, ὅτι χθονίῳ βόες ὀλκῶ
165 ἀμφὶ μιῇ μογέοντες ἀτέρμονι κυκλάδι νύσση
ὔδασιν ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐπαρδεύουσιν ὀπώρην.
καὶ θρασὺς ἴστατο κοῦρος ὑπὲρ βοέοιο μετώπου
ἀμφάφρων ἐπίκυρτον ἀταρβεί χειρὶ κεραῖην:
καὶ βοὸς ὕλονόμοιο τεθηγμένος ἠδέει κέντρῳ
170 ἥθελεν ἄζυγα ταῦρον ὀρίδρομον ἠνιοχεύειν.
δρεψάμενος δὲ πέτηλα βαθυσχοίνῳ παρὰ ποιῇ

ψευδαλέην χλοεροῖσι λύγοις ἔπλεξεν ἱμάσθλην
μόσχοις ὄξυτέροισι, πολυστρέπτῳ δὲ κορύμβῳ
γνάμψας ἀγκύλα κύκλα τύπον ποίησε χαλινού·
175 καὶ δροσεροῖς πετάλοισι δέμας διεκόσμεε ταύρου,
καὶ ῥόδα φοινίσσοντα πέριξ ἐπεδήσατο νώτῳ,
καὶ κρίνα καὶ νάρκισσον ἐπῆώρησε μετώπῳ,
αὐχένι πορφύρουσαν ἐπικρεμάσας ἀνεμώνην·
καὶ διδύμην ἐκάτερθε κατεχρύσωσε κεραίην
180 χερσὶ βαθυνομέναις ξανθόχροα πηλὸν ἀφύσσων
γείτονος ἐκ ποταμοῖο. καὶ αἰόλον ὑψόθι νώτου
δέρμα περιστορέσας ῥαχίης ἐπεβήσατο ταύρου·
καὶ βοέαις πλευρῇσι νόθην μάστιγα τιταίνων,
εὐχαίτην ἄτε πῶλον, ἐδὼν μάστιζε φορῆα.
185 καὶ θρασὺς ἠύτησεν ἔπος ταυρώπιδι Μῆνῃ·
‘Εἴξον ἐμοί, κερόεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνῃ·
ἄμφω γὰρ κερόεις γενόμεν καὶ ταῦρον ἐλαύνω.’
τοῖον ἐπαυχήσας ἔπος ἴαχε κυκλάδι Μῆνῃ.
καὶ φθονερῆς σκοπίαζε δι’ ἡέρος ὄμμα Σελήνης
190 Ἀμπελον ἀνδροφόνῳ πεφορημένον ἄρπαγι ταύρῳ,
καὶ οἱ πέμπε μύωπα βοοσσόον· αὐτὰρ ὁ πικρῶ
ἄστατα φοιτητῇρι δέμας κεχαραγμένος οἷστρῳ
δύσβατον ἀμφὶ τένοντα κατέτρεχεν εἵκελος ἵππῳ.
καὶ νέος ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἰδὼν λυσσώδει κέντρῳ
195 ἴχνος ἀερσιλόφοισιν ἐπῆρρῆσσοντα κολώναις,
ταρβαλέος πρὸ μόροιο γοήμονι λίσσετο φωνῇ·
‘Σήμερον ἴστασο, ταῦρε, καὶ αὔριον ὠκύς ὁδεύσεις·
μὴ με κατακτείνεις ἐρημάδος ὑψόθι πέτρης,
πότμον ἐμὸν νήπτυστον ὅπως μὴ Βάκχος ἀκούσῃ.
200 μὴ κοτέῃς, ὅτι, ταῦρε, τεῖν χρύσωσα κεραίην·
μὴ φθονέῃς, ὅτι Βάκχος ἐμὴν φιλότητα φυλάσσει.
εἰ δὲ κατακτείνεις με καὶ οὐκ ἄλέγεις Διονύσου,
οὐδέ τις οἶκτος ἔχει σε γοήμονος ἠνιοχῆος,
ὅττι νέος γενόμεν, ὅτι καὶ φίλος εἰμὶ Λυαίῳ,
205 εἰς Σατύρους με κόμιζε καὶ αὐτόθι, ταῦρε, δαμάσσεις,
ὄφρα τύχῳ μετὰ πότμον ἐρικλαύτοιο κόνις·
ναί, λίτομαι, φίλε ταῦρε· παραφασίην δὲ νοήσω,
πότμον ἐμὸν στενάχοντος ἀδακρύτου Διονύσου.
εἰ τεδὼν ἠνιοχῆα κερασφόρον ἡπεροπεύεις
210 εἵκελον εἵδος ἔχοντα τεῖ ταυρώπιδι μορφῇ,
γίνεο φωνήεις καὶ ἐμὸν μόρον εἰπὲ Λυαίῳ·
ταῦρε, τεῆς Δήμητρος ἀνάρσιε καὶ Διονύσου,
ἀχνυμένου Βρομίῳιο συνάχνυται ὄμπνια Δηῶ.’
τοῖον ἔπος ῥοδόεις νέος ἔννεπεν Ἄιδι γείτων
215 δύσμορος· αἰίσων δὲ ποδῶν διδυμάνι χηλῇ

οὐρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα δυσέμβατα λυσσαλέος βοῦς
 ἤβητήν προκαρήνον ἔῶν ἀπεσείσατο νώτων·
 ἦριπε δ' αὐτοκύλιστος· ἐπ' ἀστραγάλου δὲ πεσόντος
 λεπτὸν ὑποτριζων ἐδιχάζετο δόχμιος αὐχὴν·
 220 καὶ μιν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο παλινδίνητον ἐλίξας
 θηγαλέῃ γλωχῖνι κατεπρήνιξε κεραίης.
 καὶ νέκυς ἦν ἀκάρηνος· ἀτυμβεύτοιο δὲ νεκροῦ
 λευκὸν ἐρευθιόωντι δέμας φοινίσσεται λύθρῳ.
 καὶ τις, ἰδὼν Σατύρων κεκονιμένον ὑπόθι γαίης
 225 ἄμπελον ἱμερόεντα, δυσάγγελος ἦλυθε Βάκχῳ.
 καὶ θεὸς εἰσαῖων ταχὺς ἔδραμεν εἵκελος αὐραῖς·
 οὐτόσον Ἑρακλῆς δρόμον ἦνυσεν, ὅπποτε Νύμφαι
 ἄβρὸν Ὑλαν φθονεροῖσι κατεκρύψαντο ρέεθροις
 νυμφίον ἱκμαλέῃ πεφυλαγμένον ἄρπαγι κούρῃ,
 230 ὥς τότε Βάκχος ὄρουσεν ὀρίδρομος· ἐν δὲ κονίῃ
 κείμενον ἔστεινε κοῦρον ἄτε ζῶντα δοκεύων.
 καὶ μιν ἀνεχλαίνωσε τὸν ἄπνοον, ὑπόθεν ὦμου
 νεβρίδα καὶ ψυχροῖσιν ἐπὶ στέρνοισι καθάψας,
 καί, νέκυος περ ἔοντος, ἐδήσατο ταρσὰ κοθόρνοις·
 235 καὶ ῥόδα καὶ κρίνα πάσσε κατὰ χροός, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίταις,
 οἷα μινυνθαδίοιο δεδουπότος ὀξεί κέντρῳ,
 ἄνθος ἀνηώρησε ταχυφθιμένης ἀνεμώνης·
 καὶ παλάμη πόρε θύρσον, ἔῳ δὲ μιν ἔσκεπε πέπλω
 πορφυρέῳ· καὶ δῶρον ἀκερσικόμοιο καρήνου
 240 πλοχμὸν ἓνα τμήξας ἐπεθήκατο μάρτυρι νεκρῷ
 λοίσθιον· ἀμβροσίην δὲ λαβὼν παρὰ μητέρι Πρείῃ
 ὠτειλαῖς ἐπέχευεν, ὅθεν νέος εἶδος ἀμείψας
 ἀμβροσίην εὐοδμον ἐῖ μετέθηκεν ὀπώρῃ.
 καὶ νέκυος χαρίεντος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο ταθέντος
 245 οὐ χλόος ἀμφεχύθη ῥοδόεν δέμας· ὠκυμόρου δὲ
 καὶ πλόκαμοι χαρίεντες ἐρωτοτόκοιο καρήνου
 αὐραῖς φειδομένησιν ἐπαιθύσσοντο προσώπῳ·
 ἦν δὲ τις ἱμερόεις κεκονιμένος. ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
 Σειληνοὶ στενάχιζον, ἐπωδύροντο δὲ Βάκχοι.
 250 οὐδὲ ἑ κάλλος ἔλειπε, καὶ εἰ θάνεν· ὥς Σάτυρος δὲ
 κεῖτο νέκυς, γελῶντι πανεῖκελος, οἷα περ αἰεὶ
 χεῖλεσιν ἀφθόγοισι χέων μελιθεά φωνήν.
 καὶ νέκυν εἰσορόων κινυρὴν ἀνενεῖκατο φωνήν
 νηπενθῆς Διόνυσος, ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπὴν·
 255 Ὑμνίων πεσέτω φθονερὸν λίνον· ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτοὶ
 ταῦροι ἐπ' ἡιθέοις ζηλήμονες ὥς περ αἴηται·
 τίς Ζέφυρος μετὰ Φοῖβον ἐπέχραε καὶ Διονύσω;
 Ὀλβιος ἔπλετο Φοῖβος Ἀτύμνιος· ἡιθέου γὰρ
 ἔλλαχεν οὖνομα τοῦτο· Θεραπναίου δὲ καὶ αὐτοῦ

260 φάρμακον ἤβητῆρος ἐπώνυμον ἄνθος ἀείρει,
αἴλινον ἐν πετάλοις ἐπιγράφας ὑακίνθου:
ποῖον ἔχω πλοκάμοις καὶ ἐγὼ στέφος, ἥ τίνα πάλλω
ἄνθεα φωνήεντα, παρήγορα παιδὸς ἀνίης;
ἀλλὰ τεοῦ θανάτου τιμήορος εἰς φόνον ἔλκων
265 ἄξομαι εἰς σέο τύμβον, ἰώριε, ταῦρον ἀλήτην.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ βουπλῆγι τεδὸν κτείνοιμι φονῆα,
ὄφρα λάχῃ μόνον ἴσον ἀρασσομένοιο μετώπου
ταύροις σφαζομένοισιν, ἀναρρήξαιμι δὲ πικρὴν
ταύρου γαστέρα πᾶσαν ἐμῆς γλωχίνι κεραίης,
270 ὅττι τανυκραίρῳ σε κατεπρήνιξεν ἄκωκῆ.
Ὀλβιος Ἐννοσίγαιος, ἐπεὶ τίνα γείτονα πάτρης
παιδὸς ἐμοῦ Φρύγα κοῦρον ἐφίλατο, τὸν δὲ κομίζων
chrύσειον εἰς Διὸς οἶκον ἀνήγαγεν ἄστυν Ὀλύμπου,
καὶ οἱ, ὅτε σπεύδσκεν ἐς ἵπποσύνην Ἀφροδίτης,
275 ὥπασεν ἄβροχον ἄρμα γαμοστόλον Ἴπποδαμείης.
μοῦνος ἐγὼ νέον ἔσχον ἰώριον: ἱμερόεις γὰρ
ἄμπελος οὐ γάμον εἶδε βιοσσόον, οὐδ' ἐπὶ παστῶ
νυμφιδίην νέος οὔτος ἐμὴν ἔξευξεν ἀπήνην,
ἀλλὰ θανὼν λίπε πένθος ἀπενθήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
280 οὐ πῶ μοι, φίλε κοῦρε, τεδὸν στόμα κάλλιπε Πειθῶ,
ἀλλὰ σέθεν φθιμένοιο καὶ ἄπνοα χεῖλεα ναιεῖ:
καὶ νέκυός περ ἐόντος ἔτι στίλβουσι παρειαί,
ὀφθαλμοὶ γελώωσι καὶ εἰσέτι, διχθαδίδης δὲ
εἰσέτι σῆς παλάμης χιονώδεές εἰσιν ἀγοστοί,
285 σοὺς δ' ἔρατοὺς πλοκάμους λιγυροὶ δονέουσιν αἰῆται:
οὐ ρόδα σῶν μελέων θανατηφόρος ἔσβεσεν ὥρη,
ἀλλ' ἔτι σοι τάδε πάντα φυλάσσεται. ὥμοι Ἐρώτων,
τί χρέος ἦν, ἵνα ταῦρον ἀμείλιχον ἠνιοχεύσης;
εἴ σε διεπτοίησεν ἀελλοπόδων πόθος ἵππων,
290 τίπτέ μοι οὐκ ἀγόρευες, ὅπως ἀπὸ γείτονος Ἴδης
ἐνθάδε δίφρον ἄγοιμι, καὶ ἀρχαίης ἀπὸ φύτλης
Τρώιον εἰς σὲ κόμιζον ἐπουρανίων γένος ἵππων
πατρίδα συλήσας Γανυμήδεος, ὃν τρέφει Ἴδη
σοὶ δέμας ἴσον ἔχοντα, τὸν ἀνδροφόνων ἀπὸ ταύρων
295 φειδομένοισι ὀνύχεσσιν ἐκούφισεν ὑψιπέτης Ζεὺς:
εἰ ἐτεδὸν μενέαινες ἐν οὔρεσι θῆρας ἐναίρειν,
τίπτέ μοι οὐ κατέλεξας, ὅτι χρέος ἔπλετο δίφρου;
καὶ κεν ἐμῆς ἥλανες ἀπήμονα κύκλον ἀπήνης,
καὶ κεν ἐμῆς ἄφανστα δεδεγμένος ἠνία Ῥεῖης
300 μείλιχίῳ ἀδόνητος ἐμάστιες ἄρμα δρακόντων.
οὐκέτι σὺν Σατύροις ἐποίνιον ὕμνον αἰεῖεις,
οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδεσσι φιλοκροτάλοισι κελεύεις,
οὐκέτι θηρεύοντι συναγρώσσεις Διονύσῳ.

ὦμοι, ὅτ' οὐκ Αἰδης πέλεν ἦπιος, οὐδ' ἐπὶ νεκρῷ
305 δέχνυνται ἀγλαὰ δῶρα βαθυπλούτοιο μετάλλου,
ἄμπελον ὄφρα θανόντα πάλιν ζῶοντα τελέσσω:
ὦμοι, ὅτ' οὐκ Αἰδης ποτὲ πείθεται: ἦν δ' ἐθέλησῃ,
ὄλβον ὅλον στίλβοντα χαρίζομαι Ἑριδανοῖο
δένδρεα συλήσας ποταμῆια, μαρμαρέην δὲ
310 ἄξομαι ἀστράπτουσιν Ἐρυθραῖην λίθον Ἰνδῶν
ἀφνειῆς τ' Ἀλύβης ὅλον ἄργυρον, ἀντὶ δὲ νεκροῦ
παιδὸς ἔμοῦ χρύσειον ὅλον Πακτωλὸν ὀπάσσω.
ὥς εἰπὼν στενάχιζε νέκυν γλυκύν: ἐν δὲ κονίῃ
κείμενον εἰσορόων πάλιν ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ:
315 'Ζεῦ πάτερ, εἰ φιλέεις με, καὶ εἰ πόνον οἶδας ἐρώτων,
ἄμπελον αὐδήεντα τίθει πάλιν εἰς μίαν ὥρην,
ὑστάτιον καὶ μοῦνον ὅπως ἓνα μῦθον ἐνίψῃ:
'τί στενάχεις, Διόνυσε, τὸν οὐ στοναχῆσιν ἐγείρεις;
οὐατά μοι παρέασι, καὶ οὐ βοόωντος ἀκούω,
320 ὄμματά μοι παρέασι, καὶ οὐ στενάχοντα δοκεῖω:
νηπενθὴς Διόνυσος, ἔμοι μὴ δάκρυα λείβῃς,
ἀλλὰ τεδὸν λίπε πένθος, ἐπεὶ φονίῃ παρὰ πηγῇ
νηιάδες στενάχουσι καὶ οὐ Νάρκισσος ἀκούει,
Ἥλιάδων Φαέθων κινυρὴν οὐκ οἶδεν ἀνίην.'
325 ὦμοι, ὅτ' οὐ με φύτευσε πατὴρ βροτὸν, ὄφρ' αὖ κεν εἴην
σύννομος ἡιθέω καὶ ἐν Ἄιδι, μηδ' ἐνὶ Λήθῃ
ἄμπελον ἱμερόεντα δεδουπότα μοῦνον ἐάσω.
εἰς πόθον ἡιθέοιο μακάτερός ἐστιν Ἀπόλλων
οὕνομα παιδὸς ἔχων πεφιλημένον: αἶθε καὶ αὐτὸς
330 εἴην Ἀμπελόεις, Ὑακίνθιος ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων.
ὑπνώεις τέο μέχρι, καὶ οὐκέτι, κοῦρε, χορεύεις;
εἰς προχοᾶς ποταμοῖο τί σήμερον οὐκέτι βαίνεις
κάλπιν ἔχων εὐδρον; ὀρεσσαύλω δ' ἐνὶ λόχμῃ
ἡθάδος ὀρηθημοῖο τεῇ πάλιν ἤλυθεν ὥρη.
335 εἰ κοτέεις, φίλε κοῦρε, ποθοβλήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
φθέγγεο Σειληνοῖσιν, ὅπως σέο μῦθον ἀκούσω.
εἴ σε λέων ἐδάμασσεν, ἐγὼ ξύμπαντας ὀλέσσω,
πάντας, ὅσους Τμῶλοιο φέρει λέπας, οὐδὲ λεόντων
Ῥεῖης ἡμετέρης ποτὲ φείσομαι, ἀλλὰ δαμάσσω,
340 εἰ βλοσυραῖς γενύεσσι τεοὶ γεγάσι φονῆες:
πόρδαλις εἰ πρήνιξε τεδὸν δέμας, ἄνθος Ἐρώτων,
οὐκέτι πορδαλίων δέμας αἰόλον ἥνιοχεύσω:
ἄλλοι θῆρες ἔασιν, ὅλης δ' ἐπιήρανος ἄγρης
Ἀρτεμις ἐξ ἐλάφων κεραελκέα δίφρον ἐλαύνει:
345 νεβρίδα πέπλον ἔχων ἐποχῆσομαι ἄρματι νεβρῶν:
εἴ σε σύες κατέπεφνον ἀναιδέες, εἰν ἐνὶ μάρψας
πάντας ἐγὼ κτείνοιμι, καὶ οὐχ ἓνα μοῦνον ἐάσω

κάπρον ἔτι ζῶοντα λελειμμένον ἰσχεαίρη·
εἰ δέ σε ταῦρος ἔπεφνεν ἀτάσθαλος, ὃξέι θύρσῳ
350 ταυρεῖην προθέλυμον ἀιστώσασαι γενέθλην.’
ὥς ὁ μὲν ἐστενάχιζεν. ἔρωσ δέ οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἔστη
Σειληνοῦ λασιόιο φέρων κεραελκέα μορφήν,
θύρσον ἔχων, καὶ στικτὸν ἐπὶ χροῖ δέρμα καθάψας
γηροκόμῳ νάρθηκι δέμας στηρίζετο βάκτρῳ·
355 καὶ Βρομίῳ γοώωντι παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν·
‘ Ἄλλω λῦσον ἔρωτι τεῶν σπινθῆρας ἐρώτων
εἰς νέον ἥβητῆρα μετάτροπον οἷστρον ἀμείψας,
λησάμενος φθιμένοιο· παλαιότεροιο γὰρ αἰεὶ
φάρμακόν ἐστιν ἔρωτος ἔρωσ νέος· οὐ γὰρ ὀλέσσαι
360 ὁ χρόνος οἶδεν ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ μάθε πάντα καλύπτειν.
εἰ δέ τεῆς ἐθέλεις ὀδυνήφατον ἄλκαρ ἀνίης,
φέρτερον ἄμφεπε παῖδα· πόθος πόθον οἶδε μαραινέειν.
καὶ Ζέφυρον κλονέεσκε Λάκων νέος· ἀλλὰ θανόντος
ἥβητῆν Κυπάρισσον ἰδὼν ἐρατεινὸς Ἀήτης
365 εὖρεν Ἀμυκλαίοιο παραιφασίην Ὑακίνθου.
ἦν ἐθέλης, ἐρέεινε φυτηκόμον· ἐν δαπέδῳ γὰρ
κείμενον ἀθρήσας κεκονιμένον ἄνθος ἀροτρεῦς
φάρμακον ὀλλυμένοιο νεώτερον ἄλλο φυτεύει.
κλυθί, παλαιγενέων μερόπων ἵνα μῦθον ἐνίψω·
370 ἄβρὸς ἔην ποτὲ κοῦρος, ὑπέρτερος ἥλικος ἥβης,
Μαϊάνδρου παρὰ χεῦμα πολυσχιδέος ποταμοῖο,
εἶδεῖ λεπταλέῳ ταναός, πόδας ὀξὺς, ἐθείρας
ἰθυτενῆς, ἀνίουλος· ἐπ’ ἀμφοτέραις δὲ παρειαῖς
αὐτοφυῆς Χάρις ἦεν ἐπισκαίρουσα προσώπῳ
375 ὄμμασιν αἰδομένοισιν, ἀπὸ βλεφάρων δέ οἱ αἰεὶ
κάλλος ὀιστεῦοντος ἐκηβόλος ἔρρεεν αἶγλη·
καὶ δέμας εἶχε γάλακτι πανεῖκελον, ἀμφὶ δὲ λευκῷ
ἄκροφανὲς πόρφυρε ρόδον διδυμόχροι πυρσῷ.
τὸν Κάλαμον καλέεσκε πατήρ φίλος, ὃς διὰ γαίης
380 νειόθι κυμαίνων σκολιὸν ρόον εἰς φάος ἔλκων,
ἐρπύζων δ’ αἰδηλος, ὑπὸ χθόνα λοξὸς ὀδίτης,
ὀξὺς ἀναθρώσκων ὑπερίσχεται αὐχένα γαίης,
ἐνδόμυχος Μαϊάνδρος ἄγων ὑποκόλπιον ὕδωρ.
τοῖος ἔην ἐρόεις Κάλαμος ταχύς· ἡίθεος δὲ
385 ἱμερτῷ ροδόπηχυσ ὀμήλικι τέρπετο Καρπῷ,
ὃς τόσον ἔλλαχε κάλλος, ὃ μὴ βροτὸς ἔλλαχεν ἀνὴρ·
εἰ γὰρ ἔην νέος οὗτος ἐπὶ προτέρων ποτὲ φωτῶν,
καὶ κεν ἐυσμήριγγος ἐγίνετο νυμφίος Ἥοῦς,
φέρτερον εἶδος ἔχων, ροδέῳ χροῖ μοῦνος ἐλέγξας
390 ἀγλαίην Κεφάλαιο καὶ Ὠρίωνος ὀπωπὴν·
οὐδὲ κεν εὐκάρπῳ παλάμῃ πηχύνατο Δηῷ

νυμφίον Ἰασίωνα, καὶ Ἐνδυμίωνα Σελήνην·
ἀλλὰ νέος τάχα κείνος ἀρείονος εἵνεκα μορφῆς
εἷς πόσις ἀμφοτέρων νυμφεύσατο λέκτρα θεᾶων,
395 Διοῦς ξανθοκόμου μεθέπων πολυλήιον εὐνὴν,
καὶ ξυνὴν ὁμόλεκτρον ἔχων ζηλήμονα Μήνην.
τοῖος ἦν ἐρόεις Καλάμῳ φίλος, ἄνθος Ἐρώτων,
κάλλος ἔχων· ἄμφω δὲ συνήλικες ὑπόθεν ὄχθης
γεῖτονος ἐψιόνωντο πολυγνάμπτου ποταμοῖο.
400 τοῖσι μὲν ἔσκε διάυλος ἔλιξ δρόμος, ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
ἦεν ἔρις· κάλαμος μὲν ἐπέτρεχεν εἵκελος αὖραις,
καὶ πετελέην βαλβίδα φέρων καὶ νύσσαν ἐλαίην
ἡίονας ποταμοῖο διέδραμεν ἄκρον ἀπ' ἄκρου ...
καὶ Κάλαμος ταχύγουνος ἐκούσιος ἦριπε γαίῃ,
405 καὶ Καρπῷ χαρίεντι θελήμονα κάλλιπε νίκην.
παιδί δὲ λουομένῳ συνελοῦετο κοῦρος ἀθύρων,
καὶ πάλιν εἵκελον ἄλλον ἐν ὕδασι εἶχον ἀγῶνα,
καὶ βραδὺς ἐν προχοῇσιν ἐνήχετο Καρπὸν ἐάσας
πρόσθε μολεῖν, ἵνα χερσὶν ὀπίστερος οἷδματα τέμνων
410 καρποῦ νηχομένοιο παρὰ σφυρὰ δεύτερος ἔλθῃ
ἡιθέου προθέοντος ἐλεύθερα νῶτα δοκεύων.
καὶ διερῆς βαλβίδος ἦν δρόμος· ἦρισαν ἄμφω,
τίς τίνα νικήσειεν, ὅπως παλινόστιμος ἔλθῃ
ὄχθης ἀμφοτέρης διδυμάονα νύσσαν ἀμείβων
415 γαῖαν ἐς ἀντιπέραian ἐρεσσομένων παλαμάων·
καὶ προχοὴν ὁδὸν εἶχεν· αἰεὶ δὲ οἱ ἐγγὺς ἱκάνων
κοῦρος ἐπαιγομένης παλάμης πεφιδημένος ὀρμῆς
νηχομένων σκοπίαζε ῥοδόχροα δάκτυλα χειρῶν·
καὶ Κάλαμος προκέλευθος ἐὴν ἀνεσεύρασεν ὀρμὴν,
420 ἡιθέω δ' ὑπόειξε· καὶ ἔδραμε χεῖρας ἐρέσσω
κοῦρος ἀελλήεις, ὑπὲρ οἷδματος αὐχένα τείνων·
καὶ νῦν κεν ἐκ ῥοθίων ἐπεβήσατο Καρπὸς ἀρούρης,
καὶ μετὰ χερσαίην ποταμηίδα δύσατο νίκην,
ἀλλὰ μιν ἀντικέλευθος ἀνεστουφέλιξεν Ἀήτης,
425 καὶ γλυκὺν ἔκτανε κοῦρον ἀμείλιχος· ἡιθέου γὰρ
οἴγομένῳ νήριθμον ὕδωρ ἐπεσύρετο λαιμῷ.
καὶ Κάλαμος φθονεροῖο φυγῶν ἀνέμοιο θυέλλας
ἔκτοθεν ἡβητῆρος ἐδύσατο γείτονας ἀκτάς·
καὶ φίλον οὐ παρεόντα καὶ οὐκ αἰόντα νοήσας
430 ἱμερόεν στενάχων κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ·
Νηιάδες, φθέγξασθε, τίς ἤρπασε Καρπὸν Ἀήτης;
ναί, λίτομαι, πυμάτην δότε μοι χάριν, ἔλθετε πηγὴν
εἰς ἑτέρεην, καὶ πατρὸς ἑμοῦ θανατηφόρον ὕδωρ
φεύγετε, μηδὲ πίητε ῥόον Καρποῖο φονῆα.
435 οὐ μὲν ἐμὸς γενέτης νέον ἔκτανεν· ἀλλὰ μεγαίρων

καὶ Καλάμῳ μετὰ Φοῖβον ἀπώλεσε Καρπὸν Ἀήτης,
καὶ τάχα μιν ποθέων ζηλήμονι τύψεν ἄελλη,
ἠιθέῳ μετὰ δίσκον ἄγων ἀντίπνοον αὖρην.
οὐ πῶ ἐμὸς προχοῇσι λελουμένος ἄνθορεν ἀστήρ,
440 οὐ πῶ ἐμὸς σελάγιζεν Ἑωσφόρος· ἀλλὰ ῥεέθροις
καρποῦ δυομένοιο, τί μοι φάος εἰσέτι λεύσσειν;
νηιάδες, φθέγγασθε, τίς ἔσβεσε φέγγος Ἑρώτων;
δηθύνεις ἔτι, κοῦρε; τί σοι τόσον εὖαδεν ὕδωρ;
κρείσσονα μὴ φίλον εὗρες ἐν ὕδασι, τῷ παραμίμνων
δειλαίου Καλάμοιο πόθους ἔρριψας ἀήταις;
εἰ μία Νηιάδων σε δυσίμερος ἦρπασε Νύμφη,
450 ἔννεπε, καὶ πάσῃσι κορύσσομαι· εἰ δέ σε τέρπει
γνωτῆς ἡμετέρης γαμίων ὑμέναιος Ἑρώτων,
εἰπέ, καὶ ἐν προχοῇσιν ἐγὼ σέο παστὸν ἀνάψω.
Καρπέ, παραπλώεις με λελασμένος ἠθάδος ὄχθης;
κάμνον ἐγὼ καλέων σε, καὶ οὐ βοόωντος ἀκοῦεις.
455 εἰ Νότος, εἰ θρασὺς Εὖρος ἐπέπνεεν, αὐτὸς ἀλάσθω
νηλειῆς ἀχόρευτος, ἀτάσθαλος ἐχθρὸς Ἑρώτων:
εἰ βορέης σε δάμασσεν, ἐς Ὠρεῖθυιαν ἰκάνω.
εἰ δέ σε κῦμα κάλυψε καὶ οὐκ ἠδέσσατο μορφήν,
καὶ σε πατήρ ἐμὸς εἶλεν ἀφειδέι κύματος ὀλκῷ,
460 ὕδασιν ἀνδροφόνοισιν ἐὼν καὶ παῖδα δεχέσθω,
καὶ Κάλαμον κρύψειεν ὀλωλότος ἐγγύθι Καρποῦ.
ἀλλὰ πεσὼν προκάρηνος, ὅπῃ θάνε Καρπὸς ἀλήτης,
σβέσσω θερμὸν ἔρωτα πίων Ἀχεροῦσιον ὕδωρ.
εἶπεν ἀναβλύζων βλεφάρων ῥόον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
465 κυανέην πλοκαμῖδα κατηφεί· τάμνε σιδήρῳ,
ἦν τρέφεν, ἦν κομέεσκε, καὶ ὥρεγε πενθάδα χαίτην
Μαιάνδρῳ γενετῆρι, καὶ ὕστατιν φάτο φωνήν:
‘δέξο μετὰ πλοκάμους καὶ ἐμὸν δέμας· οὐ δύναμαι γὰρ
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ἰδεῖν φάος ἔκτοθι Καρποῦ:
470 καρπῷ καὶ Καλάμῳ βιοτὴ μία, καὶ λάχον ἄμφω
εἵκελον οἷστρον Ἑρωτος ἐπὶ χθονός· ὕδατοίεις δὲ
εἷς μόρος ἀμφοτέροισι καὶ ἐν προχοῇσι γενέσθω.
τεύξατε, Νηιάδες, ποταμηίδος ὑπόθεν ὄχθης
ἄκριτον ἀμφοτέροισι κενήριον, ἀμφὶ δὲ τύμβῳ
475 γράμμασι πενθαλέοισιν ἔπος κεχαραγμένον ἔστω:
‘Καρποῦ καὶ Καλάμοιο πέλω τάφος, οὗς πάρος ἄμφω
ἀλλήλους ποθέοντας ἀμείλιχον ἔκτανεν ὕδωρ.’
καὶ Καλάμῳ δυσέρωτι, κασιγνήτῳ περ ἐόντι,
βαῖον ἔνα θνήσκοντι δαΐξατε βότρυν ἐθείρης,
445 καὶ πλοκάμους ξύμπαντας ὀλωλότι κείρατε Καρπῷ.’
εἶπε, καὶ αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησε ῥεέθρῳ
πατρὸς ἀναινομένοιο πίων παιδοκτόνον ὕδωρ.

480 καὶ Κάλαμος καλάμοισιν ἐπώνυμον ὥπασε μορφήν
ἰσοφυῇ, καὶ Καρπὸς ἀέξετο καρπὸς ἀρούρης.
τοῖα παρηγορέων φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μῦθῳ
θοῦρος Ἔρω, γλυκὺ κέντρον ἐλαφρίζων Διονύσω.
καὶ κινυρῇ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἱμάσσετο θυμὸν ἀνίη
485 ἡθεὺς διὰ πότμον ἁώριον. — ἀσταθέος δὲ
θυγατέρες Λυκάβαντος, ἀελλοπόδοιο τοκῆος,
εἰς δόμον Ἑλίοιο ῥοδῶπιδες ἦιον Ὠραι:
ὦν ἢ μὲν νιφόνεντι κατάσκιον ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
λεπταλέον πέμπουσα κελαινεφέος σέλας αἴγλης
490 ψυχρὰ χαλαζήεντι συνήρμοσε ταρσὰ πεδίλῳ,
καὶ διερῶ πλοκαμῖδας ἐπισφίγξασα καρήνῳ
ὀμβροτόκον κρήδεμνον ἐπεσφήκωσε μετώπῳ,
καὶ χλοερὸν στέφος εἶχε καρήατι, χιονέῃ δὲ
στήθεα παχνήεντα κατέσκεπε λευκάδι μίτρῃ:
495 ἡ δὲ χελιδονίων ἀνέμων τερψίμβροτον αὔρην
ἔπτυε φυσιώσα, φιλοζεφύρου δὲ καρήνου
εἰαρινὴν δροσόεντι κόμην μιτρώσατο δεσμῶ,
ἀνθεμόεν γελώσα, διαιθύσσουσα δὲ πέπλου
ὄρθριον οἰγομένοιο ῥόδου δολιχόσκιον ὀδμήν
500 διπλόον ἔπλεκε κῶμον Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυthereῖη:
ἄλλῃ ἅμα γνωτῇσι θαλυσιάς ἔστιχεν Ὠρη,
καὶ στάχυν ἀκροκόμοισι περιφρίσοντα κορύμβοις
δεξιτερῇ κούφιζε καὶ ὀξυτόμου γένυν ἄρπης
ἄγγελον ἀμητοῖο, δέμας δ' ἐσφίγγετο κούρη
505 ἀργενναῖς ὀθόνησιν, ἐλισσομένης δὲ χορεῖη
φαίνετο λεπταλέοιο δι' εἵματος ὄργια μηρῶν,
καὶ νοτεροὺς ἰδρωῶτας ἀνιεμένοιο προσώπου
θερμοτέρῳ Φαέθοντι καθικμαίνοντο παρειαί:
ἄλλῃ δ' εὐαρότοιο προηγῆταιρα χορεῖης
510 θαλλὸν ἐλαιήεντα λιπότριχι δῆσατο κόρσῃ
ἔπταπόρου ποταμοῖο διάβροχον ὕδασι Νείλου,
καὶ ψεδνήν μεθέπουσα μαραινομένην τρίχα κόρσης
καρφαλέον δέμας εἶχεν, ἐπεὶ φθινοπωρὶς ἐοῦσα
φυλλοχόοις ἀνέμοις ἀπεκείρατο δενδράδα χαίτην:
515 οὐ πῶ γὰρ χρυσέων ἐλίκων πλεκτοῖσι κορύμβοις
βότρυες ἀμπελόεντες ἐπέρρεον αὐχένι νύμφης,
οὐδέ μιν οἶνωθεῖσα φιλακρήτῳ παρὰ ληνῶ
πορφυρέης ἐμέθυσσε Μαρωνίδος ἱκμὰς ἐέρης,
οὐδὲ παλινδίνητος ἀνέδραμε κισσὸς ἀλήτης:
520 ἀλλὰ τότε χρόνος ἦλθε μεμορμένος, οὐ χάριν αὐταὶ
εἰς δόμον Ἑλίοιο συνήλυδες ἔδραμον Ὠραι.

BOOK 12

δωδεκάτῳ φρένα τέρπον, ὅπῃ νέον ἄνθος Ἐρώτων
ἄμπελος εἶδος ἀνῆκεν ἐς ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην.
ὥς αἰὲν δυτικοῖο παρ' ὀφρύσιν Ὠκεανοῖο
ἡελίου γονόνεντος ἐναυτίλλοντο μελάθροις.
τῇσι δὲ νισσομένῃσι συνήντεεν Ἑσπερος ἀστὴρ
θρώσκων ἐκ μεγάροιο: διεσσυμένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
5 ἄρτιφανὴς ἀνέτελλε βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη.
αἰὲν δὲ φερεζώοιο παρ' ὄμμασιν Ἥνιοχ' ἦος
κάρπιμον ἶχνος ἔκαμψαν. ὁ μὲν δρόμον ἄρτι τελέσσας
ἡερόθεν νόστησε: πυριγλήνου δ' ἐλατῆρος
φωσφόρος αἰγλήεις τετράζυγος ἐγγύθι δίφρου
10 θήκατο θερμὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀστερόεσσαν ἱμάσθλην,
γείτονος Ὠκεανοῖο παρὰ προχοῇσι καθήρας
μυδαλέων ἰδρῶτι πυριτρεφῶν δέμας ἵππων:
πῶλοι δ' αὐχενίας νοτερὰς δονέοντες ἐθειράς
μαρμαρέοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐπέκτυπον αἶθοπι φάτνῃ.
15 θυγατέρες δὲ Χρόνοιο πέριξ φλογεροῖο θωόκου
ἵπτάμεναι στεφανηδὸν ἀτειρέος Ἥνιοχ' ἦος
τέσσαρας ἡσπάζοντο δυώδεκα κυκλάδες ὦραι,
δμῳίδες Ἥελιοιο, συνήλυδες αἶθοπι δίφρῳ,
μυστιπόλοι Λυκάβαντος ἀμοιβάδες: ὡγυγίῳ γάρ
20 αὐχένα δοῦλον ἔκαμψαν ὅλου νωμήτορι κόσμου.
καὶ οἱ ἀνηύτησεν ἔπος σταφυληκόμος Ὀρῇ
μάρτυρον ἱκεσίης σχομένη φθινοπωρίδος ἄρπην:
' Ἥελιε ζεῖδωρε, φυτηκόμε, κοίρανε καρπῶν,
οἴνοτόκον πότε βότρυν ἀεξήσουσιν ἄλωαι;
25 καὶ μακάρων τίνι τοῦτο γέρας μνηστεύεται Αἰῶν;
ναί, λίτομαι, μὴ κρύπτε, κασιγνήτων ὅτι μούνη
πασάων ἀγέραςτος ἐγὼ πέλον: οὐ γὰρ ὀπώρην,
οὐ στάχυν, οὐ λειμῶνα, καὶ οὐ Διὸς ὄμβρον ἀέξω.'
ἔννεπεν: ἔσσομένης δὲ τιθνητήειραν ὀπώρης
30 ἡἷλιος θάρσυνε, καὶ ἀντιπόρῳ παρὰ τοίχῳ
δάκτυλον ὀρθώσας ἐπεδείκνυε κυκλάδι κούρῃ
κύρβιας Ἀρμονίης ἐτερόζυγας, αἷς ἔνι κεῖται
εἰν ἐνὶ θέσφατα πάντα, τὰ περ πεπρωμένα κόσμῳ
πρωτογόνοιο Φάνητος ἐπέγραφε μαντιπόλος χεῖρ,
35 καὶ γραφίδων ποικίλλεν ἐφάρμενον οἶκον ἐκάστῃ.
καὶ τίνα μῦθον ἔειπε πυρὸς ταμίης Ὑπερίων:
' Κύρβιδι μὲν τριτάτῃ, πόθεν ἔσσεται οἶνὰς ὀπώρῃ,
γνώσσει, ἦχι Λέων καὶ Παρθένος: ἐν δὲ τετάρτῃ,
τίς σταφυλῆς σκηπτοῦχος, ὅπῃ γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀφύσσω

40 γραπτῇ χειρὶ κύπελλον ἀεργάξει Γανυμήδης.
τοῖα θεοῦ φαμένοιο, φιλάμπελος ἔτρεχε κούρη
ὄμματα δινεύουσα, καὶ ὀμφαίῳ παρὰ τοίχῳ
πρώτην κύρβιν ὅπωπεν ἀτέρμονος ἥλικα κόσμου
εἰν ἐνὶ πάντα φέρουσας, ὅσα σκηπτοῦχος Ὀφίων
45 ἦνυσεν, ὅσα τέλεσσε γέρων Κρόνος, ὅπποτε τέμνων
ἄρσενά πατρὸς ἄροτρα λεχώιον ἤροσεν ὕδωρ,
σπείρων ἄσπορα νῶτα θυγατρογόνοιο θαλάσσης,
ὅς ποτε λάινον υἷα κεχηνότι δέξατο λαϊμῷ
Ζηνὸς ψευδομένοιο νόθον δέμας εἰλαπινάζων:
50 καὶ λίθος ἐνδομύχων τεκέων μαιώσατο φύτλην
φόρτον ἀκοντίζων ἐγκύμονος ἀνθρεῶνος.
ἀλλ' ὅτε μαρναμένοιο Διὸς πυριλαμπέα νίκην
καὶ Κρονίου νιφετοῖο χαλαζήεσσαν Ἐνυὼ
ἀμφίπολος Φαέθοντος ἀελλόπος ἔδρακεν Ὠρη,
55 γείτονα δέρκετο κύρβιν ἀμοιβαδῖς: εἶχε δὲ κείνη,
πῶς βροτέην ὥδινε γονὴν πίτυς, ἣ πόθεν ἄφνω
δενδρεῖην γονόεσσαν ἀναπτύξασα λοχείην
ἄσπορον αὐτοτέλεστον ἀνήρυγεν υἷα πεύκη,
καὶ πόθεν ἄστεα πάντα κατέκλυσεν ὕετιος Ζεὺς
60 ἥλιβάτοις πελάγεσιν ἄγων ὑψούμενον ὕδωρ,
πῶς Νότος ἐκ Βορέας, καὶ ἐκ Λιβὸς Εὐρὸς ἱμάσσων
λάρνακα Δευκαλίωνος ἀλήμονα, γείτονα Μήνης,
εἰς πλόον ἠερόφοιτον ἐκούφισεν ἄμμορον ὄρμου.
καὶ τριτάτην ὅτε κύρβιν ἐπέδραμεν εὐποδι ταρσῷ
65 μυστιπόλος Λυκάβαντος, ἔλιξ στηρίζετο κούρη,
μόρσιμα παπταίνουσα πολύτροπα θέσφατα κόσμου,
γράμματα φοινίσσοντα, σοφῇ κεχαραγμένα μίλτῳ,
ὅπποσα ποικιλόμυθος ἐπέγραφεν ἀρχέγονος φρήν,
τοῖα προθεσπίζοντα, καὶ ἐν πινάκεσιν ἀνέγνων:
70 ‘ Ἥρης βουκόλος Ἄργος ἐς ὄρνεον εἶδος ἀμείψει
φαιδρὸν ἔχων βλοσυρῶν βλεφάρων τύπον ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῇ
Ἀρπαλύκη μετὰ λέκτρον ἀλιτροβίων ὕμεναίων
υἷα δαιτρεύσασα θυγατρογάμῳ γενετῆρι
ἠερίην πτερόεσσαν ἐρετμώσειε πορείην
75 ὄρνις ἀελλήεσσα: καὶ ἱστοπόνος φιλομήλη
ἔσσεται αἰολόδειρος ὑποτρύζουσα χελιδών,
μαρτυρίην βοόωσα λιπογλώσσοιο σιωπῆς,
δαίδαλα φωνήεντα σοφῷ γράψασα χιτῶνι:
καὶ Νιόβη Σιπύλοιο παρὰ σφυρὰ πέτρος ἐχέφρων
80 δάκρυσι λαϊνέοισιν ὀδυρομένη στίχα παίδων
στήσεται οἰκτρὸν ἄγαλμα. καὶ ἔσσεται αὐτόθι γείτων
Πύρρος ἐρωμανέων Φρύγιος λίθος, εἰσέτι Πρεῖης
οἷστρον ἔχων ἀθέμιστον ἀνυμφεύτων ὕμεναίων,

Θίσβη δ' ὕγρον ὕδωρ καὶ Πύραμος, ἥλικες ἄμφω,
85 ἀλλήλους ποθέοντες: ἔυστεφάνοιο δὲ κούρης
μίλακος ἱμείρων Κρόκος ἔσσεται ἄνθος Ἐρώτων:
καὶ γαμῖν μετὰ νύσσαν ἀελλοπόδων Ὑμεναίων
καὶ Παφίης μετὰ μῆλα λεοντεῖν ἐπὶ μορφῇν
Ἄρτεμις οἰστρήσειεν ἀμειβομένην Ἀταλάντην.
90 καὶ τὰ μὲν εἶν ἐνὶ πάντα παρέστιχεν ἄστατος ὦρην,
εἰσόκε χῶρον ἵκανε, ὅπῃ πυρόεις Ὑπερίων
σύμβολα μαντοσύνης ἀνεμώδεϊ πέφραδε κούρην,
ἦχι Λέων ἐτέτυκτο σελασφόρος, ἦχι καὶ αὐτῇ
παρθένος ἀστερόεσσα νόθη ποικίλλετο μορφῇ
95 οἶνοπα βότρυν ἔχουσα, θερειγενὲς ἄνθος ὁπώρας:
κεῖθι Χρόνου θυγάτηρ πόδας εὔνασε, ταῦτα δ' ἀνέγνω:
᾿Κισσὸς ἀερσιπότης, ἐρόεις νέος, εἰς φυτὸν ἔρπων
ἔσται κισσὸς ἔλιξ καὶ ἐν ἔρνεσιν: ἡθέου δὲ
ὄρθιος ἐκ Καλάμοιο δόναξ κυρτούμενος αὔραις
100 λεπτὸν ἀεξιφύτοιο φανήσεται ἔρνος ἀρούρης,
ἡμερίδων στήριγμα: καὶ εἰς φυτὸν εἶδος ἀμείψας
ἄμπελος ἀμπελόεντι χαρίζεται οὔνομα καρπῷ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε θέσφατα ταῦτα θαλυσιάς ἔδρακε κούρην,
δίξετο χῶρον ἐκεῖνον, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι τοίχῳ
105 ποιητῇ κεχάρακτο τύπῳ Γανυμήδεος εἰκῶν
ἱκμάδα νεκταρέην χρυσέῳ στάζουσα κυπέλλῳ,
ἦχι χαρασσομένων ἐπέων τετράζυγος ὁμήρ:
κεῖθι θεὰ φιλόβοτρυς ἐκώμασεν, εὔρε δὲ νύμφη
θέσφατα κισσοφόρῳ πεφυλαγμένα ταῦτα Λυαίῳ:
110 ᾿Φοῖβῳ Ζεὺς ἐπένευσεν ἔχειν μαντώδεα δάφνην,
καὶ ῥόδα φοινίσσοντα ῥοδόχροϊ Κυπρογενείῃ,
γλαυκὸν Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκώπιδι θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,
καὶ στάχυν Δήμητρι, καὶ ἡμερίδας Διονύσῳ.
τοῖα μὲν ἐν γραφίδεσσι φιλεῦσις ἔδρακε κούρην:
115 τερπομένη δ' ἦιξε, κασιγνήτας δὲ λαβοῦσα
εἰς ῥόον ἡώοιο διέστιχεν Ὠκεανοῖο
ἵπποσύνῃ Φαέθοντος ὁμόδρομος. — οὐ δὲ Λυαίῳ
φάρμακον ἦν ἐτάροιο δεδοπότης, οὐδὲ χορεῖης
μνηστὶς ἦν: φιλίῳ δὲ νόον δεδονημένος οἶστρον
120 αἶλινα πικρὰ λίγαιεν, ἀκηδέστῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
χάλκεα νῶτα λέλοιπεν ἀδουπήτοιο βοεῖης:
οὐδὲ ἐπηκτὶς ἔτερπεν. ἀμειδίητῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
οἰκτρὰ κινυρομένοιο φιλοστόργου Διονύσου,
ἔσχετο μὲν Λυδοῖο ῥόος δονακώδεος Ἑρμοῦ
125 κραιπνὰ κυλινδομένου προχοῆς ἀνεμώδεϊ παλμῷ,
οὐδὲ ῥέειν μενέαινε: βαθυκτεάνῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
Πακτωλὸς κροκόεις ἀνεσεύρασε πένθιμον ὕδωρ

ἄνδρὸς ἔχων μίμημα κατηφέας· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
 πηγαίων ἀνέκοψε παλίσσυστον ὀλκὸν ἐναύλων
 130 Σαγγάριος προχέων Φρύγιον ῥόον· αἰνοτόκου δὲ
 Τανταλίδος στοναχῇσι διάβροχος ἄπνοος εἰκὼν
 διπλόα δάκρυα χεῦεν, ὀδυρομένου Διονύσου·
 καὶ πίτυς αἰάζουσα συνέμπορος ἥλικι πεῦκη
 λεπταλέον ψιθύριζεν· ἀκερσικόμου δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ
 135 Φοίβου δένδρον ἐοῦσα κόμην ἀπεσεισατο δάφνη
 πενθαλέοις ἀνέμοις· λιπαρὴ δ' ἄτμητος ἐλαίη
 φύλλα χαμαὶ κατέχευε, καὶ εἰ φυτὸν ἦεν Ἀθήνης.
 τοῖα πόθῳ στενάχοντος ἄδακρύτου Διονύσου
 φρικτὰ μετετρέψαντο παλίλλυτα νήματα Μοίρης·
 140 καὶ γόνιν ἄχνυμένοιο παραιφαμένη Διονύσου
 Ἄτροπος ἐμπεδόμυθος ἀνήρυγεν ἔνθεον ὁμφήν·
 'Ζῶει τοι, Διόνυσε, τεὸς νέος, οὐδὲ περήσει
 πικρὸν ὕδωρ Ἀχέροντος· ἀκαμπέα δ' εὔρεν ὀλέσσαι
 σὸς γόος ἀτρέπτου παλινάγρετα νήματα Μοίρης·
 145 ἄμπελος οὐ τέθηκε, καὶ εἰ θάνεν· ἱμερόεν γὰρ
 εἰς ποτόν, εἰς γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἐγὼ σέο κοῦρον ἀμείψω·
 τὸν μὲν ἐντροχάλου παλάμης βητάρμονι παλμῷ
 δόρπιον ἁρμονίην διδυμόθροος αὐλὸς ἀράσσω
 ὑμνήσει, Φρύγα ρυθμὸν ἔχων ἢ Δωρίδα μολπὴν·
 150 ἢ ἐμὴν ἐν θυμέλῃσιν ἀνὴρ εὐρυθμος ἀείσει
 Ἀονίου καλάμοιο χέων Ἰσμήνιον ἠχῶ
 ἢ ναέταις Μαραθῶνος· ἀνευάζουσι δὲ Μῦσαι
 ἄμπελον ἱμερόεντα σὺν ἀμπελόεντι Λυαίῳ.
 καὶ σκολιὴν πλοκάμοιο λιπῶν ὀφιώδεα μίτρη
 155 στέμματα βοτρυνόεντα περιπλέξεις σέο χαίτη,
 Φοίβῳ ζῆλον ἄγων, ὅτι πένθιμα χειρὶ τιταίνει
 αἴλινα δενδρήεντα φιλοκλαύτων ὑακίνθων,
 καὶ σὺ ποτόν μεθέπεις, βροτέης ἄμπαυμα γενέθλης,
 νέκταρος οὐρανίου χθόνιον τύπον, ἀνθεμόεν δὲ
 160 παιδὸς Ἀμυκλαίοιο τεὸς νεὸς νέος εὖχος ἐλέγξει·
 εἰ δὲ πόλις κείνοιο μαχήμονα χαλκὸν ἀείρει,
 καὶ σέθεν ἡιθέοιο φεραυγέα πατρὶς ἀέξει
 ὕγρον ἐρευθομένης ποταμηίδος ὄμβρον ἐέρσης,
 χρυσῷ ὄλῃ κομώωσα, καὶ οὐ χαίρουσα σιδήρῳ·
 165 εἰ ποταμοῦ κελάδοντος ἀγάλλεται ἀμφὶ ρεέθρῳ,
 φέρτερον Εὐρώτῳ πέλει Πακτώλιον ὕδωρ.
 Ἄμπελε, πένθος ὅπασσας ἀπενθήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
 ὄφρα μελιρραθάμιγγος ἀεζομένου σέθεν οἴνου
 τερπωλὴν ὀπάσεις ὄλῳ τετράζυγι κόσμῳ
 170 καὶ σπονδὴν μακάρεσσι καὶ εὐφροσύνῃν Διονύσῳ·
 Βάκχος ἄναξ δάκρυσε, βροτῶν ἵνα δάκρυα λύσῃ.'

ὦς φαμένη γνωτῆσι συνέμπορος ἔστιχε δαίμων.
 καὶ κινυρῷ μέγα θάμβος ἔφαινετο μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ:
 καὶ γὰρ ἀναΐξας ἐρόεις νέκυς ὡς ὄφιν ἔρπων
 175 ἄμπελος αὐτοτέλεστος ἔην ἡλλάξατο μορφὴν,
 καὶ πέλε νήδυμον ἄνθος: ἀμειβομένοιο δὲ νεκροῦ
 γαστῆρ θάμνος ἔην περιμήκετος, ἄκρα δὲ χειρῶν
 ἀκρεμόνες βλάστησαν, ἐνερρίζωντο δὲ ταρσοί,
 180 νεβρίς ἀεξομένης πολυδαίδαλον ἄνθος ὁπώρης,
 ἄμπελόεις δὲ κόρυμβος ἔην δολιχόσκιος αὐχὴν,
 ἰσοφυῆς δ' ἀγκῶνι τιταίνεται καμπύλος ὄρπηξ
 οἰδαίνων σταφυλῆσιν, ἀμειβομένου δὲ καρήνου
 γναμπτῆς κυρτὰ κόρυμβα τύπον μιμεῖτο κεραίης.
 185 κεῖθι φυτῶν στίχες ἦσαν ἀπείρονες: αὐτοτελῆς δὲ
 ὄρχατος ἄμπελόεις χλοεροῦς ὄρπηκας ἐλίσσων
 οἶνοπι γείτονα δένδρα νέῳ μιτρώσατο καρπῷ.
 καὶ νέον ἔπλετο θάμβος, ἐπεὶ τότε κοῦρος ἀθύρων,
 εἰς φυτὸν ὑψιπέτηλον ἐὼν πόδα λοξὸν ἐλίσσων,
 190 κισσὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἔην δενδρώσατο μορφὴν,
 καὶ πέλεν ἀγκύλον ἔρνος ἐπώνυμον, ἀρτιφυῆ δὲ
 ὄρχατον ἡμερίδων σκολιῷ μιτρώσατο δεσμῷ.
 καὶ φιλοῖς πετάλοισι κατάσκιον ἔσκεπε κόρσιν,
 καὶ πλοκάμους ἐμέθυσε φιλακρήτων ἀπὸ φύλλων
 195 κυδιόων Διόνυσος: ἀξιφύτοιο δὲ κούρου
 ἄρτι πεπαινομένης ἐδρέψατο καρπὸν ὁπώρης.
 καὶ θεὸς αὐτοδίδακτος ἄτερ ποδὸς ἔκτοθι ληνοῦ,
 βότρυν ἐπισφίγγων παλάμης βεβριθότι καρπῷ,
 χερσὶ περιπλεκέσσι μέθης ὠδῖνα πιέζων
 200 πορφυρέης ἀνέφηνε νεόρρυτον ὄγκον ὁπώρης,
 καὶ γλυκερὸν ποτὸν εὔρε: οἶνοχύτου Διονύσου
 λευκὰ διαινομένων ἐρυθαίνεται δάκτυλα χειρῶν.
 καὶ δέπας ἀγκύλον εἶχε βοὸς κέρας: ἡδυπότου δὲ
 χεῖλεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν ἐγεύσατο Βάκχος ἐέρσης,
 205 γεύσατο καὶ καρποῖο, καὶ ἀμφοτέροις φρένα τέρπων
 μῦθον ἀγνωρόεντος ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος:
 ‘ Ἀμβροσίην καὶ νέκταρ ἐμοῦ Διός, Ἄμπελε, τίκτεις:
 ἔρνεα δισσὰ φέρων πεφιλημένα καρπὸν Ἀπόλλων
 οὐ φάγε δαφνήεντα καὶ οὐ πῖεν ἐξ ὑακίνθου:
 210 οὐ στάχυν ὠδίνει γλυκερὸν ποτόν: ἴλαθι, Δηῶ:
 εἶδαρ ἐγὼ μερόπεσσι καὶ οὐ πόμα μοῦνον ὀπάσσω.
 Ἄμπελε, καὶ σέο πότμος ἐπήρατος: ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτῆς
 εἰς σὲ καὶ εἰς σέο κάλλος ἐθελύνθη λίνα Μοίρης,
 εἰς σὲ καὶ οἰκτίρμων Αἰδης πέλεν, εἰς σὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
 215 Περσεφόνη τρηχεῖαν ἔην ἥμειψε μενοεινήν,

καὶ σὲ νέκυν ζώγρησε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
οὐ θάνες, ὡς τέθνηκεν Ἀτύμνιος· οὐ Στυγὸς ὕδωρ,
οὐ φλόγα Τισιφώνης, οὐκ ἔδρακες ὄμμα Μεγαίρης·
ζῶεις δ' εἰσέτι, κοῦρε, καὶ εἰ θάνες· οὐδὲ σε Λήθης
220 κρύψεν ὕδωρ, οὐ ξυνὸς ἔχει τάφος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
μορφὴν ὑμετέρην ἠδέσσατο γαῖα καλύψαι·
ἀλλὰ φυτὸν σε τέλεσσε πατήρ ἐμὸς υἷα γεραίρων,
σὸν δέμας εἰς γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἄναξ ἤμειψε Κρονίων.
οὐ φύσις, ὡς γραπτοῖσι Θεραπναίοισι κορυμβοῖς,
225 αἶλινον ἀκλαυτοῖσι τεοῖς ἐχάραξε πετῆλοισι·
χροιὴν δ' ὑμετέρην καὶ ἐν ἔρνεσι, κοῦρε, φυλάσσεις·
σῶν μελέων ἀκτῖνα τεῖ κήρυξε τελευτή·
οὐ πῶ σε προλέλοιπεν ἐρευθαλέη σέο μορφή.
ἀλλὰ τεοῦ θανάτου τιμήορος οὐ ποτε λήξω
230 θυομένῳ τεδὸν οἶνον ἐπισπένδων ὀλετῆρι
ἀνδροφόνῳ. σὺ δὲ μῶμον Ἀμαδρυάδεσσιν ἀνάπτεις
σοῖς ἐρατοῖς πετάλοισιν· ἀπ' εὐόδμων δὲ κορυμβῶν
ἱκμάδες ὑμετέρων με περιπνείουσιν Ἐρώτων.
καρπὸν ἐγὼ μήλοιο πότε κρητῆρι κεράσσω·
235 νεκταρέῳ πότε σῦκον ἐπιστάξαιμι κυπέλλῳ·
σῦκον ὁμοῦ καὶ μήλον ἔχει χάριν ἄχρις ὁδόντων.
οὐ δύναται φυτὸν ἄλλο τεαῖς σταφυλῆσιν ἐρίζειν·
οὐ ῥόδον, οὐ νάρκισσος ἐνχρoος, οὐκ ἀνεμώνη,
οὐ κρίνον, οὐχ ὑάκινθος ἰσάζεται ἔρνεϊ Βάκχου,
240 ὅττι πολυτρίπτοιο νέαις λιβάδεσσιν ὀπώρης
σὸν ποτὸν ἄνθεα πάντα δεδέξεται· ἐν ποτὸν ἔσται
μιγνύμενον πάντεσσι, καὶ εἰς μίαν ἵζεται ὁδμὴν
ἄνθεσι παντοίοις κεκερασμένον· εἰαρινὴν γὰρ
κοσμήσει τεδὸν ἄνθος ὅλην λειμωνίδα ποιήν.
245 εἶξον ἐμοί, κλυτότοξε, πολυθρήνων ὅτι φύλλων
πενθαλέῳ μίτρωσας ἀπενθέα βόστρυχα δεσμῶ·
αἶλινα σοῖς πετάλοισι χαράσσεται· εἰ δ' ἐνὶ κήπῳ
στέμμα φέρει κλυτότοξος, ἐγὼ γλυκὺν οἶνον ἀφύσσω,
καὶ στέφος ἱμερόεν περιβάλλομαι, ἡδυπότην δὲ
250 ἔνδον ἐμῆς κραδίης ὅλον Ἀμπελον αὐτὸν αἰείρω.
εἶξον ἐρισταφύλῳ, κορυθαίολος· αἱματόεις γὰρ
σπένδει λύθρον Ἄρηι, καὶ ἀμπελόεις Διονύσῳ
βότρυος οἰνωθέντος ἐρευθιώωσαν ἐέρσην.
Δηῶ, ἐσυλήθης μετὰ Παλλάδος· οὐ γὰρ ἐλαῖα
255 εὐφροσύνην τίκτουσι, καὶ οὐ στάχυς ἀνέρα θέλγει,
ὄγχνη καρπὸν ἔχει μελιιδέα, μῦρτος ἀέξει
ἄνθεα κηῶεντα, καὶ οὐ φρενοθελγὲι καρπῷ
ἀνδρομέας ἀνέμοισιν ἀκοντίζουσι μερίμνας·
ὑμείων γενόμην πολὺ φέρτερος· ἡμετέρου γὰρ

260 οἶνου μὴ παρεόντος ἀτερπέα δεῖπνα τραπέζης,
 οἶνου μὴ παρεόντος ἀθελγέες εἰσὶ χορεῖαι.
 εἰ δύνασαι, γλαυκῶπι, τεῆς πίε καρπὸν ἐλαίης·
 σὸν φυτὸν ἀγλαόδωρος ἐμὴ νίκησεν ὀπώρῃ,
 ὅττι τεῦ λιπὼντι δέμας χρίουσιν ἐλαίῳ
 265 ἄνδρες ἀεθλητῆρες ἀτερπέες, αἰνοπαθῆς δὲ
 εὐνέτιν ἤδ' ἐθύγατρα βαλὼν ξυνήονι πότμῳ,
 ἣ τεκέων φθιμένων ἢ μητέρος ἢ γενετῆρος
 ἀνὴρ πένθος ἔχων, ὅτε γεύσεται ἡδέος οἶνου,
 στρυγνὸν ἀεζομένης ἀποσεῖσεται ὄγκον ἀνίης.
 270 Ἄμπελε, καὶ μετὰ πότμον εὐφραίνεις φρένα Βάκχου·
 πᾶσιν ἐμοῖς μελέεσσιν ἐγὼ σέο πῶμα κεράσσω.
 ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρεα πάντα κάτω νεύοντι καρήνῳ
 εἵκελα λισσομένῳ κυρτούμενον αὐχένα κάμπτει,
 ὑπιδενῇ δὲ πέτηλα γέρων ἐκλίνατο φοῖνιξ·
 275 ἀμφὶ δὲ μηλεῖη τανύεις πόδας, ἀμφὶ δὲ συκῇ
 χεῖρας ἐφαπλώσας ἐπερεῖδαι, ὑμετέρῃν δέ,
 δμῳίδες ὥς δέσποιναν, ἐλαφρίζουσιν ὀπώρῃν,
 εὔτε τιταινομένων πετάλων ἐλικῶδεϊ παλμῶ
 ἀμφιπόλων ὑπὲρ ὤμον ἀνέρχαι· ἀγχιφύτων δὲ
 280 ἄβρᾶ πολυσπερέων ἑτερόχροα φύλλα κορύμβων,
 οἷα σέθεν κνώσσοντος, ἐπαιθύσουσι προσώπῳ
 αὐραῖς φειδομένησι καταψύχοντες ἄηται,
 λεπταλέην ἄτε λάτρις ἐθήμονα ῥιπίδα σείει,
 ψυχρὸν ἐὼ βασιλῇ φέρων ποιητὸν ἀήτην.
 285 εἰ δὲ μεσημβρίζουσιν ἄγεις Φαέθοντος ἀπειλήν,
 σῆς σταφυλῆς προκέλευθος ἐτησιὰς ἔρχεται αὐρῇ
 δίψιον εὐνάζουσα πυρώδεος ἀστέρα Μαίρης,
 ὅππότε θερμαίνει σε θερειγενέος δρόμος Ὀρης
 θάλπων Σειριόεντι πεπαινομένην δρόσον ἄτμῳ·
 290 ἔννεπε κυδιόων, προτέρας δ' ἔρριψε μερίμνας
 φάρμακον ἡβητῆρος ἔχων εὐοδμον ὀπώρῃν.
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀμπελόεντος αἰεῖδεται ἀμφὶ κορύμβου,
 πῶς πέλεν ἡβητῆρος ἐπώνυμος. ὕμνοπόλων δὲ
 ἄλλῃ πρεσβυτέρῃ πέλεται φάτις, ὥς ποτε γαίῃ
 295 οὐρανόθεν φερέκαρπος Ὀλύμπιος ἔρρεεν ἰχώρ
 καὶ τέκε Βακχιάδος σταφυλῆς ποτόν, ἐν σκοπέλοις δὲ
 αὐτοφυῆς ἀκόμιστος ἀέξετο καρπὸς ὀπώρης·
 οὐ πῶ δ' ἡμερὶς ἦεν ἐπώνυμος, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ λόχμῃς
 ἀγριὰς ἡβώουσα πολυγνάμπτουσι σελίνοις
 300 οἰνοτόκων βλάστησε φυτῶν εὐάμπελος ὕλη,
 ὕγρὸν ἀναβλύζουσα βεβυσμένον ὄγκον ἐέρση·
 καὶ πολὺς ὄρχατος ἦεν, ὅπῃ, στοιχηδὸν ἀνέρπων,
 σείετο φοινίσσων ἐπὶ βότρυϊ βότρυς ἀλήτης·

ὦν ὁ μὲν ἡμιτέλεστος ἔὰς ὠδῖνας ἀέξων,
305 αἰόλα πορφύρων, ἕτερόχροι φαίνεται καρπῷ
ὃς δὲ φαληριῶν ἐπεπαίνετο σύγχροος ἀφρῷ,
καὶ πολὺς ὥθεεν ἄλλος ὁμόζυγα γείτονα γείτων
ξανθοφύης, ἕτερος δὲ φυὴν ἰνδάλλετο πίσση
περκάζων ὅλον ἄνθος, ἀπ' οἰνοτόκων δὲ πετήλων
310 σύμφυτον ἀγλαόκαρπον ὅλην ἐμέθυσεν ἐλαίην·
ἄλλου δ' ἄρτιχάρακτος ἐπέτρεχεν ὄμφακι καρπῷ
βότρυος ἀργυφέοιο μέλας αὐτόσσυτος ἀήρ,
ὄγκῳ βοτρυνόεντι φέρων σφριγώσαν ὀπώρην
καὶ πίτυν ἀντικέλευθον ἔλιξ ἔστεπεν ὀπώρης
315 συμφερτοῖς σκιδώσα περισκεπὲς ἔρνος ἰάμνοις,
καὶ φρένα Πανὸς ἔτερπε· τινασσομένους δὲ Βορῆι
ἄκρεμόνας πελάσασα παρ' ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ
αἰμοβαφῆς ἐλέλιξε κόμην εὐώδεα πεύκη.
ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν σκολιῇσι δράκων δινωτὸς ἀκάνθαις
320 λαρὸν ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἀμέλγετο νέκταρ ὀπώρης,
καὶ βλοσυραῖς γενύεσσι ποτὸν Βακχεῖον ἀμέλξας,
βότρυος οἰνωθέντος ἐπιστάζων πόμα λαιμῷ,
πορφυρέῃ ραθάμιγγι δράκων φοίνιξεν ὑπὴννην.
καὶ θεὸς οὐρεσίφοιτος ὄφιν θάμβησε δοκεύων
325 οἰνωπῇ ραθάμιγγι πεφυρμένον ἀνθερεῶνα·
καὶ στικταῖς φολίδεσσι μετὰτροπον ὀλκὸν ἐλίξας
πετραῖην βαθύκολπον ἐδύσατο γείτονα χειρὶν,
εὖιον ἀθρήσας, ὄφιν αἰόλος· εἰσορόων δὲ
Βάκχος ἐρευθαλέης ἐγκύμονα βότρυον ἐέρης
330 ὄμφαίης ἐνόησε παλαιότερα θέσφατα Ῥεῖης.
καὶ σκοπέλους ἐλάχηνε, πεδοσκαφέος δὲ σιδήρου
θηγαλέῃ γλωχῖνι μυχὸν κοιλήνατο πέτρης·
λειήνας δὲ μέτωπα βαθυνομένων κενεώνων
τάφρον ἐυσταφύλοιο τύπον ποιήσατο ληνοῦ,
335 βότρυας ἀμῶων νεοθηλέας ὀξέι θύρσῳ,
τεύχων ὀψιγόνοιο τύπον γαμφώνυχος ἄρτης.
καὶ Σατύρων χορὸς ἦεν ὁμόστολος· ὦν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
λοξὸς ἔην τρυγῶν, ὃ δὲ βότρυας ἄγγεϊ κοίλῳ
δέχνυτο τεμνομένους, ὃ δὲ σύμπλοκα φύλλα δαΐζων
340 χλωρὰ φιλακρήτων ἀπεσεῖσατο λύματα καρπῶν·
ἄλλος ἄτερ θύρσοιο καὶ εὐθήκτοιο σιδήρου
δεξιτερὴν ἀσιδήρον ἐπ' ἄκρεμόνεσσι τιταίνων
βότρυος εἰλικόεντος ἀπέκλασεν ἄκρα κορύμβου,
ὀκλάζων ἐπίκυρτον, ἐς ἄμπελον ὄμμα τιταίνων·
345 καὶ γλαφυρῷ κενεῶνι χυτὴν ἔστρωσεν ὀπώρην
ὀγκώσας σταφυλῇσι μεσόμφαλα νῶτα χαράδρης...
βότρυας εἰλικόεντας ἐπασσύτερους θέτο κόλπω

ἐκταδὸν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, καὶ ὥς θημῶνας ἄλωϊς
πλήσας κόλπον ἅπαντα συνήγαγε κοιλάδι πέτρῃ,
350 καὶ σταφυλὴν ἐπάτησε ποδῶν βητάρμονι παλμῶ.
καὶ Σάτυροι σείοντες ἐς ἡέρα θυιάδα χαίτην,
ἴσοφρὺς μίμημα διδασκόμενοι Διονύσου,
στικτὰ περισφίγξαντες ἐπωμίδι δέρματα νεβρῶν,
Βακχείης ἀλάλαζον ὁμογλώσσου μέλος ἤχοϋς,
355 ποσὶ πολυσκάρθοισι περιθλίβοντες ὀπώρην,
εὖιον αἰείδοντες: ἔρισταφύλοιο δὲ κόλπου
οἴνου ἀναβλύζοντος ἐπορφύροντο χαράδραι:
στεινομένη δὲ πόδεσσιν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ὀπώρη
λευκὸν ἐρευθαλέης ἀνεκῆκιν ἀφρὸν ἐέρσης.
360 καὶ βοέοις ἀρύοντο κεράσιν ἀντὶ κυτέλλων
μὴ πω φαινομένων, ὅθεν ὕστερον ἐξέτι κείνου
θέσκελον οὔνομα τοῦτο κεραννυμένῳ πέλεν οἶνω.
καὶ τις ἀναβλύζων φρενοθελέος ἱκμάδα Βάκχου
καμπύλον ἶχνος ἔκαμψε ποδῶν ἐλικῶδεϊ παλμῶ,
365 δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο μετήλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,
καὶ λασίας ἐδίηνε γενειάδας ἱκμάδι Βάκχου:
ἄλλος ἀνεσκίρτησε, μέθης δεδονημένος οἴστρω,
φρικτὸν ἀρασσομένης αἰῶν μύκημα βοείης:
καὶ τις ἀκεσσιπόνιοι πίων ῥόον ἄσχετον οἴνου
370 κυανέην ῥοδόεντι ποτῷ πόρφυρεν ὑπήνην:
ἄλλος ἄνω τανύων σφαλερὴν ἐπὶ δένδρον ὅπωπῃν
ἡμιφανῇ σκοπίαζεν ἀνάμπυκα γείτονα Νύμφην,
καὶ νῦ κεν ὑσιπέτηλον ὀρειάδος εἰς φυτὸν ὕλης
εἴρπεν ὀλισθηροῖο ποδὸς γαμψώνυχι ταρσῶ,
375 εἰ μὴ μιν Διόνυσος ἐρήτυεν: ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγὰς
ἄλλος ἐγερσινόοιο μέθης ἐτερόφρονι παλμῶ
ὑδρηλὴν ἐδίωκεν ἀνείμονα Νηίδα κούρην,
καὶ νῦ κε νηχομένην λασίῳ πήχυνεν ἀγοστῶ,
εἰ μὴ μιν φθαμένη βυθίῳ κεκάλυπτο ῥεέθρῳ.
380 μούνῳ δ' οἶνοποτῇρι Διωνύσῳ πόρε Ῥεῖη
λυσσαλέης ἀμέθυστον ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκη.
πολλοὶ δ' εὐκεράων Σατύρων φιλοπαίγμονι ταρσῶ
εἰς χορὸν οἴστρηθέντες ἐκώμασαν: ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
θερμὸν ἔχων νέον οἴστρον ὑπὸ φρένα, πομπὸν Ἑρώτων,
385 πήχεϊ λαχνήεντι μέσσην ἡγκάσσατο Βάκχην:
ὃς δὲ νοσπλάγκτοιο μέθης δεδονημένος οἴστρω
παρθενικῆς ἀγάμοιο σαόφρονος ἥψατο μίτρης,
αὐτὸς ἐρύων ἐπὶ Κύπριν ἀπειθέος εἴματα νύμφης,
χειρὶ δ' ὀπισθοβόλῳ ῥοδέων ἐπαφήσατο μηρῶν:
390 καὶ τις ἀναινομένην ἀνεσεύρασε μύστιδα κούρην
λαμπάδα νυκτιχόρευτον ἀναπτομένην Διωνύσῳ:

ὃς δὲ περὶ στέρνοις πεφιδημένα δάκτυλα βάλλων
οἶδαλέην ἔθλιψεν ἀκαμπέος ἄντυγα μαζοῦ.
καὶ γλυκερῆς Διόνυσος ἔῃς μετὰ κῶμον ὀπώρας
395 δύσατο κυδιόων Κυβελήϊδος ἄντρα θεαίνης,
κλήματα βοτρυόεντα φιλανθεί χειρὶ τιταίνων,
Μαιονίην δ' ἐδίδαξεν ἔην ἄγρυπνον ἑορτήν.

BOOK 13

ἐν τρισκαίδεκάτῳ στρατιὴν νήριθμον ἐνίφω
καὶ προμάχους ἥρωας ἀγειρομένους Διονύσῳ.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ προέηκεν ἐς αὖλια θέσκελα Ῥείης
Ἴριν ἀπαγγέλλουσαν ἐγερσιμόθῳ Διονύσῳ,
ὄφρα δίκης ἀδίδακτον ὑπερφιάλων γένος Ἴνδῶν
Ἀσίδος ἐξελάσειεν ἐῷ ποινήτορι θύρσῳ,
5 ναύμαχον ἀμήσας ποταμήιον υἷα κεράστην,
Δηριάδην βασιλῆα, καὶ ἔθνεα πάντα διδάξῃ
ὄργια νυκτιχόρευτα καὶ οἶνοπα καρπὸν ὀπώρης.
ἢ μὲν ἐρεσσομένων πτερύγων ἀνεμώδεϊ ῥιπῇ
δυσασμένη κελάδοντα λεοντοκόμου μυχὸν ἄντρου
10 ἄσφοφον ἶχνος ἔπηξεν, ἀφωνήτῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
σφιγξαμένη στόμα δοῦλον ὀρειάδος ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης
ἴστατο κυρτωθεῖσα, καθελκομένου δὲ καρήνου
χείλεσιν ἱκεσίοισι πόδας προσπτόξατο Ῥείης.
καὶ τὴν μὲν Κορύβαντες ἀμειδέϊ νεύματι Ῥείης
15 θεσπεσίης ἀρέσαντο παρὰ κρητῆρι τραπέζης:
θαμβалή δὲ πιοῦσα νεηγενέος χύσιν οἶνου
τέρπετο βακχευθεῖσα: καρηβαρέουσα δὲ δαίμων
παιδί Διὸς παρεόντι Διὸς μυκήσατο βουλὴν:
‘Ἀλκῆεις Διόνυσε, τεὸς γενέτης σε κελεύει
20 εὐσεβίης ἀδίδακτον αἰστώσαι γένος Ἴνδῶν:
ἀλλὰ τεαῖς παλάμησι μαχήμονα θύρσον ἀείρων
αἰθέρος ἄξια ῥέξον, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἄμβροτος αὐλὴ
οὐ σε πόνων ἀπάνευθε δεδέξεται, οὐδὲ σοι Ὠραὶ
μὴ πῶ ἀεθλεύσαντι πύλας πετάσωσιν Ὀλύμπου:
25 Ἑρμείας μόγις ἦλθεν ἐς οὐρανόν, ὅππότε ῥάβδῳ
ὄμμασιν ἀστράπτοντα ποδῶν ἄπο μέχρι κομάτων
βουκόλον Ἄργον ἔπεφνε, καὶ Ἄρεα λύσατο δεσμῶν:
Δελφύνην δ’ ἐδάμασσε καὶ αἰθέρα ναῖεν Ἀπόλλων:
οὐδὲ τεὸς γενέτης, μακάρων πρόμος, ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
30 νόσφι πόνων ἀνέβαινεν ἐς οὐρανόν, ὄρχαμος ἄστρων,
εἰ μὴ πρῶτον ἔδησεν ἀπειλητῆρας Ὀλύμπου
Ταρταρίῳ Τιτῆνας ὑποκρύψας κενεῶνι.
καὶ σὺ μετ’ Ἀπόλλωνα, μεθ’ Ἑρμῶνα, μογήσας
μισθὸν ἔχεις καμάτων πατρώιον αἰθέρα ναίειν.’
35 ὥς φασμένη πρὸς Ὀλυμπὸν ἔβη θεός: αἴψα δὲ Ῥεῖη
παμμήτωρ προέηκεν ἀγέστρατον ἀγγελιώτην
Πύρριχον, ὄρχηστῆρα φιλοσμαράγοιο βοείης,
φύλοπιν ἀγγέλλοντα κορυσσομένοιο Λυαίου.
καὶ στρατιὴν πολύμορφον ἀολλίζων Διονύσῳ

40 Πύρριχος ἀενάοιο διέδραμεν ἔδρανα κόσμου:
Εὐρώπης δὲ γένεθλα καὶ Ἀσίδος ἔθνεα γαίης
πάντας ἄγων νόστησεν ἐς ἀβροβίων χθόνα Λυδῶν.
ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέων προμάχων ἡρωίδα φύτλην
καὶ λασίων Σατύρων, Κενταυρίδος αἷμα γενέθλης,
45 Σειληνῶν τε φάλαγγα δασυκνήμοιο γεραιοῦ
καὶ στίχα Βασσαρίδων Κορυβαντίδες εἶπατε Μοῦσαι:
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόσα φῦλα δέκα γλώσσησιν ἀείσω
οὐδὲ δέκα στομάτεσσι χέων χαλκόθορον ἡχώ,
ὅππόσα Βάκχος ἄγειρε δορυσσόος, ἀλλὰ λιγαίνων
50 ἡγεμόνας καὶ Ὅμηρον ἀοσσητῆρα καλέσσω
εὐεπίης ὄλον ὄρμον, ἐπεὶ πλωτῆρες ἀλῆται
πλαγκτοσύνης καλέουσιν ἀρηγὸνα κυανοχαίτην.
πρῶτα μὲν, εὐθύρσοιο καλεσσαμένου Διονύσου,
Ἀκταίων ταχὺς ἦλθεν ὁμόγνιον αἷμα γεραίρων,
55 πατρίδος Ἀονίης ἐπτάστομον οὔδας ἐάσας:
Βοιωτῶν δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον οἱ χθόνα Θήβης
ᾧκεον εὐπύργοιο καὶ ἔνδιον ἐννοσιγαίου
Ὀγχηστόν, Πετεῶνα καὶ Ὠκαλέην καὶ Ἐρύθρας,
Ἄρνην βοτρυόεσσαν, ἀγαλλομένην Διονύσῳ,
60 οἱ τε Μίδειαν ἔναιον, ἀειδομένας τε πολίχνας
Εἰλέσιον καὶ Σκῶλον ἀλικρήπιδά τε Θιοβην,
ὄρμον ἐντρήρωνα θαλασσαιῆς Ἀφροδίτης,
καὶ δάπεδον Σχοίνοιο καὶ εὐχαίτην Ἐλεῶνα
κώπας τ', ἀγλαὸν οὔδας, ὅπῃ περίπυστον ἀκοῦω
65 ἐγγελύων θρέπτειραν ἐπώνυμον εἰσέτι λίμνην,
καὶ λάσιον Μεδεῶνα, καὶ οἱ λάχον εὐβοτον Ὑλην,
σκυτοτόμου Τυχίοιο τανυκνήμιδα τιθήνην,
καὶ πέδον εὐρυάλῳ, χθονίῃ πεφυλαγμένον ὁμφῇ,
ἄρματος ὀψιγόνοιο φερώνυμον Ἀμφιαράου,
70 Θεσπιέων τε πόλῃα βαθυκνήμους τε Πλαταιὰς
ὑδρηλὴν θ' Ἀλῖαρτον, ὀρεσσιχύτου ποταμοῖο
χεύμασι μεσσατίοισι μεριζομένην Ἐλικῶνος,
οἱ τ' εἶχον πυμάτην Ἀνθηδόνα, γείτονα πόντου,
Βαιὴν ἰχθυβολῆος ἀειζώοιο πολίχνην
75 ὕγροβίου Γλαύκοιο, καὶ οἱ δυσπέμφελοι Ἄσκλην,
πατρίδα δαφνήεσσαν ἀσιγήτοιο νομῆος,
γρᾶις θ' ἱερὸν ἄστρ' εὐρυχόρου Μυκαλησσοῦ,
Εὐρυάλης μίμημα φερώνυμον ἀνθερεῶνος,
καὶ χθόνα Νισαίην καὶ ἐπώνυμον ἄστρ' Κορώνου:
80 τοῖσι μὲν ἐρχομένοισιν Ἐώιον εἰς κλίμα γαίης
Ἀκταίων πρόμος ἦεν, ἐπ' ἡιθέοιο δὲ νίκη
πατροπάτωρ δαφναῖος ἐπέπτаре μάντις Ἀπόλλων
Βοιωτῶν δ' ἑτέροιο προηγεμόνευεν ὁμίλου

εὐχαίτης Ὑμέναιος ἔχων ἀχάρακτον ἥπνην,
85 ἄρπιθαλῆς Βρομίῳ πεφιλημένος· ἐρχομένῳ δὲ
κούρῳ παιδοκόμος πολὺς πρόμος οὖνομα Φοῖνιξ,
εἶπετο, Λαοκῶντι πανεῖκελος, ὃς πάρος Ἀργοῦς,
νηὸς Ἰησονίης, ἐπιβήμενος εἰς χθόνα Κόλχων
σύμπλοος ὠμάρτησε κορυσσομένῳ Μελεάγρῳ.
90 τοῖος ἐὼν ἔτι κοῦρος, ἔχων παιδήιον ἥβην,
ἀβροκόμης Ὑμέναιος ἐδύσατο φύλοπιν Ἴνδῶν,
δινεύων ἐκάτερθε παρηίδος ἥλικα χαίτην·
καὶ οἱ ἐφωμάρτησαν ὀμήλυδες ἀσπιδιώται,
οἳ τ' Ἀσπληδόνοσ' ἄστν, καὶ ὃν Χάρις οὐ ποτε λείπει
95 Ὅρχομενὸν Μινύαιο, χοροῖτυπον ἄλσος Ἐρώτων,
οἳ θ' Ὑρίην ἐνέμοντο, θεηδόχον οὔδας ἀρούρης,
ξεινοδόκου μεθέπουσαν ἐπωνυμίην Ὑριῆος,
ἥχι Γίγας ἀπέλεθρος ἀπειρογάμων ἀπὸ λέκτρων
Ὠρίων τριπάτωρ ἀπὸ μητέρος ἄνθορε Γαίης,
100 εὐτε θεῶν τριγόνοισιν ἀεξεθεῖσα γενέθλαις
εἰς τόκον αὐτοτέλεστον ἐμορφώθη χύσις οὔρων,
αὐλακα νυμφεύσασα τελεσσιγόνιοιο βοείης,
καὶ χθονὸς ἄσπορον υἷα λαγῶν μαιώσατο Γαίης,
οἳ τ' ἔχον ἀγρομένων ξεινηδόκον οὔδας Ἀχαιῶν,
105 Αὐλίδα πετρήεσσαν, ἐδέθλιον ἰοχεαίρης,
ἥχι θεὰ βαρύμηνις ὄρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ βωμῷ
δέκτο θυηπολίην ψευδήμονος Ἴφιγενείης,
καὶ κεμᾶς οὔρεσίφοιτος ἀμεμφεὶ καίετο πυρσῷ
ἀρπαμένης νόθον εἶδος ἀληθέος Ἴφιγενείης,
110 ἦν Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐκόμισσε δολοπλόκος ὥς Ἀχιλλῆος
ἐσσομένην πρὸ μόθοιο παρευνέτιν, ἔνθεν ἀκοῦει
Αὐλὶς ἀνυμφεύτοιο γαμοστόλος Ἴφιγενείης,
ὀλκάσι δ' Ἀργείων ἐπεσύρισε πομπὸς ἀήτης
ἄσοφα μαστίζων ἐχενηίδος ἄκρα γαλήνης,
115 νεβροφόνῳ βασιλῇι φέρων παλινάγρετον αὔρην,
κούρη δ' ὄψε' μολοῦσα μετάρσιος εἰς χθόνα Ταύρων
φρικτὰ κακοξείνων ἐδιδάσκετο θεσμὰ λεβήτων,
ἀνέρα δαιτρεύουσα, καὶ ἀνδροφόνῳ παρὰ βωμῷ
γνωτὸν ἀλιπτοίητον ἀνεζώγρησεν Ὀρέστην.
120 Βοιωτῶν τόσος ἦλθεν ἀμετρήτων στόλος ἀνδρῶν
Ἴνδῶν ἐπὶ δῆριν ὀμαρτήσας Ὑμεναίῳ.
τοῖσι συνεστρατόωντο σοφῇ παρὰ Δελφίδι πέτρῃ
ἀγχίποροι Φωκῆες ὀμήλυδες, οἳ Κυπαρίσσου
εἶχον ἔδος καὶ γαῖαν Ὑάμπολιν, ἣν περ ἀκούω
125 Ἀονίης ὑὸς οὔδας ἐπώνυμον, ἣ περὶ μορφῆς
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ ἥρισε Τριτογενεὶη·
οἳ τ' ἔλαχον Πυθῶνα καὶ ἀμφίκριμνον ἁλώην,

Κρίσαν ἀειδομένην καὶ Δαυλίδα καὶ Πανοπήν,
γείτονα Βάκχον ἔχοντες, ἐπεὶ δαρναῖος Ἀπόλλων
130 κλῆρον ἐὼν ξύνωσε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
Παρνησσὸν δικάρηνον· ἀγειρομένοισι δὲ λαοῖς
Πυθιάς ὁμφῆεσσα θεηγόρος ἔκλαγε πέτρη
καὶ τρίπος αὐτοβόητος, ἀσιγήτοιο δὲ πηγῆς
Κασταλῆς λάλον οἶδμα σοφῷ πάφλαζε ῥέεθρῳ.
135 Εὐβοέων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεον ἀσπιδιῶται
παιδοκόμοι Κορύβαντες ἀεζομένου Διονύσου,
οἳ Φρύγα κόλπον ἔχοντες ὀρεσσιπόλῳ παρὰ Πρεῖη
νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐκυκλώσαντο βοεῖαις,
τόν ποτε πορφυρέῳ κεκαλυμμένον οἴνοτι πέπλῳ
140 εὖρον ἐνὶ σκοπέλοις, κερόεν βρέφος, ἔνθ' αὖ μιν Ἰνώ
Μύστιδι παιδοκόμῳ παρακάτθετο μητρὶ Κορύμβου·
οἳ τότε πάντες ἴκανον ἀειδομένης ἀπὸ νήσου,
Πρυμενὺς εἰλιπόδης τε Μίμας καὶ ὀρίδρομος Ἄκμων
Δαμνεὺς τ' Ὠκύθοός τε σακεσπάλος, οἷς ἅμα βαινὼν
145 σύνδρομος Ἰδαίῳ κορυθαιόλος ἦλθε Μελισσεὺς,
οὓς ποτε δυσσεβίης κεκορυθμένος ἄφρονι κέντρῳ
Σῶκος ἀλιζώνοιο πατὴρ νοσφίσσατο πάτρης
Κόμβης ἐπτατόκου μετὰ μητέρος· οἱ δὲ φυγόντες
Κνώσσιον οὕδας ἴκοντο, καὶ ἔμπαλιν ἦσαν ἀλήται
150 εἰς Φρυγίην Κρήτηθεν, ἀπὸ Φρυγίης ἐς Ἀθήνας,
ἄλλοδαποὶ ναετῆρες ὁμέστοι, εἰσόκε Κέκροφ
Σῶκον ἀπηλοίησε Δίκης ποινήτορι χαλκῷ,
καὶ χθόνα καλλεῖψαντες ἀλικλύστου Μαραθῶνος
νόστιμον ἵχνος ἔκαμψαν ἐς ἱερὸν οὕδας Ἀβάντων,
155 Κουρήτων προτέρων χθόνιον γένος, οἷς μέλος αὐλῶν,
οἷς βίος εὐκελάδων ξιφέων κτύπος, οἷς τινι ῥυθμῷ
κύκλα ποδῶν μεμέλητο καὶ ἀσπιδόεσσα χορεῖη.
τοῖσι συνεστρατώνοντο μαχήμονες υἱὲς Ἀβάντων,
οἳ λάχον ὀφρυόεσσαν Ἑρέτριαν, οἳ λάχον ἄμφω,
160 καὶ Στύρα καὶ Κήρινθον, ἀειδομένης τε Καρύστου
ἔδρανα καὶ Δίου κραναὸν πέδον, οἳ τ' ἔχον ἄκτῃν,
ἄκτῃν κυματόεσσαν ἀσιγήτοιο Γεραιστοῦ,
καὶ Στύγα καὶ Κοτυλαῖον ἔδος καὶ Σιρίδος ἔδρην
Μαρμαρίου τε τένοντα καὶ Ὠγυγίης πέδον Αἰγῆς·
165 τοῖς ἅμα λαὸς ἴκανεν ὁμόστολος, οἷς πέλε πάτρη
Χαλκίς, ὀπισθοκόμων μητρόπολιν Ἑλλοπίων.
ἐπτα μὲν ἡγεμόνες στρατὸν ὥπλισαν, ἀλλ' ἓνα πάντες
θυμὸν ἔχον κατ' Ἄρηα· καὶ ἀστέρας αἴθοπι βωμῷ
Ζωδιακῆς ναετῆρας ἐμειλίξαντο κελεῦθου,
170 δῆριν ἰσηριθμοῖσιν ἐπιτρέψαντες ἀλήταις.
Κεκροπίδας δ' ἐκόρυσε μόθων ἀκόρητος Ἑρεχθεὺς —

χρύσειον ἀγλαόπαιδος Ἐρεχθέος αἷμα κομιζών,
 τὸν ποτε πυρσοφόροιο κατὰ πτύχα παρθενεῶνος
 παρθένος αὐτολόχευτος ἀνέτρεφεν ἄρσενι μαζῷ
 175 παιδοκόμος γλαυκῶπις ἀνήροτος, αἰδομένη δὲ
 παρθενίῳ πῆχυνεν ἀήθεϊ κοῦρον ἀγοστῷ
 Ἥφαιστηιάδην, ὅτε δύσαμος ἀμφιγυῖεις
 ἄλλοιῃ φιλότῃτι γονὴν ἔσπειρεν ἀρούρη,
 θερμὸν ἀκοντίζων αὐτόσσυτον ἀφρὸν Ἐρώτων:
 180 τοῖος Ἀθηναίων στρατιῆς πρόμος ἦλθεν Ἐρεχθεύς,
 Σίφνον ἔχων συνάεθλον, ὁμόπολιν ἡγεμονῆα — ,
 οἳ λάχον Οἰνῶης γόνιμον πέδον, οἳ τε καρήνων
 γείτονος Ὑμήττοιο μελισσήεντας ἐναύλους
 καὶ τέμενος βαθύδενδρον ἐλαιοκόμου Μαραθῶνος,
 185 οἳ τε πόλιν Κελεοῖο, καὶ οἳ λάχον ὄρμον Ἀθήνης,
 ἀγχίαλον Βραυρῶνα, κενήριον Ἴφιγενείης,
 καὶ δάπεδον Θορίκοιο καὶ εὐώδινος Ἀφίδνης,
 οἳ τ' ἔχον ἀγλαόπαιδος Ἐλευσινίην χθόνα Διοῦς,
 μυστιπόλοι ταλάροιο καὶ εὐκάρποιο θεαίνης,
 190 Τριπτολέμου γεγαῶτες ἀφ' αἵματος, ὅς ποτε Διοῦς
 δίφρον ἐχιδνήεντα δι' ἠέρος ἠνιοχεύων
 στικτὰ φερεσταχύων ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα δρακόντων:
 καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα σιδήρεα τεύχεα πάλλων
 παισὶ κορυσσομένοισι γέρων ὤρεξεν Ἀχαρνεύς:
 195 καὶ στίχες Ἀτθίδος ἦλθον ἐπήλυδες, ἐγρεμόθων δὲ
 σὺν δορί, σὺν ξιφέεσσιν ἐπειγομένων ναετήρων
 εἰς μόθον εὐπήληκες ἐβακχεύθησαν Ἀθηναίαι,
 ἐσσυμένων δ' ἔς Ἄρην λιμὴν ἤχησε Φαληρεὺς:
 καὶ πολὺς ἀγγέλλων προτέρην αὐτόχθονα φύτλην
 200 χρύσειος εὐπλέκτοισι κόμαις ἐσφίγγετο τέττιξ.
 πατρίδα γαῖαν ἔλειπε καὶ Αἰακός, ὃν νόθος ὄρνις
 ἀρπαμένῃ σπέρμηνε μιγείς Ἀσωπίδι νύμφῃ,
 αἰετὸς Αἰγίνης περὶ πόσις ὑψιπέτης Ζεὺς:
 ἐκ δὲ γάμου πεφάτιστο καὶ Αἰακός: ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
 205 χραισμήσαι μενέαινε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ:
 Μυρμιδόνων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεεν ἰδμονι τέχνῃ,
 οἳ πρὶν ἔσαν μύρμηκες ἐφερπύζοντες ἀρούρη,
 ποσσὶ πολυσπερέεσσι μεμηλότες, εἰσόκεν αὐτῶν
 ἐκ χροδὸς οὐτιδανοῖο χαμαιγενὲς εἶδος ἀμείψας
 210 φέρτερον εἰς δέμας ἄλλο μετέπλασεν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς,
 καὶ στρατὸς ἐβλάστησεν ἐνόπλιος: ἐξαπίνης γὰρ
 ἄλλοφυής, ἄφθογγος, ἀπόσπορος ἐσμὸς ἀρούρης
 εἰς βροτὸν αὐδῆεντα δέμας μορφώσατο μύρμηξ:
 τῶν πρόμος Αἰακὸς ἦρχεν, ἐν εὐτύκτῳ δὲ βοείῃ
 215 Ζῆνα νόθον σοφὸν ὄρνιν ἐπέγραφε, σῆμα γενέθλης,

φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἔλαφρίζοντα γυναῖκα,
καὶ ποταμὸς πυρίκαυτος ἔην σχεδὸν, ἄγχι δὲ κούρη
οἰκτρὰ κατηφιόωσα, καὶ εἰ πέλεν ἄπνοος εἰκὼν,
δόχμιον ὄμμα τίταινεν, ἅτε στενάχουσα τοκῆα
220 Ἀσωπὸν βαρύγουνον, ἔοικε δὲ τοῦτο βοῆσαι.
‘καλὸν ἐμοὶ πόρες ἔδνον ἐμὸν γενετῆρα δαμάσσας.’
Κρήτης δ’ ἡγεμόνευε πολυγλώσσων ναετῆρων
Ἀστερίος φαιδρωπὸν ἔχων δέμας, ἀμφότερον δὲ
ὅσσον ἔην ἐρόεις, τόσον ἄλκιμος, ὃν ποτε νύμφη
225 λυσαμένη Μίνωι σαόφρονος ἄμμα κορείης
Φαισιτιάς Ἀνδρογένεια Κυδωναίῃ τέκεν εὐνῇ:
ὃς τότε λαὸν ἄγων ἐκατόμπολιν οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ
ἔκετο κυδαίνων ἐμφύλιον αἷμα γενέθλης
πατρὸς ἐοῦ: Σεμέλης γὰρ ἀνεψιὸς ἔπλετο Μίνως,
230 Κάδμου ξυνὰ γένεθλα: πολυσπερέες δὲ μαχηταὶ
πάντες ἐνὶ σπεύδοντι συνέρρεον ἡγεμονῆι,
οἱ μὲν ἀπὸ Κνωσσοῖο μαχήμονες, οἱ δ’ ἀπὸ Λύκτου
Μιλήτου στρατιῆσι συνήλυδες: οἷς ἅμα πολλοὶ
ὑψιλόφου Γόρτυνος ἐθωρήσσοντο πολῖται
235 καὶ ναέται Ῥυτίοιο καὶ εὐκάρποιο Λυκάστου...
καὶ χθόνα Νωδαίοιο Διδὸς καὶ ἐδέθλια Βοιβῆς
καὶ δάπεδον Κισάμοιο, καὶ ἄστεα καλὰ Κυταίου.
τοῖος ἀπὸ Κρήτης πρόμος ἦλυθεν: ἐρχομένῳ δὲ
θερμότεραις ἀκτῖσι χέων μαντήιον αἶγλην
240 Ἀστερίῳ σελάγιζεν ὁμώνυμος Ἄρεος ἀστήρ,
νίκης ἐσσομένης πρωτάγγελος: ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
νικήσας νόθον οἷστρον ἀήθεος ἔσχεν ἀρούρης
νηλῆς: οὐ γὰρ ἔμελλεν ἰδεῖν μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
πάτριον Ἰδαίης κορυθαίολον ἄντρον ἐρίπνης,
245 ἀλλὰ βίον προβέβουλε λιπόπολιν, ἀντὶ δὲ Δίκτης
Κνώσσιος ἐν Σκυθίῃ μετανάστιος ἔσκε πολίτης,
καὶ πολλὸν Μίνωα καὶ Ἀνδρογένειαν ἐάσας
ξεινοφόνων σοφὸς ἦλθεν ἐς ἔθνεα βάρβαρα Κόλχων,
Ἀστερίους δ’ ἐκάλεσσε καὶ ὥπασεν οὖνομα Κόλχοις
250 Κρητικόν, οἷς ξένα θεσμὰ φύσις πόρε, παιδοκόμου δὲ
πάτριον Ἀμνισοῖο ῥόον Κρηταῖον ἐάσας
αἰδομένοις στομάτεσσι νόθον πίε Φάσιδος ὕδωρ.
μοῦνος Ἀρισταῖος βραδὺς ἦιε λοίσθιος ἄλλων,
ὅσσοι γαῖαν ἔναιον ὁμοῦριον Ἑλλάδι γαίῃ,
255 ὃς μέλιτος γλυκεροῖο πολυτρήτων ἀπὸ σίμβλων
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε, καὶ οἶνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ
ἤρισεν ἀπρήκτῳ μελιγδέος ἐλπίδι νίκης:
ἀμφοτέροις δ’ ἐδίκασον, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου:
ἀλλὰ πάς Φοίβοιο νεόρρυτα χεῦματα σίμβλων

260 ἄθανάτοις ὀρέγων μελιηδέος ἥμβροτε νίκης,
 ὅττι θεοὶ παχὺ χεῦμα φιλοπτόρθοιο μελίσσης
 δεξάμενοι κόρον ὅξυν ἄτερπέος εἶχον ἐέρσης·
 καὶ κόρος ἦν μακάρων τρίτατον δέπας, οὐ δὲ τετάρτου
 κίρναμένου γεύσαντο παλιννόστοιο κυπέλλου,
 265 καὶ μάλα διψῶντες· ἀρυόμενοι δὲ Βάκχου
 ὄμβρῳ ἔυρραθάμιγχι νόον τέρποντες ἐέρσης
 εἰς ὅλον ἦμαρ ἔπινον ἄλωφῆτου χύσιν οἴνου·
 καὶ μεθύων γλυκὺν οἶνον ἐθάμβεεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
 ἐξ ἐτέρου ποθέων ἕτερον δέπας ἡδέει θυμῷ,
 270 εὐφροσύνην ἀκόρητον ἔχων θελξίφρονος οἴνου·
 Ζεὺς δὲ μελιρραθάμιγγος ἐθάμβεεν ἔργα μελίσσης,
 δαιδαλέην δ' ὠδῖνα φιλοσμῆνου τοκετοῖο,
 δῶρον Ἀρισταίοιο, καὶ οἶνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ
 ὦπασε λυσιπόνοιο φέρειν πρωτάγρια νίκης.
 275 ἔνθεν Ἀρισταῖος βραδὺς ἦιεν εἰς μόθον Ἴνδῶν,
 ὄψιμος εὐνήσας πρότερον χόλον ἄρπαγος ἥβης,
 ἔνδιον Ἑρμείῳ λιπῶν Κυλλήνιον ἔδρην·
 οὐ πῶ γὰρ προτέρῃ Μεροπηίδι νάσσατο νήσῳ,
 οὐ πῶ δ' ἀτμὸν ἔπαυσε πυρώδεα διψάδος ὥρης
 280 Ζηνὸς ἁλεξικάκοιο φέρων φυσίζοον αὔρην,
 οὐδὲ σιδηροχίτων δεδοκμημένος ἀστέρος αἴγλην
 Σείριον αἰθαλόεντος ἀναστέλλων πυρετοῖο
 ἐννύχιον πρήνυε, τὸν εἰσέτι διψαλέον πῦρ
 θερμὸν ἀκοντίζοντα δι' αἰθέρος αἶθοπι λαίμῳ
 285 ἄσθμασι λεπταλέοισι καταψύχουσι ἄῃται·
 ἀλλ' ἔτι Παρρασίης πέδον ὥκεεν. ἐρχομένῳ δὲ
 λαὸς ἐθωρήχθη βαλανηφάγος Ἀρκὰς ἀλήτης,
 οἳ τ' εἶχον Λασιῶνα καὶ ἄλσεα καλὰ Λυκαίου
 καὶ κραναὴν Στύμφηλον, ἀειδομένην τε πολίχνην
 290 Ῥίπην καὶ Στρατῖν καὶ Μαντινέην καὶ Ἐνίσπην
 Παρρασίην τ' εὐδενδρον, ὅπῃ πέδον ἐστὶ θεαίνης
 ἀστιβὲς ἀρχεγόνοιο λεχώιον εἰσέτι Ῥεῖης,
 καὶ δάπεδον Φενεοῖο καὶ ὄρχηθμοῖο τοκῆα,
 Ὅρχομενὸν πολύμηλον, ἐδέθλιον Ἀπιδανήων,
 295 οἳ τ' ἔχον Ἀρκαδίην πόλιν Ἀρκάδος, ὃν ποτε μήτηρ
 Καλλιστῶ Διὶ τίκτε, πατὴρ δὲ μιν εἰς πόλον ἄστρων
 στηριξὰς ἐκάλεσσε χαλαζήεντα Βοώτην·
 τόσσον Ἀρισταῖος στρατὸν ὥπλισεν Ἀρκάδι λόγχῃ
 ἀνδράσι μαρναμένοις νομάδας κύνας εἰς μόθον ἔλκων,
 300 τὸν ποτε Κυρήνη, κεμαδοσσόος Ἄρτεμις ἄλλη,
 Φοιβεῖη φιλότῃτι λεοντοφόνος τέκε νύμφη,
 ὅπποτε μιν Λιβύῃ ψαμαθῶδεϊ καλὸς Ἀπόλλων
 ἦγαγε νυμφοκόμῳ μετανάστιον ἄρπαγι δίφρῳ.

καί μιν ἐπισπεύδοντα λιπῶν μαντώδεα δάφνην
305 αὐτὸς ἑαῖς παλάμησι πατὴρ θώρηξεν Ἀπόλλων·
παιδί δὲ τόξον ἔδωκε, καὶ ἥρμοσε χειρὶ βοεῖην
δαιδάλην, γλαφυρὴν δὲ καθιεμένην διὰ νώτου
ῶμαδιῳ τελαμῶνι κατεκλήισσε φαρέτρην.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Σικελίῃθεν ἐκηβόλος ἦλθεν Ἀχάτης,
310 καὶ οἱ ἐφωμάρτησαν ὀμήλυδες ἀσπιδιῶται,
Κιλλυριῶν τ' Ἐλύμων τε πολὺς στρατὸς, οἳ τε Παλίκων
ἔδρανον ἀμφενέμοντο, καὶ οἱ Κατάνην πέρα λίμνην
γείτονα Σειρήνων πόλιν ὤκεον, ἃς Ἀχελῷω
Τερψιχόρῃ ῥοδόεσσα βοοκραίρων ἀπὸ λέκτρων
315 τίκτεν ἀελλήεντι συναπτομένη παρακοίτῃ·
οἳ τ' εἶχον Καμάριναν, ὅπῃ κελάδοντι ῥέεθρῳ
Ἵππαρις ἀστήρικτος ἐρεύγεται ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ,
ὕβλης θ' ἱερὸν ἄστρῳ, καὶ οἱ σχεδὸν ὤκεον Αἴτνης,
ἥχι πυρὸς κρητῆρες ἀναπτομένης ἀπὸ πέτρης
320 θερμὸν ἀναβλύζουσι Τυφαονίης σέλας εὐνῆς,
οἳ τε δόμους ἐδάσαντο παρ' ὄφρυόεντι Πελώρῳ,
καὶ δάπεδον νησαῖον ἀλirroίζοιο Παχύνου,
καὶ Σικελὴν Ἀρέθουσαν, ὅπῃ μετανάστιος ἔρπει
στέμματι Πισαίῳ κομῶν Ἀλφειὸς ἀλήτης,
325 πορθμεύων βατὸν οἶδμα, καὶ ἀκροτάτου διὰ πόντου
ἔλκει δοῦλον Ἔρωτος ὑπέρτερον ἄβροχον ὕδωρ,
θερμὸν ἔχων ψυχροῖο δι' ὕδατος ἀπτόμενον πῦρ.
τοῖς ἔπι Φαῦνος ἵκανε πυρισφρήγιστον ἑάσας
Σικελίης τριλόφοιο Πελωρίδα πέζαν ἐρίπνης,
330 τὸν βυθίῳ Κρονίῳ συναπτομένη τέκε Κίρκη,
σύγγονος Αἰήταο πολύθρονος, ἥ παρὰ λόχημ
ὥκεε πετραίοιο βαθύσκια κύκλα μελάθρου.
καὶ Λίβυες στρατῶωντο παρ' Ἑσπέριον κλίμα γαίης
ἀγχινεφῇ ναῖοντες ἀλήμονος ἄστεα Κάδμου·
335 κεῖθι γὰρ ἀντιπύρων ἀνέμων πεφορημένος αὔραις
εἰς χρόνον ὥκεε Κάδμος, ἔχων Σιθωνίδα νύμφην
σύμπλοον, Ἀρμονίην ἔτι παρθένον, ἥς διὰ μορφῇν
γείτονας ἀντιβίους πολεμητόκος ὥπλισε φήμη,
ἣν Χάριν ἀντονόμηνε Λίβυς στρατὸς — ἀβροτέρῃ γὰρ
340 Βιστονίς ἐβλάστησεν ἐπιχθονίῃ χάρις ἄλλῃ,
τῇς ἄπο καὶ Λιβύης Χαρίτων λόφος — , ἥς ἐπὶ μορφῇ
ἄρπαγος ὑσμίνης δεδονημένος ἄφρονι κέντρῳ
φρικτὸς ἐρωμανέων ἐκορύσσετο βάρβαρος Ἄρης,
λαδὸς ἐρημονόμος Μαυρούσιος· ἀλλὰ τινάσσων
345 χερσὶ γυναιμανέεσσι Λιβυστίδος ἔγχος Ἀθήνης
Ἀρμονίης πολέμιζε προασπίζων παρακοίτης,
ἐσπερίῳ δ' ἐφόβησεν ὅλον γένος Αἰθιοπῶν

σὺν Διὶ θωρηχθέντι, σὺν Ἀρεΐ καὶ Κυthereίη:
κεῖθι καί, ὥς ἐνέπουσι, παρὰ Τριτωνίδι λίμνῃ
350 Ἀρμονίῃ παρέλεκτο ῥοδῶπιδι Κάδμος ἀλήτης,
νύμφαι δ' Ἑσπερίδες μέλος ἔπλεκον, ὣν ἀπὸ κήπου
Κύπρις ὁμοῦ καὶ Ἑρωτες ἐκόσμεον εὐγάμον εὐνήν,
χρυσεῖν θαλάμοισιν ἐπικρεμάσαντες ὀπώρην,
νύμφης ἔδνον ἔρωτος ἐπάξιον, ἧς ἀπὸ φύλλων
355 Ἀρμονίῃ καὶ Κάδμος ἐχεκτέανω παρὰ παστῶ
βόστρυχον ἀφνειοῖσιν ἐμιτρώσαντο κορύμβοις
ἀντὶ ῥόδου γαμίοιο· καὶ ἀβροτέρῃ πέλε νύμφη
χρύσεια δῶρα φέρουσα, γέρας χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης·
καὶ μέλος ἀστραίης κιθάρης ἐπίκωμον ἐγείρας
360 μητροπάτῳρ σφαιρηδὸν ἐῷ βητάρμονι ταρσῶ
οὐρανὸν ἀμφελέλιζε Λίβυς κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας,
καὶ μέλος Ἀρμονίης ἐμελίζετο γείτοني φωνῇ·
καὶ ζυγίης φιλότητος ἔῃς μνημήια νύμφης
δῶκε ποδῶν ἐπίβαθρα Λιβυστιδί Κάδμος ἀρούρη,
365 δωμήσας πολίων ἑκατοντάδα, δῶκε δ' ἐκάστη
δύσβατα λαϊνέοις ὑψούμενα τείχεα πύργοις.
κείνου μνηστὶν ἔχοντες ἐπεστρατόωντο μαχηταὶ
μαρναμένου βρομίοιο προασπιστῆρες Ἐννοῦς,
τικτομένης ναῖοντες ἐδέθλια γείτονα Μήνης
370 καὶ Διὸς Ἀσβύσταο μεσημβρίζοντας ἐναύλους,
μαντιπόλου κερόεντος, ὅπῃ ποτὲ πολλάκις Ἄμμων
ἀρνειοῦ τριέλικτον ἔχων Ἰνδαλμα κεραίης
ὀμφαίοις στομάτεσσιν ἐθέσπισεν Ἑσπέριος Ζεὺς·
οἳ τε ῥόον Χρεμέταο καὶ οἳ παρὰ Κίνυφος ὕδωρ
375 ὥκεον ἄζαλῆς ψαμαθῶδεα πέζαν ἀρούρης,
Αὐσχῖσαι Βάκαλές τε συνήλυδες, οὓς πλέον ἄλλων
Ἄρεϊ τερπομένους Ζεφυρήιος ἔτρεφεν ἀγκών.
τόσσος λαὸς ἔην ἐκατόμπολις· ἐρχομένης δὲ
πληθὺς ἡγεμόνευε Κραταιγόνος, ὃν ποτε κούρη
380 Ἀγχιρὼ Χρεμέταο παρὰ πλαταμῶνα τοκῆος
Ψύλλου κουφονόοιο μινυνθαδίῃ τέκεν εὐνή
νυμφίον ἀγκὰς ἔχουσα θεημάχον, οὗ ποτε καρποῦς
ἄσθματι διψαλέω Νότος ἔφλεγε θερμὸς ἀήτης·
αὐτὰρ ὁ θωρήσων κορυθαῖόλον Ἄρεα νηῶν
385 ναύμαχον ἐσμὸν ἀγειρεν, ὅπως ποινήτορι θεσμῶ
ἡερίοις ἀνέμοισιν ἀναστήσειεν Ἐννώ,
ἰέμενος κτείνει φλογερὸν Νότον· ἄγχι δὲ νήσου
Αἰολίης στόλος ἦλθε σακέσπαλος, ἀλλὰ μανέντος
ἀνδρὸς ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀελλήεντι κυδοιμῶ
390 ὀλκάδα μαστίζοντες ἐθωρήχθησαν ἀῆται,
συμφερτὴν δονέοντες ἀρηγόνα σύμπνοον αὖρην,

καὶ στρατιὴν καὶ Ψύλλον ἐτυμβεύσαντο θαλάσση.
Θρηκίης δὲ Σάμοιο συνέρρεον ἀσπιδιώται,
κοίρανος οὖς προΐαλλε βαθυσηρίγγος ὑπῆνης,
395 Ἡμαθίων βαρύγουνος, ἔχων χιονώδεα χαίτην,
Τιτῆνων μελέεσσιν ἐοικότας, οἳ τ' ἔχον ἄμφω,
ἀγχίαλον Μύρμηκα καὶ ἀνθεμόεντα Σαώκη,
καὶ χθόνα Τευμερίοιο καὶ εὐλείμωνος ἀρούρης
ἄλσεα Φησιάδαο κατάσκια δενδράδι λόχημ,
400 καὶ ζαθέην Ζήρυνθον ἀκοιμήτων Κορυβάντων
κτίσμα φατιζομένης Περσηίδος, ὀππόθι κούρης
μυστιπόλων δαΐδων θιασώδεές εἰσιν ἐρίπναι,
οἳ τε πολυγλώχινος ὑπὸ κρηπῖδος ἀρούρης
Βρόντιον ἀμφενέμοντο, καὶ ἅς ἐπὶ γείτονι πόντῳ
405 Ἀτραπιτοὺς βυθίοιο Ποσειδάωνος ἀκούω.
τόσσαί μὲν στίχες ἦλθον ὀμήλυδες, ἀρχεγόνου δὲ
Ἥλέκτρης, ὁμόφυλον ἐπιστώσαντο γενέθλην:
κεῖθι γὰρ Ἀρμονίην γένος αἰθέρος, αἶμα θαλάσσης,
Ἄρης, Ζεὺς, Κυθήρεια θεῶν χραισμήτορι Κάδμῳ
410 κουριδίην ἀνάεδνον ἐδωρήσαντο γυναῖκα.
τοῖσι κορυσσομένοισι σὺν εὐθύρσῳ Διονύσῳ
Ἥλέκτρης ἀνέτελλε δι' αἰθέρος ἔβδομος ἀστήρ
δεξιὸν ὑσμίνης σημῆιον, ἀμφὶ δὲ νίκη
πληιάδων κελάδησε βοῆς ἀντίθροος ἡχώ
415 γνωτῆς αἶμα φέροντι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,
καὶ στρατιῇ πόρε θάρσος ὁμοίον: ἐρχομένων δὲ
ᾠγυρος ἡγεμόνευεν ἐς Ἄρεα δεύτερος Ἄρης,
ᾠγυρος ὑψικάρηνος, ἔχων Ἰνδαλμα Γιγάντων:
τοῦ μὲν ἔην ἄγναμπτον ὅλον δέμας, ἐκ δὲ καρήνου
420 αὐχενίου τε τένονοτος ὀπισθοκόμων ἐπὶ νώτων
ἰσοφανεῖς πλοκαμῖδες ἀκανθοφόροισιν ἐχίνοις
ἔρρεον ἱξύος ἄχρι κατήλυδες: εἶχε δὲ δειρὴν
μηκεδανὴν, περίμετρον, ὁμοῖον αὐχένι πέτρης,
βάρβαρον ἦθος ἔχων πατρώιον: οὐδέ τις αὐτοῦ
425 φέρτερος ἄλλος ἔκανε Ἐώιον εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν
νόσφι Διωνύσοιο: καὶ ὄρκιον ὤμοσε Νίκην
Ἰνδῶν χθόνα πᾶσαν ἑῷ δορὶ μοῦνος ὀλέσσαι.
καὶ θρασὺς υἱὸς Ἄρης ἐὴν Πίμπλειαν ἐάσας
Βιστονίης Οἶαγρος ἐκώμασεν ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
430 Ὀρφέα καλλείφας ἐπὶ γούνασι Καλλιοπείης
νήπιον ἀρτιχύτῳ μεμελημένον εἰσέτι μαζῶ.
Κυπριάδας δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεε Λίτρος ἀγῆνων
εὐχαίτης τε Λάττηος: ἐθωρήσσοντο δὲ πολλοί,
οἳ τ' ἔλαχον Σφήκειαν, ἀλίκτυπον ἄντυγα νήσου.
435 Κύπρον ἐυπερύγων θεοδέγμονα νῆσον Ἐρώτων,

Κύπριδος αὐτογόνιοιο φερώνυμον, ἥς ποτε Κύπρου
 ἄκρα περιγράψας βυθίῃ γλαυχῇ τριαίνης
 ἰσοφυῇ δελφίνι τύπον τορνώσατο Νηρεὺς —
 ὅπποτε γὰρ γονόεσσα κατάρρυτος ἄρσενι λύθρῳ
 440 Οὐρανίη μόρφωσε λεχώιον ἄφρὸν ἐέρση
 καὶ Παφίην ὤδινε, Κερασιδὸς εἰς χθόνα Κύπρου
 ἔμφρονα θυμὸν ἔχων ὑπὲρ οἴδματος ἔτρεχε δελφίς,
 ἐξομένην λοφίησιν ἐλαφρίζων Ἀφροδίτην — ,
 οἳ τ' ἔχον Ὑλάταο πέδον καὶ ἐδέθλια Σηστοῦ
 445 καὶ Τάμασον καὶ Τέμβρον Ἐρυθραίην τε πολίχνην
 καὶ τέμενος βαθύδενδρον ὄρεσσαύλοιο Πανάκρου·
 ἐκ δὲ Σόλων κεκόρυστο πολὺς στρατός, ἐκ δὲ Λαπτήθου,
 ὕστερον ἢν ἐκάλεσαν ὁμώνυμον ἡγεμονήος,
 ὃς τότε λαὸν ἄγειρεν, ἐν εὐθύρσῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
 450 κάθθανε καὶ κτερέιστο καὶ οὖνομα λείπε πολίταις.
 οἳ τε πόλιν Κινύρειαν ἐπώνυμον εἰσέτι πέτρην
 ἀρχεγόνου Κινύραο, καὶ Οὐρανίης πέδον ἔδρης
 αἰθερίου κενεῶνος ἐπώνυμον, ὅττι πολίτας
 ἔτρεφεν ἀστράπτοντας ἐπουρανίων τύπον ἄστρον,
 455 οἳ τ' εἶχον Κραπάσειαν, ἀλιστεφεὲς οὔδας ἀρούρης,
 καὶ Πάφον, ἀβροκόμων στεφανηφόρον ὄρμον Ἐρώτων,
 ἐξ ὑδάτων ἐπίβαθρον ἀνερχομένης Ἀφροδίτης,
 ἥχι θαλασσογόνου Παφίης νυμφήιον ὕδωρ,
 Σέτραχος ἱμερόεις, ὅθι πολλάκις εἶμα λαβοῦσα
 460 Κύπρις ἀνεχλαίνωσε λελουμένον υἷέα Μύρρης,
 καὶ πόλιν ἀρχεγόνου ποτὲ Περσέος, ὧ ποτε Τεῦκρος,
 καλλείψας Σαλαμῖνα χολωομένου Τελαμῶνος,
 ὀπλοτέρην πύργωσεν ἀειδομένην Σαλαμῖνα.
 Λυδῶν δ' ἄβρὸς ὄμιλος ἐπέρρεεν, οἳ τ' ἔχον ἄμφω,
 465 Κῆμψον ἐνψήφιδά καὶ ὀφρυόεσσαν Ἰτώνην,
 οἳ τε Τορήβιον εὐρύ, καὶ οἳ πλούτοιο τιθήνας
 Σάρδιας; εὐώδινας, ὁμήλικας ἡριγενεῖς,
 καὶ χθόνα Βακχείην σταφυληκόμον, ἥχι τεκούσῃ
 ἀμπελόεις Διόνυσος ἔχων δέπας ἔμπλεον οἴνου
 470 Ῥεῖη πρῶτα κέρασσε, πόλιν δ' ὀνόμηνε Κεράσσας,
 καὶ σκοπῆς Ὀάνοιο, καὶ οἳ ῥόον ἔλλαχον Ἑρμου
 ὑδατόεν τε Μέταλλον, ὅπῃ Πακτώλιον ἰλὺν
 ξανθὸς ἀποπτύων ἀμαρύσσεται ὄλβος ἐέρσης·
 καὶ Στατάλων κεκόρυστο πολὺς στρατός, ἥχι Τυφωεὺς
 475 θερμὸν ἀναβλύζων πυριθαλπέος ἄσθμα κεραυνοῦ
 ἔφλεγε γείτονα χώρον, ἀελλήεντι δὲ καπνῷ
 αἰθομένου Τυφῶνος ἔτεφρώθησαν ἐρίπναι,
 γυιοβόρῳ σπινθῆρι μαραινομένων κεφαλάων·
 ἀλλὰ Διὸς Λυδοῖο θυώδεα νηὸν ἐάσας

480 ἄρητῆρ ἄσιδηρος ἐμάρνατο κέντορι μύθῳ,
μύθῳ ἀκοντιστῆρι, καὶ οὐ τημητῆρι σιδήρῳ,
γλώσση ἐρητύων πειθήνιον υἷὸν ἀρούρης,
ἔγχος ἔχων στόμα θυῶρον, ἔπος ξίφος, ἀσπίδα φωνήν,
τοῦτο θεοκλήτῳ προχέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι:
485 ‘στῆθι, τάλαν’: φλογόεις δὲ Γίγας ὑπὸ μύστιδι τέχνῃ
ἄρραγέος μύθοιο σοφῶ στηρίζετο δεσμῶ
ἀνέρα δειμαίνων κεκορυθμένον ἔμφροني λόγχῃ,
γυιοπέδην ἄσιδηρον ἔχων ποινήτορι μύθῳ:
οὐδὲ τόσον τρομέεσκεν οἷστευτῆρα κεραυνοῦ
490 αἰνογίγας πολύπηχυς, ὅσον ῥῆξήνορα μύστιν
γλώσση οἷστεύοντα λάλον βέλος, εἶξε δὲ κάμνων
ἔλκεα φωνήεντα πεπαρμένος ὅξεϊ μύθῳ:
καὶ πυρὸς ἔλκος ἔχων, τετορημένος ἔγχει θερμῶ,
ἄλλω θερμότερῳ νοερῶ πυρὶ κάμνε Τυφωεύς,
495 καὶ στατὸν ἀστυφέλικτον ἐνερρίζωσεν ἀνάγκῃ
ταρσὸν ἐχιδνήεντα πεπηγότα μητέρι Γαίῃ,
οὐτηθεὶς ἀχάρακτον ἀναιμάκτῳ δέμας αἰχμῇ.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτέροισιν ἐν ἀνδράσιν ἦγαγεν αἰών.
τοὺς δὲ λίγα κροτέοντας ὑπ’ εὐρύθμῳ χθόνα ταρσῶ
500 καὶ Στάβιος καὶ Στάμνος ἐπὶ κλόνον ὦπλισαν Ἴνδῶν:
καὶ στρατὸν ὄρχηστῆρα περισκαίροντα δοκεύων
τοῖον ἔπος λέξειας, ὅτι πρόμος ἠγεμονεύει
εἰς χορόν, οὐκ ἐπὶ δῆριν, ἐνόπλιον ἄνδρα κομίζων:
τοῖσι γὰρ ἐρχομένοισιν ἀνακρούουσα χορείη
505 Μυγδονὶς ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἐπὶ κλόνον ἔβρεμε φόρμιγξ,
ἀντὶ χοροῦ πέμπουσα μόθου λαοσσόον ἤχῳ:
καὶ πολέμων σάλπιγγες ἔσαν σύριγγες Ἑρώτων,
καὶ δίδυμοι Βερέκυντες ὁμόζυγες ἔκλαγον αὐλοῖ,
καὶ κτύπον ἀμφιπλήγῃ βαρυσμαράγων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
510 χαλκείοις πατάγοισιν ἐμυκήσαντο βοεῖαι.
καὶ Φρύγες ἐστρατώνοντο παρ’ ἐγρεμόθων στίχα Λυδῶν,
οἳ τ’ ἔλαχον Βοῦδειαν, αἰδομένην τε πολίχνην
δενδροκόμον Τεμένειαν, ἐύσκιον ἄλσος ἀρούρης,
οἳ Δρεσίην ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ὀβριμον, ὅς τε ῥεέθροισ
515 Μαιάνδρου σκολιοῖσιν ἐὸν παραβάλλεται ὕδωρ,
καὶ δάπεδον Δοίαντος ἐπώνυμον, οἳ τε Κελαινὰς
χρυσορόφους ἐνέμοντο καὶ εἰκαστήρια Γοργοῦς:
τοῖσι συνεστρατώνοντο καὶ οἳ λάχον ἄστεα ναιέιν
γείτονα Σαγαρίου, καὶ Ἑλέσπιδος ἔδρανα γαίης.
520 τῶν πρόμος ἠγεμόνευε, λιπὼν ὀφιώδεα Δίρκην,
Πρίασος, Ἀονίης μετανάστιος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης:
ὁππότε γὰρ Φρυγίης πέδον ἔκλυσεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς,
ὁμβρηροῖς πελάγεσσι χέων ὑψίδρομον ὕδωρ,

καὶ δρῦες ἐκρύφθησαν, ἀκανθοφόροις τ' ἐνὶ βήσσαις
525 διψαλέαι ποταμηδὸν ἐκυμαίνοντο κολῶναι,
ἱκμαλέον τότε δῶμα λιπὼν κεκαλυμμένον ὄμβρῳ
καὶ ῥόον ἡερόφοιτον, ἀκοντιστῆρα μελάθρων,
Πρίασος Ἀονίης μετανέσσατο κόλπον ἀρούρης,
Ζηγὸς ἀλυσκάζων θανατηφόρον ὄμβριον ὕδωρ:
530 αἰεὶ δ' ἀλλοδαποῖσι παρ' ἀνδράσι δάκρυα λείβων
μνῶετο Σαγαρίοιο καὶ ἠθάδα δίζετο πηγὴν,
Ἀονίου ποταμοῖο πῶν ἀλλότριον ὕδωρ:
ὄψ' δὲ δύσνιφον οἶδμα καὶ ὕδατόεσσαν ἀνάγκην
Ζεὺς ὕπατος πρήνυε, καὶ ἐκ Σιπύλοιο καρήνων
535 κλυζομένης Φρυγίης παλινάγρετον ἦλασεν ὕδωρ:
καὶ ῥόον ἐννοσίγαιος ὄλον μετέθηκε τριαίνῃ
εἰς βυθίους κευθμῶνας ἀτεκμάρτοιο θαλάσσης,
καὶ νιφετοῦ κελάδοντος ἐγυμνώθησαν ἐρίπναι:
καὶ τότε Βοιωτοῖο παλίνδρομος οὔδας ἐάσας
540 Πρίασος ὑστερόμητις ἐὴν ὑπεδύσατο πάτρην,
καὶ γενέτην βαρύγουνον ἀπήμονι πήχεος ὀλκῷ
νόστιμος ἀγκὰς ἔμαρψεν, ὃν εὐσεβέων χάριν ἔργων
Ζεὺς μέγας ὄμβρῆεντος ἀνεζώγρησεν ὀλέθρου,
Βρόμβιον ὃν καλέουσιν: ἀπὸ Φρυγίοιο δὲ κόλπου
545 Πρίασον αὐχήμεντες ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταί.
Ἀστερίου δ' ἀπάνευθε ἐοῦ γενέταο μολόντος
ἀρτιθαλῆς Μίλητος ὁμόστολος ἵκετο Βάκχῳ
Καῦνον ἔχων συνάεθλον ἀδελφεόν, ὃς τότε Καρῶν
λαὸν ἄγων ἔτι κοῦρος ἐδύσατο φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν:
550 οὐ πῶ γὰρ δυσέρωτα δολοπλόκον ἔπλεκε μολπὴν
γνωτῆς οἴστρον ἔχων ἀδαήμονος, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὴν
ἀντιτύπου φιλότητος ὁμοζήλων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
Ζηνὶ συναπτομένην ἐμελίζετο σύγγονον Ἥρην
Λάτμιον ἀμφὶ βόαυλον ἀκοιμήτοιο νομῆος,
555 ὀλβίζων ὑπ' ἔρωτι μεμηλότα γείτονι πέτρῃ
νυμφίον Ἐνδυμίωνα ποθοβλήτοιο Ζελήνης:
ἀλλ' ἔτι Βυβλὶς ἔην φιλοπάρθενος, ἀλλ' ἔτι θήρην
Καῦνος ὁμογνήτων ἐδιδάσκετο νῆις ἐρώτων:
οὐ πῶ δ', ἄβροκόμοιο κασιγνήτοιο φυγόντος,
560 δάκρυσιν ὄμβρηθεῖσα δέμας μορφώσατο κούρη,
καὶ ῥόον ὕδατόεντα γοήμονος ἔβλυε πηγῆς.
τῷ δ' ἅμα θαρσένεες ἐπερρώνοντο μαχηταί,
οἱ Μυκάλην ἐνέμοντο, καὶ οἱ λάχον ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ
εἰς χθόνα δυομένοιο παλιννόστου ποταμοῖο,
565 Μαιάνδρου σκολιοῖο, διερπύζοντος ἐναύλων.
Τόσσαι μὲν στίχες ἦλθον: ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ πορεῖῃ
λαῶν ἀγρομένων Κυβελήιδες ἔκτυπον αὐλαί,

Μυγδονίης δὲ πόλιος ἔκυκλώθησαν ἀγνυαί.

BOOK 14

εἰς δέκατον δὲ τέταρτον ἔχε φρένα κεῖθι κορύσσει
δαιμονίην στίχα πᾶσαν ἐς Ἴνδικὸν Ἄρεα Ῥεῖη.
Ῥεῖη δ' ὠκυπέδιλος, ὄρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ φάτνῃ
αὐχένα λαχνήεντα περισφίγξασα λεόντων,
σύνδρομον ἠώρησεν ὑπηνέμιον σφυρὸν αὖραις
ἡριούς κενεῶνας ἐρετμώσασα πεδίλῳ:
5 θεσπεσίας δὲ φάλαγγας ἀολλίζουσα Λυαίῳ
ὥς πετρὸν ἠὲ νόημα διέστιχεν ἔδρανα κόσμου
εἰς Νότον, εἰς Βορέην, εἰς Ἑσπερον, εἰς κλισίην Ἑοῦς:
καὶ δρυσι καὶ ποταμοῖσι μίαν ξυνώσατο φωνήν
Νηιάδας καλέουσα καὶ Ἀδρυάδας στίχας ὕλης.
10 δαιμονίη δ' αἰούσα γονὴ Κυβελήϊδος ἡχοῦς,
πάντοθεν ἠγερέθοντο. καὶ ὑπόθεν εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
ἀπλανὲς ἵχνος ἄγουσα μετάρσιος ἵκετο Ῥεῖη:
καὶ νυχὴν παλινόρσος ἐκούφισε μύστιδα πεύκην
Μυγδόνη θερμαίνουσα τὸ δεύτερον ἡέρα πυρσῶ.
15 ἀλλὰ μετὰ βροτέην προμάχων ἡρωίδα φύτλῃν
καὶ στρατιὴν ζαθέην με διδάξατε, Φοιβάδες αὖραι.
πρῶτα μὲν ἐκ Λήμνοιο πυριγλώχινος ἐρίπνης
φήμη ἀελλήεσσα Σάμου παρὰ μύστιδι πεύκῃ
υἱέας Ἑφαιστοιο δῶν θώρηξε Καβεῖρους,
20 οὐνομα μητρὸς ἔχοντας ὁμόγνιον, οὓς πάρος ἄμφω
οὐρανίῳ χαλκῇ τέκε Θρήισσα Καβειρώ:
Ἄλκων Εὐρυμέδων τε, δαήμονες ἐσχαρεῶνος.
καὶ βλοσυροὶ Κρήτηθεν ἀολλίζοντο μαχηταὶ
δάκτυλοι Ἰδαῖοι, κραναῆς ναετῆρες ἐρίπνης,
25 Γηγενέες Κορύβαντες ὁμήλυδες, ὧν ποτε Ῥεῖη
ἐκ χθονὸς αὐτοτέλεστος ἀνεβλάστησε γενέθλη:
οἷ βρέφος ἀρτιλόχευτον ἀεξιτόκῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
Ζῆνα φερεσσακέεσσιν ἐμιτρώσαντο χορεΐαις,
κῶμον ἀνακροῦντες ὀρίκτυπον ἠπεροπῆα,
30 ἡέρα βακχεύοντες: ἀρασσομένοιο δὲ χαλκοῦ
ἀγχινεφῆς Κρονίοισιν ἐπέβρεμεν οὐασὶν ἡχῶ
κουροσύνην Κρονίωνος ὑποκλέπτουσα βοεΐαις:
καὶ πρόμος ἠγεμόνευε χοροπλεκέων Κορυβάντων
Πύρριχος Ἰδαῖός τε σακέσπαλος, οἷς ἅμα βαίνων
35 Κνώσσιος αἰόλα φῦλα παρώννυμος ὥπλισε Κύρβας.
καὶ φθονεροὶ Τελχῖνες ἐπήλυδες εἰς μῆθον Ἰνδῶν
ἐκ βυθίου κενεῶνος ἀολλίζοντο θαλάσσης:
καὶ δολιχῇ παλάμῃ δονέων περιμήκετον αἰχμήν
ἦλθε Λύκος, κάμη Σκέλμις ἐφέσπετο Δαμναμενῇ

40 πάτριον ἰθύνων Ποσιδῆιον ἄρμα θαλάσσης,
Τληπολέμου μετὰ γαῖαν ἀλιπλανέες μετανάσται,
δαίμονες ὕγρονόμοι μανιώδεις, οὓς πάρος αὐτοὶ
πατρώης ἀέκοντας ἀποτμήξαντες ἀρούρης
Θρῖναξ σὺν Μακαρῇ καὶ ἀγλαὸς ἦλασεν Αὐγης,
45 υἱέες Ἥελιοιο: διωκόμενοι δὲ τιθῆνης
χεροὶ βαρυζήλοισιν ἀρυόμενοι Στυγὸς ὕδωρ
ἄσπορον εὐκάρποιο Ῥόδου ποιήσαν ἀλώην,
ὕδασι Ταρταρίοισι περιρραίνοντες ἀρούρας.
τοῖς ἔπι Κενταύρων διφυῆς πρηνεῖα γενέθλη:
50 ἵππιον εἶδος ἔχοντι Φόλῳ συνομάρτεε Χείρων
ἄλλοφυής, ἀδάμαστος, ἔχων ἀχάλινον ὑπήνην.
Κυκλώπων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον: ὣν ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
χεροὶν ἀθωρήκτοισιν ἀκοντίζοντο κολῶναι
ἔγχεα πετρήεντα, καὶ ἀσπίδες ἦσαν ἐρίπναι,
55 καὶ σκοπιῇ λοφώεσσα χαραδραῖη πέλε πῆληξ,
καὶ Σικελοὶ σπινθῆρες ἔσαν φλογόντες ὁῖστοι:
καὶ σέλας αἰθύσσοντες ἐθήμονος ἐσχαρεῶνος
πυρσοφόροις παλάμῃσιν ἐθωρήσσοντο μαχηταί,
Βρόντης τε Στερόπης τε καὶ Εὐρύαλος καὶ Ἐλατρεὺς
60 Ἀργης τε Τράχιος τε καὶ αὐχήμενος Ἀλιμῆδης.
ἀλλὰ τόσος καὶ τοῖος ἐλείπετο μοῦνος Ἐννοῦς
ἀγχινεφῆς Πολύφημος, ἀπόσπορος ἐννοσιγαίου,
ὅττι μιν ὕγκελευθος ἐρήτυεν αὐτόθι μίμνειν
ἄλλος Ἔρως πολέμοιο φιλαίτερος: εἰσορόων γάρ
65 ἡμιφανῇ Γαλάτειαν ἐπέκτυπε γείτοني πόντῳ,
νυμφιδίῃ σύριγγι χέων φιλοπάρθενον ἠχώ.
καὶ σκοπέλων ναετῆρες ἀπ' αὐτορόφοιο μελάθρου,
οὔνομα Πανὸς ἔχοντες, ἐρημονόμου γενετῆρος,
Πᾶνες ἐθωρήχθησαν ὁμήλυδες, ὣν ἐπὶ μορφῇ
70 ἀνδρομέῃ κεκέραστο δασύτριχος αἰγὸς ὀπωπῇ:
καὶ νόθον εἶδος ἔχοντες εὐκραίριοι καρήνου
δώδεκα Πᾶνες ἔσαν κεραελκέες, ἀρχηγόνου δὲ
Πανὸς ἐνὸς γεγάσιν ὀρεσσαύλοιο τοκῆος.
τὸν μὲν ἐφημιζάντο Κελαινέα μάρτυρι μορφῇ,
75 τὸν δὲ φυῆς Ἀργεννὸν ὁμώνυμον: Αἰγικόρῳ δὲ
ἄρμενον οὔνομα θῆκαν, ἐπεὶ νομῖη παρὰ ποίμνῃ
αἰγείων κεκόρητο περιθλίβων γάλα μαζῶν:
ἄλλος δ' Ἥυγένειος ἀκούετο θεσπέσιος Πᾶν
ἀμφιλαφεῖ πλοκάμοισιν ἔχων λειμῶνα γενείου:
80 καὶ νομίῳ κεκόρυστο σὺν Ὠμηστῇρι Δαφονεύς:
καὶ Φόβος ὠμάρτησε δασυκνήμιδι Φιλάμνῳ:
Ξάνθῳ Γλαῦκος ἵκανεν ὁμόστολος: ἀντιτύποις γὰρ
Γλαῦκος εἰς μελέεσσιν ὁμόχροος ἔσκε θαλάσση

γλαυκίων, καὶ Ξάνθος ἔχων ξανθόχροα χαίτην
85 οὕνομα τοῖον ἔδεκτο κερασφόρος ἄστος ἐρίπνης·
καὶ θρασὺς Ἄργος ἵκανε φέρων χιονώδεα χαίτην.
τοῖσιν ἔσαν δύο Πᾶνες ὁμήλυδες, οὓς τέκεν Ἑρμῆς
κεκριμένη φιλόττη μιγείς διδυμάοσι Νύμφαις·
τὸν μὲν ὀρεστιάδος Σώσης μετανεύμενος εὐνήν
90 μαντιπόλου σπέρμηνε θεηγόρον ἔμπλεον ὁμφῆς,
Ἄγρεια θηροφόνω μελέτῃ πεπυκασμένον ἄγρης·
τὸν δὲ νομαῖς ὀίων Νόμιον φίλον, ὅπποτε Νύμφης
δέμνιον ἀγραύλοιο διέστικχε Πηνελοπείης,
ποιμενίῃ σὺριγγι μεμηλότα. τοῖς ἅμα Φόρβας
95 ὠμωστής ἀκόρητος ὁμόστολον εἶχε πορεῖην.
καὶ παλάμην νάρθηκι γέρων Σειληνὸς ἐρείσας
δισσοφυῆς κεκόρυστο κερασφόρος υἱὸς Ἀρούρης,
τρισσοὺς παῖδας ἄγων θιασώδεας· εἰς ἐνοπήν γάρ
Ἀστραῖος κεκόρυστο, Μάρων κίεν, ἔσπετο Ληνεὺς,
100 χεῖρας ἐλαφρίζοντες ὀριπλανέος γενετῆρος
γηροκόμοις ῥοπάλοισι· λιποσθενέων δὲ γερόντων
νωχελὲς ἀμπελόεντι δέμας κουφίζετο βάκτρῳ,
ὦν μάλα πουλυέτηρος ἔην χρόνος, ὦν ἅπο θερμῇ
πουλυγάμων Σατύρων διφυῆς ἀνέτελλε γενέθλη.
105 καὶ Σατύρους κερρόεντας ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆς
Ποιμένιος Θιάσος τε καὶ Ὑψίκερως καὶ Ὀρέστης,
καὶ κεραῶ Φλεγραῖος ἐφωμάρτησε Ναπαίῳ·
ἦλθε Γέμων, κεκόρυστο Λύκων θρασὺς· ἀκροπότῃ δὲ
πετραίῳ γελῶντι φιλέσιος ἔσπετο Φηρεὺς,
110 καὶ Λάμις οὐρεσίφοιτος ὁμόστολον εἶχε πορεῖην
Ληνοβίῳ, καὶ Σκιρτὸς ἐκώμασε σὺνδρομος Οἴστρῳ,
σὺν δὲ Φερεσπόνδῳ Λύκος ἦιεν, ἡχέτα κῆρυξ,
καὶ Πρόνομος πρᾶπιδεσσι κεκασμένος, οὓς τέκεν Ἑρμῆς
ἰφθίμην κρυφίοισιν ὑποζεύξας ὕμεναιοις,
115 τὴν ποτε Δῶρος ἔτικτε, Διὸς βλάστημα γενέθλης,
ρίζα γονῆς Ἑλλήνος, ἀπ' ἀρχεγόνοιο δὲ Δῶρου
Δωριδος ἐβλάστησεν Ἀχαικὸν αἶμα γενέθλης·
τοῖσι γέρας καὶ σκῆπτρον ἐπέτρεπεν Εἰραφιώτης
οὐρανίου κήρυκος ἀεξινόοιο τοκῆος.
120 αἰεὶ μὲν μεθύουσα φιλακρήτοισι κυπέλλοις
πᾶσα γονὴ Σατύρων θρασυκάρδιος, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμῷ
μοῦνον ἀπειλητῆρες αἰεὶ φεύγοντες Ἑνυῶ,
νόσφι μόθοιο λέοντες, ἐνὶ πτολέμοις δὲ λαγωοί,
ἴδμονες ὀρχηστῆρες, ἐπιστάμενοι πλεον ἄλλων
125 οἶνοδόκου μέθῃ λαρὸν ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσειν·
τῶν ὀλίγοι γεγάσι μαχήμονες, οὓς θρασὺς Ἄρης
παντοίην ἐδίδαξε μεληδόνα δηιοτῆτος,

κοσμήσαι δὲ φάλαγγα: κορυσσομένου δὲ Λυαίου
οἱ μὲν ἀδεψήτοισι δέμας κρύψαντο Βοεΐαις,
130 οἱ δὲ δοραῖς λασίησιν ἔκαρτύνοντο λεόντων,
ἄλλοι πορδαλίων βλοσυρὰς δύσαντο καλύπτρας,
οἱ δὲ τανυπτόρθοισιν ἐθωρήσσοντο κορύμβοις,
οἱ δὲ τανυκραίρων ἐλάφων ἀντίρροπον ἄστρον
ποικίλον ἐν στέρνοισιν ἀνεζώννυντο χιτῶνα:
135 τοῖς μὲν ἐπὶ κροτάφοις διδυμάονες ἀμφὶ μετώπῳ
ὄξυτενεῖς γλωχῖνες ἐμηκύνοντο κεραίης,
ψεδνὴ δ' ὀκριόεντι καρήατι φύετο χαίτη
ἄκροφανῆς σκολιοῖσιν ἐπ' ὄμμασιν, οὕατα δ' ἄμφω
νισσομένων πτερόεντες ἀνερρίπιζον ἁῖται
140 ἰθυτενῇ, λασίοισιν ἐπικτυπέοντα γενείοις
ἐκταδόν, ἵππειν δὲ τιταινομένη διὰ νώτου
ὄρθιος ἀμφιέλικτος ἀπ' ἰζύος ἔρρεεν οὐρή.
Ἄλλοφυῆς δ' ἐτέρη Κενταυριᾶς ἴκετο φύτλην,
Φηρῶν εὐκεράων λάσιον γένος, οἷς πόρεν Ἥρη
145 ἀνδροφυῆς δέμας ἄλλο κερασφόρον: ὕδρογόνων γάρ
Νηιάδων ποτὲ παῖδες ἔσαν βροτοειδέϊ μορφῇ,
ἃς Ὑάδας καλέουσι, Λάμου ποταμηίδα φύτλην,
καὶ Διὸς εὐώδινα τιθνηήσαντο γενέθλην,
Βάκχον ἔτι πνείοντα πολυρραφέος τοκετοῖο,
150 παιδοκόμοι ῥυτῆρες ἀθηήτου Διονύσου,
οὐ ξένον εἶδος ἔχοντες: ἐνὶ σκοτίῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ
πολλάκι πηχύναντο κεκυφότες κοῦρον ἀγοστῶ,
αἰθέρα παππάζοντα, Διὸς πατρώιον ἔδρην,
εἰσέτι κουρίζοντα, σοφὸν βρέφος. ἀρτιτόκῳ δὲ
155 πῇ μὲ ἔην ἐρίφῳ πανομοίος, ἔνδοθι μάνδρης
κρυπτόμενος, δολιχῇ δὲ δέμας πυκνώσατο χαίτη
ἄλλοφανῆς, δολίων δὲ χέων βληχηθμὸν ὀδόντων
ἵχνεσιν αἰγείοισι νόθην μιμήσατο χηλὴν:
πῇ δὲ γυναικεῖν φορέων ψευδήμονα μορφήν
160 μιμηλὴ κροκόπεπλος ἐν εἵμασι φαίνετο κούρη
ἀρτιθαλῆς, φθονερῆς δὲ παραπλάζων νόον Ἥρης
χείλεσιν ἀντιτύποισιν ἀνήρυγε θῆλυν ἰώην,
καὶ πλοκάμοις εὐοδμον ἐπεσφήκωσε καλύπτρην
θήλεα πέπλα φέρων πολυδαίδαλα: μεσσατίῳ δὲ
165 στήθεϊ δεσμὸν ἔβαλλε καὶ ὄρθιον ἄντυγα μαζοῦ ...
παρθενίῳ ζωστῆρι, καὶ οἷά περ ἄμμα κορείης
πορφυρέην λαγόνεσσι συνήρμοσε κυκλάδα μίτρην.
καὶ δόλος ἦν ἀνόνητος, ἐπεὶ μάθην ὑπόθεν Ἥρη
πάντοθι δινεύουσα πανόψιον ὄμμα προσώπου,
170 μορφήν ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ὀπιπεύουσα Λυαίου:
καὶ Βρομίου φυλάκεσσιν ἐχώσατο: δεξαμένη δὲ

Θεσσαλίδος δολόεντα παρ' Ἀχλὺς ἄνθεα ποίησ
ὑπνον θελγομένων φυλάκων ἐπέχευε καρήνῳ,
μάγγανα φαρμακόμεντα κατασταλάουσα κομᾶν:
175 καὶ μάγον ἄβρὸν ἄλειφα περιχρίσασα προσώπῳ
ἀνδρομέης ἤμειψε παλαιότερον εἶδος ὀπωπῆς:
τοῖσι μὲν οὐατόεσσα φυῆς ἰνδάλλετο μορφῇ,
ἵππειη δ' ἀνέτελλε δι' ἰξὺς ὄρθιος οὐρῇ
ἰσχία μαστίζουσα δασυστέρνοιο φορῆος,
180 καὶ βοῆη βλάστησε κατὰ κροτάφοιο κεραίῃ,
ὄμματα δ' εὐρύνοντο τανυκράϊοιο μετώπου,
καὶ σκολιαὶ πλοκαμῖδες ἀνῆξηντο καρήνων,
γναθμοὶ δ' ἀργιόδοντες ἐμηκύνοντο γενείων,
ξείνη δ' αὐτοτέλεστος ἀπ' ἰξὺς εἰς πόδας ἄκρους
185 ἀμφιλαφῆς λασίοιο κατ' αὐχένος ἔρρεε χαίτη.
δώδεκα δὲ ξύμπαντας ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες,
Σπαργεύς τε Γληνεὺς τε χοροῖτυπος, ἄλλοφυῆς δὲ
σύνδρομος Εὐρυβίῳ σταφυληκόμος ἴκετο Κητεὺς,
καὶ Ῥιφόνῳ Πετραῖος ὁμάρτεεν, ἀκροπότης δὲ
190 Αἷσακος Ὀρθάων τε συνέστιχον, οἷς μίαν ἄμφω
Ἀμφίθεμις καὶ Φαῦνος ἐποιήσαντο πορείην,
εὐκεράῳ δὲ Φάνητι συνέμπορος ἦλθε Νομείων.
Κενταύρων δ' ἑτέρη διφυῆς κεκόρυστο γενέθλη,
Κυπριάς, ὅππότε Κύπρις ἐπέτρεχεν εἴκελον αὔραις
195 ἰχνιον ἱμείροντος ἄλυσκάζουσα τοκῆος,
μὴ γενέτην ἀθέμιστον ἐσαθρήσειεν ἀκοίτην,
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ ὑπόειξε γάμων ἄψαυστον ἐάσας
ὠκυτέτην ἀκίχητον ἀναινομένην Ἀφροδίτην:
ἀντὶ δὲ Κυπριδίων λεχέων ἔσπειρεν ἀρούρη
200 παιδογόνων προχέων φιλοτήσιον ὄμβρον ἀρότρων:
γαῖα δὲ δεξαμένη γαμίην Κρονίωνος ἐέρσην
ἄλλοφυῇ κερόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζε γενέθλην.
τοῖσι κορυσσομένοισι συνέδραμον εἶν ἐνὶ Βάκχαι,
αἱ μὲν Μηρονίης ἀπὸ ῥωγάδος, αἱ δὲ κολώνης
205 ἡλιβάτων ἦϊξαν ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο καρήνων.
νύμφαι δ' ἐλκεχίτωνες Ὀρειάδες ἄρσενι θυμῷ
λυσσάδες ἐρρώνοντο σὺν εὐθύρσοισι μαχηταῖς,
αἱ τε παλιννόστων ἐτέων πολυδινεῖ νύσση
μηκεδανὸν ζώεσκον ἐπὶ χρόνον, αἱ μὲν ἐρίπναις
210 γείτονες οἰονόμων ἐπιμηλίδες, αἱ δὲ λιποῦσαι
ἄλσεα δενδρήεντα καὶ ἀγριάδος ῥάχιν ὕλης,
συμφυέες Μελῖαι δρυὸς ἥλικος: αἱ τότε πᾶσαι
εἰς μόθον ἠπείγοντο συνήλυδες, αἱ μὲν ἐλοῦσαι
τύμπανα χαλκεόνωντα, Κυβηλίδος ὄργανα Ῥεῖης,
215 αἱ δὲ κατηρεφέες πλοκάμους ἐλικώδεϊ κισσῷ,

ἄλλαι ἔμιτρώθησαν ἐχιδναίοισι κορύμβοις:
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἄειρον ἀκαχμένον, αἷς τότε Λυδαὶ
μαινάδες ὠμάρτησαν ἀταρβέες εἰς μόθον Ἴνδῶν:
ὦν τότε Βασσαρίδες θιασώδεες ἴδμονι τέχνῃ
220 κρείσσονες ἠπείγοντο Διωνύσοιο τιθῆναι,
αἶγλη Καλλιχόρη τε καὶ Εὐπετάλη καὶ Ἰώνη
καὶ Καλύκη γελώσα Βρύουσά τε, σύννομος Ὠραις,
Σειλήνη τε Ῥόδη τε καὶ Ὠκυνόη καὶ Ἐρευθὼ
Ἀκρήτη τε Μέθη τε, καὶ ἔσπετο σύννομος Ἄρπη
225 Οἰνάνθη ῥοδόεσσα καὶ ἀργυρόπεζα Λυκάστη,
Στησιχόρη Προθόη τε: φιλομειδῆς δὲ γεραῖη
οἶνοβαρῆς Τρυγίη πυμάτη κεκόρυστο καὶ αὐτῇ.
κεκριμένον μὲν ἕκαστος ἐδὼν στρατὸν ἤγαγε Βάκχῳ,
πάντων δ' ἡγεμόνευε πυρίβρομος Εἰραφιώτης
230 ἀστράπτων ἀρίδηλος: ἔς ὕσμινην δὲ χορεύων
οὐ σάκος, οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἐκούφισεν, οὐ ξίφος ὦμῳ,
οὐ κυνέην ἐπέθηκεν ἀκερσικόμοισιν ἐθείραις,
χάλκεον ἀρραγέος κεφαλῆς σκέπας, ἀλλὰ καρήνου
ἄπλοκον ἐσφήκωσε δρακοντείῳ τρίχᾳ δεσμῶ,
235 κράασι κυκλώσας βλοσυρὸν στέφος: ἀντὶ δὲ τυκτῆς
δαιδαλέης κνημίδος ἕως ἐπιγουνίδος ἄκρης
ἄργυφα πορφυρέοις ἐπεθήκατο ταρσὰ κοθόρνοις,
νεβρίδα λαχνήεσσαν ἐπὶ στέρνοιο καθάψας,
στικτὸν ἔχων θώρηκα, τύπον κεχαραγμένον ἄστρον:
καὶ χρυσέην λαγόνεσσι περίτροχον ἤρμοσε μίτρην.
240 λαίῃ μὲν κέρας εἶχε βεβυσμένον ἠδέος οἴνου,
χρῦσεον εὐποίητον, ἀπ' οἶνοχύτου δὲ κεραίης
ὄρθιος οἶνοπότοιο κατέρρεεν ὀλκὸς ἐέρσης:
χειρὶ δὲ κέντορα θύρσον, ἐελμένον οἶνοπι κισσῶ,
δεξιτερῇ κούφισεν, ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ δὲ κορύμβῳ
245 χαλκοβαρῆς πετάλοισι κατάσκιος ἦεν ἀκωκή.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Διόνυσος ἔσω Κορυβαντίδος αὐλῆς
χρῦσεον εὐποίητον ἐδύσατο κόσμον Ἐννοῦς,
εὐδία καλλείψας χοροτερπέος ἔνδια Ῥεῖης
250 Μηρονίην παράμειβεν: ὄρεσιπόλοισι δ' ἅμα Βάκχαις
δαίμονι βοτρυνόντι συνεσσεύοντο μαχηταί:
οἱ μὲν ἐυτροχάλοιο κυβερνητῆρες ἀπῆνης
φυταλῆς κομίσαντο νέης μοσχεύματα Βάκχου:
πολλὰ δ' ἡμιόνων στίχες ἦιον, ἀμφὶ δὲ νώτῳ
255 νέκταρος ἀμπελόεντος ἐκούφισαν ἀμφιφορῆας:
καὶ βραδέων ἐπέθηκαν ὄνων τετληότι νώτῳ
ῥήγεα φοινικόνεντα καὶ αἰόλα δέρματα νεβρῶν:
ἄλλοι δ' οἶνοποτῆρες ἅμα χρυσέοισι κυπέλλοις
ἀργυρέους κρητῆρας ἀγίνεον, ὄπλα τραπέξης:

260 καὶ χαροπῆς Κορύβαντες ἐποιπνυον ἀγχόθι φάτνης
 αὐχένα πορδαλίων ζυγίῳ δῆσαντες ἱμάντι,
 κισσοδέτοις δὲλέοντας ἐπιστώσαντο λεπάδνοις
 χεῖλος ἐπισφίξαντες ἀπειλητῆρι χαλινῷ.
 καὶ λασίην Κένταυρος ἔχων φρίσσουσιν ὑπήνην
 265 εἰς ζυγὸν αὐτοκέλευστος ἐκούσιον αὐχένα τείνας ...
 1 καὶ Σατύρων πολὺ μᾶλλον ἔχων πόθον ἡδέος οἴνου
 ἡμιτελῆς χρεμέτιζεν ἀνὴρ κεκερασμένος ἵππῳ,
 ἰέμενος Διόνυσον ἐοῖς ὤμοισιν αἰερεῖν.
 καὶ θεὸς εὐόρηκος ἐφήμενος ἄντυγι δίφρου
 270 Σαγγαρίου παρὰ χεῦμα, περὶ Φρύγα κόλπον ἀρούρης,
 λαϊνῆς Νιόβης παρεμέτρεε πενθάδα πέτρην:
 καὶ λίθος Ἴνδὸν ὄμιλον ἐριδμαίνοντα Λυαῖω
 δακρυόεις ὁρόων βροτέην πάλιν ἴαχε φωνήν:
 ‘Μὴ μόθον ἐντύνητε θεημάχον, ἄφρονες Ἴνδοι,
 275 παιδὶ Διός, μὴ Βάκχος ἀπειλείοντας ἔνυώ
 λαϊνέους τελέσειε καὶ ὑμέας, ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων,
 μυρομένους τύπον ἴσον ἐμῇ πετρώδεϊ μορφῇ.
 μὴ ποταμοῦ παρὰ χεῦμα φερώνυμον Ἴνδὸν Ὀρόντην
 γαμβρὸν ἐσαθρήσητε δεδουπότα Δηριαδῆος.
 280 Ῥεῖη χωομένη δύναται πλέον ἰοχεαίρης:
 Φοῖβου φεύγετε Βάκχον ἀδελφεόν: αἰδέομαι γὰρ
 Ἴνδῶν κτεινομένων ἀλλότριά δάκρυα λείβει.’
 τοῖα λίθον βοόωντα πάλιν σφρηγίσσατο σιγῇ.
 καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις φρυγῆς μετὰ πέζαν ἐρίπνης
 285 Ἀσκανίης ἐπέβαινε. ὁμηγερέες δὲ πολῖται
 πάντες, ὅσοις Ἰόβακχος ἐὴν ὥρεξεν ὀπώρην,
 καὶ τελετὰς ἐδέχοντο καὶ ἡσπάζοντο χορείας,
 αὐχένα δοχμώσαντες ἀνικῆτῳ Διονύσῳ,
 εἰρήνης ἐθέλοντες ἀναιμάκτοιο γαλήνην:
 290 Βάκχων τοῖος ἔην κερόεις στρατός, οἷς ἅμα Βάκχαι
 εἰς μόθον ὠπλιζόντο. φιλαγρύπνῳ δὲ Λυαῖω
 πάννυχος ἀστερόεντα πυρίτροχον ὀλκὸν ὑφαίνων
 οὐρανὸς ἐβρόντησεν, ἐπεὶ τότε μάρτυρι πυρσῷ
 νίκης Ἴνδοφόνοιο τέλος μαντεύσατο Ῥεῖη.
 295 εἰς ἐνοπὴν δ’ ἠῶος ἔβη θεὸς ὕβριν ἐλαύνων
 ἀνδρῶν κυανέων, ἵνα δούλιον αὐχένα Λυδῶν
 καὶ Φρυγῆς ναετῆρα καὶ Ἀσκανίης πολιήτην
 κοιρανίης δασπλητὸς ἀποζεῦξειε λεπάδνων.
 τοῖς τότε Βάκχος ἔπεμπε δὺν κήρυκας ἔνυοις
 300 ἀγγελίην ἐνέπειν, ἥ φευγέμεν ἢ πολεμιζειν:
 καὶ σφισι νισσομένοισι συνέστιχεν αἰγίβοτος Πάν,
 στῆθος ὄλον σκιδώοντα φέρων πώγωνα κομήτην.
 Ἥρη δ’ ὠκυπέδιλος, ἐειδομένη δέμας Ἴνδῳ,

οὐλοκόμῳ Μελανῆι μὴ οἶνοπα θύρσον ἀίρειν
305 Ἀστράεντα κέλευε, δορυσσόον ὄρχαμον ἀνδρῶν,
μηδὲ φιλακρήτων Σατύρων ἀλάλαγμα γεραίρειν,
ἀλλὰ μάχην ἄσπονδον ἀνασπῆσαι Διονύσῳ·
καὶ τίνα μῦθον ἔειπε παραιφαμένη πρόμον Ἴνδῶν·
‘Ἦδὺς ὁ δειμαίνων ἀπαλὴν στίχα θηλυτεράων.
310 Ἀστράεις, πολέμιζε· κορύσσεο καὶ σὺ, Κελαινεῦ,
χαλκὸν ἔχων τμητῆρα κορυμβοφόρου Διονύσου·
ἔγχεϊ δ’ οὐ πέλε θύρσος ὁμοίος. ἀλλὰ, Κελαινεῦ,
Δηριάδην πεφύλαξο μεμνηνότα, μὴ σε δαμάσση
οὐτιδανὴν ἀσιδήρον ἀλυσκάζοντα γυναῖκα.’
315 ὥς φαμένη παρέπεισε, καὶ ἡέρα δύσατο δαίμων,
μητρυιὴ κοτέουσα μενεπτολέμῳ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ βρομίου κήρυκες ἀπήλυθον· ἀγχιφανῆς δὲ
Ἀστράεις ὑπέροπλος, ἔχων ἄστοργον ἀπειλήν,
μαίνεται βουκεράους Σατύρους καὶ Πᾶνα διώκων,
320 μειλιχίου κήρυκας ἀτιμάζων Διονύσου.
οἱ δὲ παλιννόστοιο ποδὸς δεידήμονι ταρσῷ
φύξιον ἶχνος ἔκαμψαν ἐγερσιμόθῳ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ στρατὸν ὥπλισε Βάκχος ἐς ἀντιπόρων στίχας Ἴνδῶν.
οὐδὲ λάθε ζοφόνετα Κελαινεά θῆλυς Ἐννώ,
325 ἀλλὰ θορῶν ἀκίχητος ὅλον στρατὸν ὥπλισεν Ἴνδῶν·
καὶ θρασὺς Ἀστράεις, μενεδήιον οἷστρον ἀέζων,
Ἀστακίδος κελάδοντα περὶ ῥόον ἴστατο λίμνης,
δέγμενος ἀμπελόεντος ἐπηλυσίην Διονύσου.
ἀλλ’ ὅτε δὴ διδύμης στρατιῆς ἐτερόζυγι λαῷ
330 ἀμφοτέρων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες,
κλαγγῇ μὲν ζοφόνετες ἐπὶ κλόνον ἦιον Ἴνδοί,
Θρηικίοις γεράνοισιν ἐοικότες, εὔτε φυγοῦσαι
χειμερίην μάστιγα καὶ ἡερίου χύσιν ὄμβρου
Πυγμαίων ἀγεληδὸν ἐπαΐσσουσι καρήνοις
335 Τηθύος ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα, καὶ ὀξυόεντι γενείῳ
οὐτιδανῆς ὀλέκουσι λιποσθενὲς αἷμα γενέθλης,
ἵπτάμεναι νεφεληδὸν ὑπὲρ κέρας Ὠκεανοῖο·
εἰς ἐνοπὴν δ’ ἐτέρωθεν ἐβακχεύοντο μαχηταί,
ἀκλινέες θεράποντες ἐγερσιμόθου Διονύσου·
340 Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον· ἀγρομένων δὲ
ἢ μὲν ἐχιδναίῳ κεφαλὴν ἐζώσατο δεσμῷ,
ἢ δὲ διεσφῆκωσε κόμην εὐώδεϊ κισσῷ,
ἄλλη χαλκοφόρῳ παλάμην ἐκορύσσετο θύρσῳ
οἰστρομανῆς, ἐτέρη δὲ κατ’ αὐχένος ἄμμορα δεσμῶν
345 μηκεδανῆς μεθέηκε καθειμένα βόστρυχα χαίτης,
Μαιναλὶς ἀκρήδεμνος, ἐπ’ ἀμφοτέρων δὲ οἱ ὦμων
ἀπλεκέας πλοκαμῖδας ἀνερρίπιζεν ἀήτης·

ἄλλη ῥόπτρα τίνασσε συνήορα δίζυγι χαλκῷ
πλοχμοὺς εἰλικόεντας ἐπαιθύσσουσα καρῆνῳ:
350 ἄλλη δ' ἐν παλάμῃσι, κατὰσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης,
ὄρθιον ἐσμαράγησε μόθων ἀντίκτυπον ἡχῷ,
χερσὶ περικροτέουσα βαρύβρομα νῶτα βοεῖης:
καὶ πέλεν ἔγχεα θύρσα, καλυπτομένη δὲ πετῆλοις
δούρατος ἀμπελόεντος ἔην χαλκήλατος αἰχμῇ:
355 ἡ δὲ δαφωινήεντος ἐφιμείρουσα κυδοιμοῦ
ὠμοβόρων ἔξευξεν ἐπ' αὐχένι δεσμὰ δρακόντων:
ἄλλη ποικιλόνωτον ἐπὶ στέρνοιο καλύπτρην
πορδαλιῶν, ἑτέρῃ δὲ κατὰ χροῶς οἷα χιτῶνα
στικτὰ φιλοσκοπέλων ἐνεδύσατο δέρματα νεβρῶν,
360 δαιδαλέης ἐλάφοιο περισφίγξασα καλύπτρην:
ἄλλη σκύμνον ἔχουσα δασυστέρνοιο λεαίνης
ἀνδρομέῳ γλαγόνεντι νόθῳ πιστώσατο μαζῷ:
καὶ τις ὄφιν τριέλικτον ἀπήμονι δήσατο κόλπῳ
ἐνδόμυχον ζωστήρα, κεχηνότα γείτονι μηρῷ,
365 μείλιχα συρίζοντα, φιλακρήτοιό τε κούρης
ὑπναλέης ἄγρυπνον ὀπιπευτῆρα κορείης:
ἄλλη ταρσὰ φέρουσα κατ' οὖρεα γυμνὰ πεδῖλων,
ποσσὶ βάτους πατέουσα καὶ ὀξυέθειας ἀκάνθας,
θηγαλέῃ στατὸν ἵχνος ἐπεστήριξεν ἀχέρδῳ:
370 καὶ τις ἐπαΐξασα τανυκνήμιδι καμήλῳ
καμπύλον ἀμητῆρι διέθρισεν αὐχένα θύρσῳ,
καὶ τυφλοῖσι πόδεσσι περιπταίουσα κελεῦθῳ
ἡμιφανῆς πεφόρητο, πολυγνάμπτῳ δὲ πορείῃ
φοιταλέης ἀκάρηνον ἐπείγετο σῶμα καμήλου,
375 καὶ σφαλερῇ πλήσσουσα βαθυνομένην χθόνα χηλῇ
ὑπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίῃ:
ἄλλη δ' ἵχνος ἄγουσα βοοτρόφον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης
ἄσχετα μαινομένοιο δορῆς ἐδράξατο ταύρου,
καὶ βλοσυροῖς ὀνύχεσσι χαρασσομένης ἀπὸ δειρῆς
380 ταυρεῖν ἁτόρητον ἀπεφλοίωσε καλύπτρην:
ἄλλη δ' ἔγκατα πάντα διήφυσεν: ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
παρθένον ἀκρήδεμνον ἀσάμβalon ὑψόθι πέτρης
τρηχαλέῳ πρηῶνι περισκαίρουσαν ἐρίπνης:
οὐ σκοπὴν δ' ἔφριξε δυσέμβατον, οὐ πόδα κούρης
385 ὀξυπαγῆς ἀπέδilon ὄνου ἐχάραξε κολώνης.
πολλὴ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παρ' Ἀστακίδος στόμα λίμνης
Ἰνδῶν δεδάικτο γονὴ Κουρήτι σιδήρῳ.
δυσμενέων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταὶ
τεύχεσιν ἀντιτύποισι, φερεσσακέος δὲ χορείης
390 ῥυθμὸν ἐμιμήσαντο ποδῶν ἐλικώδεϊ παλμῷ:
καὶ λασίῃ παλάμῃ σκοπὴν λοφόεσσαν ἀείρων,

οὐρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ταμών, ἐκορύσσετο Ληνεὺς,
πέμπων ὀκρίοεσσαν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἄκωκῆν:
Βάκχη δ' ἀμφαλάλαζε, καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ἄκωκῆν
395 Βασσαρὶς ἠκόντιζε, μελαρρίνου δὲ γενέθλης
ἄρσενά πολλὰ κάρηνα δαΐζετο θήλει θύρῳ.
καὶ φονίῳ θρασὺν ἄνδρα διατμήγουσα κορύμβῳ
Εὐπετάλῃ κεκόρυστο, φιλοσταφύλῳ δὲ πετῆλῳ
κέντορα κισσὸν ἔπεμπεν ἀλοιητῆρρα σιδήρου:
400 Στησιχόρη δ' εὐβοτρὺς ἐπεσκίρτησε κυδοιμῷ,
καὶ δηίων ἔσσευε γένος ῥήξῃνορι ῥόμβῳ
κὺμβάλα δινεῖουσα βαρύβρομα δίζυγι χαλκῷ.
καὶ πολὺς ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔην μόθος: ἔβρεμε σύριγξ,
σύριγξ ἐγρεκῦδοιμος, ἐπέκτυπε δ' αὐλὸς Ἐννοῦς,
405 Βασσαρίδες δ' ὀλόλυξαν: ἐγειρομένου δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
βρονταίοις πατάγοισι μέλας μυκώμενος ἤηρ
ἐκ Διὸς ἐσσομένην Βρομίῳ μαντεύσατο νίκην.
καὶ πολὺς ἐσμός ἐπιπτεν: ὅλη δ' ἐρυθαίνεται λύθρῳ
ὕγρῳ διψὰς ἄρουρα, καὶ Ἀστακίδος στόμα λίμνης
410 αἰμοβαφὲς κελάρυζε, φόνῳ κεκερασμένον Ἴνδῶν.
Ἀντιβίους δ' ὥκτειρε θεὸς φιλοπαίγμονι θυμῷ
καὶ προχοαῖς κατέχευε μέθης γέρας, ἐκ δὲ ῥοάων
χιονέην ἤμειψε φυὴν ξανθόχροον ὕδωρ,
καὶ ποταμὸς κελάρυζε μελίρρυτα χεῦματα σύρων,
415 καὶ προχοὰς ἐμέθυσσεν: ἀμειβομένων δὲ ῥοάων
ἔπνεον ἀρτιχύτοιο μέθης εὐώδεις αὔραι:
ὄχθαι ἐφοινίσσοντο: πίων δέ τις Ἴνδὸς ἀγῆνωρ
τοίην ἐκ στομάτων πολυθαμβέα ῥήξατο φωνήν:
'Ξεῖνον ἶδον καὶ ἄπιστον ἐγὼ ποτόν, οὐ γάλαγος αἰγῶν
420 ἄργυφον οὐ πέλε τοῦτο, καὶ οὐ μέλαν οἶά περ ὕδωρ,
οὐδὲ μιν οἶον ὅπῃ πολυτρήτοις ἐνὶ σίμβλοις
βουβήεσσα μέλισσα λοχεύεται ἠδέι κηρῷ:
ἀλλὰ νόον τέρπουσαν ἔχει καλλιπνοον ὁδμήν.
ἀνὴρ διψαλέος πολυθαλπέι καύματος ἄτμῳ,
425 βαιὸν ἑαῖς παλάμῃσιν ἀφυσσάμενος χυτὸν ὕδωρ
λαίλαπα καρχαλέης ἀποσειεται αὐτίκα δίψης:
καὶ μέλι μᾶλλον ἔχει ταχινὸν κόρον: ἅ μέγα θαῦμα,
τοῦτο πίων ἐθέλω πῖεῖν πάλιν: ἀμφότερον γάρ
καὶ γλυκερὸν τόδε χεῦμα καὶ οὐ κόρον ἀνδράσι τικτεῖ.
430 ἦβη, κάλπιν ἄειρε καὶ ἔρχεο δεῦρο λαβοῦσα
Τρώιον οἶνοχόον, ζαθέων δρηστῆρρα κυπέλλων,
ὄφρα μελιρραθάμιγγος ἀφυσσάμενος ποταμοῖο
Ζηνὸς ὅλους κρητῆρας ἀναπλήσῃ Γανυμήδης.
δεῦτε, φίλοι, γεύσασθε μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο.
435 ἐνθάδε παπταίνω τύπον αἰθέρος: αὐτόχυτον γάρ

κεῖνο, τό περ καλέουσι Διὸς πόμα, νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου
νηιάδες χθονίοισιν ἀναβλύζουσι ῥεέθροις·

πέμπτῳ καὶ δεκάτῳ βριαρὴν Νίκαιαν αἰίδω,
 θηροφόνον ῥοδόπηχυν ἀπειλήτειραν Ἐρώτων.
 ὥς φαμένου νεφελῆδὸν ἐπέρρεον αἴθοπες Ἴνδοι
 ἀμφὶ ῥόον ποταμοῖο μελίπνοον: ὦν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
 ἀγχιβάτης στατὸν ἶχνος ἐπ' ἰλύι δισσὸν ἐρείσας
 ἡμιφανῆς ἔστηκε, καὶ ὀμφαλὸν ὕδατι δεύων,
 5 κυρτὸς ἔσω ποταμοῖο κεκυφότα νῶτα τιταίνων,
 χερσὶ βαθυνομένῃσι μελισταγῆς ἤφυσεν ὕδωρ:
 ὃς δὲ παρὰ προχοῇσι, κατὰσχετος αἶθοπι δίψῃ,
 πορφυρέῳ προβλήτῃ γενειάδα κύματι βάπτων,
 στῆθος ἐφασπλώσας ποταμηίδος ὑψόθεν ὄχθης,
 10 οἰγομένοις στομάτεσσιν ἀνείρυσεν ἱκμάδα Βάκχου:
 πρηνῆς δ' ἄλλος ἔην πελάσας στόμα γείτονι πηγῇ,
 καὶ διεράς δαπέδῳ ψαμαθώδεϊ χεῖρας ἐρείσας
 χεῖλεσι διψαλέοισιν ἐδέχνυτο δίψιον ὕδωρ:
 ἄλλοι δ' ὀστρακόνεντι μέθην ἀρύοντο κυπέλλῳ,
 15 πυθμένα κουφίζοντες ἐαγότος ἀμφιφορῆος:
 καὶ πολὺς ἐσμός ἔπινεν ἐρευθιόωντι ῥεέθρῳ
 κισσυβίῳ προχέων ποταμηίδος ὄγκον ἐέρσης,
 μηλονόμων ἄγραυλον ἔχων δέπας. ἀντιβίων δὲ
 οἶνον ἐρευγομένων πολυχανδέος ἀνθρεῶνος
 20 ὄμμασι δερκομένοισιν ἐδιπλώθησαν ἐρίπναι,
 καὶ βλεφάροις δοκέεσκον ἰδεῖν διδυμόζυγον ὕδωρ.
 καὶ προχοὴ κελάρυζε φιλακρήτου ποταμοῖο
 ξανθὸν ἀναβλύζουσα μέθης ῥόον: ἡδυπότου δὲ
 οἰνάδος ἡρεῦγοντο ῥοὰς εὐώδεις ὄχθαι.
 25 δυσμενέας δ' ἐμέθυσε χάλις ῥόος. ἔνθα τις ἀνὴρ
 Ἴνδὸς ἀμερσινόοιο μέθης δεδονημένος οἷστρω
 εἰς ἀγέλην ἦιξε, καὶ εὐπετάλῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
 ταῦρον ἀπειλητῆρα μετήγαγε δέσμιον ἔλκων,
 διχθαδίων κεράων κεχαραγμένον ἄκρον ἐρύσας
 30 τολμηραῖς παλάμαις, διδυμάνος οἷα κεραίης
 ταυροφυῇ Διόνυσον ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δούλια σύρων:
 ἄλλος ἔχων δασπλῆτα σιδηρεῖς γένυν ἄρπης
 αἰγὸς ὀρεσσινόμοιο διέθρισεν ἀνθρεῶνα,
 θηγαλέῳ δρεπάνῳ δεδαῖγμένον, οἷα τε δειρὴν
 35 Πανὸς ἐυκραίροιο ταμῶν γαμψώνυχι χαλκῷ:
 ἄλλος ἀπηλοῖησε βοῶν κεραελκέα φύτλην,
 οἷά περ ἀμῶν Σατύρων ταυρώπιδα μορφήν,
 ὃς δὲ ταυνοκράϊων ἐλάφων ἐδίωκε γενέθλην
 στικτῆς εἰσορόων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ὀπωπῆς,

40 οἷά τε Βασσαρίδων ὀλέκων στίχα· δαιδαλέαις γὰρ
νεβρίσιν ἰσοτύποισι παρεπλάγχθησαν ὅπωπαι·
καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ὄλον θώρηκα μαιίνων
Ἴνδὸς ἄκοντιστῆρι μέλας ἐρυθαίνετο λύθρω.
καὶ τις ὁμοκλήσας ἐκορύσσετο γείτονι δένδρῳ
45 μαστίζων ἐκάτερθε, καὶ εἰαρινοῖσι δοκεύων
σειομένην ἀνέμοισι φυτῶν ἐλικῶδεα χαίτην
ἄβροκόμων ὄρηκας ἀπηλοίησε κορύμβων,
φύλλα διασχίζων λασίης δρυός, οἷα μαχαίρῃ
πλοχμὸν ἀκερσικόμοιο διατμήγων Διονύσου,
50 μαρνάμενος πετάλοισι καὶ οὐ Σατύροισιν ἐρίζων,
τερπωλὴν ἀνόνητον ἔχων σκιοειδέϊ νίκῃ.
μαίνεται δ' ἀντιβίων ἕτερος χορός· ἀντὶ δὲ λόγχης
ὃς μὲν ἐλὼν βαρύδουπον ἐπωμαδίῳ τελαμῶνι
τύμπανον ἥέρταζε, καὶ ἀμφιπλήγῃ βοεῖη
55 διζυγον ἐσμαράγησε μέλος χαλκόκροτον ἤχῳ·
ὃς δὲ πολυτρήτοιο βοῇ δεδονημένος αὐλοῦ
ἄστατος εἰλικόεντι ποδῶν βακχεύετο παλμῶ·
καὶ τις ἀπειρήτοισ ἐπὶ χεῖλεσι λωτὸν ἐρείσας
δίθροον ἀρμονίην ἐμελίζετο Μυγδόνοσ αὐλοῦ·
60 γηραλέου δὲ φυτοῖο θορῶν παρὰ γείτονι ρίζῃ
γλαυκὸν ἐυραθάμιγγος ἀνείρυσσε θαλλὸν ἐλαίης
ὄμβρῳ ἐερσήεντι διάβροχον, οἷα πιέζων
οἴνωπῇ ραθάμιγγι Μαρωνίδος ἄκρον ὑπῆνης.
ἄλλοι σὺν ξιφέεσσι, σὺν ἔγχεσι, σὺν τρυφαλείαις
65 ἄσχετα βακχευθέντες ἀμερσινώῳ φρένας οἴνω
ὄργια μιμήσαντο φερεσσακέων Κορυβάντων,
ἵχνια δινεῦοντες ἐνόπλιον ἀμφὶ χορεῖην·
καὶ παλάμης ἐλικηδὸν ἀμοιβαίησιν ἐρωαῖς
ἀσπίδες ἐκρούοντο κυβιστητῆρι σιδήρῳ·
70 ἄλλος ὀπιπεύων θιασώδεος ὄργια Μούσης
μιμηλὴν Σατύροισι συνεσκίρτησε χορεῖην·
καὶ τις ἀρασσομένης αἰὼν κελάδημα βοεῖης
μείλιχον ἦθος ἔδεκτο, φιλοσμαράγῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
ῥιγεδανὴν ἀνέμοισιν ἐὴν ἔρριψε φαρέτρην,
75 λύσσαν ἔχων· ἕτερος δὲ γυναιμανέων πρόμος Ἴνδῶν
ἀπλεκέος πλοκαμῖδος ἐλὼν ὑψαύχενα Βάκχην,
παρθενικὴν ἀδάμαστον ἀτάσθαλον εἰς γάμον ἔλκων,
σφίγξεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο, τανυσσάμενος δὲ κονίῃ
χερσὶν ἐρωμανέεσσιν ἀπεσφρηγίσσατο μίτρην,
80 ἐλπίδι μαψιδίῃ πεφορημένος· ἐξαπίνης γὰρ
ὄρθιος εἶρπε δράκων ὑποκόλπιος ἰξὺι γείτων,
δυσμενέος δ' ἦιξε κατ' αὐχένος, ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρῇ
οὐραϊαῖς ἐλίκεσσιν ἀνέπλεκε κυκλάδα μίτρην·

ταρβαλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι φυγῶν μελανόχροος ἀνὴρ
85 θερμὸν ἀνυμφεύτων ἀπεσεΐσατο κέντρον Ἐρώτων,
αὐχένιον φορέων ὀφιδέος ὄρμὸν ἀκάνθης.
ὄφρα μὲν οἴνωθέντες ἐν οὔρεσιν ἔτρεχον Ἴνδοί,
τόφρα δὲ νήδυμος Ὕπνος ἐὼν πτερὸν οὔλον ἐλίξας
ἀκλινέων σφαλεροῖσιν ἐπέχραεν ὄμμασιν Ἰνδῶν,
90 εὔνασε δ' οἷστροθέντας ἀμετρήτῳ νόον οἴνω,
Πασιθέης γενετῆρι χαριζόμενος Διονύσῳ:
ὦν ὁ μὲν ὕπτιος εὔδεν ἄνω νεύοντι προσώπῳ
ὑπναλέῳ μυκτῆρι μεθυσφαλὲς ἄσθμα τιταίνων,
ὃς δὲ βαρυνομένην κεφαλὴν ἐπεθήκατο πέτρῳ,
95 νωθρὸς ἐγκροκάλῳ ποταμηίδι κείμενος ὄχθῃ,
ἡματιοῖς δ' ὀάριζε νοοπλανέεσσιν ὄνειροις
ὀρθὰ περὶ κροτάφοισι πεπηγότα δάκτυλα βάλλων:
πρηνῆς δ' ἄλλος ἔην τετανυσμένος, εἶχε δὲ δισσὴν
χεῖρα καθιεμένην ἰσοελκέα διζυγί μῆρῳ:
100 καὶ τις ἔης παλάμης κεφαλὴν ἐπερείσατο καρπῷ
οἶνον ἀναβλύζων: ὁ δὲ καμπύλα γυῖα συνάπτων,
ὥς ὄφρις ἀμφιέλικτος, ἐκέκλιτο, λοξὸς ἰαύων.
καὶ χορὸς ἀντιβίων πεφορημένος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
ὃς μὲν ὑπὸ δρυὸς εὔδεν, ὁ δὲ πτελέης ὑπὸ θάμνῳ,
105 ἄλλος ἐπὶ πλευρῇσι πεσὼν ἐκλίνετο φηγῷ,
λαίην ὀφρυόεντι βαλὼν ἐπὶ χεῖρα μετώπῳ:
καὶ πολὺς ἐσμὸς ἶαυε λάλος νέκυς, ἥερι πέμπων
ἄλλοις ἀχάλινον ἀσημάντου θρόον ἠχοῦς
οἶνοβαρής: ἕτερος δὲ τινασσομένοιο καρήνου
110 γηραλέης πλατὺ νῶτον ἐπέτρεπε πυθμένι δάφνης:
τὸν δὲ βαρὺ κνώσσοντα βαθυστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
ἀκροκόμου φοίνικος ἢ εὐώδινος ἐλαίης
ῥιπιζῶν ἀνέμοισιν ἐλίξ ἐπεσύρισεν ὄρηξ:
καὶ τις ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο χυτῇ τετάνυστο κονίῃ,
115 ἄκρα ποδῶν προχοῇσι κατακλύζων ποταμοῖο:
ἄλλος ἀπειρήτοιο μέθης βακχεύετο παλμῷ,
καὶ κεφαλὴν βαρύθουσαν ἐπέτρεπε γείτονι πεύκῃ:
ἄλλου φυσιόωντος ἐσεῖετο νεῦρα μετώπου.
καὶ δηίους κνώσσοντας ἰδὼν γελῶντι προσώπῳ
120 Βάκχος ἄναξ ἀγόρευε, χέων σημάντορα φωνήν:
“Ἴνδοφόνοι θεράποντες ἀνικήτου Διονύσου,
νόσφι μόθου σφίγξαντες ἀολλέας υἱέας Ἰνδῶν
πάντας ἀναιμάκτῳ ζωγρήσατε δηιοτῆτι:
καὶ βριαρῷ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνας Διονύσῳ
125 Ἰνδὸς ὑποδρήσειεν ἐμῇ θιασῶδει Ῥεῖῃ,
σειῶν οἶνοπα θύρσον, ἀπορρίψας δὲ θυέλλαις
ἀργυρέην κνημίδα πόδας σφίγξειε κοθόρνοις,

καὶ κεφαλὴν στέψειεν ἔμῳ κισσῳδεῖ δεσμῷ,
γυμνῶσας πλοκαμῖδας ἀερσιλόφου τρυφαλείης,
130 καὶ πολέμων ἀλάλαγμα λιπῶν καὶ δούριον ἥχῳ
εὖιον αἶσειε κορυμβοφόρῳ Διονύσῳ.’
ὥς φαμένου δρηστῆρες ἐποίπνουν· ὣν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
αὐχένι δυσμενέων ὀφιώδεα δεσμὸν ἐλίξας
εἶλκε δρακοντεῖη πεπεδημένον ἀνέρα σειρή,
135 ἄλλος ἐλὼν λασίης κεχαλασμένον ὀλκὸν ὑπῆνης
ἄνδρα βαθυσμήριγος ἀνείρυσεν ἀνθερεῶνος·
καὶ τις ἐὰς παλάμας τανύσας σκολιότριχι κόρση
ἀνέρα δουρίκτητον ἀδέσμιον εἶλκεν ἐθείρης·
ἄλλος ὁμοπλέκτους παλάμας περὶ νῶτα καθάψας
140 δῆιον εἰλικόεντι λύγων μιτρώσατο δεσμῷ
αὐχενίῳ· τρομερῷ δὲ Μάρων ἐλελίζετο παλμῷ
ῶμῳ γηραλέῳ βεβαρημένον Ἴνδον αἰείρων·
ἄλλος ἀκοντιστῆρα λαβὼν βεβημένον ὕπνῳ,
δεσμῷ βοτρυόεντι περίπλοκον αὐχένα σύρων,
145 στικτῶν πορδαλίων ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα θήκατο δίφρων·
ἄλλου κεκλιμένοιο φιλεῦιος ἐσμὸς ἀλήτης
χεῖρας ὀπισθοτόνους ἀλύτῳ σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ,
καὶ λοφίης ἐπέβησεν ἀκαμπτοπόδων ἐλεφάντων·
καὶ πολὺς εὐκύκλοιο λαβὼν τελαμῶνα βοείης
150 Ἴνδον ἐπωμαδίῳ πεπεδημένον εἶχεν ἱμάντι.
καὶ τις ἀερτάζουσα καλαύροπα μηλοβοτῆρος
Βασσαρίς, ἀφριώσα λαθίφρονι κύματι λύσσης,
Ἴνδον ἐρευνητῆρα βαθυπλούτοιο θαλάσσης
τολμηρῇ παλάμῃ πολυκαμπέος εἶλκεν ἐθείρης
155 δούλιον εἰς ζυγόδεσμον. ἐπειγομένου δὲ Λυαίου
δῆιον εὐθώρηκα σιδήρεος εἶχεν Ἐρεχθεὺς
ῶμοις ἀκλινέεσσι· μεθυσφαλέος δὲ φορῆος
θῆρα κελαινόρρινον ὀρεστιάς ἦλασε Βάκχη,
ἰσχία μαστίζουσα δορικτῆτων ἐλεφάντων·
160 καὶ χρυσέην Ὑμέναιος ἀνῆρταζε βοεῖην
ἀνέρα συλήσας χρυσάσπιδα, γηθόσυνος δὲ
κοῦρον ἐρωμανέεσιν ἐδέρκετο Βάκχος ὅπωπαῖς
τεύχεσιν ὕπναλέοιο καταυγάζοντα φορῆος·
καὶ νέος ἠκόντιζεν ἐν ἔντεσιν Ὀλβιον αἴγλην,
165 ὥς Λυκίου Γλαύκοιο λαβὼν ἀμάρυσσε μαχηταῖς,
ἀφνειοῖς σακέεσσιν ἀπαστράπτων, Διομήδης.
ἄλλους δ’ ἀντιβίους στρατιῇ ληίσσατο Βάκχων,
νῆδυμον ὕπνον ἔχοντας ὁμόστολον ἠδέος οἴνου.
ἐνθά τις ἀγκυλότοξος, ἐρημάδι σύννομος ὕλη,
170 παρθένος Ἀστακίδεσσιν ὁμότροφος ἦνθεε Νύμφαις
καλλιφυῆς Νικαία, λαγωβόλος Ἄρτεμις ἄλλη,

ἄλλοτρίῃ φιλότῃτος, ἀπειρήτη Κυθερείης,
θῆρας ὀιστεῦουσα καὶ ἰχνεύουσα κολώναις·
οὐδὲ μυχῷ θυόεντι καλύπτετο παρθενεῶνος.
175 καὶ οἱ ἐνὶ σκοπέλοισιν ἐρημονόμῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
ἡλακάτῃ πέλε τόξον, αἰεὶ δὲ οἱ ἔνδοθι λόχημα
μηκεδανοὶ κλωστήρες ἔσαν πτερόεντες ὀιστοί,
καὶ σταλίκων ξύλον ὀρθὸν ὀρειάδος ἱστὸς Ἀθήνης·
καὶ καθαρῇ συνάεθλος ὀμίλεεν ἰοχεαίρῃ,
180 καὶ λίνον ἐν σκοπέλοισιν ἀνέπλεκεν ἡθάδος ἄγρης
νήματος ἀσκητοῖο φιλαίτερον· οὐ ποτε τόξῳ
ποικίλῳ εἶδος ἔχοντος ἀνάλκιδος ἦπτετο νεβροῦ,
δορκάδας οὐκ ἐδίωκε, καὶ οὐκ ἔψανε λαγωοῦ,
ἀλλὰ περιζεύξασα δαφροινήεντι χαλινῷ
185 γλαυκὰ δασυστέρνων ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα λεόντων,
πολλάκι δ' ἔγχος ἄειρε καταντία λυσσάδος ἄρκτου·
μέμφετο δ' ἰοχέαιραν ἐκηβόλον, ὅττι λιποῦσα
στικτῶν πορδαλίων γενεὴν καὶ φῦλα λεόντων
οὐτιδαναῖς ἐλάφοισιν ἐὴν ἔξευξεν ἀπήνην.
190 οὐδὲ μύρῳ μεμέλητο, μελικρήτων δὲ κυτέλλων
ὑδατόεν προβέβουλε χαραδραίης πόμα πηγῆς
ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ προχέουσα· καὶ αὐτορόφῳ κενεῶνι
κούρης δύσβατος οἶκος ἐρημάδες ἦσαν ἐρίπναι·
πολλάκι δ' εὐκαμάτοιο μετὰ δρόμον ἡθάδος ἄγρης
195 πορδαλίων σχεδὸν ἦστο, μίῃ δ' ὑπὸ κοιλάδι πέτρῃ
μίμνε μεσημβρίζουσα λεχωίδος ἄγχι λεαίνης·
ἡ δὲ γαληναίῃσιν ὑπ' ὀφρύσι μειλίχῃ θῆρ
ἄδρυπτοῖς γενύεσσι δέμας λιχμάζετο κούρης,
καὶ κινυρῆς μίμημα κυνὸς δειδήμονι λαιμῷ
200 ὠμοτόκου στόμα λάβρον ὑπεκνυζᾷτο λεαίνης
χεῖλεϊ φειδομένῳ, δοκέων δέ μιν Ἄρτεμιν εἶναι
εἰς πέδον ἱκεσίοιο καθελκομένοιο καρήνου
αὐχένι λαχνήεντι λέων ἐκλίνετο νύμφῃ.
καὶ τις ἐνὶ ξυλόχοις ὀρεσίτροφος ἦνθεε βούτης,
205 ἰθυτενῆς, περίμετρος, ὑπέρτερος ἡλικος ἥβης·
οὐνομά οἱ πέλεν Ὕμνος, ὃς ἀγριάδος μέσον ὕλης
ἱμερτὰς ἐνόμει βόας παρὰ γείτονι κούρῃ·
καὶ νομῇν ἐρατῇσι καλαῦροπα χερσὶ τινάσσων
εἰς βαθὺν ἦλθεν ἔρωτα καὶ οὐκέτι τέρπετο ποιόμνῃ,
210 εἵκελος Ἀγχίση ῥοδοειδέι, τοῦ ποτε Κύπρις
ἀργεννὴν ἐνόμειν ὀρεσσινόμων στίχα ταύρων
κεστὸν ἐλαφρίζουσα βοοσσόον· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμην
βουκόλος ἀγρώσσουσαν ἰδὼν χιονώδεα κούρην
οὐ βοῆς ἀγέλης ἐμπάζετο· φοιταλέῃ δὲ
215 εἰς ἔλος αὐτοκέλευστος ἐβόσκετο πόρτις ἐρήμη

ἀρχαίου δυσέρωτος ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα νομῆος,
καὶ δαμάλη πεφόρητο περισκαίρουσα κολώναις
ποιμένα μαστεύουσα: νέος δ' ἐπλάζετο βούτης
παρθενικῆς ὁρόων ῥοδοειδέα κύκλα προσώπου.
220 καὶ δολόεις ἐρέθιζεν Ἔρωσ ποθέοντα νομῆα
οἷστρῳ λαβροτέρῳ δεδονημένον: ἐν σκοπέλοις γὰρ
παρθενικῆς ἀκίχητον ἐπεσσυμένης δρόμον ἄγρης
πέπλον ὅλον κόλπωσεν ἐς ἡέρα κοῦφος ἀήτης:
καὶ χροὸς ἦνθεε κάλλος: ἐλευκαίνοντο δὲ μηροὶ
225 καὶ σφυρὰ φοινίσσοντο, καὶ ὡς κρίνον, ὡς ἀνεμώνη
χιονέων μελέων ῥοδοεῖς ἀνεφαίνετο λειμών:
καὶ νέος ἱμερόφοιτος ἔχων ἀκόρητον ὀπωπὴν
ἀσκεπέων ἐδόκευεν ἐλεύθερον ἄντυγα μηρῶν
[...]χῶδεα [...]

230 βότρυν ὀπισθοπόροιο κόμης ἐλέλιζεν ἀήτης
κουφίζων ἐκάτερθεν, ἀειρομένων δὲ κομῶν
λευκοφαῖς σελάγιζε μέσος γυμνούμενος αὐχὴν.
καὶ νέος οὐρεσίφοιτος ὁμάρτεε πολλάκι κούρη,
πῆ μὲν ἐπιψαύων σταλίκων ἢ τόξον ἀφάσσω,
235 πῆ δὲ ποθοβλήτοιο τιταινομένοιο βελέμνου
ἱμερτῆς ἐδόκευε ῥοδόχροα δάκτυλα κούρης:
εἴ ποτε τοξεύουσα κέρας κυκλώσατο νευρῇ,
καὶ παλάμῃ γυμνοῦτο, λαθὼν νέος ὄμματι λοξῷ
λευκὸν οἷστευτῆρα βραχίονα δέρκετο κούρης,
240 ὄμμα παλινδίνητον ἄγων, ὀχετηγὸν Ἐρώτων,
εἰ τόσον, ὡς Νίκαια, πέλε λευκώλενος Ἥρη:
ἐσπερίην δ' ἐπὶ πέζαν ἐὴν ἐτίταινεν ὀπωπὴν,
εἰ πλέον ἀργυφέῃ πέλε παρθένος, ἥ δὲ Σελήνη.
καὶ νέος, ἀμφιέπων ὑποκάρδιον ἔλκος Ἐρώτων,
245 ἐγγὺς ἐὼν καὶ νόσφιν ἐὼν ἐμνώετο κούρης,
πῶς βέλος εἰς σκοπὸν εἴλκεν ὀρειάδος ἀντίον ἄρκτου,
πῶς δὲ λεοντείῃ παλάμῃ ἐσφίγξατο δειρῇ
διζυγα γυρώσασα βραχίονα μάρτυρι δεσμῷ,
πῶς πάλιν ἰδρώουσα λοέσσωτο χεῦματι πηγῆς
250 ἡμιφανῆς, καὶ μᾶλλον ἀεὶ μιμνήσκετο πέπλου,
ὅπποτε μιν δονέων καὶ ἐς ὀμφαλὸν ἄχρις ἀείρων
γυμνώσας χροὸς ἄνθος ἀνηκόντιζεν ἀήτης:
κείνου μνηστὴν ἔχων γλυκερὰς ἰκέτευεν ἀέλλας,
ὄφρα πάλιν βαθύκολπον ἀναστειλῶσι χιτῶνα.
255 καὶ νέος ἀστήρικτος ἐυκραίρῳ παρὰ ποιμνὴ
γείτονα θηρεύουσιν ἰδὼν ὑψαύχενά κούρη
τοῖον ἀπερροῖβδησεν ἔπος ζηλήμονι φωνῇ:
‘Αἶθε βέλος γενόμην ἢ δίκτυον ἢ ἐφάρετρη,
αἶθε βέλος γενόμην θηροκτόνον, ὄφρα με γυμναῖς

260 χερσὶν ἔλαφρῖσσιεν: ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ τόξον
 εἶην νεῦρα βόεια πολὺ πλεόν, ὄφρα με μαζῶ
 χιονέω πελάσειε σαόφρονος ἔκτοθι μίτρης,
 ναὶ δαμάλη, ναὶ μόσχε, σαόφρονος ἔκτοθι μίτρης.
 παρθένε, κουφίζεις βέλος ὄλβιον: ὑμέτεροι δὲ
 265 ὕμνου μηλονόμοιο μακάρτεροί εἰσιν ὅιστοι,
 ὅττι τεῶν ψαύουσιν ἐρωτοτόκων παλαμάτων.
 σοῖς γλυκεροῖς σταλίκεσσιν ἀφωνήτοισι μεγάϊρω:
 οὐδὲ μόνον σταλίκων με φέρει πόθος: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοῦ
 ζῆλον ἔχω τόξοιο καὶ ἀπνεύστοιο φαρέτρης.
 270 αἶθε μεσημβρίζουσα ποθοβλήτῳ παρὰ πηγῇ
 γυῖα καταψύξειεν, ἴδω δ' ὑψαύχενά κούρην,
 ναὶ δαμάλη, ναὶ μόσχε, δίχα φθονεροῖο χιτῶνος.
 οὐ πῶ μοι, Κυθήρεια, τόσῃν ὥκτειρας ἀνάγκῃ;
 Θρινακίην οὐκ οἶδα καὶ οὐ κεραελκέα ποιίμνην,
 275 οὐ βόας Ἑλίοιο κατ' οὖρεα ταῦτα νομεύω,
 οὐ κρυφίην ἤγγειλε πατήρ ἐμὸς Ἄρεος εὐνὴν.
 παρθένε, μή με δίωκε, καὶ εἰ βόας εἰς νομὸν ἔλκω:
 οὐρανίων λεχέων ἐπιβήτορές εἰσι νομῆες:
 Τιθωνὸς ῥοδόεις πέλε νυμφίος, ὃν διὰ μορφὴν
 280 δίφρον ἐὼν στήσασα φασφόρος ἤρπασεν Ἥως:
 καὶ Διὸς οἶνοχόος πέλε βουκόλος, ὃν διὰ κάλλος
 φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐκούφισεν Ὑψιπέτης Ζεὺς.
 δεῦρο, βόας ποιμαίνε, καὶ ὀπλοτέρην σε καλέσσω
 ἄλλω βουκολέοντι σὺν Ἐνδυμίωνι Σελήνῃ:
 285 ῥίπτε βέλος καὶ ψαῦε καλαύροπος, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ:
 “Ὑμνου μηλονόμοιο βόας Κυθήρεια νομεύει.”
 ὥς φάτο καὶ λιτάνευε, φίλων δ' ἐδράξατο γούνων
 χερσὶ γυναιμανέεσσι, καὶ ἔσπετο, καὶ οἱ ἐνίψαι
 ἔτρεμεν οἷστρον Ἑρωτος, ἐῖ δ' ὑπεμέμφετο σιγῇ.
 290 καὶ ποτε θάρσος ἔχων γαμίων ὑποεργὸν Ἑρώτων
 κείμενα Νικαίης ἀνεκούφισεν ἔντεα θήρης,
 καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἄειρε, πόθου δ' ὑπὸ μείζονι κέντρῳ
 κούρης χωομένης γλυκερὴν ἤειρε φαρέτρην,
 καὶ κύσε δίκτυα κωφὰ καὶ οὐ πνείοντας ὀιστούς,
 295 χεῖλεσι τερπομένοισι μαιφόνον ἰὸν ἐρείσας,
 καὶ στέρνοις ἐπέλασσε ἀφειδέι χειρὶ πιέζων:
 καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἀδουπήτῳ τινὶ φωνῇ:
 ‘Πρὸς Παφίης, φθέγξασθε πάλιν, δρῦες, ὥς ἐπὶ Πύρρης,
 ὥς ἐπὶ Δευκαλίωνος, ἐλέγξατε λυσσάδα κούρην.
 300 δάφνη καὶ σὺ φίλῃ, δενδρώδεα ῥῆξον ἰώην:
 αἶθε καλὴ Νίκαια πάρος πέλε, καὶ κεν Ἀπόλλων
 ἀβροτέρην ἐδίωκε, καὶ οὐ φυτὸν ἔπλετο Δάφνη.’
 ὥς φάτο: καὶ σύριγγι σαόφρονος ἐγγύθι κούρης

μάρτυν ἤϊς ὀδύνης, γαμῖν ἐμελίζετο μολπὴν.
305 παρθενικὴ δ' ἄγόρευεν ἐπεγγελώσασα νομῇ:
‘Ἡδὺς ὁ συρίζων Παφίης μέλος ὑμέτερος Πάν:
πολλάκι μέλψεν Ἔρωτα καὶ οὐ πέλε νυμφίος Ἥχοϋς.
ἃ πόσα Δάφνις ἄειδεν ὁ βουκόλος: ἀμφὶ δὲ μολπῇ
παρθένος ἀστιβέεσσιν ἐκεύθετο μᾶλλον ἐρίπναις
310 ποιμενίης φεύγουσα βοῆς μέλος. ἃ πόσα Φοίβου
ἔκλυε μελπομένοιο καὶ οὐ φρένα θέλγετο Δάφνη.’
ὥς φαμένη δόρυ θοῦρον ἐδείκνυνεν ἄφρονι βούτῃ.
αὐτὰρ ὁ λυσσῆεντι τετυμμένος ἠδέϊ κέντρῳ,
μὴ νοέων, ὅτι τόσσον ἔην ἄστοργος Ἀμαζών,
315 πομπὸν ἐοῦ θανάτοιο δυσίμερον ἴαχε φωνή:
‘Ναί, λίτομαι, προΐαλλε φίλον δόρυ, χιονεὴ δὲ
κτείνέ με σῇ παλάμῃ, καὶ τέρπομαι: οὐ σέο λόγχην,
οὐ τρομέω, φυγόδεμνε, τεὸν ξίφος, ὅττι τελευτὴν
ὀξυτάτην ὀπάσειεν, ὅπως ποτὲ πικρὸν ἀλύξω
320 ἔμπεδον ἔλκος Ἔρωτος, ὑπὸ φρένα βοσκόμενον πῦρ.
τεθναίνην, ὅτι πότμος ἐπήρατος: εἰ δὲ βελέμνῳ
τοξοφόρος μετὰ Κύπριν ὀιστεύσεις με καὶ αὐτὴ,
πρὸς Παφίης, μὴ πέμπε κατ’ αὐχένος, ἡμετέρην δὲ
σὸν βέλος εἰς φρένα πῆξον, ὅπῃ βέλος ἐστὶν Ἐρώτων.
325 αὐχένι μᾶλλον ἴαλλε τεὸν δόρυ, μὴ φρένα τύψης:
ὠτειλῆς ἐτέρης οὐ δεύομαι. εἰ δὲ σε τέρπει,
τλήσομαι ἄλλο βέλεμνον, ὅπως ἐμὲ γαῖα καλύψῃ
καὶ πυρὸς ἔλκος ἔχοντα καὶ οὐτῆθέντα σιδήρῳ.
κτείνέ με τὸν δυσέρωτα, τεῆς μὴ φείδω νευρῆς.
330 θηλύνεις δὲ σίδηρον, ὅταν ψαύσειας ὀιστῶν:
ἴσταμαι αὐτοκέλευστος ἐγὼ σκοπός, ὄμματι τερπνῶ
δάκτυλα μαρμαίροντα περὶ γλυφίδεσσι δοκεύων,
ἐκταδὸν αὖ ἐρύοντα τεῖν μελιηδέα νευρὴν
δεξιτερῶ ῥοδόεντι πελαζομένην σέο μαζῶ.
335 θνήσκω νεκρὸς Ἔρωτος ἐκούσιος ἠδέϊ πότμῳ:
οὐκ ἄλέγω θανάτοιο καὶ οὐ τρομέω νέφος ἰῶν,
γυμνὴν ὑμετέρην χιονώδεα χεῖρα δοκεύων
ἄπτομένην τόξοιο καὶ ἱμερόεντος ὀιστοῦ.
εἰς ἐμὲ πάντα βέλεμνα τεῆς προΐαλλε φαρέτρης,
340 εἰς ἐμὲ πέμπε βέλεμνα μαιφόνα: πικρότεροι γὰρ
ἄλλοι ἐμὲ κλονέουσι πυριγλώχινες ὀιστοί.
ἦν δὲ κατακτείνης με τεῶ φρενοθελγεί τόξῳ,
παρθένε, μὴ φλέξειας ἐμὸν δέμας ἠθάδι πυρσῶ:
πυρκαϊῆς ἐτέρης οὐ δεύομαι: ἀλλὰ σύ, κούρη,
345 μοῦνον ἐμοὶ φθιμένῳ γλυκερὴν περιχευε κονίην
χειρὶ τεῇ, πυμάτην ὀλίγην χάριν, ὅφρα τις εἴπῃ:
‘παρθένος ὥς ἐλέαιρε, τὸν ἔκτανε.’ μηδὲ θανόντος

αὐλὸς ἐμός, μὴ πηκτὶς ἐμῷ περὶ σήματι κείσθω,
ποιμενίην μὴ βάλλε καλαῦροπα, μάρτυρα τέχνης:
350 ἀλλὰ κατακταμένοιο τεδὸν βέλος ὑψόθι τύμβου
πῆξον, ἐμῷ δυσέρωτι λελουμένον εἰσέτι λύθρῳ.
δὸς δέ μοι ὑστατὴν ἑτέρην χάριν ὑψόθι τύμβου
ἄνθεα Ναρκίσσοιο ποθοβλήτοιο γενέσθω
ἢ κρόκος ἱμερόεις ἢ Μίλακος ἄνθος Ἑρώτων,
355 εἰαρινὴν δὲ φύτευε μινυνθαδίην ἀνεμώνην
πᾶσιν ἀπαγγέλλουσαν ἐμὴν μινυώριον ἥβην.
εἰ δέ σε μὴ τέκε πόντος ἀμείλιχος ἢ ἐκ κολῶναι,
βαῖον ἐμοὶ χέε δάκρυ, τόσον μόνον, ὅσον ἐέρσαις
ἱμερτῆς ῥοδόεντα παρηίδος ἄκρα διαίνειν,
360 χειρὶ δὲ σεῖο χάραξον ἔπος τόδε πενθάδι μίλτῳ:
‘ἐνθάδε βουκόλος Ὑμνος, ὃν ἔκτανεν ἄμμορον εὐνῆς
παρθενικὴ Νικαία καὶ ἐκτερέιξε θανόντα.’
ὥς φαμένου Νικαία χολώετο: λυσσαλέη δὲ
λοιγίον ἰοβόλου γυμνώσατο πῶμα φαρέτρης
365 καὶ βέλος ἰθυκέλευθον ἀνείρυσεν, ἐκταδίη δὲ
κυρτὸν ὀπισθοτόνοιο κέρας κυκλώσατο τόξου,
ἠνεμόεν δὲ βέλεμνον ἐς ἀνθρεῶνα νομῆος
φθεγγομένου προέηκε, καὶ ἄσχετος ἰὸς ἀλήτης
μῦθον ἔτι προχέοντα μέσῳ σφρηγίσσατο δεσμῷ.
370 ἀλλ’ οὐ νεκρὸς ἄδακρυς ἔην τότε: μεμφομένη δὲ
ἀνδροφόνον Νικαίαν ὀρεσιτὰς ἄχνυτο Νύμφη,
μυρομένη νέκυν Ὑμνον: ἐν εὐύδρῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ
Ῥυνδακὶς ὑγροφόρητος ἀσάμβalos ἔστενε κούρη:
νηιάδες δ’ ἔκλαυσαν: ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο δὲ γείτων
375 δάκρυσιν αὐτοχύτοις Νιόβης πλέον ἔστενε πέτρη.
κούρη δ’ ὀπλοτάτη, γαμίων ἔτι νῆις Ἑρώτων,
μὴ πῶ Βουκολίωνος ὀμιλήσασα χαμεύνη,
Νηὶς Ἀβαρβαρὲν νεμεσίζετο πολλάκι νύμφη:
ἀμφὶ δὲ Δίνδυμον ἄκρον ὀμήλυδες ἐγγῦθι λόχμης
380 Ἀστακίδες μέμψαντο Κυβηλίδος ἠθεα νύμφης,
αἰλίνα δ’ ἐφθέγγαντο: καὶ οὐ τόσον αἰῖοσι πότμῳ
Ἡλιάδες Φαέθοντος ἐδακρύσαντο θανόντος.
καὶ φονίης ἀδάμαστον ὀπιπεύων φρένα κούρης
τόξον Ἔρωσ ἔρριψε, καὶ ὄρκιον ὤμοσε βούττην,
385 παρθενικὴν ἀέκουσαν ὑποζεῦξαι Διονύσῳ.
ὄμμασι δ’ ἀκλαύτοισι λεοντείων ἐπὶ δίφρῳ
Δινδυμὶς ἠιθέοιο δεδουπότος ἔστενε Ῥεῖη,
μήτηρ Ζηνός, Ἄνασσα: καὶ ὄλλυμένου μόρον Ὑμνου
ἢ γάμον ἐχθαίρουσα κινύρετο παρθένος Ἥχῳ.
390 καὶ δρῦες ἐφθέγγαντο: ‘τί σοι τόσον ἦλιντε βούττης;
μὴ ποτέ σοι Κυθήρεια, μὴ Ἀρτεμις Ἰλαὸς εἴη.’

ἔδρακε δ' Ἀδρήσθεια, μαιφόνον ἔδρακε κούρην,
ἔδρακεν Ἀδρήσθεια νέκυν σπαίροντα σιδήρῳ,
καὶ νέκυν ἄρτιδάκτον ἐδείκνυε Κυπρογενεῖη,
395 μέμπατο δ' αὐτὸν Ἔρωτα. καὶ εὐπετάλῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
ὕμνον ἐποικτείροντος ἐλείβετο δάκρυα ταύρου,
καὶ δάμαλις δάκρυσσε, καὶ ἔστενεν ἀχνυμένη βοῦς
ποιμένος ἀσπαίροντος, ἔοικε δὲ τοῦτο βοῆσαι:

Βούτης καλὸς ὄλωλε, καλὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανε κούρη.
400 παρθενικὴ ποθέοντα κατέκτανεν, ἀντὶ δὲ φίλτρων
πότμον μισθὸν ἔδωκε, ποθοβλήτου δὲ νομῆος
αἵματι χαλκὸν ἔβαψε καὶ ἔσβεσε πυρσὸν Ἐρώτων —
Βούτης καλὸς ὄλωλε, καλὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανε κούρη —
καὶ Νύμφας ἀκάχησεν, ὀρειάδος οὐ κλύε πέτρης,
405 οὐ πετέλης ἦκουσε καὶ οὐκ ἠδέσσατο πεύκην
λίσσομένην: 'μὴ πέμπε βέλος, μὴ κτεῖνε νομῆα.'

καὶ λύκος ἔστενεν Ὑμνον, ἀναιδέες ἔστενον ἄρκτοι,
καὶ βλοσυροῖς βλεφάροισι λέων ὠδύρετο βούτην:
'Βούτης καλὸς ὄλωλε, καλὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανε κούρη.
410 ἄλλο λέπας δίξεσθε, βόες, μαστεύσατε, ταῦροι,
ξεῖνον ὄρος: ποθέων γὰρ ἐμὸς γλυκὺς ὤλετο βούτης.'
θηλυτέρη παλάμη δεδαῖγμένος. εἰς τίνα λόχμην
ἵχνος ἄγω; σῶζεσθε, νομαί, σῶζεσθε, χαμεῦναι.
'Βούτης καλὸς ὄλωλε, καλὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανε κούρη.
415 χαίρετέ μοι, σκοπιαί τε καὶ οὔρεα, χαίρετε, πηγαί,
χαίρετε, Νηιάδες, καὶ ἐμαὶ δρυές.' ἀμφότεροι δὲ
Πὰν νόμιος καὶ Φοῖβος ἀνίαχον: 'αὐλὸς ἀλάσθω.
πῇ Νέμεσις; πῇ Κύπρις; ἔρω, μὴ ψαῦε φαρέτρης:
σύριγξ, μηκέτι μέλπε: λιγύθροος ὤλετο βούτης.'
420 δειλαίου δὲ νομῆος ἀμεμφέα λύθρον Ἐρώτων
γνωτῇ φοῖβος ἔδειξε, καὶ ἔστενεν Ἀρτεμις αὐτὴ
ὕμνον νεκρὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ πέλε νῆις Ἐρώτων.

BOOK 16

ἔκτω καὶ δεκάτῳ γαμῖν Νίκαιαν αἰίδω,
εὐνέτιν ὑπνώουσαν ἀκοιμήτου Διονύσου.
οὐδὲ φόνος νήποινος ἔην κινυροῖο νομῆος,
ἀλλὰ λαβῶν ἐὰ τόξα καὶ ἱμερόεν βέλος ἔλκων
θοῦρος Ἔρωσ αἰδηλὸς ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ
ἐξομένῳ παρὰ χεῖλος ἐνκροκάλου ποταμοῖο.
5 καὶ ταχινὴ Νίκαια, μετὰ δρόμον ἠθάδος ἄγρης
ἄσχετον ἰδρώουσα φιλοσκοπέλων ἀπὸ μόχθων,
γυμνὸν ὀρεσσιχῦτοισι δέμας φαίδρυνε λοετροῖς.
οὐ μὲν Ἔρωσ δῆθυνεν ἐκηβόλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ νευρῇ
ἀκροφανῇ πῶγωνα βαλὼν πτερόεντος ὀιστοῦ
10 τόξον ἐὼν κύκλωσεν, ἔρωμανέος δὲ Λυαίου
ἐν κραδίῃ κατέπηξεν ὅλον βέλος. ἐν δὲ ῥεέθροις
νηχομένην Διόνυσος ἰδὼν γυμνόχροα κούρην
ἠδυμανῇ πυρόεντι νόον δεδόνητο βελέμνῳ.
ἦγε δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, λαγωβόλος ὀππόθι κούρη,
15 πῇ μὲν ὀπιπεύων ἑλικώδεα βόστρυχα χαιτήs
εἰς δρόμον ἱεμένηs δεδονημένα κυκλάσιν αὖραις,
πῇ δὲ παρελκομένων πλοκάμων στίλβοντα δοκεύων
αὐχένα γυμνωθέντα, σέλας πέμποντα Σελήνης·
καὶ Σατύρων ἀμέλησε καὶ οὐκέτι τέρπετο Βάκχαις·
20 παπταίνων δ' ἔς Ὀλυμπον ἐρωτοτόκῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
ἴξομαι, ἦχι πέλει δροσερὸς δρόμος, ἦχι φαρέτρῃ,
ἦχι βέλος καὶ τόξον ἐπήρατον, ἦχι καὶ αὐταὶ
παρθενικῆs ἀγάμοιο μύρου πνείουσι χαμεῦναι·
φαῦσω καὶ σταλίκων καὶ δίκτυα χερσὶ πετάσσω·
25 ἀγρώσσω καὶ ἔγωγε καὶ ἠθάδα νεβρὸν ὀλέσσω.
εἰ δέ μοι ὡς βαρύθυμος ὄνειδίσσειεν Ἀμαζῶν
θῆλυν ἐρευγομένη μελιιδέος ὄγκον ἀπειλῆs,
κούρης χωομένηs ἐπὶ γούνασι χεῖρα πελάσσω,
ψαύων ὡς ἱκέτης ἐρατοῦ χροός, οὐ μὲν ἐλαίης
30 θαλλὸν ἀερτάζων, ὅτι δένδρεόν ἐστιν Ἀθήνης
παρθενικῆs ἀγάμου καὶ ἀθελγέος, ἀντὶ δὲ πικροῦ
ἀκρεμόνος λιπώωντος ἐμῇ μελιιδεὶ νύμφῃ
οἶνοπα καρπὸν ἔχοντα μελιρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
βότρυν ἀερτάζων ἱκετήσιον. ἦν δὲ χαλέψῃ
35 παρθένος ἀγκυλότοξος, ἐμῷ χροῖ μὴ δόρυ πήξῃ,
μὴ βέλος αὖ ἐρύσειε μαιφόνον, αἰδομένη δὲ
ἀκροτάτῳ πλήξειεν ἐμὸν δέμας ἠδέι τόξῳ·
πληγῆs οὐκ ἀλέγω φρενοθελγέος. ἦν δ' ἐθέλησῃ,
ἱμερταῖς παλάμησιν ἐμῶν δράξαιτο κομάτων,

40 σφιγγομένης ἐρύουσα θελήμονα βόστρυχα χαίτης.
οὐ μὲν ἐρητύσω ποτὲ παρθένον, ὥς κοτέων δὲ
δεξιτερὴν σφιγγουσαν ἀφειδὲι χειρὶ πιέζω
δάκτυλα φοινίσσοντα λαβὼν γαμφώνυχι δεσμῷ,
Κυπριδίου καμάτοιο παρήγορα: παρθενικὴ γὰρ
45 κάλλος ὅλον σύλησεν Ὀλύμπιον. Ἰλαθι, Κέρνη:
Ἄστακίς ἐβλάστησε νήη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥως,
ἄλλη ἀνηέξητο φαεσφόρος: ὀπλοτέρη γὰρ
ἔμπεδον εἶδος ἔχουσα πέλει Νίκαια Σελήνη.
ἦθελον ἱμείρων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμεΐψαι:
50 εἰ μὴ ἐρητύει με σέβας πατρώιον αἰδοῦς,
καὶ κεν ἐγὼ Τυρίοιο δι' ὕδατος ὕγροπόρος βοῦς
ἄβροχον ἐν πελάγεσσιν ἐμὴν Νικαίαν ἀείρων
ἔπλεον, Εὐρώπης ἄτε νυμφίος, ὥς ἀέκων δὲ
νῶτον ἐμὸν δονέεσκον, ὀρινομένης ἵνα κούρης
55 δεξιτερὴ πάνλευκος ἐμῆς δράξαιτο κεραίης.
ἦθελον, εἰ γενόμην πτερόεις πόσις, ὄφρα χορεῦσω
κουφίζων ἀτίνακτον ὑπὲρ νώτοιο γυναιῖκα,
ὥς Κρονίδης Αἴγιναν, ὅπως μετὰ λέκτρα τελέσσω
αἰετὸν ὄρνεον ἄλλο γαμοστόλον ἄστρον Ἐρώτων.
60 οὐ μὲν ἐμῆς ἀλόχοιο βαλὼν γενετῆρα κεραυνῷ
νύμφη πατρὸς ὀλεθρον ἀτάσθαλον ἔδνον ὀπάσσω,
μὴ γλυκερὴν Νικαίαν ἀποφθιμένοιο χαλέψω.
αἶθε πέλον νόθος ὄρνις εὐπύρρος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
παρθένος ἡμετέρη φιλέει πτερόεντας ὀιστοῦς.
65 μᾶλλον ἐγὼ Δανάης ποθέων τύπον ὕγρον ἐρώτων
ἦθελον, εἰ χρύσειος ἐγὼ πέλον ὄμβρος ἀκοίτης,
αὐτὸς δῶρα γάμων, αὐτὸς πόσις, ὄφρα χορεῦσω
ἀφνειῆς προχέων φιλοτήσιον ὄμβρον ἐέρης:
ἔπρεπε γὰρ Νικαίαν ἐμὴν εὐώπιδα κούρην
70 χρύσειον εἶδος ἔχουσαν ἔχειν χρύσειον ἀκοίτην.
τοῖον ἐρωμανέων ἔπος ἴαχε θυιάδι φωνῇ.
καὶ ποτε κηώνεντος ἔσω λειμῶνος ὀδεύων
ἄνθεα πάντα δόκευε τεθηλότα σύγχροα κούρης,
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἐς ἡερόεντας ἀήτας:
75 ἄρτι μόνις, Νίκαια, τήν ἴδον ἐνθάδε μορφήν:
μὴ σέο κάλος ἄμειψας ἐς ἄνθεα; καλλιφυῇ γὰρ
παπταίνων ῥοδεῶνα τεὰς ἐνόησα παρειάς:
ἀλλὰ τεὸν θαλέει ῥόδον ἔμπεδον: ἀμφιέπεις γὰρ
ἔμφυτον οὐ λήγουσαν ἐρευθομένην ἀνεμώνην:
80 εἰς κρίνον ὄμμα φέρων χιονώδεας εἶδον ἀγοστούς,
ἀθρήσας δ' ὑάκινθον ἴδον κυανόχροα χαίτην.
δέξο με θηρεύοντα συνέμπορον: ἦν δ' ἐβελήσης,
αὐτὸς ἐγὼ σταλίκων γλυκερὸν βάρος, αὐτὸς ἀείρω

ένδρομιδας καὶ τόξα καὶ ἱμερόνεντας ὀιστοῦς,
85 αὐτὸς ἐγὼ· Σατύρων οὐ δεύομαι· οὐ παρὰ λόχμη
δικτυα Κυρήνης ἀνεκούφισεν αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων·
τίς φθόνος, εἰ μεθέπω καὶ ἐγὼ λῖνον; οὐ μογέω δὲ
αὐτὸς ἐμοῖς ὤμοισιν ἐμὴν Νίκαιαν αἵρων.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ γενετῆρος ὑπέρτερος· ἐν ῥοθίοις γάρ
90 Εὐρώπην ἀδιάντον ἐκούφισε ποντοπόρος βοῦς.
παρθενικὴ ῥοδόεσσα, τί σοι τόσον εὖαδεν ὕλη;
δῶν ἐρατῶν μελέων περιφείδω, μὴδ' ἐπὶ πέτραις
ἄστορές σέο νῶτα κατατρίψωσι χαμεῦναι.
ἔσσομαι, ἦν ἐθέλης, θαλαμηπόλος· ἐν δὲ μελάθρῳ
95 αὐτὸς ἐγὼ στορέσω σέο δέμνια, τοῖσι πετάσσω
δέρματα πορδαλίων πολυδαίδαλα, τοῖς ἅμα βάλλω
φρικτὰ λεοντείης πυκινότριχα νῶτα καλύπτρης
γυμνώσας ἐμὰ γυῖα· σὺ δὲ γλυκὺν ὕπνον ἰαύεις
νεβρίσι δαιδαλέησι καλυπτομένη Διονύσου·
100 Μυγδονίης δ' ἐλάφου σκέπας ἄρμενον ὑψόθι βάλλω
γυμνώσας Σατύρους, σκυλάκων δέ σοι εἰ χρέος εἶη,
σοὶ κύνας εἰν ἐνὶ πάντας ἐμοῦ τάχα Πανὸς ἅπασσω,
ἄξομαι ἐκ Σπάρτης ἑτέρους κύνας, οὓς ἀπιτάλλει
ἠιθέων ἐς ἔρωτας ἐμὸς Κάρνειος Ἀπόλλων,
105 καὶ κύνας ἀγρευτῆρας Ἀρισταίοιο καλέσσω·
καὶ λῖνα σὺν σταλίκεσσι καὶ ἄρμενα δῶρα κομίσσω
ένδρομιδας Νομίοιο καὶ Ἀγρέος, ὃς πάρος ἔγνω
καὶ νομὸν εὐλείμωνα καὶ εὐκαμάτου δρόμον ἄγρης.
εἰ δὲ θερειγενέος τρομέεις φλόγα διψάδος ὥρης,
110 ἡμερίδων ὄρηκας ὑπὲρ λέκτροιο φυτεῦσω,
καὶ σε περιπνεύσωσι μέθης εὐώδεις αὔραι
κεκλιμένην κατὰ μέσσα πολυσταφύλοιο καλύπτρης.
παρθενικὴ περίφοιτε, ποθοβλήτοιο προσώπου
βαλλομένας Φαέθοντι τεῆς ἐλέαιρε παρειάς,
115 μὴ σέλας Ἥελιου μελέων ἀκτῖνα μαραίνῃ,
μὴ πλοκάμους μυρόνεντας ἀμαλδύνωσιν ἀῆται·
εὔδε ῥόδων ἀνὰ μέσσα καὶ ἐν πετάλοις ὑακίνθου,
γείτονι σεῖο κάρηνον ἐρειαμένη Διονύσῳ,
ἄθανάτοις πισύρεσσιν ὅπως ἓνα κῶμον ἀνάψῃς,
120 Φοῖβῳ καὶ Ζεφύρῳ καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
ληιδίην δ' ὀπάσαιμι γονὴν μελανόχροον Ἴνδῶν
παστάδος ὑμετέρης θαλαμηπόλον· ἀλλὰ τί φυτλην
κυανέην ὀνόμνηνα τεῆς νυφοστόλον εὐνῆς;
νυκτὶ μελαγχλαίνῳ πότε μίσγεται ἀργέτις Ἡώς;
125 Ἀστακὶς ὀπλοτέρη πέλες Ἄρτεμις· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
δμῳίδας ἐξήκοντα χορίτιδας εἰς σὲ κομίσσω,
ὄφρα χορὸν νήριθμον ὀπάονα σεῖο τελέσσω,

ἀμφιπόλοισι ἰσόμετρον ὀρειάδος ἰοχαίρης,
 εἵκελον Ὠκεανοῖο θυγατράσι, μὴ σοι ἐρίζῃ
 130 Ἄρτεμις ἀγρώσσουσα, καὶ εἰ πέλε δεσπότης ἄγρης.
 σοὶ Χάριτας ζαθέοιο χαρίζομαι Ὀρχομενοῖο
 ἀμφιπόλους, ἐμὰ τέκνα μεταστήσας Ἀφροδίτης.
 ἀλλὰ πόθῳ φρένα θέλξον ἀθελγέα, καὶ σε δεχέσθω
 θηροσύνης μετὰ μόχθον ἐμὸν λέχος, ὄφρα φανείης
 135 Ἄρτεμις ἐν σκοπέλοισι καὶ ἐν θαλάμοις Ἀφροδίτη.
 τίς φθόνος, ἀγρώσσειν σε σὺν ἀγρώσσοντι Λυαίῳ;
 εἰ δὲ μόθου λάχες οἷστρον, ἄτε κλυτότοξος Ἀμαζῶν
 ἵξεαι Ἰνδῶν ἐπὶ φύλοπιν, ὄφρα κεν εἴης
 πειθῶ νόσφι μόθοιο καί, ὀππότε δῆρις, Ἀθήνη.
 140 δέξο καὶ ἦν ἐθέλης, ἐλαφηβόλα θύρσα Λυαίου,
 νεβροφόνος δὲ γένοιο: καὶ ὑμετέρων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
 ὑμετέροις τε πόνοισιν ἐμὴν κόσμησον ἀπήνην
 πόρδαλιν ἥ ἐλέοντας ὑποζεύξασα χαλινῶ.’
 ὥς εἰπὼν ἐδίωκεν ὀρειάδα γείτονα κούρην,
 145 τοῖον ἔπος βοόων: ‘μένε, παρθένε, Βάκχον ἀκοίτην.’
 ἡ δὲ χολωομένη βριαρὴν ἀνενείκατο φωνήν
 παρθενική, στόμα λάβρον ἐπαιθύσσουσα Λυαίῳ:
 ‘ταῦτα μολῶν ἀγόρευε φιλοστόργῳ τινὶ νύμφῃ.
 εἰ δύνασαι γλαυκῶπιν ἢ Ἄρτεμιν εἰς γάμον ἔλκειν,
 150 καὶ βριαρὴν Νίκαιαν ἔχεις πειθήμονα νύμφην:
 εἰμί γάρ ἀμφοτέρησιν ὁμόστολος. εἰ δὲ σε φεύγει
 ἀπροϊδῆς ὑμέναιος ἀπειρώδινος Ἀθήνης,
 καὶ νόον οὐ θέλξειας ἀπειθέος ἰοχαίρης.
 δέμνια Νικαίης μὴ διζέο: μηδὲ σε λεύσω
 155 ἀπτόμενον τόξοιο καὶ ἀμφαφώοντα φαρέτρην.
 μὴ μετὰ βουκόλον Ὑμνον ὀλωλότα καὶ σὲ δαμάσσω.
 οὐτήσω Διόνυσον ἀνούτατον: εἰ δὲ σιδήρῳ
 μυῖα φέρεις ἀχάρακτα καὶ οὐκ εἴκοντα βελέμνῳ.
 υἱέας ὑπιδόφους μιμήσομαι Ἴφιμεδείης,
 160 καὶ σε σιδηρεῖησιν ἀλυκτοπέδησι πεδήσω
 σεῖο κασιγνήτῳ πανομοίον, ἐνδόμυχον δὲ
 χαλκείοις κεράμοισι μετ’ Ἄρεα καὶ σὲ φυλάξω,
 ἄχρις ἀναπλήσας δυοκαίδεκα κύκλα Σελήνης
 ἡερίοις ἐμὸν οἷστρον ἀπορρίψειας ἀήταις.
 165 χερσὶ γυναιμανέεσσιν ἐμῆς μὴ ψαῦε φαρέτρης:
 τόξον ἔχω, σὺ δὲ θύρσον: ἐν Ἀστακίῃ μὲν ἐρίπνῃ
 εἰς σύας ἥ ἐλέοντας ἐμὸν βέλος ἐνθάδε πέμπω
 Ἀρτέμιδος συνάεθλος, ὑπὲρ Λιβάνοιο δὲ πέτρης
 νεβροῦς καὶ σὺ δίωκε συναγρώσσων Ἀφροδίτη.
 170 σὺ δέχομαι σέο λέκτρα, καὶ εἰ Διὸς αἶμα κομίζεις:
 εἰ δὲ θεὸν μενέαινον ἔχειν πόσιν, οὐκ ἂν ἀκοίτην

ἄβροκόμην ἀσίδηρον ἀνάλκιδα θήλξ' μορφῇ
εἶχον ἐγὼ Διόνυσον, ἐμῷ δ' ἐφυλάσσετο παστῶ
νυμφίος ἢ κλυτότοξος ἄναξ ἢ χάλκεος Ἄρης,
175 ὃς μὲν τόξον ἔχων, ὃ δὲ φάσγανον Ἶδνον Ἐρώτων·
ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ οὐ μακάρων τινὰ δέξομαι, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὸν
πενθερὸν οἷστρος ἔχει με τεὸν Κρονίωνα καλέσσαι.
ἄλλην διζέο, Βάκχε, νέην πειθήμονα νύμφην.
τί σπεύδεις; ἀκίχητον ἔχεις δρόμον, ὥς ποτε Δάφνην
180 Λητοΐδης ἐδίωκε καὶ ὥς Ἥφαιστος Ἀθήνην·
τί σπεύδεις; δρόμος οὗτος ἐτώσιος· ἐν σκοπέλοις γὰρ
ἐνδρομίδες πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀρειονές εἰσι κοθόρωνν·
ὥς φαμένη λίπε Βάκχον. αἰεὶ δ' ὑπὸ φορβᾶδα λόχημν
παρθενικὴν μάστευεν ὀρίπλανον· ἐσσυμένῳ δὲ
185 σὺνδρομος ὠμάρτησε κύων πινυτόφρονι θυμῷ
τόν ποτε θηρεύοντι φιλοσκοπέλῳ Διονύσῳ
ὥπασε δῶρον ἔχειν σκυλακοτρόφος ὑψίκερως Πάν.
καὶ μιν ἄτε φρονέοντα καὶ αὐδήεντα δοκεύων
σύννομον ἰσοκέλευθον ἐὼν ξυνήονα μόχθων,
190 Βάκχος ἐρωμανέων φιλίῳ προσπτόξατο μῦθῳ·
‘τίπτε, κύων περίφοιτος, ὁμόδρομός ἐσσι Λυαίῳ
Πανὸς αἰεὶ ποθέοντος ἐπάξιε; τίπτε σὺ μοῦνος
παρθένον ἰχνεύοντι συνιχνεύεις Διονύσῳ;
ἦ ῥά σε σὸς ταμίης οἰκτίρμονα θῆκεν ἐρώτων;
195 παρθένον ἡμετέρην ἔτι διζέο, μηδ' ἐνὶ πέτραις
Βάκχον ἀλητεύοντα κατ' οὖρεα μοῦνον ἐάσης.
μοῦνος ἐποικτεῖρεις με, καὶ ὥς βροτὸς εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης
πλαζομένης λοφόμενα μετέρχεται ἔνδια κούρης.
κάμνε τεῷ βασιλῇ· χάριν δέ σοι εἵνεα μόχθων
200 δώσω ἀμοιβαῖην· μετὰ Σεῖριον ἀστέρα Μαίρης
αἰθέρος ἔνδον ἄγω σε καὶ ἀστερόεντα τελέσσω
ἄγχι Κυνὸς προτέρου, σταφυλὴν ἵνα καὶ σὺ πεπαίνης
βότρυος Εἰλειθυίαν ἀκοντίζων σέθεν αἴγλην.
τίς φθόνος ἀντέλλειν τρίτατον Κύνᾳ; καὶ σὺ φαεῖνεις
205 σὺνδρομος ἀστερόεντος ἐπειγομένοιο Λαγωῷ.
εἰ θέμις, οἰκτεῖρων μὲ σαόφρονι μέμφει κούρη.
δόχημιον ὄμμα φέρων Κυβελήϊδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
ὅττι με μαστεύοντα γυνὴ θεὸν εἰσέτι φεύγει·
μέμφει δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν, Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ,
210 φοιταλέην δὲ δίωκε δι' οὖρεος ἄστατον Ἠχώ,
μὴ τελέσῃ φυγόμενον ἐμὴν πλέον εἰσέτι νύμφην·
μηδὲ λίπης σέο Πᾶνα δυσίμερον ἐγγύθι κούρης,
μὴ μιν ἐλὼν ζευξείεν ἀναγκαίους ὕμεναιους.
παρθένον αἶ κεν ἴδης, ταχὺς ἔρχεο, μάρτυρι σιγῇ
215 ἢ νοεραῖς ὑλακῆσιν ἀπαγγέλλων Διονύσῳ:

ἄγγελος ἔσσο πόθοιο: κύων δέ τις ἄλλος ἀλάσθω
ἢ σῦας ἢ ἐλέοντας ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο διώκων.

Πᾶν φίλε, κικλήσκω σε μακάρτατον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
σεῖο κύνες γεγάασιν ἐρευνητῆρες Ἑρώτων.

²²⁰ ἀνδρομένην, πολύμορφε Τύχη, παίζουσα γενέθλην
ἴλαθι, πανδαμάτειρα: μετὰ βροτέην τάχα φύτλην
καὶ σκυλάκων κρατέεις, ὅτι δύσμορος οὗτος ἀλήτης
θητεύει μετὰ Πᾶνα καὶ ἱμείροντι Λυαίῳ:

παρθενικῇ μέμφασθε, φίλαι δρῦες: εἴπατε, πέτραι:

²²⁵ καὶ κύνες οἰκτείρουσι, καὶ οὐκ ἐλέαιρεν Ἀμαζών.’

εἰσὶ καὶ ἐν σκυλάκεσσιν ἐχέφρονες, οἷσι Κρονίων
ἀνδρομένη φρένα δῶκε καὶ οὐ βροτέην πόρε φωνήν.’

ἔννεπεν ἄγχι φυτοῖο: δι’ εὐπετάλου δὲ κορύμβου
φθογγῆς εἰσαΐουσα γυναιμανέος Διονύσου

²³⁰ ἀρχαίη Μελίη φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν:

, ἄλλοι μὲν, Διόνυσε, κυνοσσοὶ ἰοχεαίρη

ἐνθάδε θηρεύουσι, σὺ δ’ ἀγρώσσεις Ἀφροδίτη:

ἡδὺς ὁ δειμαίνων ἀπαλόχροον ἄζυγα κούρην:

Βάκχος ὁ τολμήεις ἱκέτης πέλε λάτρις Ἑρώτων:

²³⁵ Ἰνδοφόνους παλάμησιν ἀνάλκιδα λίσσετο κούρην.

σὸς γενέτης οὐκ οἶδε πόθου θελξιφρονι μύθῳ

εἰς γάμον, εἰς ὕμναιον ἄγειν πειθήμονα κούρην:

οὐ Σεμέλην ἱκέτευεν, ἕως ἐτύχησεν Ἑρώτων.

οὐ Δανάην παρέπεισεν, ἕως σύλησε κορείην:

²⁴⁰ Ζηνὶ συναπτομένην Ἰξίονος οἶσθα γυναῖκα

καὶ γάμιον χρεμέτισμα καὶ ἱππείους ὕμναιους:

Ἀντιόπης ἐδάης φιλοπαίγμονα θεσμὸν Ἑρώτων

καὶ Σάτυρον γελώοντα νόθον μιμηλὸν ἀκοίτην.’

ὥς φάτο κερτομέουσα νόον δεידήμονα Βάκχου.

²⁴⁵ καὶ δρυὸς ἐντὸς ἵκανεν ὁμήλικος. ἐν δὲ κολώναις

ἀσχαλῶν Διόνυσος ὁμάρτεε θυιάδι κούρῃ

ποσσὶν ἔρωμανέεσσι, καὶ ὠκυπέδιλος Ἀμαζών

ἄστατος ἄκρα κάρηνα μετήιε δύσβατα πέτρης,

ἶχνος ἐρευνητῆρος ὑποκλέπτουσα Λυαίου.

²⁵⁰ καὶ φλογερῷ Φαέθοντος ἱμασσομένης χροά πυρσῷ

ἄβροχα διψαλῆς τερσαίνεται χεῖλεα κούρης:

καὶ δόλον ἀγνώσσουσα γυναιμανέος Διονύσου

ξανθὸν ὕδωρ ἐνόησε φιλακρήτου ποταμοῖο,

καὶ πῖεν ἡδὺ ρέεθρον, ὅθεν πῖον αἵθοπες Ἴνδοι:

²⁵⁵ καὶ φρένα δινηθεῖσα μέθη βακχεύετο κούρῃ,

καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐλέλιζε μετῆλυδα δίζυγι παλμῷ,

καὶ διδύμην ἐδόκησεν ἰδεῖν πολυχανδέα λίμνην

ὄμματα δινεύουσα: βαρυνομένου δὲ καρήνου

δέρκετο θηροβότου διπλούμενα νῶτα κολώνης:

260 καὶ τρομεροῖσι πόδεσσιν ὀλισθήσασα κονίη
 εἰς περὸν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐσύρετο γείτονος Ὕπνου·
 καὶ γαμῖω βαρύγουνος ἐθέλγετο κῶματι νύμφη.
 τὴν μὲν ἰδὼν εὐδουσάν Ἐρωσ ἐπεδείκνυε Βάκχῳ,
 ὕμνον ἐποικτεῖρων· νέμεσις δ' ἐγέλασεν ἰδοῦσα.
 265 καὶ δολόεις Διόνυσος ἄδουπήτοισι κοθόρνοις
 εἰς γάμον ἄσφορος εἶρπε ποδῶν τεχνήμονι παλμῷ.
 κούρης δ' ἐγγὺς ἴκανε· καὶ ἀτρέμας ἄκρον ἐρύσσας
 δεσμὸν ἀσυλήτοιο φυλάκτορα λύσατο μήτρης
 φειδομένη παλάμη, μὴ παρθένον ὕπνος ἔαση.
 270 γαῖα δὲ κηώεσσαν ἀναπτύξασα λοχείην
 φυταλιὴν ὥδινε, χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,
 πολλὴν δ' ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐλαφρίζουσα καλύπτρην
 πλεκτὴ βοτρυόεντι κάμαξ ἐβαρύνετο καρπῷ·
 καὶ λέχος ἦν πετάλοισι κατάσκιον· ἡμερίδων γάρ
 275 αὐτοφυῆς μίτρωσεν ἔλιξ εὐάμπελον εὐνὴν·
 καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα μετάρσιος οἴνοπι καρπῷ
 Κυπριδίοις ἀνέμοισιν ἐσειετο βότρυς ἀλήτης,
 ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἐπύκαζε· σελινοφόρῳ δὲ κορύμβῳ
 ἱμερόεις ἐμέθυσεν ὁμόζυγος οἰνάδος ὄρηξ
 280 πλεκτὸν ἀεξομένης ἐπιβήτορα κισσὸν ὀπώρης.
 καὶ δολόεις γάμος ἦεν ὀνειρείης τύπον εὐνῆς
 ὕπνον ἔχων συνάεθλον· ἐνοσφίσθη δὲ κορείης
 παρθενικὴ κνώσσοῦσα, καὶ ἔδρακε πομπὸν Ἐρώτων
 ὕπνον ὑποδρηστῆρα μεθυσφαλέων ὕμεναίων.
 285 πνοιὴ δ' ὑψιπόρῳ σκιρτήματι θυιάδος ὕλης
 ἄστατος αὐτοβόητος ἀνέπλεκεν ὕμνον Ἐρώτων,
 καὶ μέλος ἠνεμόφοιτον ὀρεσσαύλων ὕμεναίων
 αἰδομένοις στομάτεσσιν ἀμείβετο παρθένος Ἥχῳ,
 Πανιάς ὑστερόφωνος· ὑπὲρ δαπέδου δὲ χορεύων
 290 αὐλὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν “Ὑμῖν Ὑμέναιε” λιγαίνων·
 ‘ἱμερόεις γάμος οὗτος’ ὀρεστιὰς ἴαχε πεύκη.
 ψυχὴ δ' ἠνεμόφοιτος ἀναΐξασα νομῆος
 παρθένον ὕπναλῆν νυχίοις ἐρέθιζεν ὀνειροῖς·
 ‘εἰσὶ καὶ ἱμείροντος Ἐρινύες, εὖγαμε κούρη·
 295 νυμφίον εἰ φύγες Ὕμνον, ἐνυμφεύθης Διονύσῳ·
 λοξὰ θεμιστεύεις, θαλαμηπόλε παρθένε νύμφη·
 κτείνεις γὰρ ποθέοντα, καὶ οὐ γαμέοντα διώκεις.
 παρθένε, χάλκεον ὕπνον ἐρασσαμένῳ πόρες Ὕμνω·
 παρθένε, νήδυμος ὕπνος ἀπώλεσε σείο κορείην.
 300 οἰκτρὸν ἴδες γελώσῃ δεδουπότῳ αἵμα νομῆς·
 οἰκτρότερον στενάχουσα τεῆς ἴδες αἷμα κορείης.’
 ὥς φαμένη σκιοέντι πανεῖκελος ἔσσυτο καπνῷ
 ψυχὴ δακρυόεσσα ποθοβλήτοιο νομῆος,

Ταρταρίην δ' ἀκίχητος ἐδύσατο πανδόκον αὐλήν,
305 Βάκχου ζῆλον ἔχουσα μεθυσφαλέων ὕμεναιών.
καὶ λιγυροῖς δονάκεσσι γαμήλιον ἦχον ἀράσσω,
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτων ὑποκάρδιον, ὕμνοπόλος Πὰν
μεμφόμενον μέλος εἶπεν ἐς ἀλλοτρίους ὕμεναιούς.
καὶ τις ἔρωμανέων Σατύρων παρὰ γείτονι λόχη
310 θηητῆρ ἀκόρητος ἀθηήτων ὕμεναιών
Βακχείην ἀγόρευεν, ἰδὼν εὐπάρθενον εὐνήν:
'Πὰν κερόεις, ἔτι μοῦνος ἔχεις δρόμον εἰς Ἀφροδίτην;
καὶ σὺ διωκομένης πότε νυμφίος ἔσσειαι Ἥχου;
καὶ σὺ δόλον πότε τοῖον ἀοσοσητῆρα τελέσσεις
315 ὕμετέρων ἐπίκουρον ἀνυμφεύτων ὕμεναιών;
Πὰν φίλε, καὶ σὺ γένοιο φυτοσκάφος ἀντὶ νομῆος,
ποιμενίην δ' ἀπόειπε καλαύροπα καὶ παρὰ πέτρῃ
λεῖπε βόας καὶ μῆλα: τί σοι ῥέξουσι νομῆες;
ἔγρεο, καὶ σὺ φύτευε γαμοστόλον οἶνον Ἑρώτων.'

320 οὗ πω μῦθος ἔληγε, καὶ ἴαχεν αἰγίβοτος Πάν:
'αἶθε πατήρ με δίδαξε τελεσσιγάμου δόλον οἶνου:
αἶθε νοοσφαλέος σταφυλῆς, ἄτε Βάκχος, ἀνάσσω:
καὶ κεν ἐμῶν ἐτέλεσσα πολὺπλανον οἷστρον Ἑρώτων
ὑπναλέην μεθύουσαν ἰδὼν δυσπάρθενον Ἥχώ.
325 ἰλήκοι νομὸς οὗτος, ἐπεὶ παρὰ γείτονι πηγῇ
ἄρδεύω τάδε μῆλα, φιλακρήτῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
παρθενικὰς Διόνυσος ἀθελγέας εἰς γάμον ἔλκει.
φάρμακον εὔρεν Ἑρωτος ἐὼν φυτόν: ἐρρέτω αἰγῶν,
ἐρρέτω ἡμετέρων οἴων γλάγος: οὐ δύναται γὰρ
330 εἰς πόθον ὕπνον ἄγειν ἢ παρθένον εἰς γάμον ἔλκειν.
μοῦνος ἐγὼ, Κυθήρεια, βιάζομαι: ὦμοι Ἑρώτων:
σύριγξ Πανὸς ἔφευγεν ἀνυμφεύτους ὕμεναιούς
καὶ γάμον ἀρτιτέλεστον ἀνευάζει Διονύσου
αὐτομάτοις μελέεσσι: τὸ δὲ πλεόν ἡθάδι μολπῇ
335 φθεγγομένης Σύριγγος ἀμείβετο σύνθροος Ἥχώ.
νυμφιδίης Διόνυσσε μέθης θελξιμβροτε ποιμήν,
ὄλβιος ἔπλεο μοῦνος, ἀναινομένης ὅτι νύμφης
εὔρες ἀοσοσητῆρα γαμοστόλον οἶνον Ἑρώτων.'

τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε δυσίμερος ἀχνύμενος Πάν,
340 ζῆλον ἔχων καὶ ἔρωτα τελεσσιγάμοιο Λυαίου.
καὶ τελέσας φιλότητα καὶ εἰνοδίας πόθον εὐνῆς
ἀφράστῳ Διόνυσος ἀνηώρητο πεδίλῳ.
νύμφη δ' ἐγρομένη ποταμηίδι μέμφετο πηγῇ,
ὑπνῷ χωομένη καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ,
345 ὄμβρῳ δακρυόεντι κατάρρυτος: ἀχνυμένη δὲ
ἔκλυε Νηιάδων γαμῆς ἔτι λείψανα μολπῆς,
καὶ λεχέων κήρυκα ποθοβλήτοιο Λυαίου

ἡμερίδων πετάλοισι κατάσκιον εἶδε χαμεῦνιν
νεβρίσι νυμφιδίῃσι πυκαζομένην Διονύσου,
350 κρυπταδίων λεχέων αὐτάγγελλον· εἶδε καὶ αὐτὴν
μίτρην παρθενίην γαμῖς πλήθουσιν ἐέρσης.
καὶ ῥοδέας ἐχάραξε παρηίδας, ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
μηρούς πληξαμένη κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ·
ὦμοι παρθενίης, τὴν ἥρπασεν Εὖιον ὕδωρ·
355 ‘ὦμοι παρθενίης, τὴν ἥρπασεν ὕπνος Ἐρώτων·
ὦμοι παρθενίης, τὴν ἥρπασε Βάκχος ἀλήτης.
ἐρρέτω Ὑδριάδων δολόεν ποτόν, ἐρρέτω εὐνή.
νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες, τίνα μέμψομαι; ἡμετέρην γὰρ
ὕπνος, Ἔρωσ, δόλος, οἶνος ἐληίσσαντο κορείην.
360 παρθενικὰς ἀπέειπε καὶ Ἄρτεμις· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
τίπτέ μοι οὐ φυγόμενος ὄλον δέμας ἔννεπεν Ἥχῳ·
τίπτέ μοι εἰς ἐμὸν οὖας, ὅσον μὴ Βάκχον ἀκοῦσαι,
οὐ Πίτυς ἐπιθύριζε καὶ οὐκ ἐφθέγγατο Δάφνη·
‘παρθενική, πεφύλαξο πιεῖν ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ’;
365 ἔννεπε, καὶ πολὺδακρυν ἀνέβλυσεν ὄμβρον ὀπωπῆς.
καὶ ποτε μὲν μενέαινε κατ’ αὐχένος ἄορ ἐρεῖσαι,
ἄλλοτε δ’ αὐτοκύλιστος ἀπ’ οὖρεος ἤθελε πίπτειν
ὑστατὴν προκάρηνος ὀλισθήσασα κονίη·
καὶ γαμῖς μενέαινεν ἀιστῶσαι πόμα πηγῆς,
370 εἰ μὴ ἀμειψαμένη προτέρη χύσις ἱκμάδα Βάκχου
λευκὸν ὕδωρ κελάρυζε καὶ οὐκέτι χεῦμα Λυαίου.
καὶ Κρονίδην ἱκέτευε καὶ Ἄρτεμιν, ὄφρα τελέσῃ
αὖλια Νηιάδων κεκοιμένα διψᾶδι χέρσῳ.
πολλάκι δ’ ὄμμα τίτταινε δι’ οὖρεος, εἴ που ἐφεύροι
375 ἱχνιον ἀστήρικτον ἀθηήτου Διονύσου,
ὄφρα βάλῃ τόξοισι γυνὴ θεόν, ὄφρα δαμάσῃ
δαίμονα βοτρυνόντα· καὶ ἤθελε μᾶλλον ἐκείνην
ἀμπελον εὐναίην φλογερῷ πυρὶ πᾶσαν ὀλέσσαι.
πολλάκι δ’ ἀθρήσασα δι’ οὖρεος ἱχνία Βάκχου
380 ἡερίας τόξευεν ὀιστεύουσα θυέλλας·
πολλάκι δ’ ἔγχος ἄειρε, καὶ εἰς σκοπὸν ἀντίον ἔστη.
ὄφρα δέμας πλήξειεν ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου·
ἀλλὰ μάτην προέηκε καὶ οὐκ ἐτύχησε Λυαίου.
καὶ ποταμῷ κεχόλωτο καὶ ὦμοσε, μὴ ποτε πηγῆς
385 χεῖλεσι διψαλέοισι πιεῖν ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ·
ὦμοσε καὶ κατὰ νύκτας ἔχειν ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπὴν,
ὦμοσε μὴ γλυκὺν ὕπνον ἐν οὖρεσιν ἄλλον ἱαίνειν.
καὶ σκύλακας νεμέσησε φυλάκτορας, ὅτι καὶ αὐτοὶ
οὐ τότε θωρήσσοντο γυναιμανέοντι Λυαίῳ.
390 δίζετο δ’ ἀγχιονίοιο μετάρσιον ἄλκαρ ὀλέθρου
θλιβομένη σφιγκτῆρι περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ,

μῶμον ἄλευομένη φιλοκέρτομον ἥλικος ἥβης.
ἀρχαίην δ' ἀέκουσα λίπεν θηροτρόφον ὕλην,
αἰδομένη μετὰ λέκτρα φανήμεναι ἰοχεαίρῃ.
395 καὶ ζαθῆς ῥαθάμιγγι γονῆς πλησθεῖσα Λυαίου
γαστέρι φόρτον ἄειρε· τελειομένης δὲ λοχείης
θῆλυν ἐμαιώσαντο τόκον ζωθαλπέες ὦραι,
καὶ δρόμον ἐννεάκυκλον ἐπτοτώσαντο Σελήνης·
ἐκ δὲ γάμου Βρομίιο θεόσσυτος ἦνθεε κούρη,
400 ἦν Τελετὴν ὀνόμηνεν αἰὲ χαίρουσαν ἑορταῖς.
κούρην νυκτιχόρευτον, ἐφεσπομένην Διονύσῳ,
τερπομένην κροτάλοισι καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγι βοεῖῃ.
καὶ πόλιν εὐλάιγγα φιλακρήτῳ παρὰ λίμνῃ
τεῦξε θεὸς Νίκαιαν, ἐπώνυμον ἦν ἀπὸ νύμφης
405 Ἀστακίης ἐκάλεσσε καὶ Ἴνδοφόνον μετὰ νίκην.

ἑβδομάτῳ δεκάτῳ πρωτάγριον Ἄρεα μέλπω
 καὶ ῥόον οἶνωθέντα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο.
 οὐδὲ φιλακρήτοιο μέθης πεπεδημένον ὕπνῳ
 ζωγρήσας ἀτίνακτον ἀνουτήτων γένος Ἰνδῶν
 ληθαίοις Διόνυσος ἐπέτρεπε δῆριν ἀήταις·
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν Φρύγα θύρσον ἐκούφισεν· ὕψιλόφου γάρ
 5 εἰς ἐνοπὴν καλέοντος ἐπείγετο Δηριαδῆος,
 παιδὸς Ἀμαζονίης δολίην ἄμνηστον ἑάσας
 οἶνοβαρῇ φιλότῃ καὶ ὕπναλέους ὕμεφάιους.
 καὶ θεὸς ἡγεμόνευε, Διὸς κήρυκα γενέθλης
 οὐρανήν ἀκτῖνα φέρων στίλβοντι προσώπῳ·
 10 ἀμφὶ δὲ Λύδιον ἄρμα Γίγαντοφόνου Διονύσου
 θυρσοφόροι στίχες ἦσαν, ἐμιτρώθη δὲ μαχηταῖς
 μεσσοφανῆς ἐκάτερθε, καὶ ἀντήστραπτεν Ὀλύμπῳ·
 κάλλει δ' ἔκρυφε πάντας· ἰδὼν δὲ μιν ἦ τάχα φαίης
 ἤελιον πυρόντα πολυσπερέων μέσον ἄστρον.
 15 καὶ στρατιῆς ἀσιδηρον ἄναξ ὥπλισεν Ἐνυώ,
 οὐ ξίφος, οὐ μελὴν θανατηφόρον, ἀντὶ δὲ χαλκοῦ
 κισσὸν ἔχων ἄρρηκτον ἐὼν δόρυ· καὶ μιν ἐλίσσων
 Ἀσίδος ἐν πολίεσσι, καὶ Ἀσίδος ἐν χθονὶ πῆξας
 ἄγριον ἡνιόχευε Κυβηλίδος ἄρμα θαίνης
 ἡμερίδων τελαμῶνι, κατάσκιον ἥλικι κισσῷ
 20 ἀνθοκόμῳ μάστιγι μετήλυδα δίφρον ἱμάσσων·
 ἠΰνῃ δ' ἐμέθυσε Μαρωνίδι γαῖαν ὀπώρῃ.
 καὶ Βρομίῳ συνάεθλος ὅλος στρατὸς ἔρρεε Βάκχων,
 θάρσος ἔχων προτέροιο μόθου χάριν, ὅππότε δισσῷ
 25 ἡδυμανῆς ἀσιδηρος ὁμόζυγι πῆχεϊ μάρψας
 ἔμφρονα νεκρὸν ἀναυδον, ἐνόπλιον Ἰνδὸν αἰείρων,
 Σειληγὸς βαρύγουνος ἐχάζετο νωθρὸς ὁδίτης·
 ὅππότε κωμάζουσα ποδῶν διδυμάνι ρυθμῷ
 Βακχιάς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπεκροτάλιζε Μιμαλλῶν
 30 Ἰνδὸν ἔτι κνώσσοντα, περισφιγξάσα δὲ δειρὴν
 ληίδα θηρεύουσα μάχης αὐτόσσυτον ἄγρην ...
 ἐκ πόλιος δὲ πόλῃα μετήιεν, ἀγχιπόρου δὲ
 ἤλυθεν εἰς Ἀλύβης πέδον ὄλβιον, ὅππῃ γείτων
 χεύμασιν ἀφνειοῖσι Διιπετὲς οἶδμα κυλίνδων
 35 Γεῦδις ἐχεκτεάνων ὑδάτων λευκαίνεται ὀλκῷ,
 ἀργυρέου δαπέδοιο περιζύων κενεῶνα.
 ἔνθα διαστείχοντα βαθυπλούτῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
 βουκεράοις Σατύροισιν ὁμήλυδα πεζὸν ὁδίτην
 Βάκχον ἀνὴρ ἄγραυλος ἐρημάδι δέκτο καλιῇ,

40 Βρόγγος, ἄδωμήτων ὄρεσιδρομος ἀστὸς ἐναύλων,
γηγενέων ἀχάρακτον ὑπὸ κρηπῖδα θεμέθλων
ναίων οἶκον ἄοικον: ἐυφροσύνης δὲ δοτῆρα
αἰγὸς ἀμελγομένης κεράσας χιονωπὸν ἐέρσην
45 εἶδασιν οὔτιδανοῖσι καὶ ἀγραύλοισι κυπέλλοις,
καὶ μίαν εἰροπόκων οἶω ἀνελύσατο μάνδρης,
ὄφρα κε δαιτρεύσειε θυηπολίην Διονύσω:
ἀλλὰ θεὸς κατέρυκε: γέρων δ' ἐπεπείθετο Βάκχου
νεύμασιν ἀτρέπτοισιν, οἷν δ' ἄψαυστον ἐάσας
50 ποιμενίην τινὰ δαῖτα θελήμονι θῆκε Λυαίῳ,
τεύχων δέλτον ἄδειπνον ἀδαιτρεύτοιο τραπέζης,
οἷα Κλεωναίοιο φατίζεται ἀμφὶ Μολόρκου
κεῖνα, τὰ περ σπεύδοντι λεοντοφόνους ἐς ἀγῶνας
ὦπλισεν Ἡρακλῆϊ: χύδην δ' ἐπέβαλλε τραπέζῃ
55 εἰν ἀλὶ νηχομένης φθινοπωρίδος ἄνθος ἐλαίης
Βρόγγος, ἔχων μίμημα φιλοστόργοιο νομῆος,
πλεκτοῖς ἐν ταλάροις νεοπηγέα τυρὸν αἰείρων,
ἱκμαλέον, τροχόντα: θεὸς δ' ἐγέλασσε δοκεύων
ἀγρονόμων λιτὰ δέλτα, φιλοξείνῳ δὲ νομῆϊ
60 ἵλαον ὄμμα φέρων ὀλίγης ἔψαυσε τραπέζης
δαρδάπτων ἀκόρητος: αἰεὶ δ' ἐμνώετο κεινῆς
εὐλαπίνην ἐλάχειαν ἀναιμάκτοιο τραπέζης
μητρὸς ἧς παρὰ δόρπον, ὄρεσσάυλοιο Κυβήλης.
καὶ κραναοὺς πυλεῶνας ἐθάμβεε κυκλάδος αὐλῆς,
65 πῶς φύσις ἐργοπόνος δόμον ἔγλυφε, πῶς διχα τέχνης
ἀντιτύποις κανόνεσσιν ἐτορνώθησαν ἐρίπται.
ἀλλ' ὅτε Βάκχος ἄναξ νομῆς ἐκορέσσατο φορβῆς,
δὴ τότε δαιμονίῳ δεδονημένος ἄσθματι Βάκχου
ἀγρονόμος σύριζεν ἐθήμονι Πανὸς αἰοιδῇ
70 Βρόγγος, ἐπιθλίβων διδυμόθροον αὐλὸν Ἀθήνης,
ὕμνειων Διόνυσον: ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετο μολπῇ,
καὶ κεράσας κρητῆρι νεόρρυντον ἱκμάδα ληνοῦ:
'δέξο, γέρον, τόδε δῶρον, ὅλης ἄμπαυμα μερίμνης:
75 οὐ χατέεις δὲ γάλακτος ἔχων εὖοδμον ἐέρσην,
νέκταρος οὐρανίου χθόνιον τύπον, οἶον ἀφύσσων
Ζῆνα μέγαν κατ' Ὀλυμπον ἐυφραίνει Γανυμήδης.
ἀρχαίου δὲ γάλακτος ἕα πόθον: ἀρτιτόκων γὰρ
μαζῶν θλιβομένων χιονώδεες ἱκμάδες αἰγῶν
80 ἀνέρας οὐ τέρπουσι καὶ οὐ λύουσι μερίμνας.'
ὥς εἰπὼν νομῆς ξεινήια δῶκε τραπέζης
μητέρα λυσιπόνιοι μέθης εὖβοτρυν ὀπώρην:
καὶ μιν ἄναξ ἐδίδαξε φιλάνθεμον ἔργον ἁλώῃς
κλήματα γυρώσαντα φυτῶν εὐαλδέϊ βόθρῳ,

85 γηραλέου τμήξαντα τεθιλότος ἄκρα κορύμβου,
βότρυος οἴνοτόκοιο νέους ὄρηκας ἀέξιν.
Καλλείφας δὲ νομῆα κ' ἰ ἀγριάδος ῥάχιν ὕλης
εἰς ἑτέρην ἔσπευδεν ὀρειάδα φύλοπιν Ἴνδῶν:
καὶ Σατύρων ὁμόφοιτον ὀρίδρομον ἵχνος ἐπείγων
90 ἀμφιπόλοις παλινόρσος ὁμίλεε θυιάσι Βάκχαις.
διψῶν δὲ φόνοιο καὶ εὐθύρσοιο κυδοιμοῦ,
Τυρσηνῆς βαρύδουπον ἔχων σάλπιγγα θαλάσσης,
πομπὸν Ἐνυαλίοιο μέλος μυκήσατο κόχλῳ,
λαὸν ἀολλίζων: βριαροῦς δ' ἐμέθυσε μαχητάς,
95 θερμότεροις ἔς Ἄρηα νοήμασιν ἀνέρας ἔλκων
Ἴνδῶνς ὀλετῆρας ἀβακχεῦτοιο γενέθλης.
τοὺς μὲν ἀναξ Διόνυσος ἐκόσμεεν εἰς μόθον Ἴνδῶν:
Ἀστράεις δ' ἀκίχητος ἰὼν ἥγγειλεν Ὀρόντη
Ἴνδῶν δοῦλα γένεθλα καὶ ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ:
100 ἄγαμβρὲ δοριθρασέος μενεδήιε Δηριαδῆος,
κλῦθι, καὶ εἰσαΐων μὴ χῶεο: καὶ σε διδάξω
νίκην φαρμακόεσσαν ἀθωρήκτου Διονύσου.
Ἴνδοῖς καὶ Σατύροισιν ἔην μόθος: ἔβρεμε δοχμὴ
Βασσαρίδων, καὶ λαὸς ἐμὸς κεκόρυστο Λυαίῳ
105 ἀστράπτων σακέεσσιν, ἀκοντοφόρους δὲ δοκεύων
Λυδὸς ἀνὴρ πολὺιδρις ἐμοῦς ἔφριξε μαχητάς:
ἴστατο δ' ἀπτολέμων Σατύρων πρόμος, οὐ δόρυ χάρμης
χειρὶ φέρων, οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχων ξίφος, οὐδ' ἐπὶ νευρῇ
εἰς σκοπὸν ἰθυκέλευθον ὑπηνέμιον βέλος ἔλκων:
110 ἀλλὰ κέρας βοδὸς εἶχεν, ἐνὶ γλαφυρῇ δὲ κεραίῃ
φάρμακον ὑγρὸν αἶριε, καὶ ἀργυρέου ποταμοῖο
εἰς προχοᾶς δολόεσσαν ὅλην κατέχευεν ἐέρσην
ἱκμάδι φοινίξας γλυκερὸν ῥόον: ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
καύματι διψῶντες, ὅσοι πῖον αἴθοπες Ἴνδοί,
115 ἔμφρονα λύσσαν ἔχοντες ἀνεκρούσαντο χορείην:
καὶ σφισι λοίγιος ὕπνος ἐπέχραεν, ἀκλινέες δὲ
ἄσχετα βακχευθέντες ἐπενάζοντο βοεΐαις:
ἄλλοι δ' ἀστορέεσσι κατεκλίνοντο χαμεύναις
νωθρὸν ἐπιτρέψαντες ἀκοιμήτῳ δέμας ὕπνω,
120 Βάκχαις ἀδρανέεσσιν ἐλώρια καὶ Διονύσῳ.
τοὺς δὲ δῖχα πτολέμοιο καὶ εὐθήκτοιο σιδήρου
δούλιον εἰς ζυγόδεσμον ἐλήϊσαντο γυναῖκες
βριθομένοις μελέεσσι, καὶ ἀντιβίων ὑπὲρ ὤμων
ὥς νέκυες ζῶντες ἐλαφρίζοντο μαχηταί,
125 οἱ μὲν ἔτι βλύζοντες ἐπὶ κλοπὸν ἱκμάδα Βάκχου
ἀπτολέμοις Σατύροισιν ἐδουλώθησαν ἀνάγκη,
χεύματι φαρμακόνεντι μεμηνότες. ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
μοῦνος ἐγὼ λιπόμεν, φονίης ἔτι νῆις ἐέρση,

χεΐλεσιν ἄβρέκτοισι φυγῶν ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ.
130 ἄλλὰ ποτὸν πεφύλαξο, δορυσσόε, μὴ μετὰ νίκην
κερδαλέην ἀσιδήρον ἀναιμάκτοιο Λυαίου
ζωγρήσῃ δόλος ἄλλος ἐν Ἄρεϊ λείψανον Ἰνδῶν.
ὥς φαμένου βαρύμηνις ἐχώσατο μᾶλλον Ὀρόντης,
καὶ ταχὺς εἰς μόθον ἦλθε παλίνδρομος· ἡμιτελὴς γάρ
135 ἦεν ἄγων, ἐτέρης δὲ θεμεΐλια πηγνυτο χάρμης.
ὄφρα μὲν Ἰνδὸν ὄμιλον ὀρίδρομος ὥπλισεν Ἄρης,
τόφρα δὲ Βασσαρίδις πολυκαμπέος ὑπόθι Ταύρου
εἰς μόθον ἠπείγοντο, συνεστρατόωντο δὲ Βάκχοι
ὀπλοφόροι καὶ Φῆρες ἀτευχέες· οἱ μὲν ἐναυλῶν
140 ῥηξάμενοι κρητῖδας ἐκούφισαν, οἱ δὲ κολώνης
ὑπιτενῇ πρηῶνα· καὶ ἀρχομένοιο κυδοιμοῦ
ἔχραον ἀντιβίοισι· πολυσχιδέες δὲ χαράδραι
Ἰνδῶοις ἐλίκηδὸν οἰστεύοντο καρήνοισ.
καὶ ποσὶ λεπταλέοισιν ἐπισκαίροντες ἐρίπνῃ
145 Πᾶνες ἐθωρήσσαντο μεμηνότες, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
μάρφας εὐπαλάμῳ βεβημένον αὐχένα δεσμῷ
δήιον αἰγείησιν ἀνέσχισεν ἀνέρα χηλαῖς,
σὺν βριαρῷ θώρηκι μέσον κενεῶνα χαράσσων·
ὃς δὲ τανυπτόρθων κεράων εὐκαμπέσιν αἰχμαῖς
150 ὄρθιον ἀρπάξας τετορημένον Ἰνδὸν ἀλήτην
μεσσοπαγῇ κούφισεν, ἐς ἡερίας δὲ κελεύθους
δισσαῖς ὑψιπότητον ἀνηκόντιζε κεραΐαις,
κύμβαχον αὐτοκύλιστον· ἀμαλλοφόροιο δὲ Διοῦς
ἄλλος ἐπὶ παλάμῃ δονέων καλαμητόμον ἄρπην,
155 ὥς στάχυν ὑσμίνης, ὥς δράγματα δηιοτῆτος,
δυσμενέων ἤμησε γονὰς γαμφώνυχι χαλκῷ,
τεύχων κῶμον Ἄρηι, θαλύσια καὶ Διονύσῳ,
τέμνων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα· καὶ ὥρεγε μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ
καμπύλον ἀνδρομέη πεπαλαγμένον ἄορ ἐέρση.
160 λοιβὴν αἱματόεσσαν ἐπισπένδων Διονύσῳ
καὶ Μοίρας ἐμέθυσσεν ἐννάλιον πόμα λείβων·
ἄλλου δ' ἴσταμένου δεδραγμένος αἰγίβοτος Πάν,
χερσὶν ὁμοπλεκέεσσιν ἐπ' αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἐλίξας,
δήιον εὐθώρηκα μετεστυφέλιξε κεραίῃ,
165 δισσοτόμῳ γλωχίνι δαΐζομένου κενεῶνος·
ἄλλος ἐπαΐσσοντα καλαῦροπι φῶτα δαΐζων
μεσσοθέν ὀφρυόεντα διέθλασεν ἄκρα μετώπου.
καὶ θρασὺς Ἰνδῶν στρατιὴν θάρσυνεν Ὀρόντης
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων ὑπήνορι φωνῇ·
170 'δεῦτε, φίλοι, Σατύροισιν ἀναστήσωμεν Ἐννύ·
Ἄρεα μὴ τρομέοιτε φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου·
μηδὲ τις ὑμείων πῆτω ξανθόχροον ὕδωρ,

μὴ γλυκερῆς δολόεντα μεμνηνότα φάρμακα πηγῆς,
 Ἴνδῶν αἰνομόρων δεδαῖγμένα χειρὶ Λυαίου
 175 μὴ μετὰ τόσσα κάρηνα καὶ ἡμέας ὕπνος ὀλέσσει.
 δεῦτε, πάλιν μαχόμεσθα πεποιθότες· ἀπτόλεμος δὲ
 ἀμφαδίην πότε Βάκχος ἐμὴν στήσειεν Ἐνυῶ;
 εἰ δύναται, μενέτω με φυγᾶς πρόμος, ὄφρα δαίη,
 οἴους Δηριάδης προμάχους ἐς Ἄρρα κορύσσει.
 180 μαρνάσθω πετάλοισιν, ἐγὼ δ' αἶθωνι σιδήρῳ.
 χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχοντι τί μοι ῥέξειε κορύμβοις
 Λυδὸς ἀκοντίζων δρυόεν βέλος; ἀλλὰ μαχητὴν
 σφιγγόμενον βαρύδεσμον ἀνάγκιδα τοῦτον ἐρύσσω
 θηλυμανῇ Διόνυσον, ὁπάονα Δηριαδῆος·
 185 οὗτος ὁ θῆλυν ἔχων ἀπαλὸν χροά, πάντας ἐάσας
 Ἴνδους τοσσατίους ἐνὶ μάρναο μοῦνον Ὀρόντη.
 ἦδ' οὖς ὁ δινεύων κεχαλασμένα βόστρυχα χαίτης,
 ἦδ' οὖς ὁ Βασσαρίδων ἐρόεις πρόμος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐταὶ
 κάλλει τοξεύουσι καὶ οὐ βελέεσσι γυναιῖκες.
 190 σὰς προπόλους Ἴνδοῖσι γυναιμανέεσσι συνάψω
 ἐλκομένας ἐπὶ λέκτρα δορικτῆτων ὕμεναιων.
 ὣς εἰπὼν προμάχοισιν ἐπέδραμε θερμὸς Ὀρόντης,
 Ἄρεος ἀμῶων διφυῆς θέρος· οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
 τοσσατίου προμάχοιο μένειν ἀντίξοον ὁρμήν,
 195 οὐ θρασὺς Εὐρυμέδων πυρόεις, οὐ σύγγονος Ἄλκων·
 φεῦγε γὰρ Ἀστράϊος, Σατύρων πρόμος, οὐδέ τις αὐτῶν
 Σειληνῶν παρέμιμνεν. ἀελλήεντι δὲ ταρσῶ
 γαμβρὸς ἐριπτοίητος ἐμαίνεται Δηριαδῆος
 ἀντία Κενταύρων ἀνεμῶδεα λαῶν αἰείρων,
 200 καὶ τύχεν Ὑλαίοιο· δασυστέρνου δὲ νομῆος
 ἔθλασεν ἄκρα μέτωπα βαλὼν μυλοειδέϊ πέτρῳ,
 καὶ σκέπας ἐστυφέλιξε χαραδρήεντι βελέμνῳ,
 ψευδαλέου μίμημα τετυγμένον ἠθάδι γύψῳ,
 ἀντίτυπον πῆληκος ἀληθέος ἔρκος ὀπωπῆς·
 205 καὶ τὸ μὲν ἐν χθονὶ πῖπτε πολυσχιδές, αἶθωπι τέφρῃ
 εἵκελον, ἀργυφέῃ δὲ πέλεν κόνις· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμνων
 ἔγχει πετρήεντι πέδον πῆχυνεν ἀγοστῶ.
 Κενταύρου δ' ἑτέροιο δι' εὐκεράοιο καρήνου
 ἀμφιτόμῳ βουπλῆγι τυχὼν λασίοιο μετώπου
 210 ταυρεῖην ἐπὶκυρτον ἀπηλοίησε κεραίην·
 καὶ πολὺς εἰς χθόνα πῖπτεν, ἐπισκαίρων δὲ καρήνῳ
 ἡμιθανῆς κεκύλιστο, καὶ οὕασι τύπτε κονίην·
 καὶ δέμας ὀρθώσας πυμάτῳ βακχεύετο ταρσῶ,
 εἰλιπόδην ἀγέλαστον ἔχων ὀρχηθμὸν ὀλέθρου·
 215 καὶ κτύπον ἐσμαράγησε πέλωρ, ἅτε ταῦρος ἰάλλων
 τρηχαλέον μῦκημα σεσηρότος ἀνθρεωῶνος, κρᾶτα τυπείς.

Ἐλίκην δὲ βαλὼν ἄστοργος Ἑρεμβεύς
στήθει χαλκὸν ἔλασσε, καὶ ἄργυρον ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
αἷματι φοινίσσοντι κατέγραφε κυανὴ χεὶρ·
220 τὴν δὲ κονιομένην ἑτέρῃ ξύνωσαν ἀνὴρ
πέπλον ἀναστείλαντες ἀκοντιστῆρες αἵηται·
καὶ χροὸς ἔβλυε λύθρον ἐπήρατον· αἰδομένη δὲ
δεξιτερῇ συνάγειρεν ἐδὸν φεύγοντα χιτῶνα,
γυμνὰ φυλασσομένη χιονώδεος ὄργια μηροῦ.
225 καὶ θεὸς ἀθρήσας δηῖων ἑτεραλκέα νίκην
καὶ Σατύρους πτώσσοντας ἐπεσμαράγησε κυδοιμῷ,
ὥς στρατὸς ἐννεάχιλος ἐριγδούπων ἀπὸ λαიმῶν
συμπερτοῖς στομάτεσσι χέων ἀντίκτυπον ἡχώ.
καὶ Βρομίῳ ταχύγουνος ἐμάρνατο μοῦνος Ὀρόντης,
230 θνητὸς ἑὼν, βροτέῃ δὲ θεὸν προκαλιζέτο φωνῇ.
ἄμφω δ' εἰς μόθον ἦλθον ὁμήλυδες, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ἔγχος ἔχων, ὁ δὲ θύρσον ἀκαχμένον. ἄκρα δὲ Βάκχου
κρατὸς ἀνουτήτοιο βαλὼν ὑπέροπλος Ὀρόντης
θηγαλέην Βρομίοιο μάτην ἤρασσε κεραίην·
235 οὐ γὰρ ἄναξ Διόνυσος ἀδηλήτοιο καρήνου
ταυροφυῇ τύπον εἶχε Σεληναίοιο μετώπου
τεμνόμενον βουπλῆγος ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ,
ὥς κερόεις Ἀχελῷος αἰείδεται, οὐ ποτε κόψας
Ἡρακλῆς κέρας εἶλε γαμοστόλος· ἀλλὰ Λυαῖος
240 οὐράνιον μίμημα βοώπιδος εἶχε Σελήνης,
δαιμονίης ἄρρηκτον ἔχων βλάστημα κεραίης,
ἀντιβίοις ἀτίνακτον· ὁ δὲ θρασὺς ἀντία Βάκχου
ἡερὶ βαρύδουπος ὁμοῖος Ἴνδός ἀέλλη
δεύτερον ἠκόντιζεν, ἀνεγνάμφθη δὲ οἱ αἰχμῇ
245 νεβρίδος ἀψαμένη μολίβου τύπον. ἀντιτύπου δὲ
πέμπων οἶνοπα θύρσον ἐπὶ πλατὺν ὦμον Ὀρόντου
Βάκχος ἐκὼν ἀφάμαρτεν· ἐπεγγελῶν δὲ Λυαίου
ἔγχει κισσῆεντι θεημάχος εἶπεν Ὀρόντης·
‘οὗτος ὁ θῆλυν ὁμίλον ἐμαῖς στρατιῇσι κορύσσων,
250 εἰ δύνασαι, πολέμιζε γυναικείῳ σέο θύρσῳ,
εἰ δύνασαι, προμάχιζε· καί, εἰ μερόπων φρένα τέρπεις
πανδαμάτωρ, ἓνα μοῦνον ἀθελγέα θέλξον Ὀρόντην.
ἴστασο δηριῶν, καὶ γνώσεται, οἷον ἀέξει
ὄρχαμον ἀλκήεντα γέρων ἐμὸς Ἴνδός Ὑδάσπη.
255 οὐ Φρυγίης γενόμην, ὅθεν ἄρσενές εἰσι γυναῖκες,
ἄσπορον ἀμήσαντες ἀνυμφεύτου στάχυν ἥβης·
οὐ θεράπων ἀσιδηρὸς ἀνάγκιδός εἰμι Λυαίου.
φάρμακα σοὺς προμάχους οὐ ῥύσεται· ὑμετέρας δὲ
θυιάδας ἀμφιτόλους λήισσομαι, ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
260 Σειληνοὺς θεράποντας ἐμῷ βασιλῇ κομίσω,

σοὺς Σατύρους πτώσσοντας ἐμῷ δορὶ πάντας ὀλέσσω.⁷
 εἶπεν ὁμοκλήσας στρατιῆς πρόμος· εἰσαΐων δὲ
 Βάκχος ἄναξ κεχόλωτο, καὶ ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ
 τύψε κατὰ στέρνου πεφιδημένος· οὐτιδανῷ δὲ
 265 ἄνθεϊ βοτρυνόεντι τυπεῖς ἐσχίζετο θώρηξ·
 οὐδὲ καλυπτομένου χροὸς ἤψατο Βακχιδᾶς αἰχμή,
 οὐ δέμας ἄκρον ἄμυξε· σιδηρείου δὲ χιτῶνος
 ῥηγνυμένου βαρύδουπος ἐχάζετο γυμνὸς Ὀρόντης·
 ἥῳην δ' ἐπὶ πέζαν ἐὰς ἐτίταινεν ὀπωπὰς
 270 ἀντιπόρῳ Φαέθοντι καὶ ὕστατιν φάτο φωνήν·
 'ἥέλιε, φλογεροῖο δι' ἄρματος αἰθέρα τέμτων.
 γείτονα Καυκασίην ὑπὲρ αὖλακα φέγγος ἰάλλων
 στήσον ἐμοὶ σέο δίφρα, καὶ ἔννεπε Δηριαδῆι
 Ἴνδῶν δοῦλα γενεθλα καὶ αὐτοδαίκτον Ὀρόντην
 275 καὶ θύρσους ὀλίγους ῥηξήνορας, εἰπέ καὶ αὐτοῦ
 νίκην φαρμακόεσσαν ἀπειρομόθου Διονύσου.
 καὶ ῥόον οἶνωθέντα νοοσφαλέος ποταμοῖο·
 εἰπέ δὲ, πῶς ἀκάμαντα σιδηροφόρων στρατὸν Ἴνδῶν
 λεπταλέοις πετάλοισι διασχίζουσι γυναῖκες.
 280 εἰ δὲ τεῆς Κλυμένης μιμνήσκεαι εἰσέτι λέκτρων,
 ῥύεο Δηριαδῆα, τεῆς βλάστημα γενέθλης,
 Ἀστρίδος αἶμα φέροντα φατιζομένης σέο κούρης.
 οὐ πιθόμην Βρομίῳ θηλύφρονι· μάρτυρας ἔλκω
 ἥελιον καὶ γαῖαν ἀτέρμονα καὶ θεὸν Ἴνδῶν,
 285 ἀγνὸν ὕδωρ. σὺ δὲ χαῖρε, καὶ Ἰλαος ἔσσο κυδοιμῷ
 Ἴνδῶν μαρναμένων, καὶ ὀλωλότα θάψον Ὀρόντην.'
 ὥς εἰπὼν ξίφος εἴλκε, μέση δ' ἐνὶ γαστέρι πῆξας
 αὐτοφόνῳ βαρύποτμος ἐπεσκίρτησε σιδήρῳ·
 καὶ ποταμῷ κεκύλιστο καὶ οὖνομα δῶκεν Ὀρόντη.
 290 καὶ οἱ, ἔτι πνείοντα καὶ ἀσπείροντα δοκεύων,
 Βάκχος ἄναξ ἀγόρευε χέων φιλοκέρτομον ἥχῳ·
 'κεῖσο, νέκυς, ξείνοισιν ἐν ὕδασιν· ὑμέτερον δὲ
 Δηριάδην θνήσκοντα πατήρ κρύψειεν Ὑδάσπη.
 ὑμέας ἀμφοτέρους ἐκυρὸν καὶ γαμβρὸν ὀλέσσω,
 295 ἀντὶ δορὸς φονίοιο καὶ εὐθήκτοιο μαχαίρης
 σείων Εὐΐα θύρσα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ἄκωκῆν.
 ἀλλὰ δαφοινήεντι κατακτείνων σε σιδήρῳ
 οὐ πίεις ἀβρὰ ῥέεθρα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο·
 καὶ ποταμός σε κάλυψε, καὶ ἤμβροτες ἠδέος οἶνου.
 300 ἦν ἐθέλης, πίε μοῦνος ὅλον ῥόον· ἀλλὰ ῥεέθρων
 οὐ χατέεις ποταμοῖο πίων Ἀχεροῦσιον ὕδωρ
 λοιγίον· ἀνδροφόνῳ δὲ ῥόῳ καὶ χεῦματι πικρῷ
 γαστέρα κυμαίνουσαν ἔχων ἐγκύμονα Μοίρης
 γεῦεο Κωκυτοῖο, καὶ ἦν ἐθέλης, πίε Λήθην,

305 Ἄρεος ὄφρα λάθοιο καὶ αἰμαλέοιο σιδήρου.
 ἔννεπε κερτομέων διερὸν νέκυν. οἰδαλέος δὲ
 κύμασιν ἄσταθέεσσιν ἐσύρετο νεκρὸς Ὀρόντης·
 καὶ ψυχροῖς μελέεσσι διαπλῶνonta ῥέεθρῳ
 ἄπνοον ἠρεύγοντο νέκυν ποταμηίδες ὄχθαι.
 310 τὸν μὲν ἐταρχύσαντο καὶ ἔστενον αἴλινα Νύμφαι,
 νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες, χρυσέης παρὰ πυθμένα δάφνης
 ἀμφὶ ῥοὰς ποταμοῖο, καὶ ἔγραφον ὑπόθι δέδρου·
 ‘Βάκχον ἀτιμήσας στρατιῆς πρόμος ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
 αὐτοφόνῳ παλάμῃ δεδαῖγμένος Ἴνδὸς Ὀρόντης.’
 315 οὐδὲ μόθου τέλος ἦεν ἀτερπέος· ἡμιτελῆς γὰρ
 ἦεν ἀγών καὶ δῆρις ἀνήνυτος· ὑψιφανῆς δὲ
 Ἴνδὸς Ἄρης ἀλάλαζε· παλιννόστω δὲ κυδοιμῷ
 Λυδὸν ἐρευγομένη μανιώδεος ὄγκον ἀτελῆς
 Βακχιάς εἰς μόθον ἄλλον ἐκώμασε θυιάς Ἐνυῶ,
 320 δῆιον ἀνδροφόνοισιν ἀκοντίζουσα κορύμβοις,
 Αρεΐ βακχευθεῖσα· φιλοπτόρθου δὲ Λυαίου
 δυσμενέες δρυόεντι κατεκτείνοντο σιδήρῳ
 φοῖνιον ἔλκος ἔχοντες· ἀθωρήκτοιο δὲ Βάκκης
 ἔγχρῃ βοτρυνόεντι δαΐζομένοιο σιδήρου
 325 Ἴνδοὶ χαλκοχίτωνες ἐθάμβεον ὅξει κισσῷ
 στήθεα γυμνωθέντα νεούτατα· ῥήιτεροι γὰρ
 ἄσκεπέων θώρηκος ὀιστεύοντο φορῆς.
 ἄλλων δ’ ἄλλος ἔην φόνος ἄσπετος, ὣν ὑπὸ λύθρῳ
 σχιζόμενοι πετάλοισιν ἐφοινίσσοντο χιτῶνες
 330 μαρναμένων, ὅθι Ταῦρος· ἐκυκλώσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
 ἀκλινέες στεφανηδὸν ὁμοζυγέων στίχας Ἴνδῶν.
 καὶ θρασὺς αὐλὸς ἔμελπε φόνου μέλος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμῷ
 βάκχοι μὲν θεράποντες ἀπειρομόθου Διονύσου
 τυπτόμενοι πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀμφιτόμοισι μαχαίραις
 335 πάντες ἔσαν πυργηδὸν ἀπήμονες· ἀβροκόμοι δὲ
 δυσμενέες λεπτοῖσι κατεκτείνοντο πετήλοις·
 ἐξεῖς δ’ ἐπέπηκτο τανυπτόρθοις ἐνὶ δένδροις
 Ἴνδῶν πυκνὰ βέλεμνα, καὶ ἔγχρῃ νύσσετο πεύκῃ
 τηλεπόρῳ, βέβλητο πίτυς, τοξεύετο δάφνη,
 340 Φοίβου δένδρον ἐοῦσα, καὶ αἰδομένοις ἐνὶ φύλλοις
 πεμπομένων ἐκάλυπτε τανυπτερύγων νέφος ἰῶν,
 μὴ μιν ἴδῃ βελέεσσιν ὀιστευθεῖσαν Ἀπόλλων.
 καὶ γυμνῇ παλάμῃ σακέων διχα, νόσφι σιδήρου,
 Βάκχῃ ῥόπτρα τίνασσε, καὶ ἥριπεν ἀσπιδιώτης·
 345 τύμπανα δ’ ἐσμαράγησε, καὶ ὠρχήσαντο μαχηταί·
 κύμβαλα δ’ ἐκροτάλιζε, καὶ αὐχένα κύψε Λυαίῳ
 Ἴνδὸς ἀνὴρ ἰκέτης. ὀλίγῳ δ’ ἐνὶ δέρματι νεβρῶν
 ἄρραγέες γλωχῖνες ἐδοχμώθησαν ἀκόντων·

χαλκοβαρής δ' ἄγναμπος ἐτέμενετο φυλλάδι πήληξ.

350 καὶ τις Ἀρειμανέων Σατύρων πρόμος ἀνέρα Βάλλων

εὔια ῥῖπτε πέτηλα, νεουτήτου δὲ φορῆος

χάλκεος ἀμπελόεντι χιτῶν ἐσχίζετο κισσῷ.

ἄθρήσας δὲ τάλαντα μάχης ἑτεραλκεί ριπῇ

νίκην Ἴνδοφόνιο προθεσπίζοντα Λυαίου

355 Ἀστράεις ἀκίχητος ἐχάζετο, πότμον ἀλύξας,

ἐγχείην τανύφυλλον ὑποπτήσων Διονύσου.

τόφρα δ' Ἀρισταῖος φυσίζοα φάρμακα πάσσων

Βασσαριδων ὅλον ἔλκος ἀκέσσατο Φοιβάδι τέχνῃ.

τῆς μὲν ἐπὶ πληγῆσι βαλὼν Κενταυρίδα ποιῆν.

360 τῆς δὲ βαρυνομένης φονίην ἐκάθηρεν ἐέρσην

αἶμα περιθλίβων· κινυρὴν δ' ἰήσατο Βάκχην

συντρίψας βοτάνας πολυειδέας ἔλκεσι κούρης,

ἢ ποδὸς ἢ παλάμης ἢ στήθεος ἢ κενεῶνος.

ἄλλου δὲ προμάχου φονίῳ βληθέντος οἰστῷ

365 εἶλκε θοὴν γλωχίνα, καὶ ἔλκεα χειρὶ πέζων

αἵμαλέην κατὰ βαιὸν ἀνηκόντιζεν ἐέρσην·

ἄλλω χεῖρα πέλασσε, καὶ ἔλκεος ἄκρα χαράξας

ἰῷ φαρμακόμεντι σεσηπότα τάμνε μαχαίρῃ,

ἄκροτάτῃ παλάμῃ πεφιδημένα δάκτυλα βάλλων·

370 καὶ χλοερῷ συνέμιξε βιαρκέος ἄνθεϊ γαίης

δαιδαλέας ὠδίνας ἀλεξικάκοιο μελίσσης,

χειρὶ περιρραίνων ὀδυνήφατον ἱκμάδα βάκχου·

ἄλλους δ' οὐταμένους ἰήσατο φοιβάδι φωνῇ,

φρικτὸν ὑποτρύζων πολυώνυμον ὕμνον ᾠοιδῆς,

πατρῴης νοέων ζωαρκέος ὄργια τέχνης.

375 ὥς ὁ μὲν αἰόλον ἔλκος ἀκέσσατο. μαρναμένων δὲ

ἤδη βαρβαρόφωνος ἐπαύσατο θῆλυς Ἐνυώ.

καὶ πολέας ζώγρησαν ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο μαχητὰς

Βασσαρίδες· πολλοὶ δὲ λελοιπότες οὖρεα ταύρου

380 δυσμενέες νόστησαν ἐς Ἴνδῶης κλίμα γαίης

ἐλπίσιν ἀπρήκτοισιν ἐς οἰκία Δηριαδῆος,

ἀμφιλαφεῖς ἐλατῆρες ἀμετροβίων ἐλεφάντων.

καὶ Σατύρους μετὰ δῆριν ἐποίνιον εἰς χορὸν ἔλκων

Πᾶν νόμιος κελάδησε, χέων ἐπνίκιον ἠχώ.

385 καὶ Βλέμυς οὐλοκάρηνος, Ἐρυθραίων πρόμος Ἴνδῶν,

ἱκεσίης κούφιζεν ἀναιμόνα θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,

Ἴνδοφόνῳ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνων Διονύσῳ.

καὶ θεός, ἄθρήσας κυρτούμενον ἀνέρα γαίῃ,

χειρὶ λαβὼν ὠρθωσε, πολυγλώσσῳ δ' ἅμα λαῷ

390 κυανέων πόμπευεν ἐρύκων τηλόθεν Ἴνδῶν,

κοιρανίην στυγέοντα καὶ ἦθεα Δηριαδῆος,

Ἀρραβίης ἐπὶ πέζαν, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι πόντῳ

ὄλβιον οὕδας ἔναιε καὶ οὕνομα δῶκε πολίταις:
καὶ Βλέμυς ὥκῦς ἴκανεν ἔς ἑπταπόρου στόμα Νείλου,
³⁹⁵ ἔσσόμενος σκηπτοῦχος ὁμόχροος Αἰθιοπῆων:
καὶ μιν ἀειθερέος Μερόης ὑπεδέξατο πυθμὴν,
ὀφιγόνοις Βλεμύεσσι προώνυμον ἡγεμονῆα.

ὀκτωκαιδεκάτῳ Στάφυλος καὶ Βότρυς ἰκάνει,
 εἰς θαλίην καλέοντες ὀρίδρομον υἷα Θυώνης.
 ἤδη δὲ πτερόεσσα πολύστομος ἵπτατο Φῆμη
 Ἀσσυρίης στίχα πᾶσαν ὑποτροχώσα πολλήων,
 οὔνομα κηρύσσουσα κορυμβοφόρου Διονύσου,
 καὶ θρασὺν Ἴνδὸν Ἄρηα καὶ ἀγλαόβοτρυν ὀπώρην.
 5 καὶ Στάφυλος Σατύρων στρατιὴν ἀσίδηρον ἀκούων
 ὄργιά τ' ἀμπελόεντα καὶ Εὐία θύσθλα Λυαίου
 Βάκχον ἰδεῖν μενέαινε· καὶ υἷα Βότρυν ἐπείγων
 κοίρανος Ἀσσυρίων ἀνεμώκεος ὑψόθι δίφρου
 ἦντετο βοτρυόεντι παρερχομένῳ Διονύσῳ.
 10 τὸν μὲν ἰδὼν ἐπιόντα καὶ ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπήνην
 πορδαλίων τε λέπαδνα καὶ ἡνία φαιδρὰ λεόντων
 βότρυς ἀκερσικόμης ἀνεσείρασεν ἄρμα τοκῆος·
 καὶ Στάφυλος σκηπτοῦχος ἐοῦ κατεπήλατο δίφρου
 πορδαλίων στατὸν ἵχνος ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου·
 15 καὶ ποδὸς ὀκλάζοντος ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἵχνος ἐρείδων,
 θαλλὸν ἐλαιήεντα θεουδέϊ χειρὶ τιταίνων ...
 καὶ φιλίῳ Διόνυσον ἄναξ μειλιξατο μῦθος·
 'πρὸς Διὸς ἱκεσίοιο, τεοῦ, Διόνυσε, τοκῆος,
 πρὸς Σεμέλης θεόπαιδος, ἐμὸν μὴ παῖδα παρέλθης.
 20 ἔκλυον, ὥς ὑπέδεκτο τεδὸν γενετῆρα Λυκάων,
 αὐτὸν ὁμοῦ μακάρεσσι, καὶ υἷα χειρὶ δαΐξας
 Νύκτιμον ἀγνώσσουντι τεῶ παρεβάλλε τοκῆι,
 καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης,
 Ἀρκαδίας παρὰ πέζαν· ὑπὲρ Σιπύλου δὲ καρήνων
 25 Τάνταλος, ὥς ἐνέπουσι, τεδὸν ξείνισε τοκῆα,
 δαιτρεύσας δ' ἐδὸν υἷα θεοῖς παρέθηκεν ἐδωδῆν·
 καὶ Πέλοπος πλατὺν ὦμον, ὅσον θοινήσατο Δηῶ,
 μορφώσας ἐλέφαντι, νόθῳ τεχνήμονι κόσμῳ,
 υἷα δαιτρευθέντα πάλιν ζώγρησε Κρονίων,
 30 ἔμπαλιν ἀλλήλοις μεμερισμένα γυῖα συνάπτων.
 ἀλλὰ τί σοι, Διόνυσε, Λυκάονα παιδοφονῆα
 ξεινοδόκον μακάρων, καὶ Τάνταλον ἡεροφοίτην
 νεκταρέων ὀνόμηνα δολόφρονα φῶρα κυπέλλων,
 δῆιον ἀμβροσίης καὶ νέκταρος ἄνδρα πιφαύσκων;
 35 Ζῆνα καὶ Ἀπόλλωνα μιῇ ξείνισε Μακελλῶ ...
 καὶ Φλεγύας ὅτε πάντας ἀνερρίζωσε θαλάσση
 νῆσον ὅλην τριόδοντι διαρρήξας ἐνοσίχθων,
 ἀμφοτέρας ἐφύλαξε καὶ οὐ πρήνιξε τριαίνῃ.
 καὶ σύ, φέρων μίμημα τεοῦ ξενίοιο τοκῆος,

40 εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν ἔμῳ ἐπίβηθι μελάθρων:
δὸς χάριν ἄμφοτέροις, καὶ Βότρυϊ καὶ γενετῆρι.
ὥς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν: ἔῳ δ' ἐποχήσατο δίφρῳ.
ὀλβίζων ἐδὼν οἶκον, ἐφεσπομένου Διονύσου:
καὶ θρασὺς ἱππεῖν ἀνεκούφισε Βότρυς ἱμάσθλην,
45 ταυρεῖν δ' ἐλικηδὼν ἐρημάδα πέζαν ὀδεῦν
ἦλασε πάτριον ἄρμα, καὶ ἡγεμόνευε Λυαίῳ
Ἀσσυρίην ἐπὶ γαῖαν: ἐπαυχενίοις δὲ λεπάδνοις
χρύσεια Μυγδονίοιο δεδεγμένος ἦν ἰα διφρου
ἦν ἰόχος Βρομίοιο Μάρων, ἀκόρητος ἱμάσθλης
50 θηρονόμου μάλιστα ἀφειδέα ῥοῖζον ἰάλλων,
πορδαλίων ἦλανεν ἀελλήεσσαν ἀπήνην:
καὶ Σάτυροι προθέοντες ἀνεκρούσαντο χορεῖν,
ἀμφιπερισκαίροντες ὀρίδρομον ἄρμα Λυαίου:
πολλὴ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φιλάνθεμος ἔτρεχε Βάκχη
55 δύσβατον οἶμον ἔχουσα βατῶ ποδὶ, καὶ πτύχα πέτρης
στενὴν κλιμακόεσσαν ἐμέτρεεν ὠκέϊ ταρσῶ,
καὶ παλάμῃ κροτάλιζε καὶ εὐρύθυμοισι πεδίλοις,
μόχθον ὑποκλέπτουσα βαθυκρήμνοιο κελεύθου,
οἰστρομανῆς: καὶ Πᾶνες ἐθήμονος ὑπόθι πέτρης
60 ποσσὶν ἐυκνήμισιν ἐπωρχήσατο κονίῃ,
ἄστιβέος πρηῶνα διαστείχοντες ἐρίπνης.
ἀλλ' ὅτε νισσομένοισι φάνη βασιλῆος αὐλῇ
τηλεφανῆς στίλβουσα λίθων ἑτερόχροϊ κόσμῳ,
εὐχαίτης τότε Βότρυς ὅχον πατρώον ἔασας
65 εἰς δόμον ὠκυπέδιλος ἔβη, προκέλευθος ὁδίτης,
ἐντύνων ἅμα πάντα, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
ὥπλισε πιαλῆς ἑτερότροπα δεῖπνα τραπέζης.
ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βότρυς ἐκόσμεε δαῖτα Λυαίῳ,
τόφρα δὲ ποικιλόδωρος ἄναξ ἐπεδείκνυε Βάκχῳ
70 κάλλεα τεχνήεντα λιθοστρώτοιο μελάθρου,
τῶν ἅπο μαρμαρέῃ πολυδαίδαλος ἔρρεεν αἶγλην,
σύγχροος ἡελίοιο καὶ ἀντιτύποιο σελήνης:
τοῖχοι δ' ἀργυρέοισιν ἐλευκαίνοντο μετάλλοις,
καὶ μερόπων σπινθῆρας ἐπαστράπτουσα προσώπῳ
75 λύχνις ἔην, λύχνοιο φερώνυμος: εἶχε καὶ αὐτὴν
οἶκος ἐρευθιόωντι κεκασμένος αἶθοπι πέτρῳ
οἶνωπὴν ἀμέθυστον ἐρειδομένην ὑακίνθῳ:
αὐγὴν δ' αἰθαλόεσσαν ἀπέπτυνεν ὠχρὸς ἀχάτης,
καὶ φολίδων στικτοῖσι τύποις ἀμάρυσσεν ὀφίτης:
80 Ἀσσυρίῃ δὲ μάραγδος ἀνήρυγεν ἔγχλοον αἶγλην.
κιονέῃ δὲ φάλαγγι περιστρωθέντα μελάθρων
χρύσεια δουρατέης ἐρυθαίνετο νῶτα καλύπτρης
ἀφνειοῖς ὀρόφοισι: πολυσχιδέων δὲ μετάλλων

φαιδρὸν ἔνψῃφιδι πέδον ποικίλλετο τέχνῃ·
85 καὶ πυλεῶν περίμετρος ἔνυγλύπτῳ τινὶ δοῦρῳ
λεπτοφυῇ τύπον εἶχε νεοπρίστων ἑλεφάντων.
τοῖα γέρων σκηπτοῦχος ἐδείκνυε μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ·
καὶ μόγις ἶχνος ἔκαμψεν ἔσω θεοδέγμονος αὐλῆς
χειρὸς ἔχων Διόνυσον· ὁ δὲ βραδυπειθεὶ ταρσῶ
90 πλαζομένην ἑλικηδὸν ἔην ἐτίταινεν ὀπωπῇ·
καὶ θεὸς ἀστερόεσσαν ἐθάμβεεν ἥνοπι κόσμῳ
ξεινοδόκου βασιλῆος ἰδὼν χρυσήλατον αὐλήν.
ἀμφιπόλους δ' οἷστροσεν ἀναξ καὶ δμῶας ἐπειγῶν,
ταύρων ζατρεφῶν ἀγέλην καὶ πῶεα μῆλων
95 δαιτρεῦειν Σατύροισι βοοκράιρου Διονύσου.
καὶ Σταφύλου σπεύδοντος ἔην ταχυεργὸς ἀπειλὴ
δμῶσιν ἀμοιβαίοισιν· ἐπερρώοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
εἰλαπίνης δρηστῆρες· ἐδαιτρεῦοντο δὲ ταῦροι
καὶ νομάδων οἴων λιπαραὶ στίχες. ἦν δὲ χορεῖη·
100 καὶ δόμον εὐφόρμιγγα θυώδεες ἔπνεον αὔραι,
εὐδόμου δὲ πόλῃος ἀνεκνίσσῳσαν ἀγνιάς·
ἀμφιλαφεῖς δ' ἐμέθυσσαν ὅλον δόμον ἱκμάδες οἶνου.
κύμβαλα δ' ἐπλάτῃσεν, παρ' εὐκελάδῳ δὲ τραπέζῃ
Πανιάδες σύριγγες ἐβόμβεον, ἔβρεμον αὐλοὶ
105 συμπλεκέες, καὶ κύκλος ἐριγδούποιο βοεῖης
διχθαδίοις πατάγοισιν ἐπесμαράγησε μελάθρῳ,
καὶ κτύπος ἦν κροτάλων ἐπιδόρπιος. ἐν δ' ἅπα μέσσω
οἶνοβαρῆς τρομεροῖο φέρων ποδὸς ἄστατον ὄρμῃν
ἦιεν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα Μάρων, δεδονημένος οἷστρον,
110 ὄρθιον ἐκ δαπέδοιο παλίσσυντον ἶχνος ἐλίσσων,
χεῖρας ἐὰς διδύμων Σατύρων ὑπὲρ ὤμων ἐρείσας
μεσσοφανῆς· ἐτέρου δὲ ποδὸς κουφίζετο παλμῶ
ἄλλοτρίῳ, ξανθωπὸν ἔχων χροά, μεσσόθι, πέμπων
πορφυρέας ἀκτῖνας ὅλῳ στίλβοντι προσώπῳ,
115 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα Σεληναίῃσι κεραΐαις,
λαίῃ μὲν νεόδαρτον ἐθήμονος ἔγκυνον οἶνου
αὐχενίῳ ζωστήρι περίπλοκον ἀσκὸν αἰείρων,
δεξιτερῇ δὲ κύπελλον· ἐκυκλώσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
γῆραλέον σκαίροντα ποδῶν ἑτεραλκεὶ ταρσῶ,
120 οἷα πεσεῖν μέλλοντα τινασσομένοιο καρήνου,
οὐ ποτε πεπτηῶτα. μεθυσφαλέες δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἀμφίπολοι καὶ δμῶες ἐβακχεύοντο χορεῖῃ,
γευσάμενοι πρῶτιστον ἀήθεος ἡδέος οἶνου.
καὶ Σταφύλου βασιλῆος ἀριστῶδινα γυναῖκα
125 Βακχιάς ἀμπελόεσσα Μέθην ἐμέθυσεν ἐέρση·
ἡ δὲ καρῃβαρέουσα πεῖν πάλιν ἦτε Βάκχας,
οἶνοδόκον κρητῆρα περισκαίρουσα Λυαίου·

καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐλέλιζε μετῆλυδα δίζυγι παλμῷ,
ὦμῳ ἐπικλίνουσα κόμην ἑτεραλκέϊ ῥιπῇ
130 ἄστατος, ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλίντροπος· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
πυκνὰ πεσεῖν μέλλουσαν ὀλισθηροῖσι πεδίλοις
θυιάδα χερσὶ λαβοῦσα Μέθην ὠρθώσατο Βάκχη.
καὶ Στάφυλος μεμέθυστο· φιλακρήτῳ δὲ κυτέλλῳ
βότρυος οἴνωθέντος ἐφοινίσσοντο παρειαί·
135 καὶ πάις ἀρτιγένειος ἄμα Σταφύλῳ γενετῆρι
ἀπλεκέας πλοκαμῖδας ἀήθεϊ δῆσατο κισσῷ
μιτρώσας στεφανηδόν· ἐπ' ἴχνεσι δ' ἴχνος ἀμείβων
ποσσὶν ὁμοζήλοισιν ἔλιξ ὠρχήσατο Βότρυς,
δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο μετῆλυδα ταρσὸν ἐλίσσων·
140 καὶ Στάφυλος σκίρτησε ποδῶν βητάρμονι παλμῷ,
καμπύλον ἴχνος ἄγων τροχαλῷ κυκλούμενον ὀλκῷ,
βότρυος ὀρχηστῆρος ἐπ' αὐχένι πῆχυν ἐρείσας·
καὶ ποτὸν εὐφήμησε χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου
ἄστατος, ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα καθεϊμένα βόστρυχα σειῶν
145 ὦμῳ ἐπαΐσσοντα· μέθη δ' ἐχόρευε καὶ αὐτή.
πῆχυν ἐπικλίνουσα καὶ υἱεὶ καὶ παρακοίτῃ.
μεσσατίῃ Σταφύλου καὶ Βότρυος· ἥ δὲ νοῆσαι
τερπωλὴν τριέλικτον ὁμοπλέκτοιο χορείης.
καὶ Πίθος ὠμογέρων, πολιὴν ἀνέμοισι τινάσσων,
150 χεύματος ἡδυπότοιο βεβυσμένος ἄχρις ὁδόντων
οἴνοβαρῆς ἐχόρευε, μεθυσφαλὲς ἴχνος ἐλίσσων·
καὶ γλυκεραῖς λιβάδεσιν ἐρευγομένων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ξανθὴν ἀφριόωσαν ἐὴν λεύκαινεν ὑπὴν·
καὶ πῖον εἰς ὅλον ἦμαρ· ἀφυσσομένων δὲ κυτέλλων
155 ἐσπερίην χθόνα πᾶσαν ὑπόσκιος ἔσκεπεν ὄρφνη
ἀκροκελαινιώσῃ, καὶ αἰόλα φέγγει λεπτῷ
ἄστρα καταυγάζων ἐμελαίνετο δίχροος ἀήρ,
δυομένου Φαέθοντος ὑπὸ σκιοειδέϊ κώνῳ,
βαῖον ὀπισθοκέλευθον ἔχων ἔτι λείψανον Ἑοῦς·
160 καὶ ζόφον ἐχλαίνωσεν ἐὼ χροῖ σιγαλὴ νύξ
οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντι διαγράψασα χιτῶνι.
οἱ δὲ μετὰ κρητῆρα μέθης, μετὰ δεῖπνα τραπέζης
βότρυς ὁμοῦ γενετῆρι καὶ οἴνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ
κεκριμένοι στοιχηδὸν ἐυστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
165 ὕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο καὶ ὠμίλησαν ὀνείροις.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥοδέοις ἀμαρύγμασιν ἄγγελος Ἑοῦς
ἀκροφαῆς ἐχάραξε λιπόσκιον ὄρθρος ὁμίχλην,
εὐχαίτης τότε Βάκχος ἐώιος ἄνθορεν εὐνῆς,
ἐλπίδι νικαίῃ δεδονημένος· ἐννύχιος γάρ
170 Ἴνδῶν ἐδάιζε γονὴν κισσῶδεϊ θύρσῳ,
ὕπναλῆς μεθέπων ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα χάρμης.

καὶ κτύπον εἰσαῖων Σατύρων καὶ δοῦπον ἀκόντων
φλοῖσπον ὄνειρεις ἀπεσεῖσατο δημοτῆτος,
ὔπνον ἀποσκεδάσας πολεμήιον· εἶχε δὲ θυμῷ
175 μαντιπύλου φόβον αἰνὸν ἀπειλητῆρος ὄνειρου·
μιμηλῆς γὰρ ὅπως μάχης Ἴνδαλμα Λυκούργου
ἔσσομένων προκέλευθον, ὅτι θρασὺς ἔνδοθι λόχμης
δύσμαχος ἐκ σκοπέλοιο λέων λυσσῶδεϊ λαιμῷ
Βάκχον ἔτι σκαίροντα καὶ οὐ ψαύοντα σιδήρου
180 εἰς φόβον ἐπτοίησε, καὶ ἤλασεν ἄχρι θαλάσσης
κρυπτόμενον πελάγεσσι, πεφυζότα θηρὸς ἀπειλήν·
καὶ φόβον ἄλλον ὅπως, λέων θρασὺς ὅτι γυναικάς
θυρσοφόρους ἐδίωκε, κεηνότος ἀνθερεῶνος,
αἰμάσσων ὀνύχεσσι, χαρασσομένων δὲ γυναικῶν
185 μύστιδος ἐκ παλάμης ἐκυλίνδετο θύσθλα κονίη,
κύμβαλα δ' ἐν χθονὶ κεῖτο· μεταστρεφθεῖσα δὲ Βάκχη
δεσμὰ λεοντείοισιν ἐπεσφῆκωσε γενείοις
σειρήν ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐπισφίγξασα καρήνῳ,
ἀγχονίῳ δὲ λέοντος ἐπέπλεκεν αὐχένα δεσμῷ·
190 θηρὶ δὲ θῆλυς ὄμιλος ἐπέδραμεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
καὶ βλοσυροὺς ἐχάραξε πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἀκάνθαις·
καὶ μόγις εἰλικόεντι περιζωσθέντα κορύμβῳ
Ἄρτεμις ἐζώγρησεν· ἀπ' αἰθερίοιο δὲ κόλπου
ἀστεροπὴ πυρόεσσα καταΐξασα προσώπου
195 θῆρα παλινδίνητον ἐθήκατο τυφλὸν ὀδίτην.
τοῖον ὄναρ Διόνυσος ἐσέδρακεν· ἐκ λεχέων δὲ
ὀρθὸς ἔων ἔνδυνε φόνῳ πεπαλαγμένον Ἴνδῶν
χάλκεον ἀστερόεντα κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
καὶ σκολιῷ μίτρωσε κόμην ὀφιώδεϊ δεσμῷ,
200 καὶ πόδας ἐσφῆκωσεν ἐρευθιόνντι κοθόρνῳ,
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἄειρε, φιλάνθεμον ἔγχος Ἐνυοῦς·
καὶ Σάτυρον κίκλησκεν ὁπάονα. θεσπεσίην δὲ
Βακχείων στομάτων αἰὼν ἀντίκτυπον ἠχῷ
κοίρανος ἔγρετο Βότρυς, ἐὼν δ' ἔνδυνε χιτῶνα·
205 καὶ Πίον ὑπνῶντα ... μέθη δ' ὥς ἔκλυε φωνῆς,
κρᾶτα μόγις κούφιζε, βαρυνομένου δὲ καρήνου
ὀκναλὴ πάλιν εὔδε· καὶ ὄρθριον εἰσέτι νύμφη
μῖμνεν ἀμεργομένη γλυκερώτερον ὕπνον ὀπωπαῖς,
ὄψ' ἐκτρον ἔλειπεν ἐῷ βραδυπειθεὶ ταρσῷ.
210 καὶ Στάφυλος φιλόβοτρυς ἐφωμάρτησε Λυαίῳ
εἰς ὁδὸν ἐσσυμένῳ ξεινήια δῶρα τιταίνων,
χρῦσεον ἀμφιφορῆα σὺν ἀργυρέοισι κυπέλλοις,
οἷς πάρος αἰὲν ἔπινεν ἀμελγομένων γλάγος αἰγῶν·
καὶ πόρε ποικίλα πέπλα, τὰ περ παρὰ Τίγριδος ὕδωρ
215 νήματι λεπταλέῳ τεχνήσατο Περσὶς Ἀράχνη.

καὶ Βρομίῳ πολὺδωρος ἄναξ ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν·

μάρναό μοι, Διόνυσε, καὶ ἄξια ῥέξε τοκῆος·
δεῖξον, ὅτι Κρονίδαο φέρεις γένος· ἀρτιθαλῆς γὰρ
γηγενέας Τιτῆνας ἀπεστυφέλιξεν Ὀλύμπου
220 σὸς γενέτης ἔτι κοῦρος· ἐπείγῃ μοι καὶ σὺ κυδοιμῷ
γηγενέων ὑπέροπλον αἰστώσαι γένος Ἴνδῶν.
μέμνημαί τινα μῦθον, ὃν ἡμετέρῳ γενετῆρι
Ἀσσύριός ποτε Βῆλος, ἐμῆς πολιοῦχος ἀρούρης,
πατροπάτωρ ἐμὸς εἶπεν, ἐγὼ δέ σοι αὐτὸς ἐνίψω·
κουφίζων Κρόνος ὕγρὸς ἀμερσιγάμου γένυν ἄρπης,
225 ὁππότε μητρώῃσιν ἐπεσσυμένοιο χαμεύναις
τάμινεν ἀνυμφεύτων στάχυν ἄρσενά πατρὸς ἀρότρων.
Τιτῆνων προκέλευθος, ἐμάρνατο σεῖο τοκῆι,
καὶ Κρόνος εὐρυγένειος ἀνερρίπιζεν Ἐνυῶ
230 ἔγχεα παχνήεντα κατὰ Κρονίωνος ἰάλλων,
ψυχρὸν ἀκοντίζων διερὸν βέλος· ὄξυτενεῖς δὲ
ἡερόθεν πέμποντο χαλαζήεντες ὀιστοί.
καὶ πλεόν Ἡελίοιο κορύσσετο πυρσοφόρος Ζεὺς
θερμότερῳ σπινθῆρι λύων πετρούμενον ὕδωρ
235 ὠμοβόρους δὲ λέοντας ἐπὶ κλόνον Ἴνδον ἱμάσσων,
μὴ τρομέοις ἐλέφαντας, ἐπεὶ τεὸς ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
Κάμπην ὑψικάρηνον ἀπηλοίησε κεραυνῷ,
ἧς σκολιὸν πολύμορφον ὄλον δέμας· ἀλλοφυῇ γὰρ
λοξὴν αὐτοέλικτον ἀνερρίπιζον Ἐνυῶ
240 χίλιοι ἐρπηστήρες ἐχιδναίων ἀπὸ ταρσῶν
ἰὼν ἐρευγομένων δολιχόσκιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρὴν
ἦνθεε πεντήκοντα καρήατα ποικίλα θηρῶν·
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐβρυχᾶτο λεοντείοισι καρήνοισι
Σφιγγὸς ἀσημάντοιο τύπῳ βλοσυροῖο προσώπου,
245 ἄλλα δὲ κατρείων ἀνεκῆκίεν ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων,
συμπερτῇ δὲ φάλαγγι πολυσκυλάκων κεφαλᾶν
Σκύλλης ἰσοτέλεστον ἔην μίμημα προσώπου·
καὶ χροῖ μεσσατίῳ διφυῆς ἀνεφαίνετο νύμφη
ἰοβόλοισι κομώσῃ δρακοντείοισι κορύμβοις·
250 τῆς μὲν ἐπὶ στέρνοισιν ἔς ἀκροτάτην πτύχα μηρῶν
κητειαῖς φολίδεσσι νόθη τρηχύνετο μορφῇ
ὑψιτενῆς· ὄνυχες δὲ πολυσπερέων παλαμάων
λοξὸν ἐδοχμώσαντο τύπον γαμφώνυχος ἄρπης·
ἐξ ὑπάτου δὲ τένοντος ἀμαιμακέτων διὰ νώτων
255 σκορπίος αὐτοέλικτος ἐπήορος αὐχένος οὐρῇ
εἶρπε χαλαζήεντι τεθηγμένος ὄξει κέντρῳ.
τοίῃ ποικιλόμορφος ἔλιξ κουφίζετο Κάμπη,
καὶ χθόνα δινεύουσα καὶ ἥερα καὶ βυθὸν ἄλμης

ἵππατο κυανέων πτερύγων ἑτερόζυγι παλμῷ,
260 λαίλαπας αἰθύσσουσα καὶ ὀπλίζουσα θυέλλας,
νύμφη Ταρταρίη μελανόπτερος: ἔκ βλεφάρων δὲ
τηλεπόρους σπινθήρας ἀνήρυγε φοιταλέη φλόξ.
ἀλλὰ τόσῃ κτάνε θῆρα πατήρ τεὸς αἰθέριος Ζεὺς,
καὶ Κρονίην νίκησεν ἐχιδνήεσσαν Ἐνυώ.
265 γίνεο καὶ σὺ τοκῇ πανεϊκελος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸν
γηγενέων ὀλετῆρα μετὰ Κρονίδην σὲ καλέσσω,
δήιον ἀμήσαντα χαμαιγενέων στάχυν Ἴνδῶν.
σοὶ μόθος οὗτος ἔοικεν ὁμοίος: ἀρχέγονον γὰρ
σὸς γενέτης Κρονίοιο προασπιστῆρα κυδοιμοῦ
270 ἠλιβάτοις μελέεσσι κεκασμένον υἱὸν ἀρούρης
Ἴνδὸν ἀπεπρήνιξεν, ὅθεν γένος ἔλλαχον Ἴνδοι:
Ἴνδῷ σὸς γενέτης, σὺ δὲ μάρναο Δηριάδῃ.
γινεό μοι καὶ Ἄρηι πανεϊκελος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
τηλίκον ἐπρήνιξε θεημάχον υἱὸν Ἐχιδνης,
275 φρικτὸν ἀποπτύοντα δυσειδέος ἰὸν Ἐχιδνης,
ὃς λάχε διπλόον εἶδος ὁμόζυγον, ἔνδοθι λόχμης
μητρῶης δονέων ἐλικώδεα κύκλον ἀκάνθης:
τὸν Κρόνος ἄπλετον εἶχε καταχιμάζοντα κεραυνοῦ,
Ἀρεα συρίζοντα ποδῶν ὀφιώδεϊ ταρσῶ,
280 ὀππότε κουφίζων παλάμας ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
Ζηνὶ τεῶ πολέμιζεν, ἐν ἡερίῃ δὲ κελεύθῳ
στοιχάδας ὑψιλόφῳ νεφέλας ἔστησε καρήνῃ,
καὶ σκολιαῖς ὄρνιθας ἐπιπλαγχθέντας ἐθειραῖς
πολλάκι συμμάρψας πολυχανδέϊ δαίνυτο λαιμῷ:
285 τοῦτον ἀριστεύοντα τεὸς κτάνε σύγγονος Ἄρης.
Ἀρεος οὐ καλέω σε χερεῖονα: καὶ γὰρ ἐρίζεις
πᾶσι Διὸς τεκέεσσιν, ἐπεὶ φονίῳ σέο θύρῳ
τόσσον ἀριστεύεις, ὅσσον δορὶ μάρναται Ἄρης,
καὶ τελείεις, ἅτε Φοῖβος, ἀέθλια, θηροφόνον δὲ
290 υἱὸν ἐγὼ Διὸς ἄλλον ἐμῷ ξεινίσσα μελάθρῳ:
χθιζὰ γὰρ εἰς ἐμὸν οἶκον ἐύπτερος ἦλυθε Περσεὺς
γείτονα Κωρυκίοιο διαυγέα Κῦδνον ἑάσας,
ὥς σὺ, φίλος, καὶ ἔφασκεν ἐπώνυμον ὠκέϊ ταρσῶ
ἀνδράσι πᾶρ Κιλίκεσσι νεόκτιτον ἄστν χαράξαι:
295 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἡέρταζεν ἀθηήτοιο. Μεδούσης
Γοργόνος ἄκρα κάρηνα σὺ δ' οἶνοπα καρπὸν ἀείρεις,
ἄγγελον εὐφροσύνης, βροτέης ἐπὶληθον ἀνίης:
Περσεὺς κῆτος ἔπεφνεν Ἐρυθραίῳ παρὰ πόντῳ,
καὶ σὺ κατεπρήνιξας Ἐρυθραίων γένος Ἴνδῶν.
300 κτεῖνε δὲ Δηριάδην, ὥς ἔκτας Ἴνδὸν Ὀρόντην
κῆτος εἰναλίοιο κακώτερον: ἀχνυμένην μὲν
Περσεὺς Ἀνδρομέδην, σὺ δὲ ῥύεο μείζονι νίκη

πικρὰ βιαζομένην ἀδίκων ὑπὸ νεύμασιν Ἰνδῶν
παρθένον ἀστερόεσσαν, ὅπως ἓνα κῶμον ἀνάψω
305 Γοργοφόνῳ Περσῇ καὶ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ.
,

ὥς εἰπὼν παλίνορσος ἔῤῥο νόστησε μελάθρῳ
ἄβρὸς ἄναξ. Βρομίου ξεινηδόκος· εἰσαῖων δὲ
φθεγγομένου βασιλῆος ἐτέρπετο κέντορι μῦθῳ
θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος, ἐβακχεύθη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
310 οὕασι θελγομένοισι μόθον πατρῶον ἀκοῦων·
καὶ Κρονίδην νείκεσσε, καὶ ἥθελε μείζονα νίκην
ἔσσομένην τριτάτην, διδύμην μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν,
ζῆλον ἔχων Κρονίδαο. Φερέσπονδον δὲ καλέσσας,
οὐρανίου κήρυκος ἀπόσπορον, εἴκελον αὔραις,
315 Ἰφθίμης σοφὸν υἷα, φίλῳ προσπτύξατο μῦθῳ·
‘ὦ τέκος Ἑρμᾶωνος, ἐμοὶ πεφιλημένε κῆρυξ,
τοῦτο μολὼν ἄγγελον ἀγήνορι Δηριαδῇ·
‘κοίρανε, νόσφι μάχης ἢ δέχνυσο δῶρα Λυαίου,
ἢ Βρομίῳ πολέμιζε καὶ ἔσσεαι Ἴσος Ὀρόντη.’’
320 εἶπε· καὶ ὠκυπέδιλος ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰς χθόνα βαίνων
ῥῶπην ἐπὶ πέζαν ἀταρπιτὸν ἦνυσε κῆρυξ,
σκῆπτρον ἔχων γενετῆρος· ὁ δὲ χρυσέων ἐπὶ δίφρων
βότρυν ἀερτάζων φρενοτερπέα καρπὸν ὀπώρης
ποσσὶ πολυγνάμπτοισιν ἀπ’ ἄστεος ἄστεα βαίνων
325 Ἀσσυρίην χθόνα πᾶσαν ἐξῆς ἔπλησεν ὀπώρης,
ἀγρονόμοις ὀρέγων σταφυληκόμον ἄνθος ἁλώῃς.
ὄφρα μὲν ἀντολικοῖο παρὰ πτερὸν αἶθοπος Εὐρου
φοιταλέῳ Σύρον οὕδας ἐμέτρεεν οἶνοπι δίφρῳ,
τόφρα δὲ καὶ Σταφύλῳ μόρος ἔχραεν· ἐν δὲ μελάθρῳ
330 δμῶες ἀνερρήξαντο κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
ἀμφίπολοι δ’ ἀλάλαζον· ἐφοινίσσοντο δὲ μαζοὶ
τυπτόμενοι παλάμῃσι· πολυθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
πενθαλείοις ὀνύχεσσι χαράσσετο κύκλα προσώπου.
ὁψὲ δὲ δὴ παλίνορσος ἐρισταφύλων ἐπὶ δίφρων
335 νοστήσας Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο Βότρυος αὐλήν.
μνηστὴν ἔχων Σταφύλοιο φιλοστόργοιο τραπέζης·
καὶ Πίθον ὥς ἐνόησε κατηφιόωντι προσώπῳ,
πότμον ἐοῦ Σταφύλοιο σοφῇ μαντεύσατο σιγῇ
αὐτόματος· καλέσας δὲ Μέθην ἐξείρετο μῦθῳ·
340 ‘εἰπέ, γύναι, τί παθοῦσα τεῖν ἠλλάξαι μορφῇν;
αὐχμηρὴν ὀρώ σε, καὶ ἀστράπτουσιν ἑσπας·
τίς τεδὼν ἔσβεσε κάλλος ἀθέσφατον; οὐκέτι πέμπεις
ἔμφυτον οἶνωπῇσι παρηΐσι πορφύρεον πῦρ.
καὶ σὺ, γέρον, μὴ κρύπτει, πόθεν τάδε δάκρυα χεύεις;
345 τίς τάμεν, εὐρυγένειε, τεδὼν πώγωνα κομήτην;

τίς πολιὴν ἥσυχυνε; τίς ἔσχισε σεῖο χιτῶνα;
καὶ σύ, φιλακρήτοιο Μέθης βλάβστημα τεκούσης,
τέκνον ἐμοῦ Σταφύλοιο, πόθεν λάχες ἄτριχα κόρσην;
τίς φθόνος ἡμάλδυνε τεῆν ἑλικώδεα χαίτην;
350 οὐ πλόκαμοι προχυθέντες ἐπ' ἀργυφέων σέθεν ὤμων
ἀπλεκέες Τυρίοιο μύρου πέμπουσιν αὐτμήν,
οὐκέτι βακχευθέντος ἀφ' ὑμετέροιο καρήνου
μαρμαρυγὴν ῥοδόεσσαν ὀιστεύουσι παρειαί.
πῶς φορέεις τάδε πέπλα χυτῆ ῥυπόωντα κονίη;
355 πῇ μοι ἔβη Τυρίης βασιλῆα πέπλα θαλάσσης;
οὐκέτι γινώσκω σε μαραινομένοιο προσώπου.
πῇ Στάφυλος σκηπτοῦχος ἀνήλυθεν, ὄφρα νοήσω;
εἶπέ, τεδὸν γενετῆρα τίς ἥρπασεν εἰς μίαν ὥρην;
γινώσκω σέο πῆμα, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις;
360 φωνῆς ὑμετέρης οὐ δεύομαι: αὐτόματοι γὰρ
σιγαλέον σέο πένθος ἀπαγγέλλουσιν ὀπωπαί:
γινώσκω σέο πῆμα, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις;
δάκρυα σὰς ὁδύνας μαντεύεται, αὐσταλέοι δὲ
πότμον ἐμοῦ Σταφύλοιο τεοὶ βοόωσι χιτῶνες.
365 ἐλπίδα δ' ἡμετέρην φθόνος ἥρπασεν: ὠισάμην γὰρ
Ἰνδῶν μετὰ δῆριν ἅμα Σταφύλῳ βασιλῆϊ
χεροῖν ἀερτάζειν θαλαμηπόλον ἐσπέριον πῦρ,
βότρυος ἀγχιμάχοιο τελειομένων ὑμεναίων.'

BOOK 19

έννεακαιδεκάτῳ Σταφύλου περὶ τύμβον ἐγείρει
Βάκχος ἐπὶ κρητῆρι θυώδει τερπνὸν ἀγῶνα.
ὥς φαμένου βαρὺ κέντρον ἔχων νεοπενθεί θυμῷ
κοῦρος ἀφωνήτῳ σφρηγίσσατο χεῖλεα σιγῇ,
δάκρυσιν αὐτοχύτοις νικῶμενος· ὅψε δὲ μήτηρ
οἰκτρὸν ἔπος κατέλεξε Μέθη χαίρουσα Λυαίῳ:
5 ‘ὕμετέρης ἄγρυπνον ὀπιευτῆρα χορεῖς,
σὸν Σταφύλον, Διόνυσε, κατεύνασε χάλκεος ὕπνος,
σὸν Σταφύλον, Διόνυσε, Χαρωνίδες ἥρπασαν αὔραι.
δισσὸν ἐμοὶ βαρὺ πένθος ἐπέχραεν· ἀμπελόεις μὲν
Βάκχος ἐμὲ προέλοιπε, πόσις δ’ ἐμὸς ἔμπεσε νοῦσῳ:
10 καὶ ξυνὴν μεθέπεσκον ἐπ’ ἀμφοτέροισιν ἀνίην,
καὶ Σταφύλῳ θνήσκοντι καὶ οὐ παρεόντι Λυαίῳ.
ἀλλὰ τεῆς, φίλε Βάκχε, πολυρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
δὸς μοι σείλο κύπελλον ἐνίπλεον, ὄφρα πιούσα
εὐνήσω βαρὺ πένθος ἀπενθήτῳ σέθεν οἴνῳ.
15 ἔλπις ἐμοί, Διόνυσε φιλεῦιε, μοῦνον ὀπώρην,
μοῦνον ἴδω κρητῆρα, καὶ οὐκέτι δάκρυα λείβω.’
ὥς φαμένην ἐλέαιρε, κερασσάμενος δὲ κυπέλλῳ
ἱκμάδα λυσιμέριμνον ἀλεξικάκου πόρεν οἴνου
παιδὶ νέῳ καὶ μητρὶ κατηφεί· καὶ πῖον ἄμφω
20 τερψινόῳ ραθάμιγγι μελίρρυτον ὄγκον ὀπώρης:
καὶ στοναχὴν πρήυνε Μέθη καὶ Βότρυς ἀνίην:
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπε γυνὴ θελξίφρονι Βάκχῳ:
‘ἦλθες ἐμοί, φίλε Βάκχε, φίλον φάος· οὐκέτ’ ἀνίη,
οὐκέτι πένθος ἔχει με Διωνύσοιο φανέντος:
25 ἦλθες ἐμοί, φίλε Βάκχε, φίλον φάος· ὕμετέρῳ γὰρ
δάκρυον ἐπρήνυα ποτῷ παιήονος οἴνου.
οὐ πόσιν, οὐ πατέρος στενάχῳ μόρον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοῦ
βότρυος, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, νοσφίσσομαι· ἀμφότερον γὰρ
Βάκχον ἔχω γενετῆρα καὶ υἷα καὶ παρακοίτην.
30 ἔσπομαι, ἣν ἐθέλῃς με, καὶ εἰς τεδὸν οἶκον ἱκάνω:
εἶην Βασσαρίδεσσιν ὁμόστολος· ἦν δ’ ἐθέλῃς,
κουφίζω σέο θύρσα καὶ ἱμερόεσσαν ὀπώρην,
χεῖλεσι δ’ ἡμετέροις ἐπιλήνιον αὐλὸν ἐρείσω.
χέρην μή με λίπης, μὴ διπλόον ἄλγος ἀέξω
35 καὶ φθιμένου Σταφύλοιο καὶ οἰχομένου Διονύσου.
βότρυν ἔχεις θεράποντα· διδασκέσθω δὲ χορείας
καὶ τελετὰς καὶ θύσθλα καί, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, μόθον Ἰνδῶν:
καὶ μιν ἴδω γελῶντα φιλακρήτῳ παρὰ ληνῷ
ποσσί περιθλίβοντα τεῆς ὠδίνας ὀπώρης.

40 γηραλέου δὲ Πίθου μιμνήσκεο, μή μιν ἔασης
οῆς τελετῆς ἀδίδακτον ἢ ἄμμορον ἡδέος οἶνου.’
ὥς φαμένην θάρσυνε Μέθην γελῶντι προσώπῳ
Βάκχος ἄναξ καὶ τοῖα φιλακρήτῳ φάτο νύμφη:
‘ὦ γύναι, ἀγλαόδωρε μετὰ χρυσῆν Ἀφροδίτην,
45 εὐφροσύνης δῶτειρα ... τερψίμβροτε μῆτερ Ἐρώτων,
εἰλαπίνης ψαύοντι συνειλαπίναζε Λυαίῳ:
ἔσσο Διωνύσῳ στεφανηφόρος, ὥς Ἀφροδίτη,
ἄνθεσι μιτρωθεῖσα καὶ εὐαλδέσσι κορύμβοις:
στέμματα σῶν πλοκάμων τελέσει ζηλήμονα Νίκην.
50 οἶνοχόον τελέσω σε μετὰ χρυσόθορον Ἥβην:
ἔσσεαι ἀμπελόνει συναντέλλουσα Λυαίῳ
Βακχείων ὁμόφοιτος ὑποδρήστειρα κυπέλλων,
καὶ σε Μέθην καλέσουσι κόρον τερψίμβροτον οἶνου:
βότρυν ἐμῆς καλέσω λαθικηδέα καρπὸν ὀπώρας,
55 καὶ σταφυλὴν φερέβοτρυν ἀπὸ Σταφύλοιο καλέσω
ἡμερίδων ὠδῖνα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐέρσην.
οὐδὲ Μέθης ἀπάνευθε δυνήσομαι εἰλαπινάζειν,
οὐδὲ Μέθης ἀπάνευθεν ἐγὼ ποτε κῶμον ἐγείρω.’
ὥς εἰπὼν Σταφύλοιο μεθυσφαλέος παρὰ τύμβῳ
60 νηπενθῆς Διόνυσος ἀπειθέα θῆκεν ἄγῳνα:
καὶ τράγον εὐπώγωνα καὶ ἄρσενά ταῦρον ἐρύσσας
διπλόα θῆκεν ἄεθλα, καὶ εὐφόρμιγγας ἐρίζειν
Πιερικῆς ἐκάλεσεν ἀμιλλητῆρας ἄοιδῆς:
διπλόα θῆκεν ἄεθλα, καὶ ἀθλητῆρας ἐπείγων
65 Ἴδμονας εὐκελάδοιο λύρης μειλίξατο μύθῳ:
‘Ἄττικὸν ἐνθάδε κῶμον ἐγείρομεν: ἀθλοφόρῳ γὰρ
ἄνερὶ νικήσαντι λιπόχροα ταῦρον ὀπάσσω,
ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθέντι δασὺν τράγον ἐγγυαλίξω.’
ὥς φαμένου Βρομίοιο λυροκτύπος ἄνθορεν ἀνὴρ,
70 Βιστονίης Οἶαγρος ἀθαλπέος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
πλῆκτρον ἔχων φόρμιγγι παρήγορον: αὐτὰρ ἐπ’ αὐτῷ
Ἀτθίδος ὕμνοπόλου ναέτης ἀνόρουσεν Ἐρεχθεύς.
ἄμφω δ’ εἰς μέσον ἦλθον ἀεθλητῆρες ἀγῶνος
φορμιγγῶν ἐλατῆρες: ἐμιτρώσαντο δὲ χαίτην
75 δαφναίοις πετάλοισιν: ἀνεζώννυντο δὲ πέπλους.
ἀρχόμενοι δ’ ἐλέλιζον ἐθήμονι δάκτυλα παλμῷ
ἐκταδῆς θλίβοντες ἀμοιβαίην στίχα νευρῆς
ἄκρα περισφίγγοντες, ὅπως μήτ’ ὄρθιος εἴη,
μή ποτε θηλύνειε παρειμένος ἄρσενά μολπὴν.
80 καὶ πρότερος κλήροιο τυχὼν τεχνήμονι ῥυθμῷ
Κεκροπίης ναέτης κιθάρην ἐλέλιζεν Ἐρεχθεύς,
μέλπων πάτριον ὕμνον, ὅτι ‘ζαθέαις ἐν Ἀθήναις
καὶ Κελεὸς ξείνισσε Βίου παμμήτορα Δηῶ

Τριπτολέμῳ σὺν παιδί καὶ ἀρχαίῃ Μετανειρῇ,
85 καὶ σφισι καρπὸν ὄπασσεν, ὅτε χθονὸς αὐλακα νίφων
Τριπτολέμος σπύρον εὔρε φερεσταχύων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
καὶ Κελεοῦ φθιμένοιο νεοδμήτῳ παρὰ τύμβῳ
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαῦτοισι θαλυσιάς ἔστενε Δηῷ,
ἀλλὰ παρηγορέουσα πάλιν θελξίφροني μύθῳ
90 Τριπτολέμου Βαρὺ πένθος ἀπέσβεσε καὶ Μεταειρής:
οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσον ἐῷ ξείνισσε μελάθρῳ
Ἀσσυρίων σκηπτοῦχος· ἄναξ δέ οἱ ἀντὶ τραπέζης
ᾧπασεν Εὖια δῶρα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην,
καὶ Σταφύλου φθιμένοιο, φιλακρήτου βασιλῆος,
95 υἱέα Βότρυν ἔπαυσε φιλοθρήνοιο μερίμνης,
καὶ κινυρῆς ἀλόχοιο Μέθης εὐνησεν ἀνίην.’
τοῖα σοφὸς φόρμιζε λυροκτύπος· ἀμφὶ δὲ ῥυθμῷ
πάντες ὁμοῦ θέλγοντο· σὺν εὐθύρσῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
ἄρμενον ἱμερόφωνον ἐθάμβεον Ἀτθίδα μολπήν.
100 δεῦτερος αἰόλον ὕμνον ἄναξ Οἶαγρος ὑφαίνων,
ὥς γενέτης Ὀρφῆος, ὁμέστιος ἠθάδι Μοῦσῃ,
διστιχον ἀρμονίην ἀνεβάλλετο Φοιβάδι μολπῇ,
παυροεπής, λιγύμυθος, Ἀμυκλαίῳ τινὶ θεσμῷ:
‘Εὐχαίτην Ὑάκινθον ἀνεζώγρησεν Ἀπόλλων,
105 καὶ Στάφυλον Διόνυσος αἰεὶ ζῶοντα τελέσσει.’
οὐ πῶ κῶμος ἔληγεν, ἐπεφθέγγαντο δὲ λαοὶ
εὐφήμεοις ἐπέεσσιν ὁμογλώσσω ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
καὶ Σάτυροι σμαράγησαν ἀολλέες· ἐκ δὲ θοώκου
ἄστατος ἄλλετο Βάκχος, ἄνω καὶ ἔνερθε τινάσσων
110 δεξιτερὴν, καὶ Βότρυσ ἀνέδραμεν, εὐάδι φωνῇ
ἀρμονίην εὐρυθμον αἰδοπόλοιο γεραίων·
Οἶαγρου δὲ κάρηνον ἄναξ ἐστέψατο κισσῷ,
καὶ γενέτης Ὀρφῆος ἐπιρρήσων χθόνα ταρσῷ
ἄσμενος ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἐδέξατο μισθὸν αἰοιδῆς:
115 ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν στοιχηδὸν ἐπεσκίρτησαν ἐταῖροι.
καὶ τράγον εὐρυγένειον, ἄχος καὶ ζῆλον ἀέξων,
αἰδομέναις παλάμῃσιν ἀνείρυσεν ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης.
Εὐχαίτης δ’ Ἰόβακχος, ἀφειδέι χειρὶ κομίζων,
ἄξια θῆκεν ἄεθλα χοροπλεκέος περὶ νίκης,
120 γηραλέου κρητῆρα θυώδεος ἔγκυν οἶνον,
χρῦσεον, ἄσπετα μέτρα κεχανδότα, διψάδι γαίῃ
ἱκμάδα τετραέτηρον ἀναβλύζοντα Λυαίου,
Ἥφαιστου σοφὸν ἔρπον Ὀλύμπιον, ὃν ποτε Κύπρις
ᾧπασε βοτρυνόντι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ:
125 μείονα δὲ κρητῆρα μέσῳ παρέθηκεν ἀγῶνι
ἀργύρεον, στιλβοντα, περίτροχον, ὃν ποτε Βάκχῳ
δῶκεν ἄναξ Ἀλῦβης ξεινήιον οἰκία ναιῶν,

ἀφνειήν παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ χθονίοιο μετάλλου
ἀργυρέοις ἀγκῶσι μέλας λευκαίνεται κευθμών,
130 τοῦ περὶ χεῖλεος ἄκρον ἐπ' ὀμφαλόεντι καρήνῳ
κισσὸς ἔλιξ, χρυσέῳ δὲ πέριξ δαιδάλλετο κόσμῳ:
τοῦτον ἄγων ἔστησε βαθυνομένῳ κενεῶνι
ληνὸν ἔτι πνείοντα νεώτερον ὄγκον ὀπώρας,
γλεῦκος, ἀνυμφεύτοιο μέθης ποτόν: οὐ νέμεσις γάρ
135 ἀνέρα νικηθέντα πιεῖν ἀμέθυστον ἐέρσην.
ἀλλ' ὅτε Βάκχος ἄεθλα μέσῳ στήριξεν ἀγῶνι,
ἴδμονας ὀρχηθμοῖο καλέσσατο μάρτυρι φωνῇ:
'Ὅς τις ἀεθλεύσει κυκλοῦμενος ἴδμονι ταρσῶ
νικήσας τροχαλοῖο ποδὸς κρίσιν, οὗτος ἐλέσθω
140 καὶ χρύσειον κρητῆρα καὶ ἡδυπότου χύσιν οἴνου:
ὃς δὲ πέση σφαλεροῖο ποδὸς δεδονημένος ὀλκῶ,
ἥσσονα δ' ὀρχήσαιο, καὶ ἥσσονα δῶρα δεχέσθω:
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ πάντεσσιν ὁμοῖος: ἀθλοφόρῳ δὲ
ἀνέρι νικήσαντι χοροῖτυπον ἀβρόν ἀγῶνα
145 οὐ τρίποδα στίλβοντα καὶ οὐ ταχὺν ἵππον ὀπάσσω,
οὐ δόρυ καὶ θώρηκα φόνῳ πεπαλαγμένον Ἴνδῶν,
δίσκον ἐς ἰθυκέλευθον ἀκοντιστῆρας ἐγείρων:
οὐδὲ ποδωκείης τέταται δρόμος, οὐ δορὸς αἰχμῇ
τηλεφόρου: Σταφύλῳ δέ, καταφθιμένῳ Βασιλῆϊ,
150 ἀνδρὶ φιλοσκάρθμῳ, φιλοπαίγμονα ταρσὰ γεραίρω:
οὐδὲ παλαισμοσύνη μυιαλκεί δῶρα τιταίνω,
οὐ δρόμος ἵπποσύνης, οὐκ Ἥλιδος εἰσιν ἀγῶνες,
οὐ δρόμος Οἰνομάου γαμβροκτόνος: ἡμετέρῃ γὰρ
νύσσα χορὸς, βαλβίδες ἐπισκιρτήματα ταρσῶν,
155 χεῖρ τροχαλὴ καὶ σκαρθμὸς ἔλιξ, καὶ νεῦμα προσώπου
ἄστατα κινυμένοιο, καὶ αὐδήεσσα σιωπῇ
δάκτυλα δινεύουσα καὶ ὀρχηστῆρος ὀπωπὴν.'
τοῖον ἔπος φαμένου κερόεις Σειληνὸς ἀνίστη,
καὶ τριγέρων βαρὺθοντι Μάρων ἀνεπήλατο ταρσῶ
160 χρύσειον ἀστράπτοντα μέγαν κρητῆρα δοκεύων,
οὐχ ὅτι χρύσειος ἦεν ὑπέρτερος, ἀλλ' ὅτι μοῦνον
εἶχεν ἐυρραθάμιγγα παλαίτατον ὄγκον ἐέρσης
ἄκρου χεῖλεος ἄχρις: ἔρως δὲ μιν ἡδέος οἴνου
θῆκε νέον, πολιὴν δὲ βιήσατο Βακχιδᾶς ὁδμή:
165 καὶ πόδας ἀμφελέλιξεν ἐῆς πειρώμενος ἀλκῆς,
μὴ βαρὺ γῆρας ἔπαυσε λελασμένα γυῖα χορείης.
καὶ ψυχὴν Σταφύλοιο γέρων μειλιξατο φωνῇ,
νηφάλιον λασίῳ προχέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι:
'εἰμὶ Μάρων, συνάεθλος ἀπενθήτοιο Λυαίου:
170 δακρυχέειν οὐκ οἶδα: τί δάκρυσι καὶ Διονύσῳ;
κύκλα ποδῶν ἐμὰ δῶρα ταφήια σῶ παρὰ τύμβῳ:

δέξο με μειδιώντας: Μάρων οὐκ οἶδε μερίμνας,
οὐ γόον οἶδε Μάρων, οὐ πενθάδος ὄγκον ἀνίης:
ἱμερόεις πέλε λάτρις ἀπενθήτου Διονύσου.

175 ἴλαθι σεῖο Μάρωνι, καὶ εἰ πίες ὕδατα Λήθης,
δὸς χάριν, ὄφρα πίοιμι παλαιγενέος χύσιν οἴου,
Σειληνὸς δὲ νέης πιέτω νέον ὄγκον ὀπώρας.
καὶ Σταφύλῳ μετὰ πότμον, ἄτε ζῶντι, χορεύσω,
ὅττι χορὸν προβέβουλα φιλοκνίσαιο τραπέζης:

180 σοί, Στάφυλε, ζῶντι καὶ οὐ πνεῖοντι χορεύω
κῶμον ἀνακρούων ἐπιτύμβιον: εἰμὶ δὲ Βάαχχου,
οὐ θεράπων Φοῖβοιο, καὶ οὐ μάθον αἶλινα μέλπειν,
οἷα παρὰ Κρήτεσσιν ἄναξ ἐλίγαιεν Ἀπόλλων
δακρυχέων ἐρατεινὸν Ἀτύμνιον: Ἡλιάδων δὲ
185 ξεῖνος ἐγὼ γενόμην, ἀλλότριος Ἡριδανοῖο

εἰμὶ, νόθος Φαέθοντος ὀλωλότος ἠνιοχῆος:
οὐ Σπάρτης ναέτης, οὐ πένθιμον ἄνθος ἀείρω
σειῶν ἀβρὰ πέτηλα φιλοκλαύτων ὑακίνθων.
σήμερον, εἰ Μίνωι παρήμενος ἴσα δικάζεις,

190 εἶτε καὶ ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἔχεις Ῥαδαμάνθυνος αὐλήν,
Ἥλυσιου λειμῶνος ἐν ἄλσεσιν ἀβρὸν ὀδεύων,
κέκλυθι σεῖο Μάρωνος: ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἀντὶ κυπέλλων
ἀσπόνδοις στομάτεσσιν ἐρεύγομαι ἔμφρονα λοιβήν:
ἴλαθι σεῖο Μάρωνι, δίδου δέ μοι οἶνοπα νίκην,

195 νίκην πασιμέλουσαν: ἐγὼ δέ σοι ὑπόθι τύμβου
σπείσω ἐμῶν χρυσέων πρωτάγρια καλὰ κυπέλλων
ἀρχόμενος κρητῆρος ἐμῆς μετ' ἀέθλια νίκης.
ὥς εἰπὼν ἐχόρευε Μάρων ἐλικῶδεϊ ταρσῶ,
δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο μετήλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,

200 σιγὴν ποικιλόμυθον ἀναυδέϊ χειρὶ χαράσσων:
ὀφθαλμοὺς δ' ἐλέλιζεν ἀλήμονας, εἰκόνα μύθων,
νεύματι τεχνήεντι νοήμονα ῥυθμὸν ὑφαίνων:
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐτίνασσε καὶ ἤθελε βόστρυχα σείειν,
εἰ μὴ γυμνὰ μέτωπα λιπότρυχος εἶχε καρήνου.

205 οὐδὲ μὲν, οἷα γέρων Τιτήνιον αἶμα κοιμίζων,
ἔγραφε φωνήεντι τύπῳ Τιτηνίδα φύτλην,
οὐ Κρόνον ἢ Φάνητα παλαιότερον, οὐδὲ γενέθλην
ἥελιου Τιτῆνος ὁμόχρονον ἥλικι κόσμῳ:
ἀλλὰ λιπὼν ξύμπαντα καὶ ἀρχαίης χύσιν ὕλης

210 οἶνοχόον Κρονίδαο σοφῇ ποικίλλε σιωπῇ
Ζητὶ δέπας τανύοντα καὶ ἀθανάτων χορὸν ἄλλων
αἰὲν ἐπασσύτεροισιν ἐυφραίνοντα κυπέλλοις,
ἢ ζαθέην προχέοντα κατὰ κρητῆρος ἐέρσην:
ἦν δὲ οἱ ἀρμονίη γλυκερὸν ποτόν: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
215 νέκταρ ἀρυσομένην ὠρχήσατο παρθένον Ἥβην:

εἷς Σατύρους δ' ὀρώων Γανυμήδεος ἔγραφε μορφήν
χερσὶν ἄφωνήτοισι, καὶ ὀππότε δέρκετο Βάκχας,
ἦβην χρυσοπέδιλον ἔχέφρονι δείκνυε σιγῇ.
τοῖα Μάρων ἐχάρασσε πολύτροπα δάκτυλα πάλλων,
220 καὶ ποδὸς εὐρύθμοιο σοφὴν ἀνεσεύρασεν ὀρμήν,
ἄσταθέος τελέσας πολυκαμπέα μέτρα χορείης.
ἴστατο δὲ τρομέων, δεδοκημένος ὄμματι λοξῷ,
τίς τίνα νικήσειε, τίς εἰς ἐδὸν οἶκον ἱκάνοι
μεῖζονα καὶ πλήθοντα μέθης κρητῆῃρα κομίζων.
225 Σειληνὸς δ' ἐχόρευε: πολυστρέπτοιο δὲ τέχνης
σύμβολα τεχνήεντα κατέγραφε σιγαλή χειρ.
καὶ παλάμαις τότε τοῖος ἔην τύπος, ὥς ποτε πολλῇ
υἱέι Κυρήνης ἔρις ἔμπεσε καὶ Διονύσω
ἀμφὶ πότου, μάκαρες δὲ συνήιον: οὐ τότε πυγμή.
230 οὐ δρόμος, οὐ τότε δίσκος ἀέθλια: παιδὶ Φοίβου
ὄργανα κέϊτο κύπελλα μεμηλότα καὶ Διονύσω
καὶ διδυμοὶ κρητῆρες, ὁ μὲν χρονίου χύσιν οἴνου,
ὃς δὲ φέρων νέα δῶρα φιλοπτόρθοιο μελίσσης:
καὶ Κρονίδης ἐκάθητο δικασπόλος, ἀθλοφόροις δὲ
235 ἀβρὸς ἀγών τετάνυστο μελισταγέος περὶ νίκης:
ὄργανα κέϊτο κύπελλα: καὶ, ὥς χρυσόπτερος Ἑρμῆς,
αὐτὸς Ἔρως ἐρόεις ἐναγώνιος εἰς μέσον ἔστη,
χειρὶ μιῇ καὶ κισσὸν ἔχων καὶ θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,
Βάκχῳ κίσσινον ἄνθος, Ἀρισταίῳ δὲ προτείνων
240 στέμμασι Πισαίοισιν ἐοικότα θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,
Παλλάδος ἀγνὸν ἄγαλμα. μελικρήτῳ δὲ κυπέλλῳ
πρῶτος Ἀρισταῖος κεράσας ὠδῖνα μελίσσης
ὤρεγεν ἀθανάτοισι σοφὸν ποτόν, ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
εὐφραίνων, καὶ ἔνειμε δέπας στοιχηδὸν ἐκάστω:
245 τοῖσι μὲν ἀρχομένοισιν ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἐέρσης
ὀξύτατος κόρος ἔσκεν, ἀρυομένων δὲ κυπέλλων
τὸ τρίτον ἡρνήσαντο, καὶ οὐχ ἦψαντο τετάρτου,
καὶ μέλιτος μέμψαντο ταχὺν κόρον: ἡδυπότου δὲ
ἀβροχίτων Διόνυσος ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσω
250 κοῦφισε δισσὰ κύπελλα καὶ ὤρεγε δίζυγι παλμῷ
τὸ πρῶτον Κρονίδῃ, τὸ δὲ δεύτερον ὥπασεν Ἥρῃ,
πατροκασιγνήτῳ τρίτατον δέπας ἐννοσιγαίῳ:
ἐξεῖς δ' ἅμα πᾶσι θεοῖς καὶ Ζηνὶ τοκῇ
τερπομένοις ἐκέρασσε, κατηφιόωντι δὲ μούνῳ
255 μειδιῶν ἐτίταινε δέπας ζηλήμονι Φοίβῳ:
οἱ δὲ πολυσπερέεσσι νόον θέλγοντο κυπέλλοις,
διψαλέοι δ' ἔτι μᾶλλον αἶε γίνοντο πiónτες,
καὶ πάλιν ἦτεον ἄλλο, καὶ οὐ κόρος ἔσκε κυπέλλων.
ἀθανάτοι δ' ὀλόλυξαν, ἐπετρέψαντο δὲ Βάκχῳ

260 οἰνάδος ἡδυπότοιο φέρειν πρεσβήια νίκησ·
καὶ μεθύων ἀκίχητος Ἔρωσ, ὀχετηγὸς ἀγῶνος,
κισσῷ βοτρυνόεντι κόμην ἔστεψε Λυαίου.
τοῦτο σοφῇ παλάμῃ κερόεις Σειληνὸς ὑφαίνων
δεξιτερὴν μὲν ἔπαυσε, πολυσκάρθμῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
265 ἐκ χθονὸς ῥώρητο καὶ ἡέρι πέμπεν ὀπωπᾶς,
πῇ μὲν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ὁμόζυγα ταρσὰ συνάπτων,
πῇ δὲ διαζεύξας ἑτεραλκεί παλλετο τέχνῃ,
ἄλλοτε πουλυέλικτος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο χορεύων
ὀρθὸς ἐπὶ πτέρναις ἐλικώδεϊ σείετο παλμῷ·
270 δεξιτερῷ δ' ἄγναμπος ἐπεστηρίζετο ταρσῷ
δάκτυλον ἄκρον ἔχων ἑτέρου ποδός, ἣ γόνυ κάμψας
συμπερταῖς παλάμησιν ἢ ἑκταδίην πτύχα μηρῶν
Σειληνὸς βαρύγουνος, ἔχων ποδὸς ὀρθιον ὀρμήν·
καὶ πόδα λαιὸν ἄειρεν ἐπὶ πλευροῖο καὶ ὦμου
275 κουφίζων ἐλικηδόν, ὀπισθοτόνῳ δ' ὑπὸ τέχνῃ
καμπύλον ῥώρησεν ἐπ' αὐχένι ταρσὸν ἐλίξας·
καὶ βαλίῃ στροφάλιγγι παλιννόστοιο χορείης
ὑπτιος αὐτοέλικτος ἐκάμπτετο κυκλάδι τέχνῃ
πεπταμένην ἐπίκυρτον ἐς ἡέρα γαστέρα φαίνων,
280 τὴν αὐτὴν στεφανηδὸν ἀτέρμονα νύσσαν ἀμείβων·
καὶ κεφαλὴ πεφόρητο παρήγορος, οἷά περ αἰεὶ
ἄπτομένη δαπέδοιο καὶ οὐ ψαύουσα κονίης·
καὶ ποδὶ λαχνήεντι πέδον Σειληνὸς ἀμύσσων
ἄστατος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα ποδῶν βακχεύετο παλμῷ.
285 καὶ τότε γούνατα κάμνε, τινασσομένου δὲ καρήνου
ὑπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησεν ἀρούρη·
καὶ ποταμὸς μορφοῦτο· δέμας δὲ οἱ ἔβλυεν ὕδωρ
χεύμασιν αὐτομάτοισιν· ἀμειβομένου δὲ μετώπου
εἰς προχοὴν ἐπίκυρτον ἐκυμαίνοντο κεραῖαι,
290 καὶ ῥόθιον κορυφοῦτο κυκώμενον ὕψι καρήνου,
καὶ βυθὸς ἰχθυόεις ψαμάθῳ κοιλαίνεται γαστήρ·
Σειληνοῦ δὲ χυθέντος ἀμειβομένη πέλε χαίτη
εἰς θρύον αὐτοτέλεστον· ὑπὲρ ποταμοῖο δὲ γείτων
ὄξυτενῆς σύριζε δόναξ δεδονημένος αὔραις
295 αὐτοφυῆς. γλυκερὴν δὲ Μάρων ἀνεδήσατο νίκην,
ἀγκὰς ἔχων κρητῆρα βεβυσμένον ἡδέος οἴνου·
Σειληνοῦ δὲ χυθέντος ἀέθλιον, οἷά τε λιοιβήν,
ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα λαβῶν ἔρριψε ῥέεθροισι,
καὶ προχοὰς ἐμέθυσε χοροπλεκέος ποταμοῖο,
300 χῶρος ὅθεν κρητῆρος ἐπώνυμος, ἡδυπότου δὲ
Σειληνοῦ κελάδοντος ἀκούεται Εὐϊον ὕδωρ.
καὶ τινὰ μῦθον ἔλεξε Μάρων ποταμηίδι πηγῇ·
‘οὐ σε Μάρων, Σειληνέ, Βιάζεται· εἰς σὲ δὲ ῥίψω

οἶνον ἐρευθιόωντα καὶ οἶνοδόκον σε καλέσω.
305 δέξο, μέθης ἀκόρητε, τεὸν μέθυ, δέχνυσσο Βάκχου
ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα, καὶ ἔσσειαι ἀργυροδίνης.
εἰλιπόδη Σειληνέ, καὶ ἐν προχοῇσι χορεύεις,
σεῖο ποδῶν στροφάλιγγα καὶ ἐν ῥοθίοισι φυλάσσεις,
εἰσέτι κωμάξεις διερὸν τύπον· ἀλλὰ σὺ Βάκχαις
310 ἴλαθι καὶ Σατύροισι καὶ οἶνοδότῃσιν ὀπώρας,
Σειληνοὺς δὲ φύλασσε, τεῆς βλάστημα γενέθλης·
ἀκροπότῃ δὲ Μάρωνι χαρίζεο, μηδὲ σε νίκης
ζῆλον ὑποκλέποντα καὶ ἐν ποταμοῖσι νοήσω.
ὕδασι μᾶλλον ἄεξε Μαρωνίδος οἶνον ὀπώρης·
315 ἔσσο καὶ ἐν ποταμοῖσιν ὁμοφρονέων Διονύσῳ.
νήπιε, τίς σε διδάξεν ἀρειοτέροισιν ἐρίζειν;
Σειληνὸς πάλιν ἄλλος, ὑπέρβιον αὐλὸν ἀμείβων,
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ εἰς ἔριν ἦλυθε Φοῖβω·
ἀλλὰ ἐ γυμνώσας λασίου χροός, ἔρνεϊ δήσας,
320 ἔμπνοον ἀσκὸν ἔθηκε, καὶ ὑπόθι πολλάκι δένδρου
ἐνδόμυχος κόλπῳσε τύπον μιμηλὸν ἀήτης,
οἷα πάλιν μέλποντος ἀσιγήτοιο νομῆος·
καὶ μιν ἐποικτεῖρων μορφώσατο Δελφὸς Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ ποταμὸν ποίησεν ὁμώνυμον· εἰσέτι κείνου
325 Σειληνοῦ λασίοιο φατίζεται ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ,
καὶ κτύπον ἠνεμόφοιτον ἐρεῦγεται, οἷα περ αἰεὶ
ἀντιτύποις δονάκεσσι μελιζομένου Φρυγὸς αὐλοῦ.
καὶ σὺ δέμας μετὰμειψας ἀρείονι νεῖκος ἀνάψας
Σειληνῶ προτέρῳ πανομοίος. ἀλλὰ σὺ νύμφην
330 μηκέτι μαστεύσειας ἀσάμβαλον ἡθάδα Βάκχην,
Βάκχην λυσιέθειραν ὀρειάδα· λυσικόμων γὰρ
Νηιάδων ἀπέλεθρος ἐυφραίνει σε γενέθλη.
μηκέτι μαστεύσης ὀφιώδεα δεσμὰ Λυαίου,
ἐγγέλυσας μεθέπων σκολιὴν ὠδῖνα ῥέεθρων,
335 καὶ στικταῖς φολίδεσσιν ἀρηρότες ἀντὶ δρακόντων
ἰχθύες ὑμετέροισιν ἐφερπύζουσι ῥέεθροις.
εἰ δὲ σὺ βοτρυνόεντος ἐνοσφίσθης Διονύσου.
μᾶλλον ἐπολβίζω σε· σὺ γὰρ καὶ βότρυν ἀέξεις·
τί πλέον ἤθελες ἄλλο τεῶν θρεπτῆρα ῥοάων
340 Ζῆνα φέρων μετὰ Βάκχον, ὅλης γενετῆρα γενέθλης;
ἀντὶ τεῶν Σατύρων ποταμῶν στίχες· ἀντὶ δὲ ληνοῦ
᾿Ωκεανοῦ κελάδοντος ὑπὲρ νώτοιο χορεύεις.
εἵκελον εἶδος ἔχεις καὶ ἐν ὕδασιν· οὐ νέμεσις δὲ
Σειληνὸν κομόωντα βοοκραίροισι μετώποις
345 ταυρεῖν κερόεσσαν ἔχειν ποταμηίδα μορφήν·
εἶπε Μάρων· καὶ πάντες ἐθάμβεον ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ
Σειληνοῦ ζαχύτοιο κυβιστητῆρος ἰδόντες.

ἰσοφυῆς μίμημα πολυγνάμπτου ποταμοῖο.

εἰκοστὸν μεθέπει φονίου βουπλήγα Λυκούργου,
 εἰς βυθὸν ἰχθυόεντα διωκομένου Διονύσου.
 λῦτο δ' ἄγων· Σάτυροι δὲ σὺν εὐθύρσῳ Διονύσῳ
 βότρυος ἀφνειοῖσιν ἐναυλίζοντο μελάθροις.
 τοῖσι δὲ δαινυμένοις ἐπεκώμασαν οἰνάδες ὦραι·
 καὶ κτύπος ἦν τυπάνων ἐπιδόρπιος, ὅξυ δὲ σύρεγξ
 5 ἀμφιλαφῆς ἐλίγαινε, ἀρυόμενοι δὲ κυπέλλοις
 οἶνοχοοὶ μογέεσκον ἄλωφῆτῳ παρὰ δεῖπνῳ·
 καὶ πλέον αἰτίζεσκον ὀπάοντας οἶνον ἀφύσσειν
 δαιτυμόνες σαίνοντες· ἀνεσκίρτησε δὲ Βάκχη
 κύμβαλα δινεύουσα, φιλοσκάρθμοιο δὲ κούρης
 10 ἄπλοκος ἀκρήδεμνος ἐσεῖετο βόστρυχος αὖραις.
 καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις, καλέσας Σταφύλοιο γυναικα,
 αὐχμὸν ἀποσμήξας ἐπεκόσμεεν οἶνοπι πέπλῳ·
 καὶ Πίθου εὐρυγένειον ὄλον ῥυπόωντα καθήρας
 ἀργεννῶ παλινόρσος ἀνεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνι.
 15 ῥίψας πένθιμα πέπλα χυτῇ πεπαλαγμένα τέφρῃ·
 οὐκέτι δ' αὐτοχύτοισι παρήϊα δάκρυσι δεύων
 βότρυς ἀνεστενάχιζε, Διωνύσῳ δὲ πιθήσας
 φωριαμοὺς ὥιξε θυώδεας· οἰγομένων δὲ
 μαρμαρυγῇ σελάγιζε πολυγλήνων ἀπὸ πέπλων·
 20 κεῖθεν ἑλὼν Σταφύλου βασιλῆϊα φαιδρὰ τοκῆος
 δύσατο πορφυρέῳ πεπαλαγμένα φάρεα κόχλῳ,
 καὶ θαλῆς ψαύοντι συνειλαπίναζε Λυαίῳ.
 τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισιν ἀνέδραμεν Ἑσπερος ἀστήρ
 φέγγος ἀναστείλας χοροτερπέος ἠριγενείης.
 25 δαιτυμόνων δὲ φάλαγγες ἀμοιβαδὶς ἔνδοθεν αὐλῆς
 ὕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο βαθυστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων.
 καὶ Πίθος ἄλχι Μάρωνος ἀνήιεν εἰς μίαν εὐνήν,
 νεκταρέης εὐδομον ἀναβλύζων πόμα ληνοῦ,
 ἀλλήλους δ' ἐμέθυσσαν ἴσην πέμποντες αὐτμήν
 30 πάννουχον. Εὐπετάλη δέ, τιθνητήρια Λυαίου,
 δαλὸν ἀναψαμένη καὶ Βότρυϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ
 δισσήν ἀμφοτέροις ἀλιπόρφυρον ἔντυεν εὐνήν·
 γείτονι δ' ἐν θαλάμῳ Σατύρων διχα, νόσφι Λυαίου,
 ἀμφίπολοι στορέσαντο λέχος χρύσειον ἀνάσση.
 35 Βάκχῳ δ' ἦλθεν ὄνειρος, Ἑρις πολέμοιο τιθήνη,
 ἄρμασι μιμηλοῖσιν ἐφεδρήσσοῦσα λεόντων,
 ῥεῖης εἶδος ἔχουσα, φιλοκροτάλοιο θεαίνης·
 καὶ Φόβος ἠνιόχευεν ὄνειρείων ζυγὰ δίφρων
 ἀντιτύποις μελέεσσι νόθος μορφούμενος Ἄττις,

40 καὶ θρόον ὄξυν ἔχων ἀπαλόχροος ἄρσενι μορφῇ
ἡνίοχον Κυβέλης ἀπεμάξατο θήλει φωνῇ:
Βάκχου δ' ὑπναλέοιο παρεστηκυῖα καρήνων
φοιτὰς Ἔρις νεμέσησε, καὶ ἐγρεμόθω φάτο φωνῇ:
ὑπνώεις, Διόνυσε θεηγενές: εἰς ἐνοπὴν δὲ
45 Δηριάδης καλέει σε, καὶ ἐνθάδε κῶμον ἐγείρεις:
μητρυιὴ δ' ὀρώσα τειὴν φύξηλιν Ἐνυὼ
Ἥρη κερτομέει σε, σὺ δὲ στρατὸν εἰς χορὸν ἔλκεις.
αἰδέομαι Κρονίωνι φανήμεναι, ἄζομαι Ἥρην,
ἄζομαι ἀθανάτους, ὅτι μὴ κάμες ἄξια Ῥείης:
50 Τιτίνων δ' ὀλετῆρα, προασπιστῆρα τοκῆος,
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἔχοντα κατ' οὐρανὸν Ἄρεα φεύγω,
ἀσπίδα κουφίζοντα διάβροχον ἡθάδι λύθρω:
καὶ γνωτὴν δέο μᾶλλον, ἀριστογόνιοιο τοκῆος
αὐτοτελῇ γονόεντος ἀμήτορα παῖδα καρήνου,
55 Παλλὰδα δειμαίνω κορυθαιόλον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
μέμφεται ἄρσενά Βάκχον ἀεργέα θῆλυς Ἀθήνη:
εἵκαθεν αἰγίδι θύρσος, ἐπεὶ ποτε Παλλὰς ἀγήνωρ
αἰγίδα κουφίζουσα πύλας ἔστεψεν Ὀλύμπου,
Τιτίνων σκεδάσασα θυελλήεσσαν Ἐνυὼ,
60 πατρώου δ' ἐγέραιρε σοφὴν ὠδῖνα καρήνου:
καὶ σὺ Διὸς γονόεσσαν ἐπαισχύνεις πτύχα μηροῦ.
ἡνίδε, πῶς γελόωσι καὶ Ἑρμείας καὶ Ἀπόλλων,
ὃς μὲν ἀερτάζων δίδυμον βέλος εἰσέτι λύθρω
ὑπιλόφων τεκέων πεπαλαγμένον Ἴφιμεδειης,
65 ὃς δὲ καταφθιμένοιο πολυβλεφάροιο νομῆος
ῥάβδον ἔχων ὀλέτειραν: ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὸν αἰθέρα φεύγω
μῶμον ἀλυσκάζουσα φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου.
θύρσους δ' ἡρεμέοντας ὀπιπεύουσα Λυαίου
μέμφεται ὀρχηστῆρι φιλοσκοπέλῳ Διονύσῳ
70 παρθένος ἰοχέαιρα, κυβερνήτειρα δὲ δίφρου
οὐτιδανῶν ἐλάφων, βαλίων ὀλέτειρα λαγῶν,
μέμφεται οὐρεσίφοιτος ὀρειάδος ἐγγῦθι Ῥείης
πορδαλίων ἐλατῆρι καὶ ἡνιοχῇ λεόντων.
παιδὸς ἐμοῦ Διὸς οἶκον ἀναίνομαι: ἐν γὰρ Ὀλύμπῳ
75 ἄζομαι αὐχέεσσαν ἀγαλλομένην ἔτι Λητώ,
ἰὸν ἐμοὶ τανύουσαν ἐὼν χραισμήτορα λέκτρων,
γηγενέος Τιτυοῖο ποθοβλήτοιο φονῆα.
καὶ διδύμαις ὀδύνῃσιν ἱμάσσομαι, ὅττι δοκεῦω
ἀχνυμένην Σεμέλην καὶ ἀγήνορος ἀστέρα Μαιῆς.
80 οὐ σὺ Διὸς τεκέεσσιν ὁμοίος: οὐ κτάνεις ἰῶ
ᾧτον ἀπειλητῆρα καὶ ὑσιπόδην Ἐφιάλτην,
οὐ Τιτυὸν πτερόεντι τεῶ κατέπεφνες ὅτστῳ.
οὐ θρασὺν Ὠρίωνα δυσίμερον, οὐ πρόμον Ἥρης

Ἄργον, ἀεξικάκοιο βοοσκόπον υἷὸν ἀρούρης,
85 Ζηνὸς ὀπιευτῆρα βοοκραίρων ὕμεναιων:
ἀλλὰ παρὰ Σταφύλῳ καὶ Βότρυϊ κῶμον ὑφαίνεις,
ἀκλειῆς ἀσίδηρος ἐποίνιον ὕμνον ἀείδων:
αἰσχύνεις Σατύρων χθόνιον γένος, ὅτι καὶ αὐτοὶ
Βακχιάδος ψαύοντες ἀναιμάκτοιο χορεῖς
90 Ἄρεος ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐπετρέψαντο κυτέλλοις.
ἔστι καὶ εἰλαπίνη μετὰ φύλοπιν, ἔστι χορεῦειν
Ἰνδῶν μετὰ δῆριν ἔσω Σταφύλοιο μελάνθρων:
πηκτίδες ἅψ αὔουσιν ἐνναλίην μετὰ νίκην:
νόσφι πόνων οὐκ ἔστιν ἀνέμβατον αἰθέρα ναιῖν:
95 οὐ πέλε ρηιδίη μακάρων ὁδός: ἐξ ἄρετῆς δὲ
ἀτραπὸς Οὐλύμποιο θεόσσυτος εἰς πόλον ἔλκει.
τέτλαθι καὶ σὺ πόνους πολυειδέας: οὐρανίην γὰρ
Ἥρῃ σοὶ κοτέουσα Διὸς μαντεύεται αὐλήν.
ὥς φαμένη πεπότητο. θεὸς δ' ἀνεπήλατο λέκτρων,
100 φρικτὸν ἔχων ἔτι δοῦπον ἀπειλητῆρος ὀνείρου ...
καὶ θρασὺς ἄνθορε Βότρυσ, ἐὼν δ' ἐνδυνε χιτῶνα
Σιδονίης ἀκτῖνας ἀκοντίζοντα θαλάσσης,
καὶ χρυσέῳ συνέεργεν ἀρηρότα ταρσὰ πεδίλῳ:
ὥμοις δ' ἀκαμάτοις διμερῇ κληίδα φυλάσσω
105 φαιδρὸν ἀλιχλαίνων περονήσατο φᾶρος ἀνάκτων,
πατρῶν λαιγόνεσσι βαλὼν ὑψηνοῖα μίτρην,
σκῆπτρον ἔχων. Σάτυροι δὲ δαφοινήσαντες ἀπῆλυν
πορδαλίων ἔξευξαν ἐπειγομένῳ Διονύσῳ:
Σειληνοὶ δ' ἀλάλαζον: ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
110 θυρσοφόροι: στρατιαὶ δὲ συνήλυδες εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν
στοιχάδες ἐρρώοντο: καὶ ἔβρεμεν αὐλὸς Ἐννοῦς:
κεκριμένους δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες.
καὶ τις ὑπὲρ νώτοιο θορῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
εἰς δρόμον ἐσσυμένης λοφίην ἐπεμάστιεν ἄρκτου
115 λυσσαλέης: ἕτερος δὲ δασύτριχα γαστέρα νύσσω
ἄγριον ἡνιόχευε καλαύροπι ταῦρον ἀλήτην,
πλευραῖς ἀμφοτέραις κεχαλασμένα ταρσὰ συνάπτων:
ὅς δὲ δασυστέρνων ῥαχίης ἐπέβαινε λεόντων
αὐχενίων πλοκάμων δεδραγμένος ἀντὶ χαλινοῦ.
120 καὶ μέγαρον πατρῶν ὁμοῦ καὶ κλῆρον ἐάσας
βότρυσ ἐρευθήεις, τετράζυγον ἄρμα τιταίνων,
σύνδρομος ἡνιόχευε φιλοσταφύλῳ Διονύσῳ,
δμῶας ἔχων κατόπισθε: μέθη δ' ἅμα μητέρι νύμφῃ
λευκοχίτων ἀνέβαινεν ἐς ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπῆλυν,
125 καὶ ζυγίων Φασύλεια κυβερνήτειρα λεπάδνων
εἰς λόφον ἡμιόνων χρυσέην ἐλέλιζεν ἱμάσθλην:
καὶ Πίθος εὐρυκάρηνος, ὀπίστερον ἄρμα τιταίνων,

ἔσπετο θητεῦων καὶ Βότρθι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
οὐ μὲν ἔην ἀγέραςτος· ἐλὼν δὲ μιν εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
130 Βάκχος ἄναξ ἔστησε μέθης ἐγκύμονι ληνῷ,
δεχνύμενον χυτὸν ὄγκον ἐυρραθάμιγγος ὁπώρης
ἄγγεσιν οἶνοδόκοις, ὅθεν οὖνομα τοῦτο φυλάσσω
πορφυρέῳ κενεῶνι πίθος παρὰ γείτονι ληνῷ
ἴσταται Εὐία δῶρα δεδεγμένος εἰσέτι Βάκχου,
135 σῆμα Πίθου προτέροιο· καὶ εἰ βροτέην λάχε φωνήν,
τοῖον ἔπος Σατύροισιν ἐρεύγετο κῶμον ἀκούων·
‘εἰμὶ Πίθος, προτέροιο φερώνυμος, ἄγχι δὲ ληνοῦ
δέχνυμαι ἡμερίδων γλυκερὸν ῥόον· Ἀσσυρίου δὲ
λάτρης ἐγὼ Σταφύλου καὶ Βότρυος, ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
140 νηπιάρχους ἔθρεψα γέρων τροφός· εἰσέτι δ’ ἄμφω,
οἷα πάλιν ζῶοντας, ἐμαῖς λαγόνεσσιν ἀείρω.’
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ἡμέλλε μετὰ χρόνον ὅψ’ ἐτελέσσαι
Βάκχος ἄναξ, περώων δὲ Τύρον καὶ Βύβλον ὁδεύων
καὶ ποταμοῦ θυόεντος Ἀδώνιδος εὐγαμον ὕδωπ
145 καὶ σκόπελον Λιβάνοιο καὶ ἔνδια Κυπρογενεῖς,
Ἀρραβίης ἐπέβαινε, καὶ εὐόδμων ὑπὸ δένδρων
Νυσιάδος τανύφυλλον ἐθάμβεε δειράδα λόχμης
καὶ πόλιν αἰπύδητον, ἀκοντοφόρων τροφὸν ἀνδρῶν.
ἐνθά τις, Ἄρεος αἶμα, μαιφόνος ὥκεεν ἀνήρ,
150 ἦθεσι ῥιγεδανοῖσιν ἔχων μίμημα τοκῆος,
ὀθνεῖους ἀθέμιστος ἀμεμφέας εἰς μόρον ἔλκων,
αἰνομανῆς Λυκόοργος· ἀποκταμένων δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἔστεφεν ἀνδρομέοισιν ἐὼν πυλεῶνα καρήνοις
εἵκελος Οἶνομάῳ καὶ ὁμόχρονος, οὗ ποτε δειλὴ
155 πατρὸς ἀνυμφεύτοισι δόμοις ἐφυλάσσετο κούρη
χήρη, γηραλέη, γαμίων ἔτι νῆες Ἐρώτων,
εἰσόκε Τανταλίδης, ἱππῆλατον οἶδμα χαράσσω,
ἄβροχον ἄρμα φέρων τετράζυγον ἐννοσιγαίου
νυμφίδιον δρόμον εἶχεν, ὅτε τροχοειδέϊ κύκλῳ
160 Μυρτίλος αἰολόμητις ἐπὶ κλοπῶν ἥνυσε νίκην
μιμηλῶ τελέσας ἀπατήλιον ἄξονα κηρῶ,
οἶκτον ἔχων καὶ ἔρωτα γοήμονος Ἴπποδαμείης·
καὶ δρόμος ἦν ἀνόνητος· ὑπ’ Ἡελίοιο δὲ δίφρῳ
κηροπαγῆς φλογόεντι τύπος θερμαίνετο πυρσῶ,
165 καὶ τροχὸν ἠκόντιζε λυθεῖς μινυῶριος ἄξων.
τοῖος ἔην Λυκόοργος ὁμότροπος· ἀχθοφόρους δὲ
πολλάκις ἐν τριόδοισιν ἀλήμονας ἀνδρας ὀδίτας
δήσας εἰς δόμον εἶλκεν, Ἐνυαλίῳ δὲ τοκῆι
δαιτρεῦων ἰέρευε· δαΐζομένων δὲ μαχαίρῃ
170 ἄκρα λαβῶν ἐπύκαζε κακοξείνους πυλεῶνας.
ὥς δ’ ὅτε δυσμενέων μετὰ φύλοπιν ὅψ’ ἐμολόντος

ἄνδρὸς ἀκοντοφόροιο νέης ἀναθήματα νίκης,
ἀσπίδες ἢ πῆληκες, ἐπεκρεμόωντο μελάθρῳ,
οὕτω καὶ φονίῳ παρὰ προπύλαια Λυκούργου
175 ἄκρα ποδῶν καὶ χεῖρες ἐπηώρηντο θανόντων.
καὶ φόνος ἦν: ξενίου δὲ Διὸς παρὰ γείτονι βωμῷ
ὄθνεῖοι στενάχοντες ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ,
οἷα βόες καὶ μῆλα, περιρραίνοντο δὲ βωμοὶ
σφαζομένων, στικτὴ δὲ κόνις φοινίσσεται λύθρῳ
180 δώματος ἀμφὶ θύρετρα: βιαζόμενοι δὲ πολῖται
ἀντὶ Διὸς σπεύδοντο θυηπολέειν Λυκοόργῳ.
Οὐδ' ἔλαθες, Διόνυσε, δολορραφέος φθόνον Ἥρης:
ἀλλὰ πάλιν κοτέουσα τεῇ θεόπαιδι γενέθλι
ἄγγελον Ἴριν ἔπεμπε δυσάγγελον, ὄφρα σε θέλξῃ
185 κλεψινόῳ κεράσασα δόλῳ ψευδήμονα πειθῶ:
δῶκε δὲ οἱ βουπλήγα θεημάχον, ὄφρα κομίσῃ
Ἀρραβίης μεδέοντι, Δρυαντιάδῃ Λυκοόργῳ.
οὐδὲ θεὰ δῆθυνεν: ἀμειβομένῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
Ἄρεος ἀντιτύποιο νόθην ἐφεύσατο μορφήν:
190 καὶ λόφον εὐπῆληκα διαθύσσοις καρήνου,
δαίδαλους κροκόεντας ἐοῦς ῥίψασα χιτῶνας,
κερδαλέῳ θώρηκι καλύπτετο, μάλα κυδοιμοῦ,
αἵμαλέῳ θώρηκι, καὶ ἐγρεκύδοιμον ἀπειλήν
ἄρσενά κερδαλέῃ βλοσυρῷ πέμπουσα προσώπῳ
195 γλῶσσαν Ἐνυαλίου τροχαλῇ μιμήσατο φωνῇ:
‘τέκνον, ἀνικήτου σπόρος Ἄρεος, ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὸς
Βασσαρίδων τρομέεις ἀπαλόχροα θῆλυν ἀπειλήν;
οὐκ ἀπὸ Θερμώδοντος Ἀμαζόνες εἰσὶ καὶ αὐταί,
οὐκ ἀπὸ Καυκασίῳ μαχήμονες εἰσι γυναῖκες:
200 οὐ θοὰ τόξα φέρουσι καὶ οὐ δονέουσιν ὀιστούς:
οὐ θρασὺν ἵππον ἔχουσιν Ἀρήιον: οὐδ' ὑπὲρ ὤμων
βάρβαρον ἡμιτέλεστον ἐλαφρίζουσι βοεῖην.
αἰδέομαι καλέων σε ποτὶ κλόνον, ὅτι γυναῖκες
δῆριν ἀπειλείουσιν ἀδερῖτῳ Λυκοόργῳ.
205 ἡρεμέεις, Λυκόργε, κορυσσομένου Διονύσου;
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ πέλεν οὗτος ἰώριος, οὐκ ἀπὸ φύτλης
οὐρανίης βλάστησε: Διὸς δέ μιν Ἑλλάδι φήμη
ἔμμεναι ἔπλασε μῦθος: ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα πιθέσθαι
ἀμφὶ τόκου Κρονίωνος, ὅτι βροτὸν ἄρσενι μηρῷ
210 υἷά θῆλυν ἔτικτε πατὴρ ἐμὸς ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς:
μῦθοις ψευδαλέοις οὐ πείθομαι, εἰ βροτὸς ἀνὴρ
Ζηνὸς ἐμοῦ τόκον ἔσχεν, ὅθεν βλάστησεν Ἀθήνη:
Ζεὺς ἐμὸς οὐ δεδάηκεν ἀνάγκιδα παῖδα λοχεύσαι:
Ἄρεα σὸν γενέτην ἔχε μάρτυρον: εἶδες Ἀθήνην
215 παῖδα Διὸς θήλειαν ἀρειοτέρεν Διονύσου.

τέκνον ἔμόν, μεθέπεις ἴδιον σθένος, οὐδὲ χατίζεις
πατρὸς Ἐνυαλίοιο, καὶ εἰ πολέμοισιν ἀνάσσει:
ἔμπης δ' ἦν ἐθέλῃς, θωρήξομαι, οὐδὲ σε λείψω
μοῦνον ἐνὶ πτολέμοισι: θεὰ δέ σοι, εἰ χρέος εἴη,
220 γνωτὴ Ζηνὸς ἄκοιτις ὁμόστολος εἰς μόθον Ἥρῃ
ἔσπεται υἱωνοῖο προασπίζουσα Λυκούργου ...'
' ... στήσω δ' ὑμετέρου θεοδέγμονος ἔνδοθι νηοῦ
θύρσους Βασσαρίδων, νόθα δούρατα: Βουκεράων δὲ
Κενταύρων ἀτίνακτα κεράατα μακρὰ δαΐζας
225 τοξοφόρων Ἀράβων κεραελκέα τόξα τελέσσω,
ὥς θέμις: ἑκταδίην δὲ ταμῶν δολιχόσκιον οὐρὴν
Σειληγῶν λασίην τελέσω πλήξιππον ἱμάσθλην.
ταῦτα μὲν εἰς σὲ φέρω μετὰ φύλοπιν: ἀπτολέμου δὲ
Βάκχου ξανθὰ πέδιλα γυναικίους τε χιτῶνας
230 πορφυρέους καὶ θῆλυν ἐπ' ἱξυὶ κυκλάδα μίτρην
γνωτῇ σεῖο δάμαρτι φυλάξομεν ἀφρογενεῖη,
ἄρμενα θήλεα δῶρα: γυναιμανέος δὲ Λυαίου
ἀμφιπόλων στίχα πᾶσαν ἑμοῖς δμῶεσσι συνάψω
εἰς εὐνὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀναγκαίων ὑμεναιῶν,
235 οἷα δορικτήτοισι πέλει θέμις: οὐτιδανοὺς δὲ
ἡμερίδων ὄρηκας, ἐνέα δῶρα Λυαίου,
θερμότερῳ σπινθῆρι δεδέξεται Ἀρραβίη φλόξ.
καὶ βριαρὴ θεράπαινα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου
Βασσαρὶς ἀλλοίην ἐχέτω καὶ ἀήθεα τέχνην
240 δῶματα ναιετάουσα μετ' οὖρεα, δαιδαλέην δὲ
νεβρίδα καλλείψασα δέμας κρύψειε χιτῶνι,
καρπὸν ἀλετρεύουσα μύλης τροχοιδεῖ πέτρῳ:
καὶ στεφάνους ρίψασα, καὶ ἦν καλέουσιν ὀπώρην,
ξυνὰ διδασκέσθω μελεδήματα δίζυγι θεσμῷ,
245 δμῶις ἀναγκαίῃ καὶ Παλλάδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ
ἡματίοις ταλάροισι καὶ ἐννυχίοις ὑμεναιόις,
κερκίδα κουφίζουσα καὶ οὐκέτι κύμβαλα ῥεῖης.
Σειληνοὶ δὲ γέροντες ἐμῆς παρὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης
εὖιον αἰέσωσι, καὶ ἡθάδος ἀντὶ Λυαίου
250 κῶμον ἀνακρούσωσι καὶ Ἀρεῖ καὶ Λυκοόργῳ.'
ὥς φαμένου μείδησε θεὰ χρυσόπτερος Ἴρις,
ψευδαλέην ἱρηκος ἐρετμώσασα πορείην.
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Λυκόοργος ἐὴν μαντεύσατο νίκην,
γινώσκων ταχὺν ὄρνιν, ὅτι πτερὰ φοῖνια πᾶλλων
255 ἄδρανέας δεδάηκε πελειάδας εἰς φόβον ἔλκεν:
εἶδε γάρ, εἶδεν ὄνειρον ὁμοῖον, ὥς παρὰ λόχμῃ
χατῆεις κεκόρυστο λέων λυσσῶδ' ἰαίμῳ
καὶ βαλίων ἐλάφῳ κεραὴν ἐδίωκε γενέθλην.
τοῖον ὄναρ νοέων ἐκορύσσετο θυιάσι Βάκχαις,

260 Βασσαρίδας κεμάδεσσιν ἄπειρομόθοισιν ἔισκων,
καὶ πλέον ἔλλαβε θάρσος, ἀναΐξασα δὲ δαίμων
νεύμασιν Ἥραιοισι προάγγελος ἦλθε Λυαίῳ,
ταρσὰ ποδῶν πτερόεντι περισφίγξασα πεδίλῳ,
ῥάβδον ἐλαφρίζουσα, καὶ ὥς Διὸς ἄγγελος Ἑρμῆς
265 Βάκχῳ χαλκοχίτωνι δολοπλόκον ἴαχε φωνήν:
‘γνῶτέ, περισσονόοιο Διὸς τέκος, ἔκτοθι χάρμης
ὄργια σεῖο κόμιζε φιλοξείνῳ Λυκοόργῳ.
λεῖπε μόθον, μὴ κτεῖνε φίλους, μὴ φεῦγε γαλήνην,
ἴλαθι μειλίχοισι: τίς ἦπιον ἄνδρα δαμάσσει;
270 μῆδὲ τεοῖς ἰκέτησιν ἀναστήσειας Ἐνῳ:
μὴ τεὸν ἄστερόεντι δέμας θώρηκι καλύψῃς;
μὴ κεφαλὴν σφίγξεις ἀερσιλόφῳ τρυφαλεῖῃ:
μὴ τρίχα μιτρώσειας ἐχιδνήεντι κορύμβῳ:
ἀλλὰ λιπῶν σέο θύρσα μαιφόνα, καὶ κέρας οἴνου
275 ἔμπλεον ἡδυπότοιο καὶ ἡθάδα ῥάβδον αἰείρων,
εὖια δῶρα τίταινε φιλοσταφύλῳ Λυκοόργῳ:
ἄρτι δέμας κόσμησον ἀναιμάκτῳ σέο πέπλῳ,
ἄρτι μέολς πλέξωμεν ἄθωρήκτοιο χορείης,
καὶ στρατὸς ἡρεμέων μενέτῳ παρὰ δάσκιον ὕλην,
280 μὴ μόθον ἐντύνειε γαληναίῳ βασιλῆϊ:
ἀλλὰ, βαλὼν πλοκάμοισι φίλον στέφος, ἔρχεο χαίρων
εἰς δόμον ἀκλήιστον ἔτοιμοτάτου Λυκοόργου,
ἔρχεο κωμάζων ἅτε νυμφίος: Ἴνδοφόνους δὲ
θύρσους σεῖο φύλαζον ἀπειθεί Δηριαδῆϊ.
285 οὐ μὲν ἄναξ Λυκόοργος ἀνάγκιδα θυμὸν ἀέξει:
ἔστι γὰρ Ἄρεος αἶμα Διιπετές, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
πατρὸς Ἐνυαλίοιο φέρων ἐμφύλιον ἀλκὴν
οὐδὲ τεοῦ Κρονίωνος ὑποπτήξειεν Ἐνῳ.’
ὥς φαμένη παρέπεισε, μεταχρονίῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
290 αἰθέρος ἔνδον ἴκανε. δολοφροσύνη δὲ θεαίνης
ἐγρεμόθους Διόνυσος ἐοὺς ἀπεσείσατο θύρσους
καὶ κυνέην λοφόεσσαν ἐῶν ἀνέλυσε κομᾶν
καὶ σάκος ἄστερόντων ἐθήκατο: χειρὶ δὲ γυμνῇ
πορφυρέης ἦειρε βεβυσμένον ἄγγος ἐέρσης,
295 ὅξῳ κέρας καὶ βότρυν ἀπενθέα: μηκεδανὴν δὲ
ἄπλοκον ἀμπελόεντι κόμην ἐστέψατο κισσῷ.
καὶ στρατιὴν εὖοπλον ἐγερσιμόθους τε γυναῖκας
ἐγγύθι Καρμήλοιο λιπῶν καὶ δίφρα λεόντων
ἄβροχίτων ἀσίδηρος ἐκώμασε πεζὸς ὁδίτης:
300 καὶ μέλος εὐφροσύνης ἐπιδόρπιον ἴαχε σύριγξ,
καὶ φίλιον σύριγμα συνωρίδες ἔβρεμον αὐλῶν
χερσὶ δὲ δινεύουσα φιλύια ῥόπτρα Λυαίου
Βασσαρίς ἐσκίρτησε παρὰ προπύλαια Λυκούργου.

καὶ θρασὺς ὥς ἤκουσεν ἄναξ ἀλάλαγμα χορείης,
305 αὐλοῦ μελπομένοιο μέλος Βερεκυντίδος ἠχοῦς
καὶ καναχὴν σύριγγος, ἀρασσομένης δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
μαίνεταιο παπταίνων διδυμόκτυπα κύκλα βοείης·
καὶ θεὸν ἀμπελόεντα παρὰ προθύροισι δοκεύων,
σαρδόνιον γελῶν, φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν,
310 Βασσαρίδων ἐλατῆρι χέων ἄσπονδον ἀπειλήν·
‘ἡμετέρων ὀράας ἀναθήματα ταῦτα μελάνθρων;
καὶ σύ, φίλος, κόσμησον ἐμὸν δόμον ἢ σέο θύρσοις
ἢ ποσὶν ἢ παλάμησιν ἢ αἵματόεντι καρήνῳ.
εἰ κεραοῖς Σατύροισι, κερασφόρε Βάκχε, κελεύεις,
315 ὑμέας ἴσα βόεσσιν ἐμῷ βουπλῆγι δαμάσσω.
τοῦτ’ο σοι ἐξ ἐμέθεν ξεινήιον, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ,
ἢ θεὸς ἢ μερόπων τις, ὅτι προπύλαια Λυκούργου
ἡμιτόμοις μελέεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη Διονύσου.
οὐ παρὰ Βοιωτοῖσιν ἀνάσσομεν, οὐ τὰδε Θῆβαι,
320 οὐ Σεμέλης δόμος οὗτος, ὅπῃ νόθα τέκνα γυναῖκες
ἄστεροπῇ τίκτουσι καὶ ὠδίνουσι κεραυνῷ.
σεῖεις οἴνοπα θύρσον, ἐγὼ βουπλῆγα τινάσσω,
καὶ σε διατμήξας βοέου κατὰ μέσσα μετώπου
ὑμετέρην ἐπίκρυτον ἀναρρήξαιμι κεραῖην.’
325 ὥς εἰπὼν ἐδίωκε Διωνύσοιο τιθήνας
θεινομένας βουπλῆγι· φιλοσκάρθμων δὲ γυναικῶν
ἢ μὲν ἐῆς παλάμης ἀπεσεύσατο κύμβαλα ῥεῖης,
ἢ δὲ φιλοκροτάλων ἀπεθήκατο τύμπανα χειρῶν,
ἄλλη βοτρυόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζεν ὀπώρην,
330 ἄλλη νεκταρέοισι συνωλίσθησε κυτέλλοις·
πολλὰ δ’ αὐτοκύλιστον ἀπερρίψαντο κονίη
ἠδυμελῇ σύριγγα καὶ ἔμπνοον αὐλὸν Ἀθήνης.
ὥς δ’ ὅτε τις μετὰ χεῖμα γαληναίῃ παρὰ λόχημῃ
ἀννεφέλου Φαέθοντος ἰδὼν τερψίμβροτον ὥρην
335 ποιμὴν κῶμον ἔγειρε, συνωρχήσαντο δὲ Νύμφαι·
ἄφνω δ’ ἐκ σκοπέλοιο χύθη κυκλούμενον ὕδωρ
κύμασι πυργωθέντος ὀρεσσιχύτου ποταμοῖο·
αὐτὰρ ὁ συρίζων ἀπεσεύσατο πηκτιδα χειρῶν
δειμαίνων θρασὺ χεῦμα χαραδραίου ποταμοῖο,
340 οἶδαλέω μὴ μῆλα κατακρύψειε ῥέεθρῳ·
ὥς ὅ γε τερψινόου σκεδάσας ἀλάλαγμα χορείης
εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ἀνάμπυκας ἤλασε Βάκχας·
καὶ κλονέων ἀχόρευτος ἀλήμονα θῆλυν Ἐνυώ,
θηγαλέον βουπλῆγα φέρων, κειμήλιον Ἥρης,
345 χαλκοχίτων Λυκόοργος ἀτευχεὶ μάρνατο Βάκχῳ·
καὶ κέλαδον βρονταῖον ἐπέκτυπε δύσμαχος Ἥρη,
μητρυιὴ βαρύδουπος ἐπιβρίθουσα Λυαίῳ,

καὶ μιν ἀνεποίησε: βαρυζήλου δὲ θεαίνης
ὕψι κορυσσομένης ἐλελίζετο γούνατα Βάκχου:
350 ἔλπετο γὰρ Κρονίωνα προασπίζειν Λυκοόργου,
αἰθερίου πατάγοιο τύπον βρονταῖον ἀκούων:
ταρβαλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι φυγῶν ἀκίχητος ὀδίτης
γλαυκὸν Ἐρυθραίης ὑπεδύσατο κῦμα θαλάσσης.
τὸν δὲ Θέτις βυθίῃ φιλίῳ πήχυνεν ἀγοστῶ,
355 καὶ μιν ἔσω δύνοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο μελάθρου
χερσὶ φιλοξεῖνοισιν Ἄραψ ἡσπάζετο Νηρεὺς:
τὸν δὲ παρηγορέων φιλίῳ μειλιζατο μῦθος:
‘εἰπέ, τί σοι, Διόνυσε, κατηφέες εἰσὶν ὀπωπαί;
οὐ σε χαμαιγενέων Ἀράβων στρατός, οὐ σε διώκων
360 θνητὸς ἀνὴρ νίκησε, καὶ οὐ βροτέην φύγγες αἰχμήν:
ἀλλὰ Διὸς Κρονίδαο κασιγνήτη δάμαρ Ἥρη
οὐρανόθεν κεκόρυστο συναιχμάζουσα Λυκούργω,
Ἥρη καὶ μενέχαρμος Ἄρης καὶ χάλκεος αἰθήρ,
τέτρατος ἦν Λυκοόργος ὁ τηλικός: ὑψιμέδων δὲ
365 πολλὰκι σὸς γενέτης πρόμος αἰθέρος εἵκαθεν Ἥρη.
σοὶ πλεον ἔσσεται εὖχος, ὅταν μακάρων τις ἐνίψῃ,
ὅττι Διὸς μεγάλοιο δάμαρ καὶ σύγγονος Ἥρη
χεῖρας ἑὰς θώρηξεν ἀθωρήκτῳ Διονύσῳ.’
τοῖα παρηγορέων Βρομίῳ μυθήσατο Νηρεὺς.
370 καὶ χαροποῖς ῥοθίοισι καλυπτομένου Διονύσου
ἀσχαλὼν Λυκοόργος ἐς ὕδατα: ῥῆξεν ἰωήν:
‘αἶθε πατήρ με διδάξε μετὰ κλόνον ἔργα θαλάσσης,
ὥς κεν ἀεθλεῦσαιμι καὶ ἰχθυβόλων ἐς ἀγῶνα
ἀγρεύσας Διόνυσον, ὑποβρυχίων δ’ ἀπὸ κόλπων
375 Λυδὸν ἑμὸν θεράποντα τὸ δεῦτερον εἰς χθόνα σύρω.
ἀλλ’, ἐπεὶ οὐ μάθον ἔργα θαλασσοπόρων ἀλιήων
καὶ βυθίης οὐκ οἶδα δολορραφέος δόλον ἄγρης,
Λευκοθέης ἔχε δῶμα βαθύρροον, εἰσόκε πόντου
καὶ σὲ καὶ ὃν καλέουσι μεταστήσω Μελικέρτην,
380 σύγγγονον αἶμα φέροντα: καὶ οὐ χρέος ἐστὶ σιδήρου,
οὐ χθονίου βουπλήγος ἀφειδέος, ἀλλὰ χατίζω
ἰχθυβόλων, ἵνα δύντες Ἐρυθραίης βυθὸν ἄλμης
ἐνδόμυχον Διόνυσον ἀφαρπάζωσι θαλάσσης:
ἰχθυβόλοι, Νηρῆος ἐρευνητῆρες ἐναύλων,
385 δίκτυα μὴ νεπόδεσσιν ἐφαπλώσητε θαλάσσης,
ἀλλὰ λῖνοις Διόνυσον ἐρύσσατε: Λευκοθέῃ δὲ
εἰς χθόνα νοστήσειε συναγρευθεῖσα Λυαίῳ,
καὶ θρασὺς εἰς ἑμὸν οἶκον ὁμαρτήσειε Παλαίμων
ἄβρέκτοις μελέεσσιν ὑποδρήσων Λυκοόργῳ,
390 ὄφρα λιπῶν Ἐφύρειον ἀλιτρεφῶν δρόμον ἵππων
δίφρον ἑμὸν ζεύξειεν ἐπιχθονίῃ παρὰ φάντῃ,

αὐτός ὁμοῦ καὶ Βάκχος ὁπάονες· εἷς δόμος ἔστω,
εἷς δόμος ἀμφοτέροισι, Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ.’
ὥς εἰπὼν κεχόλωτο, καὶ ἠπειλήσε θαλάσση
395 καὶ πολιῷ Νηρῆι, καὶ ἤθελε πόντον ἱμάσσειν.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ ἰάχησεν ἀμαιμακέτῳ Λυκοόργῳ:
‘ἀφραίνεις, Λυκοόργε, μάτην ἀνέμοισιν ἐρίζων:
χάζεο σοῖσι πόδεσσιν, ἔως ὀρώωσιν ὀπωπαί.
ἔκλυες, ὥς τὸ πάροιθεν ὀρεσσιχύτῳ παρὰ πηγῇ
400 γυμνὴ Τειρεσίας θηήσατο μοῦνον Ἀθήνην,
οὐ δόρυ θεοῦρον ἄειρε καὶ οὐ πολέμιζε θεαίνῃ.
ἔμπης μοῦνον ὄπωπε καὶ ὤλεσε φέγγος ὀπωπῆς.’
τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε δι’ ἥερος ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
δυσσεβίην ὑπέροπλον ὀπιπεύων Λυκοόργου.

εἰκοστὸν πρῶτιστον ἔχει χόλον ἐννοσιγαίου
 καὶ μόνον Ἀμβροσίης ῥήξηνορα καὶ λόχον Ἴνδῶν.
 οὐδὲ Δρυαντιάδης προτέρης ἐπελήσατο χάρμης:
 ἀλλὰ λαβὼν βουπλῆγα τὸ δεύτερον ἐνδοθὶ λόχμης ...
 ἔθνεα Βασσαρίδων διζήμενος. ἄμβροσιν δὲ
 δῶκε μένος καὶ θάρσος ἀρειμανές οὐράνιος Ζεὺς,
 5 ἢ τότε βακχευθεῖσα κατάσχετος οἴδματι λύσσης
 μάρμαρον ἤέρταζε, καταιχμάζουσα Λυκούργου,
 καὶ βριαρὴν τρυφάλειαν ἀπεστυφέλιξε κομῶν.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ θαρσῆεις ἐπεμάρνατο μείζονι πέτρῳ
 τρηχαλέῳ, καὶ στέρνα βοώπιδος ἥλασε Νύμφης:
 10 οὐδὲ μιν ἐπρήνιξε, χόλῳ δ' ἀνενείκατο φωνήν:
 ἄρες, ἄναξ πολέμοιο, πάτερ κρατεροῖο Λυκούργου,
 αἰδόμενος σκοπίαζε τεδὸν γόνον ἀντὶ Λυαίου
 οὐτιδανὴν ἀσιδήρον ὀιστεύοντα γυναιῖκα.
 πόντος ἐμόν βουπλῆγα βιάζεται: ἐν ῥοθίοις γὰρ
 15 κρύπτετο μὲν Διόνυσος, ἐγὼ δ' ἄπρηκτος ὀδεύων
 ἵξομαι εἰς ἐμόν ἄστνυ, πόνον δ' ἀτέλεστον ἀνήσω.'
 ἔννεπεν: ἄμβροσιν δὲ μέσσην γυιαλκεί δεσμῷ
 χειρὶ λαβὼν ἐπέεζε: καὶ ἤθελε δεσμὰ καθάψαι,
 οἷα δορικτήτην μετανάστιον εἰς δόμον ἔλκων,
 20 παιδοκόμον Βρομίοιο φέρων θιασώδεα Νύμφην,
 ἀμφιτόμῳ βουπλῆγι μετάφρενα δούλια νύσσων.
 οὐ δὲ μιν ἰσταμένην ἀνεσεύρασεν, οὐδὲ ἐ λύθρῳ
 ἀρτιχύτῳ φοίνιξεν ἀρασσομένοιο καρήνου:
 ἀλλὰ φύγε θρασὺν ἄνδρα καὶ εὖξατο μητέρι Γαίῃ
 25 ἄμβροσιν κροκόπεπλος, ὅπως Λυκόοργον ἀλύξῃ.
 γαῖα δὲ καρποτόκεια πετασσαμένη κενέῳνα
 ἀμφίπολον Βρομίοιο φιλήτορι δέξατο κόλπῳ
 ἄμβροσιν ζώουσαν: ἀιστωθεῖσα δὲ Νύμφη
 εἰς φυτὸν εἶδος ἄμειψε καὶ ἀμπελόεις πέλεν ὄρηξ:
 30 σειρὴν δ' αὐτοέλικτον ἐπιπλέξασα Λυκούργου
 ἀγχονίῳ σφήκωσεν ὁμόζυγον αὐχένα δεσμῷ,
 μαρναμένη μετὰ θύρσον ἀπειλητῆρι κορύμβῳ.
 καὶ φυτὸν αὐδῆεν ζαμενῆς ποιήσατο Ῥεῖη
 ἡμερίδων βασιλῆϊ χαρίζομένη Διονύσω:
 35 ἄμβροσιν δ' ὀλόλυξε καὶ ἔμπνοον ἴαχε φωνήν:
 'οὐδέ, φυτὸν περ ἐοῦσα, τεῖν ποτε δῆριν ἀλύξω,
 σὸν δέμας οὐτήσω καὶ ἐν ἔρνεσιν, ἀντὶ δὲ σειρῆς
 χαλκείης ἀλύτοις σε περισφίγγειμι πετῆλοις:
 εἰς σὲ καὶ ἀμπελόεσσα κορύσσομαι, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ:

40 ‘Βασσαρίδες κτείνουνσι καὶ ἐν πετάλοισι φονῆας.’
φυταλίας πεφύλαξο μαχήμονας: ἀντιβίους γὰρ
ἡμερίδες βάλλουσι καὶ αἰχμάζουσιν ὀπῶραι.
σοὶ μαχόμεν ζώουσα καὶ ὀλλυμένη σε δαμάσσω:
οὕτω ἀριστεύουσι Διωνύσοιο τιθῆναι.
45 ἔκλυες εἰναλὴν ἔχενηίδα, πῶς ἐνὶ πόντῳ
ἰχθὺς βαιὸς ἀναλκὶς ἐπέχραε πολλάκι ναύταις
ἅψ ἀνασειράζων, ὀλίγῳ δ’ ὑπὸ χάσματι λαίμοϋ
μηκεδανὴν ἀνέκοψε κατάσχετον ὀλκάδα δεσμῶ;
δέξο με χερσαίην ἔχενηίδα, δέξο πετήλων
50 αὐτοπέδην ἀσιδήρον ἐρισταφύλοιο κυδοιμοῦ.
μίμνε μοι, αὐτόθι μίμνε δεδεγμένος υἷα Θυώνης,
εἰσόκε νοστήσειε θαλασσαιῶν ἀπὸ κόλπων.’
τοῖα μὲν ἀμπελόεσσα κορυμβοφόρῳ φάτο φωνῇ
ἀμβροσίῃ τανύφυλλος, ἀρασσομένοιο Λυκούργου:
55 καὶ ,χλοεροῖς δεσμοῖσι κατάσχετος ἄγριος ἀνήρ
ἄρραγέων ἀτίνακτος ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι πετήλων
ἀμφιπαγῆς ἀλάλαζεν ἀπειλείων Διονύσῳ:
οὐδὲ φυγεῖν σθένος εἶχε, μάτην δ’ ἐτίνασεν ἀνάγκη
οὐτιδαναῖς ἐλίκεσσι περίπλοκον ἀνθερεῶνα:
60 οὐδὲ δι’ ἀσφαράγοιο μέση πορθμεύετο φωνῇ
θλιβομένου στεφανηδόν: ἐκυκλώσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
αὐχένα μιτρωθέντα μέσον πνικτῆρι κορὺμβῳ.
καὶ πέλεκυν δασπλῆτα δορυσσόος ἤρπασεν Ἄρης
παιδὸς ἐοῦ: Βρομίην γὰρ ἐδείδιε λυσσάδα Βάκχην,
65 μὴ φονίῳ βουπλῆγι δέμας πλήξειε Λυκούργου:
οὐδὲ Δρυαντιάδην χλοερῶν ἀπελύσατο δεσμῶν,
καὶ μάλα περ ποθέων, στεροπῇ δ’ ὑπόειξε τοκῆος
δοῦπον ἀπειλητῆρα Διὸς βρονταῖον ἀκούων.
καὶ δολιχὴν προθέλυμνον ἐπιπροχυθεῖσα καρήνῳ
70 ἄνδρὸς ἀμαιμακέτοιο κόμην ὥλοψε Πολυξῶ:
γαστέρι δ’ ἀντιβίου μανιῶδεα χεῖρα βαλοῦσα,
ἀπτομένη θώρηκος, ἀνέσπασεν ἄρπαγι παλμῶ,
χωομένη δ’ ἔρρηξε — μαχήμονες, εἴπατε, Μοῦσαι,
οἷον ἦν τότε θαῦμα δαΐζομένοιο χιτῶνος
θηλυτέροις ὀνύχεσσι, σιδηρείου περ ἐόντος — :
καὶ ταναοῖς πλέξασα λύγους ἐλικῶδεα σειρήν
Κλείτη λυσιέθειρα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσα Γιγαρτῶ
εὐπετάλῳ μάλιστα δέμας φοίνιξε Λυκούργου
αἵμαλέῃ σμῶδιγγι χαρασσομένων ἐπὶ νώτων:
80 Φλειῶ δ’ εὐρυτέρῃσι κατέγραφε ταρσὸν ἀκάνθαις
αἰνομανῆς: Ἐρίφη δὲ συνέμπορος Εἰραφιῶτη
δραξαμένη μέσσοιο δασύτριχος ἀνθερεῶνος
ἄνδρα βαλεῖν μενέαινε ἐπὶ χθονί: μαρναμένη δὲ

Βακχείης Φασύλεια κυβερνήτειρα χορείης
85 δυσμενέος κενεῶνα κατέγραφεν ὅξεί κέντρῳ:
καὶ Θεόπη κεκόρυστο, τιτηνήτειρα Λυαίου,
ῥινοτόρῳ νάρθηκι: δέμας δ' ἥρασσε Λυκούργου
καὶ Βρομίη Βρομίοιο φερώνυμος: αἴς ἅμα Νύμφη
Κισσηλὶς φιλόβοτρυς ἐμάστιεν ἄνερα κισσῷ.
90 καὶ πολέμῳ δρυόεντι βιαζομένου Λυκοόργου
πῆμα φάνη πάλιν ἄλλο κακώτερον: Ἀρραβίη γὰρ
πόντιον ἐννοσίγαιον ὀρεστιάς ὥπλισε Ῥεῖη,
σχιζομένων καναχηδὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα θεμέθλων:
καὶ δαπέδου βαθύκολπον ἀπεστυφέλιξεν ὀχῆα
95 αἰχμάζων τριόδοντι θαλασσομέδων ἐνοσίχθων,
ἐνδομύχοις ἀνέμοισιν ἱμασσομένων κενεῶνων,
γειοπόνους ἀνέμοισιν, ἐπεὶ νωμήτορι παλμῷ
χάσματα κοιλαίνουσι σεσηρότα φωλάδες αὔραι:
Ἀρραβίης δ' ἀτίνακτος ἐσεῖετο κόλπος ἀρούρης,
100 ἀγγινεφῇ δὲ μέλαθρα τινάκτορι λυέτο παλμῷ:
καὶ δρυὲς εἰς χθόνα πῆπτον, ἀρασσόμενος δὲ τριαινῇ
Νύσιος ἀμφιέλικτος Ἄραψ ὠρχήσατο πυθμὴν:
καὶ πετέλῃ χθονὶ κείτο, κόμην δ' ἐκονίσσατο δάφνη,
καὶ πίτυς αὐτόρριζος ἐκέκλιτο γείτονι πεύκῃ.
105 ὄφρα μὲν ἐννοσίγαιος, ὑπὸ χθόνα λάβρος ἀήτης,
νερτερίων κευθμῶνα μετερρίζωσεν ἐναύλων,
τόφρα πέλεν κακὸν ἄλλο νεώτερον: ὕλονόμοι γὰρ
θεινόμεναι μάστιγι δρακοντοκόμοιο Μεγαίρης
Νυσιάδες ταυρηδὸν ἐμυκήσαντο γυναιῖκες,
110 σφωιτέρων τεκέων δηλήμονες: ἐσσυμένη δὲ
ἢ μὲν ἀνηκόντιζεν ἐς ἡέρα κοῦρον ἀλήτην
ἡερόθεν προκάρηνον ὀλισθήσαντα κονίη,
ἢ δὲ φίλον βρέφος εἶλκε, καὶ οὐκ ἐμνήσατο μαζοῦ:
ἄλλη παιδοφόνῳ παλάμην φοίνιξε σιδήρῳ
115 υἷέα δαιτρεύσασα, καὶ ἔπλετο μαινὰς Ἀγαυή.
καὶ σφετέροις τεκέεσσιν ἐπέδραμον, ἀρτιτόκους δὲ
υἷεας, οὓς ἐλόχευσαν, ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ ...
2 ἄλλος ὑποπτήσων μανιώδεα Πανὸς ἱμάσθλην
εἰς ἐνοπὴν ἄγραυλον Ἄραψ βακχεύετο ποιμήν.
120 τοῖα μὲν οἰστρήεντι δόλῳ κυμαίνεται βούτης
δαιτρεύων ἐὰ τέκνα, καὶ υἷεας εἰλαπινάζων
παιδοβόροις γενύεσσι: νοοσφαλέων δὲ βοτῆρων
ἄτροφον ἀρσενόπαιδα τόκον τυμβεύσατο γαστήρ ...
νυμφῶν παλάμησι: πολυγνάμπτοις δὲ πετῆλοις
125 ἀμφιπαγῆς πεπέδητο, καὶ οὐ γόνυ κάμψε Λυαίῳ,
οὐ Διὶ χεῖρα τίταινεν, ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκης,
οὐ βροντῆς φόβον εἶχεν: ἀπειλήσας δὲ προσώπῳ

χώετο Βασσαρίδεσσιν: ἔπεσσυμένην δὲ καρήνω
ἀστεροπὴν ἔνόησε, καὶ οὐχ ὑπόειξε Λυαίῳ.
130 βάλλετο δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, πολυσπερέων δὲ βολᾶων
τοσσατὴν ἔστηκε μένων ἀντίξοον ὁρμήν,
Ἄρεα μοῦνον ἔχων χραισμήτορα, μοῦνος ἐρίζων
Ζηνί, Ποσειδάωνι, Ῥέῃ, Χθονί, Νηρεί, Βάκχῳ.
καὶ μογέων ἀχάλινον ἀπερροῖβδησεν ἰωήν:
135 ἄψατε πῦρ, φλέξωμεν ὅλον φυτόν, ἐν πυρὶ κείσθω
βακχικὰ ταῦτα πέτηλα, καὶ αἰθομένας διὰ πόντου
ἡμερίδας ῥίψωμεν ὑποβρυχίῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἡγορέης Ἀράβων σημῆιον: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὕτῃ
δεξαμένη κατὰ κῦμα Θέτις πυρίκαυτον ὀπώρην
140 τέφρην ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀποσβέσσειε θαλάσση.
λύσατε φάσματα ταῦτα καὶ αἰόλα μάγγανα δεσμῶν:
μάγγανα Νηρείδων Ποσιδῆια ταῦτα δοκεῦ:
λύσατε, καὶ ῥοθίοις με πελάσσετε: μαντιπόλῳ γάρ
Πρωτέϊ φαρμακόντι κορύσσομαι: ἄψατε πεύκη,
145 ὄφρα μολῶν παρὰ πόντον ἐμῷ ποινήτορι θυμῷ
ξεινοδόκον Βρομίῳ καταφλέξω Μελικέρτην.'
εἶπεν ἀπειλείων καὶ Νηρεί καὶ Διονύσῳ ...
Ἀρραβίης σχεδὸν ἦλθεν: Ἐνυαλίου δὲ καμόντα
υἷέα δενδρήεντος ἀνεζώγρησε κυδοιμοῦ
150 Ἀρεος ἄορ ἔχουσα σιδήρεον, ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχαις
δαιμονίης γύμνωσε σελασφόρα νῶτα μαχαίρης,
εἰς φόβον αἰθύσσουσα Κυβηλίδα θῆλυν Ἐννώ:
ἀμβροσίης δὲ πέτηλα διατμήξασα σιδήρῳ
δεσμοὺς βοτρυνέοντας ἀπεσφήκωσε Λυκοόργου.
155 καὶ χθονὸς ἐπρήνυε τινάκτορα κυανοχαίτην
γνωτὸν ἐὸν καὶ Ζῆνα πόσιν καὶ μητέρα Ῥεῖην,
ῥυσάμενη Λυκόοργον, ὅπως ἐναρίθμιος εἴη
ἀθανάτοις: Ἀραβες δὲ πολυκνίσων ἐπὶ βωμῶν,
ὡς θεόν, υἷα Δρύαντος ἐμειλιξαντο θυηλαῖς,
160 ἀντὶ Διωνύσοιο μελιρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
λύθρον ἐπισπένδοντες ἀβακχεύτῳ Λυκοόργῳ.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὡς ἡμελλε γέρων χρόνος ὀψὲ τελέσσαι:
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ, ἵνα μὴ τις ἀγνορέων βροτὸς ἀνὴρ
ἄλλος ἔχων μίμημα δοριθρασέος Λυκοόργου
165 μῶμον ἀναστήσειεν ἀμωμήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
αἰνομανῇ Λυκόοργον ἐθήκατο τυφλὸν ἀλήτην,
ἄστεος ἀγνώστοιο παλινδίνητον ὁδίτην,
πομπὸν ἀναγκαίης διζήμενον ἀτραπιτοῖο,
πολλάκις αὐτοκέλευθα περιπταίοντα πεδίλοις.
170 καὶ τὰ κὲν ἐν σκοπέλοισιν. Ἐρυθραίῳ δ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
θυγατέρες Νηρηῆος ἔσω βαθυκύμονος αὐλῆς

εἰναλίῃ Διόνυσον ἐμειλιξάντο τραπέζῃ·
 καὶ Σεμέλης ῥίψασα Διιπετέος φθόνον εὐνῆς,
 οἶνοφύτῳ θρασὺν ὕμνον ἀνακρούουσα Λυαίῳ,
 175 μαῖα Διωνύσοιο μελιζέτο, ποντιᾶς Ἴνώ·
 καὶ Βρομίῳ γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσω
 σύντροφος ἰσοέτηρος ἐωνοχόει Μελικέρτης.
 ὥς ὁ μὲν αὐτόθι μίμνεν ἔσω βαθυκύμονος αὐλῆς
 πόντον ἔχων πλατὺν οἶκον, ὑποβρύχιος μετανάστης·
 180 καὶ Θέτιδος βρυόεντι χυθεῖς ἐπεκέκλιτο κόλπῳ·
 Καδμείην δ' ἀκόρητος ἔην εὐπαιδα τιθήνην
 αὐτοκασιγνήτην προσπύξατο μητέρος Ἴνώ,
 καὶ φιλίῳ πήχυνε Παλαίμονα πολλάκι δεσμῶ
 σύντροφον ἰσοέτηρον. ἄδουπήτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
 185 οὐκέτι πουλὲλικτον ἀνακρούουσα χορείην,
 Βάκχου μὴ παρεόντος, ἀνεπτοίητο Μιμαλλῶν
 ἵχνια μαστεύουσα θαλασσοπόροιο Λυαίου·
 καὶ Σάτυρος φιλόμοχθος ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπὴν
 ξεινῷ πένθεϊ κάμνεν, ὀριπλάγκτοισι δὲ χηλαῖς
 190 ἔτρεχον οἰστρήεντες ἀνὰ δρυμὰ Πᾶνες ἀλῆται,
 Πᾶνες, ἐρευνητῆρες ἀκηρύκτου Διονύσου·
 Σεληνὸς δ' ἀχόρευτος, ἀκηδέα κύμβαλα ῥίψας,
 κεῖτο κατηφιῶν· Κρονίῃ δ' ἐλελίζετο Νύμφη
 Μάκρις ἀπενθήτοιο Διωνύσοιο τιθήνη,
 195 Βακχείης ὁμόδιφρος ἑκνήμιδος ἀπήνης.
 ὥς οἱ μὲν δεδόνηντο κατηφές· ἀχνυμένοις δὲ
 Σκέλμις ἀκυμάντοιο λιπῶν κευθμῶνα θαλάσσης
 πατρώην ἀδιάντον ἔην ἥλαυνεν ἀπήνην,
 νόστον ἐπερχομένοιο προαγγέλλων Διονύσου.
 200 ὄφρα μὲν ἄμφεπε Βάκχος ἀλίτροφα δεῖπνα τραπέζης,
 τόφρα δὲ Καυκασίῳ δι' οὖρεος εἰς πόλιν Ἰνδῶν
 οἶνοφύτου Βρομίῳ ποδήνεμος ἵκετο κῆρυξ
 ταυροφυῆς, νόθον εἶδος ἔχων κεραελκεί μορφῇ,
 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα Σεληναίῃσι κερααῖαις,
 205 αἰγὸς ὀρεσσινόμοιο περὶ χροῖ δέρμα συνάψας,
 αὐχενίῃ κληῖδι καθειμένον ἐξ ἐνὸς ὦμου,
 δεξιτεροῦ πλευροῖο κατήορον εἰς πτύχα μηροῦ,
 ἀμφοτέρης ἐκάτερθε παρηίδος οὐατα σείων,
 ὥς ὄνος οὐατόεις, λάσιος δέμας· ἐκ μεσάτης δὲ
 210 ἰξὺς αὐτοέλικτος ἐσύρετο σύγγονος οὐρή·
 ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν γελῶντες ἐπέρρεον αἶθοπες Ἴνδοι,
 εἰσόκεν ἐγγὺς ἵκανεν, ὅπῃ διδυμόζυγι δίφρῳ
 ἔζετο Δηριάδης περιμήκετος, ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,
 ἡλιβάτων στατὸν ἵχνος ἀναστέλλων ἐλεφάντων.
 215 καὶ Σατύρῳ γελῶν φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν·

‘οἷους Δηριάδη διδυμόχροας ἄνδρας ἰάλλει
 ταυροφυῆς Διόνυσος, ἄθύρματα δημοτῆτος,
 ἄλλοφυεῖς, οὐ φῶτας ὅλην βροτοειδέα μορφήν,
 θηρῶν εἶδος ἔχοντας, ἐπεὶ διδυμάων μορφῇ
 220 εἰσὶ νόθοι ταῦροι τε καὶ ἄνδρες: ἀμφοτέρων γὰρ
 καὶ βοῶς εἶδος ἔχουσι καὶ ἀνδρομέοιο προσώπου.’
 ἔννεπε, καὶ πολέμοιο προάγγελα σήματα φαίνων
 ἄσπιδα ποικιλόνωντον ἀφειδέι τύψε μαχαίρῃ
 μεσσοφανῇ περὶκυκλον ἐς ὀμφαλόν: ἐκ δὲ βοείης
 230 χαλκὸς ἀρασσομένης ἐπεβόμβεε λοίγιον ἦχώ.
 καὶ βλοσυρῷ βασιλῇι τεθηπότα χεῖλεα λύσας
 ἀγγελίην Βρομίῳ ταχύδρομος ἔννεπε κῆρυξ:
 ‘Δηριάδη, σκηπτοῦχε, θεὸς Διόνυσος ἄνωγει
 Ἴνδους δεχνυμένους λαθικηδέος οἶνον ὀπώρας
 235 σπένδειν ἠθανάτοισι, δίχα πτολέμων, δίχα μόχθων:
 εἰ δέ κε μὴ δέξαιντο, κορύσσεται, εἰσόκε θύρσοις
 Βασσαρίδων γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνειεν Ὑδάσπης.
 ἀγγελίης ἤκουσας ἀληθέος: εἰπέ καὶ αὐτὸς
 εἰρομένῳ τινὰ μῦθον, ἵν’ ἀγγείλω Διονύσω.’
 240 ὥς φαμένου σκηπτοῦχος ἀνήρυγε λυσσάδα φωνήν:
 ‘ὦ πόποι, οἷον ἔπος θρασὺς ἔννεπεν ἀνδρόμεος θήρ.
 αἰδέομαι κήρυκα μαχήμονι χειρὶ δαμάσσαι,
 οὐ δόρυ θεῦρον ἔχοντα καὶ οὐ ψαῦοντα βοείης.
 ἔκλυον, ὅσσα μόγησε τεὸς πρόμος: ἔκλυε Γάγγης
 245 ἄδρανιην Βρομίῳ καὶ ἠνορέην Λυκοόργου:
 οἶδα τεὸν βασιλῆα, νόθον θεόν, ὅππότε φεύγων
 εἰς βυθὸν ὠλίσθησεν ἀλεξικάκοιο θαλάσσης.
 καὶ πυρόεις σέο Βάκχος ἀκούεται, ὅτι τεκούσης
 ἐκ λαγόνων ἀνέτελλε Διοβλήτοιο Θυώνης:
 καὶ πυρὸς ἐστὶν ὕδωρ πολὺ φέρτερον: ἦν ἐθέλησῃ,
 225 χεῦματι παφλάζοντι πατὴρ ἐμός, Ἴνδος Ὑδάσπης,
 Ζηνὸς ἀποσβέσσειε πυρίπνοον ἄσθμα κερανοῦ.
 ἦν δ’ ἐθέλης, πόδα κάμψον ὁμοῦριον εἰς χθόνα Μήδων:
 κεῖθι μολὼν ἀγόρευε χοροστασίας Διονύσου.
 250 δῦεο Βάκτριον οὔδας, ὅπῃ θεὸς ἔπλετο Μίθρης,
 Ἀσσύριος Φαέθων ἐνὶ Περσίδι: Δηριάδης γὰρ
 οὐ μάθην οὐρανίων μακάρων χορὸν, οὐδὲ γεραίρει
 ἡέλιον καὶ Ζῆνα καὶ εὐφαιών χορὸν ἄστρον.
 οὐ Κρόνον, οὐ Κρονίδην ἐδάην ὀλετῆρα τοκῆος,
 255 οὐ Κρόνον ἀγκυλόμητιν, ἔῶν θοινήτορα παιδων,
 αἰθέρος ἀμήσαντα φυτοσπóρον ἔσμὸν Ἑρώτων.
 ἀγνώσσω σέο δῶρα καὶ ἦν ὀνόμηνας ὀπώρην:
 οὐ δέχομαι ποτὸν ἄλλο μετὰ χρύσειον Ὑδάσπην:
 οἶνος ἐμὸς πέλεν ἔγχος, ὃ δ’ αὖ πότος ἐστὶ βοείη.

260 οὐ Σεμέλη με λόχευσε πυριβλήτοισι ὕμεναιόισι
δεξαμένη θαλάμοις φόνιον φλόγα, χαλκοχίτων δὲ
ἡμέας ἤεξεσε μόθων ἀκόρητος Ἐνυώ.
οὐ μακάρων ἀλέγω τεκέων Διός· ἀμφοτέροι γὰρ
μοῦνοι ἐμοὶ γεγάσι θεοὶ καὶ Γαῖα καὶ Ὕδωρ.
265 ταῦτα μολῶν ἀγόρευε φυγοπτολέμῳ Διονύσῳ·
ἔρρε φυγῶν ἀκίχητος, ἔως ἔτι τόξον ἐρύκω,
ἔρρε φυγῶν ἐμὸν ἔγχος· ἐς ὕσμινην δὲ κορύσσαις
ἡμιτελεῖς σέο θῆρας ἀθωρήκτους τε γυναικάς
Δηριάδῃ πολέμιζε, καὶ Ἰνδῶν μετὰ νίκην
270 σύνδρομον αὖ ἐρύσω σε δορικτήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ τελέσω σε διάκτορον· οὐ δύνασαι γὰρ
λάττριον ἔργον ἔχειν οἰκοσσόον· ἀλλὰ σε μακροῖς
οὔσαι ριπίζοντα παρ' εἰλαπίνησιν ἔασω.
ὥς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμψεν ἀπειλείοντι προσώπῳ·
275 καὶ πίνακος πτυκτοῖο μέσον κενεῶνα χαράξας
τοῖον ἔπος ταχύμυθος ἐπέγραφε δίζυγι δέλτῳ·
'εἰ δύνασαι, Διόνυσε, κορύσσεο Δηριάδῃ.
τοῖα μὲν εἰσαΐων πάλιν ἔδραμεν ἡχέτα κῆρυξ.
Σειληνοὺς δ' ἐκίχησε γεγηθότας· ἔξανιών δὲ
280 ἓκ ῥοθίων Διόνυσος Ὀρειάσι μίγνυτο Νύμφαις·
καὶ Σάτυροι σκίρτησαν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
γηραλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι Μάρων ἠγήσατο μολπῆς
πῆχυν ἐπικλίνων διδυμάονος αὐχένι Βάκχης
μεσσοφανῆς, εὐδομον ἀναβλύζων χύσιν οἴνου·
285 καὶ μέλος ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπεσμαράγησε Μιμαλλῶν,
ἴχνιον ἀείδουσα παλιννόστου Διονύσου.
καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις προτέρας ἔρριψε μερίμνας,
τερπωλῆς δ' ἐπέβαινεν, ἐπεὶ μάθην ἔνδοθι πόντου
πάντα Τορωναίοιο παρὰ Πρωτῆος ἀκούων,
290 ἀξείων Ἀράβων ἐνοσίχθονα παλμὸν ἀρούρης,
καὶ σφαλερὸν Λυκόοργον ἐῷ ποδὶ τυφλὸν ἀλήτην·
ἔκλυε καὶ νομῆς θανατηφόρον οἷστρον ἀνάγκης,
πῶς χορὸς ἀγρονόμων ἐλελίζετο, πῶς ἐνὶ βήσσαις
σφωιτέρας ὠδῖνας ἐδαιτρεύσαντο γυναῖκες·
295 ἔκλυε δ' αἰθερίων Ὑάδων χορόν, ἔκλυεν αὐτὴν
ἀμβροσίην μετὰ γαῖαν ἐπαντέλλουσαν Ὀλύμπῳ,
ἀμβροσίην ἀκάμαντι κορυσσομένην Λυκοόργῳ,
καὶ μόθον εὐόρηκα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἐνυώ.
τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι παλίνδρομος ἦε κῆρυξ,
300 ἀσκηθῆς πολύευκτος ἀγαλλομένῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἀφροσύνην ἐνέπων ὕψαύχενά Δηριάδῃος,
δίζυγα δέλτον ἔχων ἐγκύμονα διοτῆτος.
οὐ μὲν ἄναξ ἀμέλησεν· ἐς ὕσμινην δὲ μαχητὰς

θαρσῆεις ἐβόησε, προάγγελα Δηριαδῆος
 305 σύμβολα γινώσκων κεχαραγμένα μάρτυρι δέλτω.
 καὶ καλέσας Ραδαμᾶνας ἀλήμονας, οὔς ποτε γαίης
 Κρηταίης ἀέκοντας ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἤλασε Μίνως
 Ἀρραβίης ἐπὶ πέζαν, ἐπέφραδε νεύματι Ρεῖης
 πῆξαι νῆια δοῦρα θαλάσσιον εἰς μόθον Ἴνδῶν.
 310 καὶ ταχὺς ἤλασε δίφρον Ἑώιον εἰς κλίμα γαίης
 τεύχεσιν ἀστράπτων ἄτε Φωσφόρος: ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτρῃν
 Καυκασίην λοφόνεντα διαστείχων κενεῶνα
 Ἡῶης παράμειβε φεραυγέα πέζαν ἀρούρης,
 ἡελίου βαλβίδα μεσημβρίζουσαν ὁδεύων.
 315 ὄφρα μὲν εὐθύρσοιο μάχης ἠκούετο φωνή
 καὶ στρατὸς ἀγχικέλευθος ὀρεσσινόμου Διονύσου,
 τόφρα δὲ Δηριάδης πυκινὸν λόχον ἴδρυν Ἴνδῶν,
 γαῖαν ἑς ἀντιπέραιαν ἐὼν στρατὸν ἄζυγα πέμπων,
 πᾶσαν ἐπιτρέψας δολομήχανον ἐλπίδα χάρμης
 320 Ἄρεϊ χαλκοχίτωνι: καὶ ἔπλεεν ὑπόθι νηῶν
 λαὸν ἐρετμώσας πεπερημένον Ἴνδὸν Ὑδάσπην.
 καὶ στρατιαῖς διδύμησι μερίζετο φύλοπις Ἴνδῶν
 ἀμφοτέρην παρὰ πέζαν ἀκοντοφόρου ποταμοῖο:
 Θουρεὺς μὲν Ζεφύρσοιο παρὰ σφυρά, Δηριάδης δὲ
 325 ἀντιπόρου σχεδὸν ἦλθε παρὰ πτερὸν αἴθοπος Εὐρου.
 ἦν δὲ τις αὐτόθι χῶρος ἐύσκιος, ὀππόθι πυκνοῖς
 ἔρνεσι παντοίοισιν ἐμιτρώθη ῥάχις ὕλης
 εὐρυτενῆς, καὶ κοῖλον ἔην σπέος: ἱπτάμενος δὲ
 οὐ ποτε δένδρεα κεῖνα κατέγραφεν ἰὸς ἀλήτης,
 330 εἴ τις οἴστεύσειε, καὶ οὐ ποτε μεσσόθι θάμνων
 ἡέλιος πεφόρητο κατάσσυτος ὀξεί παλμῷ
 ἐνδομύχοις ἀκτῖσιν ὁμόπλοκα φύλλα χαράξας,
 οὐ χύσις ἡερόφοιτος ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην
 ἐκ Διὸς ὑετίοιο, μόγις δὲ οἱ ὕδατος ὀλκῷ
 335 ὑψιφανῆς Διὸς ὄμβρος ἐπέβρεχεν ἄκρα πετήλων.
 κεῖθι τανυπρέμοισιν ἐν ἄλσεσι φώριος Ἄρης
 ἡλιβάτων χλοεροῖσι φυτῶν κεκάλυπτο κορὺμβοις,
 ἀπροΐδης, ἀτίνακτος, ἐνὶ δρυόνεντι δὲ κόλπῳ
 εἶχεν ἀδουπήτων πεφυλαγμένον ἵημα πεδίλων,
 340 οὐδὲ διαξαίνων κρυφίῳ ποδὶ φυλλάδα λόχμην,
 οὐ ποδὸς ὀκλάζοντος ἔχων φόβον, οὐ λάλον ἥχῳ
 χειλεῖ βαμβαινόντι, καὶ οὐ χλόον ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ:
 ἀλλὰ νόον θρασὺν εἶχε καὶ ἔμπεδον, ἐν δὲ χαμεύναις
 μετρητὸν βλεφάροισιν ἐνόπλιον ὕπνον ἰαύων ...
 345 δέγμενος ἐρχομένης στρατιῆς εὐρυθμον Ἐνυῶ.

BOOK 22

δεύτερον εἴκοστὸν Βρομίου μόθον ἔργα τε μέλπει
Αἰακὸς ὅσσα τέλεσσε καὶ ἐν πεδίῳ καὶ Ὑδάσπῃ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον Ἴξον ἐγκροκάλου ποταμοῖο
Βάκχου πεζὸς ὄμιλος, ὅπῃ βαθυδινεῖ κόλπῳ
πλωτὸν ὕδωρ, ἅτε Νεῖλος, ἐρεύγεται Ἴνδός Ὑδάσπη,
δὴ τότε Βασσαρίδων ἐμελίζετο θῆλυς αἰοιδῇ
Νυκτελίῳ Φρύγα κῶμον ἀνακρούουσα Λυαίῳ,
5 καὶ λασίων Σατύρων χορὸς ἔβρεμε μῦστιδι φωνῇ:
γαῖα δὲ πᾶσα γέλασεν, ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ πέτραι
νηιάδες δ' ὀλόλυξαν, ὑπὲρ ποταμοῖο δὲ Νύμφαι
σιγαλέοις ἐλικηδὸν ἐμιτρώσαντο ῥεέθροις
10 καὶ Σικελῆς ἐλίγαινον ὁμόζυγα ῥυθμὸν αἰοιδῆς,
οἷον ἀνεκροῦντο μελιγλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ὑμνοπόλοι Σειρήνες: ὅλη δ' ἐλελίζετο λόχη,
καὶ μέλος ἐφθέγγαντο σοφαὶ δρῦες εἴκελον αὐλῶ,
Ἄδρυάδες δ' ἀλάλαζον, ἐπ' εὐπετάλοιο δὲ Νύμφῃ
15 ἡμιφανῆς ἦειδεν ὑπερκύψασα κορύμβου.
Χιονέῳ δὲ γάλακτι χυτὴ λευκαίνεται πηγῇ,
ὑδρηλὴ περ ἐοῦσα, χαραδραίῳ δ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ
νηιάδες λούσατο γαλαξαιοῖσι ῥεέθροις,
καὶ γάλα λευκὸν ἔπινον: ἐρευθιόωντι δὲ μαζῶ
20 οἶνον ἐρευγομένη κραναῇ πορφύρετο πέτρῃ,
γλεῦκος ἀμοσχεύτοιο διαβλύζουσα κολώνης
ἡδυπότοις λιβάδεσσι: καὶ αὐτοχύτων ἀπὸ κόλπων
λαρὰ μελιρραθάμιγγος ἐλείβετο δῶρα μελίσσης,
σίμβλων οὐ χατέοντα: καὶ ἀρτιτόκων ἀπὸ θάμνων
25 ἄγχνοον ὀξυέθειρος ἀνέδραμε μῆλον ἀκάνθης:
αὐτομάτου δὲ χυθέντος ἐπ' ἀκρεμόνεσσιν ἐλαίου
ἱκμάσιν ἀθλιβέεσσιν ἐλούετο δένδρον Ἀθήνης.
καὶ κύνας ὄρχηστῆρας ἐπηχύνοντο λαγωοί:
μηκεδανοὶ δὲ δράκοντες ἐβακχεύοντο χορείῃ
30 ἵχνια λιχμώντες ἐχιδνοκόμου Διονύσου,
αὐχένα δοχμώσαντες, ἀνήρυγε δ' ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
μειλίχιον σύριγμα γεγηθότος ἀνθερεῶνος:
τερπομένου δὲ δράκοντος ἔην τότε ῥυθμὸς ἐχέφρων,
καὶ δολιχῆς ἐλέλικτο περίπλοκος ὀλκὸς ἀκάνθης
35 ποσσὶν ἀδειμάντοισι περισκαίρων Διονύσου:
Ἰνδῶν δ' ἐλικηδὸν ἐπισκαίροντες ἐρίπνην
τίγριδες ἐψιόνοντο: πολὺς δὲ τις ἔνδοθι λόχμης
ἐσμός ἀνεσκίρτησεν ὀρεσσινόμων ἐλεφάντων.
καὶ τότε παιπαλόεντα κατ' ἄγκεα Πᾶνες ἀλῆται

40 δύσβατα λεπταλέησι διέτρεχον οὔρεα χηλαῖς
φρικτά, τὰ μὴ θρασὺς ὄρνις ἐπέπτατο κοῦφος ὀδίτης...
ὑψιπόρων πτερύγων διεμέτρεε δίζυγι παλμῷ
καὶ δονέων πλοκαμῖδα παρήγορον ἀνθερεῶνος
σύννομος ἀντεχόρευε λέων βητάρμονι κάπρω:
45 ἀνδρομέης δ' ὄρνιθες ἀνέκλαγον εἰκόνα μολπῆς
μιμηλὴν ἀτέλεστον ὑποκλέπτοντες ἰωήν,
νίκην Ἴνδοφόνοιο προθεσπίζοντες ἀγῶνος,
καὶ χλοεροῖς μελέεσσι παρήγορον ὄρθιον οὐρὴν
ἐκταδὸν αἰθύσσοντες: ὁμοζήλω δὲ χορεῖη
50 πόρδαλις ὑψιπότητος ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομος ἄρκτω.
καὶ βαλίων σκυλάκων ἀνεσείρασεν Ἄρτεμις ὀρμὴν
μειλιχίης ὀρώσῃ χοροῖτυπον ἄλμα λεαίνης:
αἰδομένη δ' εὐκυκλον ἔην ἀνελύσατο νευρήν,
τερπομένους μὴ θῆρας ὀιστεύσειε βελέμοις.
55 καὶ τις ἔσαθρήσας ἑτερότροπα θαύματα Βάκχου,
ὄμμα βαλὼν πυκινόῳ δι' ἀκροτάτοιο κορυμβου,
φύλλα περιστείλας θηήτορα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
τόσσον ἰδεῖν μεθέηκεν, ὅσον περιδέρκεται ἀνὴρ
ὄμμασι ποιητοῖσι διοπτεῦων τρυφαλείης,
60 ἢ ὅποτε τραγικοῖο χοροῦ δεδαημένος ἀνὴρ,
φρικτὸν ἔχων μῦκημα τανυφθόγγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
ἐνδόμυχον τυκτοῖο δι' ὄμματος ὄμμα τιταίνει,
ψευδαλέον βροτέοιο φέρων Ἴνδαλμα προσώπου.
ὥς ὃ γε θαύματα πάντα λαθὼν ὑπὸ δάσκιον ὕλην
65 ἀπροῖδῃς ἐδόκευεν ὑποκλέπτοντι προσώπῳ:
ἀντιβίοις δ' ἤγγειλε: φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Θουρεὺς
μεμφόμενος Μορρῆι καὶ ἄφρονι Δηριαδῇ.
ἔτρεμε δ' Ἴνδὸς ὄμιλος, ἀφειδήσας δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
χάλκεα тарβαλέων ἀπεσείσατο τεύχεα χειρῶν,
70 δένδρεα παπταίνων δεδονημένα θυιάδι ῥιπῇ.
καὶ νῦν κεν Ἴνδὸς ὄμιλος ἐλὼν ἀπὸ γείτονος ὄχθης
μάρτυρον ἵκεσίης γλαυκόχροα θαλλὸν ἐλαίης
αὐχένα δοῦλον ἔκαμψεν ἀδηρίτῳ Διονύσῳ:
ἀλλὰ μεταλλάξασα δέμας πολυμήχανος Ἥρη
75 δυσμενέας θάρσυνε καὶ ἥπαφεν ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,
Θεσσαλίδων μάγον ὕμνον ἐφαψαμένη Διονύσῳ,
καὶ Κίρκης κυκεῶνα θεοκλήτοις ἐπαοιδαῖς,
οἷά τε φαρμακτῆρος ἀφαρμάκτου ποταμοῖο.
καὶ πῖθεν ἀντιβίους ταχυπειθέας: εἶπε δ' ἐκάστῳ,
80 μὴ ποτέ τις σφάλλοιο κατάσχετος αἰθοπι δίψῃ
κλεψινόου ποταμοῖο πῖνὼν δεδολωμένον ὕδωρ.
καὶ νῦν κεν ἀφράστοιο διαθρώσκοντες ἐναύλου
δαινυμέναις στρατιῇσιν ἐπέχραον αἰθοπες Ἴνδοί:

ἀλλὰ τις ἡνεμόεντος ὑπερκύψασα κορύμβου
85 ἔκ λασίου κενεῶνος Ἀμαδρυὰς ἄνθορε Νύμφη·
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἔχουσα φυῇν ἰνδάλλετο Βάκχη,
μιμηλὴν δρυόεντι πυκαζομένη τρίχα κισσῶ·
δυσμενέων δ' ἐνέπουσα δόλου σημάντορι σιγῇ
οὔασι βοτρυνόεντος ἐπεψιθύριζε Λυαίου·
90 ἄμπελόεις Διόνυσσε, φυτηκόμε κοίρανε καρπῶν,
σὸν φυτὸν Ἀδρυάδεσσι χάριν καὶ κάλλος ὀπάσσει·
Βασσαρὶς οὐ γενόμην, οὐ σύνδρομός εἰμι Λυαίου,
μοῦνον ἐμῇ παλάμῃ ψευδήμονα θύρσον ἀείρω·
οὐ πέλον ἔκ Φρυγίης, σέο πατρίδος, οὐ χθόνα Λυδῶν
95 ναιετάω παρὰ χεῦμα ῥυηφενέος ποταμοῖο·
εἰμὶ δὲ καλλιπέτηλος Ἀμαδρυὰς, ἥχι μαχηταὶ
δυσμενέες, λοχῶσιν, ἀφειδήσασα δὲ πάτρης
ῥύσομαι ἐκ θανάτοιο τεδὸν στρατόν· ὑμετέροις γὰρ
πιστὰ φέρω Σατύροισι, καὶ Ἰνδῶι περ ἐοῦσα,
100 ἀντὶ δὲ Δηριαδῆος ὁμοφρονέω Διονύσω·
σοὶ γὰρ ὀφειλομένην ὀπάσω χάριν, ὅττι ῥεέθρων
ὑγροτόκους ὠδῖνας, ὅτι δρυὰς αἰὲν ἀέξει
ὀμβρηρῇ ῥαθάμιγγι πατὴρ μέγας ὕετιος Ζεὺς.
δὸς μοι σεῖο πέτηλα, καὶ ἐνθάδε ταῦτα φυτεύσω,
105 δὸς μοι σεῖο κόρυμβα, τὰ περ λῦουσι μερίμνας.
ἀλλὰ, φίλος, μὴ σπεῦδε ῥόον ποταμοῖο περῆσαι,
μὴ σοι ἐπιβρίσωσιν ἐν ὕδασι γείτονες Ἴνδοι·
εἰς δρυὰς ὄμμα τίτταινε καὶ εὐπετάλω παρὰ λόχμῃ
ἀπροϊδῇ σκοπίαζε καλυπτομένων λόχον ἀνδρῶν.
110 ἀλλὰ τί σοι ῥέξουσιν ἀνάλκιδες ἐνδοθι λόχμης;
δυσμενέες ζώουσιν, ἕως ἔτι θύρσον ἐρύκεις.
σιγῇ ἐφ' ἡμείων, μὴ δῆιος ἐγγὺς ἀκούσῃ,
μὴ κρυφίοις Ἰνδοῖσιν ἐπαγγεῖλειεν Ὑδάσπης·
ὥς φαμένη παλινόρσος Ἀμαδρυὰς ὦχετο Νύμφη,
115 ἰσοφυῆς ὄρνιθι διέτρεχε φωλάδος ὕλης,
ἡλικος αἰσσοῦσα κατὰ δρυὸς αὐτὰ ὁ σιγῇ
μίσγετο Βασσαρίδεσσι, Ἀμαδρυάδος δὲ θεαίνης
εἶπεν ἐοῖς προμάχοισιν ἐς οὔατα ἐκάστου
120 νεύμασι δενδίλλων, νοερῇ δ' ἐκέλευε σιωπῇ
τεύχεσι θωρηθέντας ἀνὰ δρυὰς εἰλαπινάζειν,
καὶ κρυφίων ἀγόρευε δολορραφῶν δόλον Ἰνδῶν,
μὴ σφιν ἐπτβρίσωσιν ἀθωρήκτοισι μαχηταί,
εἰσέτι δαινυμένοισιν ἀνὰ στρατόν· οἱ δὲ Λυαίω
125 κεκλομένω πεῖθοντο, καὶ εἰς μόθον ἦσαν ἐτοῖμοι
σιγαλέον παρὰ δεῖπνον ἀκοντοφόροιο τραπέζης.
καὶ ταχινὸν μετὰ δόρπον ἐπέρρεον ἀσπιδιώται
γείτονος ἐκ ποταμοῖο πιεῖν ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ,

νεύμασι θεσπεσίοισι περισσόνου Διονύσου,
130 μὴ στρατὸν εὐνήσειε μέθη καὶ κῶμα καὶ ὄρφνη.
καὶ στρατὸς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φιλοπτολέμῳ πέσεν εὐνῇ
βαῖον ἐνυαλῆς ὑπὲρ ἀσπίδος ὕπνον ἱάων.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ δολόεντα μετατρέψας νόον Ἴνδῶν
ἐσπερίην ἀνέκοψε μάχην μυκῆτορι βόμβῳ,
135 ὄμβρου παννυχίοιο χέων ἀπερείσιον ἤχῳ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε χιονόπεζα χαραξαμένη ζόφον Ἑῳς
ὄρθρον ἀμεργομένη δροσερεῇ πορφύρετο πέτρῃ,
ἄκρον ὑπερκύψαντες ἐγερσιμόθου σκέπας ὕλης
δυσμενέες πρὸ τυψαν ἀολλέες· ἦρχε δὲ Θουρεὺς,
140 Ἴνδῶου πολέμοιο πέλωρ πρόμος, εἵκελος ὀρμῇν
ἠλιβάτω Τυφῶνι καταΐσσοντι κεραυνοῦ.
καὶ στρατιαὶ πινυτοῖο δολόφρονι νεύματι Βάκχου
ψευδαλέον φόβον εἶχον ἀταρβέες, ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
αὐτόματοι χάζοντο θελήμονες, εἰσόκεν Ἴνδοι
145 εἰς πεδῖον προχέοντο λελοιπότες ἔνδια λόχμης.
τεύχεσι δ' ἀφνειοῖσι κορύσσετο Λύδιος ἀνὴρ,
χρυσοφαῖη Λυκίοιο τύπον Γλαύκοιο κομίζων,
κηρύσσων ἐὼν οὔδας, ὅπῃ Πακτωλίδος ὄχθης
φαιδρὸς ἐρευθομένης ἀμαρύσσεται ὄλβος ἐέρσης,
150 καὶ ῥοδέαις ἥστραψε βολαῖς ἀντώπιον Ἑοῦς,
σειῶν ξανθὰ μέτωπα ῥυηφενέος τρυφαλείης
Λυδὸς ἀνὴρ ἀρίδης, ἀπὸ στέρνων δὲ φορῆος
μαρμαρυγῇ σελάγιζεν ἐρευθομένοιο χιτῶνος·
καὶ κυνέην στίλβουσιν ἐπὶ κροτάφοιο τινάσσων
155 ἐξ Ἀλύβης πρόμος ἄλλος ἀριστεύων Διονύσω
πάτριον ὄλβον ἔφαινε, ἀπ' εὐφάεος δὲ καρήνου
ἀργυρέης πῆληκος ἐλάμπετο μάρμαρος αἶγλη
χιονέῃ σέλας ἴσον ἀκοντίζουσα Σελήνῃ.
καὶ θεὸς ἀστήρικτος ὄλους ἐφόβησε μαχητὰς
160 δυσμενέων, οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχων ξίφος, οὐ δόρυ πάλλων,
ἀλλὰ μέσος προμάχων πεφορημένος εἵκελος αὔραις
δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο κέρας κυκλώσατο χάρμης,
θύρσον ἀκοντίζων δολιχόσκιον, ἀνθεῖ γαίης,
ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι διασχίζων νέφος Ἴνδῶν.
165 οὐδὲ μιν ὑψικάρηνος ὁ τηλίκος ἤλασε Θουρεὺς,
οὐ στρατὸς, οὐ πρόμος ἄλλος· ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι δὲ χυθέντες
εἵκαθον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα διεσσυμένῳ Διονύσω.
κυανέην δ' Οἶαγρος ἀνεστυφέλιξεν Ἑνυῶ
ἀμῶων ἀκόρητος ἐπασσυτέρων στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
170 ἔγχεϊ Βιστονίῳ κορυθαιόλα λήια τέμνων.
ὥς δ' ὅτε τις προχέων ποταμὸς δυσπέμφελον ἀλκὴν
ἄστατος ἐκ σκοπέλοιο χαραδρήεντι ῥέεθρῳ

ἔρχεται, εἰς πεδίον πεφορημένος, οὐδέ μιν αὐταὶ
ἔρκεσιν ἄρραγέεσσιν ἀναστέλλουσιν ἀλωαὶ
175 λαϊνῆς μέσα νῶτα διαζύοντα γεφύρης·
πολλὴ μὲν κεκύλιστο πίτυς, πολλὴ δὲ πεσοῦσα
ὑψιφανῆς προθέλυμος ἐσύρετο χεῦματι πεύκη·
ὥς ὃ γε δυσμενέων στρατὸν ἄμφεπεν, ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
πεζὸν ἐπιστροφάδην ὀλέκων Σιθωνίδι λόγχῃ,
180 καὶ μιν ἐκυκλώσαντο, καὶ ἦν καλέουσι μαχηταὶ
μιμηλὴν σακέεσσιν ἐπυργώσαντο χελώνην·
ἵχνεσι μὲν στατὸν ἵχνος ἐρείδετο, κεκλιμένη δὲ
ἀσπίς ἔην προθέλυμος ἀμοιβαδὶς ἀσπίδι γείτων
στεينوμένη, καὶ ἔνευε λόφῳ λόφος, ἀγχιφανῆς δὲ
185 ἀνδρὸς ἀνὴρ ἔψαυεν· ἐγειρομένης δὲ κόνις
ἵππειοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐλευκαίνοντο μαχηταί.
ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον Ἴδι πέμπων
Βιστονίης Οἴαγρος ἀπέθρισεν ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
κτείνων ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον, ἑῆς ἀλόχοιο τελέσσας
190 ἔργα φατιζομένης ἐπιδευέα Καλλιοπείης·
τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο θοῶ δορί, τὸν δὲ δαΐζων
ἄορι κωπήεντι κατ' αὐχένος, αἰνομανῆ δὲ
δήιον ἄλλον ἔνυξε παρ' ὀμφαλόν, ἐκ φονίης δὲ
ὠτειλῆς ἐὼν ἔγχος ἀνείρυσεν, ἐλκομένῳ δὲ
195 σπλάγχνα δαφοινήεντι συνέσπασε θερμὰ σιδήρῳ·
ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο κατέδραμε φάσγανον ἔλκων,
ἄορι δ' εὐθήκτῳ παλάμην τάμεν, ἥ δὲ πεσοῦσα
αἰμοβαφῆς ἦσπαιρεν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἀλλομένη χεῖρ·
καὶ παλάμη τέμνητο καὶ οὐ μεθέηκε βοεῖην
200 ἄκρα περισφίγγουσα κονιομένου τελαμῶνος
ψυχῇ δ' ἠνεμόφοιτος ἀναΐξασα θανόντος
συμπλεκέος ποθέεσκεν ἐθήμονα σώματος ἥβην.
ἄλλον ἀπηλοιήσεν ἀφειδέι δουρὶ πατάξας,
θηγαλέῃ γλωχίνι βραχίονος ἄκρα τορήσας,
205 ἄορι δ' ἀσπίδα τύπεν, ἀρασσομένης δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἄρραγέος βόμβησε μεσόμφαλα νῶτα βοεῖης.
αὐτὰρ ὁ λυσσῆεντι μόθου δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ
ἐγχείην ἐλέλιξε μετήλυδα κυκλάδι τέχνῃ
ἢ πλευρῆς ἐκάτερθεν ἢ αὐχένος ἢ σχεδὸν ὦμου·
210 σείων δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλινδίνητον ἀκωκὴν
στεينوμένης μέσα νῶτα διέτμαγε δημοτῆτος,
κραιπνός, ἀερσιλόφοιο κατήμενος ὑψόθεν ἵππου.
ὥς δ' ὅτε ῥιγαλέου σκιερὴν μετὰ χείματος ὥρην
φαίνεται ἀσκεπέων νεφέων γυμνούμενος ἀήρ,
215 φέγγεος εἰαρινοῖο δεδεγμένος αἶθριον αἴγλην·
ὥς ὃ γε βακχεύων πυκινὰς στίχας ἄτρομος ἀνὴρ

Ἰνδῶν σχιζομένων μεσάτην γυμνώσατο χάρμην.
καὶ τότε τις προμάχοιο περὶ στόμα χαλκὸν ἔρεισας
δεξιτερὴν δασπλῆτι γενειάδα τύψε μαχαίρῃ·
220 καὶ τις ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἐν ἡέρι βόμβον ἰάλλων
εἰς σκοπὸν ὑψικέλευθον ἐπέμπετο λᾶας ἀλήτης,
καὶ λίθος ἡερόφοιτος ἐπεσμαράγησε καρήνῳ,
καὶ λόφον εὐπῆληκος ἀπεστυφέλιξεν ἐθείρης,
αὐχενίου δεσμοῖο παρ' ἀνθερεῶνα λυθέντος·
225 τῆς δὲ κυλινδομένης κεφαλῇ γυμνοῦτο φορῆος.
οὐ μοῦνοι τότε φῶτες ἐπέβρεμον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἵπποι χαλκοχίτωνες ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ἐνυῶ,
Ἄρεα σαλπίζοντες ἐνυαλίῳ χρεμετισμῷ.
κούρη δ' ὑστερόφωνος ὀρεσσαύλων ἀπὸ λαიმῶν
230 πετραίοις στομάτεσσιν ἀμειβομένη κτύπον αὐτῶν
μιμηλὴ χρεμέτιζε μέλος πολεμήιον Ἥχῳ.
καὶ πολὺς ἀρτιδαίκτος ἐλίσσεται νεκρὸς ἀρούραις
θερμὸν ἀποπτύων ῥόον αἵματος· ὀλλυμένων δέ
οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ πλευρῆσιν ἐπηώρητο θανόντες,
235 ὃς δὲ τυπεὶς ἐλέλικοτο χαρασσομένου κενεῶνος,
ἄλλος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο χυτῇ κεκύλιστο κονίῃ,
ἄλλος ἐπεστήρικτο παρ' ὀμφαλόν, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
ἀνέρος ἀσπαίροντος ἐπεσκίρτησε καρήνῳ,
ὃς δὲ πεσὼν ἰάχησε τετυμμένος ἀνθερεῶνα,
240 καὶ πόδας ἀμφελέλιξεν ἔχων ὀρχηθμὸν ὀλέθρου·
πρηνῆς δ' ἄλλος ἔκειτο, καὶ ὥς κοτέων ὀλετῆρι
εὐρυχανῆς ἔσφιγξε μεμνηνότε γαῖαν ὀδόντι.
ἄλλου βαλλομένοιο τανυγλώχινι σιδήρῳ
λευκὸς ἀκοντιστῆρι χιτῶν ἐρυθαίνετο λύθρῳ·
245 ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο τιταينوμένων ἀπὸ τόξων
αἰμοβαφῆς πετρώοντι χαράσσετο μηρὸς ὀιστῷ.
καὶ τις ἔην σάλπιγγα μάτην περὶ χεῖλος ἔρεισας
ἐχθρὸς ἀνὴρ κελάδησεν ἐγερσιμόθου μέλος ἡχοῦς,
ὀκναλέον φύξηλιν ἐδὼν στρατὸν εἰς μόθον ἔλκων.
250 οἱ δὲ βοῆς αἰόντες ἐπὶ κλόνον ἔρρεον Ἰνδοί.
θαρσαλεοὶ δ' ἦψαντο παλιννόστοιο κυδοιμοῦ
αἰδόμενοι βασιλῆϊ φανήμεναι ἔκτοθι νίκης.
καὶ πολέες στεφανηδὸν ἀπόσυστον εἰν ἐνὶ χώρῳ
Αἰακὸν εὐθώρηκες ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχetaί.
255 αὐτὰρ ὁ μέσσοις ἔην βεβημένος, οὐ τρυφαλεῖη,
οὐ πῖσυνος σακέεσσι καὶ οὐ θώρηκι κυδοιμοῦ·
ἀλλὰ ἐπατρώοις πεπυκασμένον ἀντὶ σιδήρου
ἄρρηκτοῖς νεφέεσσιν ὅλον πύργωσεν Ἀθήνη,
οἷς πάρος ἀβρέκτοιο κατέσβεσεν αὐχμὸν ἀρούρης
260 διψαλέην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγων βιοτήσιον ὕδωρ

Ζηγὸς ἐπομβρήσαντος, ἀμαλλοτόκοιο δὲ γαίης
 αὐλάκες εὐώδινες ἐνυμφεύθησαν ἀρότρῳ·
 καὶ μέσος ἀντιβίων κυκλοῦμενος ἔνθεος ἀνήρ
 τοὺς μὲν ἀπηλοίησε θοῶ δορί, τοὺς δὲ μαχαίρῃ,
 265 τοὺς δὲ λίθοις κραναοῖσι· πέδον δ' ἐρυθθαίετο λύθρῳ
 Ἴνδῶν κτεινομένων, καὶ ἀκαμπέος ἀνέρος αἰχμῇ
 κεῖτο πολυσπερέων νεκύων χύσις, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
 ἡμιθανὴς ἦσπαιρεν, ὁ δὲ χθόνα ποσσὶν ἀράσσων
 ὕπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ὁμίλεε γείτονι πότμῳ·
 270 καὶ δαπέδῳ στείνοντο, νέκυς δ' ἐπερείδετο νεκρῷ
 κεκλιμένῳ μετρηδόν, ἀπ' ἀρτιτόμοιο δὲ λαιμοῦ
 ψυχρὸν ἐρευθιόωντι δέμας θερμαίνεται λύθρῳ·
 καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἦεν, ἐπασσυτέρων δὲ πεσόντων
 γαῖα κελαινιώσῃσιν κατάρρυτος αἵματος ὀλκῷ,
 275 υἱέας οἰκτείρουσα, χαραδραῖη φάτο φωνῇ·
 'υἱὲ Διὸς ζεῖδωρε μαιφόνε — καὶ γὰρ ἀνάσσεις
 ὄμβρου καρποτόκοιο καὶ αἰμαλέου νιφετοῖο, —
 ὄμβρῳ μὲν γονόεσσαν ὅλην ἐδίηνας ἀλωήν
 Ἑλλάδος, Ἴνδῶν δὲ κατέκλυσας αὐλάκα λύθρῳ,
 280 ὁ πρὶν ἀμαλλοφόρος, θανατηφόρος· ἀγρονόμοις μὲν
 σὸς νιφετὸς στάχυν εὔρε, σὺ δὲ στρατὸν ἔθρισας Ἴνδῶν
 ἀνέρας ἀμῶν ἅτε λήιον· ἀμφότερον δὲ
 ἐκ Διὸς ὄμβρον ἄγεις, ἐξ Ἄεος αἵματι νίφεις.'
 τοῖα μὲν ἔννεπε Γαῖα φερέσβιος, ἀλλὰ Κρονίων
 285 οὐρανόθεν κελάδησε, καὶ Αἰακὸν εἰς φόνον Ἴνδῶν
 βρονταίοις πατάγοισι Διὸς προκαλίζετο σάλπιγξ.
 καὶ τις ἐν ἀντιβίοισιν ἐς Αἰακὸν ὄμμα τανύσσας
 πέμπε βέλος, καὶ βαιὸν ὅσον χροὸς ἄκρον ἀμύξαι,
 μηρὸν ἐπιγράψαντα παρέτραπεν ἰὼν Ἀθήνη.
 290 μάρνατο δ' εἰσέτι μᾶλλον ἀνώδυνος εἰς μέσον Ἴνδῶν
 Αἰακὸς ἀστήρικτος, ἐπεὶ βέλος ἦπτετο μηροῦ,
 λεπτὸς ὄνυξ ἅτε φωτός, ὅτε χροὸς ἄκρα χαράξῃ.
 καὶ τις ἀνὴρ ἀκίχητος ἐχάζετο πεζὸς ὁδίτης
 ἔχνεσιν ὠκυτέροισι, καὶ ἤθελε γείτονα λόχην
 295 δύνειν, ἥχι πάροιθεν ἐκεύθετο· τὸν δὲ διώκων
 εἰς δρόμον ἠνιόχευε ποδὴν ἵππον Ἐρεχθεύς·
 ἀλλ' ὅτε τόσπον ἔμαρψεν, ὅσον προμάχοιο βαλόντος
 ἔγχεος ἱπταμένοιο τιταίνεται ὄρθιος ὁρμή,
 δὴ τότε οἱ μετὰ νῶτα βαλὼν ἀντῶπιος ἔσθη
 300 πεζὸς ἀνὴρ, ἱππῆα δεδεγμένος· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμψας
 ὀκλαδὸν ἐστήριξεν ἀριστερὸν ἔχνος ἀρούρη
 λοξὸς ἐπὶ πλευρῇσιν, ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ ταρσοῦ
 ἔχνιον ἡέρταξε μετάρσιον, ὀρθὰ τιταίνων
 δεξιτεροῦ ποδὸς ἄκρα πεπηγότα δάκτυλα γαίῃ,

305 Ἴνδικὸν ἑπταβόειον ἔχων σάκος, εἰκόνα πύργου,
γυμνὸν ἔχων ξίφος ὀξὺ· προῖσχόμενος δὲ προσώπου
ἀσπίδα χαλκεόνωτον ἐπέδραμεν Ἴνδὸς ἀγῆνωρ,
ἣ θανέειν ἢ φῶτα βαλεῖν ἣ πῶλον ἐλάσσαι
ἄορι τολμήεντι· καὶ ὀμφαλόεντι σιδήρῳ
310 δόχμιος ἀντικέλευθον ἀνακρούσας γένυν ἵππου
πεζὸς ἐὼν ἐτίναξεν ὑπέρτερον ἡνιοχῆα·
καὶ νῦ εἰς χθόνα ῥῖψεν ἀμήτορος ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης,
ἀλλὰ μιν ἔγχεϊ νύξε παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἄκρον Ἐρεχθεὺς
καὶ φονίῳ μέσον ἄνδρα πεπαρμένον ὀξεί χαλκῷ
315 εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζεν· ὁ δὲ στροφάδεσσιν ἐρωαῖς
ἠερόθεν προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίῃ
κρᾶτα κυβιστητῆρα φέρων βητάρμονι παλμῷ.
τὸν δὲ λπτῶν σπαίροντα, μετατρέψας δρόμον ἵππου,
ἄλλοις δυσμενέεσσιν ἐπέχραεν ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης.
320 ... κυκλώσας ἐὰ τόξα, καὶ ἀπλώσας ἐπὶ νευρὴν
ὄρθιον ἀκροτάτου τετανυσμένον ἄχρι σιδήρου
εἰς σκοπὸν εἴλκε βέλεμνον· ἀριστοτόκῳ δ' ἐπὶ νύμφῃ
νίκης ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐπέτρεπε Καλλιοπείῃ.
ἐννέα μὲν προέηκε τανυγλώχινας ὀιστοὺς,
325 ἐννέα δ' ἄνδρας ἔπεφνεν· ἔην δέ τις ἴσος ἀριθμὸς
πεμπομένοις βελέεσσι καὶ ὀλλυμένοισι μαχηταῖς·
ὣν ὁ μὲν ἄκρα μέτωπα διέσχισεν ἰὸς ἀλήτης,
ὃς δὲ δασυστέρνοιο κατέγραψεν ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,
ἄλλος ὑπὲρ λαγόνων, ἕτερος δ' ἐπὶ νηδύϊ πίπτων
330 μεσσατίῃ πεφόρητο χαρασσομένου κενεῶνος,
ὃς δὲ διὰ πλευροῖο διέδραμεν, ὃς δὲ φυγόντος
ὀρθὸς ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν ἐνεπήγνυτο ταρσῷ
καὶ χθονίῳ σφήκωσεν ὁμοζεύκτῳ πόδα δεσμῷ.
ἠνεμόεν δὲ βέλεμνον ἀνείρυσεν· ἐκ δὲ φαρέτρης
335 ἄλλου πεμπομένοιο κατέδραμεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
ἠερίῃ στροφάλιγγι κατάσσυτος ὄμβρος ὀιστῶν.
ὥς δ' ὅτε χαλκείῳ τις ἐπ' ἄκμονι χαλκὸν ἐλαύνων
ἀκαμάτῳ ῥαισιτῆρι πυρίβρομον ἦχον ἰάλλει,
τύπτων γείτονα μύδρον, ἀποθρῶσκουσι δὲ πολλοὶ
340 ἀλλόμενοι σπινθῆρες ἀρασσομένοιο σιδήρου,
ἤερα θερμαίνοντες, ἀμοιβαίῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
ὃς μὲν ἔην προκέλευθος, ὁ δὲ σχεδόν, ἄλλος ὀρούσας
ἄλλον ἔτι θρώσκοντα κιχάνεται αἶθοπι παλμῷ·
ὥς ὃ γε τοξεύων στρατιῇν ἀντῶπιον Ἴνδῶν
345 μαρναμένων ἐκέδασσεν ἄλωφῆτων ἀπὸ τόξων,
κτείνων ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον ἐπασσύτεροισι βελέμνοις.
μεσσατίης δὲ φάλαγγος ἀλευαμένης νέφος ἰῶν
χωρὸς ἐγυμνώθη, κεραῆς Ἰνδαλμα Σελήνης,

ἀμφιφαῖς ὅτε βαιὼν ἀποστίλβουσα κεραίης
350 ἄκρα διαπλήσασα δὺν νεοφεγγέος αἴγλης
κεκλιμέναις ἀκτῖσι μέσον κύκλοιο χαράσσει,
δίζυγι κεκριμένῳ μαλακῷ πυρί: μεσσατίης δὲ
γυμνὰ χαρασσομένης ἔτι φαίνεται κύκλα Σελήνης.
οὐδὲ μάχης ἀπέληγε συναιχμάζων Διονύσω
355 Αἰακὸς ἀπτοίητος, ἐβακχεύθη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
κτείνων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα: καὶ ἐκ πεδίοιο διώκων
εἰς προχοᾶς ποταμοῖο μετήγαγε λαὸν ἀλήτην.
συμφορτοὶ δ' ἓνα μοῦνον ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταὶ
τυπτόμενον ξιφέεσσι καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγοντα μαχαίρης,
360 οὐ βέλεος πτερόεντος: ἔπασσυντέρησι δὲ ῥίπαῖς
κυανέης ἤμησε σιδήρεα λήια χάρμη
κραιπνὸς ἀνὴρ καὶ πᾶσιν ἐμάρνατο, τοὺς μὲν ἐπ' ὄχθαις,
τοὺς δὲ κάτω ποταμοῖο μαχήμονι χειρὶ δαΐζων:
καὶ νεκῶν ἔπλησεν ὅλον ῥόον: ὀλλυμένων δὲ
365 αἷματι μορμύρων ἐρυθαίνετο λευκὸς Ὑδάσπης.
καὶ τις ἀνὴρ προμάχοιο φυγῶν ἀνεμώδεα ῥιπὴν
κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησε ῥέεθρῳ,
καὶ πολὺς ἀρτιδαίκτης ἀκοντιστῆρι σιδήρῳ
σύρετο κυματόεντι νέκυς πεφορημένος ὀλκῷ
370 οἰδαλέοις μελέεσσιν: ὑποβρυχίοιο δὲ λύθρου
νηιάδες λούσαντο δαφοινήεντι ῥέεθρῳ,
καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐφοινίχθη μέλαν ὕδωρ.
πολλοὶ δ' ἐν προχοῇσιν ἀπορρίψαντες ἀκωκὴν
ἵκεσιν ἀνέφαινον ἀτευχεές, ὅς μὲν ἐπ' ὄχθαις,
375 ὅς δὲ παρὰ φαμάθοις τετανυσμένος, ὅς δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
ὄρθιος ὀκλάζων, κυρτούμενον αὐχένα κάμπτων:
ἀλλὰ λιτὰς ἀπέειπεν ἄνω νεύοντι προσώπῳ
Αἰακὸς ἀντιβίοισιν ἀκαμπέα μῆνιν ἀέξων:
αἰχμητὴν δ' ἀσίδηρον ἔτι ψαύοντα λιτάων
380 οὐχ ἓνα μοῦνον ἔπεφνε Λυκάονα, δυσμενέας δὲ
χερσὶν ἄθωρήκτοισι κυλινδομένους ἐπὶ γαίῃ
νηρίθους κεραίζε, ῥόον ποταμοῖο μιαινών:
καὶ πολὺν Ἀστεροπαῖον ἐδέξατο νεκρὸν Ὑδάσπης.
Οὐδ' ἀθεεὶ πολέμιζε καὶ Αἰακός: ἀντιβίους γάρ,
385 ὥς γενέτης Πηλῆος, ἔσω ποταμοῖο δαΐζων
ἱκμαλέον μόθον εἶχε καὶ ὕδατόεσσαν Ἐννώ,
οἷα προθεσπίζων ποταμοῦ περὶ χεῦμα Καμάνδρου
φύλοπιν ἡμιτέλεστον ἐπεσσομένην Ἀχιλῆϊ:
καὶ μόθον νύκτωρ μόθος μαντεύσατο πάππου.
390 καὶ τις ἐνὶ προχοῇσιν ἀσάμβalos ἴαχε Νύμφη
νηιάς ἀκρήδεμνος ὑπερκύψασα ῥοάων:
Ἕκηβιαδὼν ὁμόφυλε, Διιπετὲς αἶμα κομίζων,

ἀγνὸν ὕδωρ ἐλέαιρε Διipeτέος ποταμοῖο.
ἄρκιον Ἴνδὸν ὄλεσσε τεδὸν δόρυ· παῦεο Νύμφαις
395 δάκρυα Νηιάδεσσιν ἀδακρύτοισιν ἐγείρων·
νηϊὰς ὕδατόεσσα καὶ ὑμετέρη πέλε μήτηρ·
κοῦρην γὰρ ποταμοῖο τεῆν Αἴγιναν ἀκούω.
μνώεο, τίς σε λόχευσε, καὶ οὐκέτι χεῦμα μαιίνει·
ἴξομαι εἰς ῥόον ἄλλον ἀκήρατον, εἰς ἄλα βαίνω.
400 καὶ με θαλασσαίη δέχεται Θέτις· ἀλλὰ μελέσθω
αἱματόεις ῥόος οὔτος Ἑρινὺ καὶ Διονύσῳ.’

BOOK 23

εἰκοστῷ τριτάτῳ πεπερημένον Ἴνδὸν Ὑδάσπην
καὶ κλόνον ὕδατόεντα καὶ αἰθαλόεντα λιγαίνω.
ὥς φαμένη πατρῶον ἐδύσατο φοίνιον ὕδωρ
νηϊὰς ὕδατόεσσα διάβροχος αἶματι Νύμφη.
αὐτὰρ ὁ βάρβαρα φῦλα παρ' ἡόνας ἄορι τύπτων
εἰς προχοᾶς ἔτρεψε· διωκόμενοι δὲ σιδήρῳ
5 δυσμενέες κτείνοντο φόβῳ στείνοντες Ὑδάσπην.
καὶ πολὺς ἐν ῥοθίοισι πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἐλίσσων
νηχομένους μιμεῖτο, καὶ ἥθελε πότμον ἀλύξαι
χερσὶν ἀπειρήτοις ποταμῆια χεῦματα τέμνων·
ἀλλὰ ῥόῳ κεκάλυπτο· καὶ ὕδασιν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
10 ἔγκυος οἰδαίνων διερῶ τυμβεύετο πότμῳ.
Οὐδ' ἐπὶ δὴν παρὰ θῖνα φερεσσακέος ποταμοῖο
πληθὺν τοσσατῆι φονίων κυκλοῦμενος Ἴνδῶν
Αἰακὸς εἰσέτι μίμνεν, ἐπεὶ μογέοντι παρέσθη
Ἴνδοφόνος Διόνυσος ἀκαχμένα θύρσα τινάσσων.
15 ἔνθα πολὺν στρατὸν ἄλλον ἀφειδέι δούρατι νύσσω
Αἰακὸς ἐπρήνιζεν· ἐμαίνεται δ' οἷᾶ περ Ἄρης,
σύνδρομος εὐθώρηκι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ διερῇ Διόνυσος ὁμίλεε σύζυγι χάρμῃ
ὕγρὸν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισι φέρων μόρον· εἰ δὲ τις ἀνὴρ
20 νήχετο δαιδαλέης ὑπὲρ ἀσπίδος οἷδματα τέμνων,
νηχομένων κεράιξε μετὰφρενον· εἰ δὲ τις Ἴνδῶν
ἡμιφανὴς πολέμιζεν ἐπ' ἰλὺι ταρσὸν ἐρείσας,
θύρσῳ στήθος ἔτυπεν ἢ αὐχένα, κύματα τέμνων,
δυομένων· βυθίων γὰρ ἐπίστατο κόλπον ἐναύλων,
25 ἔξ ὅτε μιν φεύγοντα μόθον δασπλῆτα Λυκούργου
δώματι κυμαίνοντι γέρων ὑπεδέξατο Νηρεὺς.
πολλοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περικλείοντο ῥεέθρῳ,
υἷα Διὸς τρομέοντες ὀρίδρομον, ὣν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ὄρθιος ἰλυόεντι πόδας σφικώσατο πηλῷ,
30 αὐτοπαγῆς δ' ἀτίνακτος ἀπ' ἰξύος ἄχρι καρήνου
ἡμιφανὴς ἀνέτελλε καλυπτομένην πτύχα μηροῦ·
καὶ Βρομίῳ πολέμιζεν ἐν ὕδασι μᾶλλον ἀρούρης
ἀμφοτέραις παλάμαις διδυμάονα δούρατα πάλλων·
καὶ τὸ μὲν αἰχμάζεσκεν ἐς ἡόνας ὑπόσε πέμπων,
35 Αἰακὸν ἀντικέλευθον ἔχων σκοπόν, ἄλλο δὲ σείσας
ἔγχος ἀνουτήτοιο κατηκόντιζε Λυαίου.
καὶ τις ἐνεστήρικτο μέσον κενεῶνα καλύπτων,
ὃς δὲ φυγεῖν οὐχ εὔρε, τετυμμένος ὀξεὶ θύρσῳ,
ἶχνια πηλώεντι φέρων πεπεδημένα δεσμῷ,

40 ταρσὸν ἔχων ψαμάθοισι κατάσχετον· ἴστατο δ' ἄλλος
κνήμης βαλλομένης· ὁ δὲ γούνατος ἄκρα διαίνων
ὕγρην αἰμαλέοιο δι' ὕδατος εἶχεν Ἐνυώ·
ἄλλος ἐνερρίζωτο δεδυκότος ἄχρι γενείου,
καὶ πόδας ἠώρησε λελουμένον ὦμον αἰείρων,
45 φεύγων φρικτὰ ῥέεθρα καταΐσσοντα προσώπου·
ἄλλος ἐνὶ προχοῇσιν ὄλον δέμας ἐκ ποδὸς ἄκρου
ἄχρι μέσου στέρνοιο κατάρρυτος, ὃς δὲ διαίνων
ὦμους διχθαδίους, ὁ δὲ βόστρυχον ἄκρον ἐρεύσας
δέχνυτο κυματόεσσαν ἐπαΐσσουσιν ἀπειλήν.
50 εἰς βυθὸν ἄλλος ἔδυνε διάβροχα χεῖλα σείων
ἀνδροφόνον παρὰ χεῦμα σεσηρότος ἀνθερεῶνος.
καὶ τις ἐοὺς ἐτάρους δεδοκημένος Ἴνδὸς ἀγήνωρ
τοὺς μὲν κτεινομένους δολιχῶ δορί, τοὺς δὲ μαχαίρῃ,
ἄλλον ὀιστευθέντα χαραδρῇεντι βελέμνῳ,
55 τὸν δὲ πολυπλέκτῳ δεδαῖγμένον ὀξεί θυρσῳ,
Θουρέϊ νεκρὸν ὄμιλον ἐδείκνυεν, ἀχνύμενος δὲ
τίλλε κόμην, φλογερῶ δὲ χόλου βακχεύετο πυρσῶ,
σφίγγων καρχαρόδοντι μεμυκότα χεῖλα δεσμῶ·
καὶ ταχὺς αὐτοφόνον μιμούμενος Ἴνδὸν Ὀρόντην,
60 βάρβαρον αἷμα φέρων καὶ βάρβαρον ἦθος ἀέζων,
ἄορ ἐὼν γύμνωσεν, ἀπορρίψας δὲ χιτῶνα,
Ἄρεος ἀρραγὲς ἔρκος, ἀλεξητῆρα βελέμνων,
καὶ ξίφος ἀπτοίητος ἐῶ κενεῶνι πελάσσας
ὕστατιν ταχύποτμος ἀγήνορα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
65 ἄσπτηρ, δέχνυσο τοῦτο φίλον ξίφος· αἰδέομαι γάρ,
μὴ τις ἐμὲ κτείνειεν ἀνάρσιος ἀπτόλεμος χεῖρ.
αὐτὸς ἐμῶ κενεῶνι θελήμονα χαλκὸν ἐλάσσω,
μὴ με πατήρ μέμψαιτο δεδουπότα θήλει θυρσῳ,
μὴ Σάτυρον, μὴ Βάκχον ἐμὸν καλέσειε φονῆα·'
70 ἔννεπε κυανέης κατὰ γαστέρος ἄορ ἐρείσας
τολμηραῖς παλάμησιν, ἅτε ξένον ἄνδρα δαΐζων,
καὶ θάνεν αὐτοδαίκτος ἐν ἀντιβίοισι Μενοικεύς,
αἰδόμενος μετὰ δῆριν ἰδεῖν ἔτι Δηριαδῆα·
ὄμμασι δ' ἄκλαύτοισι θελήμονι κάθθανε πότμῳ,
75 καὶ μανίης ἀπάνευθεν ἐφαίνετο χάλκεος Αἴας.
καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἦεν· ἀναινομένῳ δὲ ῥέεθρῳ
κτεινομένους ἐκάλυψε καὶ ἔπλετο τύμβος Ὑδάσπης.
καὶ τις ἔσω ποταμοῖο πανυστατὴν χέε φωνήν·
'καὶ σὺ, πάτερ, προχοῇσι πόθεν σέο τέκνα καλύπτεις;
80 πολλὰκι Βάκτρον Ἄρηα μετήιον, ἀλλὰ ῥέεθροις
οὐ ποτε Μῆδον ὄμιλον ἀπέκτανε Μῆδος Ἀράξης·
Περσικὸς Εὐφρήτης οὐκ ἔκρυφε γείτονα Πέρσην·
πολλὰκι μοι παρὰ Ταῦρον ἔην μόθος, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ χάρμῃ

οὐ Κίλικας ποτε Κύδνος ἔῳ τυμβεύσατο κόλπω
85 οὐ Τάναϊς χιονῶδες ἄγων πετρούμενον ὕδωρ
γείτονι Σαυρομάτῃ θωρήσεται, ἀλλὰ κορύσσων
Κόλχοις ἀντιβίοισι χαραδρήσσαν Ἐνυὼ
πολλάκι παχνήεντι κατεπρήνιξε βελέμνῳ.
Ἥριδανὸς πέλε σεῖο μακάρτερος, ὅττι ρεέθροις
90 ἄλλοδαπὸν Φαέθοντα καὶ οὐκ ἔκρυψε πολίτην,
οὐ Γαλάτην ἐκάλυψε καὶ οὐ τάφος ἔπλετο Κελτῶ,
ἀλλὰ φίλοις ναέτησι ῥυηφενέων ἀπὸ δένδρων
Ἡλιάδων ἤλεκτρα φεραυγέα δῶρα κυλίνδει:
Ῥῆνος Ἴβηρ βρεφέεσσι κορύσσεται, ἀλλὰ δικάζων,
95 καὶ κρυφίην ὠδίνα διασχίζων τοκετοῖο
κτείνει ξεῖνα γένεθλα: σὺ δὲ φθιμένων ναετήρων
κρύπτεις γνήσια τέκνα καὶ οὐ νόθον αἷμα καλύπτεις.
πῶς δύνασαι ποταμοῖσι μιγήμεναι ἢ καὶ αὐτῷ
ὠκεανῷ γενέτη καὶ Τηθύι, σεῖο τεκούσῃ,
100 αἰμαλέαις λιβάδεσσι φόνου πλημμυρίδα σύρων;
ἄξιο, μὴ νεκύεσσι Ποσειδάωνα μιήνης.
σεῖο ῥόος Βρομίοιο κακώτερος, ὅττι με θύρσοις
οὐ κλονέει Διόνυσος, ὅσον κλονέεις με ρεέθροις.
ὥς εἰπὼν βαρύποτμος ἐδέχνυτο λοισθιον ὕδωρ.
105 καὶ πλόος ἦν εὖοπλος: ἐκουφίζοντο δὲ λαοὶ
οἰδαλέοις μελέεσσιν: ἀποφθιμένου δὲ φορῆος
ἡμιφανῆς πλωτῆρι λόφῳ πορθμεύετο πῆληξ
δυομένη κατὰ βαιόν: ἐφαλλόμεναι δὲ ρεέθροις
ἐκταδὸν ἐν ῥοθίοισιν ἄτε πρυμνήσια νηῶν
110 νηχομένους τελαμῶνας ἐναυτίλλοντο βοεῖαι,
στοιχάδες ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα: βαρυνόμενον δὲ σιδήρῳ
εἰς βυθὸν ὕγροχίτωνα κατέσπασεν ἀνέρα θώρηξ.
οὐδὲ μόθου Διόνυσος ἐοὺς ἀνέκοψε μαχητάς,
εἰ μὴ πάντας ἔπεφνεν ἔῳ ταμεσίχροϊ θύρσῳ,
115 καλλείφας ἓνα μοῦνον ὅλων κήρυκα θανόντων:
Θουρέα μοῦνον ἔλειπε θεοῦδέα μάρτυρα νίκης.
Ἥρη δ' ὥς ἐνόησε δαίκταμένων φόνον Ἴνδῶν,
οὐρανόθεν πεπότητο, δι' ὕψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
ἄστατος ἠνεμόεντι κατέγραφεν ἡέρα ταρσῷ.
120 Ἀντολίη δ' ἐπέβαινε, καὶ ἤλασεν Ἴνδὸν Ὑδάσπην
φύλοπιν αἱματόεσσαν ἀναστῆσαι Διονύσῳ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε βαρβαρόφωνος Ἐώιος ὤκλασεν Ἄρης,
δὴ τότε ναυτιλίας ἑτερότροπα μάγγανα τεύχων
χεύμασιν ἀκλύστοισι χορὸς πορθμεύετο Βάκχων.
125 καὶ θεὸς ἠγεμόνευε, δι' οἷδατος ἠνιοχεύων
ἄρμασι χερσαίοισι νόθον πλόον, ὕγροπόρων δὲ
πορδαλίων ἀδιάντος ὄνυξ ἐχάραξεν Ὑδάσπην:

καὶ στρατιαὶ πλόον εἶχον ἀκυμάντου ποταμοῖο,
ὦν ὁ μὲν Ἴνδῶν σχεδίην πολὺδεσμον ἐρέσσων,
¹³⁰ ὃς δέ, κυβερνήσας διερὴν ἀκάτοιο πορείην,
ἐνθάπιν σκάφος εἶχε λινορραφέων ἀλιήων
ἄρπάξας· ἕτερος δὲ νόθῳ ναυτίλλετο θεσμῷ,
ἄμματι τεχνήεντι περίπλοκα δοῦρατα δήσας,
καὶ ξύλον αὐτόπρεμνον ὁμοῖον ὀλκάδι τεύχων,
¹³⁵ ἔκτοθι πηδαλίου, δίχα λαίφεος, ἐκτὸς ἐρετμῶν,
οὐ Βορέην καλέων νηοσσόον — ἰθυτενὲς γὰρ
εἰς βυθίους κενεῶνας ὑποβρύχιον δόρυ ἐμπων
Ἄρεος ὑγροπόροιο δορυσσόος ἔπλεε ναύτης — ,
καὶ πλωτῆς ἀδιάντος ἐπ' ἀσπίδος οἷδματα τέμνων,
¹⁴⁰ πῆψμα φέρων τελαμῶνα, σακέσπαλον εἶχε πορείην,
ξεῖνὴν ναυτιλὴν ψευδήμονι νηὶ χαράσσαν.
καὶ στρατὸς ἱππῶν ῥόον ἔστιχε, καὶ πλόος ἵππων
ποσσὶν ἔην ῥαχίῃσιν ἀειρομένων ἐλατήρων·
καὶ τότε νηχομένου διερὸν δρόμον εὐποδος ἵππου
¹⁴⁵ ἱξὺι κουφίζοντος ὑπέρτερον ἡνιοχῆα
ὑψιφανῆς ἀνέτελλε δι' ὕδατος ἄβροχος αὐχὴν.
καὶ στρατὸς ἐγρεμόθων πρυλέων ἀκάτοιο χατίζων,
ἀσκοῖς οἰδαλέοισι χέων ποιητὸν ἀήτην,
δέρματι φυσαλέῳ διεμέτρεεν Ἴνδὸν Ὑδάσπην,
¹⁵⁰ ἐνδομύχων δ' ἀνέμων ἐγκύμονες ἔπλεον ἀσκοί.
αἰγείοις δὲ πόδεσσι διέτρεχε Παρράσιος Πᾶν
ἄκρα γαληνάιοιο διαστείχων ποταμοῖο·
καὶ Λύκος ἡνιόχευε θαλασσαιῶν δρόμον ἵππων
πατρῴην ἀδιάντον ἄγων τέθριππον ἀπήνην·
¹⁵⁵ καὶ γνωτῷ περόωντι συνέστιχε Δαμναμενῆι
Σκέλμις ἀκυμάντοιο καθιππεύων ποταμοῖο.
ἄλλος ὑπὲρ νώτοιο θορῶν ὁμόφοιτον ἀέλλαις
εἰς πλόον ἡνιόχευε καλαύροπι ταῦρον ὀδίτην,
καὶ βοέοις ὀνύχεσσι κατέγραφεν ἄσφορον ὕδωρ·
¹⁶⁰ Σειληνοὶ δὲ γέροντες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσση
καὶ ποσὶ καὶ παλάμησιν ἐρετμώσαντες Ὑδάσπην...
καὶ προχέων κρουνηδὸν ἀλεξήτειραν ἰὼν
γνωτῷ κυματόεντι γέρων ἰάχησεν Ὑδάσπης,
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων πολυπίδακι λαιμῷ·
¹⁶⁵ ἄγνωτὲ πέπον, τέο μέχρι τεὸς ῥόος ἄσφορος ἔρπει;
οἷδματα σεῖο κόρυσσον ἐπιβρίθων Διονύσω,
ὄφρα κατακρύψωμεν ἐν ὕδασι πεζὸν ὀδίτην.
σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ πέλεν αἶσχος, ὅτε Βρομίοιο μαχηταὶ
ἄβρέκτοις ἐμὸν οἷδμα διασχίζουσι πεδίλοις·
¹⁷⁰ Αἰόλε, καὶ σὺ τέλεσσον ἐμοὶ χάριν, ἀντιβίοις δὲ
σοὺς προμάχους θώρηξον ἀελλήεντας ἀήτας

μαρναμένους Σατύροισιν, ὅτι στρατὸς ὕγρὸς ὁδίτης
ἄρμασι χερσαίοισι βατὸν ποιήσεν Ὑδάσπην,
καὶ δρόμον ὕγρὸν ἔχουσιν ἐν ὕδασιν ἡνιοχῆες:
175 σοὺς ἀνέμους θώρηξον ἐμῷ πορθμῇ Λυαίῳ:
χεύμασι δ' ἐλκέσθω Σατύρων στόλος, ἡνιόχων δὲ
συρομένων προχοῇσιν ἐμὸς ῥόος ἄρμα δεχέσθω,
οἷδματι λυσσήεντι καλυπτομένων ἐλατήρων.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ νήποινον ἀήθεα πορθμὸν ἐάσω:
180 σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ πέλεν αἷσχος, ὅταν Βρομίῳ μαχηταὶ
ἄτραπὸν ἡνιόχοισι καὶ ἀβρέκτοισιν ὁδίταις ...
ὕγροπόρους δὲ λέοντας αἰστώσω Διονύσου.
εἶπέ, πόθεν βατὸς ἔσκεν ἐμὸς ῥόος, ὕγροβαφῆς δὲ
νηιάς ἐν προχοῇσι πόθεν χρεμετισμὸν ἀκούει
185 καὶ ῥάχιν ἰχθυόεσσαν ὄνυξ ἵππειος ἀράσσει;
αἰδέομαι ποταμοῖσι μιγήμεναι, ὅττι γυναῖκες
ἡμέας ἀκλύστοισι διαστείβουσι πεδίλοις.
οὐ ποτε τολμήεντες ἐμὸν ῥόον ἔξεν Ἴνδοι
ἄρμασιν ἡλιβάτοισι, καὶ οὐ πατρώιον ὕδωρ
190 Δηριάδης ἐχάραξεν ἐὼ περιμήκει δίφρῳ,
ὕψιλόφων λοφίησιν ἐφεδρήσσω ἐλεφάντων.'
ὥς εἰπὼν ἐκόρυσσεν ἐὸν ῥόον: ἄλτο δὲ Βάκχῳ
αἰχμαῶν ῥοθίοισιν: ἀελλήεσσα δὲ πολλῇ
μαρναμένων ὕδατων διερεῇ μυκήσατο σάλπιγξ:
195 καὶ ποταμὸς κελάρυξεν ἄγων ὑφούμενον ὕδωρ,
μαρνάμενος Σατύροισι: πολυφλοίσβῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Βασσαρίς ἀβροχίτων ἀπεσείσατο κύμβαλα χειρῶν
καὶ πόδας ἀμφελέλιξεν, ἐρεσσομένοιο δὲ ταρσοῦ
ξανθὰ πολυρραφῶν ἀπεσείσατο δεσμὰ πεδίων,
200 καὶ ῥόος ἠνεμόεις πεφορημένος ἄχρι καρήνου
Βάκχης νηχομένης ἐλικώδεας ἔκλυσε χαίτας:
ἄλλη βριθομένη διεροὺς ἀπεθήκατο πέπλους,
νεβρίδας οἰδαλέοισιν ἐπιτρέψασα ῥεέθροις,
καὶ οἱ ἐπὶ στέρνοισι κορυσσομένου ποταμοῖο
205 ὄγκος ἐρευθιόνωντι μέλας ἐπεσύρετο μαζῷ:
καὶ Σάτυρος παλάμησιν ἐρετμώσας χυτὸν ὕδωρ
ἰκμαλέην ἐλέλιξε δι' ὕδατος ὄρθιον οὐρήν:
γηραλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι μεθυσφαλῆς ἵχνος ἐρέσσω
ἄστατος ὕδατόεντι Μάρων πεφορημένος ὀλκῷ
210 κύμασιν ἄσκὸν ἔλειπε βεβυσμένον ἠδέος οἴνου:
πυκνὰ δὲ σειομένη διδυμόζυγι σύνδρομος αὐλῷ
Πανιάς ἀκροτάτοιο δι' ὕδατος ἔπλεε σύριγξ,
κύμασιν αὐτοέλικτος: ἀμιλλητῇρι δὲ παλμῷ
Σειληνοῦ λασίῳ κατ' αὐχένος ἔρρεε χαίτη.
215 καὶ ποταμὸς κελάδησεν ἀφυσγετὸν οἷδματι σύρων,

ξανθὸν ὑπὲρ πεδίοιο χέων μετανάστιον ὕδωρ,
 κικλήσκων Διόνυσον ἐς ὕδατόεσσαν Ἐνυώ:
 καὶ ῥόος ἐγρεκῦδοιμος ἔχων ἀντίπνοον αὔρην
 ἀγχινεφῆς ὑפוῦτο, διάβροχον ἡέρα φαίνων,
 220 οἷδματι παφλάζοντι καταθρώσκων Διονύσου.
 οὐχ οὕτω Σιμόεντος Ἀρειμανὲς ἔβρεμεν ὕδωρ,
 οὐχ οὕτω ῥόος ἔσκεν ἐγερσιμόθοιο Καμάνδρου
 χεῦματι κυματόεντι κατακλύζων Ἀχιλῆα,
 ὥς τότε Βακχείην στρατιὴν ἐδίωξεν Ὑδάσπης.
 225 καὶ ποταμῷ Διόνυσος ἀνήρυγε θυιάδα φωνήν:
 ‘τί κλονέεις Διὸς νῆα, Διιπετές; ἦν ἐθελήσω,
 τερσαίνει σέο χεῦμα πατὴρ ἐμός, ὕετιος Ζεὺς.
 ἐκ νεφέων βλάστησας ἐμοῦ Κρονίδαο τοκῆος,
 καὶ νεφεληγερέταο Διὸς βλάστημα διώκεις;
 230 πατρὸς ἐμοῦ πεφύλαξο βέλος λοχίοιο κεραυνοῦ,
 μὴ στεροπὴν Βρομίοιο γενέθλιον εἰς σὲ κορύσσει:
 ἄξιο, μὴ βαρύγουνος, ὅπως Ἄσωπός, ἀκούσης:
 σὴν προχοὴν πρήνουν, ἔως ἔτι μῆνιν ἐρύκω.
 ὕδατόεις πυρόεντι κορύσσειαι: οὐ δύνασαι δὲ
 235 τλήμεναι αἰθαλόεντος ἕνα σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ.
 εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονέεις χάριν Ἀστερίης σέο νύμφης,
 ἢ λάχεν αἰθερίης Ὑπερίονος αἶμα γενέθλης,
 ἡελίου θρασὺν νῆα, πυρώδεος ἠνιοχῆος,
 οὐρανὸν ἱππεύοντα πατὴρ ἐμὸς ἔφλεγε πυρσῶ,
 240 καὶ νέκυν ἔστενε παῖδα πυρὸς ταμίης Ὑπερίων,
 οὐδὲ χάριν Φαέθοντος ἐμῷ πολέμιζε τοκῆϊ,
 οὐ πυρὶ πῦρ ἀνάειρε, καὶ εἰ πυρὸς ἡγεμονεύει.
 εἰ χάριν ὑμετέρου μεγαλίζειαι Ὠκεανοῖο,
 Ἥριδανὸν σκοπίαζε Διὸς πληγέντα βελέμνω,
 245 ὑμέτερον πυρίκαυτον ἀδελφεόν: αἰνοπαθῆς δὲ
 σὸς διερὸς προπάτωρ, μιτροῦμενος ἄντυγι κόσμου,
 χεῦμασι τοσσατίοισι χέων γαιήοχον ὕδωρ,
 υἱὸν ἶδε φλεχθέντα, καὶ οὐ πολέμιζεν Ὀλύμπω,
 οὐ προχοαῖς ἐρίδαινε πυριγλώχινι κεραυνῷ.
 250 ἀλλὰ τεῶν ὕδάτων ἔτι φεῖδω, μὴ σε νοήσω
 Ἥριδανῷ φλεχθέντι κεκαυμένον ἴσον Ὑδάσπην.’
 ὥς φαμένω βαρύδουπος ἐχώσατο μᾶλλον Ὑδάσπης
 κύμασι λαβροτέροισι χέων ὑψίδρομον ὕδωρ.
 καὶ νῦ κεν ἔκρυφε πᾶσαν ἀβακχεύτων στίχα Βάκχων,
 255 εἰ μὴ Βάκχος ἄμυνεν, ἀπ’ ἀγχιπόροιο δὲ λόχμης
 πυρσοτόκον νάρθηκα λαβῶν ἀντώπιον Ἡοῦς
 ἡελίῳ θέρμηνεν: ἐριφλεγέος δὲ κορύμβου
 αὐτογόνῳ σπινθῆρι λοχεύετο δουράτεον πῦρ:
 καὶ προχοαῖς φλόγα ῥῖπεν: ἀπειλητῆρι δὲ δαλῶ

260 καιομένου ποταμοῖο ῥοαῖς ἐπεπάφλασαν ὄχθαι:
 καὶ πολὺς ἡερόφοιτος ἐλίσσεται καπνὸς ἀλήτης
 λωτοῦ καιομένοιο μαραινομένου τε κυπείρου:
 καὶ θρῦα πῦρ ἀμάθυνε: πολυστροφάλιγγι δὲ ῥιπῇ
 καπνοῦ λιγνυόεντος ἔλιξ ἐμέθυσεν αὐτμὴ
 265 ἡερίας ἀψῖδας, ὅλη δ' ἐμελαίνεται λόχη
 εὐδόμοις ἀνέμοισιν ἱμασσομένων δονακῶν.
 καὶ σέλας εἰς βυθὸν εἴρπεν: ἐνεκρύπτοντο δὲ πηλῶ
 ἰχθύες αἰθαλόεντες: ὑποβρυχίοιο δὲ πυρσοῦ
 νηχομένῳ σπινθῆρι διάβροχος ἔξεεν ἰλὺς
 270 ὑγρὸν ἀναπτομένη: βυθίων δ' ἀπὸ καπνὸς ἐναύλων
 ἔμπυρος ὕδατόεντι διέσσυτο σὺνδρομος ἀτμῶ.
 Ὑδριάδων δὲ φάλαγγες ἀνάμπυκες ὠκέι ταρσῶ
 γυμναὶ κυματόεντος ἀπεπλάζοντο μελάθρου:
 καὶ τις ἀναινομένη φλογερὸν πατρώιον ὕδωρ
 275 νηϊὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀήθεα δύσατο Γάγγην:
 ἄλλη δ' Ἴνδὸν ἔναιεν ἐριβρεμέτην Ἀκείσινην
 ἀζαλέοις μελέεσσιν: ἀλωομένην δὲ Χοάσπης
 ἄλλην οὐρεσίφοιτον ἀνάμπυκα Νηίδα Νύμφην
 παρθενικὴν ἐδέξατο, Περσίδι γείτων.
 280 Ὠκεανὸς δ' ἰάχῃσεν ἀπειλείων Διονύσῳ,
 ὕδατόεν μῦκημα χέων πολυπίδακι λαιμῶ,
 καὶ ῥόον ἀενάων στομάτων κρουνηδὸν ἰάλλων
 ἡϊόνας κόσμοιο κατέκλυσε χεῦματι μύθων:
 ἥλικος Ὠκεανοῖο παρουνέτι, σύγχρονε κόσμου
 285 παντρώφε συμμιγέων ὕδατων, αὐτόσπορε Τηθύς,
 ἀρχαίη φιλότεκνε, τί ῥέξομεν; αἰθαλόεις γὰρ
 εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ σέο τέκνα κορύσσεται ὑέτιος Ζεὺς:
 ἄρπαγα γὰρ νόθον ὄρνιν ἔχει Κρονίωνα φονῆα
 Ἀσωπὸς γενετῆρα, καὶ υἷα Βάκχον Ὑδάσπης.
 290 ἀλλὰ Διὸς στεροπῆσιν ἄγων ἀντίξοον ὕδωρ
 ἠέλιον πυρόεντα ῥόῳ σβεστήρι καλύψω,
 κρύψω δ' αἰθέρος ἄστρα: καὶ ἀθήσει με Κρονίων
 χεῦματι μορμύροντι κατακλύζοντα Σελήνην:
 Ἀρκτώην δ' ὑπὸ πέζαν ἐμαῖς προχοῇσι λοέσσω
 295 ἄξονος ἄκρα κάρηνα καὶ ἄβροχον ὀλκὸν Ἀμάξης:
 καὶ βυθίης ἀρχαῖον ἐμῆς πλωτῆρα θαλάσσης
 αἰθέριον Δελφῖνα πάλιν πλωτῆρα τελέσσω,
 κρυπτόμενον πελάγεσσι: καὶ ἀστερόφοιτον ἐρύσσω
 νόστιμον οὐρανόθεν μετανάστιον εἰς χθόνα Κελτῶν
 300 Ἥριδανὸν πυρόεντα, καὶ ὕδατόεντα τελέσσω,
 αἰθέρα γυμνώσας διεροῦ πυρός: ὑπὶ πόρους δὲ
 ἰχθύας ἀστερόεντας ἐμοὺς πάλιν εἰς ἅλα σύρω,
 νηχομένους μετ' Ὀλυμπον ἐν ὕδασιν. ἔγρεο, Τηθύς,

ὕδασιν αἰθέρος ἄστροα καλύψομεν, ὄφρα νοήσω
305 ταῦρον, ἀκυμάντοιο πάλαι πλωτῆρα θαλάσσης,
κύμασι λαβροτέροις πεφορημένον ὕγρον ὀδίτην,
Εὐρώπης μετὰ λέκτρον: ὀρινέσθω δὲ καὶ αὐτή,
δερκομένη κερόεσσαν ἐμὴν ταυρώπιδα μορφήν,
ταυροφυῆς κερόεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη:
310 ἴξομαι ὕψικέλευθος ἐς οὐρανόν, ὄφρα νοήσω
ἱκμαλέον Κηφῆα καὶ ὕγροχίτωνα Βοώτην,
ὥς πάρος ἐννοσίγαιος, ὅτε θρασὺς ἀμφὶ Κορίνθου
ὕγρὸς Ἄρης ἀλάλαζεν ἐς ἀστερόεσσαν Ἐννώ:
κρύψω δ' ἔμπυρον Αἶγα, Διὸς τροφόν, ὕγροπόρῳ δὲ
315 ἄρμενον Ὑδροχοῆϊ χαρίζομαι ἄφθονον ὕδωρ.
Τηθύς, καὶ σὺ, θάλασσα, κορύσσεο: ταυροφυῆ γὰρ
Ζεὺς νόθον υἷα λόχευσεν, ἵνα ξύμπαντας ὀλέσση
καὶ ποταμοὺς καὶ φῶτας ἀμεμφέας: ἀμφότερον δὲ
Ἴνδου θύρσος ἔπεφνε καὶ ἔφλεγε πυρσὸς Ὑδάσπην.
320 ἔννεπε παφλάζων βαθυκύμονος οἶδματι φωνῆς.

εἰκοστὸν δὲ τέταρτον ἔχει γόνον ἄσπετον Ἴνδῶν
 κερκίδα θ' ἱστοπόνιοιο καὶ ἡλακάτην Ἀφροδίτης.
 Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ κοτέοντος ἀπέτραπτε παιδὸς ἀπειλήν,
 δοῦπον ὁμοπλεκέων νεφέων βρονταῖον ἱμάσσων:
 καὶ χόλον ἐπρήνεν ἀτέρμονος Ὠκεανοῖο,
 ὕσμινην φλογόεσσαν ἐρητύων Διονύσου.
 5 Ἦρῃ δ' ἐσμαράγησε δι' ἡέρος ἄπλετον ἠχώ,
 μῆνιν ἀναστέλλουσα πυρισθενέος Διονύσου.
 καὶ διερῆν παλάμην ὀρέγων οἰκτίρμονι Βάκχῳ
 παιδί Διδὸς πυρόεντι γέρων ἰάχησεν Ὑδάσπης,
 μῦθον ἀναβλύζων ἱκετήσιον ἀνθερεῶνος:
 10 'φείδεό μοι, Διόνυσε, διπετέος ποταμοῖο,
 ὕδασι καρποτόκοισι φέρων χάριν: ὑμετέρῃ γάρ
 ἐξ ὕδατων εὐβοτρὺς ἀνεβλάστησεν ὀπώρη.
 ἀσάμην, Διόνυσε πυριτρεφές: οὐρανήν γάρ
 σῶν δαΐδων ἀμάρυγμα τετὴν κήρυξε γενέθλην.
 15 ἀλλὰ πόθος τεκέων με βιήσατο: Δηριάδῃ γάρ
 υἱεὶ πιστὰ φέρων ῥοθίων ἐλέλιζον ἀπειλήν,
 Ἴνδοις κτεινομένοισι βοηθόον οἶδμα κυλίνδων.
 αἰδέομαι γενετῆρι φανήμεναι, ὅττι θαλάσση
 αἷματι μορμύροντι μεμιγμένα χεῦματα σύρω
 20 καὶ φονίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι Ποσειδάωνα μαιίνω:
 τοῦτό με, τοῦτο κόρυσσεν ἐριδμαίνειν Διονύσῳ.
 πρὸς δὲ τεοῦ ξενίοιο καὶ ἱκεσίοιο τοκῆος,
 αἶδω παφλάζοντα τεῶ πυρὶ θερμὸν Ὑδάσπην.
 νηιάδες φεύγουσιν ἐμὸν ῥόον: ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγὰς
 25 ἢ μὲν ναιετάει διερὸν δόμον, ἢ δ' ἐνὶ λόχμαϊς
 σύννομος Ἀδρυάδεσσι φυτὸν μετὰ πόντον ἀμείβει,
 ἄλλῃ δ' Ἴνδὸν ἔχει μετανάστιος, ἢ δὲ φυγοῦσα
 ποσσὶ κονιομένοισιν ἐδύσατο διψάδα πέτρην
 Καυκασίην, ἐτέρῃ δὲ μεταΐξασα Χοάσπην
 30 ναιεὶ ξεῖνα ῥέεθρα καὶ οὐκέτι πάτριον ὕδωρ.
 μὴ καλάμους ὀλέσειας, ἐμῶν βλάστημα ῥοάων,
 οἷσιν ἀεξομένοισιν ἐρείδεται οἰνάδος ὄρηξ
 ἀμπελόεις: δόνακες γὰρ ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι δεθέντες
 ὑμετέρην εὐυδρον ἐλαφρίζουσιν ὀπώρην:
 35 μὴ δόνακας φλέξειας, ὅθεν σέο Μυγδόνες αὐλοί,
 μὴ ποτέ σοι μέμψαιτο τετὴ φιλόμολπος Ἀθήνη,
 ἢ ποτε Γοργεῖων βλοσυρὸν μίμημα καρήνων
 φθεγγομένων Λίβυν εὔρεν ὁμοζυγέων τύπον αὐλῶν:
 καὶ σέο μυστιπόλοιο κυβερνήτειραν ἀοιδῆς

40 Πανιάδος σύριγγος ὁμόθροον αἶδεο μολπὴν:
λῆγε τεῶ νάρθηκι ῥόον ποταμοῖο μαραίνων,
ὅττι ῥόος ποταμοῖο τεοὺς νάρθηκας ἀέξει.
οὐ ξένον οἶδμα πέρησας ἐπώνυμον: ἄλλοφυῇ γὰρ
ἄλλον ἐγὼ Διόνυσον ἐμοῖς φαίδρυνα λοετροῖς,
45 ὀπλοτέρου Βρομίοιο φερώνυμον, εὖτε Κρονίων
Ζαγρέα παιδοκόμοισιν ἐμαῖς παρακάθθετο Νύμφαις:
καὶ σὺ φέρεις Ζαγρῆος ὄλον δέμας: ἀλλὰ σὺ κεινῷ
δὸς χάριν ὀψιτέλεστον, ὅθεν πέλες: ἀρχεγόνου γὰρ
ἐκ κραδῆς ἀνέτελλες, ἀειδομένου Διονύσου.
50 ὕμετέρου δὲ γέραιρε Λάμου κουροτρόφον ὕδωρ:
μνώεο Μαιονίης σέο πατρίδος: ὕμετέρου γὰρ
Πακτωλοῦ χαρίεντος ἀδελφεός ἐστιν Ὑδάσπης.
καὶ σὺ τόσοις ποταμοῖσι μίαν χάριν ἄρτι τιταίνων,
γνωτοῖς ἡμετέροισι, τεῆν ἀνασείρασον αἴγλην:
55 μῆδὲ πυρὶ φλέξης ὕδατων χύσιν: ἐξ ὕδατων γὰρ
ἄστεροπὴ βλάστησε, τεοῦ Διὸς ὕετιον πῦρ.
ἀλλὰ χόλον πρήνυε, τεοῖς ὅτι γούνασι πίπτω
μειλίχιον στορέσας ἱκέτην ῥόον: ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
εἰ θρασὺν αὐχένα κάμπτε, καὶ ἥπιος ἔσκε Τυφωεύς,
60 καὶ κεν ἀπορρίψας παλινάγρετον ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς
ἄστεροπὴν ἀνέκοπτε πατήρ τεός, ὕψιμέδων Ζεὺς.
ὥς φαμένου Διόνυσος ἐὴν ἀνεσείρασε πεύκην.
καὶ προχοὰς Ἀρκτῶος ἀνερρίπιζεν ἀήτης
χειμερίῃ μάστιγι, φέρων δυσπέμφελον αὖρην,
65 χεῦμα πυριβλήτοιο καταψύχων ποταμοῖο,
ἠέλιον καὶ Βάκχον ὁμοῦ καὶ Ζῆνα γεραίρων,
καὶ ῥοθίων ἄσβεστον ἀπέσβεσε δαιμόνιον πῦρ.
ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος ἐπέπλεεν ὕγρον Ὑδάσπην,
τόφρα δὲ, θάρσος Ἄρηος ἔχων, περιμήκετον ὁρμήν
70 Δηριάδης ἐπὶ δῆριν ἐπώνυμον ὥπλισεν Ἰνδούς,
στήσας ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρον ἐὰς στίχας, ὄφρα μαχηταὶ
λαὸν ἐρητύσωσιν ἀνερχομένων ἔτι Βάκχων.
οὐδὲ Διὸς λάθην ὄμμα πανόφιον: ἐσσυμένως δὲ
οὐρανόθεν πεφόρητο προασπίζων Διονύσον.
75 καὶ σφετέροισιν ἰόντες ἀρηγόνες, ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
σὺν Διὶ πάντες ἴκοντο θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου
ἄλματι πωτήεντι: καὶ Αἰγίνης χάριν εὐνῆς
αἰετὸς ἠώρητο τὸ δεύτερον ὕψιπέτης Ζεὺς
Ἄσωποῦ μετὰ χεῦμα, καὶ Αἰακὸν ἠεροφοίτην
80 φειδομένων ὀνύχων δεδραγμένος ἄρπαγε ταρσῶ
κουφίζων ἐκόμισσεν ἐς Ἄρεα Δηριαδῆος
Ἰνδῶν ἐπὶ πέζαν: ἀπ' εὐρυπόροιο δὲ κόλπου
υἷὸν Ἀρισταῖον γενέτης ἐσάωσεν Ἀπόλλων,

φαιδρὸς Ἀλεξικάκων πεφορημένος ἄρματι κύκνων,
85 μνηστῖν ἔχων θαλάμοιο λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης:
καὶ κρατέων ἔο παῖδα τανύπτερος ἦρπασεν Ἑρμῆς,
υἷέα Πηνελόπης, κεραελκέα Πᾶνα κομήτην:
Οὐρανίη δ' Ὑμέναιον ἀνεζώγρησεν ὀλέθρου
παιδὸς ἐοῦ γονόεντος ἐπώνυμον, ἡερίας δὲ
90 ἀτραπιτοὺς ἐχάραξεν, ὁμοῖος ἀστέρος ὀλκῷ,
γνωτῷ βοτρυόεντι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ:
Καλλιόπη δ' Οἶαγρον ἐοῖς ἀνεκούφισεν ὤμοις:
καὶ τεκέων Ἥφαιστος ἐὼν ἀλέγιζε Καβείρων,
ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἦρπαξεν, ὁμοῖος ὀξεί πυρσῷ:
95 Ἀκταίη δ' ἐσάωσεν Ἐρεχθέα Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
Ἴνδοφόνον, ναετῆρα θεοκρήπιδος Ἀθήνης:
νύμφας δ' Ἀδρυάδας ναέται ζώγρησαν Ὀλύμπου
πάντες, ὅσοις μεμέληντο φίλοι δρῦες, ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
δαφναίας ἐσάωσε φανείς δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων,
100 καὶ σφιν ἅμα χραίσμησε συνέμπορος υἱεὶ μήτηρ,
εἰσέτι κυδαινουσα λεχώια δένδρεα Λητώ.
Βασσαριδῶν δὲ φάλαγγα κορυμβοφόρους τε γυναῖκας
ἐκ βυθίου ῥύσαντο πολυφλοίσβοιο κυδοιμοῦ
θυγατέρες Κύδνοιο, φιλοζεφύρου ποταμοῖο,
105 πλωτὸν ἐπιστάμεναι διερὸν δρόμον, ἅς ἐπὶ νίκη
Ἄρεος Ἰνδῶοιο πατὴρ δωρήσατο Βάκχῳ,
Νηιάδας πολέμοιο δαήμονας, ἅς ποτε χάρμην
μαρνάμενος Κρονίῳ Κίλιξ ἐδίδαξε Τυφωεύς.
καὶ στρατὸς ὠμάρτησεν ὁμόστολος: ἐσσυμένους δὲ
110 Εὐῖος ἔφθασε πάντας, ὄρεσσανύλων ἐπὶ δίφρων
ἄξονος ἀβρέκτοιο διαξύνων ῥόον ὀλκῷ:
καὶ Σατύρων δρόμον εἶχεν ὁμόστολον, οἷς ἅμα Βάκχα
ὕγροπόροι καὶ Πᾶνες ὁμήλυδες: ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
ὠκύτεροι Τελχῖνες ἀλιτρεφέων ὑπὲρ ἵππων,
115 πατρῴης ἐλατῆρες ἀλικρήπιδος ἀπήνης,
εἰς δρόμον ὠμάρτησαν ἐπειγομένῳ Διονύσῳ.
ἄλλοι δ' ἦσαν ὀπισθεν, ἐπεσσεύοντο δὲ πορθμῷ
ἐξ ἐτέρης ἀνιόντες ἀθηήτοιο κελεύθου,
ἦχι θεὸς πόμπευεν: ἐπεὶ πτερὸν ἡρέμα πάλλων
120 αἰετὸς ἡγεμόνευε δι' οὐρεος ἀντίτυπος Ζεὺς,
φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσι μετάρσιον υἷα κομίζων,
Αἰακὸν ἡερίη πεφορημένον ὕψι κελεύθῳ.
Ἰνδῶη δ' ἐχόρευον ἐπισκαίροντες ἐρίπνη,
καὶ σκοπέλους ἐδίωκον, ἐναυλιζόντο δὲ λόχμαις,
125 καὶ κλισίας πῆξαντες ἐς ἡρέμα δάσκιον ὕλην ...
οἱ δὲ τανυκραίρων ἐλάφρων κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρην
εἶχον ἅμα σκυλάκεσιν: Ἀμαδρυάδεσσι δὲ Νύμφαις

Ὑδριάδες μίσγοντο φιλοπτόρθου Διονύσου.
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγες Ἐρυθραίῃ παρὰ λόχμῃ
130 σκύννον ὄρεσσαύλοιο τιτηνήσαντο λεαινης,
αὐτοχύτου δὲ γάλακτος ἀνέβλυον ἱκμάδα μαζοί·
ἄλλῃ ἐχιδναίοιο πόθον μεθέπουσα κορύμβου
ἰοβόλων μάστευε δι' οὖρεος ἄντρα δρακόντων,
θηροσύνην δ' ἀνέφαινε· ἀκοντιστῆρι δὲ θύρσῳ
135 ἡ μὲν νεβρὸν ἔβαλλεν ἀελλόπον· ἡ δὲ λαθοῦσα
ἄλματι λυσσήεντι κατέδραμε λυσσάδος ἄρκτου·
ἡ δὲ μελαρρίνων ῥαχίης ἐδράξατο θηρῶν
καὶ λοφίης ἐπέβαινε ὄρεσσινόμων ἐλεφάντων.
καὶ τις οἰστοβόλων βέλος ἤρμοσε κυκλάδι νευρῇ
140 καὶ πετελέην τόξευεν· ὁ δὲ σκοπὸν εἶχεν ἐλαίην·
καὶ πίτυν ἄλλος ἔβαλλε· πολὺς δ' ἐπὶ γείτονα πεύκῃν
πεμπομένων σύριζεν ἐν ἡέρι ῥοῖζος οἰστῶν.
τοῖσι μὲν ἔβρεμε κῶμος ὀρίκτυπος· ἀχνύμενος δὲ
Δηριάδῃ βασιλῇ δυσάγγελος ἵκετο Θουρέυς,
145 δάκρυσιν ἀφθόγγοισιν ἀπαγγέλλων φόνον Ἰνδῶν,
καὶ μόγις ἐκ στομάτων ἀνενεῖκατο πενθάδα φωνήν·
'Δηριάδῃ σκηπτοῦχε, θεηγενὲς ἔρνος Ἐνυοῦς,
ῥομεν, ὥς ἐκέλευσας, ἐς ἀντιπέραιαν ἐρίπνην,
εὖρομεν ἐν βήσσησιν ἐρημάδα γείτονα λόχμην·
150 κεῖθι λόχον στήσαντες ἐμίνομεν, εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃ
θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος· ἐπερχομένοιο δὲ Βάκχου
αὐλὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν, ἀδεψήτου δὲ βοείης
τυπτομένης ἐκάτερθεν ἔην χαλκόκροτος ἡχώ
καὶ καναχή σύριγγος· ὅλῃ δ' ἐλελίζετο λόχμῃ
155 καὶ δρῦες ἐφθέγξαντο καὶ ὠρχήσαντο κολῶναι·
νηιάδες δ' ὀλόλυξαν· ἐγὼ δ' ἐκόρυσσα μαχητάς,
ὀκναλέους, τρομέοντας, ἀπειθέας εἰς μόθον ἔλκων.
καὶ θεός, ὃν καλέουσιν, ἀκαχμένα θύρσα πινάσσω,
οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισιν οἰστεύων γένος Ἰνδῶν,
160 κτεῖνε μὲν ἐν πεδίῳ στρατὸν ἄσπετον ὅξει θύρσῳ
βλήμενον, ἐν ῥοθίοις δὲ τὸ λειψανον ὤλεσεν Ἰνδῶν.
ἀλλὰ σοφοὺς Βραχμῆνας ἐρείομεν, ὄφρα δαείης,
εἰ θεὸς οὗτος ἵκανε ἐς ἡμέας ἢ βροτὸς ἀνὴρ.
μὴ νυχίην ἀνόνητον ἀναστήσειας Ἐνυώ,
165 μὴ στρατιὴν ὀλέσειας ἀφεγγεῖ δημοτῇτι·
ἦδη δ' ἀχλύοις τέταται ζόφος· ἀγχιφανὴς δὲ
δῆριν ἀναστέλλων ἀμαρύσσεται Ἑσπερος ἀστήρ.
εἰ δὲ πόθος μεθέπει σε δυσαντήτοιο κυδοιμοῦ,
σήμερον Ἰνδὸν ἔρυκε, καὶ αὔριον εἰς μόθον ἔλκεις·'
170 ὥς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀπειθέα Δηριαδῆα,
οὐ χάριν ἀδρανίης πειθήμονα, δυομένῳ δὲ

μεμφόμενον Φαέθοντι καὶ οὐκ εἴκοντα Λυαίῳ.
Ἴνδῶν δὲ φάλαγγα μεταστήσας ποταμοῖο
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος ἐχάζετο πενθάδι λύσση,
175 ἐξόμενος λοφίῃσι παλιννόστων ἑλεφάντων.
Ἴνδοί δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα σὺν ἡλιβάτῳ βασιλῆϊ
εἰς πόλιν ἐρρώνοντο πεφυζότες, ἔνδοθι πύργων
νίκην εἰσαΐοντες ἀρειμανέος Διονύσου.
ἦδη δὲ στονόεσσα δι' ἄστεος ἵπτατο φήμη,
180 σύγγονον ἀγγέλλουσα νεοσφαγέων φόνον Ἴνδῶν.
καὶ γόος ἄσπετος ἔσκε: φιλοθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
πενθαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι χαράσσετο κύκλα προσώπου,
καὶ μεσάτου στέρνοιο διεσχίζοντο χιτῶνες
στήθεα γυμνώσαντες, ἀμοιβαίῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
185 τυπτομένων παλάμῃσιν ἵτυς φοινίσσετο μαζῶν
αἱμοβαφής. πολιδὸς δὲ γέρων ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῶ
χιονέην πλοκαμῖδα κατηφεί τάμνε σιδήρῳ,
τέσσαρας ἡβώνοντας ὀλωλότας νῆας ἀκούων,
Αἰακὸς οὐς ἐδάμασσε μιῇ δασπλῆτι μαχαίρῃ,
190 κτεινομένους ἑλεεινά: βαρυτλήτων δὲ γυναικῶν
ἢ μὲν ἐὼν στενάχιζεν ἀδελφεόν, ἢ δὲ τοκῆα:
ἄλλη ποικιλόδακρυς ἀνεστεναχίζετο νύμφη
νυμφίον ἀρτιχόρευτον εἰκότα Πρωτεσιλάῳ,
ἄλλη Λαοδάμεια: νεοζεύκτοιο δὲ νύμφης
195 ἄπλοκος ἀκρήδεμνος ἐτίλλετο βότρυς ἐθείρης.
καὶ τις ἀμηχανέουσα δεδουπότος εὐνέτις Ἴνδοῦ,
ἀγχιτόκους ὠδῖνας ἀναπλήσασα λοχεῖης
καὶ δεκάτης ὀρώωσα λεχώια κύκλα Σελήνης,
ὑδρηλῶ πολὺδακρυς ἐπέστενεν ἀνδρὸς ὀλέθρῳ,
200 καὶ ποταμῶ κοτέουσα γοήμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν:
'οὐ πίομαι πατρῷον ἐμὸν ποτε πικρὸν Ὑδάσπην:
οὐκέτι κεῖνα ῥέεθρα παρέρχομαι, οὐκέτι δειλὴ
σεῖο νέκυν κρύψαντος ἐπιπαύσω ποταμοῖο,
οὐ μὰ σέ καὶ σέο φόρτον, ὃν ἔνδοθι γαστρὸς αἶρω,
205 οὐ μὰ καὶ τὸν ἔρωτα, τὸν οὐ χρόνος οἶδε μαραίνειν.
τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειεν, ὅπου πέσε νεκρὸς ἀκοίτης,
ὄφρα περιπτύξω διερὸν νέκυν, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν
κῦμα κατακρύψει με σὺν ὑδροπόρῳ παρακοίτῃ;
αἶθε δὲ καὶ τέκον υἷα καὶ ἔτρεφον: ἄρτι δὲ δειλὴν
210 γαστέρος ὄγκος ἔχει με πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο.
εἰ δὲ τέκω ποτὲ παῖδα καὶ αἰτίζη γενετῆρα,
υἱεὶ παππάζοντι πόθεν δεῖξαιμι τοκῆα;
εἶπε τὸν οὐκ αἰόντα κινυρομένη παρακοίτην.
ἄλλη δ' ἔστεναχίζεν ἀννυμφεύτους ὕμεναιούς
215 ὀλλυμένους μνηστῆρος, ὃν οὐκ ἴδεν εὐγάμος ὥρη

στέμματι νυμφιδίῳ πεπυκασμένον, οὐδ' ἐνὶ παστῶ
 ἡδυμελὲς ἦεισε βιοσσόος αὐλὸς Ἑρώτων.
 τοῖσι μὲν ἀχνυμένοισιν ἔην γόος, ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμας
 Βάκχος ἐοῖς Σατύροισι καὶ Ἰνδοφόνοισι μαχηταῖς
 220 εἰλαπίνην ἔστησεν· ἐδαιτρεύοντο δὲ ταῦροι,
 καὶ δαμάλαι στοιχηδὸν ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ
 θεινόμεναι πελέκεσσιν, Ἑρυθραίης δ' ἀπὸ ποίμνης
 πυκνὰ δορικτῆτων ἱερεύετο πῶεα μῆλων.
 ἐζόμενοι δ' ἀγγελῆδὸν ἐπ' εὐκύκλοιο τραπέζῃς
 225 Σειληνοὶ Σάτυροί τε σὺν εὐθύρσῳ Διονύσῳ
 χερσὶ πολυσπερέεσσι μιῆς ἔψαυσαν ἐδωδῆς·
 πίνετο δ' ἄσπετος οἶνος ἀμοιβαδίς· οἶνοχόοι δὲ
 εὐδόμους ἐκένωσαν ἀπείρονας ἀμφιφορῆας,
 νεκταρέης ἀρύνοντες ἀμεμφέα βότρυν ὀπώρης.
 230 τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι παρὰ κρητῆρα λιγαίνων
 Λέσβιος αὐτοδίδακτος ἀνέπλεκε Λεῦκος ἀοιδῆν,
 πῶς πρότεροι Τιτῆνες ἐθωρήχθησαν Ὀλύμπῳ·
 καὶ Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἀληθέα μέλπετο νίκην,
 πῶς Κρόνον εὐρυγένειον ὑποκλάζοντα κεραυνῶ
 235 Ταρταρίῳ ζοφόνετι κατεσφρηγίσσατο κόλπῳ,
 χεῖματος ὕδρηλοῖσι μάτην κεκορυθμένον ὄπλοις.
 Κυπριάδος δὲ Λάττηθος ἀτευχέος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης
 ἔμφρονι φορμικτῆρι παρέζετο, καὶ οἱ ἐδωδῆς
 πίονα μοῖραν ὄρεξε, καὶ ἦτε κεῖνον αἰίδειν
 240 τερπνὸν ἀσιγήτοισι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ἀθήναις,
 ἱστοπόνον Κυθέρειαν ἐριδμαίνουσαν Ἀθήνῃ.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ φορμίζων ἀνεβάλλετο Κύπριν αἰίδειν,
 ὥς ποτε κέντρον ἔχουσα φιληλακάτοιο μερίμνης
 χερσὶν ἀπειρήτοισι μετήιεν ἱστὸν Ἀθήνης,
 245 κερκίδα κουφίζουσα καὶ οὐκέτι κεστὸν Ἑρώτων.
 καὶ Παφίης τετάνυστο παχὺς μίτος, οἷά τε μακρὴ
 οἰσὺνὴν μήρινθος ἐύστροφος, ἣν τινι τέχνῃ
 ὀλκοῖς μηκεδανοῖσι γέρων ἐρράψατο τέκτων,
 φράζας ἀρτιτέλεστα σεσηρότα δούρατα νηῶν·
 250 ἣ δὲ πανημερίῃ καὶ παννυχίῃ πέλας ἱστοῦ
 Παλλάδος ἔργον ἔτευχε παλῖλλυτον, ἄλλοτρίῳ δὲ
 ἀτρίπτους ἔο χειρὰς ἀήθεϊ τείρειτο μόχθῳ·
 καὶ κτενὶ πουλυόδοντι διαξέουσα χιτῶνα
 καὶ λίθον ὀρχηστῆρα περικρεμάσασα μεσάκμῳ
 255 κερκίδι πέπλον ὕφαινε, καὶ ἔπλετο Κύπρις Ἀθήνῃ·
 καὶ πόνος ἦν ἀγέλαστος· ὕφαινομένοιο δὲ πέπλου
 εὐρυτενὴς ὠγκοῦτο πέλωρ μίτος· αὐτόματα δὲ
 στήμονες ἐρρήγγυντο παχυνομένοιο χιτῶνος·
 εἶχε δὲ διχθαδίοισι πόνοις ἐπιμάρτυρα τέχνης

260 ἥελιον καὶ λύχνον ἀναγκαίην τε Σελήνην.
οὐ χορὸν ὠρχήσαντο χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο
ἀμφίπολοι Πασιθέη κλωστήῃρα, καὶ εἰροκόμος πέλε Πειθῶ,
Πασιθέη κλωστήῃρα, καὶ εἰροκόμος πέλε Πειθῶ,
καὶ μίτον Ἀγλαΐη καὶ νήματα δῶκεν ἀνάσση.
265 καὶ μερόπων ἀλάλητο γάμων βίος· ἁρμονίην δὲ
ἔστενε ἀχρήστον ἀνυμφεύτων ὑμεναίων
ἠνίοχος βιότοιο γέρων δεδονημένος Αἰῶν·
καὶ φλογερὴν ἀγέραςτος Ἔρωσ ἀνελύσατο νευρὴν,
παπταίνων ἀλόχευτον ἀνήροτον αὐλακα κόσμου.
270 οὐ τότε φορμίγγων ἐρόεις κτύπος, οὐ τότε σύριγξ,
οὐ λιγὺς αὐλὸς ἔμελπεν “Ὑμῆν Ὑμέναιε” λιγαίνων·
ἀλλὰ βίου μινύθοντος ἱμασσομένης τε γενέθλης
συζυγίης ἀλύτοιο μετωχλίσθησαν ὄχηες.
καὶ Παφίην φιλόμοχθον ἶδεν ταλαεργὸς Ἀθήνη,
275 καὶ χόλον εἶχε γέλωτι μεμιγμένον, ὥς ἶδε μακρὴν
τρηχαλέην μήρινθον ἀπειροπόνου Κυθερείης·
ἀθανάτοισ δ’ ἥγγειλε· βαρυζήλῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
ἔννεπε, μεμφομένη καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ γενετῆρι·
‘σὴ δόσις ἄλλοπρόσαλλος ἀμείβεται, οὐράνιε Ζεῦ·
280 οὐκέτι Μοιράων μεθέπω δόσιν· ἱστοπόνος γὰρ
κλῆρον ἔμδον σύλησε τεῇ θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη.
κλῆρον Ἀθηναίς οὐχ ἥρπασε δεσπότης Ἥρη,
γνωτὴ καὶ παράκοιτις ἔμοῦ Διός, ἀλλὰ χαλέπτει
ἐκ γενετῆς σακέεσσι κορυσσομένην Ἀγελείην
285 ἢ ταμίη θαλάμων, ἀπαλὴ θεός. ὑμετέρου δὲ
ἀπτόλεμος Κυθέρεια πότε προμάχιζεν Ὀλύμπου,
ἥ ἐ τίνας Τιτῆνας ἀπώλεσε θήλει κεστῶ,
ὅττι μετὰ πτολέμους με βιάζεται· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
εἶπέ μοι, ἰοχέαιρα, τεῆς πότε μεσσόθεν ὕλης
290 εἶδες οἷστεύουσαν ἢ ἀγρώσσουσαν Ἀθήνην;
τίς καλέει γλαυκῶπιν, ὅτ’ ὠδίνουσι γυναῖκες;’
ὥς φαμένης ἀγέροντο θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
ἱστὸν ἰδεῖν ἐθέλοντες ἐποικομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
καὶ καμάτους ὀρόωντες ἀπειρομόθου Κυθερείης
295 θαμβαλέοι νόθον ἔργον ἐκυκλώσαντο θεαίνης·
καὶ γελῶν ἀγόρευε πάλιν φιλοκέρτομος Ἑρμῆς·
‘ἱστὸν ἔχεις, Κυθέρεια· τεδὸν λίπε κεστὸν Ἀθήνη.
εἰ μίτον ἀμφαφάας εἰ κερκίδα χερσὶ τιταίνεις,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἄειρε καὶ αἰγίδα Τριτογενείης.
300 οἶδα, πόθεν, Κυθέρεια, πολὺκροτον ἱστὸν ὕφαινεις,
σὸς δόλος οὐ με λέληθε· τεδὸς τάχα νυμφίος Ἄρης
εἰς γάμον ἡμερόεντας ἀπαιτίζει σε χιτῶνας.
Ἄρεϊ πέπλον ὕφαινε· νεοκλώστω δ’ ἐνὶ πέπλῳ

ἀσπίδα μὴ ποικίλλε: τί γὰρ σακέων Ἀφροδίτῃ;
 305 τεῦχε τεῆς Φαέθοντα φεραυγέα μάρτυρον εὐνῆς,
 φώριον ἀγγέλλοντα τεῶν συλήτορα λέκτρων:
 ἦν ἐθέλης, ποικίλλε καὶ ἀρχαίους σέο δεσμούς,
 καὶ θεὸν ἀσκήσειε νόθον πόσιν αἰδομένη χεῖρ:
 καὶ σὺ τεδὼν μετὰ τόξον, Ἔρωσ, ἄτρακτον ἐλίσσω
 310 μητέρι νήματα τεῦχε φιληλακάτῳ Κυthereίῃ,
 ὄφρα μετὰ πτερόεντα καὶ ἱστοπόνον σε καλέσσω,
 καὶ μετὰ νεῦρα βόεια θεὸν πυρόεντα νοήσω
 πηνίον ἐξέλκοντα παρὲκ μίτον ἀντὶ βελέμων.
 χρυσῷ τεῦξον Ἄρηα μετὰ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης
 315 κερκίδα χειρὶ φέροντα καὶ οὐ πάλλοντα βοείην,
 δίπλακα ποικίλλοντα σὺν ἐργοπόνῳ Κυthereίῃ.
 ἀλλὰ, θεὰ Κυthereia, φιληλακάτων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
 ῥῖπτε μίτους ἀνέμοισι καὶ ἄμφεπε κεστὸν ἱμάντα,
 συζυγίης δ' ἀλέγιζε τὸ δεῦτερον: ἀρχέγονος γὰρ
 320 πλάζεται εἰσέτι κόσμος, ἕως ἔτι πέπλον ὑφαίνεις.
 ὥς φαμένου μείδησαν, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου.
 καὶ μίτον ἡμιτέλεστον ἀπορρίψασα χιτῶνος
 αἰδομένη γλαυκῶπιν ἔῃς ἐπεβήσατο Κύπρου
 ἀνδρομέης Κυthereia τιθηνήτεια γενέθλης:
 325 καὶ βίον αἰολόμορφον Ἔρωσ πάλιν ἤρμωσε κεστῷ
 σπείρων εὐαρότοιο λεχώιον ἄντυγα κόσμου.
 τοίην ἱμερόφωνον ἀνέπλεκε Λεῦκος αἰοιδὴν
 ἡλακάτης ἀδίδακτον ἀνυμνείων Ἀφροδίτην,
 ἐργοπόνῳ μέγα νεῖκος ἀναστήσασαν Ἀθήνην.
 330 Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κόρος ἔσκε φιλακρήτοιο τραπέζης,
 οἷνον ἀναβλύζοντες ἐρημάδι κάππεσον εὐνῇ·
 οἱ μὲν δαιδαλέης ἐπὶ νεβρίδος, οἱ δ'
 ἐπὶ φύλλων πεπταμένων, ἕτεροι δὲ χυτῆς
 ἐφύπερθε κονίης δέρμασιν αἰγείοισιν ἐπεστορέσαντο χαμεῦνην·
 335 ἄλλοι δ' ἐγρεμόθοισιν ἐφωμίλησαν ὄνειροις,
 χάλκεον ἀπλώσαντες ἐνναλίῳ δέμας ὕπνῳ,
 ὣν ὁ μὲν Ἴνδὸν ἔβαλλε καθήμενον ὑπόθεν ἵππου,
 ἄλλος δ' Ἴνδὸν ἐνυξε κατ' αὐχένος, ὃς δὲ
 δαΐζων ἄορι πεζὸν ἔτυπεν, ὁ δ' οὐτάσε Δηριαδῆα·
 340 ἄλλος δ' ἠερόφοιτον ἐδὼν βέλος ὑπόσε πέμπων
 ἡλιβάτους ἐλέφαντας ὄνειρεῖω βάλεν ἰῶ.
 Πορδαλίῳ δὲ γένεθλα καὶ ἄγρια φῦλα λεόντων
 καὶ κύνες ἀγρευτῆρες ἐρημονόμου Διονύσου
 εἶχον ἀμοιβαίης φυλακῆς ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπῇν,
 345 πάννυχον ἐγρήσσοντες ὀρειάδος ἔνδοθεν ὕλης,
 μὴ σφιν ἐπαΐξειε μελαινομένων μόθος Ἴνδῶν·
 καὶ δαῖδες στοιχηδὸν ἐπαστράπτεσκον Ὀλύμπῳ,

Βακχιάδος λαμπτήρες άκοιμήτοιο χορείης.

εἰκοστὸν κατὰ πέμπτον ἔχεις Περσῆος ἀγῶνα
 καὶ κρίσιν Ἡρακλῆος ἐς ἠνορέην Διονύσου.
 Μοῦσα, πάλιν πολέμιζε σοφὸν μόθον ἔμφρονι θύρῳ:
 οὐ πω γὰρ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνων Διονύσῳ
 φύλοπιν ἑπταέτηρον Ἐώιος εὐΐνασεν Ἄρης:
 ἀλλὰ δρακοντείοιο τεθιπότες ἄκρα γενείου
 5 Ἰνδῶης πλατάνοιο πάλιν κλάζουσι νεοσσοί,
 Βακχείου πολέμοιο προμάντιες. οὐ μὲν αἰείσω
 πρώτους ἔξ λυκάβαντας, ὅτε στρατὸς ἔνδοθι πύργων
 Ἰνδὸς ἔην: τελέσας δὲ τύπον μιμηλὸν Ὀμήρου
 ὕστατον ὑμνήσω πολέμων ἔτος, ἐβδομάτης δὲ
 10 ὕσμινην ἰσάριθμον ἐμῆς στρουθοῖο χαράξω:
 Θῆβη δ' ἑπταπύλῳ κεράσω μέλος, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὴ
 ἀμφ' ἐμὲ βακχευθεῖσα περιτρέχει, οἷα δὲ νύμφη
 μαζὸν ἐὼν γύμνωσε κατηφέος ὑπόθι πέπλου,
 μνησαμένη Πενθῆος: ἐποτρύνων δέ με μέλπει
 15 πενθαλέην ἔο χειῖρα γέρων ὠρεξε Κιθαιρῶν
 αἰδόμενος, μὴ λέκτρον ἀθέσμιον ἢ ἐβοήσω
 πατροφόνον πόσιν υἷα παρευνάζοντα τεκούσῃ.
 Ἀονίης αἰὼ κιθάρης κτύπον: εἴπατε, Μοῦσαι,
 τίς πάλιν Ἀμφίων λίθον ἄπνοον εἰς δρόμον ἔλκει;
 20 οἶδα, πόθεν κτύπος οὗτος: αἰδομένη τάχα Θῆβη
 Πινδαρέης φόρμιγγος ἐπέκτυπε Δῶριος ἤχῳ.
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν κτείνωμεν Ἑρυθραίων γένος Ἰνδῶν:
 οὐ ποτε γὰρ μόθον ἄλλον ὁμοῖον ἔδρακεν αἰῶν
 Ἡώου πρὸ μόθοιο, καὶ οὐ μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
 25 ἄλλην ὀψιτέλεστον ἰσόρροπον εἶδεν Ἐνυώ,
 οὐδὲ τόσος στρατὸς ἦλθεν ἐς Ἴλιον, οὐ στόλος ἀνδρῶν
 τηλίκος, ἀλλὰ νέοισι καὶ ἀρχεγόνοισιν ἐρίζων
 εὐκαμάτους ἰδρῶτας ἀναστήσω Διονύσου,
 κρίνων ἠνορέην τεκέων Διός, ὄφρα νοήσω,
 30 τίς κάμε τοῖον ἀγῶνα, τίς εἵκελος ἔπλετο βάκχου.
 Περσεὺς μὲν ταχύγουνος, ἐύπτερον ἴχνος ἐλίσσων,
 ἀγχινεφῇ δρόμον εἶχεν ἐν ἡέρι πεζὸς ὀδίτης,
 εἰ ἔτεδν πεπότητο. τί δὲ πλεόν, εἰ σφυρὰ πάλλων
 ξεῖνῃν εἰρεσίην ἀνεμῶδεϊ νήχετο ταρσῶ,
 35 ὅτι βαθυνομένης παλάμης ληϊστορι καρτῶ
 Φορκίδος ἀγρύπνοιο λαβῶν ὀφθαλμὸν ἀλήτην,
 ἄσφορον ἀκροπόρων πεφυλαγμένος ἄλμα πεδίλων,
 ὄγμον ἐχιδνήεντα μιῆς ἤμησε Μεδοῦσης,
 ἥς ἔτι κυμαίνουσα γοναῖς ἐθλίβετο γαστήρ

40 Πήγασον ὠδίνουσα, καὶ ἔγκυν ἀύχένα νύμφης
Γοργόνος Εἰλείθυια μογοστόκος ἔθρισεν ἄρπη,
αύχενος ἵπποτόκοιο θαλύσιον; ἄπτολέμου δὲ
Περσεὺς ὠκυπέδιλος ἐκούφισε σύμβολα νίκης
ἄπνοα, Γοργεῖς ὀφιώδεα λήια χαίτης,
45 αἰμαλὲν ῥαθάμιγγι κατάρρυτα λειψανα κόρης,
ἡμιτελὲς σὺριγμα νεοτμήτων ἀπὸ λαϊμῶν
λεπτὸν ὑποτρίζοντα· καὶ οὐ στίχεν ἄρσενι χάρμη,
οὐ τότε χερσαίης ἐνοπῆς κτύπος, οὐδ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
Περσεὶ μαρναμένῳ πολεμήια λαίφεα νηῶν
50 ἐγρεμόθοις ἀνέμοισιν Ἄρης κολπώσατο ναύτης,
οὐ φονίην ῥαθάμιγγι Λίβυς φοινίσσετο Νηρεὺς,
οὐ νέκυν αὐτοκύλιστον ἐδέξατο λοιγίον ὕδωρ·
ἀλλὰ δρακοντεῖης τρομέων συριγμὸν ἐθείρης
Σθεννοῦς μαινομένης πτερόεις ἐλελίζετο Περσεύς,
55 καὶ κυνέην Αἶδαο φέρων καὶ Παλλάδος ἄρπην,
καὶ πτερὸν Ἑρμῶνος ἔχων καὶ Ζῆνα τοκῆα,
ὠκυτέρῳ φύξηλις ἀνηώρητο πεδίλῳ,
Εὐρύαλης μύκημα καὶ οὐ σάλπιγγος ἀκούων,
συλήσας Λιβύης ὀλίγον σπέος· οὐ στρατὸν ἀνδρῶν
60 ἔκτανεν, οὐ φλογόεντι πόλιν τεφρώσατο δαλῶ.
ἀλλ' οὐ τοῖος ἔην Βρομίου μόθος· οὐ ποσὶν ἔρπων
Βάκχος ἐθωρήχθη δολόεις πρόμος, οὐδὲ λοχήσας
φρουρὸν ἀκοιμήτοιο μετῆλυδα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς
Φορκίδος ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἀμειβομένης πτερὸν Ὕπνου
65 ἦνυσε θῆλυν ἄεθλον ἀθωρήκτοιο Μεδοῦσης·
ἀλλὰ διατμήγων δηίων στίχα δίζυγι νίκη
χερσαίου πολέμοιο καὶ ὕγροπόροιο κυδοιμοῦ
λύθρῳ γαῖαν ἔδευσε, καὶ αἷματι κύμα κεράσσας
Νηρεΐδας φοίνιζεν ἐρευθιόωντι ῥέέθρῳ,
70 κτείνων βάρβαρά φῦλα· πολὺς δ' ἐπὶ μητέρῃ Γαίῃ
ὑψιλόφων ἀκάρηνος ἐτυμβεύθη στάχυσ Ἴνδῶν,
πολλοὶ δ' ἐν πελάγεσσιν ὀλωλότες ὅξεϊ θύρσῳ
αὐτόματοι πλωτῆρες ἐπορθμεύοντο θαλάσσῃ,
Ἴνδῶν νεκρὸς ὄμιλος. ἀνικῆτῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
75 ὕδασιν αἰχμάζοντος ἐγερσιμόθου ποταμοῖο
Ἄρεα κυματόεντα παρέρχομαι, ὅππότε πεύκη
Βακχιάς αἰθαλόεσσα κατέφλεγε βάρβαρον ὕδωρ
μυδαλέῳ σπινθῆρι, καὶ ἔζεε κύματι θερμῷ
καπνὸν ἀναβλύζων ποταμήιον ὑγρὸς Ὑδάσσης.
80 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι 'κῆτος ἀλίτροφον ἔκτανε Περσεύς·
ὄμματι Γοργεῖω πετρώσατο θῆρα θαλάσσης.'
τί πλέον, εἰ φονίης δεδοκημένος ὄμμα Μεδοῦσης
ἀνδρομέων μελέων ἐτερότροπον εἶδος ἀμείψας

εἷς λίθον αὐτοτέλεστον ἐμορφώθη Πολυδέκτης;
85 Βάκχου δ' Ἴνδοφόνου βριαρὸς πόνος οὐ μία Γοργώ,
οὐ λίθος ἡερόφοιτος ἀλίκτυπος ἢ Πολυδέκτης;
ἀλλὰ δρακοντοκόμων καλάμην ἤμησε Γιγάντων
Βάκχος ἀριστεύων ὀλίγῳ ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ,
ὅππότε Πορφυρίωνι μαχήμονα κισσὸν ἰάλλων
90 Ἐγκέλαδον στυφέλιξε καὶ ἤλασεν Ἀλκυονῆα
αἰχμάζων πετάλοισιν: ὀιστεύοντο δὲ θύρσοι
γηγενέων ὀλετῆρες, ἀοσοσητῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
χερσὶ διηκοσίησιν ἔλιξ ὅτε λαὸς Ἀρούρης
θλίβων ἀστερόεσσαν Ἴτυν πολυδειράδι κόρσῃ
95 λεπταλέῳ γόνυ κάμψεν ἀκοντιστῆρι κορύμβῳ,
ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι, καὶ οὐ πυρόεντι κεραυνῷ
τηλίκος ἐσμὸς ἔπιπτεν, ὅσος ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ.
ἀλλὰ φίλοι, κρίνωμεν: ἐν ἀντολίῃ μὲν ἀρούρη
Ἴνδοφόνους ἰδρῶτας ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου
100 ἡἷλιος θάμβησεν, ὑπὲρ δυτικοῖο δὲ κόλπου
Εσπερίῃ Περσῇα τανύπτερον εἶδε Σελήνῃ,
βαῖον ἀεθλεύσαντα πόνον γαμψώνυχι χαλκῷ:
καὶ Φαέθων ὅσον εὖχος ὑπέρτερον ἔλλαχε Μήνης,
τόσσον ἐγὼ Περσῆος ἀρείονα Βάκχον ἐνίψω.
105 Ἴναχος ἀμφοτέρων πέλε μάρτυρος, ὅππότε κισσῷ
καὶ φονίῳ νάρθηκι Μυκηνίδες ἤρισαν αἰχμαὶ
χαλκοβαρεῖς, Σατύρων δὲ φιλεύιον Ἄρεα φεύγων
θυρσοφόρῳ Βρομίῳ δρεπανηφόρος εἵκαθε Περσεύς,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔπεμπε μαχήμονος ἀντὶ Λυαίου
110 οὐτιδανὴν ἀσίδηρον ἀκοντίζων Ἀριάδνην:
οὐκ ἄγμαι Περσῇα μίαν κτείναντα γυναῖκα,
εἵμασι νυμφιδίοισιν ἔτι πνείουσας Ἐρώτων.
εἰ δὲ Διὸς χρυσέων μεγαλίζεται εἵνεκα λέκτρων,
οὐ Δανάην ἐκόμισσεν ἐς οὐρανὸν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς,
115 κυδαίνων γονίμης φιλοπάρθενον ὄμβρον ἐέροσης
βαίης κλεψιγάμου: Σεμέλῃ δ' ἐπέβαινεν Ὀλύμπου
σὺν Δίῃ, σὺν μακάρεσσι μιῆς ψαύουσα τραπέζης,
υἱεὶ βοτρυόεντι παρεζομένη Διονύσῳ:
οὐ Δανάη λάχεν οἶκον Ὀλύμπιον, ὑγροπόρου δὲ
120 λάρνακος ἔνδον ἐοῦσα Διὸς ναυτίλλετο νύμφη,
μεμφομένη ζυγίων ἀπατήλιον ὄμβρον Ἐρώτων,
ἄστατον ὄλβον ἔχοντα μινυνθαδίου νιφετοῖο.
οἶδα μὲν Ἀνδρομέδην, ὅτι φαίνεται ἐντὸς Ὀλύμπου,
ἀλλὰ πάλιν μογέει καὶ ἐν αἰθέρι: καὶ τάχα δειλὴ
125 πολλάκι τοῖον ἔλεξεν ἔπος νεμεσήμονι φωνῇ:
‘τί πλεόν, εἰ με κόμισσας ἐς αἰθέρα, νυμφίε Περσεῦ;
καλὸν ἐμοὶ πόρες ἔδνον Ὀλύμπιον: ἀστερόεν γάρ

κῆτος ἔτι κλονέει με καὶ ἐνθάδε, καὶ νέον ἄλλον
ἀντίτυπον προτέροιο μετὰ χθόνα καὶ φόβον ἄλμης
130 εἰσέτι δεσμὸν ἔχω καὶ ἐν ἄστρασιν· οὐ σέθεν ἄρπη
οὐρανίη με σάωσε· μάτην δέ μοι ἐντὸς Ὀλύμπου
μείλιχον ἀστραίης ἀμαρύσσεται ὄμμα Μεδοῦσης·
κῆτος ἔτι κλονέει με, καὶ οὐ πτερὰ κοῦφα τιταίνεις.
μήτηρ ἀχνυμένη με βιάζεται, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
135 δειλὴ Κασσιέπεια δι' αἰθέρος εἰς ἄλα δύνει
Νηρεΐδας τρομέουσα, καὶ ὀλβίζει δρόμον Ἄρκτου
ἄβροχον Ὠκεανοῖο καὶ οὐ ψαύοντα θαλάσσης·
καὶ φόβον Ἄνδρομέδης ὁρώων καὶ Κῆτος Ὀλύμπου
γηραλέος μετὰ γαῖαν ὀδύρεται ἐνθάδε Κηφεύς·
140 τοῖον ἔπος βαρὺδεσμος ἀνίαχε πολλάκι νύμφη,
Περσέα κικλήσκουσα, καὶ οὐ χραίσμησεν ἀκοίτης.
εἰ δέ καὶ Ἄνδρομέδης ἐπαγάλλεται ἀστρασι Περσεύς.
δόχμιον ὄμμα τίταινε δι' αἰθέρος, ἦχι φαίνειι
αἰγλήεις Ὀφιοῦχος Ὀφιν δινωτὸν αἵρων,
145 καὶ Στέφανον περικυκλον ἐσαθρήσεις Ἀριάδνης
σύνδρομον Ἡελίοιο, συναντέλλοντα Σελήνῃ,
ἴμερον ἀγγέλλοντα φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου.
οἶδα μόθου Μίνως, ὃν ὥπασε θῆλυς Ἐνυὼ
κεστὸν ἐλαφρίζουσα καὶ οὐ τελαμῶνα βοεῖης,
150 ὅππότε Κύπρις ἔην κορυθαῖολος, ὅππότε Πειθῷ
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔπαλλε καὶ ἔπλετο Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
μαρναμένῳ Μίνῳι συνέμπορος, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
ἀπτολέμων τόξευε γαμοστόλος ἐσμός Ἑρώτων,
καὶ Πόθος ἱμερόεις πολυῖπόρθιος, ἥνικα λαῶ
155 Νισαίῳ Μεγαρήϊ Κυδωνιάς ἔβρεμε σάλπινξ,
εὔτε Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ἰδὼν συνάεθλον Ἑρώτων
ἵχνεσιν αἰδομένοισιν ἐχάζετο χάλκεος Ἄρης,
ἀσπίδα κουφίζουσαν ὀπιπεύων Ἀφροδίτην
καὶ Πόθον αἰχμάζοντα, καὶ εὐθώρηκι μαχητῇ
160 ἄβροχίτων ἐτέλεσσαν Ἔρωσ καλλιτρίχα νίκη·
Σκύλλα γὰρ ὑπνώοντος ἀκερσικόμοιο τοκῆος
ἥλικα πορφυρέης ἀπεκείρατο βότρυν ἐθείρης,
καὶ πόλιν ἔπραθε πᾶσαν ἓνα τητηῖρι σιδήρῳ
βόστρυχον ἀμήσασα πολισσοῦχοιο καρήνου.
165 Μίνως μὲν πολυῖπορθος ἐῷ ποτε κάλλει γυμνῷ
ὑσμίνης τέλος εὔρε, καὶ νίκησε σιδήρῳ,
ἀλλὰ πόθῳ καὶ ἔρωτι· κορυσσομένου δὲ Λυαίου
οὐ Πόθος ἐπρήνεν ἀκοντοφόρων μόθον Ἰνδῶν,
οὐ Παφίη κεκόρυστο συναιχμάζουσα Λυαίῳ,
170 κάλλει νικήσασα, μόθου τέλος οὐ μία κούρη
οἰστρομανῆς χραίσμησεν ἐρασσαμένη Διονύσου,

οὐ δόλος ἱμερόεις, οὐ βόστροχα Δηριαδῆος,
ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέων πολέμων ἑτερότροπος Ἴνδός
νίκης εὖχος ἔχων παλινανξέος. εἰ δὲ γεραίρεις
175 Ἴναχον Ἡρακλῆος, ὅλον πόνον αὐτὸς ἐλέγξω.

οἶδα μὲν, ὅττι λέοντι βραχίονα λοξὸν ἐλίξας
εὐπαλάμῳ πήχυνε περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ,
πότμον ἄγων ἀσίδηρον, ὅπῃ ζωαρκέι λαίμῳ
ἔμπνοος ἀσφαράγοιο μέσος πορθμεύεται ἀήρ:
180 οὐκ ἄγαμαι καὶ τοῦτο: παρ' εὐπετάλῳ ποτὲ λόχημι

χερσὶ λεοντοφόνοισιν ἀριστεύουσα Κυρήνη
παρθένος ἔργον ἔτευξεν ὁμοίον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἄρσενά θῆρα δάμασσεν ἀκαμπτεῖ θήλει δεσμῷ:
ἄρτιθαλῆς δ' ἔτι κοῦρος ἐν οὖρεσι Βάκχος ἀθύρων

185 χειρὶ μιῇ λασίου δεδραγμένος ἀνθερεῶνος
φοῖνιον εἶλκε λέοντα, καὶ ὤρεγε μητέρι Ῥεῖῃ
αὐχενίου πλοκάμοιο κεχηνότα θῆρα πιέζων:
εἶλκεν ἔτι ζώνοντα, περισφιγξας δὲ λεπάδνῳ
θῆρα κυβερνητῆρι διεσφήκωσε χαλινῷ

190 ζεύξας δοῦλα γένεια, καὶ ἥμενος ὑψόθι, δίφρου
ἄγρια тарβαλέων ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα λεόντων.
πορδαλίων δὲ γένεθλα καὶ ὠμοβόρων γένος ἄρκτων
νηπιάχοις παλάμησιν ἐδουλώθη Διονύσου.

οἶδα καὶ Ἀρκάδα κάπτρον ὀρίδρομον: ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ
195 παῖγνια κουρίζοντι σύες καὶ φύλα λεόντων.

τί πλέον Ἡρακλῆς θρασὺς ἥνυσεν, εἴ τινα πηγῇν
πολλὰ καμῶν ὀλίγην ὀφιώδεα λύσατο Λέρνην,
τέμνων αὐτοτέλεστα θαλύσια φωλάδος ὕδρης
φυταλίην πολὺδειρον ἀνασταχύνοντα δρακόντων;

200 αἶθε δὲ μοῦνος ἔπεφνε, καὶ οὐκ ἐκάλεσσε μογήσας
ἄρτιφύτων Ἰόλαον ἀλοιητῆρα καρήνων,
δαλὸν ἀερτάζοντα σελασφόρον, εἰσόκεν ἄμφω
θῆλυν ὄφιν πρήνιξαν, ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα γεραίρειν
οὐτιδανῇ δύο φῶτας ἐριδμαίνοντας ἐχίδνῃ:

205 εἷς πόνος ἀμφοτέροισι μερίζετο: θυρσοφόρος δὲ
μοῦνος ἀποτμήξας ὀφιώδεας υἱᾶς Ἀρούρης
Εὐῖος ἔχραε πᾶσι, Διὸς πρόμος, ὣν ὑπὲρ ὤμων
ἀμφιλαφεῖς ἐκάτερθεν ἀμοιβάδες ἔρρεον ὕδραι,
ὕδρης Ἴναχίης πολὺ μείζονες, ἀντὶ δὲ Λέρνης

210 ἀσταθέες σύριζον ἐν αἰθέρι γείτονες ἄστρων.
ἰλήκοις, Ἰόλαε: σὺ γὰρ δέμας ἐφλεγες ὕδρης,
καὶ μόνος Ἡρακλῆς, μόνος ἥρπασεν οὕνομα νίκης.
οὐ Νεμέην ἐλάχειαν ἐμὸς πρόμος, οὐ τινα Λέρνην
Βάκχος ἀνεζώγρησε πολυσφαράγων ἀπὸ λαίμῳ,
215 θάμνον ἐχιδνήεντα ταμῶν παλινανξέος ὕδρης,

ἀλλὰ Νότον καὶ ταρσὰ Βορήια καὶ πτερὸν Εὐρύον
καὶ Ζέφυρον κήρυκα φέρων τετράζυγι νίκη
ὤκεανόν, χθόνα, πόντον ἔῶν ἔπλησεν ἀέθλων.
εἰ κλέος ἀνδρὶ φέρουσι δράκων, εἰ φωλάδες ὕδραι,
220 Βάκχου στέμματα ταῦτα λεχώια, ταῦτα Λυαίου
φρικτὰ δρακοντείων ὀφιώδεα δεσμὰ κομών,
ἐξ ὅτε πατρὸς ἔλειπε τελεσσιγόνου πτύχα μηροῦ.
Σιγήσω κεμάδος χρύσειον κέρας, οὐ τι χαλέψω
τηλίκον Ἡρακλῆα μιῆς ἐλάφοιο φονῆα:
225 μὴ τρομερῆς ἐλάφου μιμνήσκεο: νεβροφόνῳ γὰρ
θυιάδι βαιὸν ἄθυρμα πέλει κεμαδοσσόος ἄγρη.
Κνώσσιον Ἡρακλῆος ἔα πόνον: οἰστρομανῆ γὰρ
οὐκ ἄγαμαί τινα ταῦρον, ὃν ἥλασεν, ὅτι τινάσσω
τοσσατὴν κορύνην ὀλίγην ἔτμηξε κεραῖην:
230 πολλάκι τοῦτο τέλεσσε γυνὴ μία, πολλάκι Βάκχη
ἄσπετον εὐκεράων ἀγέλην δαιτρεύσατο ταύρων,
οὐτιδανὴ θεράπαινα βοοκραίρου Διονύσου:
θηγαλέην δ' ἐπίκυρτον ἀνειρύσασα κεραῖην
πολλάκις, εἰ κεράεσσιν ἐμάρνατο μαινόμενος βοῦς,
235 εἰς γόνυ ταῦρον ἔκαμψεν, ἀκοντιστῆρα λεόντων.
κάλλιπε καὶ τριλόφοιο καρήατα Γηρυονῆος:
καὶ γὰρ ἐμὸς Διόνυσος ἔῳ ταμεσίχροϊ κισσῷ
Ἄλπον ἀπηλοίησε, θεημάχον υἱὸν Ἀρούρης,
Ἄλπον ἐχιδναίοις ἐκατὸν κομόωντα καρήνοις,
240 ἡελίου φαύοντα καὶ αὖ ἐρύοντα Σελήνην,
ἀστραῖην πλοκάμοισι περιθλίβοντα χορεῖην.
ἄθλα μὲν Ἡρακλῆος, ὃν ἥροσεν ἀθάνατος Ζεὺς
Ἀλκμήνης τρισέληνον ἔχων παιδοσπόρον εὐνήν,
οὐτιδανὸς πόνος ἦεν ὀρίτροφος: ἔργα δὲ Βάκχου
245 ἡ δὲ Γίγας πολὺπηχυς ἢ ὑψιλόφων πρόμος Ἰνδῶν,
οὐ κεμάς, οὐ βοῆης ἀγέλης στίχες, οὐ λάσιος σῦς,
οὐδὲ κύων, ἢ ταῦρος, ἢ αὐτόπρεμνος ὀπώρη
χρυσοφαῆς, ἢ κόπρος, ἢ ἄστατος ὄρνις ἀλήτης
οὐτιδανὴν ἀσιδηρον ἔχων πτερόεσσαν ἀκωκῆν,
250 ἢ γένυς ἱππεΐη ξεινοκτόνος, οὐ μία μίτρη
Ἴππολύτης ἐλάχεια: Διωνύσοιο δὲ νίκη
Δηριάδης ἀπέλεθρος ἢ εἰκοσίπηχυς Ὀρόντης.
παμφαῆς υἱὲ Μέλητος, Ἀχαιῖδος ἄφθιτε κῆρυξ,
ἰλήκοι σέο βίβλος ὁμόχρονος ἡριγενεΐη:
255 Τρῳάδος ὕσμίνης οὐ μνήσομαι: οὐ γὰρ εἴσκω
Αἰακίδῃ Διόνυσον ἢ Ἑκτορι Δηριαδῆα.
ὑμᾶσιν μὲν ὄφελλε τόσον καὶ τοῖον ἀγῶνα
Μοῦσα τεῖ καὶ Βάκχον ἀκοντιστῆρα Γιγάντων,
ἄλλοις δ' ὕμνοπόλοισι πόνους Ἀχιλῆος ἑᾶσαι,

260 εἰ μὴ τοῦτο Θέτις γέρας ἤρπασεν. ἀλλὰ λιγαίνειν
πνεῦσον ἐμοὶ τεδὸν ἄσθμα θεόσσυτον: ὑμετέρης γὰρ
δεῦομαι εὐεπίης, ὅτι τηλίκον Ἄρεα μέλπων
Ἴνδοφόνους ἰδρῶτας ἀμαλδύνω Διονύσου.
ἀλλὰ, θεά, με κόμιζε τὸ δεύτερον εἰς μέσον Ἰνδῶν,
265 ἔμπνοον ἔγχος ἔχοντα καὶ ἀσπίδα πατρὸς Ὀμήρου,
μαρνάμενον Μορρῇ καὶ ἄφροني Δηριαδῇ
σὺν Διὶ καὶ Βρομίῳ κεκορυθμένον: ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
Βακχιάδος σύριγγος ἀγέστρατον ἔχον ἀκούσω
καὶ κτύπον οὐ λήγοντα σοφῆς σάλπιγγος Ὀμήρου,
270 ὄφρα κατακτείνω νοερῷ δορὶ λείψανον Ἰνδῶν.
ὥς ὁ μὲν Ἰνδῶοιο περὶ ῥάχιν εὐβοτον ὕλης
ἔξετο Βάκχος ὄμιλος ἐρηνάδος ἀστὸς ἐρίπτης,
ἀμβολίῃ πολέμοιο: φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Γάγης
οἰκτείρων ἔὰ τέκνα: νεοφθιμένων δ' ἐπὶ πόντῳ
275 πᾶσα πόλις δεδόνητο: φιλοθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
πενθαλέοις πατάγοισιν ἐπεσμαράγησαν ἀγνυαί.
Δηριάδην δ' ἐλέλιξε φόβος καὶ θαῦμα καὶ αἰδώς:
ἦδη γὰρ κλύε πάντα: τὸ δὲ πλεον ὄμματι λοξῷ
ἄχνυτο παπταίνων, ὅτι θέσκελον εἶδος ἀμείψας
280 οἶνῳ κυματόεντι μέλας κελάρυζεν Ὑδάσπης.
κεῖθι καὶ εὐρυγένειος ἐδὸν πόδα νωθρὸν ἐλίσσων
κάμμορος ἀχλυόεσσαν ἔχων ἀλαωπὸν ὁμίχλην,
ξανθὴν λυσιπόνοιο μέθης ἔρραινεν ἐέρσην
ὄμμασι κολλητοῖσιν: ἀρυομένου δὲ προσώπου
285 οἶνωπᾶς ῥαθάμιγγας ἀνωίχθησαν ὅπωπαί:
τερπομένοις δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ἐχόρευε λιγαίνων
ἱκμάδα φοινίσσουσαν ἀλεξικάκου ποταμοῖο:
χερσὶ δὲ γηραλέῃσι ῥόον νεφεληδὸν ἀφύσσων
πορφυρέης ἔπλησε μέθης εὐώδεας ἀσκούς,
290 καὶ Διὶ βωμὸν ἀνῆψε καὶ οἶνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἄθρήσας Φαέθοντος ἀήθεος ὄψιμον αἶγλην.
καὶ κύνας οἶνωθέντας ἐπ' ἥονι κοῦρος ἐάσας
λαρὸν ὕδωρ λάπτοντας ἐρευθομένου ποταμοῖο
θηρητῆρ ὁμόφοιτος ὄρειάδος ἰοχεαίρης
295 εἰς πόλιν ἶχνος ἔκαμψεν, ἀπειθεὶ Δηριαδῇ
ἀγγέλλων γλυκὺ χεῦμα μεθυσφαλέος ποταμοῖο.
ἦδη δ' ἀμπελόεσσα δι' ἄστεος ἔτρεχεν ὁδμή
καὶ λιαροῖς ἀνέμοισιν ὅλας ἐμέθυσεν ἀγνυάς,
νίκην Ἴνδοφόνοιο προθεσπίζουσα Λυαίου:
300 πύργοις δ' ἠλιβάτοισιν ἐναυλίζοντο πολῖται
δειδιότες, καὶ τεῖχος ἐμιτρώσαντο βοείαις
ἄστεος ὑψιλόφοιο φυλάκτορες. ἐν δὲ κολώναις
ἀσχαλῶν Διόνυσος ἐμέμφετο πολλάκις Ἥρη,

ὅττι πάλιν φθονέουσα μάχην ἀνεσείρασεν Ἴνδῶν,
πλησαμένης δέκα κύκλα παλιννόστοιο Σελήνης
μετρήσασα μόθοιο τριηκοστῆς δρόμον Ἡοῦς·
305 νίκης δ' ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἀνερρίπιζον ἄηται.
παπταίνων δὲ λέοντας ἀεργηλῇ παρὰ φάτνῃ,
οἷα λέων βρυχᾶτο καὶ ἔστεινεν ἔνδοθι λόχμης
310 ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισι· κατηφιόωντι δὲ Βάκχῳ
ἐλκεχίτων Σκυθικοῖο δι' οὖρεος ἄσπορος Ἄττις
ἵκετο μαστίζων μετανάστιον ἄρμα λεόντων,
Ῥεῖης θεσπεσίης ταχὺς ἄγγελος, ὅς ποτε χαλκῷ
φοινίξας γονόεντα τελεσσιγάμου στάχυν ἤβης
315 ῥίψεν ἀνυμφεύτων φιλοτήσιον ὄγμον ἀρότρων,
ἄρσενος ἀμητοῖο θαλῦσιον, αἵμαλέῃ δὲ
παιδογόνῳ ῥαθάμιγγι περιρραίνων πτύχα μηροῦ
θερμὸν ἀλοιητῆρι δέμας θήλυνε σιδήρῳ·
ὅς τότε διφρεῦν Κυβελήιδος ἄρμα θεαίνης
320 ἄγγελος ἀσχαλῶντι παρήγορος ἦλθε Λυαίῳ·
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἀνέδραμε, μὴ σχεδὸν ἔλθῃ
Ῥεῖην πανδαμάτειραν ἄγων ἐπὶ φύλοπιν Ἴνδῶν.
στήσας δ' ἄγριον ἄρμα, δι' ἄντυγος ἡνία τείνας,
καὶ ῥοδέης ἀχάρακτα γενειάδος ἄκρα φαείνων
325 Βάκχῳ μῦθον ἔλεξε, χέων ὀξεῖαν ἰώην·
‘ἀμπελόεις Διόνυσε, Διὸς τέκος, ἔγγονε Ῥεῖης,
εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένῳ, πότε νόστιμος εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
ἵξαι οὐλοκάρηνον αἰστώσας γένος Ἰωδῶν;
οὐ πῶ ληιδίας κυανόχροας ἔδρακε Ῥεῖη,
330 οὐ πῶ σοὶ μετὰ δῆριν ὀρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ φάτνῃ
Μυγδονίων ἔσμηξε τεῶν ἰδρῶτα λεόντων
Πακτωλοῦ παρὰ χεῦμα ῥυηφενές· ἀλλὰ κυδοιμοῦ
ἄφοφον ἀενάων ἐτέων στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδεις·
οὐ πῶ θηροκόμῳ θεομήτορι σύμβολα νίκης
335 Ἰνδῶν ἐκόμισσας ἑῷα φύλα λεόντων.
ἀλλὰ παρ' Ἡφαιστοῖο καὶ ἀθανάτης σέο Ῥεῖης
δέχνυσσο τεύχεα ταῦτα, τὰ περ κάμε Λήμνιος ἄκμων,
σὺν χθονὶ πόντον ἔχοντα καὶ αἰθέρα καὶ χορὸν ἄστρον.’
οὐ πῶ μῦθος ἔλγηε, καὶ ἴαχε Βάκχος ἀγῆνωρ·
340 ‘σχέτλιοι εἰσι θεοί, ζηλήμονες· ἐν πολέμοις μὲν
εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν αἰστώσαι πόλιν Ἰωδῶν
ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι δυνήσομαι· ἀλλὰ με νίκης
μητρυῖς ἀέκοντα παραπλάζει φθόνος Ἥρης.
ἀμφαδὰ Δηριάδῃ πρόμος ἴσταται ἄγριος Ἄρης
345 μαρνάμενος Σατύροισιν· ἐγὼ δὲ ἐπὶ πολλὰκι θύρσω
οὐτῆσαι μενέαινον· ἀπειλήσας δὲ Κρονίων
βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἐμὴν ἀνεσείρασεν ὁρμήν.

ἀλλὰ βαρυσμαράγων νεφέων κτύπον οὐράνιος Ζεὺς
σήμερον εὐνήσειε, καὶ αὔριον Ἄρεα δῆσω,
350 εἰσόκεν εὐπήληκα διατμήξω στάχυν Ἴωδῶν.
ὥς φάμενον Διόνυσον ἀμείβετο Λύδιος Ἄττις:
‘αἰθέρος ἀστερόεσσιν ἀνούτατον ἀσπίδα πάλλων,
ὦ φίλος, οὐ τρομέοις χόλον Ἄρεος, οὐ φθόνον Ἥρης;
355 οὐ στρατὸν ἀγκυλότοξον, ὅπως μὴ δούρατα πέμπων
ἤελιον πλήξειεν ἢ οὐτήσειε Σελήνην.
τίς ξίφος Ὠρίωνος ἀμαλδύνειε μαχαίρη,
ἢ χθονίοις βελέεσσιν οἴστεύσειε Βοώτην;
ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις γενέτην κεραελκέα Δηριαδῆος:
360 ὠκεανὸν φορέοντι τί σοι ῥέξειεν Ὑδάσπη;
θαρσήμεναι πολέμιζε τὸ δεύτερον, ὅττι κυδοιμοῦ
νίκην ὀπιτέλεστον ἐμὴ μαντεύσατο Ῥεῖη:
οὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμου τέλος ἔσσεται, εἰσόκε χάρμης
ἔκτον ἀναπλήσωσιν ἔτος τετράζυγες Ὠραι:
365 οὕτω γὰρ Διὸς ὄμμα καὶ ἀτρέπτου λῖνα Μοίρης
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισιν ἐπέτρεπον: ἐσσομένῳ δὲ
ἐβδομάτῳ λυκάβαντι διαρραίσεις πόλιν Ἰνδῶν.’
ὥς εἰπὼν Βρομίῳ πόρην ἀσπίδα: καὶ φρένα τέρπων
οἴνου λυσιπύνοιο φιλακρήτοισι κυπέλλοις
370 εἰλαπίνης ἔψαυσεν: ἀρεσσάμενος δὲ τραπέζῃ
θυμὸν ἐδὼν παλινόροσος ἐμάστιε νῶτα λεόντων,
νόστιμον εἰς Φρυγίην ὀρεσίδρομον ἄρμα νομεύων.
Καυκασίων δ’ ἤλαυνε παρὰ πρηῶνας ἐναύλων,
Ἀσσυρίων δὲ κάρηνα καὶ οὖρεα δύσβατα Βάκτρων
375 καὶ σκοπιᾶς Λιβάνοιο παρήλυθε καὶ ῥία Ταύρου,
εἰσόκε Μαιονίης ἐπέβη χθονός: αὐτοπαγῇ δὲ
Ῥεῖης ὀβριμόπαιδος ἐδύσατο θέσκελον αὐλήν:
ὠμοβόρους δὲ λέοντας ἀπεσφήκωσε λεπάδνων,
φάτνης δ’ ἐγγὺς ἔδρησε καὶ ἀμβροσίην πόρε φορβήν.
380 αὐτὰρ ὁ μητρώην δεδαημένος ἐνθεὸν ὀμφὴν
θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος ὀρειᾶσι μίσγετο Βάκχαις,
καλλείφας ἀνέμοισι κατηφέος ὄγκον ἀνίης,
χειρὶ σάκος δονέων πολυδαίδαλον, ὅπλον Ὀλύμπου,
Ἥφαιστου σοφὸν ἔργον. ἀολλίζοντο δὲ λαοί,
385 ποικίλα παπταίνοντες Ὀλύμπια θαύματα τέχνης,
θαύματα μαρμαίροντα, τὰ περ κάμεν οὐρανίη χεὶρ
ἀσπίδα δαιδάλλουσα πολύχροον, ἧς ἐνὶ μέσσω
ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξε περιδρομον, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
οὐρανὸν ἐσφαίρωσε χορῶ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρων,
390 καὶ χθονὶ πόντον ἔτευξεν ὁμόζυγον: αἰθέριον δὲ
χρυσῷ μὲν φλογέων ἐποχημένον ἄντυγι δίφρων
ἤελιον ποικίλλεν, ἀπ’ ἀργυρέου δὲ μετάλλου

λευκαίνων τροχόεσσαν ὅλην κύκλωσε Σελήνην:
ἐν δέ τε τείρεα πάντα, τὰ περ πολυφεγγεῖ κόσμῳ
395 μιτρώσας στεφανηδὸν ἔλιξ ποικίλλεται αἰθὴρ
ἐπτὰ περὶ ζώνησι, καὶ ἄξονίῳ παρὰ κύκλῳ
ἄβροχον οὐρανίης διδυμάονα ῥυμὸν Ἀμάξης:
ἄμφω γὰρ παρὰ νύσσαν ὑπέρτερον Ὠκεανοῖο
ἀλλήλων στιχώσιν ἐπ' ἰξῦι, καὶ τόσον αἰεὶ
400 νειόθι δυομένης κεφαλὴ κατακάμπτεται Ἄρκτου,
ὅσον ἀνερχομένης ἐτέρης ἀνατείνεται αὐχίν:
διχθαδίης δὲ Δράκοντα μέσον ποικίλλεν Ἀμάξης,
ὅς σχεδὸν ἀμφοτέρων μεμερισμένα γυῖα συνάπτων
γαστέρος οὐρανίης ἐλικώδεϊ κάμπτεται ὀλκῷ,
405 ἅψ ἀνασειράζων δέμας αἰόλον, οἷά τε λοξοῦ
Μαιάνδρου κελάδοντος ἔλιξ ῥόος, ὅς διὰ γαίης
δοχμώσας ἐπίκυρτον ὕδωρ σπειρηδὸν ὀδεύει,
εἰς κεφαλὴν Ἐλίκης ἀντῶπιον ὄμμα τιταίνων
ἀστραίαις φολίδεσσι δέμας μιτρούμενος, Ἄρκτων
410 τείρεσιν ἀμφίζωστος: ἐπὶ γλώσση δὲ οἱ ἄκρη
φέγγος ἀποπτῶν προτενὴς ἀμαρύσσεται ἀστήρ,
πέμπων πουλυόδοντα μέσσην φλόγα χεῖλεσι γείτων.
τοῖα μὲν εἰς μέσα νῶτα σοφὸς τεχνήσατο χαλκεύς
ἀσπίδος εὐτύκτοιο: χαριζόμενος δὲ Λυαίῳ
415 τεῦξε λυροδμήτοιο βοόκτιτα τείχεα Θήβης,
ἐπταπόρων στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων πυλεώνων
κτιζομένων: καὶ Ζῆθος ἔην περὶ πατρίδι κάμνων,
θλιβομένη πετραῖον ἐπωμίδι φόρτον αἰείρων:
Ἀμφίων δ' ἐλίγαινε λυροκτύπος: ἀμφὶ δὲ μολπῇ
420 εἰς δρόμον αὐτοκύλιστον ἔλιξ ἐχόρευε κολώνη,
οἷά τε θελγομένη καὶ ἐν ἀσπίδι: καὶ τάχα φαίης ...
ποιητὴν περ ἑοῦσαν, ὅτι σκιρτήματι παίζων
κοῦφος ἀκινήτης ἐλελίζετο παλμὸς ἐρίπνης:
σιγαλὴν δὲ λύρη μεμελημένον ἄνδρα δοκεύων,
425 κραιπνὸν ἀνακροῦντα μέλος ψευδήμονι νευρῇ,
ἀγχιμολεῖν ἔσπευδες, ὅπως τεδὸν οὔας ἐρείσας
πυργοδόμῳ φόρμιγγι καὶ ὑμετέρεην φρένα τέρψης,
μολπῆς ἐπτατόνοιο λιθοσσοῦν ἦχον ἀκούων.
καὶ σάκος εὐδίνητον, ὅπῃ χορὸς αἰόλος ἄστρον,
430 δαίδαλον ἄρμενον εἶχεν, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἔνδοθεν αὐλῆς
Τρώιος οἶνοχόος ζαθέη ποικίλλετο τέχνη
αἰετὸν εὐποίητον ἔχων πτερόεντα φορῆα,
οἷα καὶ ἐν γραφίδεσσι, κατὰσχετος ἄρπαγι ταρσῶ:
ταρβαλέος δ' ἦικτο δι' αἰθέρος ἱπτάμενος Ζεὺς,
435 ἀδρύπτοις ὀνύχεσσι τεθηπότα κοῦρον αἰείρων,
ἡρέμα κινυμένων πτερύγων πεφιδημένος ὀρμῇ,

μή φωνίοις ῥοθίοισι κατακρύπτοιο θαλάσσης
ἤερόθεν προκάρηνος ὀλισθήσας Γανυμήδης·
μοίρας δ' ἔτρεμε μᾶλλον, ὅπως μὴ πρῶτον ὀπάσσας
440 ἤβητῆς ἐρόεις ἐὼν οὔνομα γείτονι πόντῳ
ὄψιμον ἀρπάξειε γέρας πεφυλαγμένον Ἕλλη·
οὐρανίης δ' ἦσκητο θεῶν παρὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης
κοῦρος ἀφυσσομένῳ πανομοίιος· αὐτοχύτου δὲ
νεκταρῆς κρητῆρα βεβυσμένον εἶχεν ἐέρσης,
445 καὶ Διὶ δαινυμένῳ δέπας ὥρεγεν· ἔζετο δ' Ἥρη
οἷα χολωομένη καὶ ἐν ἀσπίδι, μάρτυρι μορφῇ
ψυχῆς ζῆλον ἔχουσα, παρεζομένη δὲ θεαίνῃ
Παλλάδι δείκνυε κοῦρον, ὅτι γλυκὺ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου
βουκόλος ἀστερόφοιτος ἐώνοχόει Γανυμήδης
450 πᾶλλων χειρὶ κύπελλα, τὰ περ λάχε παρθένος Ἥβη.
Μαιονίην δ' ἦσκησεν, ἐπεὶ τροφὸς ἔπλετο Βάκχου,
καὶ Μορίην καὶ στικτὸν ὄφιν καὶ θέσπιδα ποίην,
καὶ χθονὸς ἄπλετον υἷα δρακοντοφόνον Δαμασθῖνα,
καὶ Τύλον ἰοβόλῳ κεχαραγμένον ὀξεί ποτμῷ
455 Μαιονίης ναέτην μινυώριον, ὅς ποτε βαίων
Μυγδονίου ποταμοῖο παρ' ὄφρῦσι γείτονος Ἑρμου
ἦψατο χειρὶ δράκοντος· ὁ δὲ πλατὺν αὐχένα τείνας,
ὕψωσας δὲ κάρηνον ἀφειδέει χάσματι λαιμοῦ
ἀντίον ἀνδρὸς ὄρουσε, καὶ ἰσχία φωτὸς ἱμάσσων
460 ὀλκαίην ἐλέλιζε θυελλήεσσιν ὁμοκλήν,
καὶ βροτέῳ στεφανηδὸν ἐπὶ χροῖ νῶτα συνάπτων,
ἀλλόμενος περὶ κύκλα νεότριχος ἀνθερεῶνος,
ὄγμῳ πουλυόδοντι παρηίδος ἄκρα χαράξας
ἰοβόλοις γενέεσσιν ἀπέπτυνεν ἱκμάδα Μοίρης,
465 καὶ οἱ ἐπιθρώσκοντι βαρυνομένων ὑπὲρ ὤμων
οὐραϊαίς ἐλίκεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη μέσος αὐχὴν,
Ἄιδος ὀρμὸν ἔχων ὀφιώδεα, γείτονα Μοίρης.
καὶ νέκυς εἰς χθόνα πῖπτεν ὁμοῖος ἔρνεϊ γαίης.
καὶ νέον οἰκτείρουσα δεδουπότα μάρτυρι ποτμῷ
470 νηϊὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπέστενε γείτονι νεκρῷ,
καὶ τότε θῆρα πέλωρον ἐρήτυεν, ὄφρα δαμείη·
οὐ γάρ ἔνα πρήνιζεν ὀδοιπόρον οὐδὲ νομῆα,
καὶ Τύλον οὐ κτάνε μοῦνον ἁώριον, ἧ' ἐνὶ λόχμῃ
ἐνδιαῶν καὶ θῆρας ἐδαίνυτο, πολλὰκι δ' ἔλκων
475 ἄστατον αὐτόρριζον ὑπὸ χνοίῃσιν ὀδόντων
δένδρεον εὐρώεντι κατέκρυφεν ἀνθερεῶνι,
ἔμπαλιν αὖ ἐρύων βλοσυρὸν φύσημα γενείων·
πολλὰκι δ' ἐλकुσθέντα παλινδίνητον ὀδίτην
ἄσθμασιν ἐνδομύχοις πεφοβημένον εἰς στόμα σύρων
480 τηλεφανῆς ὄλον ἀνδρα κεχηνὸτι δέξατο λαιμῷ.

καὶ Μορίη σκοπίαζε κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα
τηλόθι παπταίνουσα, φόβῳ δ' ἔλελιζετο νύμφη,
ἰοβόλων ὀρώωσα πολὺστιχον ὄγμον ὀδόντων,
καὶ θανάτου στέφος εἶδε περίπλοκον ἀνθερεῶνι:
485 πυκνὰ δὲ κωκύουσα δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
ἤλιβάτῳ Δαμασῆνι συνήντηεν υἱέϊ Γαίης,
ὄν πάρος αὐτογόνοισι τόκοις μαιώσατο μήτηρ
ἐκ γενετῆς μεθέποντα δασύτριχα κύκλα γενείου:
τικτομένῳ δὲ οἱ ἦεν Ἔρις τροφός: ἔγχεα δ' αὐτῷ
490 μαζὸς ἔην καὶ χύτλα φόνοι καὶ σπάργανα θώρηξ,
καὶ δολιχῶν μελέων βεβαρημένος εὐρέι φόρτῳ
νήπιος αἰχμάζων, βρέφος ἄλκιμον, αἰθέρι γείτων
ἐκ γενετῆς δόρυ πάλλεν ὁμόγνιον, ἀρτιφανῆ δὲ
ὦπλισεν Εἰλείθυια λεχώιον ἀσπιδιώτην.
495 τὸν μὲν ἐσαθρήσασα παρὰ κλέτας εὐβοτον ὕλης
κάμπτετο λισσομένη, κινυρὴ δ' ἐπεδείκνυε νύμφη
ἄπλετον ἐρπηστῆρα κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα
καὶ Τύλον ἀρτιχάρακτον ἔτι σπαίροντα κονίη:
οὐδὲ Γίγας ἀμέλησε, πέλωρ πρόμος: ἀλλὰ πῆσας
500 δένδρεον αὐτόπρεμον ἀνέσπασε μητρὸς ἀρουρῆς,
ὠμοβόρου δὲ δράκοντος ἐναντία δόχμιος ἔστη:
καὶ πρόμος εἰλικόεις ὀφιῶδεϊ μάρνατο τιμῇ,
αὐχενίῃ σάλπιγγι μόθου συριγμὸν ἰάλλων,
πεντηκοντατέλεθρος ὄφης κυκλοῦμενος ὀλκῷ:
505 καὶ διδυμῷ σφιγκτῆρι πόδας σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ,
καὶ σκολιαῖς ἐλίκεσσι δέμας Δαμασῆνος ἱμάσσων
χάσματι λυσσήεντι πύλας ὥϊξεν ὀδόντων,
χεῖλεσι τοξεύων διερὸν βέλος, ὄμματα σείων
ὠμὰ φόνου πνείοντα, Γιγαντείῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
510 ἔπτυνεν ὀμβρηρῆσι γενειάσι πίδακας ἰοῦ,
χλωρὸν ὀιστεύων δολιχόσκιον ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων:
ὑψιλόφου δὲ Γιγαντος ἐπεσκίρτησε καρήνῳ,
ὄρθιος αἰξας μελέων ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ.
ἀλλὰ δρακοντεῖς ἀπεσεῖσατο φόρτον ἀκάνθης
515 αἰνογίγας, σκοπέλοισιν ἐοικότα γυῖα τινάσσων:
καὶ παλάμῃ τανύφυλλον ἔην ἐλέλιζεν ἀκωκὴν,
ὀρθὸν ἀκοντίζων δρυόεν βέλος: ἀμφὶ δὲ κόρσῃ
πῆξε φυτὸν προθέλυμον, ὅπῃ περὶ κυκλάδα δειρήν
αὐχενίῃ γλωχῖνι συνήπτετο δεσμὸς ἀκάνθης:
520 καὶ φυτὸν ἐρριζωτο τὸ δεῦτερον: ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
κεῖτο δράκων ἀτίνακτος, ἔλιξ νέκυς. ἐξαπίνης δὲ
θῆλυς ὄφης ξύουσα παλιννόστῳ πέδον ὀλκῷ
εὐνέτις ἀμφιέλικτος ἐδίκετο λοξὸν ἀκοίτην,
οἷα γυνὴ ποθέουσα νέκυν πόσιν: εἰς σκοπέλους δὲ

525 μηκεδανῆς ἐλέλιξε θεώτερον ὀλκὸν ἀκάνθης,
εἰς ὄρος ἐσσυμένη βοτανηφόρον· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμην
δρεψαμένη Διὸς ἄνθος ἐχιδνήεντι γενεῖω
χείλεσιν ἀκροτάτοις ὀδυνήφατον ἤγαγε ποιῖν,
καὶ νέκυος δασπλήτος ἀλεξήτειραν ὀλέθρου
530 ἄζαλέω μυκτῆρι συνήρμοσεν, ἰοβόλῳ δὲ
ζωῇν ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἀκινήτῳ πόρε νεκρῷ·
καὶ νέκυς αὐτοέλικτος ἐπάλλετο· καὶ τὸ μὲν αὐτοῦ
ἄπνοον ἦν, ἕτερον δὲ διέστιχεν, ἄλλο δὲ σεῖων
ἡμιτελῆς νέκυς ἦεν ἔχων αὐτόσσυτον οὐρήν·
535 καὶ ψυχραῖς γενύεσσι παλίμπνοον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
οἰγομένῳ κατὰ βαιὸν ἐθήμονι βόμβεε λαίμῳ,
συριγμὸν προχέων παλινάγρετον· ὅψὲ δὲ βαίνων
νόστιμος ἀρχαίην ὑπεδύσατο φωλάδα χεῖρην.
καὶ Μορίη Διὸς ἄνθος ἐκούφισεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκροῦ
540 ζωοτόκῳ μυκτῆρι φερέσβιον ἤρμοσε ποιῖν.
καὶ βοτάνη ζειδωρος ἀκεσσιπόνοισι κορὺμβοις
ἔμπνοον ἐψύχωσε δέμας παλινανυξεί νεκρῷ.
ψυχὴ δ' εἰς δέμας ἦλθε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐνδομύχῳ δὲ
ψυχρὸν ἀοσσητῆρι δέμας θερμαίνετο πυρσῷ·
545 καὶ νέκυς ἀμφιέπων βιοτῆς παλινάγρετον ἀρχὴν
δεξιτεροῦ μὲν ἔπαλλε ποδὸς θέναρ, ἀμφὶ δὲ λαῖον
ὀρθώσας στατὸν ἵχνος ὅλῳ στηρίζετο ταρσῷ,
ἀνδρὸς ἔχων τύπον ἴσον, ὅς ἐν λεχέεσσιν ἰαύων
ὀρθριον οἰγομένης ἀποσείεται ὕπνον ὀπωπῆς.
550 καὶ πάλιν ἔζεεν αἶμα· νεοπνεύστοιο δὲ νεκροῦ
χεῖρες ἐλαφρίζοντο· καὶ ἀρμονίη πέλε μορφῇ,
ποσσὶν ὁδοιπορίῃ, φάος ὄμμασι, χεῖλεσι φωνῇ.
καὶ Κυβέλη κεχάρακτο νεητόκος, οἷά τε κόλπῳ
μιμηλὴν ἀλόχευτον ἐλαφρίζουσα λοχείην
555 πήχεσι ποιητοῖσι, καὶ ἀστόργῳ παρακοίτῃ
λαϊνέην ὠδῖνα δολοπλόκος ὥρεγε Ῥεῖη,
ὀκρυόεν βαρὺ δεῖπνον· ὁ δὲ βροτοειδέα μορφὴν
ἐκρυφε μάρμαρον υἷα πατῆρ θοινήτορι λαίμῳ,
ἄλλου ψευδομένοιο Διὸς δέμας εἰλαπινάζων·
560 καὶ λίθον ἐν λαγόνεσσι μογοστόκον ἔνδον ἀείρων
θλιβομένην πολύτεκνον ἀνηκόντιζε γενέθλην,
φόρτον ἀποπτύων ἐγκύμονος ἀνθερεῶνος.
τοῖα μὲν ἐργοπόνοιο πολύτροπα δαίδαλα τέχνης
εἶχεν ἐνυαλίῃ πολυπίδακος ἀσπίς Ὀλύμπου
565 Βακχιάς, ἣν ὀρώωντες ἐθάμβεον ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
καὶ σάκεος τροχόεντος ἐκυκλώσαντο φορῆα,
ἔμπυρον αἰνήσαντες Ὀλύμπιον ἐσχαρεῶνα.
τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι δύσιν διεμέτρεεν Ἡώς,

φέγγος ἀναστείλασα πυριγλήνοιο προσώπου:

570 καὶ σκιερὴν ἐμέλαινεν ὅλην χθόνα σιγαλήη Νύξ.

λαοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χαμαιστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων

ἔσπερίη μετὰ δόρπον ὀρειάδι κάππεσον εὐνῇ.

εἰκοστὸν λάχεν ἕκτον ἐπὶ κλοπὸν εἶδος Ἀθήνης
 καὶ πολὺν ἐγρεκύδοιμον ἀγειρομένων στόλον Ἴνδῶν.
 Δηριάδῃ δ' εὐδοντι κατηφέος ὑπόθεν εὐνῆς
 Βάκχῳ πιστὰ φέρουσα παρίστατο θυῶρις Ἀθήνη,
 γνωτῶ δ' ἔσσομένην ἑτέραν μνηστεύετο νίκην:
 καὶ δέμας ἀλλάξασα μετάρησιν ἴσον Ὀρόντη
 5 γαμβρὸν ἀερσιλόφου μιμήσατο Δηριάδῃος:
 καὶ μιν ἀπορρίψαντα μαιφόνον οἷστρον Ἐνυοῦς
 μιμηλὴ δολίοιο παρήπαφεν ὄψις ὀνείρου,
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα, καὶ ὀλλυμένων ἐπὶ πότμῳ
 ταρβαλέον θάρσυνεν ἐς ὑσμίνην Διονύσου:
 10 'εὐδεῖς, Δηριάδῃ: σὲ δὲ μέμφομαι: ἀστυόχων γὰρ
 πάννυχον ὕπνον ἔχειν ἀλλότριόν ἐστιν ἀνάκτων:
 ὕπνου μέτρον ἔχει βουληφόρος. ἀμφὶ δὲ πύργων
 δυσμενεῖς κλονέουσι, καὶ οὐ δόρυ θυῶρον ἀείρεις,
 15 οὐκ αἶεις τυπάνων ῥόθιον κτύπον, οὐ μέλος αὐλῶν,
 οὐ φονίης σάλπιγγος ἀγέστρατον ἦχον ἀκούεις.
 ὑμετέραν δὲ θυγάτρα νεήνιδα πενθάδα χήρην
 Πρωτονόην ἐλέαιρε, κινυρομένην παρακοίτην,
 μηδὲ λίπης, σκηπτοῦχε, τὸν νήποιον Ὀρόντην.
 κτεῖνον ἐμοὺς ὀλετῆρας ἀτευχέας: ὠκυμόρου γὰρ
 20 γαμβροῦ σείο θανόντος ἔτι ζῶουσι φονῆες,
 στῆθος ἐμὸν σκοπίαζε τετυμμένον ὀξεί θυρσῶ:
 ὦμοι, ὅτ' οὐ Λυκόοργος Ἀρήιος ἐνθάδε ναίει,
 ὦμοι, ὅτ' οὐκ Ἀράβεσσιν ὑπερφιάλοισιν ἀνάσσεις:
 οὐ θεὸς ἦν Διόνυσος, ὃς εἰς ἀλὸς οἶδμα διώκων
 25 θνητὸς ἀνὴρ ποίησεν ὑποβρύχιον μετανάστην.
 Δηριάδην ἐνόησα πεφυζότα θῆλυν Ἐνυῶ.
 ἄτρομος ἔσσο λέων, ὅτι χάλκεον ἀνέρα φεύγων
 νεβροχίτων Διόνυσος ὁμοῖος ἔπλετο νεβρῶ.
 οὐ κτεῖνος κατέπεφνεν Ἀρειμανέων γένος Ἴνδῶν,
 30 ἀλλὰ μιν αὐτὸς ἔπεφνε πατὴρ τεός: ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
 σοὺς προμάχους φεύγοντας ἰδὼν ἐδάμασσε Ὑδάσπης.
 οὐ σὺ πέλεις ἑτέροισιν ὁμοῖος: οὐράνιον γὰρ
 θυγατέρος Φαέθοντος ἐριφλεγέος σέο πάππου
 αἶμα φέρεις: οὐ θνητὸν ἔχεις δέμας: οὐ σε δαμάσσει
 35 οὐ ξίφος ἢ βέλεμνον ἐπιβρίθοντα Λυαίῳ.
 ὥς φαμένη πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἔβη πολύμητις Ἀθήνη,
 εἶδος ὀνειρείοιο μεταλλάξασα προσώπου.
 Δηριάδης δ' ἡῶς ἀπὸ πτολίων, ἀπὸ νήσων
 κέκλετο κηρύκεσσι πολυσπερὲς ἔθνος ἀγείρειν:

40 καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα θυελλήεντι πεδίλῳ
λαδὸν ἀολλίζων ἑτερόπτολιν ἦιε κῆρυξ
ῥῶν παρὰ πέζαν· Ἀρειμανέες δὲ μαχηταὶ
πάντοθεν ἠγερέθοντο καλεσσαμένου βασιλῆος.
πρῶτα μὲν ὠπλίζοντο κυβερνητῆρες Ἐνυοῦς,
45 Ἀγραῖος Φλόγιός τε, συνήλυδες ἡγεμονῆες,
ἄρτιτελὲς μετὰ σῆμα νεοφθιμένοιο τοκῆος,
Εὐλαίου δύο τέκνα· συνεστρατόωντο δὲ λαοί,
ὅσοι Κῦρα νέμοντο καὶ Ἰνδῶου ποταμοῖο
Βαΐδιον Ὀμβηλοῖο παρὰ πλατὺ βάρβαρον ὕδωρ,
50 καὶ Ῥοδόην εὐπυργον, Ἀρειμανέων πέδον Ἰνδῶν,
καὶ κραναδὸν Προπάνισον, ὅσοι τ' ἔχον ἄντυγα νήσου
Γραιῶν, ὅθι παῖδες ἐθήμονος ἀντὶ τεκούσης
ἄρσενά μαζδὸν ἔχουσι γαλακτοφόρου γενετῆρος,
χειλεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν ὑποκλέπτοντες ἐέρσην·
55 οἱ τε Σεσίνδιον αἰπύ, καὶ οἱ λινοερκέϊ κύκλῳ
Γάζον ἐπυργώσαντο μιτοπλέκτοισι δομαίοις,
ἄρραγές, εὐποίητον ἐυκλώστοισι θεμέθλοις,
Ἄρεος ἀκλινὲς ἔρμα, καὶ οὐ ποτε δῆιος ἀνὴρ
χαλκὸν ἔχων ἔρρηξε λινοχλαίνων στίχα πύργων.
60 τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ θαρσύνοντες ἐπεστρατόωντο μαχηταί,
Δάρδαι καὶ Πρασίων στρατιαί, καὶ φῦλα Σαλαγγῶν
χρυσοφόρων, οἷς πλοῦτος ὁμέστιος, οἷς θέμις αἰεὶ
χέδροπα καρπὸν ἔδειν βιοτήσιον· ἀντὶ δὲ σίτου
κεῖνον ἀλετρεύουσι μύλης τροχοειδέϊ κύκλῳ·
65 καὶ σκολιοπλοκάμων Ζαβίων στίχες, οἷσιν ἐχέφρων
Παλθάνωρ πρόμος ἦεν, ὃς ἔστυγε Δηριαδῆα
ἦθεσιν εὐσεβέεσσιν ὁμοφρονέων Διονύσῳ·
τὸν μὲν ἄναξ Διόνυσος ἄγων μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
ἀλλοδαπὸν ναετῆρα λυροδμήτῳ πόρε Θήβῃ·
70 καὶ Δίκη παρέμιμνε λιπῶν πατρῶον Ὑδάσπην,
Ἄονιου ποταμοῖο πίων Ἰσμήνιον ὕδωρ.
τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ κυδιῶν στρατὸν ἄσπετον ὠπλισε Μορρεὺς
Διδνασιδης, γενετῆρι συνέμπορος, ὃς τότε λυγρῷ
γῆραϊ πένθος ἔχων κεκερασμένον ἥψατο χάρμης,
75 γηραλὲ ἡ παλάμη πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα πάλλων
καὶ πολὺ λειμῶνι κατάσκιον ἀνθερεῶνα
αὐτόματον κήρυκα χρόνου δολιχοῖο τινάσσων,
υἷὸν ἔτι στενάχων μινυώριον, Ἰνδὸν Ὀρόντην,
Διδνασος αἰολόδακρυς· ἄναξ δὲ οἱ ἔσπετο Μορρεὺς
80 ὄρθιον ἐγγὺς ἔχων τιμήορον, ὄφρα δαμάσσει
λαδὸν ὅλον Βρομίοιο, καὶ ἤθελε μοῦνος ἐρίζειν
Βάκχῳ γνωτοφόνῳ, καὶ ἀνούτατον υἱά Θυώνης
οὐτῆσαι μενέαινε κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα.

καὶ σφισιν ὠμάρτησε πολυγλώσσω γένος Ἴνδῶν,
85 οἳ τ' ἔχον Ἥελιοιο πόλιν, καλλίκτιτον Αἴθρην,
ἀννεφέλου δαπέδοιο θεμείλιον, οἳ τ' ἔχον ἄμφω,
Ἀθηνηῆς λασιῶνα καὶ Ὠρυκίης δονακῆα,
καὶ φλογερὴν Νήσαιαν ἀχειμάντους τε Μελαινας,
καὶ πέδον εὐδίνητον ἀλίστεφάνου Παταλήνης:
90 τοῖς ἔπι Δυσσαίων πυκινὰ στίχες, οἷσι καὶ αὐτῶν
φρικτὰ δασυστέρνων ἐκορύσσετο φῦλα Σαβεῖρων,
τοῖσιν ἐνὶ κραδίῃ λάσσαι τρίχες, ὧν χάριν αἰεὶ
ψυχῆς θάρσος ἔχουσι καὶ οὐ πτώσσουσιν Ἐνυώ.
τοῖσι συνεστρατώνοντο καὶ ἄνδρες Οὐατοκοῖται,
95 οἷσι θέμις δολιχοῖσιν ἐπ' οὔασιν ὕπνον ἰαύειν:
τοὺς μὲν Φρίγγος ἵκανε καὶ Ἄσπετος εἰς μόθον ἔλκων
αὐχήμεν τε Δάνυκλος ὁμόστολος, οἷς ἅμα βαίνων
Ἴππουρῶ συνάεθλος ἐκηβόλος ἔστιχε Μορρεῦς:
καὶ νόον ἴσον ἔχοντες ὅλον στρατὸν Οὐατοκοίτην
100 πέντε δαφοινήεντες ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες.
Τέκταφος εἰς μόθον ἦλθεν ἐκηβόλος, ὅς ποτε κούρης
χεῖλεσι πειναλέοισιν ἀλεξητήρια πότμου
πατροκόμου δολόεντος ἀμέλγετο χεῦματα μαζοῦ,
Τέκταφος, αὐαλέος ψαφαρῶ χροῖ, νεκρὸς ἐχέφρων,
105 ὁππότε μιν σκηπτοῦχος ἔχων ἄστοργον ἀπειλὴν
Δηριάδης, σειρήσι πολυπλέκτοισι πιέζων,
δέσμιον εὐρώεντι κατεκλήισε βερέθρῳ,
ἄτροφον, αὐχμῶντα, δέμας κεκαφητότα λιμῶ,
ἄμμορον ἡελίοιο καὶ εὐκύκλοιο σελήνης.
110 καὶ χθονίῳ κεκάλυπτο βυθῶ πεπεδημένος ἀνὴρ,
οὐ ποτόν, οὐ τινα δαῖτα φέρων, οὐ φῶτα δοκεύων,
ἀλλὰ πεδοσκαφένων λαγόνων ὑπὸ κοιλάδι πέτρῃ
κεῖτο δυηπαθέων: χρονίῳ δ' ἐστρεύετο λιμῶ
πειναλέων στομάτων ὀλιγοδρανὲς ἄσθμα τιταίνων,
115 ἔμπνοος ἀπνεύστοισιν ὁμοίος: οἷα δὲ νεκροῦ
ἐκ χροῶς ἀζαλέοιο δυσώδεες ἔπνεον αὔραι.
καὶ φθλάκων στρατὸς ἦεν ἐελμένον ἄνδρα φυλάσσω,
ὃν τότε κερδαλέη θυγάτηρ ἀπατήνορι μῦθῳ
ἤπαφεν: ἵκεσιν δὲ βαρύστονον ἴαχε φωνήν
120 σεισαμένη δολόεντα νεητόκος εἵματα νύμφη:
'μή με κατακτείνητε, φυλάκτορες: οὐδὲν αἶρων,
οὐ ποτόν ἦλθον ἄγουσα καὶ οὐ τινα δαῖτα τοκῆι:
δάκρυα, δάκρυα μοῦνον ἐμῶ γενετῆρι κομίζω:
χεῖρες ἀπαγγέλλουσιν ἐλεύθεροι: εἰ νόος ὑμῖν,
125 εἰ νόος ἐστὶν ἄπιστος, ἀμεμφέα λύσατε μίτρην,
ρίψατέ μοι κρήδεμνα, τινάζατε χερσὶ χιτῶνα:
οὐ ποτόν ἦλθον ἄγουσα φερέσβιον. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτήν

κρύψατε σὺν γενετῇρι καταχθονίῳ με βερέθρῳ
οὐ φόβος, οὐ φόβος εἰμί, καὶ ἦν σκηπτοῦχος ἀκούσῃ:
130 τίς νέκυν οἰκτεῖροντι χολῶεται; αἰνομόρῳ δὲ
τίς κοτέει θνήσκοντι; τίς ἄπνοον οὐκ ἐλεαίρει;
ὄμματα δ' ἡμύοντα κατακλείσω μενετῆρος:
κρύψατε: τίς θανάτοιο πέλει φθόνος; ὀλλυμένους δὲ
εἷς τάφος ἀμφοτέρους, γενέτην καὶ παῖδα, δεχέσθω.'
135 ὥς φαμένη παρέπεισε. καὶ εἰς μυχὸν ἔδραμε κούρη,
ὀρφναίῳ μενετῇρι φασεφόρος: ἐν δὲ βερέθρῳ
εἰς στόμα πατρὸς ἔχευεν ἀλεξικάκων γάλα μαζῶν
ἄτρομος, Ἑρίης δὲ θεουδέος ἔργον ἀκούων
Δηριάδης θάμβησε: περισσόνόοιο δὲ κούρης
140 εἵκελον εἰδῶλῳ γενέτην ἀνελύσατο δεσμῶν:
φήμη δ' ἀμφιβόητος ἀκούετο, καὶ στρατὸς Ἰνδῶν
μαζὸν ἀλεξικάκοιο δολοπλόκον ἦνεσε νύμφης.
ὅς τότε Βωλίγγεσσι μετέπρεπεν, ὥς μέσος ἄστρων
αἰθέρα φαιδρύνων ἀμαρύσσεται Ἑσπερος ἀστήρ,
145 ἔσπερος, ἐσπομένης λιποφεγγέος ἄγγελος ὄρφνης.
Γίγγλων δ' ὑψικάρηνος ἀερσιπόδης τε Θυραιεὺς
ὑψινεφῆς θ' Ἴππαλμος ὑπὲρ πυμάτης κλίμα μαίης
ὦπλισαν αἰόλα φῦλα δοριθρασέων Ἀραχωτῶν
Δερσαίων τε φάλαγγας ὁμήλυδας, οἳ τε σιδήρῳ
150 κτεινομένους κατ' Ἄρηα χυτῇ κρύπτουσι κονίη
ἔκτεινομένους κατὰ δῆριν ἐτυμβεύοντο κονίῃ.
καὶ στρατὸν ἀγκυλότοξον ἀολλίσσας ἐπικούρων
Ἀβράθους βραδὺς ἦλθε: νεομήτων δὲ κομῶν
αἰδόμενος κεκόρυστο, χόλον καὶ πένθος ἀέξων
155 βουκεράου βασιλῆος, ἐπεὶ νῦν οἱ ἄφροني λύσση
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος ὅλην ἀπεκείρατο χαίτην,
Ἰνδοῖς πικρὸν ὄνειδος. ἀναγκαῖος δὲ μαχητῆς
εἰς ἐνοπήν μόγις ἦλθε, καὶ αἰπυλόφῳ τρυφαλεῖη
λωβητῇ ἐκάλυπτε λιπὸτριχον ἄντυγα κόρσης,
160 κρυπτὸν ἐνὶ κραδίῃ μεθέπων κότον: ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
ἥματι μὲν πολέμιζεν, αἰὲ δ' ὑπὸ πάννουχον ὥρην
ἄγγελον ἀγγέλλοντα νοήματα Δηριαδῆος
Βάκχῳ πιστὸν ἔπεμπεν ὁπάονα: λαθριδίως δὲ
Δηριάδῃ κεκόρυστο καὶ ἀμφαδίην Διονύσῳ.
165 Ξούθων δ' ἄγρια φῦλα καὶ ἐγρεμόθων Ἀριηνῶν
καὶ Ζοάρων ἐκόρυσε γονὴν καὶ φῦλον Ἐάρων
Κασπεύρων τε γένεθλα καὶ Ἀρβίας, οἳ τ' ἔχον αὐτὸν
Ὑσπορον αἰγλήεντι διαστίλβοντα ῥεέθρῳ,
ἡλέκτρον κομόωντα βαθυπλούτοισι μετάλλοις,
170 οἳ τ' ἔχον Ἀρσανίην εὐδείελον, ἥχι γυναικὺς
εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν ἐθήμονι Παλλάδος ἰστώ

ὀξείαις παλάμησιν ὅλον τελέουσι χιτῶνα.
τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ χωρήσονται κυβιστητῆρι κυδοιμῷ
Κυραῖοι, δεδαῶτες ἀλίκτυπον ἄντυγα νήσων,
175 Ἄρεος εἰναλίοιο δαήμονες: ὕγροπόρους δὲ
ὀλκάδας οὐ δεδάσιν, ἀδεψήτω δὲ βοεῖη
δουρατέων πλώουσι τύπῳ τεχνήμονι νηῶν:
δέρμασι δ' ἰθύνουσι νόθον πλόον, οἷς ἔνι ναύτης
ἔξεται ἀκλύστοισιν ἐν οἷσμασι ποντοπορεύων,
180 ὀλκάσι μιμηλοῖσι θαλάσσια νῶτα χαράσσω.
τούς Θύαμις κόσμησε καὶ Ὀλκασος, ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,
Ταρβήλου δύο παῖδες ἀκοντοφόροιο τοκῆος.
καὶ πολὺς ἔσμος ἵκανεν Ἀρεκζάντειαν ἑάσας,
ξείνου δουρατέου μέλιτος τροφόν, ἦχι πίνοντα
185 ἡερίης ζεῖδωρον Ἐώιον ἀρδμὸν ἐέρσης
δένδρεα χαιτήεντα μελίρρυτον, ὥς ἀπὸ σίμβλων,
δαιδαλέην ὠδίνα σοφῆς τίκτουσι μελίσσης,
αὐτοτόκων πετάλων χλοερὸν ποτόν: εἰς πεδῖον γὰρ
ἀρτιφανῆς Φαέθων, ὅτε λούεται Ὠκεανοῖο,
190 ὄμπνιον Ἡώης ἀποσειεται ἱκμάδα χαίτης,
ῥαίνων ζωοτόκοιο φυτηκόμον αὐλακα γαίης.
τοῖον Ἀρειζάντεια φέρει μέλι, τῷ ἔπι χαίρων
νηχόμενος πτερύγεσσιν ὑπὲρ πετάλοιο χορεύων
ἵπταται ἄσπετος ὄρνις: ὄφις δὲ τις ἀγκύλος ἔρπων,
195 μιτρώσας ἐλικηδόν, ὁμόπλοκος ἡδέϊ δένδρῳ,
ἱκμάδα λειριόεσσαν ἀμέλγεται ἄρπαγι λαιμῷ,
χειλεσι λιχμῶων γλυκερὴν ὠδίνα κορύμβων:
δενδραῖην δὲ δράκοντες ἀναβλύζοντες ἐέρσην
ἡδὺ μέλι προχέουσι, καὶ οὐτόσον ἰὸν ἀλήτην
200 πικρὸν ἀποπτύουσιν, ὅσον γλυκὺ χεῦμα μελίσσης:
ἦχι μελισταγέεσσιν ἐπ' ἀκρεμόνεσσιν αἰεδαί
ὠρίων, γλυκὺς ὄρνις, ὁμοῖος ἔμφρονι κύκνῳ:
οὐ μὲν ἀνακροῦει Ζεφυρηίδι σύνθροος αὐρῇ
ὑμνοτόκων πτερύγων ἀνεμώδεα ῥοῖζον ἰάλλων,
205 ἀλλὰ σοφοῖς στομάτεσσι μελίζεται, οἷά τις ἀνήρ
πηκτιδί νυμφοκόμῳ θαλαμηπόλον ὕμνον ἀράσσω.
κατρεὺς δ' ἑσσομένοιο προθεσπίζει χύσιν ὄμβρου,
ξανθοφυῆς, λιγύφωνος: ἀπὸ βλεφάρων δὲ οἱ αἶγλη
πέμπεται ὀρθρινῆσι βολαῖς ἀντίρροπος Ἡοῦς:
πολλάκι δ' ἠνεμόεντος ὑπὲρ δένδροιο λιγαίνων
σύνθροος ὠρίωνος ἀνέπλεκε γείτονα μολπὴν,
φοινικέαις πτερύγεσσι κεκασμένος: ἦ τάχα φαίης,
210 μελλομένου κατρήος ἑώιον ὕμνον ἀκούων,
ὄρθριον αἰολόδειρον ἀηδόνα κῶμον ὑφαίνειν.
215 κεῖθι καὶ ἐγρεμόθων μερόπων στρατός, οὗς ἐπὶ χάρμην

ἄτρομος Ἰππάλμοιο πάις θώρηξε Πυλοίτης,
 γνωτὸν ἔχων Βιλλαῖον, ὁμόστολον ἡγεμονῆα.
 τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ θωρήσσοντο Σίβαι καὶ λαὸς Ὑδάρκης,
 καὶ στρατὸς ἄλλος ἵκανε πόλιν Καρμῖναν ἑάσας:
 220 τῶν ἅμα Κύλλaros ἦρχε καὶ Ἀστράεις, πρόμος Ἰνδῶν,
 Βρόγγου διζυγα τέκνα τετιμένα Δηριαδῆι.
 καὶ στόλος ἄλλος ἵκανε τριηκοσίων ἀπὸ νήσων,
 αἱ τε περιστιχόωσιν ἀμοιβάδες ἄλλυδις ἄλλαι
 γεῖτονες ἀλλήλησιν, ὅπη περιμήκει πορθμῷ
 225 δίοτομος Ἰνδὸς ἄγων μετανάστιον ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ,
 ἐρπύζων κατὰ βαιὸν ἀπ' Ἰνδῶου δονακῆος
 λοξὸς ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο παρ' Ἡώου στόμα πόντου,
 ἔρχεται αὐτοκύλιστος ὑπὲρ λόφον Αἰθιοπῆα:
 ἦχι θερειγενέων ὑδάτων ὑφούμενος ὀλκῷ
 230 χεύμασιν αὐτογόνοις ἐπὶ πῆχεϊ πῆχυν ἀέξει,
 καὶ χθόνα παλῆν ἀγκάζεται ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης,
 τέρπων ἱκαλῆοισι φιλήμασι διψάδα νύμφην,
 οἷστρον ἔχων πολύπηχυν ἀμαλλοτόκων ὑμεναίων,
 μέτρῳ ἀμοιβαίῳ παλιναυξέα χεύματα τίκτων
 235 Νεῖλος ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ καὶ ἑώιος Ἰνδὸς Ὑδάσπης.
 κεῖθι μελαμψήφιδα διαξύνων ῥόον ὀπλῇ
 νήχεται ὑδατόεις ποταμήιος ἵππος ἀλήτης,
 οἷος ἑμοῦ Νεῖλοιο θερειγενές οἶδμα χαράσσων
 ναιετάει, βυθίοιο δι' ὕδατος ὑγρὸς ὀδίτης
 240 μηκεδαναῖς γενύεσσιν: ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖο δὲ βαίνει
 αἰχμῇ καρχαρόδοντι διασχίζων ῥάχιν ὕλης,
 καὶ διερῆν ἀχάρακτον ἔχων γένυν ἄρπαγα καρπῶν
 μιμηλῇ δρεπάνῃ σταχυηφόρα λήια τέμνει,
 ἀμητῆρ ἀσιδηρὸς ἀμαλλοφόρου τοκετοῖο:
 245 τοῖα μὲν ἑπταπόροιο φατίζεται εἵκελα Νείλου
 Ἰνδῶου ποταμοῖο φέρειν μένος. οἱ δὲ λιπόντες
 νήσων ἀγκύλα κύκλα καὶ ἔδρανα γείτονος Ἰνδοῦ
 ἄνδρες ἐθωρήσσοντο μαχήμονες, ὧν πρόμος ἀνὴρ
 Ῥιγβασος ἡγεμόνευεν, ἔχων Ἰνδαλμα Γιγάντων.
 250 οὐδὲ γέρων Ἄρητος ἐλείπετο Δηριαδῆος
 εἰς ἔνοπῃν καλέοντος, ἀνὴρ βαρὺς: ἀλλὰ καθάψας
 χαλκοβαρῇ λασίοιο κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα
 γηραλέου κούφιζεν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο βοεῖην,
 αὐχένι κυρτωθέντι περικρεμάσας τελαμῶνα.
 255 καὶ στρατιὴν θώρηξεν ἀναγκαῖος πολεμιστῆς
 πέντε σὺν υἱέσσι, Δύκῳ καὶ ὀμήλυδι Μύρσῳ,
 Γλαύκῳ καὶ Περίφαντι καὶ ὀπιγόνῳ Μελανῇι.
 καὶ πολιοὺν πλοκαμῖδα περισφίγξας τρυφαλεῖη
 λαῖον ἐντροχάλοιο μετέστιχε δηιοτῆτος,

260 δεξιτερὸν πολέμοιο κέρας τεκέεσσιν ἑάσας,
 οὐς φύσις ἀφθόγγων στομάτων σφρηγίσσατο δεσμῷ,
 γλῶσσαν ὑποσφίγξασα σοφῆς ὀχετηγὸν ἰωῆς·
 ὅππότε γὰρ θαλάμοιο παρὰ φλιῆσι χορεύων
 Λαοβίην ζυγίοιο γάμου πιστώσατο θεσμῷ
 265 παιδογόνους Ἄρητος ὀμιλήσας ὕμεναιοις,
 ἔνθεον ἔπλετο θάμβος, ἐπεὶ γαμῖω παρὰ βωμῷ
 νυμφοκόμῳ πεπόνητο θυηπολέων Ἀφροδίτῃ
 νυμφίος ἀρτιχόρευτος, ἐν εὐύμνῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ
 δοῦπον ἀνακλάγξασα λεχώιον ἀνθερεῶνος
 270 μάντις ἐπεσσομένων ἐβαρύνετο πουλυτῆρος σῦς,
 ἄλλοιην καὶ ἄπιστον ἐλαφρίζουσα λοχείην,
 καὶ νεπόδων ὥδινε νόθον γένος, ἐκ λαγόνων δὲ
 ὕγρην ἰχθυόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζε γενέθλην,
 ἀντὶ τόκου χθονίοιο λοχευσαμένη τόκον ἄλμης.
 275 καὶ συὸς ἰχθυγόνοιο πολύστομος ἵπτατο Φήμη
 λαὸν ἀολλίζουσα: πολυσπερέες δὲ πολῖται
 χερσαίην πολύτεκνον ἐθήσαντο γενέθλην,
 ἰσοφυῆς μίμημα θαλασσοτόκοιο λοχείης.
 μαντιπόλον δ' ἐρέεινε θεηγόρον: εἰρομένῳ δὲ
 280 ἑσσομένην θέσπιζεν ἀφωνήτων στίχα παιδων,
 εἰναλῆς Ἴνδαλμα λιπογλώσσοιο γενέθλης.
 καὶ τότε μάντις ἔλεξε προάγελα θέσφατα κεῦθιν,
 ὄφρα κεν ἰάσκοιτο τανύπτερον υἱέα Μαιῆς,
 γλώσσης ἡγεμονῆα, σοφῆς ἰθύντορα φωνῆς.
 285 Λαοβίη δ' ὥδινεν, ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ λοχείῃ
 τίκτε συὸς βρεφέεσσιν ἰσηρίθμων στίχα παιδων,
 ἰχθύσιν ἀφθόγγοισιν ἐοικότας, οὐς μετὰ νίκην
 Βάκχος ἄναξ ἐλέαιρε, λιποφθόγγων δ' ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 γλώσσης δεσμὸν ἔλυσε, καὶ ἥλασεν ἥλικα σιγῇν,
 290 φωνὴν δ' ὀσιτέλεστον ἐπεξύνωσεν ἐκάστῳ.
 τοῖσι συνεστρατόωντο φερεσσακέες πολεμισταί,
 οἳ τε Πύλας ἐνέμοντο καὶ οἳ λάχον ἐγγύθεν Εὐρου
 ναιομένην Εὐκόλλα, μαχήμονος ἔνδιον Ἅοις,
 καὶ ζαθέην Γορύανδιν ἐύσπορον αὖλακα γαίης.
 295 τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ θωρήχθησαν, ὅσοι λάχον ἄντυγας Οἴτης,
 μητέρα δενδρήεσαν ἀμετροβίων ἐλεφάντων,
 οἷς φύσις ὥπασε κύκλα διηκοσίων ἐνιαυτῶν
 ζῶειν ἀενάοιο χρόνου πολυκαμπέι νύσση,
 ἢ τριηκοσίων: καὶ βόσκεται ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
 300 ἐκ ποδὸς ἀκροτάτου μελανόχροος ἄχρι καρήνου:
 γναθμοῖς μηκεδανοῖσιν ἔχων προβλήτας ὀδόντας
 διζυγας, ἀμητῆρι τύπῳ γαμφώνυχος ἄρπης,
 θηγαλέῳ τμητῆρι, διαστείχει στίχα δένδρων

ποσσὶ τανυκνήμοισιν: ἔχων δ' Ἴνδαλμα καμήλων
305 καὶ λοφίην ἐπίκυρτον, ἔῳ πολυχανδέϊ νώτῳ
ἔσμον ἄγει νήριθμον ἐπασσυτέρων ἐλατήρων,
δινεύων στατὸν ἵχνος ἀκαμπεὶ γούνατος ὀλκῷ,
καὶ τύπον εὐρυμέτωπον ἐχιδναίοιο καρήνου,
αὐχένα βαιὸν ἔχων κυρτούμενον: εἶλε δὲ λεπτὸν
310 ὄμμασιν ἰσοτύποισι συῶν Ἴνδαλμα προσώπου,
ὑψιφανής, περίμετρος: ἐλισσομένου δὲ πορείῃ
οὔατα μὲν λιπόσαρκα, παρήορα γείτονι κόρσῃ,
λεπταλέων ἀνέμων ὀλίγῃ ῥιπίζεται αὔρῃ:
πυκνὰ δὲ μαστίζουσα δέμας νωμήτορι παλμῷ
315 λεπτοφυῆς ἐλάχεια τινάσσεται ἄστατος οὐρή.
πολλάκι δ' ἐν πολέμοισι γένυν προβλήτα τινάσσων
ἄνερι ταυροκάρηνος ἐπέχραεν ἡλίβατος θήρ,
ξείνῃν καρχαρόδοντα φέρων ἑτερόστομον ἄρπην,
δινεύων ἐκάτερθε γενειάδος ἔμφυτον αἰχμῇ:
320 πολλάκι δ' εὐθώρηκα μετάρσιον ἀσπιδιώτην
ὄρθιον ἡέρταζε πεπαρμένον ἄρπαγι λαιμῷ,
ἄνδρα δὲ καρχαρόδοντι κατεπρήνιξεν ἀκωκῇ
καὶ νέκυν αὐτοκύλιστον ἐπὶ στροφάλιγγι κονίης
ὑπόθεν ἠκόντιζε παλινδίνητον ἀλήτην,
325 αἰθύσσων ἐλικηδὸν ἵτυν σκολιοῖο γενείου
κάρχαρον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παρὰ προβολῇσιν ὀδόντων
ἀντίτυπον σπειρηδὸν ἐχιδνήεσσιν ἀκάνθαις,
ἄχρι ποδῶν τανύων κεχαραγμένον ἄορ ὀδόντων.
τοὺς μὲν ἄναξ Διόνυσος ἄγων μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
330 Καυκασίην παρὰ πέζαν Ἀμαζονίου ποταμοῖο
εἰς φόβον εὐπήληκας ἀνεπτοίησε γυναῖκας,
ἡλιβάτων λοφίησιν ἐφεδρήσσων ἐλεφάντων.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν μετὰ δῆριν. ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ Λυαίου
Δηριάδη καλέοντι τότε πρόμος ἦλθε Πυλοίτης,
335 ὀρθοπόδην ἐλέφαντα κατὰ κλόνον ἡνιοχεύων,
καλλιτόκου Μαραθῶνος Ἀρειμανὲς αἶμα γενέθλης:
καὶ οἱ ἐς ὑσμίνην ἑτερόθροος ἔσπετο γείτων
λαὸς ἐνκρήδεμνον Ἐριστοβάρειαν ἑάσας.
Δερβίκων δὲ γένεθλα συνέσπετο Δηριαδῆι
340 Αἰθιοπὲς τε Σάκαι τε καὶ ἔθνεα ποικίλα Βάκτρων,
καὶ πολὺς οὐλοκόμων Βλεμύων στρατός. ἀλλοφανῇ δὲ
Αἰθιοπες μεθέπουσι τύπον τεχνήμονα χάρμης:
ἵππου γάρ φορέοντες ὀλωλότος ἄντυγα κόρσῃς
ψευδόμενοι κρύπτουσιν ἀληθέα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
345 καὶ κεφαλὴν βροτέην ἐτέρῳ σφίγγουσι προσώπῳ,
ἄπνοον ἀσκήσαντες ἐς ἔμπνοον, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
δήιον ἀγνώσσοντα νόθῳ κλονέουσι καρήνῳ:

καὶ πρόμος ἔκ στομάτων ἀπατήλιον ἦχον ἰάλλει,
ἵππιον ἀνδρομέη προχέων χρεμετισμὸν ἰωῆ.
350 οἱ μὲν ἀολλίζοντο καλεσσαμένου βασιλῆος.
πάντων δ' ἠγεμόνευεν ἔς Ἄρεα κοίρανος Ἴνδῶν,
ὃν διερχὴ φιλότῃ πατήρ ἔσπειρεν Ὑδάσπης,
Ἀστρίδος εὐώδινος ὁμιλήσας ὕμεναιοις,
κούρης Ἡελίοιο. φάτις δέ τις, ὅττι ἔ μήτηρ
355 νηϊὰς Ὠκεανοῖο γένος τεκνώσατο Κητώ,
ἣν ποτε παφλάζοντι διερπύζων περὶ παστῶ
νυμφίος ὕδατόεντι γάμῳ πῆχυνεν Ὑδάσπης
γνήσιον αἶμα φέρων Τιτήνιον· ἀρχεγόνων γάρ
ἔκ λεχέων Θαύμαντος ἐγείνατο δίζυγα φύτλην
360 Ἥλεκτρη ῥοδόπηχυν ὁμευνέτις, ἥς ἀπὸ λέκτρων
καὶ ποταμὸς βλάστησε καὶ ἄγγελος Οὐρανίωνων,
Ἴρις ἀελλήεσσα καὶ ὠκυρέεθρος Ὑδάσπης,
ἣ μὲν ἐπεντύνουσα ποδῶν δρόμον, ὃς δὲ ῥοάων·
ἄμφω δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἴσῃν μεθέπουσι πορείην,
365 Ἴρις ἐν ἀθανάτοισι καὶ ἐν ποταμοῖσιν Ὑδάσπης.
τόσσοις ἄρα στρατὸς ἦλθε· πόλις δ' ἐστείνεται λαῶ·
καὶ στίχες εὐπῆληκες ἐμιτρώθησαν αἵταις,
τετραπόρων πλήσαντες ἐν ἄστει κύκλα κελεύθων·
οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ τριόδοισιν ἐπήτριμοι, οἱ δ' ἐνὶ βόθροις,
370 ἄλλοι δ' ἠλιβάτοιο πρὸ τείχεος, οἱ δ' ἐπὶ πύργων
νήδυμον ὕπνον ἴαυον ἀκοντοφόρων ἐπὶ λέκτρων.
ἠγεμόνων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐὼ ξείνισσε μελάθρῳ
Δηριάδης, καὶ πάντες ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ θώκων
ξεινοδόκῳ βασιλῇ μιῆς ἤπτοντο τραπέζης.
375 τοῖσι μὲν ἔσπερα δεῖπνα καὶ ἐννυχίου πετρὸν Ὑπνου
μέμβλετο, καὶ στρατὸς εὖδεν ἐνόπλιος Ἀρεΐ γείτων·
ἐγρεμόθῳ δ' εὖδοντες ἐφωμίλησαν ὀνείρῳ,
μιμηλὴν Σατύροισιν ἀναστήσαντες Ἐνυώ.

BOOK 27

ἔβδομον εἰκοστὸν μεθέπει στίχας, ἧσι Κρονίων
εἰς μόθον ὀπλίζει Βρομίῳ ναετῆρας Ὀλύμπου.
ἄρτι δὲ λυσιπόνοιο τιναξαμένη πτερὸν Ὕπνου
ἀντολῆς ὦϊξε θύρας πολεμητόκος Ἡώς,
καὶ Κεφάλου λίπε λέκτρα σελασφόρα: βαλλόμενος δὲ
ἀντιπόρῳ Φαέθοντι μέλας λευκαίνεται Γάγης:
5 καὶ φυγᾶς ἀρτιχάρακτος ἐχάζετο κῶνος ὁμίχλης
σχιζόμενος φαέεσσιν: ἀπὸ δροσεροῦ δὲ δίφρου
ὄρθριος εἰαρινῇσιν ἐλούετο καρπὸς ἐέρσαις.
καὶ κλόνος ἦν. φαέθων δὲ πυριτρεφέων δρόμον ἵππων
ἀενάων ἐτέων φλογόεις ἀνεσεύρασε ποιμήν,
10 γείτονος εἰσαΐων κορυθαίολον Ἄρεος ἡχώ,
καὶ στρατὸν αἰχμάζειν προκαλίζετο μάρτυρι πυρσῷ,
θερμὸν ἀκοντίζων ῥοδὸν βέλος: ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
αἵμαλέης ξένον ὄμβρον ἀπ' ἱκμάδος ὑέτιος Ζεὺς
οὐρανόθεν κατέχευε, φόνου πρωτάγγελον Ἴνδῶν.
15 καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν Ἐνυαλίου νιφετοῖο
δίψια κυανέης ἐρυθαίνεται νῶτα κονίης
Ἴνδῶου δαπέδοιο: νεοσμῆκτου δὲ σιδήρου
ἡελίου σελάγιζε βολαῖς ἀντίρροπος αἴγλη.
φαινομένας δὲ φάλαγγας ἐπὶ κλόνον ὥπλισεν Ἴνδῶν
20 Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, ἐποτρύνων δὲ μαχητὰς
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρος ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος:
‘δμῶες ἐμοί, μάρνασθε, πεποιθότες ἡθάδι Νίκη,
καὶ θρασὺν ὄν καλέουσι κερασφόρον νῖα Θυώνης
λάτρην Ἰσοκράϊριοι τελέσσατε Δηριάδης.
25 κτείναντέ μοι καὶ Πᾶνας ἀλοιοτῆρι σιδήρῳ:
εἰ δὲ θεοὶ γεγάσι, καὶ οὐ θέμις ἐστὶ δαΐξαι
Πανὸς ἀνουτήτοιο δέμας τμητῆρι σιδήρῳ,
Πᾶνας ὀρεσσινόμους ληίσσομαι, ἔνδοθι λόχμης
ἔθνεα βουκολέοντας ἐρημονόμων ἐλεφάντων.
30 πολλοὶ θῆρες ἔασι καὶ ἐνθάδε, τοῖσι συνάψω
Φῆρας ὁμοῦ καὶ Πᾶνας ὀρεσσινόμου Διονύσου:
κούρη δ' ἡμετέρῃ θαλαμηπόλον ἐσμὸν ὀπάσσω,
δαινυμένου Μορρῆος ὑποδρηστῆρα τραπέζης.
καὶ τις ἀνὴρ Φρυγίηθεν ὁμόστολος οἶνοπι Βάκχῳ
35 Ἴνδῶου ποταμοῖο δέμας λούσειε ῥεέθροις,
ἀντὶ δὲ Σαγγαρίου καλέσει πατρῶον Ὑδάσπην:
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ Ἀλύβηθεν ὁμαρτήσας Διονύσῳ
ἐνθάδε θητεύσειε, καὶ ἀργυρέου ποταμοῖο
χεύματα καλλείψας πῆτω χρυσαυγέα Γάγην.

40 χάζεο μοι, Διόνυσε, φυγῶν δόρυ Δηριαδῆος:
ἔστι καὶ ἐνθάδε πόντος ἀπείριτος: ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
Ἀρραβίης μετὰ κύμα καὶ ἡμετέρη σε δεχέσθω:
εὐρύτερος βυθὸς οὗτος ἐρεύγεται ἄγριον ὕδωρ,
καὶ Σατύρους καὶ Βάκχον ἐπάρκιός ἐστι καλύψαι
45 καὶ στίχα Βασσαρίδων: οὐ μείλιχος ἐνθάδε Νηρεὺς,
οὐ Θέτις Ἰνδῶν σε δεδέξεται, οὐδέ σε κόλπῳ
ξεινοδόκον μετὰ κύμα πάλιν φεύγοντα σαώσει,
αἰδομένη βαρὺδουπον ἐμὸν πατρῶον Ὑδάσπην.
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις: Κρονίωνος Ὀλύμπιον αἶμα κομίζω.
50 αἰθέρα Γαῖα λόχευσε χορῶ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρων:
οὐρανόθεν γένος ἔσχε: ἐμὴ δέ σε Γαῖα καλύψει:
καὶ Κρόνον ὠμησθήρα νέων θοινήτορα παιδων
οὐρανόθεν γεγαῶτα κατέρυφε κόλπος ἁρούρης.
εἰμὶ δοριθρασέος στρατιῆς πρόμος: εἰμὶ Λυκούργου
55 φέρτερος, ὃς σε δίωκε καὶ ἀπτολέμους σέο Βάκχας:
σὸν γένος οὐ κλονεῖ με Διιπετέ: αἰνομόρου γὰρ
σῆς Σεμέλης ἤκουσα πυριβλήτους ὕμεναιους:
μὴ στεροπὴν ἀγόρευε Διὸς νυμφοστόλον εὐνῆς,
μὴ κεφαλὴν Κρονίωνος ἢ ἄρσενά μῆρὸν ἐνίψης:
60 οὐ Διὸς ὠδίνοντος ἐμὲ κλονέουσι λοχεῖαι:
πολλάκις ὠδίνουσάν ἐμὴν ἐνόησα γυναῖκα.
σὺν σοὶ δ', ἣν ἐθέλη, γενέτης τεδὸς αὐτοτόκος Ζεὺς
ἄρσενι θωρήξειεν ἀρηγὸνά θῆλυν Ἀθήνην,
νίκην ἣν καλέουσιν, ἵνα πρηνῶνας ἀράξας
65 Παλλάδος αἰμάξω κεφαλὴν ταμεσίχροϊ πέτρῳ
ἢ δορὶ τολμήεντι, καὶ εὐκεράων ἀπὸ τόξων
μῆρὸν ἀπειλητῆρος ὀιστεύσω Διονύσου,
βουκεράων Σατύρων ἡγήτορος, οὐταμένου δὲ
καὶ Διὶ καὶ Βρομίῳ καὶ Παλλάδι μῶμον ἀνάψω:
70 εἰ δὲ σὺν ἀμφοτέροισι κορύσσεται ἀμφιγυῆεις,
δεύομαι Ἥφαιστου τεχνήμονος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτῷ
τεύχεα χαλκεύσειε πολύτροπα Δηριαδῆι.
οὐ τρομέω ποτὲ θῆλυν ἐγὼ πρόμον: εἰ δὲ τινάσσει
ἀστεροπὴν γενετῆρος, ἔχω πατρώιον ὕδωρ.
75 καὶ θρασὺν, ὃν καλέουσιν ὁμόγνιον αἶμα Λυαίου,
Αἰακὸν οὐρανίοιο Διὸς βλάστημα τοκῆος
Ζηνὶ καταχθονίῳ δεδαῖγμένον Ἄϊδι πέμψω:
οὐδέ μιν ἀρπάξειε δι' ἥρος ὑπτάμενος Ζεὺς.
καὶ πολέας Κρονίδαο δεδουπότας ὕϊας ἀκούω:
80 Ἀρδανος ἐκ Διὸς ἔσκε καὶ ὦλετο, καὶ θάνε Μίνως,
οὐδέ μιν ἐρρύσαντο Διὸς ταυρώπιδες εὐναί:
εἰ δὲ θεμιστεύει καὶ ἐν Ἄϊδι, τίς φθόνος Ἰνδοῖς,
Αἰακὸς εἰ φθιμένοισι δικάζεται; ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃ,

κοιρανίην κεκύων ἔχέτω καὶ σκῆπτρα βερέθρου.
85 καὶ δολιχοῖς μελέεσσιν ἐπιψάοντας Ὀλύμπου
γηγενέας Κύκλωπας ὀλέσσετε μὴ δορὸς αἰχμὴν
γαστρί μέσῃ πῆξαντες ἢ αὐχένι, χαλκοβαρὲς δὲ
ὀφθαλμῷ τροχόνεντι βέλος τετορημένον ἔστω.
μὴ χθονίους Κύκλωπας ὀλέσσετε· καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνων
90 δεύομαι· Ἰνδῶν δὲ παρήμενος ἐσχαρεῶνι
Βρόντης μὲν βαρύδουπον ἐμοὶ σάλπιγγα τελέσση
βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἰσόκτυπον, ὄφρα κεν εἴην
Ζεὺς χθόνιος, Στερόπης δὲ νέην ἀντίρροπον αἰγλὴν
ἄστεροπῆς τεύξειε καὶ ἐνθάδε· καὶ μιν ἐλέγξω
95 μαρνάμενος Σατύροισιν, ἵνα φρένα μᾶλλον ἀμύξῃ
Δηριάδην κτυπέοντα καὶ ἀστράπτοντα δοκεῦν
ζηλήμων Κρονίδης, πεφοβημένος ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν
ὑπιγόνου φλογέντος ἀκοντιστῆρα κεραυνοῦ.
τίς φθόνος, εἰ πρηστῆρι μαχήμονα χεῖρα κορύσσω;
100 μητρὸς ἐμῆς γενέτης, φλογερῶν ἐπιήρανος ἄστρον,
αὐτὸς ὅλος Φαέθων πυρόεις πρόμος· εἰ δὲ τοκῆος
αἶμα φέρω ποταμοῖο, καὶ ὕδατόεντι βελέμνῳ
μαρνάμενος μόθον ὕγρὸν ἀναστήσω Διονύσῳ,
Βάκχων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα ῥοαῖς ποταμοῖο καλύπτων.
105 καὶ βυθίων τμήξαντες ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ
σώματα Τελχίνων τυμβεύσατε γείτονι πόντῳ,
πατρὶ Ποσειδάωνι μεμηλότα, δαιδαλέου δὲ
δίφρου γλαυκὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ὕγροπόρων γένος ἵππων
νίκης πόντια δῶρα κομίσσατε Δηριαδῆι.
110 καὶ ναέτην βαρύδεσμον ἀπειρώδινος Ἀθήνης
Ἥφαιστου πυρόεντος ἀπόσπορον αἶθροσι πυρσῶ
φλέξατε, τὸν καλέουσιν Ἐρεχθέα· καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνου
αἶμα φέρει περίπυστον Ἐρεχθέος, ὃν ποτε μαζῶ
παρθενικῇ φυγόμενος ἀνέτρεφε Παλλὰς ἀμήτωρ,
115 λάθριον ἀγρύπνῳ πεφυλαγμένον αἶθροσι λύχνῳ·
μιμνέτω Ἰνδῶν κεκαλυμμένος αἶθροσι κίστῃ,
καὶ κενεῶ ζοφόεντος ἐν ἔρκει παρθενεῶνος.
καὶ τροχαλοὺς δρηστῆρας ἐυσκάρθοιο βοείης,
ἴδμονας εὐπῆληκος Ἐνναλίοιο χορείης,
120 ἄξατέ μοι Κορύβαντας ἀτευχέας· ὀλλυμένοις δὲ
διχθαδίοις τεκέεσσιν ἐπικλαύσειε Καβειρῷ,
Λημνιάς ἀκρήδεμνος· ἀπορρίψας δὲ πυράγρην
αἰθαλόεις Ἥφαιστος ἑῆς ὀλετῆρα γενέθλης
ἦμενον ἀθρήσειεν ὑπὲρ δίφροιο Καβείρων
125 ἵππων χαλκοπόδων ἐπιβήτορα Δηριαδῆα.
κτείνω μὲν Διὸς υἱάς· Ἀρισταῖον δὲ δαμάσσαι
οὐ φθονέω Μορρῆι, λαγωβόλον υἱέα Φοίβου,

οὐπίδανῃς ἑλατῆρα φιλοπολέμοιο μελίσσης.
ὕμεῖς μὲν δρεπάνοισι καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγι μαχαίρῃ
130 κτείνετε Βασσαρίδων ἀπαλὰς στίχας, ὑψίκερων δὲ
παῖδα Διὸς κερόεις ποταμήιος υἱὸς ὀλέσσει,
μὴ τις ὑποπτήσσειεν ἰδὼν ἑλατῆρα λεαίνης
ἢ πρόμον ἀγροτέρης ἐπιβήμενον ἱζυὸς ἄρκτου,
μὴ θηρῶν ζυγίων βλοσυρὸν στόμα: τίς γὰρ ἀλύξει
135 πόρδαλιν ἢ ἐλέοντα κορυσσομένωνν ἐλεφάντων;’
ὥς φαμένου βασιλῆος ἐπὶ κλόνον ἦιον Ἴνδοί,
οἱ μὲν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο σιδηροφόρων ἐλεφάντων,
οἱ δὲ συνεστρατώντο θυελλοπόδων ὑπὲρ ἵππων.
καὶ πέλας ἦν πρυλέων στρατὸς ἄπλετος, οἱ μὲν ἄκκῳκάς,
140 οἱ δὲ σάκος φορέοντες, ὁ δὲ κληῖδα φαρέτρης:
ἄλλος ἀνιέρταζεν ἀνὴρ χαλκήλατον ἄρπην
ἀμητῆρ πολέμοιο, καὶ ἔστιχεν ἄλλος αἰείρων
ἀσπίδα καὶ θοὰ τόξα καὶ ἠνεμόεντας ὀιστοὺς.
καὶ μόθον ἐστήσαντο παρὰ στόμα γείτονος Ἴνδοῦ,
145 εἰς πεδῖον προθέοντες. ἀπ’ εὐδένδροιο δὲ λόχμης
ἀσπίσι καὶ ξιφέεσσι καὶ ἄρραγέεσσι πετῆλοις
θυρσοφόρος Διόνυσος ἐοὺς ἐκόρυσσε μαχητάς.
καὶ πισύρων ἀνέμων φλογερῆς ἀντῶπιον Ἡοῦς
τέτραχα τεμνομένην στρατιὴν ἐστήσατο Βάκχων:
150 πρῶτην μὲν βαθυδενδρα παρὰ σφυρὰ κυκλάδος Ἄρκτου,
ἦχι πολυσπερέων ποταμῶν πεφορημένον ὀλκῷ
Καυκασίου σκοπέλοιο Διιπετὲς ἔρχεται ὕδωρ,
τὴν αὐτὴν παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ περιμήκεϊ πορθμῷ
χεῦμα παλινδίνητον ἄγει βαρύδουπος Ὑδάσπης:
τὴν ἑτέρην δὲ φάλαγγα συνήρμοσεν, ὀππόθι γαίης
μεσσατίας στεφανηδὸν ἐς ἐσπέριον κλίμα νεύων
155 δίστομος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐδὼν ῥόον Ἴνδὸς ἐλίσσει,
χεύμασιν ἀμφίζωστον ἐπιστέψας Παταλὴνιν:
καὶ τριτάτην κόσμησεν, ὅπῃ νοτίῳ παρὰ κόλπῳ
κύματι πορφύροντι μεσημβριάς ἔλκεται ἄλμη:
160 καὶ στρατιὴν εὐχαλκὸν ἄναξ ἔστησε τετάρτην
ἀντολίνης ὑπὸ πέζαν, ὅθεν δονακῆα διαίνων
στέλλεται εὐόδοιςι κατάρρυτος ὕδασι Γάγγης.
κεκριμένης δὲ φάλαγγος ἐυκνήμιδος ἐκάστης
165 τέσσαρας εὐπῆληκας ἐκόσμεεν ἡγεμονῆας,
καὶ στρατὸν ὀτρύνων λαοσσόον ἴαχε φωνήν:
‘Βασσαρίδες, καὶ δεῦρο χορεύσατε, δυσμενέων δὲ
κτεínaτε βάρβαρα φῦλα, καὶ ἔγχεσι μίξατε θύρσους,
μίξατε καὶ ξιφέεσσι: καὶ ἡθάδος ἀντὶ τραπέζης
170 σάλπιγξ ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἐμοῖς Σατύροισι γενέσθω
πηκτὶς ἐμή: χλοερὴ δὲ καταιχμάζουσα σιδήρου

δοῦρατα νικήσειεν ἀκαχμένα φυλλὰς ὀπῶρη·
ἀντὶ δὲ νυκτελίοιο χοροστασίης Διονύσου
αὐλὸς ἐμὸς φθέγγαιτο μετὰτροπον ὕμνον Ἐννοῦς,
175 τερψινόου Βρομίοιο λιπὼν ἐπιδόρπιον Ἥχῳ.
εἰ μὲν ἐμοὶ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνειεν Ὑδάσπη
μηδὲ πάλιν Βάκχοισι παλὶγκοτον οἶδμα κορύσσει,
ἔσσομαι εὐάντητος, ὅλον δὲ οἱ ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ
χεύμασι ληναίοισιν ἐς Εὐϊον οἶνον ἀμείψω,
180 τεύχων λαρὰ ῥέεθρα, καὶ ἀγριάδος λόφον ὕλης
μιτρώσω πετάλοισι καὶ ἀμπελόεντα τελέσσω·
εἰ δὲ πάλιν προχοῇσιν ἀλεξικάκοισιν ἀρήξει
Ἴνδοις κτεινομένοισι καὶ υἱεὶ Δηριαδῇ,
ἀνδροφυῆς κερόεσσαν ἔχων ποταμηίδα μορφὴν,
185 χεῦμα γεφυρώσαντες ὑπερφιάλου ποταμοῖο
ἴχνεσιν ἀβρέκτοιςιν ὀδεύσατε δίψιον ὕδωρ,
καὶ γυμνῇ ψαμάθῳ πατέων αὐχμηρὸν Ὑδάσπην
πεζὸς ὄνυξ εὐῖππος ἐπιξύσειε κοινήν.
εἰ δὲ πολυπτοίητος Ἀρειμανέων πρόμος Ἴνδῶν
190 αἰθερίου Φαέθοντος ἀπόσπορός ἐστι γενέθλης,
καὶ Φαέθων πυρόεσσαν ἐμοὶ στήσειεν Ἐννώ,
θυγατέρος κερόεσσαν ἐῆς ὠδίνα γεραίρων,
γνωτὸν ἐμοῦ Κρονίδαο πάλιν Φαεθοντίδι χάρμη
πόντιον ὕδατόεντα πυρὸς σβεστήῃρα κορύσσω·
195 Θρινακίην δ' ἐπὶ νῆσον ἐλεύσομαι, ὀππόθι ποῖμαι
καὶ βόες αἰθερίοιο πυραυγέος Ἠνιοχῆος,
ἥελιου δὲ θύγατρα, δορικτήτην ἄτε κούρην,
Λαμπετίην ἀέκουσαν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δούλια σύρω,
ὄφρα γένυ κλίνειε· καὶ εἰς ὄρος Ἀστρίς ἀλάσθω,
200 μυρομένη βαρύδεσμον ὀπάονα Δηριαδῇα·
ἐλθέτω, ἦν ἐθέλῃ, μετανάστιος εἰς χθόνα Κελτῶν,
ὄφρα φυτὸν γεγαυῖα σὺν Ἡλιάδεσσι καὶ αὐτῇ
πυκνὰ φιλοθρήνοισιν ἐπικλαύσειε ῥέεθροις.
σπεύσατέ μοι καὶ κύκλα μελαρρίνοιο προσώπου
205 Ἴνδῶν ληιδίων λευκαίνετε μύστιδι γύψῳ,
καὶ θρασὺν ἀμπελόεντι περιπλεχθέντα κορύμβῳ...
νεβρίδα χαλκοχίτωνι καθάψατε Δηριαδῇ·
καὶ Βρομίῳ γένυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνων μετὰ νίκην
Ἴνδος ἄναξ ῥίψειεν ἐδὼν θώρηκα θυέλλαις,
210 κρείσσονι λαχνήεντι δέμας θώρηκι καλύπτων,
καὶ πόδα πορφυρέοισι περισφιγξείε κοθόρνοις
ἀργυρέας ἀνέμοισιν ἐὰς κνημῖδας ἐάσας,
καὶ μετὰ φοῖνια τόξα καὶ ἡθάδος ἔργα κυδοιμοῦ
ὄργια νυκτιχόρευτα διδασκέσθω Διονύσου,
215 βάρβαρα δινεύων ἐπιλήνια βόστρυχα χαίτης.

δυσμενέων δὲ κάρηνα κομίσσατε σύμβολα νίκης
 Τμῶλον ἔς ἡνεμόεντα, πεπαρμένα μάρτυρι θύρσῳ.
 πολλὰς δ' ἔκ πολέμοιο μεταστήσω στίχας Ἴνδῶν
 ζωγρήσας μετ' Ἄρηα, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ Λυδῶν
 220 πῆξω μαινομένοιο κεράατα Δηριαδῆος.
 ὥς φάμενος θάρσυνεν: ἔπερρώοντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
 Σειληνοὶ δ' ἀλάλαζον Ἀρηιφίλης μέλος Ἥχοϋς
 καὶ Σάτυροι κελάδησαν ὁμοφθόγγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν:
 καὶ τυπάνου κελάδοντος ὁμόθροος ἔβρεμεν ἡχώ
 225 φρικαλέον μῦκημα, φιλοκροτάλων δὲ γυναικῶν
 χερσὶν ἁμοιβαίησιν ἀράσσετο δίκτυπος ἡχώ:
 καὶ νομῇ Φρύγα ρυθμὸν ἀγέστρατος ἴαχε σύριγξ.
 καὶ στρατιῆς προκέλευθος ἐπιβρίθουσα κυδοιμῷ
 Μυγδονίη μάρμαιρε δι' ἥερος ἄλλομένη φλόξ,
 Βακχείην πυρόεσαν ἀπαγγέλλουσα λοχείην:
 Σειληνοῦ δὲ γέροντος ἀπ' εὐκεράοιο μετώπου
 235 μαρμαρυγὴ σελάγιζεν: ὀρεσσαῦλοιο δὲ Βάκχης
 δέσμιος ἀπλέκτοισι δράκων ἐσφίγγετο χαίταις:
 καὶ Σάτυροι πολέμιζον: ἔλευκαίνοντο δὲ γύψῳ
 μυστιπόλῳ, καὶ φρικτὸν ἐπῆώρητο παρειαῖς
 230 ψευδομένου νόθον εἶδος ἄφωνήτοιο προσώπου.
 καὶ τις ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισι μεμνηνότε τιγρὶν ἱμάσσων
 δίφρα διεπτοίησεν ὁμοζυγέων ἐλεφάντων:
 καὶ πολὺς κεκόρυστο Μάρων ἑλικώδεϊ θαλλῷ,
 240 ἡμερίδων ὄρπηκι διασχίζων δέμας Ἴνδῶν
 μαρναμένων. — καὶ πάντες, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
 Ζηνὶ παρεδριόνοντες ἔσω θεοδέγμονος αὐλῆς
 πασσυδὸν ἡγορόωντο πολυχρύσων ἐπὶ θώκων.
 τοῖσι δὲ δαινυμένοισιν ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσων
 245 εὐχαίτης γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἐωνοχόει Γανυμήδης.
 οὐ τότε γὰρ Τρώεσσιν Ἀχαικὸς ἔβρεμεν Ἄρης,
 ὥς πάρος ὄφρα κύπελλα πάλιν μακάρεσσι κεράσῃ
 ἥβη καλλιέθειρα, καὶ ἀθανάτων ἑκάς εἴη
 Τρώιος οἶνοχόος, μὴ πατρίδος οἶτον ἀκούσῃ.
 250 τοῖσι συναγρομένοις ἀγορήσατο μητίετα Ζεὺς,
 ἔννεπε δ' Ἀπόλλωνι καὶ Ἡφαιστῷ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ:
 'ἄξιονος ὁμφαίοιο θεηγόρε κοίρανε Πυθοῦς,
 τοξοσύνης σκηπτοῦχε, σελασφόρε, σύγγονε Βάκχου,
 μνώεο Παρνησοῖο καὶ ὑμετέρου Διονύσου:
 255 ἄμπελος οὐ σε λέληθεν ἐφήμερος: οἶσθα καὶ αὐτὴν
 ἀμφοτέρων σκοπέλων διδυμάονα μῦστιδα πεύκην:
 ἀλλὰ κασιγνήτοιο τεοῦ προμάχιζε Λυαίου,
 Βασσαρίδων ἐπίκουρος Ὀλύμπια τόξα τιταίνων:
 Παρνησοῦ δὲ γέραιρε τελὴν ξυνήονα πέτρην,

260 ὅππῳθι κωμάζουσα χοροῖτυπος ἴαχε Βάκχη,
σοὶ μέλος ἐντύνουσα καὶ ἀγρύπνῳ Διονύσῳ,
Δελφικὸν ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμόζυγον ἀψαμένη πῦρ.
μνώεο σῆς, κλυτότοξε, λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης:
δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροισι, καὶ Ἀγρέι καὶ Διονύσῳ:
265 ὥς Νόμιος Σατύρων νομίῳν προμάχιζε γενέθλης.
Ἥρης ζῆλον ἄλαλκε βαρύφρονα, μὴ ποτε Φοίβου
μητρυιὴ γελάσειε Διωνύσοιο φυγόντος,
ἢ τις ἐμῶν μεθέπουσα χόλον καὶ ζῆλον ἐρώτων
αἰὲν ἐμοῖς τεκέεσσι κορῦσσεται: οὐ σε διδάξω
270 μητέρος ὑμετέρης λόχιον πόνον, ἥνικα παίδων
δίζυγα φόρτον ἔχουσα πολὺπλανος ἦε Λητώ,
κέντροις παιδογόνοισιν ἱμασσομένη τοκετοῖο,
ὅππότε Πηνειοῖο φυγὰς ῥέος, ὅππότε Δίρκῃ
μητέρα σὴν ἀπέειπεν, ὅτε δρόμον εἶχε καὶ αὐτὸς
275 Ἀσωπὸς βαρύγουνος ὀπίστερον ἵχνος ἐλίσσων,
εἰσόκε Δῆλος ἄμυνε μογοστόκος, εἰσόκε Λητώ
οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισι γέρων μαιώσατο φοῖνιξ.
καὶ σύ, Διὸς πατέρος καὶ μητέρος ἄτρομε κούρη,
γνωτῷ, Παλλάς, ἄμυνε τεῆς κοσμήτορι πάτρης:
280 ῥύεο σοὺς ναετῆρος ἐφespoμένους Διονύσῳ,
μηδὲ τεοῦ Μαραθῶνος ὀλωλότα τέκνα νοήσης:
ἄκταις δὲ γέραιρε φερέπτολιν ὄζον ἐλαίης:
Ἰκαρίῳ δὲ γέροντι χαρίζεο: καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνῳ
δώσει ποικιλόβοτρυς ἐὴν Διόνυσος ὀπώρην:
285 μνώεο Τριπτολέμοιο καὶ εὐαρότου Κελεοῖο,
μὴ ταλάρους γονόεντας ἀτιμήσης Μετανείρης:
καὶ γὰρ ἀοσητηῆρος ἐρισταφύλου σέο Βάκχου
Ζεὺς γονόεις ὠδῖνα πατὴρ ἐγκύμονι μηρῷ,
θηλυτέρεν δ' ἐλόχευσε τεὴν ὠδῖνα καρήνῳ.
290 ἀλλὰ τεὴν δονέουσα γενέθλιον ἥλικα λόγχην,
αἰγίδα δ' αἰθύσσουσα κυβερνήτειραν Ἐννοῦς,
γινεὸ μοι Σατύροισι βοηθός, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
αἰγὸς ὄρεσσινόμου λασίους φορέουσι χιτῶνας:
καὶ θεὸς ἀγρονόμων, νομῆς σύριγγος ἀνάσσει,
295 αἰγίδος ὑμετέρης ἐπιδεῦεται αἰγίβοτος Πάν,
ὃς πρὶν ἀσυλήτοισιν ἐμοῖς σκήπτροις συνερίζων
μάρνατο Τιτήνεσσι, γαλακτοφόρου δὲ τιθήνης
αἰγὸς Ἀμαλθείης ὄρεσιδρομος ἔπλετο ποιμήν:
ῥυεὸ μιν μετόπισθε βοηθὸν Ἀτθίδι χάρμη,
300 Μηδοφόνον ῥυτῆρα τινασσομένου Μαραθῶνος:
αἰγίδα σεῖο τινασσε προασπίζουσα Λυαίου,
σεῖο κασιγνήτου μελαναἰγίδος, ὃς σέο πάτρην
ῥύσεται ἐξελάσας Βοιωτίον ἡγεμονῆα:

καὶ μέλος ἀείσει ζωάγριον ἀστὸς Ἑλευθοῦς
305 πιστὸν ἀνευάζων Ἀπατοῦριον υἱά Θυώνης,
εἰ μιγάδην Φρύγα ῥυθμὸν ἀνακρούσουσιν Ἀθῆναι
λιμναῖον μετὰ Βάκχον Ἑλευσινίῳ Διονύσῳ.
ὦ γένος ἄλλοπρόσαλλον Ὀλύμπιον· ἃ μέγα θαῦμα·
ξείνῳ Δηριαδῇ παρίσταται Ἀργολίς Ἥρη,
310 Κεκροπίδας δὲ φάλαγγας ἀναινεται Ἀτθίς Ἀθήνη,
μητρὶ δὲ πιστὰ φέρων, ἐμὸν υἱέα Βάκχον ἐάσας
καὶ στρατιὴν Θρήισαν ἐφespoμένην Διονύσῳ,
ῥύεται Ἴνδὸν ὄμιλον ἐμὸς Θρηϊκίος Ἄρης.
ἀλλὰ πυρὶ φλογόεντι συναιχμαζών Διονύσῳ,
315 μοῦνος ἐγὼ πάντεσσι κορύσσομαι, εἰσόκε Βάκχος
κυανέην προθέλυμνον αἰστώσειε γενέθλην.
καὶ σὺ, τελεσσιγόνου φιλοπάρθενε νυμφίε Γαίης,
ἡρεμέεις, Ἦφαιστε, καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγεις Μαραθῶνος,
ἧχι θεᾷς ἀγάμου γάμιον σέλας· οὐ σε διδάξω
320 μυστιπόλους σπινθῆρας ἀειφανέος σέο λύχνου.
λάρνακα παιδοκόμου μιμνήσκεο παρθενεῶνος,
ὦ ἔνι κοῦρος ἔην Γαίῃος, ὦ ἔνι κούρη
σὸν σπόρον αὐτοτέλεστον ἀνέτρεφεν ἄρσενι μαζῶ·
σὸν πέλεκυν κούφιζε μογοστόκον, ὄφρα σαώσης
325 σῶ λοχίῳ βουπλῆγι τεῆς ναετῆρας Ἀθήνης.
ἡρεμέεις, Ἦφαιστε, καὶ οὐ σέο τέκνα σαώσεις·
ἠθάδα πυρσὸν ἄειρε προασπιστῆρα Καβείρων,
ὄμμα δὲ σεῖο τίταινε, καὶ ἀρχαίην σέο νύμφην
μεμφομένην σκοπίαζε τεῆν φιλόπαιδα Καβειρώ·
330 Λημνιάς Ἀλκιμάχεια τεῆς ἐπιδεύεται ἀλκῆς·
ὥς φαμένου σπέρχοντο θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
ξυνοὶ ἀοοσητῆρες Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ πυρόεις Ἦφαιστος ὁμάρτεε Τριτογενεῖη.
ἀθανάτοισι δ' ἐτέροισιν ὁμίλεε σύνδρομος Ἥρη,
335 Ἄρεα χειρὸς ἔχουσα καὶ εὐρυρέεθρον Ὑδάσπην,
δυσμενέων συνάεθλον ὁμοζήλοιο κυδοιμοῦ,
τοῖσι Φόβος καὶ Δεῖμος ὁμέμποροι, ὅσι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀντίπαλος Βρομίοιο φερέσταχυς ἔκετο Δηῶ,
ζωογόνῳ φθονέουσα φιλοσταφύλῳ Διονύσῳ,
340 ὅττι μέθης ποτὸν εὖρε, παλαιότερον εὖχος ἐλέγξας
Ζαγρέος ἀρχεγόνοιο φατιζομένου Διονύσου.

εἰκοστὸν σκοπίαζε καὶ ὄγδοον, ὀππόθι πολλήν
 Κυκλώπων πυρόεσσαν ἔσαθρήσειας Ἐνυῶ.
 ἔνθ' αἱ ἀπρήνυτος ἔην ἕρις· ἀμφοτέροι γὰρ
 Φαῦνος Ἀρισταῖος τε μίαν συνέλασσαν Ἐνυῶ,
 οἷσιν ἐφωμάρτησε καὶ Αἰακός, ἄξια ῥέζων
 Ζηγὸς ἐοῦ γενετῆρος, ὑπὲρ νώτοιο τιταίων
 5 ἀσπίδα χαλκείην πολυδαίδαλον, ἥς ἐνὶ κύκλῳ
 δαίδαλα πολλὰ πέπαστο, τὰ περ κάμε Λήμνιος ἄκμων.
 καὶ στρατιὴ κεκόρυστο πολύτροπος εἰς μόθον Ἴνδῶν
 σπερχομένων ἀγγελδόν· ὁ μὲν ταμεσίχροϊ κισσῷ
 κραιπνὸς ἐς ὑσμίνην πολυδαίδαλα δίφρα νομεύων
 10 πορδαλίων ἐπέβαινεν, ὁ δὲ φρίσσοντι λεπάδνῳ
 ζεῦξεν Ἑρυθραίων ὀρεσιδρομον ἄρμα λεόντων
 καὶ βλοσυρὴν ἴθυνε συνωρίδα, κυανέας δὲ
 ἄλλος ἐριπτοίητος ἀκοντίζων στίχας Ἴνδῶν
 ἀστεμφῆς ἀχάλινον ἐτέρπετο ταῦρον ἱμάσσων,
 15 καὶ τις ἀναΐξας Κυβελίδος εἰς ῥάχιν ἄρκτου
 ἔχραε δυσμενέεσσι, καὶ οἶνοπα θύρσον ἐλίσσων
 ἡνιόχους ἐφόβησε τανυκνήμων ἐλεφάντων·
 ἄλλος ἀκοντίζων στρατιὴν ταμεσόχροϊ κτισσῷ
 οὐ ξίφος, οὐ σάκος εἶχε περίτροχον, οὐ δόρυ χάρμης
 20 φοίνιον, ἀλλὰ πέτηλα φυτῶν ἐλικῶδεα σείων
 λεπτῷ χαλκοχίτωνα κατέκτανεν ἄνερα θαλλῷ.
 καὶ πάταγος βρονταῖος ἐπέκτυπεν εἵκελος αὐλῷ·
 Σειληνοὶ δ' ἰάχησαν· ἐπεστρατώνοντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
 νεβρίδας ὡς θώρηκα κατὰ στέρνοιο βαλοῦσαι.
 25 καὶ τις ὀρεσσινόμων Σατύρων, ἄτε πῶλον ἐλαύνων,
 ποσσὶ διχαζομένοισιν ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν ἦστο λεαίνης.
 Ἴνδοι δ' ἀνταλάαζον, ἀολλίζων δὲ μαχητὰς
 βάρβαρος ἐσμαράγησεν ἀγέστρατος αὐλὸς Ἐννοῦς·
 στέμματα μὲν κορύθεσιν, ἐπέκτυπε δ' αἰγίδι θώρηξ,
 30 ἔγχεσι θύρσος ἔθυσσε, καὶ ἰσάζοντο κοθόρνοις
 ἀντίτυποι κνημίδες· ὁμοζυγέων δὲ φορῶν
 στοιχάδες ἀλλήλησιν ἐπηρείδοντο βοεΐαι,
 καὶ πρυλέες πρυλέεσσιν, ἀερσιλίφῳ δὲ καρήνῳ
 Μυγδοινήν πηλήκα Πελασφιάς ὥθεε πηλήξ.
 35 καὶ κλόνος ἦν προμάχων ἐτερότροπος· ὅς μὲν αἰίρων
 Βακχείης ἐλέλιζε μετάρσιον ἄλμα χορείης,
 ὅς δὲ πεσὼν στενάχιζεν, ὁ δ' ἐκροτάλιζε πεδίλῳ,
 ὅς δὲ τυπεῖς ἦσπαιρεν, ὁ δ' ἐσκίρτησε Λυαίῳ·
 ἄλλος ἀπὸ στομάτων πολεμήιον ἦχον ἰάλλων

40 Ἄρεος ἔγχος ἔμελλεν, ὃ δ' εἰλαπίνην Διονύσου·
καὶ τελετῇ Βρομίῳιο συνεσμαράγησεν Ἐνυῶ,
εὖϊα δ' ἴαχε ῥόπτρα, καὶ ἡγήτειρα κυδοιμοῦ
λαδὸν ἀολλίζουσα συνέκτυπε πηκτίδι σάλπιγξ,
σπονδῇ λύθρον ἔμιξε, φόνον δ' ἐκέρασσε χορεΐη.
45 ἔνθα πολὺ πρῶτιστος, ἐῷ ποδὶ κοῦφος ὀρούσας,
ἀντία Δηριάδαο κατηκόντιζε Φαληνεὺς,
καὶ τύχεν ἄρρηκτοιο σιδηρεῖοιο χιτῶνος·
οὐ δὲ τιτανομένη χροὸς ἦψατο λοιγίος αἰχμή,
ἀλλὰ παραΐξασα πάγη χθονί· λυσσαλέος δὲ
50 Δηριάδῃ πέλας ἐχθρὸν ἐπαΐσσοντα νοήσας
ἀλκήεις ἐκίχησε Κορύμβασος, ἐσσυμένου δὲ
λαϊμὸν ἀπηλοίησε μεσαίτατον ἄορι τύψας,
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἤμησε· δαΐζομένου δὲ καρήνου
αἱμοβαφῆς ἀκάρηνος ἐπὶ χθόνα πῦπτε Φαληνεὺς.
55 Ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ μόθος ὦρτο πολὺθροος· ἀκρότατον δὲ
Δεξιόχος Φλογίῳιο μεσόφρυον ἔξεσε χαλκῷ,
πλήξας ἄκρα μέτωπα διχαζομένης τρυφαλείης·
αὐτὰρ ὁ ταρβήσας, ὀλίγον γόνυ γουνὸς ἀμείβων,
μηκεδανῇ κεκάλυπτο κασιγνήτοιο βοεΐῃ,
Δαρδανίης ἄτε Τεῦκρον ὀιστευτῆρα γενέυλης
εἰς σάκος ἐπαβόειον ἐδέχνυτο σύγγονος Αἴας,
60 πατρῷῃ συνάεθλον ἀδελφεὸν ἀσπίδι κεῦθων.
αὐτίκα δ' ἐκ κολεοῖο Κορύμβασος ὄρ ἐρύσσας
αὐχένα Δεξιόχοιο κατεπρήνιξε μαχαίρῃ·
65 καὶ ταχὺς ἀσπαίροντι θορῶν περιδεδρομε νεκρῷ
οἰστρομανῆς Κλύτιος, πρυλέων πρόμος· ὑψιλόφῳ δὲ
κραιπνὸς ἐριπτοίητος ἀκόντισε Δηριαδῆος·
ἀλλὰ δόρυ προμάχοιο παρακλιδὸν ἔτραπεν Ἥρη,
καὶ Κλυτίῳ κοτέουσα καὶ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ·
70 ἔμπης δ' οὐκ ἀφάμαρτε ταχὺς πρόμος· ἀλλὰ τορήσας
θηρὸς ἀμαιμακέτοιο πελώριῳ ἀνθερεῶνα
ὀρθοπόδην ἐλέφαντα κατέκτανε Δηριαδῆος·
καὶ μογέων ὀδύνησιν ὅλην ἐτίναξεν ἀπήνην
αὐχένι κυανέῳ περιδέξιος ἡλίβατος θήρ·
75 καὶ γένυν αἰθύσσων σκολιὴν προβλήτα προσώπου
αἱμοβαφῇ ζυγίων ἀνεσεύρασε δεσθὰ λεπάδνων·
ἀλλὰ πολυκλήιστον ὑπὸ ζυγὸν ἄορι κάμψας
αὐχενίων ἀνέκοψεν ὁμόζυγον ὀλκὸν ἱμάντων
ἡνίοχος ταχυεργός· ἀπ' εὐρυβάτοιο δὲ φάτνης
80 ὑψιφανῇ νέον ἄλλον ἐλὼν ἔξευξε Κελαινεὺς.
καὶ Κλύτιος θρασὺς ἔσκεν ἀνεικέος ἐλπίδι νίκης·
Δεξιόχου δὲ φονῆα καλέσσατο θυιάδι φωνῇ,
λοιγίον ὕβριστῆρι χέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι·

‘στῆθι, κύων, μὴ φεῦγε, Κορύμβασε, καὶ σε διδάξω,
οἷοι ἀκοντιστῆρες ὁπάονές εἰσι Λυαίου.
ὕμέας εἰς Φρυγίην ληίσσομαι, ἄστεα δ’ Ἰνδῶν
85 δηῶσει δόρυ τοῦτο, καὶ Ἰνδοφόνον μετὰ νίκην
Δηριάδην θεράποντα Διωνύσοιο τελέσσω:
παρθενικὴ δ’ ἀνάεδνος ἔην λύσειε κορείην,
90 δεχνυμένη Σατύροιο δασυστέρνους ὕμεναιους,
Ἰνδῇ Μυγδονίῳ μαινομένη σχεδὸν Ἑρμου.’
ὥς φαμένου κεχόλωτο Κορύμβασος, ὄψιμόθου δὲ
φθεγγομένου Κλυτίοιο διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα:
καὶ κεφαλὴ πεπότητο μετάρσιος ἄλματι Μοίρης,
αἵμαλέη ῥαθάμιγγι περιρραίνουσα κονίην.
καὶ νέκυν ὀρχηστῆρα παλινδίνητον ἔασας
95 Σειληνοὺς ἐφόβησε Κορύμβασος, ἔξοχος Ἰνδῶν,
ἔξοχος ἠνορέην μετὰ Μορρέα καὶ βασιλῆα.
αἰχμητὴν δὲ Σέβητα βαλὼν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
100 χάλκεον ὥθειεν ἔγχος ἔσω χροός, αἵμαλέου δὲ
δούρατος ἐλκομένοιο χυτῇ κατέβαλλε κονίη.
Οἰνομάω δ’ ἐπόρουσεν: ὁ μὲν φυγὰς εἵκελος αὖραις
εἰς στρατιὴν Βρομίῳιο τεθηπότι χάζετο ταρσῶ:
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν ἐδίωκεν ὀπίστερος, ἐν δ’ ἄρα νῶτῳ
105 μεσσοπίῳ δόρυ τῆξε: διαίσσουσα δὲ ῥιπῇ
γαστέρος ἀντιπόροιο παρ’ ἀμφαλὸν ἀνθορεν αἰχμῇ:
αὐτὰρ ὁ φοινήμεντι πεπαρμένος ἀμφὶ σιδήρῳ
πρηνῆς ἀρτιδαίκτος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίη:
τὸν δὲ κατὰ βλεφάρων θανατηφόρος ἔσκεπεν ἀχλὺς.
110 οὐδὲ μόθων ἀπέληγε πέλωρ πρόμος: ἀλλὰ μαχηταὶ
τέσσαρες εὐπήληκες ἐνὶ κτείνοντο φονῇ,
Τυνδάρϊός τε Θῶων τε καὶ Αὐτεσίων καὶ Ὀνίτης.
καὶ πολὺς ἀρτιδαίκτος ἔην νέκυς, οὐ χθονὶ πίπτων
πρηνῆς, οὐ δατέδω τετανυσμένος ὕπτιος ἀνὴρ:
115 ἀλλὰ θανὼν ἀτίνακτος ἐπεστηρίζετο γαίῃ,
μαρναμένῳ προμάχῳ πανομοίῳ, ὥς δόρυ πάλλων,
ὥς τανύων θοὰ τόξα καὶ ὥς βέλος εἰς σκοπὸν ἔλκων.
καὶ νέκυς ἀλκῆεις ποθέων μετὰ πότμον Ἐνυὼ
νήματα Μοιράων ἐβίησατο, δούρατι κοῦφῳ
120 εἵκελος αἰχμάζοντι, πολυσπερέων ἀπὸ τόξων
ἐκ κεφαλῆς βελέεσσι πεπαρμένος εἰς πόδας ἄκρους,
Ἄρεος ὀρθὸν ἄγαλμα: καὶ αἰχμητῆρα θανόντα
ὄμμασι θαμβάλεοισιν ἐθήησαντο μαχηταί,
ἔγχος ἔτι κρατέοντα καὶ οὐ ῥίψαντα βοεῖην,
125 νεκρὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα καὶ ἄπνοον ἀσπιδιώτην.
καὶ τις Ἀθηναῖοιο τυχὼν δασπλῆτι σιδήρῳ
δεξιτερὴν ἤμησε, βραχίονος ἄκρον ἀράξας:

ἡ δὲ κυβιστήσασα φόνου βητάρμονι παλμῷ
ἤριπεν ἄρτιδάικτος, ὁμήλικι σύμπλοκος ὦμῳ,
130 ξανθὰ διαστίζουσα κατάρρυτα νῶτα κονίης.
καὶ νῦ κεν ἄλλομένης ταναὸν δόρυ χειρὸς ἐρύσσας
ἔγχει τηλεβόλῳ παλινάγρετον εἶχεν Ἐνυῶ,
καὶ λαιῇ πολέμιζε δορυσσόος ἀντίτυπος χεῖρ:
ἀλλὰ μιν ἀντικέλευθος ἀνάρσιος ἔφθασεν ἀνὴρ,
135 καὶ λαιὴν προθέλυμνον ἀμοιβάδι τύψε μαχαίρῃ:
καὶ παλάμη χθονὶ πῦπτεν, ἀκοντίζων δὲ φονῆα
αἱμαλέης ἔρραινεν ἐκηβόλος ὀλκὸς ἐέρσης
πορφυρέαις λιβάδεσσιν, ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δὲ δειλῇ
ἄλμασιν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπάλλετο μαινομένη χεῖρ
140 αἶματι φοινιχθεῖσα, καὶ ἀγκύλα δάκτυλα γαίῃ
εὐπαλάμῳ σφήκωσε μέσῳ γαμψώνυχι δεσμῷ,
οἷα περισφίγγουσα πάλιν τελαμῶνα βοείης.
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν Ἀρήια δάκρυα λείβων:
‘ἄλλην εἰσέτι χεῖρα λιλαίομαι, ὄφρα τελέσω
145 τριχθαδαίας παλάμησιν ἐπάξια Τριτογενείης:
ἔμπης καὶ μετὰ χεῖρας ἀνάρσιον ἄνδρα διώξω:
τοῦτό μοι ἡνωρέης ἔτι λείψανον, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ
εὖχος Ἀθηναίων περιδέξιοι, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοῖς
ποσσὶν ἀρίστεύουσι δαΐζομένων παλαμᾶων.’
150 ὥς εἰπὼν προμάχοισιν ἐπέδραμεν εἴκελος αὔραις,
ὕσμινην ἀσίδηρον ἐπεντύνων ὀλετῆρι.
οἱ δὲ μιν ἀθρήσαντες ἐθάμβεον ἄλλος ἐπ’ ἄλλῳ,
καὶ πρόμον ἡμιτέλεστον ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταὶ
ἀμφιλαφεῖς: ὁ δὲ μοῦνος ἀφειδέι δέκτο μαχαίρῃ
155 πληγῆν ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἀμοιβαίοιο σιδήρου:
καὶ μόγις εἰς χθόνα πῦπτεν: ἔην δὲ τις Ἄρεος εἰκὼν
ὀπιγόνῳ ναετῆρι φυλασσομένη γενετῆρα.
οὐ τότε μοῦνος ὁμιλος ἐτέμνετο πεζὸς ὁδίτης,
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἵππῃεσσιν ἔην φόνος: ἔστιχε δ’ ἄλλος
160 ἄλλῳ πότμον ἄγων: ἐλατῆρ δ’ ἐλατῆρα κιχήσας,
ἢ προτέρῳ φεύγοντι μετάφρενα δουρὶ δαΐζων,
ἢ σχεδὸν ἀντιόωντα κατὰ στέρνοιο τυχήσας,
ἵπποθεν ἄρτιδάικτον ἀπεστυφέλιξε κονίῃ.
καὶ τις ὑπὲρ λαπάρην βεβολημένος ἵππος ὀιστῷ
165 εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζεν ἀπόσσυντον ἠνιοχῆα,
οἷος ἀερσιπότητος ἀλήμονι σύνδρομος αὔρῃ
Πήγασος ὠκυπέτης ἀπεσεισατο Βελλεροφόντην:
ἄλλος ἐριπτοίητος ὀλισθηρῶν ἀπὸ νώτων
ὄρθιος ἵππεις διὰ γαστέρος εἰς χθόνα πίπτων
170 κύμβαχος ἐστήρικτο παρήορος, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
κρᾶτα βαλὼν ἐκύλισσε, λιπὼν πόδας εἰς ῥάχιν ἵππου.

καὶ βριαροὶ Κύκλωπες ἔκυκλώσαντο μαχητάς,
Ζηνὸς Ἀοσητήρες· ὁμιχλήεντι δὲ λαῷ
Ἀργίλιπος σελάγιζε φεραυγέα δαλὸν αἶρων.
175 καὶ χθονίῳ κεκόρυστο πυριγλώχινι κεραυνῷ
μαρνάμενος δαΐδεσσι· καὶ ἔτρεμον αἶθοπες Ἴνδοι
οὐρανίῳ πρηστῆρι τεθηπότες ἀντίτυπον πῦρ·
καὶ πυρόεις πρόμος ἦεν· ἐπ' ἀντιβίων δὲ καρήνοις
γηγενέος σπινθήρες ἔτοξεύοντο κεραυνοῦ·
180 καὶ μελίας νίκησε καὶ ἄσπετα φάσγανα Κύκλωψ,
σειῶν θερμὰ βέλεμνα καὶ αἰθαλόεσσαν ἄκωκὴν,
δαλὸν ἔχων ἅτε τόξα· καὶ ἄσπετον ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλω
Ἴνδὸν ὀιστευτῆρι κατέφλεγεν ἄνερα πυρσῷ,
οὐχ ἓνα Σαλμωνῆα, νόθῳ δ' ἤλεγξε κεραυνῷ·
185 οὐχ ἓνα μοῦνον ἔπεφνε θεημάχον· οὐ μία μούνου
Εὐάδην στενάχιζε μαραινομένου Καπανῆος.
καὶ Στερόπης κεκόρυστο σέλας μιμηλὸν ἐλίσσων,
αἰθερίαις στεροπῆσι φέρων ἀντίκτυπον αἴγλην,
σβεστόν ἔχων ἀμάρυγμα, τό περ τέκεν Ἑσπερίη φλόξ,
190 σπέρμα πυρὸς Σικελοῖο καὶ αἶθοπος ἔσχαρεῶνος·
καὶ νεφέλῃ σκέπας εἶχεν ὁμοῖον, ἐνδόμυχον δὲ
κρύπτε καὶ ἅψ ἀνέφηνε σέλας διδυμάωνι παλμῷ,
φέφφρος οὐρανίοιο φέρων τύπον· ἄστεροπὴ γὰρ
ἐρχομένη φεύγουσαν ἔχει παλινάγρετον αἴγλην.
195 καὶ Βρόντης πολέμιζε μέλος κελαδεῖνδὸν ἀράσσω,
βρονταίοις πατάγοισι χέων ἀντίτυπον ἡχώ·
καὶ ξεῖνῃ ῥαθάμιγγι χαμαιγενέος νιφετοῖο
ποιητὸν προχέων μινυώριον αἶθριον ὕδωρ
μιμηλαῖς λιβάδεσσι νόθος πέλεν ἀννέφελος Ζεὺς.
200 βροντῆς δ' ἰοστύπου τεχνήμονα δοῦπον ἐάσας
εἰς φόνον ἀντιβίων Σικελῷ κεκόρυστο σιδήρῳ,
καὶ δονέων ῥαιστέηρα μετάρσιον ὑπόθεν ὤμων
δυσμενέων ἦρασσε καρήατα πυκνὰ σιδήρῳ·
τύπτε δ' ἐπιστροφάδην ζοφεράς στίχας, οἷα περ αἰεὶ
205 Αἰτναίῳ πατάγῳ σφυρήλατον ἄκμονα τύπτων.
καὶ σκοπιῆς πρηῶνα τανυκρήπιδος ἀράξας
ἔγχει πετρήεντι κατέτρεχε Δηριαδῆος·
καὶ παλάμη περίμετρον ἀφειδεῖ πέτρον ἰάλλων
ἄντα κορυσσομένοιο μελαρρίνου βασιλῆος
210 στήθεα λαχνήεντα χαραδραίῃ βάλεν αἰχμῇ·
αὐτὰρ ὁ τοσσατίῳ μεθύων μυλοειδεῖ πέτρῳ
στέρνον ὅλον βεβάρητο· φόνον δ' ἤμυνεν Ὑδάσπης
παιδὸς ἐοῦ βληθέντος· ὁ δὲ θρασὺς, ἔλκεϊ κάμνων,
ἀκαμάτων δόρυ θοῦρον ἐὼν ἀπεσεῖσατο χειρῶν,
215 χάλκεον εἰκοσίπηχυ, πέδῳ δ' ἔρριψε βοεῖην

αἰδομέναις παλάμησι· καὶ ἄδρανές ἄσθμα τιταίνων,
μαρμαρῆν γλαχῖνι τετυμμένος ἄντυγα μαξοῦ,
ἤερόθεν προκάρηνος ἅπ' ἡλιβάτου πέσε δίφρου,
ὥς ἐλάτῃ περίμετρος ὑτέρλοφος — ἡ δὲ πεσοῦσα
220 ἄσπετον εὐρείης περιδέδρομε κόλπον ἄρουρης — .
ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν προχυθέντες ἐς ἄρματα κούφισαν Ἴνδοί,
δειδιότες Κύκλωπα δυσειδέα, μὴ τινι ῥίπτῃ
ὑψιτενῇ πάλιν ἄλλον ἐλὼν πρηῶνα κολώνης
πτηχάλῳ βασιλῆα κατακτείνειε βελέμνω,
225 μῆκος ἔχων ἰσόμετρον ἀερσιλόφου Πολυφήμου.
καὶ βλοσυροῦ προμάχοιο μέσῳ σελάνιζε μετώπῳ
μαρμαρυγῇ τροχόεσς μονογλήνοιο προσώπου·
καὶ βλοσυροῦ Κύκλωπος ὑποπτήσσοντες ὀπωπὴν
θαμβάλῳ δεδόνηντο φόβῳ κυανόχροες Ἴνδοί,
230 οὐρανόθεν δοκέοντες Ὀλυμπιάς ὅτι Σελήνῃ
γηγενέος Κύκλωπος ἐναντέλλουσα προσώπῳ
πλησιφαῆς ἦστραπτε, προασπίζουσα Λυαίου.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ, Κύκλωπος ἰδὼν μίμημα κυδοιμοῦ,
ὑψινεφῆς ἐγέλασεν, ὅτι χθονίων νεφελῶν
235 δεχνυμένη ξένον ὄμβρον ἀπειρήτου διὰ κόλπου
νίφετο μὲν τότε γαῖα, χυτὴν δ' οὐκ εἶχευ ἐέρσην
ἄβροχα νῶτα φέρων γυμνούμενα δίφιος ἀήρ.
καὶ Τπάρχιος κεκόρυστο· κασιγνήτῳ δ' ἅμα βαίνων,
ἡλιβάτῳ παλάμῃ δονέων σάκος ἴσον ἐρίπνῃ,
240 ὑψινεφῆς ἐλάτῃν περιμήκετον εἶχεν Ἐλατρεὺς,
ἔγχεϊ δενδρῆεντι καρῆατα δῆια τέμνων.
Εὐρύαλος κεκόρυστο· διατμήξας δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ἐκ πεδίου φεύγοντα πρλὺν στρατὸν ἄχρι θαλάσσης.
κόηπον ἐς ἰχθυόεντα περικλείων στίχας Ἴνδῶν,
245 δυσμενέας νίκησεν ἀκοντοφόρου διὰ πόντου,
ὄρθιον εἰκοσίπηχυ δι' ὕδατος ἄορ ἐλίσσων·
καὶ δολιχῷ βουπλῆγι ταμῶν ἀλιγείτονα πέτρην
ῥῖψεν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν· ἀτυμβεύτοιο δὲ πολλοὶ
διχθαδῆς ἐνόησαν ἀλιβρέκτου λῖνα Μοίρης,
250 Αρεῖ κυματόεντι καὶ ὀκρίδεντι βελέμνω.
τοῖς ἅμα σύγγονος ἄλλος ἀριοτεύων Ἀλιμήδης
ἡλιβάτοις μελέεσσι πέλωρ βακχεύετο Κύκλμψ,
καὶ δηίους ἐφόβησε· φυλασσόμενος δὲ προσώπου
360 κυκλάδος ὀμφαλόεντα προΐσχανε νῶτα βοείης.
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Φλόγιος κταμένων τιμήορος Ἴνδῶν
τόξον ἐὼν κύκλωσε, καὶ ἡνενόεν βέλος ἔλκων
μεσσοφνῇ πτερόεντι βαλεῖν ἤμελλε βελέμνω·
ἀλλὰ τιτυσκομένοιο μαθὼν ἀντῶπιον ὀρμὴν
265 δόχμιος ἐσσυμένοιο βολὴν ἀλέεινεν ὀιστοῦ

Κύκλωψ Ὑψικάρηνος· ὁ δὲ πρηνὺν τινάσσων
ῥῆπτε κατὰ Φλαγίου κραναὸν βέλος· αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων
ἄρμασι βουκεράοιο παρίστατο Δηριαδῆος,
καὶ μόγις ἠερόφορετον ἀλεύατο μάρμαρον αἰχμὴν,
270 κεῖθι μένων· κοτέων δὲ περὶ Φλουίοιο φυγόντος
λοιγεον ἀνθερεῶνα διαπτύξας Ἀλιμήδης
δώδεκα φῶτας ἔπεφνε μιῆς μυκήματι φωνῆς,
λυσσαλέης προχέων ὀλεσθήνορα βόμβον ἰωῆς.
Κυκλώπων δ' ἄλαλητὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν Ὀνήμπω
275 γλώσσαις σμερδαλέησι. καὶ ὄρχηστῆρες Ἐννοῦς,
Δικταῖοι Κορύβαντες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῷ.
Δαμνεὺς μὲν πολέμιζεν ἀνάρσια φῦλα δεώκων...
ἐν πεδίῳ δ' ἄλαλητός· ὀρινομένησι δὲ Βάκχαις
Πρυμνεὺς εὐδῖος ἦλθεν, ἅτε πρυμναῖος ἀήτης
ῥυόμενος πλωτῆρα συνιππεύοντα θυέλλαις·
καὶ στρατεῇ πολυευκτος ἐπήλυθεν, οἷος ἰκάνει
285 νηυσὶ τινασσομένησι γαληναῖος Πολυδεύκης,
εὐνήσας βαρὺ κῦμα θυελλοτόκοιο θαλάσσης.
ποσσὶ δ' ἔλαφροτέροισι διεπτοίησε μαχητὰς
Ὠκύθοος· πολέας δὲ κατέκτανεν ὅξει πότμῳ,
280 τὸν μὲν ἐνὶ σταδίῃ δαμάσας δορί, τὸν δὲ βελέμνω
τηλεφανῆς, ἕτερον δὲ ταμῶν δασπλῆτι μαχαίρῃ·
ἄλλον ἔτι προθέοντα, πεφυγμένον εἴκελον αὔραις,
λυσσῆεις ἐκίχησε ποδὴνεμα γούνατα πάλλων,
εἰς δρόμον Ἰσίκλῳ πανομοῖος, ὅς τις ἐπείγων
285 ταρσὰ ποδῶν ἀβάτοιο κατέγραφεν ἄκρα γαλήνης,
καὶ σταχύων ἐφύπερθε μετάρσιον εἶχε πορεῖην,
ἀνθερίκων πάτον ἄκρον ἀκαμπέα ποσσὶν ὀδεύων.
Ὠκύθοος πέλε τοῖος ἀελλόπος. ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
εἰλιπόδην ἔστησε Μίμας εὐρυθμου Ἐννώ,
290 καὶ στρατὸν ἐπτοίησε, χοροῖτυπον ἄορ ἐλίσσων,
σκερθμὸν ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ἐνόπλιον ἴδμονι ταρσῷ,
οἷον ὅτε Κρονίοισατ ὑπ' οὔασι δοῦπον ἐηείρων
Πύρριχος Ἰδαίοισι σάκος ξιφῆεσσιν ἀράσσων
ψευδομένης ἀλάλαζε μέλος μενεδήιον Ἥχοϋς,
295 Ζηνὸς ὑποκλέπτων παλινανξέος ἔγκρυφον ἦβην·
τοῖον ἔχων μιμηλὸν ἐνόπλιον ἄλμα χορεῖης
χαλκοχίτων ἐλέλιξε Μίμας ἀνεμώδεα λόγχην·
τέμνων δ' ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα, σιδήρεα λήια χάρμης,
Ἴνδοφόνους πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγι μαχαίρῃ
300 δυσμενέων ἐτίταινε θαλύσια μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ,
ἀντὶ θυηπολῆς βοῆς καὶ ἐθήμονος οἴνου
λοιβὴν αἵματοεσσαν ἐπισπένδων Διονύσῳ.
καὶ ποδὸς ἀσταθέος κυκλοῦμενος ἴδμονι ταρσῷ,

310 σύνδρομος Ὠκυθόω κορυθαιόλος ἦεν Ἄκμων·
μάρνατο δ' ἄστυφέλικτος ἄτε σφυρήλατος ἄκμων,
ἀσπίδα κουφίζων Κορυβαντίδα, τῆς ἐνὶ μέσσω
πολλάκις ὕπνον ἴαυεν ἐν οὖρεσι νημιάχος Ζεὺς·
καὶ Διὸς οἶκος ἔην ὀλίγον σπέος, ἐνθά ἔ κείνη
315 αἶξ ἱερὴ γλαγόμεντι νόθῳ μαιώσατο μαζῶ,
ξεῖνον ἀναβλύζουσα σοφὸν γάλαγος, εὖτε βοεῖη
κλεψιτόκοις πατάγοισι σακέσπαλον ἔβρεμεν Ἥχῳ,
τυπτομένη μέσα νῶτα κυβιστητῆρι σιδήρῳ.
ὦν χάριν ἀσκήσασα λίθον ψευδήμονα Ῥεῖη
ἀντιδοτον Κρονέδαο Κρόνου παρέθηκε τραπέζῃ.
Ὅξυφαῆς δ' Ἰδαῖος ἐδύσατο κῶμον Ἐννοῦς,
ὄρχηστήρ πολέμοιο πολύτροπον ἔχνος ἐλίσσων,
305 ἄσχετος Ἰνδοφόνοιο μόθου δεδονημένος οἴστρω.
καὶ ζοφερὴν στίχα πᾶσαν ἀνεπτοίησε Μελισσεὺς,
θάρσος ἔχῳ ἀδόνητον· ἐπωνυμίην δὲ φυλάσσω
φρικτὰ κορυσσομένης μιμήσατο κέντρα μελίσσης·
καὶ βαλίου Κουρῆτος ἀκοντιστῆρα τιταίνων
320 μάρμαρον ἀντιπόροιο Μελισσέος ἥμβροτε Μορρεὺς,
ἥμβροτεν· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε μύλῳ Κορύβαντας ὀλέσσαι.
Ξυνὴν δ' εἰς ἐν ἰόντες ὁμόζυγον εἶχον Ἐνυῶ
325 Ἄρεος ὄρχηστῆρες ἀτερπέος· ἀμφὶ δὲ δίφρῳ
Δηριάδην στεφανηδὸν ἐμιτρώσαντο βοείαις
τεύχεα πεπλήγοντες, ἐν εὐρύθμῳ δὲ κυδοιμῶ
πύργον ἐκυκλώσαντο φεπρεσσακέεσσι χορεΐαις.
ἡχὴ δ' ἠερόφοιτος ἀνέδραμεν εἰς Διὸς αὐλάς,
330 καὶ κτύπον ἀμφοτέρων ἐπεδείδιον εὐποδες Ὠραι.

εἰκοστῷ δ' ἐνάτῳ πολέμων ἀποχάζεται Ἄρης,
 οἷά περ εἰς γάμον ἄλλον ἐπειγόμενος Κυthereijs.
 Ἦρῃ δ' ὥς ἐνόησε δαΐζομένων στίχας Ἴνδῶν,
 δύαμαχου ἔμβαλε θάραος ἀγήνορι Δηριαδῇ.
 καὶ πλέον οἷστρον ἔρωτος ἐδέξατο δημοτῆτος
 5 φρικτὸς ἄναξ· προμάχοις δὲ χέων λυσσώδεα φωνήν
 λαὸν ὅλον φεύγοντα παλίσσυστον εἰς μόθον ἔλκων,
 ἄλλον ἐνηεῖη μετασεύμενος, ἄλλον ἀπειλῇ.
 καὶ θρασὺς ἔπλετο μάλλον· ὀμηγερέες δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
 κεκκομένον βασιλῆος ἐπὶ κλόνον ἔρρεον Ἴνδοι.
 10 καὶ Σατύρων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐκηβόλος ἔσχισε Μορρεὺς,
 πῇ μὲν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ὀπροθοτόνων ἀπὸ τόξων
 πέμπων ἡερόφοιτον ἐπασσυντέρων νέφος ἰών,
 πῇ δὲ παλινδίνητον ἐὸν δόρυ θοῦρον ἐλίσσων
 Σειληνῶν κερόεσσαν ἀνεπτοίησε γενέθλην.
 15 Εὐχαίτης δ' Ὑμέναιος ἐμάρνατο φάογανα σείων,
 Θεσσαλικῆς ἀκίχητος ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν ἤμενος ἵππου,
 Ἴνδους κυανέους ῥοδοειδέι χειρὶ δαΐζων·
 ἀγλαΐῃ δ' ἥστραπτεν· ἴδοις δέ μιν εἰς μέσον Ἴνδῶν
 Φωσφόρον αἰγλήεντα δυσσειδεῖ σὺνδρομον ὄρφυνη·
 20 καὶ δηῖους ἐφόβησεν, ἐπεὶ νῦ οἱ εἵνεκα μορφῆς
 μαρναμένῳ Διόνυσος ἐνέπνεεν ἔνθεον ἄλκην.
 τὸν μὲν ἰδὼν Ἰόβακχος ἀριστεύοντα κυδοιμῷ
 τέρπετο, καὶ συνάεθλον ἐῆς οὐκ ἤθελε χάρμης
 ἄστεροπὴν Κρονίωνος, ὅσον μελίην Ὑμεναίου.
 25 εἴ ποτε πῶλον ἔλαυνεν ἀπόσσυτον εἰς μόθον Ἴνδῶν,
 δαιδαλέων Διόνυσος ἐμάστιεν αὐχένα θηρῶν,
 ἵππῳ δ' ἄρμα πέλαζε παρ' ἡβητῆρι θαμίζων,
 κοῦρον ἔχων, ἅτε Φοῖβος Ἀτύμνιον· ἴστατο δ' αἰεὶ
 ἀγχιφανής, ἐρόεις δὲ καὶ ἄλκιμος εἶν ἐνὶ θεσμῷ
 30 ἡιθέῳ μενέαινε φανήμεναι· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 καὶ νεφέων ἔψαυε συναιχμάζων Ὑμεναίῳ.
 ἐν δὲ ἐμοῦνον ὄρινεν, ὅτι χθονίης ἀπὸ φύτλης
 υἱὸς ἔην Φλεγῦαο, καὶ οὐ Κρονίδαο τοκῆος.
 καὶ οἱ αἰεὶ παρέμιμνε, πατήρ ἅτε παῖδα φυλάσσων,
 35 δειμαίνων, ἵνα μὴ τις ἐκηβόλος ἰὸν ἰήλας
 κοῦρον οἰστεύσειεν· ἐπερχομένων δὲ βολάων
 δεξιτερὴν ἐτίταινε προασπίζων Ὑμεναίου.
 καὶ οἱ ἀριστεύοντι τόσῃν ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·
 'πέμπε βέλος, φίλε κοῦρε, καὶ οὐκέτι μαινεται Ἄρης:

40 κάλλει Βάκχον ἔβαλλες ὀιστευτῆρα Γιγάντων,
βάλλε τεοῖς βελέεσσι καὶ ἄφρονα Δηριαδῆα,
δυσμενέων βασιλῆα θεημάχον, ὄφρ᾽ αἱ τις εἴπῃ:
‘ἄμφοτέρων ἐτύχησε βαλὼν Ὑμέναιος ὀιστῶ,
εἰς χροά Δηριάδαο καὶ εἰς κραδίην Διονύσου.’
45 ὥς φαμένου Βρομίοιο πολὺ πλεόν ἦψατο χάρμης
ἱμερόεις Ὑμέναιος ἐκηβόλος, ὃ ἔπι χαίρων
οἰστρήεις Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο μάλλον Ἐνυὼ
καὶ ζοφερὴν προθέλυμνον ὄλην ἐφόβησε γενέθλην:
καὶ τις ἰδὼν Διόνυσον ἀφειδέι λαίλαπι χάρμης
50 Ἰνδῶν ἀκόρητον ὀιστευτῆρα καρήνων
τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε φιλοκτεάνῳ Μελανῆι:
‘τοξότα, πῆ σέο τόξα καὶ ἠνεμόεντες ὀιστοί;
ἡμέας ἀβροχίτωνες ὀιστεύουσι γυναῖκες.
ἀλλὰ βέλος προΐαλλε μινυνθαδίῳ Διονύσῳ:
55 μὴ σε παραπλάγξειεν Ὀλύμπιον οὖνομα φήμης:
μὴ τρομέοις ποτὲ Βάκχον, ὃς ἐκ χθονίοιο τοκῆος
ὠκύμορον λάχεν αἶμα, Διὸς δ’ ἐφεύσατο φύτλην.
δεῦρο βέλος προΐαλλε καί, εἰς σκοπὸν αἶ κε τυχήσης,
δέχνυσαι ἄσπετα δῶρα βαθυπλοῦτου βασιλῆος,
60 αἶ κεν ἴδῃ Διόνυσον, ἀγήνορα παῖδα Θυώνης,
πυρκαϊῆς ἐπιβάντα τεῶν δηθέντα βελέμνῳ:
ἐν δὲ βέλος λύσειεν ὅλον μόθον. ἄμφοτέροις δέ,
ὔδατι χεῖρας ἄειρε καὶ εὖχεο μητέρι Γαίῃ:
ῥέξειν δ’ ἄμφοτέροισι θυηπολίας μετὰ νίκην
65 ἀφεύστοις στομάτεσσιν ὑπόσχεο: καὶ παρὰ βωμῶ
ταυροφυῆς ἐχέτω κεραελκέα ταῦρον Ὑδάσπης,
γαῖα δὲ κυανὴ μελανόχροον ἄρνα δεχέσθω.’
ὥς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ὀιστοβόλον Μελανῆα,
ἄνδρα νοοπλανέων κτεάνων δεδονημένον οἷστρω:
70 αὐτὰρ ὁ σιγαλέος γυμνώσατο πῶμα φαρέτρης
ἰὼν ἐλὼν προβλήτα, καὶ εἴρυσεν ἠθάδα νευρὴν
τόξον ὀπισθοτόνῳ παλάμης κυκλούμενος ὀλκῶ,
ἀκρότατον δὲ σιδηρον ἐρεϊσάμενος περὶ τόξῳ
φοῖνια νεῦρα βόεια πελάσσατο γείτονι μαζῶ:
75 καὶ βέλος ἰθυκέλευθον ἀπεπλάγχθη Διονύσου
Ζηνὸς ἐρητύσαντος, ἐυστεφάνου δ’ Ὑμεναίου
αἰμοβαφῆς πτερόεντι χαράσσετο μηρὸς ὀιστῶ.
οὐ δὲ λάθην Διόνυσον ἀπήγορος ἰὸς ἀλήτης
ἱπτάμενος ῥοιζηδόν, ἀφειδέι σύνδρομος αὐρῇ:
80 ἀλλὰ διεσσυμένοιο βολὴν θήλυνεν ὀιστοῦ,
καὶ φονίην ἀλάωσεν ἐκηβολίην Μελανῆος:
καὶ Παφίη γλαγχίνας ἀπηκόντιζε βελέμνου,
σύγγονος ἱμείροντι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,

καὶ βέλος ἔτραπε τόσσον ἀπὸ χροός, ὥς ὅτε μήτηρ
85 παιδὸς ἔτι κνώσσοντος ἀλήμονα μυῖαν ἐλάσσει.
ἡρέμα φάρεος ἄκρον ἐπαιθύσσουσα προσώπῳ.
καὶ χροὸς ἄγριον ἔλκος ἐρευθομένου διὰ μηροῦ
ἀγχιφανῆς Ὑμέναιος ἐδείκνυε γείτονι Βάκχῳ,
δάκρυ χέων ἐρατεινὸν ὑπ' ὄφρυσιν, ὄφρα νοήσῃ
90 δεξιτερὴν ἐπίκουρον ἀλεξικάκου Διονύσου,
ἱητροῦ χατέων ζωαρκέος: αὐτὰρ ὁ λευκῆς
χειρὸς ἔχων Ὑμέναιον ἐῆς ἐπέβησεν ἀπῆνης,
καὶ μιν ἄγων ἀπάνευθε πολυφλοίσβοιο κυδοιμοῦ
νωθρὸν ἐπὶ σκιόεντι πέδῳ παρὰ γείτονι φηγῷ
95 θῆκε καρηβαρέοντα: καὶ ὥς Ὑάκινθον Ἀπόλλων
ἔστενεν ἀνδροφόνῳ βεβολημένον ὀξεί δίσκῳ,
μεμφόμενος Ζεφύρου ζηλήμονος ἄσθμα θυέλλης,
οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσος ἀνέσπασε πολλάκι χαίτην,
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ἐπικλαύσας Ὑμεναίῳ.
100 καὶ χροὸς ἐκτός ἐόντας ἰδὼν πώγωνας οἰστοῦ
ἀσπάσιον λάχε θάρσος: ἀφ' αἰμαλέοιο δὲ μηροῦ
λευκὸν ἐρευθομένου διδυμόχροον ἔλκος ἀφάσσω
φειδομέναις παλάμησιν ἀνείρυσεν ἄκρον οἰστοῦ.
δάκρυα δ' ἡβητῆρος ὄδυρομένοιο δοκεῦων
105 ἀμφοτέροις κεχόλωτο, καὶ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Μελανῆϊ:
καὶ γλυκεροὺς ἰδρῶτας ἀποσμήξας Ὑμεναίου
μεμφομένοις στομάτεσσιν ὑποκρυφίην χέε φωνήν:
ἄμπελον ἔκτανε ταῦρος, Ἄρης Ὑμέναιον ὀλέσσει.
αἶθε δὲ πάντας ἔπεφνεν, ὅσους ἐκόρυσσα μαχητάς,
110 καλλείφας ἓνα μοῦνον ἀνούτατον: ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
ποῖον ἄχος κλονέει με δαΐζομένοιο Καβείρου;
ὤτειλῃ Σατύρου πότε που, πότε Βάκχον ὀρίνη;
Σειληνὸς πεσέτω σταφυλικόμος: ἐσμὸς ἀλάσθω
Βασσαρίδων, καὶ μοῦνον ἀπήμονα παῖδα νοήσω.
115 ἰλήκοι κλυτότοξος Ἄρισταίοιο πεσόντος
ποῖον ἐμοὶ ποτε πένθος, εὐρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
κρείσσονα κικλήσκοντος ἐῆς ὠδῖνα μελίσσης;
οὐ τάχα μοι πέπρωτο φυγεῖν ποτε παιδὸς ἀνίνη,
ὅττι πάλιν τάχα τοῦτον ὀλωλότα παῖδα γοήσω.
120 τίς βαρὺς ἀμφοτέροις φθόνος ἔχραεν; εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
ἡρῃ δερκομένη ζηλήμονι Βάκχον ὀπωπῇ
καὶ νέον ἀμητῆρα μελαρρίνοιο γενέθλης,
ἠιθέω φθονέουσα καὶ ἱμείροντι Λυαίῳ
ὦπλισε θυῦρον Ἄρηα βαλεῖν Ὑμέναιον οἰστῷ,
125 Ἴνδῶν μεθέποντα νόθην ἄγνωστον ὀπωπῇ,
ὄφρα νόον δυσέρωτος ἀνιήσειε Λυαίου.
ἀλλὰ βέλος τανύων ἢ φοῖνια τόξα τιταίνω

ψευδαλέω Μελανῆι κορύσσομαι, ὄφρα τελέσω
ποινήν ἱμερόεντος ὀφειλομένην Ὑμεναίου.

130 αἶ κε θάνῃς, Ὑμέναιε, λιπῶν ἀτέλεστον Ἐνυῶ,
χάζομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ οὐκέτι θύρσον ἀείρω.
δυσμενέας ξύμπαντας ἐγὼ ζῶοντας ἔασω,
ἀμήσας ἓνα φῶτα, τεὸν Μελανῆα φονῆα.
οὐ κτάνε Δηριάδης σε, καὶ εἰ κοτέει Διονύσῳ.

135 ἰλήκοις, Κυθήρεια: μετὰ θρασὺν νύξα Μύρρης
μείλιχον ἄλλον Ἄδωνιν ἀμείλιχος ἦλασεν Ἄρης,
ἦλασε καὶ ῥοδέου χροὸς ἦψατο, καὶ διὰ μηροῦ
ἄρτι πάλιν κελάρυσεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ λύθρος Ἐρώτων:
ἀλλὰ τεῶ ποθέοντι χαρίζομένη Διονύσῳ

140 πέμπέ μοι ἐνθάδε Φοῖβον ἀδελφεόν, ἴδμονα τέχνης
λυσιπόνου, καὶ κοῦρον ἀκέσσειται. ἴσχεο, φωνή:
Φοῖβον ἔα κατ' Ὀλυμπον ἀκηδέα, μὴ μιν ὀρίνω
ἔλκεος ἱμερόεντος ἀναμνήσας Ὑακίνθου.

πέμπέ μοι, ἦν ἐθέλῃς, Παιήονα: κεῖνος ἰκέσθω:

145 ἄμμορός ἐστι πόθων, ἀλλότριός ἐστιν Ἐρώτων.
ὠτειλῆς τύπον ἄλλον ἐσέδρακον: ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ κενεῶνα τυπεῖς φοινίσσεται αἰχμῇ,
ἄορι δ' ἄλλος ἔχει παλάμης πόνον, ὃς δὲ βελέμνω
εἰς λαπάρην, ἕτερος δὲ δι' οὖατος: ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
150 λοιγίον ἔλκος ἔχοντι συνουτήθην Ὑμεναίῳ.'

εἶπε καὶ ἐπτοίητο παρακλιδὸν ὄμματι λοξῷ
ὠτειλὴν χαρίεντος ὀπιπεύων Ὑμεναίου.

μηρῷ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φιλεύιον ἄνθος ἐλίξας,
λευκὸν ἐρευθομένῳ διδυμόχροον ἔλκος ἀφάσσω,

155 κοῦρον ἀνεζώγρησεν ἐῷ παιήονι κισσῷ,
οἶνον ἀλεξητῆρα περιρραίνων Ὑμεναίῳ.

ὥς δ' ὅτ' ὀπὸς ταχυεργός, ἐπειγόμενος γάλα πῆξαι,

160 χιονέης κυκῶν ἀπαμείρεται ὑγρὸν ἔερσης,
ὄφρ' αὖ μιν ἐντύνειε πεπηγμένον αἰπόλος ἀνὴρ
κυκλώσας ταλάροιο τύπῳ, τροχοειδέϊ ταρσῶ:

ὥς ὃ γε φοίνιον ἔλκος ἀκέσσατο Φοιβάδι τέχνῃ:

καὶ νέος ἄρτεμέων παλινάγρετον εἶχεν Ἐνυῶ,
χειρὸς ἀκεσσιπόνιοιο Διωνύσοιο τυχήσας.

καὶ βέλος ἠερόφοιτον ἐκηβόλον εἰς σκοπὸν ἔλκων

165 τόξα πάλιν κύκλωσε, τιτυσκόμενος δὲ βελέμνω
ἀντιδοτον πόρεν ἔλκος ὀιστοβόλῳ Μελανῆι.

καὶ θρασὺς ἔσσυτο κῦρος: ἐφροπόμενος δὲ Λυαίῳ
αἰεὶ φῶτας ἔβαλλε καὶ οὐκέτι λείπετο Βάκχου.

ὥς δ' ὅτε τις σκίοεις τύπος ἀνέρος, ἄπνοος ἔρπων,

170 ἀγχιφανῆς ἀχάρακτος ὁμόδρομος ἀνδρὸς ὁδεύει,
καὶ οἱ ἀεὶ σπεύδοντι συνέσπεται, ἴσταμένου δὲ

ἴσταται, ἔζομένου δὲ παρέζεται, ἐν δὲ τραπέζῃ
μιμηλαῖς παλάμῃσι συνέμπορος εἰλαπινάζει·
ὥς ὃ γε κοῦρος ἔμιμνεν ὁμόδρομος οἶνοπι Βάκχῳ.

175 οὐδὲ μάχης Διόνυσος ἐλώφειν· ἀλλὰ τορήσας
μεσσοπαγῇ κούφιζε πεπαρμένον ἀνέρα θύρσῳ
ὄρθιον ὑψιπότητον, ἐν ἡερῇ δὲ κελεύθῳ
Ἴνδὸν ἐλαφρίζων ζηλήμονι δαίκνυνεν Ἥρῃ.
καὶ τελέων τρισσῆσιν ἐπωννυμῆσιν Ἐνυῶ
180 θεῖος Ἀρισταῖος, δεδαημένος Ἄρεος Ἀγρεὺς,
ὥς Νόμιος πολέμειζε καλαῦροπα χερσὶ τινάσσων,
νυμφίος Αὐτονόης ἑκατηβόλος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
τόξον ἔχων κλυτότοξον ἐδὼν μιμεῖτο τοκῆα,
θάρσος ἔχων ἔχων ὑπέροπλον ὀιστοβόλοιο τεκούσης,

185 Κυρήνης προτέρης Ὑψηίδος· αἰνομανῇ δὲ
δέσμιον ἐζώγρησεν ἀνάρσιον ἄτρομος Ἀγρεὺς
ἀγρεύσας ἄτε θῆρα· καὶ ἀντιβίων ὀλετῆρα
ἠθάδι χειρὶ τίταινε βαρὺν λίθον, οἷον ἐρείσας
πιαλέης ἔθλιψε χυτὰς ὠδῖνας ἐλαίης·

190 δυσμενέας δ' ἐφόβησεν ἀγήνορος ἠθάδι ρόμβῳ,
σειῶν χαλκὸν ἐκείνον, ὃν ἐν παλάμῃσι τινάσσων
φοιταλέης ἐφόβησε μεμνηνὸτα κέντρα μελίσσης.
Θρηκίης δὲ Σάμοιο πυρισθενέες πολιῆται
Λημνιάδος δύο παῖδες ἐβακχεύοντο Καβειροῦς·

195 Ἥφαιστου δὲ τοκῆος ἐρευθομένου πυρὸς ἀτμῶ
συγγενέας σπινθῆρας ἀνηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί.
τοῖσι μὲν ἐξ ἀδάμαντος ἔην ὄχος· ἀμφὶ δὲ πῶλοι
χαλκείῃ κροτέοντες ἀρασσομένην κόνιν ὀπλῇ
καρχαλέον χρεμετισμὸν ἀνήρυγον ἀνθερεῶνος,

200 οὗς γενέτης Ἥφαιστος ἀμιμήτῳ κάμε τέχνῃ
πυρσὸν ἀπειλητῆρα διαπνεύοντας ὀδόντων,
οἷα καὶ Αἰήτῃ, βριαοῶ σημαντορι Κόλχων,
χαλκοπόδων μόρφωσε συνωρίδα διζυγα ταύρων,
τεύχων χερμὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἔμπυρον ἰστοβοῆα.
Εὐρυμέδω μὲν ἔλαυνε, πυριβλήτῳ δὲ χαλινῶ
ἔμπυρον ἠνιόχευε σιδηροπόδων γένυν ἵππων·

205 χειρὶ δὲ Λήμνιον ἔγχος, ὃ περ κάμε πάτριος ἄκμων,
δεξιτερῇ κούφιζεν, ἐπ' εὐφύεσσι δὲ μηροῖς
φάσγανον ἠώρησε σελασφόρον· εἰ δὲ τις ἀνὴρ,
ἀκροτάτοις ὀνύχεσσι λίθον τινὰ βαιὸν αἰείρας
θηγαλέης ἤρασσε πυριδρομα νῶτα μαχαίρης,
210 αὐτόματοι σπινθῆρες ὀιστεύοντο σιδήρου.
Ἄηκων δ' αἰθαλόεντι συνήρμοσε χεῖρα βελέμνῳ,
πατπῶς Ἐκάτης θιασώδεα πυρσὸν ἐλίσσων.

215 καὶ σάλαρον σείοντες ἀερσιλόφου τρυσφαλείης

Δικταῖοι Κορύβαντες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῷ,
εἰς μόθον οἰσטרηθέντες· ἀμιλλητῆρι δὲ χαλκῷ
φάσγανα τυπτομένησιν ἐπέκτυπε γυμνὰ βοεῖαις
σκαρθμοῖς ἀντιτύποισι· φερεσσακέος δὲ χορείης
220 ῥυθμὸν ἐμιμήσαντο ποδῶν ἐλικώδεϊ παλμῷ,
Ἄρεϊ βακχευθέντες· ὄρεσσαύλων δὲ νομῶν
Ἰνδῶν δεδάικτο γονὴ Κουρήτι σιδήρῳ·
καὶ τις ἀνὴρ προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίη,
εἰσαίων μύκημα βαρυγδούποιο βοείης.
225 καὶ τις ἀερτάζουσα φιλάνθεμον ἔγχος Ἐννοῦς
Βασσαρὶς ἠκόντιζεν· ἀβακχεύτου δὲ γενέθλης
ἄρσενά πολλὰ κάρηνα δαΐζετο θήλει θύρσῳ.
καὶ λασίῃ παλάμῃ σκοπιὴν λοφόεσσαν ἀείρων
οὖρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ταμῶν ἐκορύσσετο Ληνεύς,
230 πέμπων ὀκριόεσσαν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἀκωκῇν.
Βάκχῃ δ' ἀμφαλάλαξε· καὶ ἀμπελόεντες οἰστοὶ
κισσοφόρων παλάμησιν ἐδινεύοντο γυναικῶν.
ἔνθα μέλος πλέξασα καὶ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ
Εὐπετάλῃ κεκόρυστο, φιλοσταφύλῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
235 κέντορα κισσὸν ἔπεμπεν ἀλοιητῆῖρα σιδήρου,
Ἰνδῶν δρυόεντι γονὴν ὀλέκουσα κορύμβῳ.
καὶ δῆϊον κλονέουσα νέφος ῥηφήνορι θύρσῳ
Τερψιχόρῃ φιλόβοτρυς ἐπεσκίρτησε κυδοιμῷ,
κὺμβαλα δινεύονσα βαρύβρομα δίζυγι χαλκῷ·
240 οὐτόσον Ἡρακλῆς Στυμφηλίδας ἦλασε βόμβῳ
χαλκὸν ἔχων βαρύδουπον, ὅσον στρατὸν ἦλασεν Ἰνδῶν
Τερψιχόρῃ κτυπέουσα χοροῦ πολεμήιον Ἠχώ.
καὶ Τρυγίῃ βαρύγουνος ἐλείπετο νόσφιν ὁμίλου
ὑστατίῃ καὶ ἔπηξε φόβῳ πόδας· οὐδέ τις αὐτῇ
245 Σειληνῶν παρέμιμνε· λίπον δὲ μιν αὐτόθι μούνην
ταρβαλέην, χατέουσαν ἀρηγόνος· ἀκροπότῃ δὲ
χεῖρας ὄρεξε Μάρωνι, Μάρων δ' ἀπέειπε γεραίην,
ὅττι χοροὺς ἀνέκοπτε φιλακρήτων Κορυβάντων
καὶ Σατύρων· αἰεὶ δὲ θεοῖς ἠρᾶτο δαμῆναι
250 γηραλέην ἀνόνητον ὑπ' ἔγχει Δηριαδῆος·
καὶ Καλύκη πολέμιζε παρισταμένη Διονύσῳ
οἰστρομανῆς. Τρομερῆς δὲ μέθης ἐλελίζετο παλμῷ
Οἰνῶνῃ προθέουσα· βαρυνομένη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
γούνατα μὲν μογέεσκε, φιλακρήτοιο δὲ νύμφης
255 οἶδαλέοι σμήριγγες ἐδινεύοντο καρήνου.
καὶ στόνος ἦν βαρύδουπος· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Ἄστράεις Σταφύλην, Καλύκην δ' ἐδίωκε Κελαινεύς.
Σειληνῶν δὲ φάλαγγα δορυσσόος ἦλασε Μορρεύς
θεινομένην βουπλήγι· μιῇ δ' ἐλατῆρος ὁμοκλήϊ

260 Ἀστράϊος δεδόνητο, Μάρων φύγεν, ὤκλασε Ληνεύς,
Σειληνοῦ τρία τέκνα δασύτριχος, ὅς διχα λέκτρων
ἄσπορος αὐτολόχευτος ἀνέδραμε μητρὸς ἀρούρης.
ἱμερτήν δὲ Δόρυκλος ἀνεπτοίησε Λυκάστην ...
τῇσι θεὸς χραίσμησε, νεουτήτων δὲ γυναικῶν
265 ἔλκεσι φάρμακα πάσθεν· Ἐνυαλίῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
τειρομένην ποδὸς ἄκρον ἀνάμπυκα ῥύσατο Γόργην,
κλήματος ἀμπελόεντι περισφίγξας πόδα δεσμῶ·
Εὐπετάλης δ' ἰχῶρα νεόσσυτον ἔσβεσεν οἴνω,
καὶ Σταφύλης χυτὸν αἶμα κατεπρήνυν ἀοιδῇ·
270 Μυρτοῦς δ' οὐταμένην παλάμην ἰήσατο μῦρτω,
καὶ Καλύβην ἐσάωσεν ἀνειρύσσας βέλος ὦμου,
ἔλκεϊ φοινῆεντι περιρραίνων πόμα ληνοῦ·
Νύσης δ' ἄλγος ἔπαυσε νεουτήτοιο προσώπου,
χρίσας ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παρηίδα λευκάδι γύψω·
275 ὄμμασι δ' ἀκλαύτοις ἐπεστενάχιζε Λυκάστη.
ἀλλ' ὅτε Βασσαρίδων ὀδύνας πρηγνάτο τέχνη
θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος, ἐμάρνατο μείζονι χάρμῃ.
καὶ τις ἀμερσινόοιο κατάσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης
Βασσαρίς Ἴνδον Ἄρηα μετέστιχε θυιάς Ἐνῶ,
280 ἀμφί, σέ, Λύδιε δαῖμον· ἀπὸ πλοκάμοιο δὲ Βάκχης
ἀφλεγέος σελάγιζε κατ' αὐχένος αὐτόματον πῦρ.
καὶ βριαρῶν προμάχων ἑτερόζυγον ἐσμὸν ἐγείρων
αὐλὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν ἀγέστρατον Ἄρεος Ἠχώ,
καὶ διδύμαις παλάμησι φιλοσμαράγων Κορυβάντων
285 ἄντυγες ἀμφιπλῆγος ἀνεκρούοντο βοεῖης,
κύμβαλα δ' ἐκροτάλιζε, μεταλλάξασα δὲ μολπὴν
Πανιάς ἡδυμέλεια μόθους ἐμελιζέτο σύριγξ·
ἀντιβίων δὲ δάλαγγες ἐπέβρεμον· ἀμφιλαφεῖς δὲ
ἡερόθεν πτερόεντες ἀνερροίζησαν ὀιστοί.
290 λίγξε βιός, βόμβησε λίθος, μυκήσατο σάλπιγξ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον Ἴξον, ὅπῃ πεφορημένος ὀλκῷ
λευκὸν ὕδωρ μεθύνοντι ῥόῳ φοίνιξεν Ὑδάσπης,
δὴ τότε Βάκχος ἄυσε βαρυσμαράγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
ὀππόσον ἐννεάχιλος ἐπέβρεμεν ἐσμὸς Ἐννοῦς
295 φρικτὸν ὁμολώσων στομάτων θρόον· ἀσταθές δὲ
ξανθὸν ἀλυσκάζοντες ἐπὶ ῥόον ὤκλασαν Ἴνδοί,
ἄλλοι δ' ἐν πεδίῳ· στρατιῇ δ' ἐμερίζετο Βάκχου,
δυσμενέας κτείνουσα καὶ ἐν δαπέδῳ καὶ Ὑδάσπῃ,
δίψῃ καρχαλέῃ κεκαφηότος, ὀππότε γαίης
300 ἥως μέσσον ἀνέσχε, καὶ ἔτρεμε θερμὸς ὁδίτης
αἴθοπος Ἡελίοιο μεσημβρίζουσιν ἱμάσθλῃν.
καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις προκαλιζέτο κοῖρανον Ἴνδῶν,
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων λυσσώδεϊ λαιμῷ·

‘τίς φόβος; εἰ ποταμοῖο φέρει γένος ὄρχαμος Ἰνδῶν,
305 οὐρανόθεν λάχον αἶμα· χειριότερος δὲ Λυαῖου
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, ὅσον Διὸς ἐστὶν Ὑδάσπης.
ἦν δ’ ἐθέλω, νεφέων σχεδὸν ἴσταμαι· ἦν δ’ ἐθέλησω,
ἴζεται ἰθυκέλευθον ἐμὸν βέλος ἄχρι Σελήνης.
εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονέεις μεθέπων κεραελκέα μορφήν,
310 εἰ δύνασαι, προμάχιζε βοοκραίρῳ Διονύσῳ.’
ὥς φαμένου βρυχηδὸν ἐμυκήσαντο μαχηταί·
ἄλλω δ’ ἄλλος ἔριζε συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ.
αἰγείοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐμάρνατο μειλίχιος Πάν,
ὄξυ δὲ τοξευτῆρος ὅλον κενεῶνα χαράξας
315 θηγαλέη Μελανῆος ἀνέσχισε γαστέρα χηλῇ,
ποινὴν ἔλκος ἔχοντος ἀπαιτιζών Ὑμεναίου,
ὄφρα πυρισφρήγιστον ἐλαφρίσσειεν ἀνίην
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ὄδυρομένου Διονύσου.
Λυσσήεις δ’ Ἰόβακχος ἐπέδραμε δημοτῆτι,
320 καὶ νεφέων ἔψαυσε καὶ ἥψατο χερσὶν Ὀλύμπου,
ἄλλοτε μηκύνων ταναὸν δέμας, αἰθέρι γείτων,
καὶ χθονὶ ταρσὸν ἔπηξε, καὶ ἡέρα τύψε καρήνῳ.
τοῖσι δὲ μαρναμένοισιν ἐπήλυθεν Ἑσπερος ἄστηρ,
λύων Ἰνδοφόνοιο θεμείλια δημοτῆτος.
325 Ἄρεϊ δ’ ὑπνῶντι παρίστατο νεύματι Ῥεῖης
φάσματα ποικίλλουσα δολοπλόκος ὄψις ὄνειρου,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα, νόθη σκιοειδέϊ μορφῇ·
‘Ἄρες, Ἄρες, σὺ μὲν εὔδε, δυσίμερε, μοῦνος ἱαύων
χαλκοχιτών· Παφίην δὲ τὸ δεύτερον ὑψόθι λέκτρων
330 ὑμετέρην Ἥφαιστος ἔχει προτέρην Ἀφροδίτην,
ἐκ δὲ δόμων ἐδίωκε Χάριν, ζηλήμονα νύμφην·
ἀρχαίην δὲ δάμαρτα παλίνδρομον εἰς γάμον ἔλκων
αὐτὸς Ἔρωσ τόξευεν ἀναινομένην Ἀφροδίτην,
Ἥφαιστῳ γενετῆρι φέρων χάριν. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
335 Ζῆνα μέγαν παρέπεισε πόθων ἀδίδακτος Ἀθήνη,
παρθενικὴ δολόμητις, ὅπως Ἥφαιστον ἀλύξῃ,
μνησαμένη νόθα λέκτρα πεδοτρεφέων Ὑμεναίων,
μὴ προτέρου μετὰ πότμον Ἐρεχθέος ἄρσενι μαζῶ
ἄλλον ἀεξήσειε νεώτερον υἱὸν ἀρούρης.
340 ἔγρεο, καὶ Θρήισαν ἰὼν ἐπὶ πέζαν ἐρίπνης
δέρκεο σὴν Κυθέρειαν ἐθήμονος ἔνδοθι Λήμνου,
δέρκεο, πῶς προπύλαια Πάφου καὶ ἐδέθλια Κύπρου
ἄνθεσιν ἐστεφάνωσεν ὁμόστολος ἐσμός Ἐρώτων,
Βυβλιάδων δ’ ἐπάκουε μελιζομένων Ἀφροδίτην
345 καὶ νεαρὴν φιλότητα παλιννόστων Ὑμεναίων.
Ἄρες, ἐνοσφίσθης σέο Κύπριδος· ἀνδροφόνον γὰρ
ὁ βραδὺς ὠκὺν Ἄρηα παρέδραμε. μέλπε καὶ αὐτὸς

Ἥφαιστῳ πυρόεντι συναπτομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
Σικελίης δ' ἐπίβηθι, παρισταμένους δὲ καμίνῳ
350 λίσσεό μοι Κύκλωπας· ἀριστοπόνου δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἴδμονες Ἥφαιστοιο, σοφῶν ζηλήμονες ἔργων,
σοὶ δόλον ἐντύνουσι, καὶ ἀρχαίῳ σέο δεσμῷ
ὀπλότερον τελέσουσιν ὁμοῖον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς
ἀμφοτέρους δολίησιν ἀλυκτοπέδησι πιέζων
355 δήσης φῶρα γάμοιο τεῶ ποινήτορι δεσμῷ,
εἰλιπόδην Ἥφαιστον ἐπισφίγξας Ἀφροδίτη·
καὶ σε θεοὶ ξύμπαντες ἐπαινήσουσιν Ὀλύμπου
δέσμιον ἀγρεῦσαντα τεῶν συλήτορα λέκτρων.
ἔγρεο, καὶ σὺ γένοιο δολοπλόκος· ἔγρεο, νύμφης
360 ἀρπαμένης ἀλέγιζε. τί σοι κακὰ Δηριαδῆος;
σιγῇ ἐφ' ἡμείων, Φαέθων μὴ μῦθον ἀκούσῃ.
ὥς φαμένη πεπότητο. καὶ αὐτίκα κῶμα τινάξας
πρῶιον ἀρτιχάρακτον ὀπιπεύων φάος Ἡοῦς
θερμὸς Ἄρης ἀνέπαλτο, Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ἐγείρας
365 ζεῦξαι φοίνιον ἄρμα ταχύδρομον· οἱ δὲ τοκῇ
σπερχομένῳ πείθοντο· καὶ ἀγκυλόδοντι χαλινῷ
Δεῖμος ἐριπτοίητος ἐπισφίγξας γένυν ἵππων
δέσμιον αὐχένα δοῦλον ἐπεσφήκωσε λεπάδνῳ,
ζεὺγλην δ' ἀμφὶς ἔδησεν· Ἄρης δ' ἐπεβήσατο δίφρου·
370 καὶ Φόβος ἠνιόχευεν ὄχον πατρῶον ἐλαύνων,
εἰς Πάφον ἐκ Λιβάνου πεφορημένος, ἐκ δὲ Κυθήρων
ἄστατον ἔτραπεν ἄρμα Κεραστίδος εἰς χθόνα Κύπρου·
πολλάκι, πολλάκι Λῆμνον ἐδέρκετο, καὶ πλέον ἄλλων
ζηλήμων σκοπίαζε πυρίπνοον ἐσχαρεῶνα,
375 Κύπριν ἀνιχνεύων τροχαλῷ ζηλήμονι ταρσῷ,
εἴ μιν ἐσαθρήσειε παρ' Ἥφαιστοιο καμίνοις,
ὥς πάρος, ἴσταμένην, καὶ ἐδεΐδιε, μὴ οἱ ὀπωπὴν
καπνὸς ἀμαλδύνειε μελαινομένης Ἀφροδίτης.
ἔδραμε καὶ μετὰ Λῆμνον ἐς οὐρανόν, ὄφρα σιδήρῳ
380 νυμφιδίην μακάρεσσιν ἀναστήσειεν Ἐννώ,
καὶ Διὶ καὶ Φαέθοντι καὶ Ἥφαιστῳ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ.

ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ μετὰ νέρτερον οἶκον ἀνάγκης
 Τέκταφον Εὐρυμέδων δεδαϊγμένον Ἴδι πέμπει.
 ὧς ὁ μὲν ἐπτάζωνον ἐς οὐρανὸν ἔδραμεν Ἄρης
 ζηλήμων, βαρύμηνις. ἐς ὕσμινην δὲ χορεῦων
 θαρσῆεις Διόνυσος ἐπέχραεν αἶθοπι λαῷ,
 πῆ μὲν ἐνὶ πρῶτοισι θορῶν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ,
 5 πῆ δὲ μέσος προμάχοισιν· ἀκοντιστῆρι δὲ θύρσῳ
 κυανέης ἤμησε θαλύσια δηιοτῆτος,
 δυσμενέος δὲ φάλαγγος ἐμαίνεταιο φῦλα δαΐζων·
 καὶ Σατύρους θάρσυνεν ἐς Ἄρεα Δηριαδῆος,
 ὧς ἶδε Βάκχος Ἄρηα λελοιπότα φύλοπιν Ἴνδῶν·
 10 ἄλλω δ' ἄλλος ἔριζε. κορυμβοφόρου δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
 δεξιτερὸν στόμα λάβρον ἐπιτρέψας Διονύσω
 λαῖον Ἀρισταῖος κέρας ἔτρεχε δηιοτῆτος.
 καὶ Βρομίου θεράποντος ὀπιπεύων ἔτι Μορρεῦς
 μαρναμένους πετάλοισι καὶ ἀνθεμόεντι βελέμνῳ
 15 ἄφρονι Δηριάδῃ πολυθαμβέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
 ‘Δηριάδη, τί τὸ θάμβος; ἐμοὶ πίπτουσι μαχηταί,
 βαλλόμενοι θύρσοισι καὶ οὐτιδανοῖσι πετήλοις,
 ὀπλοφόρους δ' ὀλέκουσιν ἀνάσπιδες· ἀκλινέες δὲ
 Βασσαρίδες, πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγι μαχαίρῃ
 20 τυπτόμεναι, μίμνουσιν ἀνούτατοι. εἰ θέμις εἶπεῖν,
 καὶ σύ, λιπών, σκηπτοῦχε, τήν χαλκήλατον αἰχμὴν
 οἶνοπα θύρσον ἄειρε μαιφόνον, ὅττι σιδήρου
 δυσμενέες πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι κορυμβοῖς.
 οὐ ποτε τοῖον ὅπωπα μόθου τύπον· οὐτιδανοὶ δὲ
 25 θύρσοι ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀρείονές εἰσιν ἀκόντων.
 δὸς καὶ ἐμοὶ κλονέειν χλοερὸν βέλος· ἡμέτεροι γὰρ
 ἀπτολέμου νάρθηκος ἐνικέθησαν ὀιστοί·
 δὸς μοι ξανθὰ πέδιλα φορήμεναι, ὅττι καὶ αὐταὶ
 ἀρραγέες κνημίδες ὑπεκλίνοντο κοθόρνοισι.
 30 τί πλεόν, εἰ χάλκειον ἔχω σάκος, εὔτε γυναῖκες
 μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσιν ἀτευχέες, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 κύμβαλα δινεῦουσι, καὶ ὀκλάζουσι μαχηταί,
 καὶ στεφάνοις τρυφάλεια καὶ εἵκαθε νεβρίδι θώρηξ;
 πολλάκι δ' ἀντικέλευθος ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου
 35 ὠισάμην ἄρρηκτον ἀνασχίσσαι κενεῶνα,
 πέμπων εὐσκοπα δοῦρα, καὶ ὥς ἔψανε Λυαίου,
 ὄξυβελῆς ἄγναμπτος ἐκάμπτετο χαλκὸς ἀκόντων.’
 ὧς φαμένου μείδησεν ἄναξ θρασὺς, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαμβρῷ
 ὄμματα λοξὰ τίταινε χόλου κήρυκι σιωπῇ·

40 καὶ οἱ ἀπειλήτειραν ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·
‘τί τρομέεις Διόνυσον ἀτευχέα, νήπιε Μορρεῦ;
ἡδὺς ὁ δειμαίνων Σατύρων παίζουσιν Ἐννώ.’
ὥς φάμενος θάρσυνεν ἀταρβεί γαμβρόν ἀπειλή.
καὶ Βρομίου προμάχοισι πέλωρ ἐκορύσσετο Μορρεὺς·
45 οὐτάσε δ’ Εὐρυμέδοντα, μέσον βουβῶνα χαράξας
ἔγχεϊ φοινήεντι· διαίσσουσα δὲ μηροῦ
παλέην τάμε σάρκα λιπόχροα θυιάς ἀκωκῇ·
γούναντι δ’ ὀκλάζοντι χαμαὶ πέσε. Χαλκοχίτων δὲ
Ἄλκων οὐκ ἀμέλησε κασιγνήτοιο πεσόντος,
50 ἀλλὰ βιαζομένῳ πρόμος ἦλυθεν ἔγχος ἀείρων
καὶ σάκος εὐδίνητον· ὅλον δ’ ἐκάλυπτε μαχητήν,
ἀσπίδι πυργώσας δέμας ἀνέρος, ἀντιβίοις δὲ
σειῶν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλινδίνητον ἀκωκὴν
γνωτῷ γνωτὸς ἄμυνε· καὶ οὐταμένῳ περιβαίνων,
55 οἷα περὶ σκύμοισι λέων, βρυχήσατο λαιμῷ,
χείλεϊ λυσσήεντι χέων Κορυβαντίδα φωνήν.
καὶ μιν ὀπιπεύων κυκλούμενον ἴδμονι ταρσῷ
60 γνωτοῦ κεκλιμένοιο προασπιστῆρα Καβεῖρου
ἰσοφυῆς Τυφῶνι πέλωρ βακχεύετο Μορρεὺς,
γνωτοῖς διχθαδίοις κεκορυθμένος, ὄφρα κε μήτηρ
δίζυγα δακρύσειεν ὀλωλότα τέκνα Καβεiriώ,
εἰς μίνα ἡριγένειαν ἐνὶ τμηθέντα σιδήρῳ.
καὶ νῦν κεν ἀμφοτέρους ἰσοελκεὶ δῶκεν ὀλέθρῳ,
ἀλλὰ διὰ στομάτων βεβημένον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
65 Λήμνιον Εὐρυμέδων γενέτην ἐκαλέσσατο φωνῇ.
‘ὦ πάτερ, ἐργοπόνοιο πυρίπνοε κοίρανε τέχνης,
δὸς μοι ὀφειλομένην προτέρεν χάριν, ὅπποτε μούνην
Σικελίην τρικάρηνον ἀλωιάς ἤρπασε Δηῶ,
δῶρα καλυπτομένης ὀπτήρια Περσεφονείης,
70 ἔσπερίους δ’ ἀνέκοψε τεοὺς φυσήτορας ἄσκούς
καὶ πλατὺν ἐσχαρεῶνα καὶ ἄρπαγα σεῖο πυράγρην·
ἀλλὰ μιν ἐπτοίησα προασπίζων γενετῆρος,
ἄκμονος ὑμετέροιο βοηθός· ἔξ ἐμέθεν δὲ
σῶ Σικελῷ σπινθῆρι μέλας θερμαίνεται ἀήρ.
75 ῥυεὸ μοι σέο παῖδα, τὸν ἄγριος οὐτάσε Μορρεὺς.’
εἶπε, καὶ οὐρανόθεν πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος ὀρυύσας
σύγγονον ἀμφελέλιζε πολυσχιδὲς ἀλλόμενον πῦρ,
δινεύων παλάμη πυρόεν βέλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρὴν
Μορρέος αὐτοέλικτος ἐλίσσετο πυρσὸς ἐχέφρων,
80 αὐχένι μιτρώσας πυριθαλπέος ὄρμῳ ἀνάγκης
εἰλυφόνων· πυρόεν δὲ μετὰ στέφος ἀνθρεῶνος
ταρσὸν ἐς ἐσχατόωντα θορῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
ἀμφὶ πόδα προμάχοιο πυρίπλοκον ἔπλεκε σειρήν,

σείων ἐν δαπέδῳ σταθερὸν σέλας ἄλματι πεζῷ·
85 θερμάνθη δὲ κάρηνον ἀναπτομένης τρυφαλείης.
καὶ νῦ κεν ἐπρήνικτο τυπεὶς φλογόεντι βελέμνῳ,
εἰ μὴ Δηριάδαο πατὴρ ἤμυνεν Ὑδάσπη·
ἦστο γὰρ ὑσμίνην δεδοκημένος ὑπόθι πέτρης,
ταυροφοῆς νόθον εἶδος ἔχων βροτοειδὲ μορφῇ·
90 ὅς μιν ἀνεζώγρησε χέων ἀντίπνοον ὕδωρ,
ψύχων θερμὸν ἄημα πυριβλήτοιο προσώπου,
λύματα τεφρήεντα διασμήχων τρυφαλείης·
Μορρέα δ' ἀρπάξας ζοφερῇ χλαίνωσεν ὁμίχλῃ,
πορφυρὴν νεφέλῃ κεκαλυμμένα γυῖα καλύψας,
95 μὴ μιν ἀποκτείνειε σελασφόρος ἀμφιγυήεις,
Λήμνιον αἰθύσσω θανατηφόρον ἀπτόμενον πῦρ,
μὴ προτέρου φθιμένοιο γέρων φιλότεκνος Ὑδάσπης
γαμβρὸν ἴδῃ πάλιν ἄλλον ὀλωλότα Δηριαδῆος,
μηδὲ μόρον Μορρήος ἅμα κλαύσειεν Ὀρόντη·
100 Πυρσοφόρος δ' Ἥφαιστος ὅλους ἐδίωκε μαχητὰς
ἱσταμένοθς περὶ παῖδα νεούτατον, ὑπόθι δ' ὦμου
υἷὸν ἐλαφρίζων ἐπερείσατο γείτονι φηγῷ,
νόσφιν ἀπὸ φλοίσβοιο, καὶ ἐζώγρησε πεσόντα,
οὐταμένῳ βουβῶνι φερέσβια φάρμακα πάσσω.
105 οὐδὲ μόθου προτέροιο λελασμένος ἔπλετο Μορρεὺς·
ἀλλὰ πάλιν κεκόρυστο φυγῶν πυρόεσσαν ἔνυν
καὶ πρόμον ἀστράπτοντα καὶ αἰθαλόεσσαν ἀκωκὴν·
καὶ Φλόγιον Στροφίοιο πολύστροφον υἷα καχῆσας
ἔκτανεν, ὀρχηστῆρα φιλοσκάρθμου Διονύσου,
110 ὅς τις ἀδακρύτοιο παρ' εἰλαπίνῃσι Λυαίου
ἀνταιτύπων ἐλέλιζε πολύτροπα δάκτυλα χειρῶν,
καὶ θάνατον Φαέθοντος ἐχέφρονι χειρὶ τινάσσω
δαιτυμόνας ποίησεν ἀήθεα δάκρυα λείβειν,
ψευδαλέου Φαέθοντος ἐπικλαίοντας ὀλέθρῳ·
115 καὶ νέον αἰθαλόεντα καὶ αὐτοκύλιστον ὑφαίνων
λευγαλέον πόρε πένθος ἀπενθήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
τοῦτον ἰδὼν σκαίροντα δορυσσόος ἔννεπε Μορρεὺς·
‘ἄλλοιός χορὸς οὗτος, ὃν ἔπλεκες ἄγχι τραπέζης·
ὀρχηθμὸν γελώοντα παρὰ κρητῆρι τιταίνων
120 ὀρχηθμὸν στονόεντα πόθεν μετὰ δῆριν ὑφαίνεις;
εἰ δὲ καὶ οἷστρος ἔχει σε χοροστασίης Διονύσου,
Ἄιδι μυστιπόλεψε, καὶ οὐ γύψοιο χατίζεις
αὐτοβαφῇ μεθέπων κεκονιμένα κύκλα προσώπου·
ἦν ἐθέλης δέ, χόρευε φιλοθρήνῳ παρὰ Λήθῃ,
125 Περσεφόνῃ δ' ἀγέλαστος ἀγαλλέσθω σέο μολπῇ.’
ἔννεπε κυδιόων, καὶ ἐπέδραμεν ἴσος ἀέλλῃ,
Σειληνοὺς δ' ἐφόβησεν. ἀμαιμακέτῳ δὲ μαχαίρῃ

Τέκταφος ὠμάρτησε σακέσπαλος, ὃν ποτε δήσας
Δηριάδης ἔκρυπεν ἔσω γλαφυροῖο βερέθρου.

130 οὐδὲ φυγεῖν μόρον εὔρε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐν γὰρ ἀνάγκῃ
τίς δύναται ποτε πότμον ἀπ' ἀνέρος ἐχθρὸν ἐρύκειν,
νηλὴς πανδαμάτειρα θανεῖν ὅτε Μοῖρα κελεύει;
οὐ γὰρ Τέκταφον εὔρε δόλος θνήσκοντα σαῶσαι,
ὃς τότε λυσσῶων στρατιῇν ἐδίωξε Λυαίου,

135 εὐκεράων Σατύρων φιλοπαίγμονα γυῖα δαΐζων·
ἐγρεμόθου δ' ἤμησε Πυλαιέος ἀνθερεῶνα,
Ὀνθυρίου δὲ μέτωπον ἀφειδὲι τύψε μαχαίρῃ,
καὶ Πίθον εὐρύστερνον ἀπηλοίησε διδήρῳ.
καὶ νῦ κεν ἄλλον ὅμιλον ἐπασσυντέρων κτάνε Βάκχων,

140 ἀλλὰ μιν Εὐρυμέδων ταχὺς ἔδρακε, καὶ οἱ ὑπέσθη
διστομον ἀντιβίην Κορυβαντίδα χειρὶ τινάσσων·
ἔθλασε δ' ἄκρα μέτωπα· διχαζομένου δὲ καρήνου
ὄρθιος αἰμαλέης ἀνεκῆκίεν αὐλὸς ἐέρσης·
καὶ πρόμος εἰς χθόνα πῖπτε, περιρραίνων δὲ κονίην
145 ἡμιθανὴς κεκύλιστο, πεδοσκαφέος δὲ μελάθρου
ἀρχαίην κακότητα καὶ ὀπλοτέρης λῖνα Μοίρης
ἔστενε, καὶ δολίου μεμνημένος εἰσέτι φίλτρου
παιδὸς ἀλεξικάκου κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ,
τοῦ δὲ κινυρομένοιο κατέρρεε δάκρυα λύθρῳ:

150 'μῆντερ ἐμὴ καὶ μαῖα, δολοπλόκε δύσγαμε κούρη,
τίπτέ μοι οὐ σχεδὸν ἦλθες, ὅτ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθον ὀλέθρου;
νῦν πόθεν οὐ χραίσμησας ἐμοὶ πάλιν, ἄτρομε κούρη;
πῇ σέο φίλτρον ἔβη φυσίζοον; ἦ ῥα φυλάσσεις
πιστὰ τεῶ ζῶοντι καὶ οὐ θνήσκοντι τοκῇ;

155 εἰ δόλος ἐξ Αἰδαο δυνήσεται ἄνδρα κομίζειν,
δίξεό μοι δόλον ἄλλον ἀρείονα, δίξεο βουλὴν
κερδαλέην θανάτοιο, μετὰ χθονίους κενεῶνας
ὄφρα πύλας Αἰδαο καὶ ἐν πολέμοισιν ἀλύξω,
εἰ πέλε νόστιμος οἶμος ἀνοστήτοιο βερέθρου.'

160 τοῖον ἔπος μόγις εἶπε, καὶ οὐκέτι πείθετο φωνή.
καὶ γενέτην ὀρώωσα νεούτατον ὑψόθι πύργου
οἰκτρὴ ποικιλόδακρυς ἀνέβλυε πενθάδα φωνήν
ἡερίη· σκολιὴν δὲ κόμην ἥσχυνε κονίη,
στήθεα γυμνώσασα δαΐζομένοιο χιτῶνος,

165 καὶ κεφαλὴν ἥρασσεν· ἀνηκέστῳ δὲ τοκῇ,
οἷα περ εἰσαΐοντι, τόσην ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν:

'υἱὲ πάτερ βαρὺποτμε γαλακτοφόρου σέο κούρης,
σήμερον ἀπνεύστοις ἐπὶ χεῖλεσι σεῖο θανόντος
ποῖον ἔχω γλάγος ἄλλο φερέσβιον, ᾧ ἐπι δειλῇ
170 ψυχὴν ὑμετέρην παλινάγρετον εἰς σὲ κομίσω;
ποῖον ἐγὼ πάλιν ἄλλον ἀρηγόνα μαζὸν ὀρέξω;

αἶθε καὶ Αἰδονῆα δυνήσομαι ἡπεροπεύειν.
 σοί, πάτερ, ἔν γέρας ἄλλο φυλάσσεται· οὐ γὰρ ἑάσω
 μοῦνον ἐνὶ φθιμένοις σε· σὺ δὲ κταμένης σέο κούρης
 175 δέξο καὶ αὐχένος αἶμα μετὰ προτέρου γάλα μαζοῦ.
 ἔλθετε, Δηριάδαο φυλάκτορες, ἀντὶ δὲ κείνου
 δεῖξατέ μοι μυχὸν ἄλλον ἔσω χθονός, ἧχι μολοῦσα
 νεκρὸν ἐμὸν γενετῆρα πάλιν ζῶοντα τελέσσω·
 οὐκ Αἰδης φυλάκεσιν ὁμοίος, ὄφρα τελέσσω
 180 λυσίπονον δόλον ἄλλον ἀοσσητῆρα τοκῆος.
 ἦθελον ἄορ ἐκεῖνο μαιφόνον, ὄφρα δαμείην
 πατροφόνῳ βαρύθυμος ὀλισθήσασα σιδήρῳ.
 οὗτος, ὃς ἡμετέρου κεφαλὴν ἔτμηξε τοκῆος,
 κτεῖνε καὶ Ἡερίην μετὰ Τέκταφον, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ·
 185 ‘καὶ γενέτην καὶ παῖδα μιῇ πρήνιξε μαχαίρῃ.’
 Ἔννεπε δακρυχέουσα· πόνος δ’ ἠέξετο μείζων.
 καὶ διδύμαις στρατιῇσιν ἐπερρίπιζεν Ἐννῷ ...
 Ταυναρίδην δ’ ἔκτεινε Δασύλλιον ἄορι Μορρεῦς,
 μὴ ποτε δυσμενέεσσιν ἀπορρίψαντα βοεῖην,
 190 ἀντιβίοις ἀτίνακτον Ἀμυκλαῖον πολιήτην,
 γναθμοῦ δεξιτεροῖο παρ’ ὀστέον ἔγχος ἐρείσας.
 ἔκτανε δ’ Ἀλκιμάχειαν ὀρίδρομον, εἴν ἐνὶ θεσμῷ
 ἡγορέην καὶ κάλλος ὑπέρτερον ἡλικος ἧβης,
 κούρην Ἀρπαλίωνος ἐρίσταφύλοιο τοκῆος,
 195 ἣ πέλε τολμήεσσα καὶ εἰς δόμον ἦλυθεν Ἥρης
 κισσὸν ἀερτάζουσα, τὸν Ἀργολὶς ἔστυγε δαίμων,
 ὅσσον ἐρευθιόωσαν ἐθήμονα φίλατο ροιήν·
 καὶ βρέτας εὐποίητον ἐμάστιεν οἴνοπι θύρσῳ,
 χάλκεον ἀμπελόεντι δέμας πλήσσοις κορύμβῳ,
 200 μητρυιὴν βαρὺμηνιν ἀτιμάζουσα Λυαίου.
 οὐδὲ χόλον δασπλήτα καθαψαμένης φύγεν Ἥρης
 Λημνιάς Ἀλκιμάχεια θεημάχος· ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ γαίῃ
 ὀθνεῖη κτερέιστο, μετὰ πολεμους δὲ τοκῆα
 οὐκ ἶδεν Ἀρπαλίωνα τὸ δεῦτερον, οὐκ ἶδε πάτρην,
 205 Λῆμνον Ἰησονίης νυμφήιον Ὑψιτυλείης·
 ἀλλὰ παρὰ ξείνοισι χυτῇ κεκάλυπτο κονίῃ,
 πότμον ἀμειβομένη τιμήορον. ἅ μέγα δειλῇ,
 ἡμβροτεν Ἀρπαλίωνος, ἐνοσφίσθη δὲ Λυαίου.
 οὐδὲ δαΐζομένης ζαμενῆς ἐκορέσσατο Μορρεῦς
 210 μαινάδος Ἀλκιμάχης θεοπαίγμονος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
 Ἥλιδα ναιετάουσαν Ὀλύμπιον οὐδας ἀρούρης
 Ἀλφειοῦ παρὰ χεῦμα φιλοστεφάνου ποταμοῖο
 ἔκτανε Κωδώνην ἔτι παρθένον. Ἰλάτε, Μοῖραι,
 οὐ πλοκάμους ἐλέαιρε μαραινομένοιο καρήνου,
 215 οὐ ῥοδέην ἀκτῖνα κονιομένοιο προσώπου·

οὐδὲ περὶ στέρνοισιν ἴσον τροχοειδέι μῆλῳ
μαζὸν ἰδὼν ἐλέαιρεν, ἀκαμπέα κέντορα μίτρης,
οὐδὲ βαθυνομένοιο τομὴν ἠδέσσατο μηροῦ,
ἀλλὰ τόσον κτάνε κάλλος ἁώριον: οὐταμένη δὲ
220 ἢ μὲν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πῖπτεν: ἀπειρεσίας δὲ διώκων
μαινάδας εὐπέπλους κορυθαίολος ἔκτανε Μορρεῦς,
Εὐρυπύλῃν Στερόπῃν τε Σόην τ' ἤμησε μαχαίρῃ,
καὶ Σταφύλῃν ἐδάϊξεν, ἔρευθαλέην τε Γιγαρτῶ
οὕτασε, καὶ ῥοδόεντος ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο τορήσας
225 στέρνα Μελικταίνης φονίῳ πόρφυρε σιδήρῳ.
καὶ φθονεροὶ Τελχῖνες ἐπεστρατώνοντο κυδοιμῷ,
ὃς μὲν ἔχων ἐλάτην περιμήκετον, ὃς δὲ κρανεῖου
θάμνον ὄλον πρόρριζον, ὃ δὲ πρηγῶνος ἀράξας
ἄκρον ἀπηλοίησε, καὶ εἰς μόθον ἦεν Ἴνδῶν
230 λᾶαν ἀκοντιστῆρα μεμνηνότε πῆχεϊ σείων.
Ἥρῃ δ' ἄλλοπρόσαλλος ἐπιβρίθουσα Λυαίῳ
δῶκε μένος καὶ θάρσος ἀγήνορι Δηριαδῇ,
καὶ οἱ ἀριστεύοντι σελασφόρον ὥπασεν αἴγλῃν
εἰς φόβον ἀντιβίοισι: κορυσσομένου δὲ φορῆος
235 ἀσπίδος Ἰνδῶν ἀμαρύσσετο φοίνιος αἴγλη,
καὶ κυνέης σελάγιζεν ὑπὲρ λόφον ἄλλομένη φλόξ.
καὶ θρασὺς ἔτρεμε Βάκχος, ὅπως ἴδε Δηριαδῆος
ὀμφαλὸν ἀστράπτοντα πυριβλήτοιο βοείης
καὶ σέλας ἡερόφοιτον ἀναπτομένης τρυφαλείης:
240 τὸν μὲν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἐθάμβεεν, οὐδὲ οἱ ἔτλη
ἀντιάσαι, νοέων δὲ κορυσσομένης δόλον Ἥρης
ποσσὶν ἀναινομένοισιν ἐχάζετο δηιοτῆτος.
καὶ τότε θαρσήεντες ἐπὶ κλόνον ἦιον Ἴνδοι,
ὕσμινῃν Βρομίῳιο λελοιπότες: εἰσορόων δὲ
245 Δηριάδης ἐδάϊξεν ἐπασσυτέρων στίχα Βάκχων
ἐγχείην ἐκάτερθε παλινδίνητον ἐλίσσων.
ἀσχαλῶν δ' Ἰόβακχος ἀνήιεν εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
καὶ κλονέειν ἀνέμοισιν ἐπέτρεπεν ἐλπίδα χάρμης,
μητρυιῆς τρομέων χόλον ἄγριον. ἦλθε δ' Ἀθήνη
250 οὐρανόθεν: πρὸ γὰρ ἦκε διάκτορον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς,
γνωτὸν ὅπως φεύγοντα, φόβῳ πεφοβημένον Ἥρης,
εἰς ἐνοπὴν ἐρύσειε μεταστρέψαντα μενοινήν:
στῇ δ' ὅπιθεν ξανθῆς δὲ κόμης ἐδράξατο Βάκχου,
μούνῳ φαινομένη βλοσυρῇ θεός: ἐκ δὲ προσώπου
255 μαρμαρυγὴν πυρόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί:
καὶ νοερούς σπινθῆρας ἐπιπνείουσα Λυαίῳ
μεμφομένη κοτέουσα φιλοπτολέμῳ φάτο φωνῇ:

πῇ φεύγεις, Διόνυσε; τί σοι φόβος ἀντὶ κυδοιμοῦ;

πῆ σέθεν ἄλκιμα θύρσα καὶ ἀμπελόεντες ὀιστοί;
260 ἀμφὶ σέθεν τίνα μῦθον ἐμῷ Κρονίωνι βοήσω;
ποῖον ἶδον κατὰ δῆριν ὀλωλότα κοίρανον Ἴνδῶν;
ζῶει Δηριάδης καὶ μάρναται εἰσέτι Μορρεύς.
ποιὴν δ' οὐρανίην ἐπεδείκνυες ἔμφυτον ἀλκὴν;
ἢ Λιβύης ἐπέβης; ἢ Περσέος εἶχες ἀγῶνα;
265 ἢ Σθεννοῦς ἴδες ὄμμα λιθώπιδος ἢ καὶ αὐτῆς
δύσμαχον Εὐρυάλης μυκῶμενον ἀνθερεῶνα;
ἢ πλοκάμους ἐνόησας ἐχιδνοκόμοιο Μεδούσης,
καὶ σε πολυσπερέων περιδέδρομε χάσμα δρακόντων;
οὐ Σεμέλη τέκε παῖδα μαχήμονα: Γοργοφόνον δέ
270 ἄξιον υἷα λόχευσεν ἐμοῦ Διὸς Ἀκρισιῶνι;
οὐ γὰρ ἐμὴν δρεπάνην πτερόεις ἀπτεσείσατο Περσεύς,
Ἑρμείαν δὲ γέραιρεν ἔῶν δωτῆρα πεδίλων.
γείτονα μάρτυν ἔχω πετρώδεα θῆρα θαλάσσης;
εἴρεό μοι Κηφῆα, τὰ περ κάμε Περσέος ἄρπη;
275 ἀντολίην δ' ἐρέεινε καὶ ἔσπερον: ἀμφοτέρων γάρ,
Νηρείδες τρομέουσι τὸν Ἀνδρομέδης παρακοίτην,:
Ἑσπερίδες μέλπουσι τὸν ἀμητῆρα Μεδούσης.
Αἰακὸς ἀπτοίητος ὁμοῖος οὐ πέλε Βάκχῳ,
οὐ φύγε Δηριάδην, οὐκ ἔτρεμε φύλοπιν Ἴνδῶν.
280 χχιζὰ πάλιν σε φόβησεν Ἄραψ πρόμος; ἐξέτι κείνου
ἄζομαι Ἄρεα θοῦρον ἰδεῖν γενετῆρα Δυκούργου,
ἀδρανίην βοδῶντα φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου.
σὸς καὶ ἐμὸς γενέτης οὐκ ἔτρεμε δηιοτῆτα,
εὔτε θεοὶ Τιτῆνες ἐθωρήχθησαν Ὀλύμπῳ.
285 ποιὴν Ὀρσιβόην ληίσσαο δεσπότην Ἴνδῶν;
Χειροβίην οὐκ εἶδε δορικτήτην σέο Ῥεῖη.
ἰλήκοι Διὸς εὖχος, ἀδελφεὸν οὐ σε καλέσσω
Δηριάδην φεύγοντα καὶ ἀπτολέμων γένος Ἴνδῶν.
ἀλλὰ λαβὼν σέο θύρσα πάλιν μιμνήσκειο χάρμης,
290 καὶ στραπίης προμάχιζε, κορυσσομένῃσι δὲ Βάκχαις
ὄψεαι εὐθώρηκα συναιχμάζουσας Ἀθήνην,
αἰγίδα κουφίζουσας ἀνούτατον ὄπλον Ὀλύμπου.
,

ὥς φαμένη Βρομίῳ μένος ἔμπνεεν: αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμῷ
θαρσήμενος πολέμιζε τὸ δεύτερον, ἐσσομένης δέ
295 νίκης ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐπέτρεπε Τριτογενεῖη.
ἐνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἔκτανε Βάκχος,
ὅπποτε μιν θάρσυνε μόθων ἀκόρητος Ἀθήνη;
κτείνει μὲν ἀντιβίων ἑκατοντάδα νηλεὶ θύρσῳ,
πολλοῖς δ' ἔλκος ὅπασσε πολὺτροπον ἔγχεϊ τύπτων
300 ἢ ἐφυτῶν ἐλίκεσσιν ἢ εὐόρηκι κορύμβῳ,
ἢ λίθον αἰχμάζων κραναὸν βέλος: οἱ δὲ τυπέντες

δαιμονίη καναχηδὸν ἐβακχεύθησαν ἱμάσθλη.
Φρίγγου δ' οὕτασεν ὦμον ἀριστερὸν ὅξει θύρσῳ·
ὃς δὲ θορῶν ἀκίχητος ἐχάζετο· τὸν δὲ φυγόντα
305 θηγαλέῳ βουπλῆγι κατεπρήνιξε Μελισσεύς.
Ἐγρετίῳ δ' ἐπόρουσε φιλεῦιον ἔγχος ἐλίσσων
θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος ἐκηβόλος· ἵπταμένη δὲ
Βακχιάς ἐρροίζησε δι' ἡέρος ἔγχεος αἰχμὴ
ἄνδρα βαλεῖν ἐθέλουσα, καὶ Ἐγρετίοιο φυγόντος
310 ἔχραε Βωλίγγεσσι, καὶ ἐγρεμόθους Ἀραχώτας
εἰς φόβον ἐποίησε· φιλακρήτῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
φρικτὰ δοριθρασέων ἐδαΐζετο φῦλα Σαλαγγῶν·
καὶ στρατὸς ἐρτοίητο φερεσσακέων Ἀριηνῶν·
καὶ προμάχους Φρίγγοιο καὶ Ἐγρετίοιο διώκων
315 Εὖιος ἐποίησεν ὅλον στρατὸν Οὐατοκοίτην·
καὶ Λύγον αἱματόεντος ἀπεστυφέλιξε κυδοιμοῦ
ἀλκήεις Ἰόβακχος· ἐφεδρήσοντα δὲ δένδρῳ
οὕτασε Μειλανίωνα δολοπλόκον οἶνοπι θύρσῳ,
Βασσαρίδας κρυφίοισιν ὀιστεῦοντα βελέμοις·
320 ἀλλὰ μιν ἐζώγρησεν ἀπήμονα δύσμαχος Ἥρη,
ὅττι δόλῳ κεκόρυστο καὶ ἔχραε πολλάκι Βάκχαις
κρυπταδίοις πολέμοισιν· αἰεὶ δὲ μιν ἔκρυφε πέτρη
ἢ φυτὸν ὑψικάρηνον ὑποκλεφθέντα πετήλοισι,
ἀνέρας ἀφράστοισιν ὀιστεῦοντα βελέμοις.
325 Ἴνδοι δ' ἀνδροφόνιο μετεσσεύοντο κυδοιμοῦ
ἡγορέην τρομέοντες ἀνικήτου Διονύσου.

ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ πρώτῳ μειλίσσεται Ἥρη
 ὕπνον ἐπὶ Κρονίδῃ καὶ Περσεφόνῃ ἐπὶ Βάκχῳ.
 ὣς ὁ μὲν Ἰνδῶοιο τυπεῖς ἱυγγι κυδοιμοῦ
 Βάκχος Ἐρυθραίης περιδεδρόμε κόλπον ἀρούρης,
 χρύσεα χιονέησι παρηῖσι βόστρυχα σείων.
 Ἥρη δὲ φθονεροῖσιν ἀνοιδαίνουσα μερίμναις
 5 ἄκρον ἀπειλητῆρι κατέγραφεν ἡέρα ταρσῷ,
 αὐτόθι παπταίνουσα πολυσπερέων στρατὸν Ἰνδῶν
 θύρσοις ἀνδροφόνοισιν ἀλοιηθέντα Λυαίου.
 καὶ χόλον ἄλλον ἔγειρεν Ἐρυθραίῳ παρὰ πόντῳ
 Ἀνδρομέδης ὁρώσῃ πολὺπλοκα λείψανα δεσμῶν
 10 καὶ λίθον ἐν ψαμάθῳ, βλοσυρὸν τέρας ἐννοσιγαίου.
 ἀχνυμένη δ' ἐὼν ὄμμα παρέτραπε, μὴ παρὰ πόντῳ
 Γοργοφόνου Περσῆος ἴδῃ χαλκήλατον ἄρπην.
 ἦδη γὰρ ταχύγουνον ἐν ἡέρι ταρσὸν ἐλίσσων
 δίψιον ἀμφὶ τένοντα Λίβυν πορθμεύετο Περσεύς,
 15 νηχόμενος πτερύγεσσι: μονογλήνου δὲ γεραιῆς
 Φορκίδος ἀγρύπνοιο λαβῶν ὀφθαλμὸν ἀλήτην
 δύσβατον ἄντρον ἔδυνε, καὶ ἀμῶν παρὰ πέτρῃ
 λήια συρίζοντα, θαλύσια λοξὰ κομάων,
 Γοργόνος ὠδίνοντα διέθρισεν ἀνθρεῶνα,
 20 καὶ δρεπάνην φοίνιξε: δαΐζομένης δὲ Μεδοῦσης
 αἰμοβαφεῖ παλάμῃ ὀφιδεῖ λοῦσεν ἔερση,
 κρᾶτα ταμῶν: χρυσέῳ δὲ σὺν ἄορι παῖδα λοχεύων
 ἱππεῖην ἐλόχευσε γονὴν διδυμητόκος αὐχὴν.
 καὶ φθονερὸς πραπίδεσσι χόλος διεπάφλασεν Ἥρης
 25 ζῆλον ἐρευγομένης ἐπὶ Περσείῳ καὶ Διονύσῳ.
 ἦθελε δὲ Κρονίδαο καὶ ὄμματα καὶ φρένα θέλγειν
 εἰς γάμον ἡπεροπῆα καὶ εἰς πτερὸν ἡδέος Ὑπνου
 ἐλκομένου μετὰ λέκτρον, ὅπως δολίῃ τινὶ τέχνῃ
 Ζηνὸς ἔτι κνώσσοντος ἐπιβρίσειε Λυαίῳ.
 30 ὄρφναίην δ' Αἰδαο μετήλυθε πανδόκον αὐλήν:
 Περσεφόνῃ δ' ἐκίχησε, δολόφρονι δ' ἔλαχε μύθῳ:
 'ὀλβίστην ἐνέπω σε, θεῶν ὅτι τηλόθι ναίεις:
 οὐ Σεμέλῃν ἐνόησας ἔσω ναίουσαν Ὀλύμπου.
 δεῖδια, μὴ Διόνυσον, ὃν ἀνδρομέη τέκε γαστήρ,
 35 ἀστεροπὴν κρατέοντα μετὰ Ζαγρῆα νοήσω
 ἢ χθονίαις παλάμησιν ἐλαφρίζοντα κεραυνούς:
 συλήθης, φερέκαρπε: παρὰ σταχυῶδεϊ Νείλῳ
 ἀντὶ τεῆς Δήμητρος ἀμαλλοτόκοιο τεκούσης
 ἄλλῃ κῶμον ἄγουσι, νόθη δὲ τις ὄμπνια Δηῶ

40 ταυροφυῆς κερόεσσα φατίζεται Ἰναχίς Ἰώ.
Ἄρεα δ', ὃν περ ἔτικτον, ὃν οὐράνιη τέκε γαστήρ,
υἷδ' ἔμδ' ὃν χθονίῳ πεπεδημένον ἄκλει δεσμῷ
κρύψεν ἔσω κεράμοιο περισφίγξας Ἐφιάλτης:
οὐδέ οἱ ἐχραίσμησεν ἔμδ' πόσις οὐράνιος Ζεὺς,
45 ἀλλὰ τόκον Σεμέλης φλογερῶν ἐρρύσατο πυρσῶν,
καὶ βρέφος εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἀνεζώγρησε κεραυνοῦ,
ἡμιτελῆ νόθον υἷα: δαΐζομένου δὲ μαχαίραις
Ζαγρέος οὐ προμάχιζεν ἐπουρανίου Διονύσου.
τοῦτό με μᾶλλον ὄρινεν, ὅτι Κρονίδης πόλον ἄστρον
50 ἔδνα πόρεν Σεμέλῃ καὶ Τάρταρα Περσεφονείῃ:
οὐρανὸς Ἀπόλλωνι φυλάσσεται, οὐρανὸν Ἑρμῆς
ναιετάει: σὺ δὲ τοῦτον ἔχεις δόμον ἔμπλεον ὄρφνης.
τί πλέον, ὅτι δράκοντος ἔχων ψευδήμονα μορφήν
δεσμὸν ἀσυλήτοιο τεῆς σύλησε κορείης,
55 εἰ μετὰ λέκτρον ἔμελλε τεὰς ὠδῖνας ὀλέσσαι;
Ζεὺς μὲν ἄναξ κατ' Ὀλύμπῳ ἔχει δόμον ἔμπλεον ἄστρον,
γνωτῷ δ' ὕδρομέδοντι γέρας πόρεν ἄλμυρὸν ὕδωρ,
καὶ ζόφον ἀχλύοντα τεῷ πόρεν οἶκον ἀκοίτῃ.
ἀλλὰ τεὰς θώρηξον Ἑρινύας οἶνοπι Βάκχῳ,
60 μὴ βροτὸν ἀθρήσαιμι νόθον σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπῳ,
αἶδεο λισσομένην Διὸς εὐνέτιν, αἶδεο Δηῷ,
αἶδεο λισσομένην καθαρὴν Θέμιν, ὅφρα κεν Ἴνδοι
βαῖον ἀναπνεύσωσι τινασσομένου Διονύσου:
ἔσσο μοι ἀχνυμένην τιμήορος, ὅτι Κρονίων
65 Βάκχῳ νέκταρ ὅπασσε καὶ Ἄρεϊ λύθρον ἔνυοις.
μηδὲ νέον Διόνυσον ἀνυμνήσωσιν Ἀθῆναι,
μηδὲ λάχῃ γέρας ἴσον Ἑλευσινίῳ Διονύσῳ,
μὴ τελετὰς προτέροιο διαλλάξειεν Ἰάκχου,
μὴ τάλαρον Δήμητρος ἀτιμήσειεν ὀπώρῃ.
70 ὥς φαμένη συνέχευεν ὅλην φρένα Περσεφονείης,
δάκρυσι ποιητοῖσι διαινομένοιο προσώπου,
αἰμύλα κωτίλλουσα. θεὰ δ' ἐπένευσε θεαινῇ,
καὶ οἱ δῶκε Μέγαιραν ὁμόστολον, ὅφρα τελέσση
βάσκανον ὅμμα φέρουσα νόον ζηλήμονος Ἥρης.
75 ἡ δὲ θυελλήεντι διαΐξασα πεδίλῳ
τρὶς μὲν ἀνέερθη, τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἵκετο Γάγγην:
καὶ νέκυν Ἰνδὸν ὅμιλον ἀμειδέει δεῖξε Μεγαίρῃ
καὶ στρατιῆς ἰδρῶτα καὶ ἡγορέην Διονύσου:
Ἰνδοφόνους δὲ Μέγαιρα πόνους ὀρώσας Λυαίου
80 ζηλήμων ἐμέγηρε καὶ οὐρανίης πλέον Ἥρης.
ἡ δὲ νόῳ κεκάρητο: δρακοντοκόμῳ δὲ θεαινῇ
σαρδόνιον γελώσας κατηφέα ρήξατο φωνήν:
'οὕτω ἀριστεύουσι νέοι βασιλῆες Ὀλύμπῳ,

οὕτω ἄκοντίζουσι νόθοι Διός· ἐκ Σεμέλης δὲ
85 Ζεὺς ἕνα παῖδα λόχευσεν, ἵνα ξυμπαντας ὀλέσῃ
Ἴνδους μελιχίους καὶ ἁμεμφέας· ἀλλὰ δαεῖη
Ζεὺς ἄδικος καὶ Βάκχος, ὅσον σθένος ἐστὶ Μεγαίρης.
ὦ πόποι, οἷον ἄθεσμον ἔχει νόον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς·
Τυρσηνοῖς ἀδικοῖς οὐ μάρναται, ὅττι μαθόντες
90 φῶρια θεσμὰ βίαια κακοξείνων ἐπὶ νηῶν
ἄρπαγες ἀλλοτριῶν Σικελῇ πλώουσι θαλάσση·
οὐ κτάνε δυσσεβέων Δρυόπων γένος, οἷς βίος αἰχμαὶ
καὶ φόνος· εὐσεβίῃ δὲ μεμηλότας ἔκτανεν Ἴνδους,
οὓς τάχα πασιμέλουσα Θέμις μαιώσατο μαζῷ.
95 ὦ πόποι, οἷον ἄθεσμον ἔχει νόον· ἀθάνατον γὰρ
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ ἔφλεξε τόσον καὶ τοῖον Ὑδάσπην,
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ ἔφλεξε, τὸν οὐράνιος τέκετο Ζεὺς.
ὥς φαμένη πεπότητο δι' αἰθέρος· ἡ δὲ σιωπῇ
γείτονα Καυκασίης ὑπὸ φωλάδα πέζαν ἐρίπνης
100 φρικτὸν ἁμειψαμένη μελέων ὀφιώδεα μορφήν,
γλαυκὴ φυὴν ἱκέλη μένεν αὐτόθι, μέχρι νοήσῃ
Ζῆνα μέγαν κνώσσοντα· τὰ γὰρ φάτο κοῖρανος Ἥρη.
αὐτὴ δὲ Χρεμέταο μετήιεν Ἑσπερον ὕδωρ
Ἥρη μητιώσα, γέρων βαρὺς ὀππόθι κάμνει
105 οὐρανίῃ στροφάλιγγι Λίβυς κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας,
καὶ Ζεφύρου δυσέρωτος ἐδίξετο σύγγαμον Ἴριν,
Ζηνὸς ἐπειγομένοιο διάκτορον, ὄφρα τελέσῃ
ἡερόθεν σκιδέντι ποδὴνεμον ἄγγελον Ὑπνῷ.
τὴν δὲ καλεσσαμένη φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μῦθῳ·
110 Ἴρις, ἀξιφύτου Ζεφύρου χρυσόπτερε νύμφη,
εὖλοχε μήτερ Ἑρωτος, ἀελλήεντι πεδίλῳ
σπεῦδε μολεῖν ζοφόνετος ἐς Ἑσπέριον δόμον Ὑπνου·
δίξεο καὶ περὶ Λῆμνον ἀλίκτυπον· εἰ δέ μιν εὖρης,
λέξον, ἵνα Κρονίωνος ἀθελγέος ὄμματα θέλξῃ
115 εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν, ὅπως Ἴνδοῖσιν ἀρήξω.
ἀλλὰ δέμας μετάμειβε, μελανζώνου δὲ θεαίνης
μορφήν Νυκτὸς ἔχουσα δυσειδέα μητέρος Ὑπνου
γίνεο κυανὴ ψευδώνυμος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀντιτύποις μελέεσσιν, ὅτε χρέος ἐστὶν ἀνάγκης,
120 εἰς Θέμιν, εἰς Κυθέρειαν, ἐς Ἄρτεμιν εἶδος ἁμείβω.
Πασιθέης δ' ὑμέναιον ὑπόσχεο, τῆς διὰ κάλλος
ἱμείρων ἀνύσειεν ἐμὸν χρέος· οὐ σε διδάξω,
ὅττι γυναιμανέων τις ἐπ' ἐλπίδι πάντα τελέσσει.
ὥς φαμένης πεπότητο θεὰ χρυσόπτερος Ἴρις
125 ἡέρα παπταίνουσα, καὶ εἰς Πάφον, εἰς χθόνα Κύπρου
ἀπλανὲς ὄμμα τίταινε, τὸ δὲ πλέον ὑπόθι Βύβλου
Ἀσσυρίου σκοπίαζεν Ἀδώνιδος εὐγαμον ὕδωρ,

διζομένην περίφοιτον ἀλήμονος ἵχινον Ὕπνου.
εὔρε δὲ μιν γαμίοιο παρὰ κλέτας Ὀρχομενοῖο:
130 κεῖθι γὰρ αὖτις ἔμιμνε νοοπλανὲς ἵχνος ἐλίσσων,
Πασιθέης ἐρόεντα παρὰ προπύλαια θαμίζων.
καὶ δέμας ἀλλάξασα μετὰτροπον ἄσκοπος Ἴρις
κυανῆς ἄγνωστον ἐδύσατο Νυκτὸς ὀπωπὴν:
Ὕπνου δ' ἐγγὺς ἴκανε δολοπλόκος· οἷα δὲ μήτηρ
135 κλεψινόοις ὁάροις ἀπατήλιον ἴαχε φωνήν:
‘τέκνον ἐμόν, ἐμόν, τέο μέχρις ἐμὲ Κρονίδης ἀθερίζει;
οὐχ ἄλιν, ὥς Φαέθων με βιάζεται, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
ὄρθρος ἀκοντίζει με καὶ ἠριγένεια διώκει;
Ζεὺς νόθον υἷα φύτευσεν, ὅπως ἐμόν Ὕπνον ἐλέγξῃ.
140 εἷς βροτὸς αἰσχύνει με καὶ υἷέα· παννύχιος γὰρ
μυστιπόλῳ σπινθήρι φεραυνέα δαλὸν ἀνάπτων
Βάκχος ἀμαλδύνει με, καὶ ἐγρήσων σε χαλέπτει.
Ὕπνε, τί πανδαμάτωρ κικλήσκειαι; οὐκέτι θέλγεις
ἀνέρας ἐγρήσσοντας, ὅτι χθονίοιο Λυαίου
145 κῶμον ἐμόν νίκησε νόθον σέλας· ἡμετέρων γὰρ
φαιδροτέραις δαΐδεσσι κατακρύπτει φλόγας ἄστρον.
εἷς βροτὸς αἰσχύνει με φασφόρος, ὅττι καλύπτει,
καὶ μεγάλην περ ἐοῦσαν, ἐμῆς ἀκτῖνα Σελήνην.
ἄζομαι ἠριγένειαν ἐπεγγελώσαν Ὀμίχλην,
150 ὅττι νόθον μεθέπω νύχιον σέλας· ἀλλοτριῶ γὰρ
ποιητῷ Φαέθοντι φαίνομαι ἡματιῇ Νύξ.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μοι, φίλε κοῦρε, χολῶεο δίζυγι θεσμῷ
μυστιπόλοις Σατύροισι καὶ ἀγρὺπνῳ Διονύσῳ:
155 δὸς χάριν ἀχνυμένη σέο μητέρι, δὸς χάριν Ἥρῃ,
καὶ Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἀθελγέα θέλξον ὀπωπὴν
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν, ὅπως Ἴνδοῖσιν ἀρήξῃ,
οὐς Σάτυροι κλονέουσι καὶ εἰσέτι Βάκχος ὀρίνει.
Ὕπνε, τί πανδαμάτωρ κικλήσκειαι; ἦν ἐθελήσης,
τρέφον ἐμοὶ τεδὸν ὄμμα, καὶ ἐπταπύλῳ παρὰ Θήβῃ
160 πάννυχον ἐγρήσσοντα πάλιν Κρονίωνα νοήσεις;
λῦσον ἀτασθαλίην ἀδίκου Διός· Ἀμφιτρύων μὲν
νόσφιν ἐοῦ θαλάμοιο σιδηροχίτων μετανάστης
μάρναται· Ἀλκμήνῃ δὲ παρέζεται ἐνδόμυχος Ζεὺς,
νυμφιδίην ἀκόρητος ἔχων τρισέληνον Ὀμίχλην.
165 μὴ Διὸς ἐγρήσσοντος ἴδω καὶ νύκτα τετάρτην.
ἀλλὰ, τέκος, Κρονίῳνι κορύσσεο, μὴ πάλιν ἄλλην,
μὴ πάλιν ἐννεάκυκλον ἀναπλήσειεν Ὀμίχλην.
Μνημοσύνης προτέρης μιμήσκεο· τῇ παριαύων
ἐννέα νύκτας ἔμιμνεν, ἔχων ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπὴν,
170 οἷστρον ἔχων πολύτεκνον ἀκοιμήτων ὑμεναίων.
πανδαμάτωρ θεὸς ἄλλος ὁμόπτερος, εἴκελος Ὕπνω,

βαῖος Ἐρως, Κρονίδην ὀλίγῳ νίκησε βελέμνῳ.
 γηγενέων δ' ἑλέαιρε γονὴν μελανόχροον Ἴνδῶν:
 δὸς χάριν: ὑμετέρης γὰρ ὁμόχροές εἰσι τεκούσης:
 175 ῥῦεο κυανέους, κυανόπτερε: μηδὲ χαλέψῃς
 γαῖαν ἐμοῦ γενετῆρος ὁμήλικα, τῆς ἀπο μούνης
 πάντες ἀνεβλάστησαν, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου.
 μὴ τρομέοις Κρονίδην, ὅτε σύγγαμος Ἰλαος Ἥρη:
 μὴ τρομέοις Σεμέλην, ἣν ἔφλεγεν αὐτὸς ἀκοίτης.
 180 οὐ στεροπὴ πυρόεσσα δυνήσεται ἰσοφαρίζειν,
 οὐ βροντὴ βαρύδουπος ἀρασσομένων νεφελάων:
 μοῦνον ἐμοὶ πτερὰ πάλλε, καὶ ἀκλινέων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
 μίμνει Ζεὺς ἀτίνακτος, ὅσον χρόνον, ὕπνε, κελεύεις.
 ἔκλυον, ὡς ποθέεις Χαρίτων μίαν: ἀλλ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
 185 οἷστρον ἔχων θαλάμοιο φυλάσσεο, μηδὲ χαλέψῃς
 μητέρα Πασιθέης, ζυγὴν θαλαμηπόλον Ἥρην.
 εἰ δὲ σὺ ναιετάεις παρὰ Τηθύι Λευκάδα πέτρην.
 Δηριάδῃ χραίσμησον, ὃν ἤροσεν Ἴνδὸς Ὑδάσπης:
 γείτονι πιστὰ φύλαζον, ἐπεὶ τεὸς ἡχέτα γείτων
 190 Ὠκεανὸς κελάδων προπάτωρ πέλε Δηριάδῃος.'
 ὡς φαμένη παρέπεισε. καὶ οἷά τε μητρὸς ἀκούων
 ὕπνος ἀνεπτοίητο, καὶ ὤμοσεν ὄμματα θέλγειν
 Ζηνὸς ἀκοιμήτοιο καὶ εἰς τριτάτης δρόμον Ἡοῦς:
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἦτεεν Ἴρις, ἵνα Κρονίωνα πεδήσῃ
 195 ὑπνώειν ἓνα μοῦνον ἐπὶ δρόμον ἠριγενείης.
 αὐτόθι δ' ὕπνος ἔμιμνε, δεδεγμένος εὐγαμον ὥρην.
 καὶ ταχινὴ πεπότητο θεὰ παλινόστιμος Ἴρις:
 σπερχομένη δ' ἠγγεῖλεν ἀμεμφέα μῦθον ἀνάσσει.
 ἡ δὲ θυελλήεντι δι' ἡέρος Ἴπτατο ταρσῷ
 200 καὶ δόλον ἔπλεκεν ἄλλον, ὅπως Διὸς ἐγγύθεν ἔλθῃ
 κεστὸν ἀερτάζουσα, πόθου θελξίφρονα μίτρην.
 καὶ Παφίην μάστευεν: ὑπὲρ Λιβάνοιο δὲ μούνην
 Ἀσσυρίην ἐκίχησεν ἐρημαίην Ἀφροδίτην
 ἐξομένην: Χάριτες γὰρ ἐς ἄνθεα ποικίλα κήπων
 205 εἰαρινὰ στέλλοντο, χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο,
 ἡ μὲν ἀμεργομένη Κίλικα κρόκον, ἡ δὲ κομίζειν
 βάλαμνον ἱμείρουσα καὶ Ἰνδῶν δονακῆος
 φυταλίην, ἑτέρη δὲ ῥόδων εὐώδεα ποιῇν.
 Θαμβάλῃ δ' ἀδόκητος ἑὼν ἀνεπήλατο δίφρων,
 210 ὡς Διὸς εἶδε δάμαρτα, Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη:
 ἀχνημένην δ' ὀρώσα πολύτροπον ἴαχε φωνήν:
 "Ἥρη, Ζηνὸς ἄκοιτι, τί σοι χλοάουσι παρειαί;
 τίπτε τεαί, βασιλεια, κατηφέες εἰσὶν ὀπωπαί;
 ἦ ῥα πάλιν πέλεν ὄμβρος ἐπὶ κλοπος ὑέτιος Ζεὺς;
 215 μὴ πάλιν ἔπλετο ταῦρος ἐν ὕδασι νύγρὸς ὀδίτης;

τις πάλιν Εὐρώπῃ σε βιάζεται; ἢ ἔτις ἄλλη
 Ἀντιόπη Νυκτῆος ἀναινομένου γενετῆρος
 ψευδαλέου Σατύρου λασίῃ νυμφεύεται εὐνῇ;
 μὴ νέος εἰς γάμον ἄλλον ἐπείγεται ἵππος ἐχέφρων,
 220 μιμηλοῖς στομάτεσσι νόθον χρεμετισμόν ἰάλλων;
 μὴ Σεμέλῃν ἐτέρῃν λοχίῳ μνηστεύσατο πυρσῶ
 καὶ στεροπὴν ἐλέλιξε κυβερνήτειραν Ἐρώτων;
 μὴ δαμάλης ἐπὶ λέκτρον ἐνκραίριοιο χορεύει
 μυκηθμόν προχέων φιλοτήσιον; ἦν ἐβελήσης,
 225 Ζηνὸς ὀπιευτῆρα βοοσκόπον ἄλλον ἐγείροισ,
 βουκόλον ἀγρύπνοισ κεχαραγμένον Ἄργον ὀπωπαῖς.
 εἶπέ μοι εἰρομένη, καὶ ὅσον σθένος ἐστίν, ἀρήξω.
 ὥς φαμένῃν δολόεντι θεὰ προσπτύξατο μύθῳ:
 ‘Κύπρι θεά, θνητοῖσιν ἐάσομεν οὐδας Ὀλύμπου:
 230 Ζεὺς Σεμέλῃν ἐς Ὀλύμπον ἀνήγαγε, μητέρα Βάκχου,
 ἄξει καὶ Διόνυσον ἐς αἰθέρα. τίς δόμος Ἥρῃ
 δέξεται; ἢ τίνα χῶρον ἐλεύσομαι; αἰδέομαι δέ,
 μὴ Σεμέλῃν ἐσίδοιμι νόθην βασιλείαν Ὀλύμπου.
 δειδία, μὴ ζοφόντος ἴδω δόμον Ἰαπετοῖο,
 235 μὴ με λαβῶν ἐλάσειε μετὰ Κρόνον ἐκτὸς Ὀλύμπου.
 δειδία, μὴ μετὰ μαῖαν ἐν αἰθέρι νέκταρ ἐλέγχων
 ἄμπελον, ἦν καλέουσι, καὶ ἐν μακάρεσσι φυτεύσῃ.
 240 μὴ ποτε τοῦτο γένοιτο, Δίκη καὶ Γαῖα καὶ Ὕδωρ.
 κλήματα μὴ κομίσειεν ἐς αἰθέρα, μὴ χάριν αἰνῆς
 οὐρανὸν ἄμπελόεντα μετ’ ἀστερόεντα καλέσσω,
 μηδὲ πῶ ποτὸν ἄλλο μετὰ γλυκὺ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου.
 δειδία, μὴ μενέχαρμον ἴδω μεθύουσαν Ἀθήνην,
 245 μὴ δόρυ κουφίσσειεν ἐπ’ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Κυthereίῃ,
 μὴ σφαλερῇ ῥαθάμιγγι νοσοφαλέος Διονύσου
 αἰθέρι τολμήεσαν ἀναστήσωσιν Ἐνυῶ
 ἀστέρες οἶνοπλῆγες ἐπ’ ἀλλήλοισι μανέντες,
 μὴ ποτε βακχευθέντες ὅλοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου
 250 ὄργια μιμήσαιντο φερεσσακέων Κορυβάντων.
 οὐχ ἄλις αἴσχος ἐκεῖνο θεοστυγές, ὅττι δοκεὺς
 Τρώιον ἠβητῆρα, Διὸς δρηστῆρα κυπέλλων,
 οὐρανὸν αἰσχύνοντα καὶ οἶνοχόον Διὸς Ἥβην,
 χερσὶν ἐπιχθονίησιν ὅτε γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀφύσσει;
 255 αἰδομένη δ’ ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐλεύσομαι: ἀμφοτέροις δέ
 αἰθέρα καλλείψω, Γανυμήδεϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ:
 αἰθέρα καλλείψω, Σεμέλης δόμον. εἷς δόμος ἔστω
 οὐρανὸς ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Περσεῖ καὶ Διονύσῳ.
 ἴξομαι εἰς ἐμὸν Ἄργος, ἐς ἀγλαὸν ἄστρῳ Μυκῆνης,
 260 ἐν χθονὶ ναετάουσα: σὺν ἀχνυμένη δὲ τεκούσῃ
 ἔσπεται αὐτὸς Ἄρης, σέο νυμφίος: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῇ

Σπάρτης σῆς ἐπίβηθι, καὶ εὐθώρηκα δεχέσθω
χαλκείῳ σὺν Ἄρῃ χολωομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
οἶδα, πόθεν μεθέπω τάδε πήματα: πατρὸς Ἑρινὺς
265 ὕβριν ἀπαιτίζει με βιαζομένοιο τοκῆος,
ὅττι Κρόνου γενετῆρος ἐπιβρίθουσα κυδοιμῷ
σὺν Διὶ μαρναμένῳ Τιτηνιάς ἔχραεν Ἥρη:
καλὸν ἐμοί, Διόνυσον ἰδεῖν κατὰ μέσσον Ὀλύμπου
ἤμενον ἐγγὺς Ἑρωτος, ὁμέστιον ἀφρογενεῖη,
270 αἰγίδα κουφίζοντα μετὰ Κρονίδην καὶ Ἀθήνην.
ἀλλὰ, θεά, χραίσμησον, ἐμῆς δ' ἐπίκουρον ἀνίης
δὸς μοι κεστὸν ἱμάντα, τεῆν πανθελγέα μίτρην,
εἰς μίνα ἠριγένειαν, ὅπων Διὸς ὄμματα θέλξω,
καὶ Διὸς ὑπνώνοντος ἐμοῖς Ἴνδοῖσιν ἀρήξω.
δισσὴ ἐγὼ γενόμην ἐκυρὴ σέθεν: ἡμετέρου γάρ
υἱὸς Ἥφαιστοιο καὶ Ἄρεος ἔπλεο νύμφη.
275 δὸς χάριν ὀπιτέλεστον, ἐπεὶ κυανόχροες Ἴνδοι
ξεινοδόκοι γεγάσαιν Ἑρυθραίης Ἀφροδίτης,
οἷς κοτέων Διόνυσος ἐπέχραεν, οἷσι καὶ αὐτὸς
θηλυμανῆς ἄστοργος ἐχώσατο παιδοτόκος Ζεὺς,
καὶ στεροπὴν ἐλέλιξε συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ:
280 δὸς μοι κεστὸν ἱμάντα βοηθόον, ᾧ ἔνι μούνῳ
θέλγεις εἰν ἐνὶ πάντα: καὶ ἄξιός εἰμι φορῆσαι,
ὥς ζυγίη γεγαυῖα καὶ ὥς συνάεθλος Ἑρώτων.'

ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ τῷ δευτέρῳ εἰσὶ κυδοιμοὶ
 καὶ Διὸς ὑπναλέοιο λέχος καὶ λύσσα Λυαίου.
 ὥς φαμένη παρέπεισε: δολοφράδμων δ' Ἀφροδίτη
 πείθετο κερδοσύνησιν, ἀνειρύσσασα δὲ κόλπου
 Ἥρῃ δῶρον ἔδωκε θελήμονι κεστὸν Ἑρώτων.
 καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔλεξε χάριν θελκτῆρος ἱμάντος:
 5 'δέχνυσο τοῦτον ἱμάντα, τεῆς ἐπίκουρον ἀνίης:
 θέλξεις δ' εἶν ἐνὶ πάντα πόθων ἰθύντορι κεστῷ,
 ἥελιον καὶ Ζῆνα καὶ αἰθέρα καὶ χορὸν ἄστρον:
 καὶ ῥόον ἀστήρικτον ἀτέρμονος Ὠκεανοῖο.'
 εἶπε, καὶ Ἀσσυρίην Λιβανηίδα δύσατο πέτρην.
 10 Ἥρῃ δ' ἀστερόφοιτον ἐδύσατο κύκλον Ὀλύμπου,
 καὶ ταχινὴ πάνλευκον ἔην ἐπεκόσμεε μορφήν:
 πολλάκι δ' ἰσάζουσα καθειμένον ἄχρι μετώπου
 πλαζομένης ἔστησε μετήλυδα βότρυν ἐθείρης:
 καὶ πλεκτὴν θυόεντι κόμην ἐδίηνεν ἐλαίῳ,
 τοῦ καὶ κινυμένοιο μετ' αἰθέρα καὶ μετὰ πόντον
 γαῖαν ὅλην ἐμέθυσε μύρου δολιχόσκιος Ὀδμή.
 καὶ κεφαλῇ στέφος εἶχε παναίολον, ᾧ ἐνὶ πολλαῖ
 20 λυχνίδες ἦσαν, Ἔρωτος ὁμόστολοι, ὧν ἅπο πέμπει
 φαιδρὰ πινασσομένων ἀμαρύγματα Κυπριδίῃ φλόξ:
 εἶχε δὲ πέτρον ἐκεῖνον, ὃς ἀνέρας εἰς πόθον ἔλκει,
 οὔνομα φαιδρὸν ἔχοντα ποθοβλήτοιο Σελήνης,
 καὶ λίθον ἱμείρουσαν ἔρωτοτόκοιο σιδήρου,
 25 καὶ λίθον Ἰνδῶν φιλοτήσιον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
 ἐξ ὑδάτων βλάστησεν ὁμόγνιος ἀφρογενείης,
 κυανέην θ' ὑάκινθον, ἐράσμιον εἰσέτι Φοίβῃ:
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἐοῖς πλοκάμοισιν ἐρωτίδα δῆσατο ποίην,
 ἦν φιλέει Κυθήρεια καὶ ὥς ῥόδον, ὥς ἀνεμώνην,
 30 καὶ φορέει μέλλουσα μιγήμεναι υἱέι Μύρρης:
 καὶ λαγόνας στεφανηδὸν ἀήθει δῆσατο κεστῷ:
 εἶχε δὲ ποικίλον εἶμα παλαιάτατον, ᾧ χυτο νύμφης
 κρυπταδίῃ φιλότῃ κασιγνήτων ὕμεναίων
 νυμφίον ἀρχαίης ἔτι λείψανον αἶμα κορείης,
 35 κουριδίης φιλότῃς ἵνα μνήσειεν ἀκοίτην:
 νιψαμένη δὲ μετώπα καλύψατο νώροπι πέπλῳ,
 15 καὶ περόνην συνέεργεν, ἐοῦ κληῖδα χιτῶνος:
 καὶ δέμας ἀσκήσασα καὶ ἀθρήσασα κατόπτρῳ
 ὥς πτερὸν ἠὲ νόημα δι' αἰθέρος ἔδραμε Ἥρῃ.
 καὶ Διὸς ἐγγὺς ἵκανεν: ἰδὼν δὲ μιν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
 θερμοέρους ἐς Ἔρωτας ἱμάσσετο κέντορι κεστῷ:

40 καὶ Διὸς εἰσορόωντος ἔδουλώθησαν ὅπως αἱ:
καὶ μιν ὀπιπεύων Κρονίδης ἐξείρετο μύθῳ:
“Ἥρη, τίπτε βέβηκας Ἐώιον εἰς κλίμα γαίης;
τίς χρειώ σε κόμιζε; τί σήμερον ἐνθάδε βαίνεις;
ἦ ῥα πάλιν κοτέουσα κορύσσειαι οἶνοπι Βάκχῳ,
45 καὶ ποθέεις Ἰνδοῖσιν ὑπερφιάλοισιν ἀρῆξαι;”
ἔννεπε: καὶ γελῶντι νόῳ πολυμήχανος Ἥρη
ζηλομανῆς ἀγόρευε παραιφαμένη παρακοίτην:
“Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἄλλος ἔχει με φίλος δρόμος: οὐ γὰρ ἰκάνω
Ἄρεος Ἰνδῶοιο καὶ Ἰνδοφόνου Διονύσου
50 ἄλλοτρίας μεθέπουσα μεληδόνας, ἀντολῆς δὲ
γείτονος Ἡελίοιο μετέρχουαι αἰθοπάς αὐλὰς
σπερχομένη: πτερόεις γὰρ Ἔρωσ παρὰ Τηθύος ὕδωρ
Ὠκεανηιάδος Ῥοδόπης δεδονημένος οἷστρον
συζυγίην ἀπέειπε: καὶ ἔπλετο κόσμος ἀλήτης,
55 καὶ βίος ἀχρήστος ἀποιχομένων ὕμεναιων:
τοῦτον ἐγὼ καλέουσα παλινδρομῆς ἐνθάδε βαίνω:
οἷσθα γάρ, ὥς Ζυγίη κικλήσκομαι, ὅττι καὶ αὐτῆς
χεῖρες ἐμαὶ κρατέουσι τελεσιγόνου τοκετοῖο.”
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσαν ἀμείβετο θερμὸς ἀκοίτης:
60 “νύμφα φίλη, λίπε δῆριν: ἐμὸς Διόνυσος ἀγῆνηρ
ἀμῶν προθέλυμνον ἀβακχεύτων γένος Ἰνδῶν
χαίρετω: ἀμφοτέρους δὲ γαμήλια λέκτρα δεχέσθω:
οὐ γὰρ ἐπιχθονίης ἀλόχου πόθος, οὐδὲ θεαίνης
θυμὸν ἐμὸν θελκτῆρι τόσον βακχεύσατο κεστῶ ...
65 οὐδ’ ὅτε Τηϋγέτης Ἀτλαντίδος, ἧς ἀπὸ λέκτρων
πρεσβυγενῆς πολιοῦχος ἀεξήθη Λακεδαιμῶν:
οὐ τόσον ἡρασάμην Νιόβης παρὰ γείτοιν Λέρνῃ,
κούρης ἀρχεγόνιοιο Φορωνέος: οὐ τόσον Ἰοῦς
φοιτάδος Ἰναχίης ταυρώπιδος, ἥ παρὰ Νεῖλῳ
70 τίκτε γονὴν Ἐπάφοιο καὶ ἀρχεγόνου Κεροέσσης:
οὐ Παφίης τόσον ἦλθον ἐς ἱμερον, ἧς χάριν εὖνῆς
Κενταύρους ἐφύτευσα βαλὼν σπόρον αὐλακὶ γαίης:
ὥς σέο νῦν μεθέπω γλυκερὸν πόθον, ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὴ
ὥς Ζηγίη γεγαυῖα καὶ ὥς μεδέουσα γενέθλης
75 Κυπριδίοις βελέεσσιν οἷστευεις παρακοίτην;”
ὥς εἰπὼν χρυσέας νεφέλας πυργηδὸν ἐλίξας
δινωτὴν ἐπίκυρτον ἐνεσφαίρωσε καλὴ πτῆρην:
καὶ θαλάμου ποιητὸς ἔην τύπος, ὃν τότε κύκλω
Ἴριδος αἰθερίης ἐτερόχροος ἔστεφε μορφή
80 πορφυρέη, καὶ Ζηνὶ καὶ ἀγλαοπήχει νύμφῃ
αὐτόματον σκέπας ἦεν ὀρσσαύλων ὕμεναιων,
καὶ τύπος αὐτοτέλεστος ἀναγκαίης πέλεν εὖνῆς.
οἱ δὲ γάμου χαρίεντος ὁμίλειον ἡδέϊ θεσμῷ:

γαῖα δὲ κηῶεσαν ἀναπτύξασα λοχείην
85 ἄνθεσιν ἱμερτοῖσι γαμήλιον ἔστεφεν εὐνὴν:
καὶ κρόκος ἐβλάστησε Κίλιξ καὶ ἐφύετο μῖλαξ,
θῆλει δ' ἄρσενά φύλλα συνέπλεκε γείτονι ποιῇ,
90 οἷά πόθου πνεῖων καὶ ἐν ἄνθεσιν ἀβρὸς ἀκοίτης,
καὶ λέχος ἀμφοτέρων ἐπεκόσμεε διπλὸς ὄρπηξ,
90 Ζῆνα κρόκῳ πυκάσας καὶ μίλακι σύγγαμον Ἕρην:
καὶ Διὸς ὀξὺν ἔρωτα νοήμονι δείκνυε σιγῇ
ἱμεροῖς νάρκισσος ἐπιθρώσκων ἀνεμώνη.
οὐδὲ τις ἀθανάτων σκιοῖεν λέχος, οὐ τότε Νύμφαι
γείτονες, οὐ Φαέθων πανεπόπιος, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
95 ἔδρακεν ἄφθιτα λέκτρα βοώπιδος ὄμμα Σελήνης:
πυκνοῖς γὰρ νεφέεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη σκέπας εὐνῆς,
καὶ Διὸς ὄμματα θέλξεν ὁμόστολος Ὕπνος Ἐρώτων.
ὄφρα μὲν ἀβρὸς Ἰαυεν ἐν ἄνθεσι θελγόμενος Ζεὺς,
ἀγκὰς ἔχων παράκοιτιν ἀθηήτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων,
100 τόφρα δὲ ποικιλόμορφος ἐν οὖρεσι φοιτὰς Ἐρινὺς
νεύμασιν Ἥραιοισιν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσω:
καὶ κτύπον ἐσμαράγησεν ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοῖσι Λυαίου,
σεισαμένη βαρύδουπος ἐχιδνήεσσαν ἱμάσθλην:
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐλέλιξε, δρακοντείων δὲ κομάων
105 φρικτὰ τινασσομένων ἐπεσύρισε λοίγιος ἦχώ,
καὶ σκοπιὴν ἔρραινεν ἐρημάδα πίδακες ἰοῦ ...
ἄλλοτε θηρεῖοιο τύπον φαίνουσα προσώπου
αἰνομανῆς ἔφριξε λέων πυκινότριχι λαιμῷ,
χάσματι φοινῆεντι καταΐσσω Διονύσου.
110 τὸν μὲν ἀμερσινόοιο κατάσχετον ἄλματι λύσσης
Ἄρτεμις ἐσκοπίαζε, καὶ ἤθελε λύσσαν ἐλάσσαι,
ἀλλὰ μιν ἐπτοίησε βαρύκτυπος ὑψόθεν Ἕρην,
πυρσὸν ἀκοντίζουσα: καὶ εἵκαθε δεσπότης ἄγρης
μητρυῖν κοτέουσα: φύλαξ δὲ τις ἔπλετο Βάκχου
115 μαινομένου, καὶ θῆρας ἐοὺς ἀνέκοψεν ἀπειλῇ,
καὶ κύνας ἀγρευτῆρας ἐπεσφηκώσατο δεσμῷ,
αὐχενίων σφίγξασα πολὺπλοκον ὄλκον ἱμάντων,
μὴ χροὰ δηλήσαιντο νοοσφαλέος Διονύσου.
Νερτερῖω δὲ Μέγαιρα κελαινιώσα χιτῶνι
120 εἰς ζόφον αὖτις ἵκανε, ἐπαιθύσσουσα Λυαίῳ
φάσματα ποικιλόμορφα: κατὰ Βρομίοιο δὲ πολλὰ
ἰοβόλοι ῥαθάμιγγες ὀιστεῦοντο καρήνου
καὶ βλοσυροὶ σπινθηῆρες: αἰεὶ δὲ οἱ ἔνδον ἀκουῆς
Ταρταρίης σύριζε λαθίφρονος ἦχος ἱμάσθλης.
125 καὶ μογέων Διόνυσος ἐρημάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης
δύσβατα φοιτητῆρι διέστιχεν οὖρεα ταρσῷ
ἄσθματι δαιμονίῳ δεδονημένος: ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτραις,

οἶστρομανῆς ἄτε ταῦρος, ἑὰς ἦρασσε κεραίας,
τρηχαλέον μύκημα χέων λυσσώδεϊ λαίμῳ:
130 Πᾶνα δὲ καλλείψασα καὶ ὑστερόφωνον ᾄοιδὴν
φθόγγῳ μαινομένῳ μυκήσατο δύσθροος Ἥχῳ,
ἀντίτυπον θρασὺν ἦχον ἀμειβομένη Διονύσου.
καὶ βαλίας ἐλάφους, λασίας δ' ἐδίωκε λεαίνας
Βάκχος ἀελλήεις, μεθέπων ὀρεσιδρομον ἄγρην:
135 οὐδὲ οἱ ἄγχι λέων θρασὺς ἦιε: ταρβαλέη δὲ
ἄρκτος ἐριπτοίητος ἐκεύθετο φωλάδι πέτρῃ
λύσσαν ἀπειλητῆρος ὑποπτήσσουσα Λυσίου,
δεχνυμένη βλοσυρῆσι θεήλατον ἦχον ἀκουαῖς:
μηκεδανούς δὲ δράκοντας ἐρειδομένους τινὶ πέτρῃ
140 μείλιχα λιχμώνοντας ἀπέθρισε νηλεὶ θύρῳ:
καὶ σκοπιᾶς ἐτίναξε τανυγλώχινι κεραίῃ
κτείνων ἀκλινέων ἱκετήσια φῦλα λεόντων:
καὶ δρύας εὐκάρποιο μετερρίζωσεν ἀρούρης,
Ἄδρυάδας δ' ἐδίωκεν: ὀιστεύων δὲ κολώνας
145 Νηιάδας ποταμοῖο μετήλυδας ἦλασε Νύμφας.
Βασσαρίδες δ' ἀλάληντο καὶ οὐχ ἦπτοντο Λυαίου,
καὶ Σάτυροι φρίσσοντες ἐνεκρύπτοντο θαλάσση,
οὐδὲ οἱ ἐγγὺς ἴκοντο τεθηπότες ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς,
μὴ σφιν ἐπαίξειε χέων ἑτερόθροον ἦχῳ,
150 ἀφρὸν ἀκοντίζων χιονώδεα, μάρτυρα λύσσης.
Δηριάδης δ' ὑπέροπλον ἔχων θράσος ἔχραε Βάκχαις,
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισι τινασσομένου Διονύσου.
ὥς δ' ὅτε χειμερίων ῥοθίων μυκώμενος ὀλκῷ
ἄπλοος ἀντιπόροις βακχεύετο πόντος ἀέλλαις,
155 κύμασιν ἠλιβάτοισι κατάρρυτον ἡέρα νίφων.
πρυμναίους δὲ κάλῳας ἀφειδέι κύματος ὀρμῇ
λαίλαπες ἐρρήξαντο, καὶ ἄσθματι λαῖφος ἐλίξας
ἱστὸν ἀνεχλαίνωσε κεκυφότα λάβρος ἀήτης
λαίφεσιν ἀμφίζωστον, ἐδοχμώθη δὲ κεραίῃ,
160 ναῦται δ' ἀσχαλὼντες ἐπέτρεπον ἐλπίδα πόντῳ:
ὥς τότε Βάκχον ὄρινεν ὄλον στρατὸν Ἴνδικὸς Ἄρης.
ἐνθά τις οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἔην ἔρις, οὐ κλόνος ἀνδρῶν
ἴσος ἔην, οὐ δῆρις ὁμοίος: ἀκάματος γὰρ
νόστιμος ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἐπέβρεμε χάλκεος Ἄρης,
165 Μωδαίου προμάχοιο φέρων τύπον, ὃς πλέον ἄλλων
ὑσμίνης ἀκόρητος ἀτερπεί τέρπετο λύθρῳ,
ᾧ πλέον εἰλαπίνης φόνος εὖαδεν: ἐν δὲ βοεΐῃ,
οἷά τε Γοργείων πλοκάμων ὀφιώδεας ὀλκούς,
γραπτὸν ἐνσμήριγγος ἔχων Ἴνδαλμα Μεδοῦσης
170 Δηριάδῃ πέλεν ἴσος, ὁμόχροος: οὗ τότε μορφῆς
ῥιγεδανῆς ἀγέλαστον ἔχων μίμημα προσώπου,

καὶ σκολιὴν πλοκαμῖδα φέρων καὶ σῆμα βοείης,
αἰνομανὴς πεφόρητο μόθῳ λαοσσόος Ἄρης,
καὶ προμάχους θάρσυνεν. ὁμογλώσσῳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
175 Βάκχου μὴ παρεόντος ἀταρβέες ἔβρεμον Ἴνδοι,
καὶ κτύπον ἐννεάχιλον ἐπέκτυπε λοίγιος Ἄρης,
φοιταλέην συνάεθλον ἔχων Ἔριν· δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
στήσε Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ὀπάονα Δηριαδῆος.
καὶ στρατιὴν οἷστροσαν ἐρημονόμου Διονύσου
180 Δηριάδης καὶ κῶμα Διὸς σὺνδρομος Ἄρης.
συμμιγέες δὲ φάλαγγες ὁμοζήλοιο κυδοιμοῦ
Βασσαρίδων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐμιτρώσαντο σιδήρῳ,
καὶ πολέες φεύγοντες ἐνὶ κτείνοντο φονῇι,
θεινόμενοι ξιφέεσσιν, Ὀμηρίδες, εἵπατε, Μοῦσαι,
185 τίς θάνε, τίς δούπησεν ὑπ' ἔγχει Δηριαδῆος;
Αἰβίαλος Θυάμις τε καὶ Ὀρμένιος καὶ Ὀφέλτης,
Κρίασος Ἀργασίδης, Τελέβης καὶ Λύκτιος Ἀνθεὺς
καὶ Θρόνιος καὶ Ἄρητος ἐνυμελῆς τε Μοληνεὺς
ἀλκήεις τε Κόμαρκος· ἐτείνετο δ' ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
190 ἔγχει Δηριάδαο νέκυς στρατός· ὄλλυμένων δὲ
ὅς μὲν ἔην δαπέδῳ τετανυσμένος, ὅς ῥέεθροις
πλώετο κυματόεντα φέρων μόθον ὅς δὲ θαλάσση
ἀγχιπύρῳ δέδμητο, διωκόμενον δὲ σιδήρῳ
κύμασιν ἀρτιχάρακτον Ἄραψ τυμβεύσατο Νηρεὺς·
195 ὅς δὲ θυελλήεντι δι' οὖρεος ἔδραμε ταρσῷ
κῆρα φυγών, ἕτερος δὲ πεπαρμένον ἔγχος ἐάσας
μεσσοπαγὲς περὶ νῶτα μετέστιχεν ἔνδια λόχμης,
χρηίζων ἀπεόντος ἀλεξικάκου Διονύσου.
Αὐχέης δ' Ἐχέλαος ἀτυμβεύτῳ πέσε πότμῳ,
200 Μορρέος ἡλιβάτοιο τυπεὶς ῥηξήνορι πέτρῳ,
Κύπριος, ἀρτιχάρακτον ἔχων ἔτι κύκλον ὑπῆνης,
ὑψικόμῳ φοίνικι πανεῖκελος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
ἄβρὸς ἀκερσικόμης ἐκυλίνδετο λαμπάδα σείων,
πληγέις ἰσχίον ἄκρον, ἄκρον, ὅπῃ χροὸς ἥλικι δεσμῷ
205 συμφερτὸν κοτύλῃ φύσις ἥρμοσεν ἄξονα μηροῦ·
καὶ θάνεν ἀπτομένην κρατέων ἔτι μυστίδα πεύκην,
ἀσπαίρων δὲ κάρηνον ἐῷ τεφρώσατο πυρσῷ,
φλέξας λιγνυόεντι πολὺπλοκα βόστρυχα δαλῷ.
καὶ οἱ ἐπαυχήσας φιλοκέρτομος ἴαχε Μορρεὺς·
210 'κοῦρε, φατιζομένης ἀλλότριάς σεῖο τιθήνης,
ἡβητῆρ Ἐχέλαε, γονὴν ἐψεύσαο Κύπρου·
οὐκ ἀπὸ Πυγμαλίωνος ἔχεις γένος, ᾧ πόρε Κύπρις
μηκεδανὴν βιότοιο πολυχρονίοιο πορείην·
οὐ σε τεῆς Παφίης ἐρρύσατο νυμφίος Ἄρης·
215 οὐδὲ σοι ἄσπετα κύκλα παλιννόστων ἐνιαυτῶν

δῶκε τεῇ Κυθήρεια καὶ οὐ σκάζουσαν ἀπήνην,
ὄφρα φύγῃς σέο πότμον ἄλεξιμόρων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
ἡμιόνων βαρύγουνον αἰὲ δρόμον ἡνιοχεύων.
ἦλιτον, ἐκ Κύπριοι φέρεις γένος· ὠκύμορον γὰρ
220 Ἀρης καὶ σὲ δάμασσεν ὁμοῖον υἱεὶ Μύρρης·
ὥς εἰπὼν πρυλέεσσι δορυσσόος ἤχμασε Μορρεὺς·
εἰλιπόδην δὲ Βίλιθον ἐλὼν καὶ Δένθιν ὀλέσσας,
αὐχένα δ' ὀρχηστήρος Ἐριγβώλοιο δαΐξας
ἔγχεϊ τηλεβόλῳ Φρυγίους ἐφόβησε μαχητάς·
225 Σηβέα δ' ὀκριόεντι κατεπρήνιξε βελέμνῳ·
Θηβαίων δὲ φάλαγγα καὶ Ἀκταίωνα διώκων
ἔκτανεν Εὐβώτην, Καδμηίδος ἀστὸν ἀρούρης,
σύννομον Ἀκταίωνος. ὁμοφθόγγῳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
πολλοὶ Δηριάδαο πεφυζότες ἄπλετον ἀλκῇν
230 πασσυδὸν ὠλίσθησαν ὁμόζυγος εἰς λῖνα Μοίρης,
αὐτοφόνῳ θνήσκοντες ἀλοιητῇρι σιδήρῳ,
ἀνδρὸς ἐνὸς ῥιπῇσιν· ἐπ' ἀλλήλοις δὲ πεσόντες
αἵμαλέη στοιχηδὸν ἐπεστόρνυντο κονίῃ
Κρίμισος, Ἱμαλέων, Φράσιος, Θάργηλος, Ἰάων,
235 οἷσι δαΐζομένοις ἐναριθμῖος ἥριπε Κοίλων,
καὶ νέκυς αἱματόεντι Κύης ἐκυλίνδετο πότμῳ·
καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἔσκε· δαΐξιμένων δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἐχθρῷ διψὰς ἄρουρα θελήμονι λούσατο λυθρῳ,
δεχνυμένη ξένον ὄμβρον Ἐνυαλίου νιφετοῖο.
240 Βακχείης δὲ φάλαγγος ἔην κλόνος· ἀσταθές γὰρ
πεζοὶ μὲν δεδόνηντο, φυγοπτολέμων δ' ἐλατήρων
εἰς φόβον εὐλᾷιγγες ἀνεκροῦντο χαλῖνοι·
ὣν ὁ μὲν οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐδύσατο κοιλάδα πέτρην,
ὃς δὲ μολῶν τανύφυλλον ὑπὸ κλέτας ἔζετο λόχμης
245 κρυπτόμενος πετάλοισιν, ὁ δὲ σπήλυγγα λεόντων,
ἄλλος ἀμαймаκέτοιο μετήιεν ἔνδιον ἄριτου·
καὶ τις ἄερσιλόφοιο διὰ πρηγῶνος ἀλύξας
ποσσὶν ὄρεσσινόμοισι διέστιχεν ἄκρα κολώνης.
Βάκχη δ' ἄρτιτόκοιο παρήλυθε θηρὸς ἐναύλους,
250 ταρβαλέῳ πρηγῶνα διαστείβουσα πεδίλῳ·
οὐ γὰρ ἔχειν μενέαινε λεοντεῖην ἔτι πέτρην,
ἀλλὰ λιποσθενέων ἐλάφων ἐκίχησε καλιῇν
ἦθεσιν ἀδρανέεσσιν, ἐπεὶ προτέρην φρένα Βάκχη
εἰς κραδίην ἐλάφοιο μετέτραπεν ἀντὶ λεαίνης.
255 καὶ τις ἀελλοπόδων Σατύρων δειδήμονι ταρσῷ
ἔτρεχεν, ἀσταθέεσσιν ἀσάμβalos εἵκελος αὐραῖς,
φεύγων Δηριάδαο θεημάχον ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς.
καὶ σκοπέλους ἐδίωκε γέρων Σειληνὸς ἀλήτης·
πολλάκι δ' εἰς χθόνα πῦπτε κονιομένιοι προσώπου,

260 Ὀκλάζων βαρύγουνος ὀλισθηροῖσι πεδίλοις,
ἔμπαλιν ὀρθώσας λάσιον δέμας· ἐν δὲ κολώναις
ἀντὶ μόθου κεκάλυπτο, καὶ Εὖιον ἔγχος ἀνάγκη
κάλλιπεν ἀπτολέμοισι μεμηλότες θύρσον ἀλλῃαις,
καὶ μόγισ Εὐπύληκος ἀλεύατο Μορρέος αἰχμήν.
265 Ὀκναλέοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐχάζετο νωθρὸς Ἑρεχθεύς,
ἐντροπαλιζομένην τανύων εὐκυκλον ὀπωπὴν,
αἰδόμενος μενέχαρμον ἐὴν πολιοῦχον Ἀθήνην.
Βακχείην δ' ἀέκων ἡρνήσατο Μαινάδα χάρμην
λαῖδον Ἀρισταῖος βεβολημένος ὦμον ὀιστῶ.
270 καὶ στρατιὴν ἀλέεινε δοριθρασέων Κορυβάντων
οὐτήθεις λασίοιο κατὰ στέρνοιο Μελισσεύς,
μαζὸν Ἑρυθραίῃ κεχαραγμένος ἄκρον ἄκωκῇ.
καὶ βλοσυροὶ Κύκλωπες ἀναιδέες εὐποδί ταρσῶ
εἰς φόβον ἠπείγοντο τεθηπότες, οἷς ἅμα φεύγων
275 Ἰνδῶν ἀδόνητος ἐλίμπανε Φαῦνος Ἐνυώ.
εὐκεράου δὲ φάλαγγος ὅλον στρατὸν εἰς φόβον ἔλκων
πρεσβυγενῆς φύξῃλις ἐχάζετο Παρράσιος Πάν,
σιγαλέοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην,
μὴ μιν ἴδῃ φεύγοντα δι' οὖρεος ἄστατος Ηχώ.
280 καὶ οἱ ἐπεγγελάσειε καὶ ἀδρανέοντα καλέσσει.
καὶ πρόμαχοι τότε πάντες ὑπέκφυγον· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
Αἰακὸς αὐτόθι μοῦνος ἐλείπετο, μαρνάμενος δὲ
δεύετο μὴ παρεόντος ἀνικῆτου Διονύσου·
ἔμπης δ' αὐτόθι μίμνεν. ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο δὲ Νύμφαι
285 Νηιάδος βυθίοισιν ἐνεκρύπτοντο μελᾶθροις·
αἱ μὲν Ὑδασπιάδεσσιν ὁμήλυδες, αἱ δὲ φυγοῦσαι
Ἰνδὸν ἐς ἀγχικέλευθον ἐναυλίζοντο ῥεέθροις,
ἄλλαι Συδριάδεσσιν ὁμόστολοι, αἱ δ' ἐνὶ Γάγγῃ
λύθρον ἀπεσμήξαντο νεόσσυτον, ἧς τότε πολλὰς
290 ἐρχομένας ἀγελῆδὸν ἐς ὕδατόεντας ἐναύλους
νηϊὰς ἀργυρόπεζα φιλοξείνῳ πυλεῶνι
δέξατο κυματόεντος ἐς αὖλια παρθενεῶνος.
ἄλλαι Ἀμαδρυάδος σκιεροῖς κρύπτοντο κορύμβοις,
δυσάμεναι δρυόεντας ἀνοιγομένους κενεῶνας.
295 πολλὰ δ' ὕγροτόκους ὑπὸ πίδακας ἐγγῦθι πέτρης
Βασσαρίδες κρουνηδὸν ἐκώκυον· ἀρτιχῦτῳ δὲ
ὄμβρῳ δακρυόεντι φιλοθρήνοιο προσώπου
πληθομένη βαθύκολπος ὅλη πορφύρετο πηγῇ,
μυρομένη βαρὺ πένθος ἀπενθήτου Διονύσου.

ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ τριτάτῳ Μορρήα δαμάζει
 φλέξας θοῦρος Ἔρωσ ἐπὶ κάλλει Χαλκομεδείης.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ φοιταλέω πεφορημένος ἄλματι ταρσῶν
 εὐκεράω ταχύγουνος ὁμοῖος ἔσσυτο ταύρῳ,
 λοιγίον ἄσθμα χέων ἑτερόφρονος οἷδματι λύσσης.
 καὶ Χάρις ὠκυπέδιλος Ἐρυθραίῳ παρὰ κήπῳ
 5 φυταλιῇν εὖοδμον ἀμεργομένη δονακῆων,
 ὄφρα πυριπνεύστων Παφίων ἔντοσθε λεβήτων
 Ἀσσυρίου μίξασα χυτὰς ὠδῖνας ἐλαίου
 ἄνθεσιν Ἰνδῶοισι μύρον τεύξειεν ἀνάσση,
 ὅππότε παντοίην δροσερὴν ἐδρέψατο ποιήν,
 10 ὡῶρον ὅλον θεῖτο· καὶ ἀγχιπόρῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
 λύσσαν ἐοῦ γενετῆρος ὀπιπεύουσα Λυαίου
 ἀχνυμένη δάκρυσε, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
 πενθαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι ἐὰς ἐχάραξε παρειάς·
 καὶ Σατύρους σκοπιάζεν ὑποπτήσσοντας Ἐνυῶ,
 15 Κωδώνην δ' ἐνόησε μινυνθαδίην τε Γιγαρτῷ
 κεκλιμένης ἐφύπερθεν ἀτυμβεύτοιο κονίης·
 Χαλκομέδην δ' ἐλέαιρε θυελλήεντι πεδίλῳ
 μαينوμένου Μορρήος ἀλυσκάζουσαν ἀκωκὴν,
 καὶ φθονερὴ δεδόνητο ῥοδώπιδος εἵνεκα κούρης,
 20 μὴ ποτε νικήσειεν ἐς ἀγλαίην Ἀφροδίτην.
 ἀχνυμένη δ' ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἀνήιε, πενθάδι σιγῇ
 ἄλγος ἐοῦ γενετῆρος ὑποκλέπτουσα Λυαίου·
 καὶ χλόος εὐκύκλοιο παρηίδος ἄνθος ἀμείψας
 μαρμαρυγὴν στίλβουσιν ἀπημάλδυνε προσώπου.
 25 τὴν δὲ κατηφιόωσαν Ἀδωνιδὰς ἔννεπε Κύπρις,
 τοῖον ἔπος βοῶσα παρήγορον, ἐκ δὲ προσώπου
 Πασιθέης ἐνόησεν ἄχος κήρυκι σιωπῇ·
 ἔνυμφα φίλῃ, τί παθοῦσα τεὴν ἠλλάξαι μορφήν;
 παρθένε, πῶς μετὰμειψας ἔρευθαλέην σέο μορφήν;
 30 εἰαρινὴν δ' ἀκτῖνα τίς ἔσβεσε σεῖο προσώπου;
 οὐκέτι σῶν μελέων ἀμαρύσσεται ἄργυφος αἶγλη·
 οὐκέτι δ' ὥς τὸ πρόσθε, τεὰ γελώωσιν ὅπως παῖ.
 ἀλλὰ τεὰς ἀγόρευε μεληδόνας· ἦ ῥά σε τείρει
 υἱὸς ἐμός, φιλέεις δὲ ποθοβλήτῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
 35 οἷα Σεληναίῃ τινὰ βουκόλον; ἦ ῥά που αὐτὴν
 καὶ σὲ μετ' Ἡριγένειαν Ἔρωσ ἐπεμάστιε κεστῷ;
 οἷδα, πόθεν χλοᾶουσι παρηίδες· ὅττι σε κούρην
 νυμφίος ἀχλυόεις νυμφεύεται Ὕπνος ἀλήτης·
 οὐ μὲν ἀναινομένην σε βιήσομαι, οὐδὲ συνάψω

40 λευκάδι Πασιθέη μελανόχροον Ὕπνον ἀκοίτην.
ὥς φαμένης δάκρυσε Χάρις καὶ ἀμείβετο μῦθος:
ἄενάου κόσμοιο φυτοσπόρε, μήτηρ Ἐρώτων,
βουκόλος οὐ κλονέει με, καὶ οὐ θρασὺς ἱμερος Ὕπνου.
οὐ πέλον Ἥριγένεια δυσίμερος ἡδὲ Σελήνη,
45 ἀλλὰ πόνος περίφοιτος ἀνιάζει με Λυαίου,
πατρὸς ἔμοῦ φρίσσοντος Ἐρινύας: ὑμετέρου δέ,
εἰ δύνασαι, προμάχιζε κασιγνήτου Διονύσου.
ἔννεπε, καὶ γενετῆρος ὅλον πόνον εἶπεν ἀνάσση
Βασσαριδων τε φάλαγγας ἀπείρονας, ἅς κτάνε Μορρεὺς,
50 καὶ Σατύρων φύξηλιν ὅλον στρατόν, εἶπε καὶ αὐτὴν
δαιμονίην μάστιγα τινασσομένου Διονύσου
καὶ κινυρὴν σπαίρουσαν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο Γιγαρτῶ,
Κωδώνην τ' ἀγόρευε προώριον: αἰδομένη δὲ
πένθος ὁμοῦ καὶ κάλλος ἐπέφραδε Χαλκομεδείης.
55 καὶ ῥοδέου σπινθῆρα μεταλλάξασα προσώπου
ἡθάδα ῥίψε γέλωτα φιλομειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη.
ἀγλαίην δ' ἐκέλευσε διάκτορον, ὄφρα καλέσση
υἷέα θοῦρον Ἔρωτα μετάρσιον ἡεροφοίτην,
ἀνδρομέης γονόεντα κυβερνητῆρα γενέθλης.
60 καὶ Χάρις ἶχνος ἔκαμψε, πολυστρέπτῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
σὺν χθονὶ πόντον ὅπωπε καὶ οὐρανόν, εἴ που ἐφεύροι
ἄστατον ἶχνος Ἔρωτος, ἐπεὶ πτερὰ πάντοθι πάλλει,
τέτραχα τεμνομένην κυκλούμενος ἄντυγα κόσμου.
Εὔρε δὲ μιν χρυσέοιο περὶ ῥίον ἄκρον Ὀλύμπου
65 νεκταρέας ῥαθάμιγγας ἀκοντίζοντα κυπέλλοις:
πὰρ δὲ οἱ ἴστατο κοῦρος ὁμέσιος ἀβρὸν ἀθύρων,
εὐχαίτης Ὑμέναιος: ἀερσινόου δὲ τεκούσης
οὐρανίης σοφὸν ἔργον ἐπισταμένης δρόμον ἄστρον
σφαῖραν ἄγων τροχόεσσαν ἀέθλια θήκατο νίκης,
70 Ἄργου δαιδαλέης ἀντίρροπον εἰκόνα μορφῆς:
καὶ πτερόεις εὐκυκλον Ἔρωσ μητρῴον αἰείρων
χρύσειον ὄρμον ἔθηκε θαλασσαιῆς Ἀφροδίτης,
νίκης φαιδρὸν ἄγαλμα παναίολον: ἀργύρεος δὲ
κεῖτο λέβης ἐν ἀγῶνι, καὶ οἶνοχύτου βρέτας Ἥβης
75 μεσσοφανῇ σκοπὸν εἶχε: καὶ ἡμερόεις Γανυμήδης
οἶνοχόος Κρονίδαο δικασπὸλος ἦεν ἀγῶνος,
στέμμα φέρων παλάμῃσι. Φιλακρήτων δὲ βολᾶων
λαχμὸς ἔην, μεθέπων ἑτερότροπα δάκτυλα χειρῶν:
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὀρθώσαντες ἀνέσχεθον, ἄλλα δὲ καρπῷ
80 χειρὸς ἐπεσφῆκωτο συνήορα σύζυγι δεσμῷ:
ἀμφοτέροις δ' ἔρις ἦεν ἐπήρατος. Ἀβροκόμης δὲ
πρῶτα λαχὼν Ὑμέναιος ἔλεν δέπας, ἵπταμένην δὲ
νεκταρέην ῥαθάμιγγα μετάρσιον ἡέρι πέμπτων

ῥῖψε λέβητος ὑπερθε: καὶ οὐ τότε μητέρι Μούσῃ
85 εὐχολὴν ἀνέφηνε: διεσσυμένη δὲ κυπέλλου
ἤερα μέσσον ἔτυπεν ἀερσιπότητος ἔερση,
ἀλλὰ παρατρέψασα βολὴν βητάρμονι παλμῷ
ἐλκομένη παλινορσος ἀγάλματος ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
ἄσφορος ἄκρον ἔτυπεν ἀδουπήτοιο καρήνου:
90 δεύτερος αἰολόμητις Ἔρωσ τεχνήμονι θεσμῷ
ἱμερόεν δέπας εἶλε, καὶ εὔξατο Κυπρογενεΐῃ
λάθριος ἐν πραπίδεσσι, καὶ ἀπλανὲς ὄμμα τανύσσας
εἰς σκοπὸν ἠκόντιζεν ἐκηβόλον ἱκμάδα πέμπων:
νεκταρέου δὲ ποτοῖο παλινδίνητος ἔερση
95 ἰθυτενῆς ἄγναμπος ἀγάλματος ὑψόθι κόρσης
ἠερόθεν βαρύδουπος ἔπεσμαράγησε μετώπῳ:
ἶαχε δ' ἄβρὸν ἄγαλμα, καὶ υἱεὶ Κυπρογενεΐης
χρυσέῳ ἔσμαράγησε λέβης ἐπινίκιον ἥχῳ:
καὶ στέφος ἄβρὸν Ἔρωτι πόρεν γελάσας Γανυμήδης:
100 καὶ ταχὺς αἰόλον ὄρμὸν ἐλὼν καὶ σφαῖραν ἀείρων
διπλόον εἶχεν ἄεθλον ἐνρραθάμιγγος ἀγῶνος,
σκιρτήσας δὲ πόδεσσι, κυβιστήσας δὲ καρήνῳ
κυδιῶν ἐχόρευεν Ἔρωσ θρασὺς: ἀντιπάλου δὲ
πολλάκις ἀχνυμένοιο κατήγαγε χεῖρα προσώπου.
105 ἀγλαΐῃ δὲ οἱ ἄγχι παρίστατο: τερψινόου δὲ
δέξατο χερσὶν ἄνακτος ἀέθλια: νεῦσε δὲ κούρῳ
νόσφι μολεῖν, καὶ Ἔρωτος ἐς οὐατα μάρτυρι σιγῇ
ψευδομένης ἀγόρευε δολόφρονα μῦθον ἀνάσσης:
'πανδαμάτῳρ ἀδάμαστε, βιοσσόε σύγχρονε κόσμου,
110 σπεῦσον, ἐπεὶ Κυθέρεια βιάζεται, οὐδέ τις αὐτῇ
ἀμφιπόλων παρέμιμνε, Χάρις φύγεν, ὥχετο Πειθῷ,
καὶ Πόθος ἀστήρικτος ἐχάζετο: σοὶ δὲ με μούνην
πέμψεν ἀνικήτοιο τεῆς χατέουσα φαρέτρης.'
ὥς φαμένην ἐρέεινεν Ἔρωσ, ἵνα πάντα δαείη:
115 ὅττι νέοι ξύμπαντες, ἀτέρμονος ὀππότε μύθου
ἀρχὴν εἰσαΐουσι, τέλος σπεύδουσιν ἀκοῦσαι:
καὶ στομάτων ἀχάλινον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν:
'τίς Παφίην ἀκάχησεν ἐμήν; ἵνα χεῖρα κορύσσω
μαρνάμενος πάντεσσι: βιαζομένης δὲ τεκούσης
120 νευρὴν πανδαμάτειραν ἐπὶ Κρονίῳνα τανύσσω,
καὶ πάλιν οἰστρηθέντα γαμοκλόπον ὄρνιν Ἐρώτων
αἰετόν, ἥ τινα ταῦρον ἀλὸς πλωτῆρα τελέσσω:
εἰ δὲ ἐ Παλλὰς ὄρινε καὶ ἠκαχεν ἀμφιγυῆεις
Κεκροπίου λύχνοιο φεραυγέα δαλὸν ἀνάψας,
125 μάρναμαι ἀμφοτέροισι, καὶ Ἥφαιστῳ καὶ Ἀθῆνῃ:
εἰ δὲ μιν ἰοχέαιρα λαγωβόλος εἰς χόλον ἔλκει,
ἔμπυρον Ὠρίωνος Ὀλύμπιον ἄορ ἐρύσσας

Ἄρτεμιν οἰστρήσαιμι, καὶ αἰθέρος ἑκτὸς ἐλάσσω ...
κουφίζων πετεργεσσιν ὁμόστολον υἷα Μαίης,
130 οὐτιδανὴν καλέοντα μάτην ἐπαρηγόνα Πειθῶ:
καλλείφας δὲ βέλεμνα καὶ ἔμπυρον ἄμμα φαρέτρης
δαφναίοις πετάλοισι θελήμονα Φοῖβον ἱμάσσω,
δέσμιον αὐδῆεντι περισφιγξας ὑακίνθῳ:
οὐ μὲν Ἐνυαλίου τρομέω σθένος, οὐδὲ μογῆσω
135 Ἄρεα μαστίζων πεπεδημένον ἡδέι κεστῷ:
καὶ διδύμους φωστῆρας ὑποδρήσσοντας ἐρύσσω
εἰς Πάφον οὐρανόθεν, καὶ ὀπάονα μητρὶ κομίσσω
σὺν Κλυμένη Φαέθοντα, σὺν Ἐνδυμίωνι Σελήνην,
πάντες ἵνα γνῶσιν, ὅτι ξυμπαντα δαμάζω.’
140 εἶπε, καὶ ἰθυκέλευθον ἐν ἡέρι ταρσὸν ἐλίσσων
ἔφθασεν Ἀγλαΐην πετεργων διδυμάωνι ῥοίζῳ,
ἄχρι δόμων ἐπέβαινεν ἐπειγομένης Ἀφροδίτης.
καὶ μέσον ἀγκὰς ἐλοῦσα γαληνιόωντι προσώπῳ
πεπταμένῳ πῆχυνε γεγηθότι κοῦρον ἀγοστῷ,
145 γούνασι κουφίζουσα φίλον βάρος: ἔζομένου δὲ
καὶ στόμα παιδὸς ἔκυσσε καὶ ὄμματα: θελξινόου δὲ
ἄπτομένη τόξοιο καὶ ἀμφαφόωσα φαρέτρην,
οἷα χόλου πνείουσα, δολόφρονα ῥήξατο φωνήν:
‘τέκνον ἐμόν, Φαέθοντος ἐλήσαιο καὶ Κυθερείης:
150 οὐκέτι Πασιφάη μυκώμενα λέκτρα διώκει:
ἡέλιος γέλαα με, καὶ Ἀστρίδος αἶμα κορύσσει
παιδὸς ἑῆς υἷῃα μαχήμονα Δηριάδῃα,
Βασσαρίδων ὀλετῆρα γυναιμανέος Διονύσου,
καὶ Σατύρων Βρομίοιο ποθοβλήτων ἐλατῆρα.
155 τοῦτ’ ὃ με μᾶλλον ὄρινεν, ὅτι βροτοειδὲς μορφῇ
Ἄρης ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἔχων συνάεθλον Ἐνῶ,
ἀρχαίης φιλότητος ἀφειδήσας Ἀφροδίτης,
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισιν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ,
Ἰνδῶν βασιλῆϊ συνέμπορος. ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
160 Ἄρης Δηριάδαο, σὺ δὲ προμάχιζε Λυαίου:
ἔγχος ἔχει, σὺ δὲ τόξον ὑπέρτερον, ὧ γόνυ κάμπτει
Ζεὺς ὕπατος καὶ θεῶν Ἄρης καὶ θέσμιος Ἑρμῆς:
δειμαίνει σέο τόξα καὶ ὁ κλυτότοξος Ἀπόλλων.
εἰ δὲ τεῇ, φίλε κοῦρε, χαρίζεαι ἀφρογενεῖη,
165 Βασσαρίδων προμάχιζε καὶ ἡμετέρου Διονύσου.
ἀλλὰ μολὼν ἀκίχητος Ἐώιον εἰς κλίμα γαίης
Ἰνδῶν παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ θεράπαινα Λυαίου
ἔστι τις ἐν Βάκχησιν, ὑπέρτερος ἡλικὸς ἥβης,
οὕνομα Χαλκομέδη φιλοπάρθενος — εἰ δὲ κεν ἄμφω
170 Χαλκομέδην καὶ Κύπριν ἔσω Λιβάνοιο νοήσης,
οὐ δύνασαι, φίλε κοῦρε, διακρίνειν Ἀφροδίτην — .

καῖθι μολῶν χραίσμησον ἔρημονόμῳ Διονύσῳ,
 Μορρέα τοξεύσας ἐπὶ κάλλεϊ Χαλκομεδείης:
 σεῖο δὲ τοξοσύνης γέρας ἄξιον ἐγγυαλίζω
 175 Λήμιον εὐποίητον ἐγὼ στέφος, εἵκελον αἶγλαις
 ἡελίου φλογεροῖο: σὺ δὲ γλυκὺν ἰὸν ἰάλλων
 δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ:
 σὸν καὶ ἐμὸν κύδαινε γαμοστόλον ὄρνιν Ἑρώτων,
 εὐφροσύνης κήρυκα βιοζυγέων ὕμεναιών.’
 180 εἶπε θεά: καὶ μάργος Ἔρωσ ἀνεπάλλετο κόλπου
 μητρὸς ἑῆς, καὶ τόξον ἐκούφισεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ βαιῶ
 ὦμῳ πανδαμάτειρον ἐπῆώρησε φαρέτρην:
 καὶ πτερόεις πεπότητο δι’ αἰθέρος: ἀμφὶ δὲ Κέρνη
 κυκλώσας πτερὰ κοῦφα βολαῖς ἀντώπιος Ἡοῦς
 185 ἵπτατο μειδιῶν, ὅτι τηλικὸν ἦνιοχῆα
 δίφρων οὐρανίων ὀλίγοις ἔφλεξε βελέμοις,
 καὶ σέλας Ἥελιοιο σέλας νίκησεν Ἑρώτων.
 καὶ ταχὺς Ἰνδῶοιο μολῶν κατὰ μέσσον ὁμίλου
 τόξον ἐδὼν στήριζεν ἐπ’ αὐχένι Χαλκομεδείης:
 190 καὶ βέλος ἰθύνων ῥοδέης περὶ κύκλα παρειῆς
 Μορρέος εἰς φρένα πέμψεν, ἐρετμώσας δὲ πορείην
 νηχομένων πτερύγων ἐτερόζυγι σύνδρομος ὀλκῷ
 πατρώους ἀνέβαινεν ἐς ἀστερόεντας ὀχῆας,
 καλλείφας πυρόεντι πεπαρμένον Ἰνδὸν ὀιστῶ.
 195 αἰεὶ δ’ ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πόθου δεδονημένος ἰῶ,
 παρθένος ἦχι βέβηκε, δυσίμερος ἦιε Μορρεὺς,
 μείλιχον ἄορ ἔχων, πεφιδημένον ἔγχος ἀείρων,
 καὶ θρασὺν Ἰμερόεντι νόον μαστίζετο κεστῶ:
 ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν περικυκλὸν ἐρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
 200 νεύμασι Κυπριδίοισιν ἀθελγέας εἵλκεν ὀπωπᾶς.
 ἡ δὲ δολοφρονέουσα παρήπαφεν ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,
 οἷᾶ περ ἱμείρουσα, πόθου δ’ ἀπεμάξατο κούρη
 ψευδαλέον μίμημα: καὶ αἰθέρος ἦπτετο Μορρεὺς,
 ἐλπίδι μαψιδίῃ πεφορημένος: ἐν κραδίῃ γὰρ
 205 παρθενικὴν ἐδόκησεν ἔχειν βέλος ἴσον Ἑρώτων,
 κοῦφος ἀνὴρ, ὅτι παῖδα σαόφρονα διζετο θέλγειν
 κυανέοις μελέεσσι, καὶ οὐκ ἐμνήσατο μορφῆς.
 καὶ οἱ ἐπεγγελώωσα δόλῳ φιλοπαίγμονι κούρη
 ἀγχιφανῆς ἐρέθιζε δυσίμερον, ἀντιβίῳ δὲ
 210 εἶπεν ἀνυμφεύτοιο ποδὴνεμα γούνατα νύμφης,
 πῶς ποτε Φοῖβον ἔφευγε, Βορηίδι σύνδρομος αὐρῇ,
 πῶς διερὸν παρὰ χεῦμα τιταινομένου ποταμοῖο
 παρθένιον πόδα πῆξε παρ’ εὐρυρέεθρον Ὀρόντην,
 ὅπποτε γαῖα χανοῦσα παρ’ εὐύδρου στόμα λίμνης
 215 παῖδα διωκομένην οἰκτίρμονι δέξατο κόλπῳ.

τοῖον ἔπος φασμένης ἀνεπάλλετο χάρματι Μορρεῦς,
 ἔν δέ ἐ μοῦνον ὄρινε, διωκομένην ὅτι Δάφνην
 καὶ θεὸς οὐκ ἐκίχησε καὶ οὐκ ἐμίγηεν Ἀπόλλων·
 καὶ βραδὺν ἔννεπε Φοῖβον· αἰὲ δ' ὑπεμέμεφετο γαίῃ,
 220 παρθένον ὅττι κάλυψεν ἀπειρήτην ὕμεναιών·
 δεῖδιε γὰρ τρομέων γλυκερῷ πυρί, μὴ τι καὶ αὐτῇ
 εἷη Χαλκομέδῃ φιλοπάρθενος, οἷά τε Δάφνη,
 μὴ μιν ἰδὼν φεύγουσαν ἐτώσιον εἰς δρόμον ἔλθῃ,
 μοχθίζων ἀτέλεστον ἐς ἱμερον, ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων.
 225 ἄλλ' ὅτε νύξ ἀνέτελλε, κατευνήτειρα κυδοιμοῦ,
 Χακξινέδῃ μὲν ἱκανεν ἐρημάδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
 ἵχνια μαστεύουσα νοσπλανέος Διονύσου·
 οὐ τότε ῥόπτρα φέρουσα καὶ Εὖια κύμβαλα Πείης
 ὄργια μυστιπόλευεν ἀκοιμήτοιο Λυαίου,
 230 ἀλλὰ κατηφιόωσα καὶ οὐ ψαύουσα χορεῖης
 εἶχεν ἀσιγήτοισιν ἀήθεα χεῖλεσι σιγὴν,
 νοῦσον ἀλεξητῆρος ἐπισταμένη Διονύσου.
 Ὀκναλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι μόγις βραδὺς ἦε Μορρεῦς,
 ἐντροπαλιζομένῳ δεδοκμημένος ὄμματι νύμφην,
 235 μεμφόμενος Φαέθοντα ταχύδρομον· ἐσπόμενον δὲ
 Χαλκομέδῃ νόον εἶχεν ὁμόστολον· ἀσχαλῶν δὲ
 Κυπριδίοις ὁάροις ἀνήρυγε θῆλυν ἰωήν,
 αἰθύσσων νυχίων ὑποκάρδιον ἰὼν Ἑρώτων·
 ἔρρε, βέλος καὶ τόξον Ἀρήιον· ἱμερόεν γὰρ
 240 φέρτερον ἄλλο βέλος με βιάζεται· ἔρρε, φαρέτρη·
 κεστὸς ἱμᾶς νίκησεν ἐμῆς τελαμῶνα βοεῖης.
 οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδεσσι μαχήμονα χεῖρα κορύσσω·
 ἀλλὰ θεὸν πατρῶον, ὕδωρ καὶ γαῖαν ἐάσας
 βωμὸν ἀναστήσω καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ,
 245 ῥίψας χάλκεον ἔγχος Ἐνυαλίου καὶ Ἀθήνης.
 οὐκέτι πυρσὸν ἔχων θωρήσομαι· ἀδρανέος γὰρ
 δαλὸν Ἐνυαλίοιο κατέσβεσε πυρσὸς Ἑρώτων·
 ἄλλω θερμότερῳ πυρὶ βάλλομαι. αἶθε καὶ αὐτός,
 αἶθε γυναιμανέων Σάτυρος πέλον, ὄφρα χορεύσω
 250 μεσσοῖτι Βασσαρίδων, παλάμη δ' ἵνα πῆχυν ἐρείσας
 σφιγξω δεσμὸν ἔρωτος ἐπ' αὐχένι Χαλκομεδείης.
 εἰς Φρυγίην Διόνυσος ὁπάονα Δηριαδῆος
 δουλοσύνης ἐρύσειεν ὑπὸ ζυγόν, ἀντὶ δὲ πάτρης
 Μαιονίη πολυόλβος ἐὼν ναέτην με δεχέσθω·
 255 Τμῶλον ἔχειν ἐθέλω μετὰ Καῦκασον· ἀρχέγονον δὲ
 Ἴνδον ἀπορρίψας ἐμὸν οὖνομα Λυδὸς ἀκούσω,
 αὐχένα δοῦλον Ἑρωτος ὑοκλίνων Διονύσῳ·
 Πακτωλὸς φερέτω με· τί μοι πατρῶος Ὑδάσπη;
 Χαλκομέδης δ' ἐχέτω με δόμος γλυκύς· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ

260 Κύπρις ὁμοῦ καὶ Βάκχος ὑπ' ἀμφοτέροισι βελέμνοισι
 γαμβροῖς Δηριαδῆος ἐπέχραον, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ:
 'Μορρέα κεστός ἔπεφνε, καὶ ἔκτανε θύρσος Ὀρόντην.'"
 τοῖα μὲν ἠύτησε: πολυφλοίσβω δὲ μερίμῃ
 τήκετο Χαλκομέδης μεμνημένος: ἐν γὰρ ὁμίλῃ
 265 θερμότεροι γεγάασιν αἰὲ σπινθῆρες Ἑρώτων.
 ἦδη γὰρ σκιάεντι θορῶν αὐτόχθονι παλμῷ
 ἄσφορος ἀννεφέλοιο μελαίνετο κῶνος ὁμίχλης,
 καὶ τρομερῇ ξύμπαντα μιῇ ξύνωσε σιωπῇ:
 οὐδὲ τις ἵχνος ἔπειγε δι' ἄστεος Ἰνδὸς ὀδίτης,
 270 οὐδὲ γυνὴ χερνῆτις ἐθήμονος ἥπτετο τέχνης,
 οὐδὲ οἱ ἐν παλάμῃσι φιληλακάτῳ παρὰ λύχνῳ
 κύκλον ἐς αὐτοέλικτον ἰὼν ἄτρακτος ἀλήτης
 ἄστατος ὀρχηστῆρι τιταίνετο νήματος ὀλκῷ,
 ἀλλὰ κερηβαρέουσα φιλαγρύπνῳ παρὰ λύχνῳ
 275 εὐδε γυνὴ ταλαεργός: ὄφρις δὲ τις ἥσυχος ἔρπων
 κεῖτο πεσών, κεφαλῇ δ' ἐρύων παλινάγρετον οὐρὴν
 γαστέρος ὑπναλέης ἀνεσεύρασεν ὀλκὸν ἀκάνθης:
 καὶ τις ἀερσιπόδης ἐλέφας παρὰ γείτονι τοίχῳ
 ὄρθιον ὕπνον ἱαυεν, ὑπὸ δρυὶ νῶτον ἐρείσας.
 280 καὶ τότε μοῦνος ἄυπνος ἀπόσσυτος ἄσφορος ἔρπων
 ποσσὶ παλιννόστοισιν ἔλιξ ἐστρεύετο Μορρεὺς,
 μούνην Χειροβίην θαλάμοις εὐδουσαν ἐάσας:
 καὶ τινος ἀρχαίοιο σοφοῦ πάρα μῦθον ἀκούσας
 ἀνδράσι πᾶρ Κιλίκεσσιν ἔχων μόθον ἐγγύθι Ταύρου
 285 ἔνθεον ἀστραίων δεδαημένος οἷστρον Ἑρώτων,
 ἥερί πεπταμένην μετανεύμενος αἶθριον αὐλήν
 νυμφίον Εὐρώπης ἐπεδέρκετο, Ταῦρον Ὀλύμπου:
 ἄξονίω δὲ τένοντι πολυπλανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
 Καλλιστῶ σκοπίαζε καὶ ἄστατον ὀλκὸν Ἀμαξης,
 290 γινώσκων, ὅτι θῆλυς ἐδέξατο θῆλυν ἀκοίην
 μιμηλῆς μεθέπηγοντα νόθον δέμας ἰοχεαίρης
 ἀγνώστοις μελέεσσι: ὑπερτέλλοντα δὲ Ταύρου
 Μυρτίλον ἐσκοπίαζε, πυρίπνοον Ἠνιοχῆα,
 ὅττι γάμῳ χραίσμησε, καὶ εἰς δρόμον Ἴπποδαμείης
 295 ἀντίτυπον ποίησε τύπον τροχοεσδεί κηρῷ,
 ἄχρι Πέλοψ γάμον εὖρε: καὶ ἀγχόθι Κασσιεπείης
 αἰετὸν Αἰγίνης τανυσίπτερον εἶδεν ἀκοίτην,
 καὶ δόλον ἥθελε τοῖον ἐπὶ κλοπῶν, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς
 Χαλκομέδης λύσειεν ἀνυμφεύτοιο κορείην,
 300 καὶ τίνα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἔχων ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπὴν:
 'Ἐκλυον, ὥς Σατύρῳ πανομοίος ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
 Ἀντιόπην δολόεντι τύπῳ νυμφεύσατο κούρην
 μιμηλῇ φιλότῃ φιλοσκάρθμων ὑμεναίων:

τοῖον ἔχειν ἐθέλω καὶ ἐγὼ δέμας, ὄφρα χορεύσω
305 εἰς στρατὸν εὐκεράων Σατύρων ἄγνωστος ἰκάνων,
Χαλκομέδης ἵνα λέκτρα φιλακρήτοιο τελέσω.
οἶδα, πόθεν, Κυθήρεια, χολῶσαι υἷασιν Ἴνδῶν:
γείτονας Ἥελιοιο τεοὶ κλονέουσιν ὄιστοί:
οὐ πω μνηστὴν ὄλεσσας ἐλεγχομένων σέο δεσμῶν.
310 οὐ Φαέθων με φύτευσε: τί με κλονέεις, Ἀφροδίτη;
οὐ τέκε Πασιφάη με βοοσκόπος, οὐκ Ἀριάδνης
γνωτὸς ἐγὼ. φθέγγασθε, λίθοι, πετρώδεα φωνήν.
Χαλκομέδην ποθέω, καὶ ἀναιίνεται. ἔρρε, φαρέτρη,
ἔρρετε, φοῖνια τόξα καὶ ἠνεμόεντες ὄιστοί:
315 Ἄρης οὐ με σάωσε κορυσσομένης Ἀφροδίτης:
βαῖος Ἔρως με δάμασσε, τὸν οὐ κτάνε Βάκχος ἀγῆνωρ.
τοῖα μάτην κατὰ νύκτα δυσίμερος ἔννεπε Μορρεὺς.
οὐδὲ νοοπλανέος πτερὸν εὐνάσεν ἡδέος Ὕπνου
Χαλκομέδην φυγόδεμνον, ἐπεὶ πόθον εἶχεν ὀλέθρου,
320 Μορρέα δειμαίνουσα μεμνηνότα, μὴ μιν ἐρύσσας
θερμὸς ἀνὴρ ζεύξειεν ἀναγκαίοις ὕμεναιοις
Βάκχου μὴ παρεόντος: Ἐρυθραίῃ δὲ θαλάσῃ
ἐννυχον ἶχονς ἔκαμψε καὶ ἴαχε κύματι κωφῶ:
Ἐμῆλις, ἐπολβίζω σε: σὺ γάρ ποτε, νῆις Ἐρώρων,
325 αὐτομάτῃ στροφάλιγγι δέμας ῥίψασα θαλάσῃ
λέκτρα γυναιμανέοντος ἀλεύαιο Δαμναμενῆος:
σὸν μόρον ὀλβίζω φιλοπάρθενον: οἷστρομανῇ γὰρ
νυμφίον εἰς σὲ κόρυσσεν ἄλδς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη,
καὶ σε θάλασσα φύλαξε, καὶ εἰ Παφίης πέλε μήτηρ,
330 καὶ θάνες ἐν ῥοθίοις ἔτι παρθένος. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
Χαλκομέδην ἐθέλουσιν ὕδωρ κρύψειε θαλάσσης
Μορρέος ἱμείροντος ἀπειρήτην ὕμεναιών,
ὄφρα νέη Βριτόμαρτις ἐγὼ φυγόδεμνος ἀκούσω,
ἣν ποτε πόντος ἔδεκτο καὶ ἔμπαλιν ὥπασε γαίῃ,
335 Κυπριδίων Μίνωος ἀφειδήσασαν Ἐρώτων.
ὃ με διεπτοίησεν ἐρωμανέων ἐνοσίχθων,
οἷά περ Ἀστερίην φιλοπάρθενον, ἣν ἐνὶ πόντῳ
πλαζομένην ἐδίωκε παλινδρομον, εἰσόκεν αὐτὴν
ἄστατον ἱππεύουσιν ἀμοιβάδι σὺνδρομον αὔρῃ
340 κύμασιν ἀστυφέλικτον ἐνερριζῶσεν Ἀπόλλων.
δέξο με, δέξο, θάλασσα, φιλοξείνῳ σίῳ κόλπῳ:
δέχνυστο Χαλκομέδην μετὰ Μηλίδας: δέξο καὶ αὐτὴν
ὀπλοτέρην Βριτόμαρτιν ἀναινομένην ὕμεναιούς,
ὄφρα φύγω Μορρῆα καὶ ὑμετέρην Ἀφροδίτην:
345 Χαλκομέδην ἐλέαιρε, βοηθός παρθενικάων.
ὥς φαμένη δεδόνητο νόον παρὰ γείτονι πόντῳ:
καὶ νῦν κεν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐδύσατο κύμα θαλάσσης,

ἀλλὰ Θέτις χραίσμησε χαρίζομένη Διονύσῳ,
καὶ δέμας ἀλλάξασα παρίστατο Χαλκομεδείη,
350 Βάκχης δ' εἶδος ἔχουσα παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν:
‘τέτλαθι, Χαλκομέδη, μὴ δείδιθι Μορρέος εὐνὴν:
αἴσιον ὄρνιν ἔχεις με τεῆς ἀλύτοιο κορείης,
μαρτυρίην μεθέπουσαν ἀνυμφεύτων σέο λέκτρων.
εἰμὶ Θέτις φυγόμενος ὁμοῖος, εἰμὶ καὶ αὐτὴ,
355 οἷά τε Χαλκομέδη, φιλοπάρθενος: οὐρανόθεν δὲ
Ζεὺς με πατήρ ἐδίωκε καὶ ἤθελεν εἰς γάμον ἔλκειν,
εἰ μὴ μιν ποθέοντα γέρων ἀνέκοπτε Προμηθεὺς
θεσπίζων Κρονίωνος ἀρείονα παῖδα φυτεῦσαι,
μὴ Θέτιδος ποτε κοῦρος ἐπιβρίσειε τοκῇ
360 καὶ Κρονίδην ἐλάσειεν, ἅτε Κρόνον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς.
γινεὸ μοι δολόεσσα φερέσβιος: αὐτοφόνος γὰρ
αἶ κε θάνης ἀδίδακτος ἀνυμφεύτων ὕμεναιων,
Βασσαρίδων στίχα πᾶσαν ἀνάρσιος Ἰνδὸς ὀλέσσει:
ἀλλὰ μιν ἠπερόπευε, καὶ ἐκ θανάτοιο σαώσεις
365 σὴν στρατιὴν φύξην ἱμασσομένου Διονύσου,
ψευδομένη Παφίης κενεὸν πόθον: εἰ δέ σε Μορρεὺς
εἰς εὐνὴν ἐρύσειεν ἀναινομένην ὕμεναιους,
οὐ χατέεις ἐπὶ Κύπριν ἀρηγόνος: ὑμετέρης γὰρ
φρουρὸν ἔχεις ἀπέλεθρον ὄφιν χραισμήτορα μίτρης:
370 ὑμέτερον δὲ Δράκοντα λαβὼν μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
στηρίξει Διόνυσος ἐν ἀστεροφεγγεὶ κύκλῳ,
ἄγγελον οὐ λήγοντα τεῆς ἀλύτοιο κορείης,
ἐγγὺς ἐοῦ Στεφάνοιο φεραυγέος, εὔτε τελέσῃ
ἀστερόεν μέγα σῆμα Κυδωναίης Ἀριάδνης:
375 Ἀρκτώῳ δὲ Δράκοντι δράκων τεὸς ἰσοφαρίζων
ἀστράφει μερόπεσσι, συναστράπτων Ὀφιοῦχῳ.
ὑστερον αἰνήσεις ἀλὶν Θέτιν, εὔτε νοήσῃς
ἀστέρα σὸν πυρόεντα συναστράπτοντα Σελήνῃ.
ἔσσο δὲ θαρσῆεσσα γάμου χάριν: οὐ γὰρ ἀκοίτης
380 ἔμπεδον ὑμετέρης ἀναλύσεται ἄμμα κορείης,
οὐ μὰ σὲ καὶ Διόνυσον ἐμῆς ψαύσαντα τραπέζης,
οὐ μὰ σὲ καὶ σέο θύρσα, καὶ εἰναλίην Ἀφροδίτην.’
εἶπε παραιφαμένη: νεφέλῃ δ’ ἐκαλύφατο κούρην,
μὴ μιν ἐσαθρήσωσι φυλάκτορες ἢ σκοπὸς ἀνὴρ,
385 φώριον ἶχνος ἔχων δολίῳ ποδὶ νυκτὸς ὁδίτης,
ἢ γυναιμανέων θρασὺς αἰπόλος, ἐσπερίην δὲ
παρθενικὴν ἐρύσειε παρ’ εἰνοδίους ὕμεναιους.

Κτεινομέναις ἐκάτερθε τριηκοστοῖο τετάρτου
 Δηριάδης Βάκχησι κορύσσεται ἔνδοθι πύργων.
 κοῦρη δ' οὐρεσίφοιτος ἔῳ ταχυδινεῖ ταρσῷ
 ἄσφορον ἵχνος ἔχουσα διέστιχεν εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης:
 οὐδὲ Θέτις δῆθυνεν ἐπ' ἠόνος, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
 πατρώην βρυόεσσαν ἐδύσατο Νηρέος αὐλήν.
 5 ἦδη δ' ἀννεφέλοιο δι' ἥερος ὄμμα τιταίνων
 ἄντυγας ἀστραίας ὁρόων ἐκορέσσατο Μορρεὺς:
 καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπε μεληδόσι θυμὸν ἱμάσπων:
 'πλάζεται ἄλλοπρόσαλλος ἐμὸς νόος: οὐ μία βουλή,
 εἷς νόος οὐ μεθέπει με: πολυσπερέες δὲ μενοιναι
 10 ἄμφ' ἐμὲ κυκλώσαντο, καὶ οὐ μίαν οἶδα τελέσσαι:
 κτείνω Χαλκομέδειαν ἐπήρατον; ἀλλὰ τί ῥέξω,
 μὴ με πόθῳ μετὰ πότμον ἀποκτείνειε καὶ αὐτὴ;
 ἀλλὰ λίπω ζώουσιν ἀνούτατον, ἀμφαδίην δὲ
 παρθένον εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐφέλκομαι; ἀλλ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
 15 Δηριάδην τρομέω καὶ Χειροβίην ἐλεαίρω.
 οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ κτείνω ποτὲ παρθένον: ἦν δὲ δαμάσσω,
 πῶς δύναμαι ζῶειν, ὅτε παρθένον οὐκέτι λεύσσω;
 κάμνω, Χαλκομέδης ὅτε λείπομαι εἰς μίαν ὥρην.'
 τοῖα μάτην ἐνέπων πολυμήχανος ἦιε Μορρεὺς,
 20 παφλάζων ὀδύνησι ποθοβλήτοιο μερίμνης.
 τὸν δὲ παλινδίνητον ἀλώμενον ὑπόθεν ὄχθης
 μουνάδος ἀμνήστοιο λελοιπότηα δέμνια νύμφης,
 ἔδρακεν ἐγρήσσω θρασὺς Ὑσσακος: ὡς δολόεις δὲ
 κρυπτὸν ἀτεκμάρτων ἐφράσσατο κέντρον Ἐρώτων,
 25 πιστότατος θεράπων: δολίῳ δέ μιν εἶρετο μύθῳ,
 τοῖον ἔπος προχέων ἀπατήλιον ἀνθερεῶνος:
 'τίπτε λιπῶν σέο λέκτρα καὶ ὑπναλέην σέο νύμφην
 πλάζεαι ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατὰ κνέφας, ἄτρομε Μορρεῦ;
 μὴ τάχα Δηριάδης σε διεπτοίησεν ἀπειλῇ;
 30 μὴ σοι Χειροβίη κοτέει ζηλήμονι θυμῷ
 ἐλπομένη φιλέειν σε δορικτήτην τινὰ Βάκχην;
 καὶ γὰρ ὅτ' εἰσορόωσιν ἐρωμανέοντας ἀκοίτας,
 κρυπταδίην διὰ Κύπριν αἰεὶ φθονέουσι γυναῖκες.
 μὴ τάχα πανδαμάτωρ θρασὺς Ἴμερος εἰς σὲ κορύσσει
 35 νυμφιδίους σπινθῆρας ἀκοιμήτοιο φαρέτρης;
 μὴ τινα Βασσαρίδων ποθέεις μίαν; ὡς μὲν ἀκούω,
 τρεῖς Χάριτες γεγάσι, χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο,
 ἀμφίπολοι Φοῖβοιο, χοροπλεκέος δὲ Λυαίου
 εἰσὶ τριηκοσίων Χαρίτων στίχες, ὧν μία μόνη

40 πασάων προφέρουσα φαίνεται, οἷα καὶ αὐτὴ
φαιδροτέραις ἀκτῖσι κατακρύπτει σέλας ἄστρον
μαρμαρυγὴν εὐκυκλον ἀκοντίζουσα Σελήνη.
καὶ διδύμοις βελέεσσι κορύσσεται εἰν ἐνὶ θεσμῷ,
κάλλει τοξεύουσα καὶ αἰχμάζουσα σιδήρῳ:
45 ἔστι δὲ Πασιθέη κορυθαιόλος, ἣν τινα Βάκχαι
Χαλκομέδην καλέουσιν: ἐγὼ δὲ μιν αὐτὸς ἐνίψω
Ἄρτεμιν ἀργυρόπεζαν ἢ χρύσασπιν Ἀθήνην.
ὥς φάμενος σίγησε: καὶ ὄφρυος ἄκρα καθέλκων
αἰδομένοις στομάτεσσι δυσίμερος ἔννεπε Μορρεὺς:
50 ἄτρεκέως Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο κῦμα θαλάσσης
δαιμαίνων Λυκόοργον, ὑποβρυχίοιο δὲ κόλπου
Νηρείδας θώρηξε, καὶ ἐξ ἁλὸς ἦλθε κομίζων
εἰναλίην ἐς Ἄρηα κασιγνήτην Ἀφροδίτην:
ἀντὶ δὲ νυμφιδίοιο καὶ εὐόδοιο χιτῶνος
55 δῶκεν ἔχειν θώρηκα σιδήρεον, ἀντὶ κεστοῦ
χάλκεον ἔγχος ὅπασσε: καὶ οὖνομα τὸ πρὶν ἀμειψας
Χαλκομέδην ὀνόμηνε κορυσσομένην Ἀφροδίτην:
ἔστι δὲ Βασσαρίδεσσι συνέμπορος: ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
μάρναμαι ἀγνώσσω, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
60 καὶ τί μάτην δόρυ θοῦρον ἀείρομαι; εἴξον, ἄκωκή:
εἰ Παφίη νίκησεν ἀκοντιστῆρα κεραυνοῦ,
εἰ πολέμων σκηπτοῦχον ἐῷ σπινθήρι δαμάζει,
εἰ φλογερὸν Φαέθοντα κατέφλεγε μείζονι πυρσῷ
καὶ κλονέει πυρόεντα, τί κεν ῥέξαιμι σιδήρῳ;
65 εἵπατέ μοι τινα μῆτιν ἀρηγὸνα Κυπρογενεῖς:
οὐτήσω τὸν Ἑρωτα; πόθεν πτερόεντα κιχήσω;
ἔγχος ἀερτάζω; πυρὶ μάρναται, ἄορ ἐρύσσω;
τόξον ἔχει, τὸ δὲ τόξον ἐμῆς φρενὸς ἀπτόμενον πῦρ.
πολλάκις οὐτήθην κατὰ φύλοπιν: ἀλλὰ καμόντα
70 ἱπτήρ με σώωσεν ἐῷ ζωαρκεί τεχνῇ,
ὠτειλῇ μελέων ὀδυνήφατον ἄνθος ἐλίξας.
Ὑσσακε, μὴ κρύψῃς, τίνα φάρμακα ποικίλα πάσσω
ἔνδον ἐμῆς κραδίης ἴησομαι ἔλκος Ἑρώτων.
εἰμὶ μὲν ἀντιβίοισιν αἰεὶ θρασὺς: ἀλλ' ὅτε λεύσσω
75 Χαλκομέδην παρεοῦσαν, ἐμὴ θηλύνεται αἰχμή.
οὐ τρομέω Διόνυσον: ὑποπτήσω δὲ γυναῖκα,
ὅττι σέλας πέμπουσα ποθοβλήτοιο προσώπου
μορφῇ ὀιστεύει με, καὶ οὐκέτι τόξα τιταίνω.
ὥς ἄρα Νηρείδων μίαν ἔδρακον: εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
80 ἢ Θέτις ἢ Γαλάτεια συναιχμάζει Διονύσῳ.
εἶπε, καὶ ἀκροτάτοισι μόγις βραδὺς ἵχνεσι βαινῶν,
μὴ νυχίην εὐδουσάν ἐην παράκοιτιν ἐγείρῃ,
εἰς θάλαμον πάλιν ἦλθε: μελαγκόλοιο δὲ νύμφης

τηλόχεν ἔτραπεν ὄμμα, καὶ ἤθελεν, ὄφρα φανεῖσα

85 Χαλκομέδῃ λάμψει καὶ ἡριγένεια φανείῃ.

ἀσχαλόων δ' ὑπ' Ἑρωτὶ κατηφεί κάππεσεν εὐνῇ:

καὶ θεράπων ἄγρυπνος ἔχων πόθον ἠδέος ὕπνου

Ἵσσακος αὖτις ἔδαρθεν ἑῆς ἐφύπερθε βοείης.

Μορρέα δ' ὑπνώνοντα παρήπαφεν ὄψις ὀνείρου,

90 κλεψινόων ἐλέφαντος ἀναΐξασα πυλάων,

καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἐπήρατον ἡπεροπῆα:

ἑδῆχ' οὖν Χαλκομέδην πειθήμονα, νυμφίε Μορρεῦ:

δέξο καὶ ἐν λεχέεσσι μετὰ πτολέμους σέο νύμφην:

ἡματιὴν ὁρόων με τεῖν ἡϋφρηνας ὅπωπῃν,

95 καὶ νυχίῃ παρίαυε φιλήνορι Χαλκομεδεΐῃ.

ἔστι καὶ ὑπναλέοιο γάμου χάρις, ἔστι καὶ αὐτῶν

ἱμερόεις γλυκὺς οἷστρος ὀνειρείων ὕμεναίων.

ἤθελον ἀγκὰς ἔχειν σε, καὶ ἐγγύθι φαίνεται Ἡώς.'

ὥς φαμένη πεπότητο: καὶ ἐξ ὕπνου θόρε Μορρεὺς,

100 ἀρχομένης δ' ἐνόησεν ἀμερσιγάμου φάος Ἡοῦς:

Χαλκομέδην δ' ἐδόκησεν ἔχειν πόθον: αἶψα δὲ σιγῇ

ἔννεπε Κυπριδίην ἀπατήλιον ἐλπίδα βόσκων:

ἑτριπλόν, ἡριγένεια, φέρεις φάος, ὅττι κομίζεις

Χαλκομέδην, καὶ φέγγος ἄγεις καὶ νύκτα διώκεις.

105 Μορρέος ἀγρύπνοιο παρήγορε, καὶ σὺ φανείης,

Χαλκομέδῃ, ῥοδόεσσα ῥοδοστεφέος πλέον Ἡοῦς:

οὐ ποτε τοῖον ἄγουσι ῥόδον λειμωνίδες Ὠραι.

παρθενικὴ χαρίεσσα, τεὰ μεθέπουσι παρειαὶ

εἰαρινὸν λειμῶνα, τὸν οὐ χρόνος οἶδε μαραίνειν:

110 ἄνθεα σοὶ θαλέουσιν, ὅτε φθινοπωρίδες Ὠραι:

σὰ κρίνα καὶ κατὰ χεῖμα φαίνεται: ἀμφιέπει δὲ

σὸν δέμας οὐ λήγουσαν ἐρευθομένην ἀνεμώνην,

ἣν Χάριτες κομέουσι καὶ οὐκ ὀλέκουσιν αἴηται.

οὐνομα σὸν κόσμησας ἀριστεύουσα σιδήρῳ:

115 ἄρμενον ἡγορέῃ τεδὸν οὐνομα: Χαλκομέδην δὲ

οὐ σε μάτην καλέουσι: σὲ γὰρ τέκε χάλκεος Ἄρης

Κύπριδος ἐν λεχέεσσιν Ἑρωτοτόκοιο χορεῦων.

Χαλκομέδην μὲν ἅπαντες, ἐγὼ δὲ σε μοῦνος ἐνίφω

Χρυσομέδην, ὅτι κάλλος ἔχεις χρυσοῦς Ἀφροδίτης:

120 πείθομαι, ὥς Σπάρτηθεν ἔχεις γένος: ὥς δοκέω γάρ,

Χαλκομέδην ἐλόχευσε σιδηροχίτων Ἀφροδίτῃ.'

τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε φιλαγρύπνων ἐπὶ λέκτρων.

ἀλλ' ὅτε φοινίσσοντι σέλας πέμπουσα προσώπῳ

ὕσμινος προκέλευθος ἐκηβόλος ἄνθορεν Ἡώς,

125 Ἰνδῶν ἐκόρυσσε γονὴν λαοσσόος Ἄρης:

καὶ τότε θωρηχθέντες ἐντροχάων ἀπὸ λέκτρων

ἄρματι Δηριάδαο συνήλυδες ἔρρεον Ἰνδοί.

βάκχοι δ' οὐ παρεόντος ἀνικήτου Διονύσου
εἰς πεδίον προχέοντο κατηφέες· ἔν κραδίῃ δὲ
130 οὐκέτι θαρσήεντες ἔπεστράτωντο κυδοιμῶ,
ἀλλὰ φόβῳ δονέοντο· καὶ οὐ ῥήξηνορι λύσση
εἰσέτι χαλκοχίτωνες ἔβακχεύοντο γυναιῖκες·
οὐδὲ βαρυφθόγγοιο μεμυκότος ἀνθερεῶνος
ἄφρὸν ἀνηκόντιζον, ἐν ἀφλοίσβῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
135 μίμνεν ἀδεψήτοιο περικροτα νῶτα βοείης·
οὐ δαίδεις σελάγιζον Ἐνυαλῆς φλόγα πεύκης,
καπνὸν ἐρευγομένης θανατηφόρον· ἀλλ' ὑπὸ κέντρῳ
δαμονίης μάστιγος ἐθελύνοντο μαχηταί.
οὐ Σάτυροι κελάδησαν, ἐθήμονος οὐ θρόος αὐλοῦ
140 ἔβρεμεν ἐγρεκύδοιμος· ἀβακχεύτῳ δὲ κυδοιμῶ
Σειληνοὶ πολέμιζον ἐχέφρονες, οὐδὲ προσώπῳ
μίλτον ἐπιχρίσαντες ὁμόχροον αἴθοπι λύθρῳ
ξανθὸν ἐφοινίξαντο τύπον ψευδήμονι μορφῇ
εἰς φόβον, οὐδὲ μέτωπα πεφυρμένα λευκάδι γύψῳ,
145 ὥς πάρος, ἐρραίνοντο· καὶ οὐ στομάτεσσι πίνοντες
θερμὸν ἐρημονόμοιο νεόσσυτον αἶμα λεαίνης
Πᾶνες ἀελλήεντες ἔβακχεύοντο κυδοιμῶ,
ἀλλὰ φόβῳ γεγάασιν ἐγγέες· ὀκναλέοι δὲ
φειδομέναις ἦρασσον ἀδουπήτοις χθόνα χηλαῖς,
150 φρικτὸν ἀναστείλαντες ὀρίδρομον ἄλμα χορείης.
Δηριάδης δ' ὑπέροπλος ἐπέχραεν ἄρσενι χάρμῃ,
σειῶν ὥς τρυφάλειαν ἔῃς γλωχίνα κεραίης·
θηλυτέρῃ δὲ φάλαγγι θορῶν βακχεύετο Μορρεὺς·
οὐ γὰρ Χαλκομέδεια συνέμπορος ἴστατο Βάκχαις,
155 ὄφρα μιν αἰδέσσαιτο, κατεσσυμένην δὲ γυναικῶν
αἶματι πορφύρουσαν ἀναστείλειεν ἀκωκὴν,
ἀλλὰ τότε προμάχοισιν ὁμήλυδος ἦπτετο χάρμης
παρθένος ἱμερόεσσα νέη κλυτότοξος Ἀμαζών,
φάρεα λεπτὰ φέρουσα καὶ ἀστράπτοντα χιτῶνα
160 ἐν πεδίῳ· τὸ γὰρ εἶπε σοφὴ Θέτις, ὄφρα σωσῇ
λαδὸν ὅλον μογέοντα τινασσομένου Διονύσου.
ἐνθα διατμήξας Χαρίτων Ἰνδαλμα προσώπου
Βασσαρίδας ζώγρησεν ἀνάγκιδας ἔνδεκα Μορρεὺς,
ᾧ μετὰ Χαλκομέδην ἐκρίνατο· Μαιναλίδων δὲ
165 χεῖρας ὀπισθοτόνους ἀλύτῳ σφηκώσατο δεσμῶ,
καὶ στίχα λυσιέθειραν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δούλια σύρων
ληίδας ἀμφιπόλους ἐκυρῶ πόρε Δηριαδῆι,
ἔδνον ἔῃς ἀλόχοιο τὸ δεύτερον, ἧς χάριν εὐνῆς
νυμφόκομον μόθον εἶχεν ἀερσιλόφῳ παρὰ Ταύρῳ,
170 ὁππότε Δηριάδαο νέην βασιληίδα κούρην,
ἧλικά Χειροβίην, ζυγίῳ σφηκώσατο δεσμῶ·

οὐ γὰρ δῶρον ἔδεκτο γαμήλιον ὄρχαμος Ἰνδῶν
παιδὸς ἔῃς, οὐ χρυσὸν ἐπήρατον, οὐ λίθον ἄλμης
μαρμαρέην, ἀγέλας δὲ βοῶν καὶ πῶεα μῆλιν
175 Δηριάδης ἀπέειπε, καὶ ἐγρεμόθοισι μαχηταῖς
θυγατέρων ἔξευξεν ἄδωροδόκους ὕμεναιους,
γαμβρὸν ἔχων Μορρῆα καὶ ἐννεάπηχυν Ὀρόντην·
καὶ διδύμοις προμάχοισιν ἐὴν νύμφευσε γενέθλην,
Μορρέϊ Χειροβίην καὶ Πρωτονόειαν Ὀρόντη·
180 οὐ γὰρ ἐπιχθονίοισιν ὁμοῖος ἔπλετο Μορρεὺς,
ἀλλὰ Γιγαντείων μελέων ὕψαύχενι μορφῇ
Ἰνδῶν Γηγενέων μιμήσατο πάτριον ἄλκην,
ἡλιβάτου Τυφῶνος ἔχων αὐτόχθονα φύτλην,
εὔτε πυριτρεφέων Ἀρίμων παρὰ γείτονι πέτρῃ
185 σύγγγονον ἠνορέην ἐπεδείκνυε μάρτυρι Κύνδῳ,
ἔδνα φέρων θαλάμων, Κιλίκων ἰδρῶτας ἀέθλων,
νυμφίος ἀκτῆμων, ἀρετῇ δ' ἐκτῆσατο νύμφην.
ὥς ποτε Μορρείοιο γάμου μνηστῆρι σιδήρῳ
Ἀσσυρίῃ γόνυ κάμψε, καὶ εἰς ζυγὰ Δηριαδῆος
190 αὐχένα πετρήεντα Κίλιξ δοχμώσατο Ταῦρος,
καὶ θρασὺς ὠκλασε Κύνδος, ὅθεν Κιλίκων ἐνὶ γαίῃ
Σάνδης Ἡρακλῆς κικλήσκεται εἰσέτι Μορρεὺς.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν προτέροισιν· ἐν ὀψιγόνῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
θυιάδας ἐζώγρησεν ἀφειδέϊ δούρατι Μορρεὺς·
195 κυδιόων δ' ἀχάλινον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·
'σοὶ μὲν ἐγώ, σκηπτοῦχε, τεῆς κειμήλια κούρης
βάκχας πρῶτον ἄγω, μετέπειτα δὲ Βάκχον ὀπάσσω.'
ὥς φαμένου Μορρῆος ἀμείβετο κοίρανος Ἰνδῶν·
'Χειροβίην ἀνάεδνον ἔχων, κορυθαίολε Μορρεῦ,
200 ἄξιά μοι πόρες ἔδνα φερεσσακέων ὕμεναιών,
ἄστεα δουλώσας Κιλίκων ὑψηνοῖ νίκη.
ἄρτι πάλιν νέα δῶρα χαρίζεαι· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσης,
ἄλλας Βασσαρίδας λήισσο, Χειροβίης δὲ
ἀμφιπόλων ἔμπλησον ὅλον δόμον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχου
205 οὐ χατέω Μορρῆος, ἀλυκτοπέδαις δὲ πεδήσας
δούλιον εἰς ζυγόδεσμον ἐγὼ Διόνυσον ἐρύσσω.
μοῦνον ἐμοὶ πεφύλαξο δορικτήτης πόθον εὐνῆς,
μή σε γυναιμανέεσσιν ἴδω πανομοῖον Ἰνδοῖς·
ὄμματα μὴ σκοπίαζε καὶ ἄργυρον αὐχένα Βάκχης,
210 μὴ ποθέων τελέσειας ἐμὴν ζηλήμονα κούρην.
αὐτὰρ ἐπὶ Βρομίου στρατιὴν ξύμπασαν ὀλέσσω,
Μαιονίην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐλεύσομαι, ἔνθεν ἀφύξω
Λυδῶν ἄσπετον ὄλβον, ὅσον Πακτωλὸς ἀέξει·
ἵξομαι εἰς Φρυγίην εὐάμπελον, ὀππόθι Πρεῖη
215 παιδοκόμος Βρομίοιο, καὶ ἀγχικέλευθον ὀλέσσω

ἄργυρέης Ἀλύβης πέδον ὄλβιον, ὄφρα κομίσσῃ
 φαιδρὰ ῥυηφενέων χιονώδεα νῶτα μετάλλων·
 πέρσω δ', ἣν καλέουσι, καὶ ἑπταπύλου χθόνα Θήβης,
 καὶ φλέξω Σεμέλης φλογερὸν δόμον, ὀππόθι παστοὶ
 220 λείψανα θερμὰ φέρουσι μαραινομένων ὕμναιων·
 εἶπεν ἄναξ ἀθέμιστος, Ἐνυαλίῳ δὲ γαμβροῦ
 ἀμφιπόλων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐδέξατο δῶρα κυδοιμοῦ
 Δηριάδης, Φλογίῳ δὲ καὶ Ἀγραίῳ πόρε Βάκχας
 ἐλκομένας πλοκαμῖδος· ὁμοπλέκτῳ δ' ἐνὶ δεσμῷ
 225 ἄρραγέες παλάμησιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἱμάντες.
 τὰς μὲν ἄγων Φλόγιος βασιληίδος ἄγγελα νίκης
 σφιγγομένας πόμπευε δι' ἄστεος. ὕψιτενεῖς δὲ
 αἰ μὲν ἐυγλυφάνοιο παρὰ προπύλαια μελάθρου
 ἄλχονίῳ θλίβοντο περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ·
 230 ἄλλαις θερμὸν ὄπασσε μόρον πυρόεντος ὀλέθρου·
 αἰ δὲ πεδοσκαφέεσσιν ἐτυμβεῦοντο ῥέεθροις
 φρεϊατος ἐν γυάλοισιν, ὅπῃ βυθίων ἀπὸ κόλπων
 χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίαις βεβημένον ἔλκεται ὕδωρ·
 καὶ τις ἔσω διεροῖο βαθυνομένου κενεῶνος
 235 ἡμιφανῆς ἀτίνακτος ἀμοιβαίῃ φάτο φωνῇ·
 'ἔκλυον, ὥς Ἴνδοῖσι θεὸς πέλε γαῖα καὶ ὕδωρ·
 οὐδὲ μάτην ποτὲ τοῦτο φατίζεται· ἀμφότεροι γὰρ
 εἰς ἐμὲ θωρήχθησαν ὁμόφρονες, εἰμὶ δὲ μέσση
 καὶ χθονίου θανάτοιο καὶ ὕδατόεντος ὀλέθρου,
 240 καὶ μόρον ἐγγὺς ἔχω διδυμόζυγον· ἰλυόεις γὰρ
 ξεῖνος δεσμὸς ἔχει με, καὶ οὐκέτι ταρσὸν αἵρω,
 ὕγρα δὲ ῥιζώσασα πεπηγότα γούνατα πηλῷ
 ἴσταμαι ἀστυφέλικτος ἐγὼ Μοίρησιν ἐτοίμη·
 καὶ ποταμὸς με δίωκε, καὶ οὐ χυτὸν ἔτρεμον ὕδωρ·
 245 αἶθε καὶ οὗτος ἔην κελάδων ῥόος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτοῦ
 χεῖρας ἐρετμώσασα διατμήξω μέλαν ὕδωρ.'
 ἔννεπεν· οἴγομένῳ δὲ κατάρρυτα χεῦματα λαιμῷ
 δεχνυμένη κατὰ βαιὸν ἀτυμβεύτῳ θάνε πότμῳ.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ Χαλκομέδης πεπεδημένος ἡδέϊ κέντρῳ
 250 Μαιναλίδων ἀσιδήρον ὄλον στρατὸν ἤλασε Μορρεὺς
 εἰς πόλιν ὀφρυόεσσαν, ὀπίστερος ἔγχρῃ νύσσω.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε μηλονόμος πολυχανδέος εἰς μυχὰ μάνδρης
 συμμιγέων οἴων σποράδας στίχας εἰς ἓν ἐλαύνων
 εἰροπόκων ἴθυνε καλαῦροπι πῶεα μήλων
 255 πασσυδίῃ, πολέες δὲ συνεστιχόνωντο βοτῆρες
 μῆλα περισφίγγοντες ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ὀλκῷ
 προτροπάδην στοιχηδὸν ἀρηρότα, μὴ ποτε ποίμνης
 κλειομένης πλάζοιτο παράτροπος ἔσμὸς ἀλήτης·
 ὥς ὃ γε θῆλυν ὄμιλον ἔσω πυλεῶνος ἐέργων

260 εἰς πόλιν αἰπύδητον ἀελλόπος ἦλασε Μορρεὺς
Βακχείην στίχα πᾶσαν ἀποσπάδα δηιοτῆτος.
καὶ μογέων δόλον εἶχεν ἐτώσιον, ὄφρα κυδοιμοῦ
ληίδα καλλιγύναικα λιπῶν μετανάστιον ἄγρην
Χαλκομέδην ἐρύσειεν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δουλοσυνάων,
265 ἄλλαις θηλυτέπησιν ὁμόστολον, ὄφρα οἱ αἰεὶ
ἡματιῇ θεράπαινα καὶ ἔννυχος εὐνέτις εἴη,
καὶ διδύμων τελέσειεν ἀμοιβὰδ' ἔργα θεάων,
λάθρια Κύπριδος ἔργα καὶ ἀμφιδὸν ἴστον Ἀθήνης ...
Μορρεὺς δ' οὐκ ἀμέλησε δορυσσόος· ἀγχιμάχῳ γάρ
270 Δηριάδῃ φύξηλιν ἐπέτρεπε θῆλυν ἔνυν,
Βακχιάδος δὲ φάλαγγος ἐπέχραεν ἄρσενι χάρμῃ,
ὄφρα περικλείσειε καὶ ἀνέρας· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
εἰς φόβον ἠπείγοντο. Θυελλήεσσα δὲ κούρη
ἴστατο κοσμηθεῖσα πρὸ ἄστεος ἐγγύθι πύργου,
275 παρθένος ἀκρήδεμνος· ἐρωμανέων δὲ γυναικῶν
νεύμασι ποιητοῖσι τύπον μιμήσατο κούρη,
ὄμματα δινεύουσα, καὶ ἠθάδος ἔκτοθι μίτρης
λευκὸς ἐρευθιόωντι χιτῶν φοινίσσετο μαζῶν·
Μορρεὺς δ' εἰσορόων ἐπετέρπετο, καὶ διὰ πέπλου
280 λεπταλέου σφριγώωσαν ἵτυν τεκμαίρετο μαζοῦ.
καὶ λίθον εὐποίητον ἴσον τροχοειδέϊ δίσκῳ
παρθένος ἀρπάξασα, πελώριον ἄχθος ἀμάξης,
Μορρέος εὐπήληκος ἀκόντισεν ἴδμονι τέχνῃ·
καὶ λίθος ἠερόθεν πεφορημένος ὀξεὶ ῥοίζῳ
285 ἀσπίδος ἄκρον ἄραξεν, ὅπῃ χρυσήλατος εἰκὼν
Χειροβίης νόθον εἶχε δέμας ψευδήμονι μορφῇ,
ποιητὸν δὲ κάρηνον ἀπέξεσε, βαλλομένη δὲ
μαρμαρέῃ γλῶχ' ἰνι χαρασσομένοιο προσώπου
μιμηλῆς ἀμάθυνε περίτροχον εἰκόνα μορφῆς·
290 καὶ σάκος ὀλβίζων ἀνεπάλαιετο πολλάκι Μορρεὺς,
καὶ κραδίῃ γελῶν κρυφίην ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν·
'ἄτρομε Χαλκομέδεια, νῆη ῥοδοδάκτυλε Πειθῷ,
Κύπριδος ἀβρὸν ἄγαλμα καὶ εὐθώρηκος Ἀθήνης,
Βακχιάς ἠριγένεια καὶ οὐ δύνουσα Σελήνη,
295 γραπτὸν ἐμῆς ἀλόχου τύπον ἔξεσας· αἶθε καὶ αὐτῆς
Χειροβίης ἡμηςας ἀληθέος αὐχένα νύμφης.'
ὥς εἰπὼν ἐδίωκε πρὸ ἄστεος ἄζυγα κούρην,
γλῶσσαν ἀπειλείουσαν ἔχων, οὐ χεῖρα κορύσσων,
μῦθον ἀκοντίζων, οὐ παρθένον ἔγχεϊ νύσσω,
300 μιλixίῃ παλάμῃ πεφιδημένον ἔγχος ἀείρων·
καὶ βλοσυρῆς κελάδησε βοῆς ἀπατήλιον Ἠχώ,
ὥς ἔτεδ' ὀνέων πρόμος ἡπιος· ἀμφότερον γάρ,
εἶχε νόον γελῶντα, χόλον δ' ἀνέφηνε προσώπῳ.

ἦκα δὲ δινήσας σφαλερὴν προέηκεν ἄκωκῇν
305 εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον ἑκούσιος· ἡ δὲ φυγοῦσα
ἡερίαις ταχύγουνος ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομος αὖραις·
τῆς δὲ τιταινομένης ἀνεμῶδεϊ γούνατος ὀρμῇ
πλοχμοὺς βοτρυόεντας ἀνερρίπιζον ἀῆται,
αὐχένα γυμνῶσαντες ἐριδμαίνοντα Σελήνη·
310 φειδομένοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἑκούσιος ἔτρεχε Μορρεὺς,
πῆ μὲν ἐυρραφῶν ποδὸς ἵχνια γυμνὰ πεδίλων
εἰς σφυρὰ παπταίνων ῥοδοειδέα, πῆ δὲ δοκεύων
πλαζομένης ἐλικηδὸν ὀπίστερα βόστρυχα χαίτης
Χαλκομέδην ἐδίωκε· καὶ Ἰάχην ἠδέι μύθῳ,
315 μείλιχον ἀφλοίσβοιο χέων ἔπος ἀνθρεῶνος·
‘μῖμνέ με, Χαλκομέδεια, τὸν ἱμείροντα μαχητὴν·
ῥύεται ἀγλαίῃ σε, καὶ οὐ δρόμος· οὐ τόσον αἰχμαὶ
ἄνδρα βαλεῖν δεδάσιν, ὅσον σπινθῆρες Ἑρώτων.
δήιος οὐ γενόμην, μὴ δειδίθι· μαρνάμενον γάρ
320 χαλκείην σέο κάλλος ἐμὴν νίκησεν ἄκωκῇν·
ἔγχεος οὐ χατέεις, οὐκ ἀσπίδος· ὑμετέρου γάρ
ὡς ξίφος, ὡς δόρυ θοῦρον, ἔχεις ἀκτῖνα προσώπου,
καὶ μελῆς πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι παρειαί.
φρικτὸν ἐμῆς παλάμης λέλυται σθένος· οὐ νέμεσις γάρ,
325 εἰ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχω νικῶμενον, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸς
Κύπριδος ἱσταμένης θηλύνεται ἄγριος Ἄρης.
δέξο με σοῖς Σατύροισιν ὁμόστολον· ἐν πολέμοις γάρ
Ἴνδοι ἀριστεύουσιν, ἕως ἔτι χεῖρα κορύσσω.
ἦν δ’ ἐθέλης, ἄτε λάτρις ὑποδρήσσω Διονύσῳ·
330 ἦν ἐθέλης, με δάμαζε κατ’ αὐχένος ἡ κενεῶνος·
οὐκ ἄλέγω θανάτοιο τεῆ δεδαῖγμένος αἰχμῇ·
μοῦνον ἐμὲ στενάχιζε δεδουπότα· μυρομένης δὲ
δάκρυα Χαλκομέδης με καὶ ἐξ Αἶδαο κομίσσει.
παρθένε, τί τρομέεις, ὅτι μείλιχον ἔγχος αἶρω·
335 σοὺς πλοκάμους ὁρόων ἐλικώδεας ὑπόθεν ὦμων
ἀσκεπέων τρυφάλειαν ἐμῶν ἀπέθηκα κομᾶων·
νεβρίδα παπταίνων στυγέω θώρηκα φορῆσαι.’
ὥς φαμένου παράμειβε γυνὴ καὶ ἐμίγνυτο Βάκχοις,
καὶ φονίου Μορρῆος ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα κελεύθου
340 θαρσαλέῃ πολέμιζε καὶ ἦρισεν ἄρσενι χάρμῃ.
καὶ τότε δυσκελάδοιο λιπῶν στροφάλιγγα κυδοιμοῦ
ἄμπνυτο Βάκχος ὄμιλος, ἕως ἀνεχάζετο Μορρεὺς.
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα πρὸ ἄστεος ἄορι τύπτων
Δηριάδης ἐδίωκεν, ἕως σχεδὸν ἦλασε πύργων,
345 οἴγομένου στίχα πᾶσαν ἔσω πυλεῶνος ἔεργων
τείχεος ὑψιλόφοιο· διωκόμεναι δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἄστεος ἐντὸς ἵκανον ἀποσπάδες ἠθάδος ὕλης·

ἄσταθές δὲ φάλαγγες ἤθεα κύκλα κελεύθου
ἔστιχον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα διακριδόν, εἰς περὶν Εὐρου,
350 εἰς ῥαχίην Ζεφύροιο παρ: Ἐσπέριον κλίμα γαίης,
αἱ δὲ Νότου παρὰ πέζαν ἀλήμονες, αἱ δὲ Βορῆς
Βασσαρίδες κλονέοντο: καὶ ἄρσενόθυμον ἀνάγκην
μαινάδες ἠλλάξαντο, πάλιν δ' ἐγένοντο γυναιῖκες,
καὶ μόθον ἠρνήσαντο, φιληλακάτοιο δὲ τέχνης
355 καὶ ταλάρων μνήσαντο, καὶ ἤθελον αὖτις Ἀθήνης
ἀμφιέπειν κλωστήῃρα καὶ οὐκέτι θύσθλα Λυαίου.
καὶ στίχα χιονέην ὀλέκων κυανόχροος ἀνὴρ
ἐνδόμυχον κλόνον εἶχε πολιτισσοῦχοιο κυδοιμοῦ.

Μορρέος ἔχθρὸν Ἔρωτα τριηκοστῷ ἐνὶ πέμπτῳ δίξεο Βασσαρίδων τε φόνον
καὶ Ἄρηα γυναικῶν.

Δηριάδης δ' ἀπέλεθρος ἐμάρνατο θυιάδι χάρμη,
καὶ βρομίου προπόλοισιν ἐπέχραε κοίρανος Ἰνδῶν,
πῇ μὲν ἀκοντίζων δολιχῷ δορί, πῇ δὲ δαΐζων
ἄορι κωπήεντι, χαραδραίοις δὲ βελέμνοις

5 τοξεύων πεφόρητο καὶ ὀξυτέροισιν ὀιστοῖς.
ὥς αἱ μὲν κλονέοντο κατὰ πτόλιν ἔνδοθι πύργων
ἔγχρ' Δηριάδαο: πολυγλώσσω δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ἀμφοτέρων κτύπος ἦεν: ἐρευνθιῶντι δὲ λύθρῳ
ἄστεος εὐλαίγες ἐφοινίχθησαν ἀγνυαί

10 κτεινομένων καναχηδὸν ἐν ἄστεϊ θηλυτεράων.
ἀκλινέες δὲ γέροντες ἀερσιλόφων ἐπὶ πύργων
φύλοπιν ἐσκοπίαζον: ὑπὲρ τεγέων δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ
θυρσοφόρον στίχα πᾶσαν ἐθηήσαντο γυναῖκες:

καὶ τις ὑπὲρ μεγάροιο περικλινθεῖσα τιθήνη
15 παρθένος ἔλκεσίπεπλος ἐδέρκετο θῆλυν Ἐνωῷ,
καὶ κταμένη βαρύδακρυς ἐπέστενεν ἥλικι κούρῃ.
οὐδὲ τις ἱμερόεσσαν ἑλών ἐβιήσατο νύμφην,
ὅττι γυναιμανέεσσιν ἄναξ ἐπετέλλετο λαοῖς,

φεύγειν δῆια λέκτρα δορικτήτων ὕμεναιων,
20 μὴ Παφίης ἀλέγοντες ἀφειδήσωσιν Ἐννοῦς.
καὶ τις ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο περισκαίρουσα κονίη
παρθενικὴ γυμνοῦτο: παρελκομένου δὲ χιτῶνος
ἀγλαΐη κεκόρυστο καὶ ἱμείροντα φονῆα

οὕτασεν οὕτθηθεῖσα, βέλος δὲ οἱ ἔπλετο μορφή,
25 καὶ φθιμένη νίκησε: κατ' ἀντιβίοιο δὲ γυμνοὶ
μηροὶ ἐθωρήχθησαν, ὀιστευτῆρες Ἐρώτων.
καὶ νῦ κε νεκρὸν ἔχων πόθον ἄπνοον, ὥς περ Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἄλλην Πενθεσίλεια ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δοκεῦν

ψυχρὰ κονιομένης προστύξατο χεῖλεα νύμφης,
30 εἰ μὴ Δηριαδῆος ἐδείδιεν ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς.

καὶ γυμνῆς σκοπίαζεν ἀναινομένης χρὸα κούρης,
καὶ σφυρὰ λευκὰ δόκευε καὶ ἀσκεπέων πτύχα μηρῶν,
καὶ μελέων ἔψανσε, καὶ ἦψατο πολλάκι μαζοῦ
οἰδαλέου ῥοδόεντος, ἐοικότος εἰσέτι μῆλῳ:

35 ἥθελε καὶ φιλότῃ μιγήμεναι: ὅψ' δὲ κάμων
τοίην ἱμερόεσσαν ἀνήρυγεν ἄφρονα φωνήν:
'παρθενικὴ ῥοδόπηχυ, τεὸν δυσέρωτα φονῆα
οὕτασας οὕταμένη, φθιμένη ζῶοντα δαμάζεις,
καὶ σὺ τεὸν βλεφάροισιν ὀιστεύεις ὀλετῆρα:

40 ἔγχος ἐνικήθη σέο κάλλει· σείο προσώπου
μαρμαρυγαὶ κλονέουσιν, ὅσον γλωχῖνες ἀκόντων·
στῆθος ἔχεις ἅτε τόξον, ἐπεὶ σέο μᾶλλον ὀιστῶν
μαζοὶ ἀριστεύουσιν, ὀιστευτῆρες Ἐρώτων.
ξεῖνον ἔχω καὶ ἄπιστον ἐγὼ πόθον, ὅτι διώκω
45 κούρης νεκρὸν ἔρωτα καταφθιμένων ὑμεναίων·
ἄπνοος ὀίστρος ἔχει με τὸν ἔμπνοον· εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
χείλεα φωνήεντα καὶ ἔμπνοα ταῦτα γενέσθω,
σῶν γλυκερῶν στομάτων ἵνα, παρθένε, μῦθον ἀκούσω ...
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα· ‘κυλινδομένην ἐνὶ γαίῃ,
50 ἦν κτάνες, ἦν σύλησας, ἀτάσθαλε, κάλλιπε κούρην·
ἦν σέο χαλκὸς ἔταμνεν, ἔμοῦ μὴ ψαῦε χιτῶνος·
τί κρατέεις κενεῶνα, τὸν οὔτασας; ἴσχεο δειλῆς
ἀμφαφῶν ἐμὸν ἔλκος, ὃ μοι πόρες. ἐρρέτω αἰχμῇ,
ἐρρέτω ἡμετέρης παλάμης θράσος, ὅτι λιποῦσα
55 Σειληνοὺς πολιῇσιν ὑποφρίσσοντας ἐθείραις
καὶ Σατύρων δύσμορφον ὅλον γένος, ἀντὶ γερόντων,
ἀντὶ δασυστέρνων ἀπαλὴν ἐδάμασσε γυναῖκα.
ἀλλὰ ποθοβλήτοιο τεοῦ χροδὸς ἔλκος ἀφάσσω
ποιὴν καλλιβότοιο διαστείχων ῥάχιν ὕλης
60 ἔλκεος ὑμετέροιο βοηθόον εἰς σὲ καλέσσω
γηραλέον Χεῖρωνα φεπίσβιον; ἦ πόθεν εὖρω
φάρμακα, λυσιπόνου Παιήονος ὄργια τέχνης;
ἦθελον, ἦν κολέουσιν, ἔχειν Κενταυρίδα ποιήν,
ὄφρα τεοῖς μελέεσσιν ἀνώδυνον ἄνθος ἐλίξας
65 ἐξ Ἄιδος ζώουσας ἀνοστήτοιο σάωσω.
ποῖον ἔχω μάγον ὕμνον ἢ ἀστερόεσσαν ἀοιδήν,
ὄφρα θεοκλήτῳ προχέων μέλος εὐάδι φωνῇ
οὔταμένου τεδὸν αἶμα κατευνήσω κενεῶνος;
ἦθελον ἐγγὺς ἔχειν φυσίζοον ἐνθάδε πηγὴν,
70 ὄφρα τεοῖς μελέεσσι βαλὼν ὀδυνήφατον ὕδωρ
πρηνὴν τεδὸν ἔλκος ἐπήρατον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν
ψυχὴν ὑμετέρεην παλινάγρετον εἰς σὲ κομίσσω.
Γλαῦκε πολυσπερέων ἐτέων στοροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων,
εἰ θέμις, ἀτρυγέτοιο λιπῶν κευθμῶνα θαλάσσης
75 δεῖξον ἐμοὶ βοτάνην ζωαρκέα, δεῖξον ἐκείνην,
ἧς ποτε σοῖς στομάτεσσιν ἐγεύσαιο, καὶ βίον ἔλκεις
ἄμβροτον, ἀενάοιο χρόνου κυκλούμενος ὀλκῶ.’
ὥς εἰπὼν παράμειβε, νέκυν πόθον ἐν φρεσὶ κεύθων.
καὶ πόσιος κταμένου τιμήορος ἄνθορε νύμφη
80 Πρωτονόη, στενάχουσα καὶ εἰσέτι νεκρὸν Ὀρόντην·
θηλυτέρην δὲ φάλαγγα διέστιχεν· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
ἄλλην ἀντιάνειραν Ἐρυθραίην Ἀταλάντην.
Χειροβίη δὲ λαβοῦσα σάκος καὶ Μορρέος αἰχμὴν

ἔχραε Βασσαρίδεσσι, καὶ εἵκελος ἔπλετο Γόργη,
85 ἢ πάρος εὐπύργοιο τινασσομένης Καλυδῶνος
Τοξέος αἰθύσσονσα κασιγνήτοιο βοείην,
μάρνατο θῆλυς ἑοῦσα χολωμένου Μελεάγρου.
Ὅρσιβόη δὲ φανεῖσα σὺν ἐγρεμόθῳ παρακοίτη
θάρσος Ἐνναλῆς μιμήσατο Δηιανείρης,
90 ὅππότε Παρνησσοῖο κακοξείνῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
θωρήχθη Δρυόπεσσι καὶ ἔπλετο θῆλυς Ἀμαζών.
πολλὰ δ' εὐρυχόροισι περικλείοντο μελάνθοις,
καὶ στόνος ἄπλετος ἦεν ὑπωροφίοιο κυδοιμοῦ:
ἄλλῃ δ' εἰνοδίην ὑπεδύσατο δημοτῆτα,
95 παρθένος ἐγρεκύδοιμος, ὑπὲρ τεγέων δὲ καὶ ἄλλαι
λαϊνέοις βελέεσσιν ἐθωρήσσοντο γυναῖκες:
ἐνδόμυχοι δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ἐνῷ.
ὄφρα μὲν ἐγρεμόθοιο δι' ἄστεος ἔβρεμεν Ἄρης,
Λύδια Βασσαρίδων ὄρεσίδρομα φῦλα δαΐζων,
100 τόφρα δὲ Χαλκομέδεια πρὸ τείχεος ἵστατο μούνη
νόστιμον ἐκ πολέμοιο μεταστρέψασα πορείην,
οἴστρομανῇ Μορρῇα δεδεγμένη, εἴ ποξεν ἔλθῃ:
καὶ τότε πουλυέλικτον ἐρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων,
παρθένον ὡς ἐνόησε, ποδῆνεμος ἵκετο Μορρεῦς,
105 εἰς δρόμον ἱμερόεντα θώτερα γούνατα πάλλων.
τῇς δὲ διωκομένης ἀνεκούφισε πέπλον ἀήτης:
θέλγετο δ' εἰσέτι μᾶλλον ἀνείμονι κάλλει μορφῆς.
παπταίνων προθέουσας ἀνάμπυκα λευκάδα νύμφην.
ἡ δὲ μιν ἠπερόπευε, καὶ αἰδομένη φάτο φωνῇ,
110 ὠκυτέρην Μορρῆος ὑποπτήσσουας πορείην:
‘εἰ ἐτεδὼν μεθέπεις ἐμὰ δέμνια, νυμφίε Μορρεῦ,
κάτθεο σὸν θώρηκα σιδήρεον, οἷα χορεῦει
εἰς γάμον ἀβροχίτων, ὅτε Κύπριδι μίσγεται, Ἄρης,
εἵματι χιονέῳ πεπυκασμένος, ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων,
115 ὄφρα Πόθος καὶ Κύπρις ἐνὶ ζευξείαν ὀχῇ
ἡμέας ἀμφοτέρους γαμῖης ἐπιβήτορας εὖνῃς,
Μορρέα θοῦρος: ἔρως καὶ Χαλκομέδην Ἀφροδίτη.
οὐ δέχομαι χάλκειον ἐγὼ πόσιν ὑψόθι λέκτρων,
αἵματι φοινίσσοντα καὶ αὐχμῶντα κονίη:
120 ἀλλὰ ῥόω φαίδρυνε τεδὼν δέμας, ὄφρα φανείης
ὡς Φαέθων προχοῇσι λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο:
ῥῖψον Ἐνναλίην σέθεν ἀσπίδα, ῥῖψον ἀκωκὴν,
μὴ ποτέ με πλήξειε τεὴ θανατηφόρος αἰχμή:
κάτθεό μοι δασπλήτα τεῶν πῆληκα κομάτων,
125 ὅττι λόφος κλονέει με τινασσομένης τρυφαλείης:
μὴ νόθον εἶδος ἴδοιμι σιδηρείοιο προσώπου:
τίς πόθος εὐφραίνει με καλυπτομένης σέο μορφῆς;

οὐκέτι Μαιονίης ἐπιβήσομαι: οὐδ' ἐνὶ παστῶ
δέξομαι, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, μετὰ Μορρέα Βάκχον ἀκοίτην:
130 ἔσσομαι Ἰνδῶν καὶ ἐγώ, φίλος: ἀντὶ δὲ Λυδῆς
κυδαίνω θυέεσσιν Ἐρυθραίων Ἀφροδίτην
κρυπταδίῃ Μορρήος ὁμευνέτις: ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
Ἰνδὸς ἀνὴρ ἐχέτω με συναιχμάζων Ἀφροδίτῃ:
εἰς δὲ γὰρ ἴσα βέλεμνα καὶ εἰς ἐμὲ διπλόα πέμπων
135 Ἱμερος ἀμφοτέροισι μίαν ξύνωσεν ἀνίην,
εἰς κραδίην Μορρήϊ καὶ εἰς φρένα Χαλκομεδείῃ.
κάμνον ἐγὼ κρύπτουσα τεὸν πόθον: οὐ γὰρ ἀκοίτην
παρθένος αἰδομένη προκαλίζεται εἰς Ἀφροδίτην.
ὥς φαμένη παρέπεισε γυνὴ δυσέρωτα μαχητὴν
140 ψευσαμένη: γελάσας δὲ δυσήμερος ἔννεπε Μορρεὺς:
‘οὐ νέμεσις, Μορρήα τὸν εὐπῆληκα μαχητὴν
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχειν ἐνὶ παστάδι Χαλκομεδείης,
ὄφρα περιπτύξω σε, φερώνυμε, χαλκὸν αἰείρων:
ἔμπης φοῖνιον ἔγχος ἀναίνομαι, οὐδὲ βοεῖς
145 ἄπτομαι: ὥς ἐθέλεις δέ, λελουμένος εἰς σὲ χορεῶν
χερσὶν ἀναιμάκτοισι, καὶ ἔσσομαι ἄλλος ἀκοίτης,
γυμνὸς Ἄρης μετὰ δῆριν ἔχων γυμνὴν Ἀφροδίτην.
καὺρην Δηριαδῆος ἀναίνομαι: αὐτὸς ἐλάσσω
ἐκ μεγάρων ἀέκουσαν ἐμὴν ζηλήμονα νύμφην:
150 οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδεσσι κορύσσομαι, εἴ με κελεύεις,
ἀλλὰ φίλοις ναέτησι μαχέσσομαι: Ἰνδὸν ὀλέσσω
οἶνοπα θύρσον ἔχων, οὐ χάλκεον ἔγχος αἰείρων:
ῥίψω δ' ἔντεα πάντα καὶ ἄνθεα λεπτὰ τινάξω,
ὑμετέρῳ βασιλῇ συναιχμάζων Δινύσῳ.’
155 ὥς εἰπὼν παλάμης μελίην ἀπεσεῖσατο Μορρεὺς,
καὶ λίφον ἰδρῶντος ἀπεσφήκωσε καρήνου,
μυδαλέης δ' ἔρρεψεν ἑῆς τελαμῶνα βοεῖης
εὐκαμάτῳ ῥαθάμιγγι λελουμένον ἠθάδος ὦμου:
λύσατο καὶ χάλκειον ἀπὸ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
160 αἶμαλέον θώρηκα. καὶ ἔντεα κείμενα γαίῃ
Μορρέος ἱμείροντος ἐδείκνυν Ἄρεϊ Κύπρις
μορφῇ ἀθωρήκτῳ νικώμενα Χαλκομεδείης:
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν, ἐὼν δ' ἐρέθιζεν ἀκοίτην:
‘Ἄρες, ἐσυλήθης: πολέμους ἡρνήσατο Μορρεὺς,
165 οὐ φορέων θώρηκα καὶ οὐ ξίφος: ἀλλὰ γυναῖκα
ἱμερτὴν ποθέων ἀπεσεῖσατο τεύχεα χειρῶν.
καὶ σὺ τεὸν δόρυ θοῦρον ἀναίνεο, καὶ σὺ θαλάσση
λούεο σὼν σακέων γυμνούμενος: ἀπτόλεμος γὰρ
Κύπρις ἀριστεύει πλέον Ἄρεος, οὐδὲ χατίζει
170 ἀσπίδος, οὐ μελὶς ποτὲ δεύεται: ἀμφότερον γὰρ
ἔγχος ἐμὸν πέλε κάλλος ἐμὸν ξίφος ἔπλετο μορφῇ,

καὶ βλεφάρων ἀκτῖνες ἔμοι γεγάασιν ὁιοστοί:
μαῶδες ἀκοντίζει πλέον ἔγχεος: ἡμερόεις γὰρ
ἀντὶ δοριθρασέος θαλαμηπόλος ἔπλετο Μορρεὺς.
175 μὴ Σπάρτης ἐπίβηθι, μαχήμονες ἦχι πολῖται
χάλκεον εἶδος ἔχουσι κορυσσομένης Ἀφροδίτης,
μὴ σε δόρυ κρατέουσα τεῶ πληξείε σιδήρῳ.
οὐτόσον αἰχμάξεις, ὅσον ὀφρύες: οὐτόσον αἰχμαὶ
ἀνέρας οὐτάζουσιν, ὅσον βάλλουσιν ὀπωπαί:
180 δέρκεο σοὺς θεράποντας, ὑποδρηστήρας Ἐρώτων,
καὶ θρασὺν αὐχένα κάμψον ἀνικήτῳ Κυthereίῃ.
Ἄρες, ἐνικήθης, ὅτι χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔασας
νεβρίδα Χαλκομέδης γαμῖν ὑπεδύσατο Μορρεὺς.
εἶπε μόθους γελώουσα φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη,
185 Ἄρεα κερτομέουσα γαμοστόλον, ἄγχι δὲ πόντου
καλλείφας ἀκόμιστον ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖο χιτῶνα
θαλπόμενος γλυκερῇσι μεληδόσι λούσατο Μορρεὺς,
γυμνὸς ἑὼν: ψυχρῇ δὲ δέμας φαίδρυνε θαλάσση,
θερμὸν ἔχων Παφίης ὀλίγον βέλος: ἐν δὲ ῥεέθροις
190 Ἰνδῶν ἰκέτευεν Ἐρυθραίην Ἀφροδίτην,
εἰσαίῳν, ὅτι Κύπρις ἀπόσπορός ἐστι θαλάσσης:
λουσάμενος δ' ἀνέβαινε μέλας πάλιν: εἶχε δὲ μορφήν,
ὥς φύσις ἐβλάστησε, καὶ ἀνέρος οὐ δέμας ἄλμη,
οὐ χροίην μετὰμειψεν, ἔρευθαλέη περ ἑοῦσα.
195 καὶ κενεῇ χροά λοῦσεν ἐπ' ἐλπίδι: χιόνεος γὰρ
ἡμερόεις μενέαινε φανήμεναι ἄζυγι κούρῃ:
καὶ λινέῳ κόσμησε δέμας χιονώδεϊ πέπλῳ,
οἶον ἔσω θώρηκος αἰὲ φορέουσι μαχηταί.
ἰσταμένη δ' ἄφθογγος ἐπ' ἡόνος εἶχε σιωπῇν
200 Χαλκομέδη δολόεσσα: μεταστρεφθεῖσα δὲ κούρῃ
Μορρέος ἀχλαῖνοιο σαόφρονας εἶλκεν ὀπωπᾶς,
ἀσκεπὲς αἰδομένη δέμας ἀνέρος: εἰσιδέειν γὰρ
ἄζετο θῆλυς ἑοῦσα λελουμένον ἄρσενά κούρῃ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἔρημον ἐσέδρακεν ἄρμενον εὐναῖς,
205 τολμηρὴν παλάμην ὀρέγων αἰδήμονι νύμφῃ
εἶματος ἀψαύστοιο σαόφρονος ἦφατο κούρης:
καὶ νῦν κεν ἀμφίζωστον ἑλὼν εὐήνορι δεσμῷ
νυμφιδίῳ σπινθῆρι βιήσατο θυιάδα κούρην:
ἀλλὰ τις ἀχράντοιο δράκων ἀνεπήλατο κόλπου,
210 παρθενικῆς ἀγάμοιο βοηθόος, ἀμφὶ δὲ μίτρην
ἀμφιλαφῆς κυκλοῦτο φυλάκτορι γαστέρος ὀλκῷ:
ὅξυ δὲ συρίζοντος ἀσιγῆτων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
πέτραι ἐμυκῆσαντο: φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Μορρεὺς
αὐχένιον μύκημα νόθης σάλπιγγος ἀκούων,
215 παπταίνων ἀγάμοιο προασπιστῆρα κορείης:

καὶ πρόμος ἀμφιέλικτος ἀνεπτοίησε μαχητὴν,
οὐρὴν ἀγκυλόκυκλον ἐπ' αὐχένι φωτὸς ἐλίξας,
ἔγχος ἔχων στόμα λάβρον· ἔτοξεύοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
ἰὸν ἀκοντίζοντες ἐχιδνήεντες ὁῖστοι·

220 οἱ μὲν ἀμιτρώτοιο διαΐσσοντες ἐθείρης,
οἱ δὲ δρακοντοκόμοιο δι' ἱξύος, οἱ δ' ἀπὸ κόλπου
Ἄρεα συρίζοντες ἐβακχεύοντο μαχηταί.

ὄφρα μὲν ὑψιλόφοιο πρὸ ἄστεος ἴστατο Μορρεύς,
Χαλκομέδην δολόεσσαν ἀνήνυτον εἰς γάμον ἔλκων,

225 τόφρα δὲ Βασσαρίδος στρατιῆς εὖοπλος Ἐνυὼ
ἔγχος ἀτειρήεντος ἀλεύατο Δηριαδῆος.

καὶ γὰρ ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο θορῶν ὠκύπτερος Ἑρμῆς,
ἀντίτυπον Βρομίοιο φέρων Ἰνδαλμα προσώπου,
Βακχείην ἐκάλεσεν ὅλην στίχα μύστιδι φωνῇ·

230 δαιμονίην δὲ γυναιῖκες ὅτ' ἔκλυον Εὖιον ἠχώ,
εἰς ἓνα χῶρον ἵκανον· ἀπὸ τριόδων δὲ κομίζων
Μαιναλίδων ὅλον ἔθνος ἐς ἀγκύλα κύκλα κελεύθου
ἦγαγεν ὠκυπέδιλος, ἔως σχεδὸν ἦε πύργων·

καὶ φυλάκων στοιχηδὸν ἀκοιμήτοισιν ὀπωπαῖς

235 νήδυμον ὕπνον ἔχευεν ἐῖη πανθελγεί ῥάβδῳ
φῶριος Ἑρμείας, πρόμος ἔννυχος· ἐξαπίνης δὲ
Ἴνδοις μὲν ζόφος ἦεν, ἀθηήτοισι δὲ Βάκχαις
φέγγος ἔην ἀδόκητον· ἀδουπήτων δὲ γυναικῶν
λάθριος ἠγεμόνευε δι' ἄστεος ἄπτερος Ἑρμῆς·

240 χειρὶ δὲ θεσπεσίῃ βριαρὴν κληῖδα πυλάων
ἠλιβάτων ὦιξε, καὶ ἠέλιος πέλε Βάκχαις.

Ἥματιν δ' ὅτε νύκτα φαεσφόρος ἦλασεν Ἑρμῆς,
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος ἔχων ἀτέλεστον ἀπειλὴν
Βασσαρίδων μάστευε λιπόπτολιν ἐσμὸν ὁδίτην.

245 ὥς δ' ὅτε τις κατὰ νύκτα βαθυπλούτοις ἐν ὀνείροις
τέρπεται ἀπρήκτοισιν ἐπ' ἐλπωρῆσιν, αἶρων
ἀφνειαῖς παλάμησι μινυνθαδίου χύσιν ὄλβου,
ὑπναλέων κτεάνων ἀπατήλιον ἐλπίδα βόσκων·

ἀλλ' ὅτε φαινομένης ῥοδοειδέος ἠριγενείης

250 χάζεται εὐκτεάνοιο παλὶλλυτος ὄψις ὀνείρου,
σὺν κενεαῖς παλάμησιν ἐγείρεται, οὐδὲν αἶρων,
ρίψας κλεψινόων σκιοειδέα τέρψιν ὀνείρων·
ὥς τότε Δηριάδης, ὅτε μὲν ζόφος εἶχεν ἀγνιάς,
τέρπετο Βασσαρίδων δοκέων αὐτόσσυτον ἄγρην

255 ἀμφιέπειν ἔντοσθεν ἐεργομένων πυλεώνων,
ψευδομένην ἀνόνητον ἔχων σκιοειδέα νίκην·

ἀλλ' ὅτε φέγγος ἔλαμψε, καὶ οὐκέτι δέρκετο Βάκχας,
ὥς ὄναρ ἔδραμε πάντα, καὶ ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ.

ὥς Διὶ καὶ Φαέθοντι χολώετο καὶ Διονύσῳ,

260 Μαιναλίδας φυγάδας διζήμενος. ἀμφὶ δὲ πύργους
Βασσαρίδες κελάδησαν ἀνάμπυκες Εὐάδι φωνῇ.
Δηριάδης δ' ἔδωκε τὸ δεύτερον, ἔγρετο δὲ Ζεὺς
Καυκάσου ἐν κορυφῇσιν ἀπορρίψας πτερὸν Ὕπνου:
καὶ δόλον ἡπεροπῆα μαθὼν κακοεργέος Ἥρης
265 Σειληνοῦς ἐδόκευε πεφυζότας, ἔδρακε Βάκχας
σπερχομένας ἀγγεληδὸν ἀπὸ τριόδων, ἀπὸ πύργων,
καὶ Σατύρους κείροντα καὶ ἀμώνοντα γυναικάς
Δηριάδην ἐνόησεν ὀπίστερον, ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,
υἷέα δ' ἐν δαπέδῳ κατακείμενον: ἀμφὶ δὲ νύμφαι
270 ἐγγὺς ἔσαν στεφανηδόν: ὁ δ' ἐν στροφάλιγγι κονίης
κεῖτο καρηβαρέων, ὀλιγοδρανὲς ἄσθμα τιταίνων,
ἄφρον ἄκοντίζων χιονώδεα, μάρτυρα λύσσης.
καὶ φθονερῆς ἤλεγξε δόλον δυσμήχανον Ἥρης,
καὶ δολίην παράκοιτιν ἐμέμψατο κέντορι μύθῳ:
275 καὶ νῦ κεν ἀχλύοεντος ὀμέστιον Ἰαπετοῖο
ὕπνον ὀμιχλήεντι κατεκλήισσε βερέθρῳ,
εἰ μὴ Νῦξ ἰκέτευε, θεῶν δμῆτειρα καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
καὶ μόγισ εὐνήσας ὅλοδὸν χόλον ἴαχεν Ἥρη:
'οὔ πω ἐμῆς Σεμέλης ἐκορέσσοιο, δύσμαχος Ἥρη,
280 ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ φθιμένη τάχα χῶεαι; οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῇ
σὸν κότον ἐπρήυνεν ἀτέρμονα νυμφιδίῃ φλόξ,
λέκτρα διασκεδάσασα Διοβλήτοιο Θυώνης;
Ἰνδοφόνῳ τέο μέχρις ἐπιβρίθεις Διονύσῳ;
ἄζεο σοῦς προτέρους πάλιν ἄκμονας: εἰσέτι κεῖνοι,
285 εἰσέτι μοι παρέασιν ἀρηγόνες, οὐς ποσὶ δῆσας
ὑμετέροις ἔσφιγξα: σὺ δ' ἄστατος ὑψόθι γαίης
αἰθέρι καὶ νεφέλῃσι μετάρσιον εἶχες ἀνάγκην:
καὶ θρασὺς ἐν νεφέλῃσι περίπλοκον ὑψόθι γαίης
δέσμιον εἶδεν Ἄρης σε, καὶ οὐ χραίσμησε τεκούσῃ:
290 οὐ πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος ἐπήρκεσεν: οὐ δύναται γὰρ
τλήμενα αἰθαλόεντος ἕνα σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ.
δήσω σὰς παλάμας χρυσέῳ πάλιν ἡθάδι δεσμῷ:
Ἄρεα δ' ἄρραγέεσσιν ἀλκυτοπέδῃσι πεδήσω
295 εἰς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον ὁμόδρομον, οἷος ἀλήτης
Τάνταλος ἡερόφοιτος ἢ Ἰξίῳν μετανάστης:
καὶ μιν ἀναλθήτοισιν ὅλον πληγῇσιν ἱμάσσω,
εἰσόκε νικήσειεν ἐμὸς πάις υἷεας Ἰνδῶν.
ἀλλὰ τεῶ Κρονίωνι χαρίζεαι, αἶ κεν ἐλάσσης
λύσσαν ἐριπτοίητον ἱμασσομένου Διονύσου,
300 μηδὲ λίπης κοτέοντα τεὸν πόσιν, ἀλλὰ μολοῦσα
Ἰνδῶης ἀκίχητος ὑπὸ κλέτας εὖβοτον ὕλης
Βάκχῳ μαζὸν ὄρεξον ἐμὴν μετὰ μητέρα Ῥεῖην,
ὄφρα τελειότεροισιν ἐοῖς στομάτεσσιν ἀρύσση

σὴν ἱερὴν ῥαθάμιγγα προσηγήτειραν Ὀλύμπου,
305 καὶ βατὸν αἰθέρα τεῦξον ἐπιχθονίῳ Διονύσῳ·
ὑμετέρῳ δὲ γάλακτι δέμας χρίσασα Λυαίου
σβέσσον ἀμερσινόοιο δυσσεϊδέα λύματα νούσου.
καὶ σοὶ ἐπεντύνω γέρας ἄξιον· ὑμετέρῃ γὰρ
στηριξὼ κατ' Ὀλυμπον εὐοικότα κύκλον ἐέρση,
310 Ἑραιοιο γάλακτος ἐπώνυμον, ὄφρα γεραίρω
ἱκμάδα πασιμέλουσαν ἀλεξικάκου σέο μαζοῦ·
μοῦνον ἐμοὶ πεφύλαξο Διὸς φιλότεκνον ἀπειλήν,
μηδὲ πάλιν δόλον ἄλλον ἐπεντύνῃς Διονύσῳ.
ὥς εἰπὼν προέηκε παλὶγκοτον εὐνέτιν Ἥρην
315 Βακχείης κακότητος ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκη,
Ἥλαον εὐάντητον ἀτυζομένῳ Διονύσῳ,
ὄφρα δέμας Βρομίοιο γαλαξαίῃσιν ἐέρσαις
χειρὶ περιχρίσειε θεοτρεφῶν ἀπὸ μαζῶν.
Ἥρῃ δ' οὐκ ἀμέλησεν· ἀκεσσιπόνιοιο δὲ θηλῆς
320 θεσπεσίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι δέμας χρίσασα Λυαίου
ἄγρια δαιμονίης ἀπεσείσαστο λύματα λύσσης·
καὶ δίδυμον φθόνον εἶχεν ὑποκλέπτοντι προσώπῳ
ἠγορέην ὀρόωσα καὶ ἀγλαΐην Διονύσου,
καὶ φθονεραῖς παλάμῃσι μεμνόντος ἦψατο Βάκχου·
325 ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ στομάτεσσιν ἀνειρύσσασα χιτῶνος
ἀμβροσίης πλήθουσιν ἐὴν γυμνώσατο θηλήν,
θλιβομένην βλύζουσα χύσιν ζηλήμονι μαζῷ·
καὶ μιν ἀνεζώγρησε· τανυπλοκάμου δὲ Λυαίου
ὄμμασι μηκεδανοῖσι τόσῃν διεμέτρεεν ἦβην,
330 εἴ ποτε τηλίκον εἶδος ἐπιχθονίῃ τέκε γαστήρ,
εἰ τόσος ἦεν Ἄρης ἐγγεσπάλος, εἰ τόσος Ἑρμῆς,
εἰ Φαέθων πέλε τοῖον ἢ ἱμερόφωνος Ἀπόλλων·
καὶ μιν ἔχειν μενέαινεν ἐν αἰθέρι νυμφίον Ἥρης,
εἰ μὴ οἱ κατένευσε μετὰ χρόνον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
335 μόρσιμον Ἑρακλῆα δυωδεκάεθλον ἀκοίτην.
ἢ μὲν ἀλεξήσασα πόνον μανιώδεα Βάκχου
ὑψιφανῆς ἀνέβαινε τὸ δεύτερον εἰς χορὸν ἄστρον,
μὴ στρατιὴν ἀσίδηρον ἐσαθρήσῃ Διονύσου
μαρναμένην νάρθηκι καὶ ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ,
340 καὶ προμάχους κταμένους ὀλίγῳ ῥήξήνορι θύρῳ.
οὐδὲ μάχης ἀμέλησε Διὸς πάις, ἀλλὰ μαχητὰς
θωρήξας παλινόρσος ἀγέστρατον ἴαχε φωνήν,
χειρὶ Γιγαντοφόνῳ ταμεσίχροα κισσὸν ἐλίσσων·
ἄθαρσαλέοι μάρνασθε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
345 Ζεὺς πάλιν ἡμείων πρόμος ἴσταται, υἱεὶ Βάκχῳ
Ἥλαος, οὐρανόθεν δὲ προασπίζων Διονύσου
ἀθανάτων χορὸς ἦλθε, καὶ οὐκέτι χῶεται Ἥρῃ.

τις στεροπῇ Κρονίδαο μαχέσσεται; ἢ πότε δειλοὶ
δυσμενέες μίμνουσι κορυσσομένοιο κεραυνοῦ;
350 Ἴσος ἐμῷ γενετῆρι φανήσομαι: ἐν πολέμοις γάρ
γηγενέας Τιτῆνας ἐμὸς νίκησε Κρονίων,
νικήσω καὶ ἔγωγε χαμαιγενέων γένος Ἴνδῶν.
σήμερον ἀθρήσητε κορυμβοφόρον μετὰ νίκην
Δηριάδην ἰκέτην βραδυπειθέα, καὶ χορὸν Ἴνδῶν
355 αὐχένα δοχμῶσαντα γαληναίῳ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ ποταμὸν μεθέποντα μεθυσφαλὲς Εὐῖον ὕδωρ:
ἀντιβίους δ' ὄψεσθε παρὰ κρητῆρι Λυαίου
ξανθὸν ὕδωρ πίνοντας ἀπ' οἰνοπόρου ποταμοῖο,
καὶ θρασὺν Ἴνδὸν ἄνακτα, κατάσχετον οἶνοπι κισσῷ,
360 ἰλλόμενον πετάλοισι καὶ ἀμπελόεντι κορυμβῳ,
εἵκελα δεσμὰ φέροντα, τὰ περ μετὰ κύματα λύσσης
Νυσιάδες βοόωσι θεουδέες εἰσέτι Νύμφαι,
ἀλκῆς ἡμετέρης ἐπιμάρτυρες, ὅππότε κισσοῦ
ἀγχονίῳ σφιγξάσα θεημάχον ἀνέρα δεσμῷ
365 Ἀρραβίην ἐφόβησεν ἐμὴ θρασυεργὸς ὀπώρη,
ἄμματι βοτρυόεντι βιαζομένου Λυκοόργου.
ἀλλὰ τόσου μετὰ κύκλα κυλινδομένοιο κυδοιμοῦ
ληίδα δυσμενέων συλήσατε καὶ κτέρας ἄλμης,
μαρμαρέας λάιγγας, ἐμὴν δ' ἐπὶ μητέρα Ῥεῖην
370 ἔλκομένας πλοκάμοιο μεταστήσασθε γυναῖκας:
καὶ προμάχους τίσασθε δεδουπότας, ὧν ἐπὶ πότμῳ
τείρομαι ὀξεῖησι μεληδόσιν: ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
ἀμφοτέρων κοτέω τε καὶ ἄχνυμαι, ὅττι δοκεύω
Δηριάδην ζῶοντα καὶ ἀκτερέιστον Ὀφέλτην,
375 μεμφόμενον μετὰ πότμον ἀεργέα χεῖρα Λυαίου:
οὐκέτι Κωδῶνη θωρήσεται, οὐκέτι δειλὴ
μάρναται Ἀλκιμάχεια δορυσσόος: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
Αἰβίαλος δέδμητο, καὶ εἰσέτι θύρσον ἐρύκω.
αἰδέομαι μετὰ δῆριν Ἀρέστορα, μὴ καὶ ἀκούσῃ,
380 ὅττι θανῶν οὐχ εὔρεν ἀρηγὸνα νεκρὸς Ὀφέλτης:
οὐ δύναμαι Κρήτης Κορυβαντίδος ἄστρῳ περῆσαι,
μὴ γενέτης Ἀγέλαος ὀλωλότα παῖδα γοῆσῃ,
Ἄνθεός ὀλλυμένοιο φόνον νήποινον ἀκούων:
αἰδέομαι Μίνωι φανήμεναι: ἐν κλισίῃ γάρ
385 Ἀστέριος μογέει βεβολημένος, ὃν πλεον ἄλλων
ῥύσομαι: Εὐρώπης γάρ ἔχεε γένος: ἀλλὰ σῶσας
νόστιμον ἀρτεμέοντα πάλιν γενετῆρι κομίσσω
πηδὸν ἐμὸν μετὰ δῆριν, ὅπως μὴ Κάδμος ἀκούσῃ
Ἀστέριον χατέοντα λιποπτολέμου Διονύσου.
390 ἀλλὰ πάλιν μάρνασθε, καὶ εἰν ἐνὶ πᾶσιν ἀρήξω,
τοσσατίων ἔνα μοῦνον ἀποκτείνας ὀλετῆρα.'

ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἔκτῳ μετὰ λύματα λύσσης
 Βάκχος Δηριαδῆι κορύσσεται εἶδος ἀμείβων.
 ὧς φάμενος θάρσυνε γεγηθότας ἡγεμονίης:
 Δηριάδης δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐοὺς ἐκόρυσσε μαχητάς.
 ἀμφοτέρῃ δὲ φάλαγγι θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου
 κεκριμένοι στέλλοντο κυβερνητῆρες Ἐννοῦς,
 5 οἱ μὲν Δηριαδῆος ἀρηγόνες, οἱ δὲ Λυαίου.
 Ζεὺς μὲν ἄναξ μακάρων ὑψίζυγος ὑψόθι Κέρνης
 Ἄρεος εἶχε τάλαντα παρακλιδόν: οὐρανόθεν δὲ
 ἔμπυρον ὕδατόεις προκαλιζέτο κυανοχαίτης
 ἠέλιον, γλαυκῶπιν Ἄρης, Ἥφαιστος Ὑδάσπην:
 10 Ἥρης δ' ἀντικέλευθος ὄρεσιᾶς Ἄρτεμις ἔστη:
 Λητώην δ' ἐπὶ δῆριν ἐύρραπς ἤλυθεν Ἑρμῆς.
 καὶ ζαθέου πολέμου διδυμόκτυπος ἔβρεμεν ἠχῶ
 ἀμφοτέροις μακάρεσσιν, ἐπεσσυμένων δὲ κυδοιμῷ
 Ἄρης ἐπταπέλεθρος ἐμάρνατο Τριτογενεῖη,
 15 καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἱάλλεν: ἀνουτήτου δὲ θεαίνης
 μέσσην αἰγίδα τύπεν, ἀθηήτου δὲ καρήνου
 ἦλασε Γοργεῖης ὀφιώδεα λήια χαίτης,
 Παλλάδος οὐτήσας λάσιον σάκος: ὄξυτενῆς δὲ
 πεμπομένη ροιζηδὸν ἀκαμπέος ἔγχεος αἰχμῇ
 20 ποιητὴν πλοκαμῖδα νόθης ἐχάραξε Μεδούσης.
 κοῦρη δ' ἐγρεκῦδοιμος ἐπαΐξασα καὶ αὐτὴ
 σύγγονον ἔγχος ἄειρεν ἐπ' Ἄρεϊ Παλλάς ἀμήτωρ,
 κεῖνο, τὸ περ φορέουσα λεχώιον ἥλικι χαλκῷ
 ἄνθορε πατρώοιο τελεσσιγόνιο καρήνου.
 25 καὶ δαπέδῳ γόνυ κάμψε τυπεῖς περιμήκετος Ἄρης:
 ἀλλὰ μιν ὀρθώσασα παλινδίνητον Ἀθήνη
 μητρὶ φίλῃ μετὰ δῆριν ἀνούτατον ὥπασεν Ἥρη.
 Ἥρη δ' ἀντερίδαιεν ὀρεσσινόμου Διονύσου
 Ἀρτεμις ὡς συνάεθλος ὀρεσιᾶς, ἰθυτενὲς δὲ
 30 τόξον ἐὸν κύκλωσεν: ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
 Ἥρη Ζηνὸς ἐλοῦσα νέφος πεπυκασμένον ὥμοις
 ἄρραγὲς ὡς σάκος εἶχε: καὶ Ἀρτεμις ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
 ἡερίης πέμπουσα δι' ἄντυγος ἰὸν ἀλήτην
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον ἐὴν ἐκένωσε φαρέτρην,
 35 καὶ νεφέλην ἄρρηκτον ὅλην ἐπύκαζεν ὀιστοῖς:
 καὶ γεράνων μιμηλὸς ἔην τύπος ἡεροφοίτης
 ἵπταμένων στεφανηδὸν ἀμοιβαίῳ τινὶ κύκλῳ:
 καὶ νέφεϊ σκιόεντι πεπηγότες ἦσαν ὀιστοί:
 ὠτειλὰς δ' ἀχάρακτος ἀναίμονας εἶχε καλύπτρη.

40 καὶ κραναὸν κοῦφισσεν ὑπηνέμιον βέλος Ἥρη,
χειρὶ δὲ δινεύουσα πεπηγότα νῶτα χαλάζης
Ἀρτεμιν ἐστυφέλιξε χαραδρήεντι βελέμνω:
τόξου δ' ἀγκύλα κύκλα συνέθλασε μάρμαρος αἰχμῇ:
οὐ δὲ μάχην ἀνέκοψε Διὸς δάμαρ: Ἀρτέμιδος δὲ
45 στήθεος ἄκρον ἔτυψε μεσαίτατον: ἡ δὲ τυπεῖσα
ἔγχεϊ παχνήεντι χαμαὶ κατέχευε φαρέτρην.
καὶ οἱ ἐπεγγελώωσα Διὸς μυθήσατο νύμφη:
“Ἄρτεμι, θηρία βάλλε: τί μείζουσιν ἀντιφερίζεις;
καὶ σκοπέλων ἐπίβηθι: τί σοὶ μόθος; οὐτιδανὰς δὲ
50 ἐνδρομίδας φορέουσα λίπε κνημίδας Ἀθήνη:
καὶ λῖνα σεῖο τίνασσε δολοπλόκα: θηροφόνοι γὰρ
σοὶ κύνες ἀγρώσσουσι, καὶ οὐ πτερόεντες ὀϊστοί:
οὐ σὺ λεοντοφόνον μεθέπεις βέλος: ἀδρανέων γὰρ
σῶν καμάτων ἰδρῶτες ἀνάλκιδές εἰσι λαγωοί:
55 σῶν δ' ἐλάφων ἀλέγιζε καὶ εὐκεράου σέο δίφρου,
δῶν ἐλάφων ἀλέγιζε: τί σοὶ Διὸς υἷα γεραίρειν
πορδαλίων ἐλατῆρα καὶ ἡνιοχῆα λεόντων;
ἦν δ' ἐθέλης, ἔχε τόξον, Ἔρωσ ὅτι τόξα τιταίνει:
παρθενικὴ φυγόμενε μογοστόκε, πορθμὸν Ἐρώτων
60 κεστόν ἔχειν ὦφελles ἀοοσητῆρα λοχείης,
σὺν Παφίῃ, σὺν Ἐρωτι: σὺ γὰρ κρατέεις τοκετοῖο.
ἀλλὰ, τελεσσιγόνιοιο κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης,
ἔρχεο παιδοτόκων ἐπὶ παστάδα θηλυτεράων,
καὶ λοχίοις βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύουσα γυναικάς
65 εἵκελος ἔσσο λέοντι λεχωίδος ἐγγύθι νύμφης,
ἀντὶ φιλοπτολέμοιο μογοστόκος. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῆς
λῆγε σαοφρονέουσα σαόφρονος εἵνεκα μήτρης,
ὅττι τεῶν μελέων μεθέπων τύπον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
παρθενικὰς ἀγάμους νυμφεύεται: εἰσέτι κείνην
70 εἰκόνα σὴν βοόωσι γαμοκλόπον Ἀρκάδες ὕλαι,
Καλλιστοῦς ἀγάμοιο γαμοστόλον, ὑμετέρην δὲ
ἔμφρονα μάρτυρον ἄρκτον ἔτι στενάχουσι κολῶναι
μεμφομένην νόθον εἶδος ἐρωμανὲς ἰσχεαίρης,
θηλυτέρης ὅτε λέκτρον ἐδύσατο θῆλυς ἀκοίτης.
75 ἀλλὰ τεῖν ἀνόνητον ἀπορρίψασα φαρέτρην
Ἥρης κάλλιπε δῆριν ἀρείονος: ἦν δ' ἐθέλησης,
ὥς λοχίη πολέμιζε τελεσσιγάμῳ Κυthereίῃ.”
ἔννεπε, τειρομένην δὲ παρήλυθεν Ἄρτεμιν Ἥρη.
τὴν δὲ φόβῳ μεθύουσαν ἀπὸ φλοίσβοιο κομίζων
80 ἀμφοτέρῳ πῆχυνε κατηφεί Φοῖβος ἀγοστῶ,
καὶ μιν ἄγων ἔστησεν ἐρημάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης:
νοστήσας δ' ἀκίχητος ὁμίλεε θέσπιδι χάρμη.
καὶ βυθίου προμάχου πυρόεις πρόμος ἀντίος ἔσθη,

Φοῖβος ἔς Ὑσμίνην Ποσιδῆιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νευρῇ
85 θῆκε βέλος καὶ πυρσὸν ἐκούφισε Δελφίδι πεύκῃ
ἀμφοτέρῃ παλάμῃ περιδέξιος, ὄφρα κορύσσει
ὀλκῷ κυματόεντι σέλας καὶ τόξα τριαίνῃ.
αἰχμὴ δ' αἰθαλόεσσα καὶ ὕδατόεντες ὀϊστοὶ
σύμπεσον ἀλλήλοισι· κορυσσομένοιο δὲ Φοίβου
90 Ἀρεὸς ἐσμαράγησε μέλος πατρώιος Αἰθῆρ,
βρονταῖον κελάδημα· θυελλήεσσα δὲ σάλπιγξ
οὔασι Φοιβείοισιν ἐπέκτυπε ποντιάς Ἥχῳ·
τρίτων δ' εὐρυγένειος ἐβόμβεεν ἡθάδι κόχλῳ
ἀνδροφυῆς ἀτέλεστος, ἀπ' ἱξύος ἔγχλοος ἰχθύς·
95 Νηρείδες δ' ἀλάλαζον· ὑπερκύψας δὲ θαλάσσης
σειομένου τριόδοντος Ἄραψ μυκήσατο Νηρεὺς.
οὐρανίης δὲ φάλαγγος ὑπέρτερον ἦχον ἀκούων
Ζεὺς χθόνιος κελάδησε, μὴ ἐννοσίγαιος ἀράσσων
γαῖαν ἱμασσομένην ῥοθίων ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ
100 ἀρμονίην κόσμοιο μετοχλίσσειε τριαίνῃ,
μὴ ποτε κινήσας χθονίων κρηπῖδα βερέθρων
θηγητὴν τελέσειεν ἀθηήτου χθονὸς ἔδρην,
μὴ βυθίων φλέβα πᾶσαν ἀναρρήξειεν ἐναύλων
Ταρταρίῳ κευθμῶνι χέων μετανάστιον ὕδωρ,
105 νέρτερον εὐρώεντα κατακλύζων πυλεῶνα.
τόσσος ἄρα κτύπος ὦρτο θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνιόντων,
καὶ χθόνιαί σάλπιγγες ἐπέβρεμον· ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
ῥάβδον ἐλαφρίζων ἀνεσείρασε μείλιχος Ἑρμῆς·
τρισοῖς δ' ἀθανάτοισι μίαν ξυνώσατο φωνήν·
110 Ἵγνωτὲ Διὸς καὶ κοῦρε, σὺ μὲν, κλυτότοξε, θυέλλαις
πυρσὸν ἔα καὶ τόξα, σὺ δὲ γλωχῖνα τριαίνης,
μὴ μακάρων Τιτῆνες ἐπεγγελάσωσι κυδοιμῷ,
μὴ Κρονίην μετὰ δῆριν ἀπειλήτειραν Ὀλύμπου
δεύτερον ἀθανάτοισιν Ἄρης ἐμφύλιος εἶη,
115 μὴ μόθον ἄλλον ἴδοιμι μετὰ κλόνον Ἰαπετοῖο,
μηδὲ μετὰ Ζαγρῆα καὶ ὀψιγόνου περὶ Βάκχου
φλέξας γαῖαν ἅπασαν ἐῷ πυρὶ χωόμενος Ζεὺς
ἀενάου κλύσσειε τὸ δεύτερον ἄντυγα κόσμου,
ὕδασιν ὀμβρήσας χυτὸν αἰθέρα· μηδὲ νοήσω
120 ἡερίοις πελάγεσσι διάβροχον ἄρμα Σελήνης·
μὴ ψυχρὴν ἐχέτω Φαέθων πάλιν ἔμπυρον αἴγλην.
πρεσβυτέρῳ δ' ὑπόεικε κυβερνητῇρι θαλάσσης,
πατροκασιγνήτῳ τανύων χάριν, ὅτι γεραίρει
εἰναλίην σέο Δῆλον ἁλὸς μεδέων ἐνοσίχθων·
125 μὴ σε λίπη φοίνικος ἔρως καὶ μνηστὶς ἐλαίης.
τίς πάλιν, ἐννοσίγαιε, δικασπόλος ἐνθάδε Κέκροψ,
τίς πάλιν, Ἰναχος ἄλλος ἐὼν πόλιν ἴαχεν Ἥρη,

ὅττι καὶ Ἀπόλλωνι κορυύσσεαι, ὥς περ Ἀθήνη,
καὶ μόθον ἄλλον ἔχεις προτέρην μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἥρης;
130 καὶ σὺ, πάτερ μεγάλοιο, κερασφόρε, Δηριαδῆος,
Ἥφαιστου πεφύλαξο σέλας μετὰ λαμπάδα Βάκχου,
μὴ σε πυριγλώχινι καταφλέξειε κεραυνῶ.’
ὥς εἰπὼν ἀνέκοψε θεῶν ἔμφυλον ἔνυώ.
καὶ τότε λυσσήεις παλινάγρετον ἄμφεπε χάρμην
135 Δηριάδης βαρύμηνης, ἀπήμονας ὥς ἶδε Βάκχας:
καὶ μόθον ἄρτεμέοντος ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου
εἰς ἔνοπῃν οἷστροησε πεφυζότας ἡγεμονῆας:
καὶ ξυνὴν πρυλέεσσι καὶ ἱππῆεσσιν ἀπειλὴν
βάρβαρον ἐσμαράγησε βαρυφθόγγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν:
140 ‘Σήμερον ἦ Διόνυσον ἐγὼ πλοκαμῖδος ἐρύσσω,
ἢ ἐμόθος Βακχεῖος ἀιστώσει γένος Ἴνδῶν.
ὕμεῖς μὲν Σατύροισιν ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκην
στήσατε: Δηριάδης δὲ κορυσσέσθω Διονύσῳ.
ἡμερίδων δὲ πέτηλα καὶ ὄργανα ποικίλα Βάκχου
145 φλέξατε, καὶ κλισίας ἐμπρήσατε: Μαιναλίδας δὲ
δμωίδας αὐχήμεντι κομίσσατε Δηριαδῆι:
καὶ πυρὶ δῆια θύρσα μαραίνετε: βουκεράων δὲ
Σειληγῶν Σατύρων τε πολυσπερέων κεφαλάων
λήιον ἀμήσαντες ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ
150 στέψατε πάντα μέλαθρα βοοκραίροισι καρήνοις.
μὴ Φαέθων στέψειε πυραυγέας εἰς δύσιν ἵππους,
πρὶν Σατύρους καὶ Βάκχου ἀλυκτοπέδησι κομίσσω
σφιγγόμενον, καὶ στικτὸν ἐμῇ δεδαῖγμένον αἰχμῇ
ῥωγαλέον φορέοντα κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
155 θύρσον ἀπορρίψαντα: τανυπλοκάμων δὲ γυναικῶν
χαίτην ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐμῷ τεφρώσατε δαλῶ.
θαρσαλέοι δὲ γένεσθε, καὶ Ἰνδῶν μετὰ χάρμην
νίκην κυδιάνειραν ἀείσατε Δηριαδῆος,
ὄφρα τις ἐρρίγησι καὶ ὀψιγόνων στρατὸς ἀνδρῶν
160 Ἴνδοις Γηγενέεσσιν ἀνικῆτοισιν ἐρίζειν.’
ἔννεπε, καὶ προμάχους μετανεύμενος ἄλλον ἐπ’ ἄλλῳ
ἡνιόχους οἷστροησεν ἀμετροβίων ἐλεφάντων,
καὶ πρυλέων πομπῆας ἐπεστήριξεν ὁμίλῳ
μαρναμένους πυργηδόν. ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
165 θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος ἐρημονόμων στίχα θηρῶν
εἰς ἔνοπῃν βάκχευεν: ὀριτρεφέες δὲ μαχηταὶ
δαιμονίῃ βρυχηδὸν ἐβακχεύθησαν ἱμάσθλῃ,
καὶ πολὺς ἐκ στομάτων ἐκορύσσετο μαινόμενος θήρ:
ὠμοβόρων δὲ δράκοντες ἀποπτύοντες ὀδόντων
170 τηλεβόλους πόμπευον ἐς ἡέρα πίδακας ἰοῦ
χάσματι συρίζοντι μεμυκότος ἀνθερεῶνος,

λοῖζα παρασκαίροντες· ἐς ἀντιβίους δὲ θορόντες
αὐτόματον σκοπὸν εἶχον ἐχιδνήεντες οἷστοι·
καὶ σκολιαῖς ἐλίκεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη δέμας Ἴνδῶν
175 εἰλομένων, βροτέους δὲ πόδας σφηκώσατο σειρὴ
εἰς δρόμον αἰσsonτας. Ἀρειμανέες δὲ γυναικες
δῆριν ἐμιμήσαντο δρακοντοβόλου Φιδαλείης,
ἥ ποτε κέντρον ἔχουσα γυναικείοιο κυδοιμοῦ
δυσμενέας νίκησεν ἐχιδνήεσσι κορύμβοις...
180 καὶ τις ἀπὸ στομάτων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος ἰάλλων
ἰὼν ἀκοντιστῆρα κατέπτυε Δηριαδῆος,
καὶ φονίη ῥαθάμιγγι χάλυψ ἐδιαίνετο θώρηξ.
καὶ νέκυς ἐν χθονὶ κεῖτο τυπεὶς ζῶντι βελέμνῳ,
ἄπνοος ἀμφιέπων βέλος ἔμπνοον. Ὀρθοπόδων δὲ
185 εἰς λοφιῇν ἐπικυρτον ἀναίξας ἐλεφάντων
πόρδαλις ἠώρητο μετάρσιος ἄλματι ταρσῶν·
πυκνὰ δὲ θηρείοιο κατεστήρικτο καρήνου,
καὶ δρόμον ἠώρησε τανυκνήμων ἐλεφάντων.
καὶ πολὺς ἐσμός ἔπιπτε, βαρυσμαράγων ἀπὸ λαიმῶν
190 φρικτὸν ἐρημονόμων αἰὼν βρύχημα λεόντων·
καὶ τις ἐνικήθη τρομέων μυκήματα ταύρου,
καὶ βοδὸς εἰσορόων βλοσυρῆς γλωχίνα κεραίης
λοξὸν ἀκοντίζουσιν ἐς ἡέρα· φοιταλέος δὲ
εἰς φόβον ἄλλος ὄρουσεν ὑποφρίσσω γένυν ἄρκτου·
195 θηρείαις δ' ἰαχῆσιν ὁμόκτυπος ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
Πανδὸς ἀνικήτοιο κύων συνυλάκτεε λαიმῶ,
καὶ μόθον ὑλακόμωρον ἐδειδισαν αἶθοπες Ἴνδοι.
ξυνὴ δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμόζυγος ἦεν Ἐννῶ·
γαῖα δὲ διψώουσα φόνου κυγαίνετο λύθρῳ
200 κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθε, πολυσπερέων δὲ δαμέντων
πληθὺι τοσσατίη νεκῶν ἐστείνεται Λήθη·
χειρὶ δ' ἀνοχλίζων Αἰδης ὀρφναῖον ὀχῆα
εὐρυτέρους πυλεῶνας ἐῶν ὥιξε μελάθρων
κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθε, διεσσυμένων δὲ βερέθρου
205 Ταρτάριον μύκημα Χαρωνίδες ἔκτυπον ὄχθαι.
καὶ πολὺς ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἔην κτύπος, ἀντιβίων δὲ
ώτειλὴ κταμένων ἐτερότροπος, ὣν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ἱππόθεν ὠλίσθησε τετυμμένος ἀνθερεῶνα,
ὃς δὲ κατὰ στέρνοιο περίτροχον ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,
210 ὃς δὲ μέσον κενεῶνα πεπαρμένος ἔκπεσε δίφρου·
ἄλλος ἐνυγλώχινι παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἄκρον οἷστῳ
βλήμενος αὐτοκύλιστος ὁμίλεε γείτονι πότμῳ,
ὃς δὲ τυπεὶς μεσάτης ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος, ὃς δὲ δι' ὤμου
καὶ φυγὰς ἄλλος ἔπιπτε ῥάχιν τετορημένος αἰχμῆι,
215 πεζὸς ἀελλήεντα τετυμμένον ἵππον ἐάσας·

ὃς δὲ πεσὼν ἀνίουλος ὀδύρετο σύντροφον ἦβην
καὶ τις ἀναλθήτῳ κεχαραγμένος ἦπαρ ὀιστῷ
κὺμβαχος ἔξ ἐλέφαντος ἐπεγδούπησε κονίη,
κρᾶτα παρακλίνας δαπέδῳ, καὶ χεῖρας ἐλίξας
220 αἱμαλέην πήχυνε κατηφεί γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ.
καὶ τις ἀνὴρ ἱππῆος ἐναντία δόχμιος ἔστη,
καὶ σάκεος κενεῶνα χυτῆς ἔπλησε κονίης,
καὶ χθονὶ ταρσὸν ἔπηξε, δεδεγμένος ἀνέρος ὁρμήν·
χειρὶ δὲ θαρσαλέῃ πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα τείνων
225 ἱππεῖην ψαμάθοισιν ὅλην ἔρραινεν ὀπωπὴν·
βακχεύσας δὲ κάρηνον ἄνω νεύοντι προσώπῳ
ἵππος ἀνηώρητο κονισαλέην τρίχα σείων,
καμπύλα δ' εὐλαίγγος ἀπέπτυνεν ἄκρα χαλινουῖ·
τρίβων δ' ἄγκυλόδοντα παλυνομένην γένυν ἀφρῶ
230 ὑπιτενῆς δεδόνητο, καὶ ὄρθιον αὐχένα πάλλων
οἰστρήεις ἀχάλινος ἐπεστηρίζετο γαίῃ
ποσσὶν ὀπισθιδίοισι, καὶ αἰθύσσω κόνιν ὀπλῇ
εἰς πέδου ἠκόντιζεν ἀπόσσυτον ἠνιοχῆα.
αὐτὰρ ὁ κεκλιμένῳ ταχὺς ἔδραμε κάρχαρος ἀνὴρ,
235 γυμνὸν ἔχων θοὸν ἄορ· ὑπὲρ δαπέδον δὲ ταθέντος
κυανέου προμάχοιο διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα.
ἄλλος ἐριπτοίητος ἐχάζετο πῶλος ἀλήτης,
γείτονος ἠνιόχοιο δεδεγμένος ἦχον ἱμάσθλης,
οἰκτρὸν ἐὼν θνήσκοντα διαστείβων ἐλατῆρα,
240 κείμενον ἀρτιδάικτον, ἐπισπαίροντα κονίῃ.
Κολλήτης δ' ἀπέλεθρος ἔχων περιμήκεα μορφήν,
δύσμαχος, ἐννεάπηχυς, ὁμοῖος Ἄλκουνῆι,
Βακχεῖς κατὰ μέσσον ἐμαίνετο δημοτῆτος·
Βασσαριδῶν δὲ φάλαγγα μετὰ κλόνον ἥθελεν ἔλκειν
245 εἰς εὐνὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀναγκαίων ὑμεναιῶν,
καὶ κενεῇ πολέμιζεν ἐπ' ἐλπίδι, τηλίκος ἀνὴρ,
οἶος ἔην θρασὺς Ἰωτος ἀνέμβατον αἰθέρα βαίνων,
ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτου ποθέων λέχος ἰοχεαίρης,
οἶος ἔην φιλέων καθαρῆς ὑμέναιον Ἀθήνης
250 ὑψινεφῆς ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἀκοντίζων Ἐφιάτης·
Κολλήτης πέλε τοῖος ὑπέρτερος, αἰθέρι γείτων,
γηγενέος προγόνοιο θεημάχον αἶμα κομίζων,
Ἴνδοῦ πρωτογόνοιο· καὶ ἄρκιος ἔπλετο μορφῇ
δῆσαι θοῦρον Ἄρηα μεθ' υἱέας Ἴφιμεδείης·
255 ἀλλὰ τόσον περ ἔοντα γυνὴ κτάνεν ὅξει πέτρῳ,
Βακχιάδος Χαρόπεια κυβερνήτειρα χορεῖς.
καὶ τις ἀριστεύουσαν ἰδὼν ὑψαύχενά κούρην
θαῦμα χόλῳ κεράσας τρομερὴν ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν·
Ἄρες, Ἄρες, λίπε τόξα καὶ ἀσπίδα καὶ σέο λόγχην,

260 Ἄρες, ἔσυλῆθης, λίπε Καὺκασον· ἀνδροφόνους γὰρ
ἀλλοίας Διόνυσος Ἀμαζόνας εἰς μόθον ἔλκει·
ὄπλοφόρους δονέουσιν ἀνάσπιδες· ὑμετέρου γὰρ
οὐκ ἀπὸ Θερμῶδοντος ἑὰς ἐκόμισσε γυναῖκας.
ξεῖνον ἶδον καὶ ἄπιστον ἐγὼ τύπον· οὐ σάκος ὤμοις,
265 οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχουσιν Ἀμαζονίδες Διονύσου·
οὐ τόσον εὐθώρηκες ἀριστεύουσι γυναῖκες
Καυκασίδες· βάκχαι δὲ φιλοπτόρθων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
φυλλάδας αἰχμάζουσι, καὶ οὐ χατέουσι σιδήρου.
ὦμοι Δηριάδαο μεμνηνός, ὅττι γυναῖκες
270 χαλκείους ὀνύχεσσι διασχίζουσι χιτῶνας·
ἔννεπε θαμβήσας κραναδὸν βέλος, οἷον ἐλοῦσα
τηλίκον ὑψικάρηνον ἀπέκτανεν ἀνέρα Βάκχη.
Δηριάδης δ' ἀκίχητος ἐπέδραμε θυιάσι Βάκχαις,
καὶ Χαρόπην ἐδίωκε λιθοσσόον· ἡ δὲ φυγοῦσα
275 μάρνατο θαρσήμεσσα παρισταμένη Διονύσῳ,
θύρσον ἀκοντίζουσα φιλάνθεμον Εὐάδι χάρμη.
Δηριάδης δ' Ὀρίθαλλον ἀπηλοίησε σιδήρῳ,
Κουρήτων ὁμόφυλον, Ἀβαντίδος ἀστὸν ἀρούρης.
καὶ κοτέων ἐτάριοιο δεδουπότος ἀρχὸς Ἀβάντων
280 Καρμίνων βασιλῆα κατεπρήνιξε Μελισσεύς,
Κύλλαρον, ὃξυόεντι κατ' αὐχένος ἄορι τύφας,
Λωγασίδην θ', ὃς μοῦνος, ἐπεὶ σοφὸς ἔσκε μαχητής,
Δηριάδῃ μεμέλητο δοριθρασέων πλέον Ἰνδῶν
καὶ μιν ἄναξ φιλέει μετὰ Μορρέα· πολλάκι δ' αὐτῇ
285 Ὀρσιβόῃ καὶ ἄνακτι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης,
θυγατέρων βασιλῆος ὁμέστιος· ἀμφοτέροις γὰρ
ἔγχεϊ καὶ πραπίδεσσιν ὑπέρβαλε σύντροφον ἦβην.
ἐνθα πολὺς προμάχῳ πρόμος ἦρισεν· ὑψιφανῆς δὲ
Πευκετίῳ πολέμιζεν ἀερσιπόδης Ἀλιμήδης,
290 καὶ Φλογίῳ κεκόρυστο Μάρων καὶ Θουρέϊ Ληνεύς.
ὕσμινος δὲ τάλαντα πατήρ ἔκλινε Κρονίων·
καὶ βριαρῷ Διόνυσος ἐμάρνατο Δηριαδῇ,
μῖξας ἔγχεϊ θύρσον· ἀκοντοφόρῳ δὲ μαχητῇ
πῇ μὲν ἀκοντίζοντι μετάρτροπον εἶδος ἀμείβων
295 δύσατο παντοίης πολυδαίδαλα φάσματα μορφῆς·
πῇ δὲ θυελλήεσσα κορύσσετο μαινομένη φλόξ,
ἀγκύλον αἰθύσσουσα σέλας βητάρμονι καπνῷ.
ἄλλοτε κυμαίνων ἀπατήλιον ἔρρεεν ὕδωρ,
ὕγρὸς ὀιστεύων διερὸν βέλος· ἀμφιέπων δὲ
300 ἰσοφυῆς μίμημα λεοντείοιο προσώπου
ὄρθιον ἠέρταζε μετάρσιον ἀνθερεῶνα,
τρηχαλέον βρύχημα χέων πυκινότριχι λαίμῳ
καὶ κέλαδον βρονταῖον ἐρಿಸμαράγοιο τοκῆος·

καὶ σκιερῆς φορέων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ὀπώρης
305 ἄλλοφανῆς μορφοῦτο, καὶ εἵκελος ἔρνεϊ γαίης
αὐτοτελῆς ἀκίχητος ἀνέδραμεν, αἰθέρα τύπτων,
ὥς πίτυς, ὥς πλατάνιστος· ἀμειβομένου δὲ καρήνου
μιμηλοῖς πετάλοισι νόθην δενδρώσατο χαίτην,
γαστέρα θάμνον ἔχων περιμήκετον· ἀκρεμόνας δὲ
310 χεῖρας ἑὰς ποίησε, καὶ ἐφλοίωσε χιτῶνας,
καὶ πόδας ἐρρίζωσεν· ἀνακρούων δὲ κεραταῖς
μαρναμένου βασιλῆος ἐπεπιθύριζε προσώπῳ·
καὶ στικτοῖς μελέεσσι τύπον μιμηλὸν ὑφαίνων
πόρδαλις ὑψιπότητος ἀνέδραμεν ἄλματι ταρσῶν,
315 καὶ λοφιῆς ἐπέβαινεν ἄερσιλόφων ἐλεφάντων
κοῦφα βιβάς· ἐλέφας δὲ παρήγορος ἄρμα τινάσσων
εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζε θεημάχον ἠνιοχῆα,
σειῶν φαιδρὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀγκύλα κύκλα χαλινῶν.
οὐδὲ πεσὼν ἀμέλησε πέλωρ πρόμος, ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ
320 μάρνατο μορφωθέντι καὶ οὔτασε πόρδαλιν αἰχμῇ.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν μετὰμειψε θεὸς δέμας· ὑψιφανῆς γάρ,
ἡέρα θερμαίνων, ἐλελίζετο πυρσὸς ἀλήτης,
αἰθύσσων ἀνέμοις φλογόεν βέλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ μαζοὺς
στήθεα λαχνήεντα διέτρεχε Δηριαδῆος
325 κυκλόθεν· ὑψιπόρου δὲ δεδεγμένος ἄλματα καπνοῦ
ἄργενναῖς λαγόνεσσιν Ἄραψ ἐμελαίνετο θώρηξ,
βαλλόμενος σπινθῆρι· πυριβλήτου δὲ φορῆος
ἡμιδαῆς ζεῖοντι λόφῳ θερμαίνετο πῆληξ ...
ἐκ βλοσυροῦ δὲ λέοντος ἐφαίνετο κάπρος ἀλήτης,
330 εὐρύνων μέγα χάσμα δασύτριχος ἀνθερεῶνος,
καὶ λοφιὴν πελάσας ἐπὶ γαστέρι Δηριαδῆος
ὀρθὸς ὀπισθιδίοιο ποδὸς στηρίζετο παλμῶ,
θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι μέσον κενεῶνα χαράσσων.
Δηριάδης δ' ὑπέροπλος ἐμάρνατο φάσματι κωφῶ,
335 ἐλπίδι μαψιδίῃ πεφορημένος· ἦθελε δ' αἰεὶ
ἄφαστοις ἀκίχητον ἐλεῖν εἰδῶλον ἀγοστοῖς·
ἀντιτύπου δὲ λέοντος ἐὼν δόρυ πῆξε μετώπῳ,
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων πολυειδέϊ Βάκχῳ·
'Τί πτώσσεις, Διόνυσε; τί σοι δόλος ἀντὶ κυδοιμοῦ;
340 Δηριάδην τρομέων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμείβεις;
πόρδαλις οὐ κλονέει με φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου,
ἄρκτον ὀιστεύω, καὶ δένδρεον ἄορι τέμνω·
ψευδομένου δὲ λέοντος ἐγὼ κενεῶνα χαράξω.
ἀλλὰ σοφοὺς Βραχμῆνας ἀτευχέας εἰς σὲ κορύσσω·
345 γυμνοὶ γὰρ γεγάσι, θεοκλήτοις δ' ἐπαοιδαῖς
πολλάκις ἡρόφοιτον, ὁμοῖον ἄζυγι ταύρῳ,
οὐρανόθεν κατάγοντες ἐφαρμάζαντο Σελήνην,

πολλάκι δ' ὑππεύοντος ἐπειγομένων ἐπὶ δίφρων
ἄσταθός Φαέθοντος ἀνεστήσαντο πορείην.
350 ἔννεπε παπταίνων ἑτερότροπα φάσματα Βάκχου:
καὶ νόον εἶχεν ἄπιστον: ἀκηλήτῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
τέχνην φαρμακόεσσαν ἐπιρράφας Διονύσῳ
ἔλπετο νικήσιν Διὸς υἱέα μύστιδι τέχνῃ.
ἔνθα θορῶν ἀκίχητος ἀνέδραμεν ὑψόθι δίφρων:
355 καὶ θεὸς ἀφραίνοντα θεημάχον ἄνδρα δοκεύων
ἄμπελον ἐβλάστησεν ἀρηγόνα δημοτῆτος.
καὶ τις ἐυσταφύλοιο θεήλατος οἰνάδος ὄρπηξ
ἐρπύζων κατὰ βαιὸν ἐς ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπήνην
Δηριάδην ἔσφιγξεν ἀπειλητῇρι κορύμβῳ,
360 ἀμφιπεριπλέγδην πεπεδημένον: ἀρτιθαλῇ δὲ
σύμφυτον αἰθύσσων ἐπὶ βότρυν βότρυν ἀλήτην
μαιομένου βασιλῆος ἐπισκιάωντα προσώπῳ
σειέτο μιτρώσας ὅλον ἀνέρα: Δηριάδην δὲ
αὐτοφυῆς ἐμέθυσσεν ἔλιξ εὐώδεϊ καρπῷ:
365 γυιοπέδην δ' ἀσιδήρον ἐπέπλεκε δίζυγι ταροῶ,
καὶ πόδας ἐρρίζωσεν ὁμοζυγέων ἐλεφάντων ...
ἄρραγέος κισσοῖο: καὶ οὐτόσον ὀλκάδα πόντου
θηκτὰ περιπλεκέων ἔχενηίδος ἄκρα γενεῖων
δεσμῷ καρχαρόδοντι διεστήριξε θαλάσση:
370 τοῖον ἔην μίμημα. μάτην δ' ἐλέφαντας ἐπείγων
ἠνίοχος βαρύδουπον ἔην ἐλέλιξεν ἱμάσθλην,
κέντροις ὀξυτέροις ἀπειθέα νῶτα χαράσων.
καὶ τόσον Ἴνδον ἄνακτα, τὸν οὐ κτάνεν ἄσπετος αἰχμή,
ἄμπελόεις νίκησεν ἔλιξ πρόμος: ἀμφιέπων δὲ
375 ἡμερίδων ὄρπηκι κατάσχετον ἀνθερεῶνα
πνίγετο Δηριάδης σκολιῷ τεθλιμμένος ὀλκῷ.
καὶ μογέων ἀτίνακτος ἐλίσσετο μαινάδι φωνῇ,
λεπτὸν ἔχων ὀλόλυγμα θεουδέος ἀνθερεῶνος,
νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοις ἱκετήσια δάκρυα λείβων:
380 καὶ παλάμην ὥρεξεν ἀναυδέα, μάρτυρι σιγῇ
μόχθον ὅλον βοῶν: τὸ δὲ δάκρυον ἔπλετο φωνή.
καὶ σκεδάσας Διόνυσος ἔην πολὺδεσμον ὀπώρην
γυιοπέδην εὐβοτρυν ἀνέσπασε Δηριαδῆος,
καὶ στέφος ἡμερίδων ἐλικώδεα κισσὸν ἐλάσας
385 δέσμιον αὐχένα λῦσεν ὁμοπλεκέων ἐλεφάντων.
οὐδὲ φυγῶν δρυόεντα τανυπτόρθοιο κορύμβου
δεσμὸν ἀπειλητῆρα καὶ αὐτοέλικτον ἀνάγκην
Δηριάδης ἀπέειπεν ἐθήμονα κόμπον ἀπειλῆς,
ἀλλὰ πάλιν πρόμος ἔσκε θεημάχος: εἶχε δὲ βουλὴν
390 διχθαδίην, ἣ Βάκχον ἐλεῖν ἢ δμῶα τελέσσαι.
ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἀνέκοψε μάχης ἀμφίδρομος ὄρφνη.

καὶ μ῀θος ἦν μετὰ νύκτα, καὶ ὕπναλέων ἀπὸ λέκτρων
ἐγρομένους θώρηξεν ἀμοιβαίῃ πάλιν Ἡώς.
οὐδὲ μ῀θων τέλος ἦεν ἐπειγομένῳ Διονύσῳ,
395 ἀλλὰ τῶσων μετὰ κύκλα κυλινδομένων ἐνιαυτῶν
ῥυθμὸν Ἐνυαλίῳ μάτην ἐπεβόμβεε σάλπιγξ.
ἦδη δ' ἐγρεμόθων ἐτέων πολυκαμπέι νύσση
Βακχιάς ὀψιτέλεστος ἐμαίνεται μᾶλλον Ἐνυῶ.
οὐ μὲν ἀφειδήσαντες Ἀρειμανέος Διονύσου
400 κάλλιπον ἀμνήστοισι μεμηλότα μῦθον ἀήταις
Δικταῖοι Ῥαδαμᾶνες ὁμόφρονες· ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ
νῆας ἐτεχνήσαντο μαχήμονας· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμας
ποιῖπνυν ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος· ὁ μὲν τορνῶσατο γόμφους,
ὃς δὲ μέσσην πεπόνητο περὶ τρόπιν, ἴκρια δ' ἄλλος
405 ὀρθὰ περὶ σταμίνεσσιν ἀμοιβαίῃσιν ὑφαίνων
ὀλκάδα τοῖχον ἔτευχεν, ἐπηγκενίδας δὲ συνάπτων
μηκεδανὰς κατέπηξε, βαθυνομένη δὲ μεσόδμη
μεσσοφανῇ μέσον ἰσθὸν Ἄραψ ὠρθῶσατο τέκτων
λαίφεϊ πεπταμένῳ πεφυλαγμένον· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἄκρῳ
410 δουρατέην ἐπίκυρτον ἐτορνῶσαντο κεραίην
ἴδμονες εὐπαλάμοιο καὶ Ἡφαίστου καὶ Ἀθῆνης.
ὥς οἱ μὲν μογέοντες ἀμιμήτῳ τινὶ τέχνῃ
Βάκχῳ νῆας ἔτευχον. ἐπασχαλῶν δὲ κυδοιμῷ
μαντοσύνης Διόνυσος ἐῆς ἐμνήσατο Ῥείης,
415 ὅττι τέλος πολέμοιο φανήσεται, ὅπποτε Βάκχῳ
εἰναλίην Ἰνδοῖσιν ἀναστήσωσιν Ἐνυῶ.
καὶ Λύκος ἀκροτάτοιο δι' οἴδατος ἡγεμονεύων,
νεύμασιν ἀτρέπτοισιν ὑποδρήσων Διονύσου,
ἄβροχον ἡνιόχευεν ὀδοιπόρον ἄρμα θαλάσσης,
420 ἦχι σοφοὶ Ῥαδαμᾶνες, ἀλιπλανέες μετανάσται,
νῆας ἐτεχνήσαντο θαλασσοπόρῳ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ τότε τετραπόροιο χρόνου στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων,
ἵππεύων ἔτος ἕκτον, ἐλίσσετο καμπύλος Αἰὼν ...
εἰς ἀγορὴν ἐκάλεσσε μελαρρίνων γένος Ἰνδῶν
425 Δηριάδης σκηπτοῦχος· ἐπειγομένῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
λαδὸν ἀολλίζων ἐτερόθροος ἦιε κῆρυξ.
αὐτίκα δ' ἡγερέθοντο πολυσπερέων στίχες Ἰνδῶν,
ἐζόμενοι στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ βάθρων·
λαοῖς δ' ἀγρομένοισιν ἄναξ ἀγορήσατο Μορρεῦς·
430 Ὕστε, φίλοι, τάχα πάντες, ἃ περ κάμον ὑπόθι πύργων,
εἰσόκε γαῖα Κίλισσα καὶ Ἀσσυρίων γένος ἀνδρῶν
αὐχένα δοῦλον ἔκαμψεν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ Δηριαδῆος·
ἵστε καί, ὅσσα τέλεσσα καταιχμάζων Διονύσου,
μαρνάμενος Σατύροισι καὶ ἀμητῆρι σιδήρῳ
435 τέμνων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα βοοκραίροιο γενέθλης,

ὀππότε Βασσαρίδων πεπεδημένον ἔσμον ἑρύσσας
ὥπασα Δηριάδῃ, πολέμου γέρας, ὣν ὑπὸ λύθρῳ
ἄστεος εὐλαίγγες ἐφοινίχθησαν ἀγνυαὶ
κτεινομένων: ἔτεραι δὲ μετάρσιον ἀμφὶ χορεῖν
440 ἀγchonίῳ θλίβοντο περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ:
ἄλλαι δ' ὕδατόεντος ἐπειρήθησαν ὀλέθρου,
κρυπτόμεναι κευθμῶνι πεδοσκαφέος κενεῶνος.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν ναέτησιν ἀρείονα μῆτιν ὑφαίνω:
εἰσαῖω Ῥαδαμᾶνας, ὅτι δρυτόμῳ τινὶ τέχνῃ
445 νῆας ἔτεχνήσαντο φυγοπτολέμῳ Διονύσῳ:
ἔμπης οὐ τρομέω δόρυ ναύμαχον: ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
ἄνδρα φερεσσακέων κεκορυθμένον ὑπόφῃ νηῶν
οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισι πότε κτείνουσι γυναῖκες;
ἦ πότε λυσσῶν ὄρεσίδρομος ὑψίκερως Πᾶν
450 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι διατμήξει νέας Ἴνδῶν;
οὐ δύναται βαρύδουπον ὕδωρ Σειληνὸς ἀράσσω
ἀπτολέμῳ νάρθηκι μαχήμονα νῆα καλύψαι,
εἰς χορὸν αἱματόεντα θορῶν λυσσώδεϊ ταραῷ,
κῶμον ἀνακροῶν θανατηφόρον: οὐδ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
455 ταυρείοις κεράεσσι πεπαρμένον ἄνδρα δαμάζει
ἀγχιφανῇ μεσάτοιο διχαζομένου κενεῶνος,
ἀλλὰ τυπεὶς προκάρηνος ἀτυμβεύτῳ τινὶ μοίρῃ
κείσεται ἐν ῥοθίοισιν: ὀλισθήσουσι δὲ Βάκχαι
ἔγχεσι μηκεσανοῖσι μαιφόνον εἰς βυθὸν ἄλμης,
460 τυπτόμεναι: καὶ νῆας αἰστώσω Διονύσου,
ναύμαχον εἰκοσίπηχυν δι' ὀλκάδος ἔγχος ἐλίσσω.
ἀλλὰ, φίλοι, μάρνασθε πεποιοῦτες: ἀντιβίων δὲ
μή τις ὑποπτήσσειεν ὀπιπεύων στίχα νηῶν
Βακχιάδων: Ἴνδοι γὰρ ἐθήμονές εἰσι κυδοιμοῦ
465 κίναλιου, καὶ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι θαλάσση
ἢ χθονὶ δηριόωντες. ἀνικῆτῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
οὐ πολέας Σατύρους λήισσομαι, ἀλλὰ κομᾶν
ἀντὶ διηκοσίων προμάχων ἕνα μοῦνον ἑρύσσω
θηλυμανῇ Διόνυσον, ὁπάονα Δηριαδῆος.
470 ὥς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀθελγέα Δηριαδῆα
Μορρεὺς αἰολόμητις: ἐπεφθέγξαντο δὲ λαοὶ
μῦθον ἐπαινήσαντες: ὁμογλώσσων δ' ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
οἴσμασι κινυμένοισιν ἰσόθροος ἔβρεμεν ἦχῳ.
λῦσε δ' ἄναξ ἀγορὴν. Βρομίῳ δ' ἐστέλλετο κῆρνε
475 πόντιον ὑσμίνην ἐνέπων πειθήμονι Βάκχῳ.
ἄμφω δ' εἰς ἓν ἰόντες ἐρυκομένοιο κυδοιμοῦ
ἀμβολίην ποίησαν ἐπὶ τρία κύκλα Σελήνης,
εἰσόκε ταρχύσωσι δαϊκταμένων στίχα νεκρῶν:
ἦν δὲ τις εἰρήνη μινυῳριος Ἀρεῖ γείτων,

480 φύλοπιν ὠδίνουσιν ἀφαπλώσασα γαλήνην.

ἦχι τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ἔβδομον, εἵνεκα νίκης
 ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόροις ἐπιτύμβιοι εἰσιω ἀγῶνες.
 ὥς οἱ μὲν φιλότῃ μεμηλότες ἔμφρονες Ἴνδοι,
 Βακχείην ἀνέμοισιν ἐπιτρέψαντες Ἐνυῶ,
 ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ἐταρχύσαντο θανόντας,
 οἷα βίου βροτέου γαίῃα δεσμὰ φυγόντας
 5 ψυχῆς πεμπομένης, ὅθεν ἦλυθε, κυκλάδι σειρή
 νύσσαν ἔς ἀρχαίην· στρατιῇ δ' ἀμπαύετο Βάκχου.
 καὶ φιλίην Διόνυσος ἰδὼν πολέμοιο γαλήνην
 πρῶιος ἡμιόνους καὶ ὀμήλυδας ἄνδρας ἐπείγυν
 ἄζαλέην ἐκέλευσεν ἄγειν ὀρεσίτροφον ὕλην,
 10 ὄφρα πυρὶ φλέξειεν ὀλωλότα νεκρὸν Ὀφέλτην.
 τῶν μὲν ἔην προκέλευθος ἔσω πιτυώδεος ὕλης
 Φαῦνος ἐρημονόμῳ μεμελημένος ἡθάδι λόχμῃ,
 μητρὸς ὀρεστιάδος δεδαημένος ἔνδια Κίρκης.
 καὶ δρυτόμῳ στοιχηδὸν ἐτέμνετο δένδρα σιδήρω:
 15 πολλὴ μὲν πτελέη τανυήκει τάμνετο χαλκῷ,
 πολλὴ δ' ὕψιπέτηλος ἐπέκτυπε κοπτομένη δρῦς,
 καὶ πολλὴ τετάνυστο πίτυς, καὶ ἐκέκλιτο πεύκη
 αὐχμηροῖς πετάλοισι: πολυσπερέων δ' ἀπὸ δένδρων
 τεμνομένων κατὰ βαιὸν ἐγυμνώθησαν ἐρίπναι:
 20 καὶ τις Ἀμαδρυάδων μετανάστιος ἔστιχε Νύμφη,
 πηγαίῃ δ' ἀκίχητος ἀήθει μίγνυτο κούρη.
 καὶ πολὺς ἐρχομένοισιν ὀρίδρομος ἦεν ἀνὴρ,
 οὖρεος οἷμον ἔχων ἐτερότροπον: ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
 ὕψιφανῇ προβλήτῃ κατήλυδα λοξὸν ὀδίτην
 25 ποσσὶ πολυπλανέεσσιν: ἐυπλέκτοιο δὲ σειρής
 πυκνὰ περισφίξαντες ἀρηρότι δούρατα δεσμῷ
 οὐρήων ἐπέθηκαν ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν: ἐσσυμένων δὲ
 ἡμιόνων στοιχηδὸν ὀρίδρομος ἔκτυπεν ὀπλὴ
 σπερχομένων, καὶ νῶτα πολυψαμάθοιο κονίης
 30 συρομένων κατόπισθε φυτῶν ἐβαρύνετο φόρτω.
 καὶ Σάτυροι καὶ Πᾶνες ἐποίπνυν, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
 ὕλοτόμοις... παλάμῃσιν ἀμοιβαίων ἀπὸ δένδρων...
 φιτροὺς ἀκαμάτοισιν ἐλαφρίζοντες ἀγοστοῖς
 ποσσὶ φιλοσκάρθμοισιν ἐπεκροτάλιζον ἐρίπνη:
 35 καὶ τὰ μὲν ὕλονόμοι χθονὶ κάτθεσαν, ἦχι τελέεσαι
 Εὖιος ἐν δαπέδῳ σημῆνατο τύμβον Ὀφέλτη.
 καὶ πολὺς ἐσμός ἔην ἐτερόπτολις: ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
 πενθαλέην πλοκαμῖδα κατφεῖ τάμνε σιδήρω:
 ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν στενάχοντες ἐπέρρεον ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω,

40 νεκρὸν ἀμοιβαῖησιν ὅλον σκιδώοντες ἐθείραις.
καὶ νέκυν ἔστενε Βάκχος ἀπενθήτοιο προσώπου
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν, ἀκερσικόμου δὲ καρήνου
πλοχμὸν ἓνα τηῖζας ἐπεθήκατο δῶρον Ὀφέλτη.
ποίησαν δὲ πυρὴν ἐκατόμπεδον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
45 Ἰδαῖοι θεράποντες ὀριτρεφέος Διονύσου:
ἐν δὲ πυρῇ μεσάτῃ στόρεσαν νέκυν. ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
Ἀστέριος Δικταῖος ἐπήρορον ἄορ ἐρύσσας
Ἴνδοὺς κυανέους δυοκαίδεκα δειροτομήσας
θῆκεν ἄγων στεφανηδὸν ἐπασσντέρῳ τινὶ κόσμῳ:
50 ἐν δ' ἐτίθει μέλιτος καὶ ἀλείφατος ἀμφιφορῆας.
καὶ πολέες σφάζοντο βόες καὶ πῶεα ποιμήνης
πρόσθε πυρῆς: κταμένων δὲ βοῶν ἐπενήνεε νεκρῷ
σώματα κυκλωθέντα καὶ ἀρτιτόμων στίχας ἵππων,
ὧν ἅπο δημὸν ἅπαντα λαβῶν στοιχηδὸν ἐκάστου,
55 ἀμφὶ νέκυν στορέσας, κυκλώσατο πίονα μίτρην.
ἔνθα πυρὸς χρέος ἔσκε: φιλοσκοπέλοιο δὲ Κίρκης
Φαῦνος ἐρημονόμος, Τυρσηνίδος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
ὥς πάις ἀγροτέρης δεδαημένος ἔργα τεκούσης,
πυροστόκους λάιγγας, ὀρειάδος ὄργανα τέχνης,
60 ἦγαγεν ἐκ σκοπέλοιο, καί, ὀππόθι σήματα Νίκης
ἤερόθεν πίπτοντες ἐπιστώσαντο κεραυνοί,
λείψανα θεσπεσίου πυρὸς ἦγαγεν, ὥς κεν ἀνάψῃ
πυρκαϊὴν φθιμένιοι: Διοβλήτῳ δὲ θεεῖῳ
ἀμφοτέρων ἔχρισε λίθων κενεῶνας ἀλείψας
65 πυρσοτόκων: καὶ λεπτὸν Ἐρυθραίοιο κορύμβου
κάρφος ἀποξύσας διδυμάονι μίγνυε πέτρῳ:
τρίβων δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα καὶ ἄρσενι θῆλυν ἀράσσω
ἔγκρυφον αὐτολόχευτον ἀνείρουε λαΐνεον πῦρ,
πυρκαϊῇ δ' ὑπέθηκεν, ὅπῃ πέλεν ἀγριάς ὕλη.
70 οὐ δὲ πυρὴν φθιμένου περιδέδρομεν ἀπτόμενον πῦρ,
ἀλλὰ θεὸς Φαέθοντος ἐναντίον ὄμμα τανύσσας
ἀγχιφανῆς ἐκάλεσσαν Ἐώιον Εὐρον ἀήτην,
πυρκαϊῆς ἐπίκουρον ἄγειν ἀντίπνοον αὔρην.
καὶ Βρομίου καλέοντος Ἑωοδόρος ἔκλυε γείτων
75 ἱκεσίης, καὶ γνωτὸν ἐὼν προΐηκε Λυαίῳ,
ἄσθματι πυκνοτέρῳ φλογοειδέα πυρσὸν ἀνάπτειν.
καὶ θάλαμον ῥοδόεντα λιπῶν μητρώιον Ἡοῦς
πυρκαϊὴν φλογοέσσαν ἀνερρίπιζεν ἀήτης
πάννυχος, αἰθύσσω ἀνεμοτρεφεὺς ἀλλόμενον πῦρ:
80 καὶ σέλας ἠκόντιζον ἐς ἡέρα θυιάδες αὔαι,
γείτονες Ἡελίοιο. σὺν ἀχνυμένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
Ἀστέριος Δικταῖος, ὁμόγνιον αἶμα κομίσων,
Κνώσσιον ἀμφικύπελλον ἔχων δέπας ἡδέος οἴνου

εὐόδοι, δαπέδοιο χυτὴν ἐμέθυσε κόνιν,
85 ψυχὴν ἠνεμόφοιτον Ἄρεστορίδαο γεραίρων.
Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ δροσερίῳ προάγγελος ἄρματος Ἡοῦς
ὄρθρος ἐρευθίων ἀμαρύσσετο νύκτα χαράσων,
δὴ τότε πάντες ὄρουσαν, ἀμοιβαίνω δὲ κυπίλλω
πυρκαϊὴν ἐτάροιο κατέαβεν ἱκμάδι Βάκχου.
90 καὶ βαλῖαις περυγέσσιν ἐχάζετο θερμὸς ἀήτης
εἰς δόμον Ἡελίοιο φασφόρον. Ἀστέριος δὲ
ὅστέα συλλέξας κεκαλυμμένα δίπλακι δημῷ
εἰς χρυσέην φιάλην κατεθήκατο λείψανα νεκροῦ.
καὶ τροχαλοὶ Κκορύβαντες, ἐπεὶ λάχον ἔνδιον Ἴδης,
νεκροὸν ἐταρχύσατο, μιῆς οἰκήτορα πάτρης,
Κρήτης γνήσιον αἶμα, βαθυνομένων δὲ θεμέθλων
τύμβιον ἐτορνώσατο πεδοσκαφέος διὰ κόλπου:
καὶ κόνιν ὀθνείην πυμάτην ἐτέχευαν Ὀφέλτη,
καὶ τάφον αἰπυτέροισιν ἀνεστήσαντο δομαίοις,
100 τοῖον ἐπιγράψαντες ἔπος νεοπενθέϊ τύμβω:
'νεκρὸς Ἄρεστορίδης μινυώριος ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
Κνώσσιος, Ἰνδοφόνος, Βρομίου συνάεθλος, Ὀφέλτης.'
καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις ἐπιτύμβια δῶρα κομίζων
αὐτόθι λαὸν ἔρυκε, καὶ ἵζανεν εὐρὺν ἀγῶνα,
105 τέρμα δρόμου τελέσας ἱππῆλατον: ἔν δαπέδῳ δὲ
ὀργυίης ἰσόμετρος ἔην λίθος εὐρεὶ μέτρῳ,
ἡμιτόμου κύκλοιο φέρων τύπον, εἰκόνα μήνης,
ἀντιτύποις λαγόνεσσιν ἐϋξοος, οἷον ὑφαίνων
ἐργοπόνους παλάμησι γέρων τορνώσατο τέκτων,
110 ἔνθεον ἀσκῆσαι ποθέων βρέτας: ὃν τότε γαίῃ
κουφίζων παλάμησι πέλωρ ἰδρύσατο Κύκλωψ
νύσσης λαϊνέης ἀντίροπν, ἴσον ἐκείνῳ
ἀντόπορον λίθον ἄλλον ὁμόζυγον ἐν χθονὶ πῆξας.
ποικίλα δ' ἦεν ἄεθλα, λέβης, τρίπος, ἀσπίδες, ἵπποι,
115 ἄργυρος, Ἰνδὰ μέταλλα, βόες, Πακτώλιος ἰλὺς.
καὶ θεὸς ἱππῆεσσιν ἀέθλια θήκατο νίκης:
πρῶτῳ μὲν θέτο τόξον Ἀμαζονίην τε φαρέτρην
καὶ σάκος ἡμιτέλεστον Ἀρηιφίλην τε γυναῖκα,
τὴν ποτε Θερμῶδοντος ὑπ' ὀφρύσι πεζὸς ὁδεύων
120 λουομένην ζώγρησε, καὶ ἤγαγεν εἰς πόλιν Ἰνδῶν:
δευτέρῳ ἵππον ἔθηκε Βορειάδι σύνδρομον αὐρῇ,
ξανθοφυῆ, δολιχῆσι κατάσκιον αὐχένα χαίταις,
ἡμιτελὲς κυέουσιν ἔτι βρέφος, ἧς ἔτι φόρτῳ
ἵππιον ὄγκον ἔχουσα γονῆς οἰδαίνεται γαστήρ:
125 καὶ τριτάτῳ θώρηκα, καὶ ἀσπίδα θῆκε τετάρτῳ:
τὸν μὲν ἀριστοπόνος τεχνήσατο Λήμνιος ἄκμων
ἀσκήσας χρυσέῳ δαιδάλματι, τῆς δ' ἐνὶ μέσσω

ὀμφαλὸς ἀργυρέῳ τροχόεις ποικίλλετο κόσμῳ:
πέμπτῳ δοιὰ τάλαντα, γέρας Πακτωλίδος ὄχθης.
130 ὀρθωθείς δ' ἀγόρευεν ἐπισπέρχων ἐλατῆρας:
ᾧ φίλοι, οὕς ἐδίδαξεν Ἄρης πολίπορθον Ἐνυῶ,
οἷς δρόμον ἵπποδύνης δωρήσατο κυανοχαίτης,
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ καμάτων ἀδαήμονας ἄνδρας ἐπείγω,
ἀλλὰ πόνοις βριαροῖσιν ἐθήμονας: ἡμέτεροι γὰρ
135 παντοίαις ἀρετῇσι μεμηλότες εἰσὶ μαχηταί:
εἰ γὰρ ἀπὸ Τμώλοιο γένος λάχε Λύδιος ἀνὴρ,
ἵππειος τελέσει Πελοπηίδος ἄξια νίκης:
εἰ δὲ πέδον Πισαῖον ἔχει μαιήιον ἵππων
Ἥλιδος εὐδίφροιο καὶ Οἶνομαοιο πολίτης,
140 οἷδεν Ὀλυμπιάδος κοτινηφόρον ὄζον ἐλαίης:
ἀλλ' οὐκ Οἶνομάοιο πέλει δρόμος, οὐκ ἐλατῆρες
ἐνθάδε κέντρον ἔχουσι κακοξείνων ὕμεναιων,
ἀλλ' ἀρετῆς δρόμος οὗτος, ἐλεύθερος ἀφρογενείης:
εἰ πέδον Ἀονίης ἢ Φωκίδος αἶμα κομίζει,
145 Πύθιον Ἀπόλλωνι τετιμένον οἷδεν ἀγῶνα:
εἰ μεθέπει σοφὸν οὕδας ἐλαιοκόμου Μαραθῶνος,
ἔγνω πιαλέης ἐγκύμονα κάλασιν ἐέρσης:
εἰ πέλεν εὐώδινος Ἀχαιίδος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
Πελλήνην δεδάηκεν, ὅπῃ ῥιγῆλὸν ἀγῶνα
150 ἄνδρες ἀεθλεύουσι φιλοχλαίνου περὶ νίκης,
χειμερίῳ σφίγγοντες ἀθαλπέα γυῖα χιτῶνι:
εἰ ναέτης βλάστησεν ἀλιζώνοιο Κορίνθου,
Ἴσθμιον ἡμετέροιο Παλαίμονος οἷδεν ἀγῶνα.
ὥς φαμένου σπεύδοντες ἐπέτρεχον ἡγεμονῆες,
155 δίφρα περιτροχώντες ἀμοιβαδῖς: ὠκυπόδην δὲ
Ξάνθον ἄγων πρῶτιστος ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δῆσεν Ἐρεχθεὺς
ἄρσена, καὶ θήλειαν ἐπεσφῆκωσε Ποδάρκην,
οὕς Βορέης ἔσπειρεν ἐυπτερύγων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
Στθωίην Ἀρπυιαν ἀελλόπον εἰς γάμον ἔλκων,
160 καὶ σφεας, Ὠρεΐθυιαν ὄθ' ἥρπασεν Ἀτθίδα νύμφην,
ὥπασεν ἔδνον ἔρστος Ἐρεχθεὶ γαμβρὸς ἀήτης.
δεύτερος Ἀκταίων Ἴσμηνίδα πάλLEN ἱμάσθλην:
καὶ τρίτος ὕδρομέδοντος ἀπόσπορος ἐννοσιγαίου
Σκέλμις ἔην ταχύπωλος, ὃς ἔγραφε πολλάκις ὕδωρ
165 πᾶτριον ἰθύνων Ποσιδήιον ἄρμα θαλάσσης.
τέτρατος ἀνθορε Φαῦνος, ὃς εἰς μέσον ἦλθεν ἀγῶνος
μοῦνος ἔχων τύπον Ἴσον ἐῆς γενέταο τεκούσης,
Ἥελιου μίμημα φέρων τετράζυγας ἵππους:
καὶ Σικελῶν ὀχέων ἐπεβήσατο πέμπτος Ἀχάτης,
170 οἷστρον ἔχων Πισαῖον ἐλαιοκόμου ποταμοῖο,
ἵπποσύνης ἀκόρητος, ἐπεὶ πέδον ὥκεε νύμφης

Ἀλοειοῦ δυσέρωτος ὃς εἰς Ἀπέθουσαν ἰκάνει
 ἄβροχον ἔδνον ἔρωτος ἄγων στεφανηφόρον ὕδωρ.
 καὶ θρασὺν Ἀκταίωνα λαβῶν ἀπάνευθεν ὁμίλου
 175 παιδὶ πατὴρ σπεύδοντι φίλους ἐπετέλλετο μύθους:
 ‘Τέκνον Ἀρισταίοιο περισσονόιο τοκῆος,
 οἶδα μὲν, ὅττι φέρεις σθένος ἄριον, ὅττι κομίζεις
 σύμφυτον ἠνορέῃ κεκερασμένον ἄνθεμον ἥβης,
 πάτριον αἶμα φέρων Φοιβήιον, ἡμέτεροι δὲ
 180 κρείσσονες αἰσσοῦσιν ἐπὶ δρόμον Ἀρκάδες Ἴπποι:
 ἀλλὰ ματην τάδε πάντα, καὶ οὐ σθένος, οὐ δρόμος Ἴππων
 νικῆσαι δεδάασιν, ὅσον φρένες ἠνιοχῆος:
 μούνης κερδοσύνης ἐπιδεύει: ἵπποσύνῃ γάρ
 χηπίζει πινυτοῖο δαήμονος ἠνιοχῆος.
 185 ἀλλὰ σὺ πατρὸς ἄκουε, καὶ ἵππια κέρδεα τέχνης,
 ὅσσα χρόνῳ δεδάηκα πολύτροπα, καὶ σὲ διδάξω.
 σπεῦδε, τέκος, γενετῆρα τεαῖς ἀρετῇσι γεραίρειν:
 καὶ δρόμος ἵπποσύνης μεθέπει κλῖος, ὅσον Ἐνυῶ:
 σπεῦδε καὶ ἐν σταδίοισι μετὰ πτολέμους με γεραίρειν:
 190 Ἄρεα νικήσας ἐτέρην ὑποδύσειο νίκην,
 ὄφρα μετ’ αἰχμητῆρα καὶ ἀθλοφόρον σε καλέσω.
 ὦ τέκος, ἄξια ῥέξον ὁμογενήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
 ἄξια καὶ Φοίβοιο καὶ εὐπαλάμοιο Κυρήνης,
 καὶ καμάτους νίκησον Ἀρισταίοιο τοκῆος:
 195 ἵπποσύνῃν δ’ ἀνάφαινε, φέρων τεχνήμονα νίκην,
 κερδαλέην σέο μῆτιν, ἐπεὶ κατὰ μέσσον ἀγῶνος
 ἄλλος ἀνὴρ ἀδίδακτος ἀπόσσυτον ἄρμα παρέγκων
 πλάζεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, καὶ ἀντιπόρων δρόμος Ἴππων
 ἄστατος οὐ μάστιγι βιάζεται, οὐδὲ χαλινῷ
 200 πείθεται, ἠνίοχος δὲ μετὰτροπος ἔκτοθι νύσσης
 ἔλκεται, ἥχι φέρουσιν ἀπειθέες ἄρπαγες Ἴπποι:
 ὃς δὲ κε τεχνήεντι δόλῳ μεμελημένος εἴη
 ἠνίοχος πολύμητις, ἔχων καὶ ἐθάσσοντας Ἴππους,
 ἰθύνει, προκέλευθον ὀπιπεύων ἐλατῆρα,
 205 ἐγγὺς αἰὲς περὶ νύσσαν ἄγων δρόμον, ἄρμα δὲ κάμπτει
 ἵππεύων περὶ τέρμα καὶ οὐ ποτε τέρμα χαράσσω.
 σκέπτεό μοι καὶ σφίγγε κυβερνητῆρι χαλινῷ
 δοχμώσας ὅθον ἵππον ἀπιστεπὸν ἐγγύθι νύσσης,
 λοξὸς ἐπὶ πλευρῇσι παρακλιδὸν ἄρμα βαρύνων,
 210 ἀγχιφανὴς ἄψαυστος ἀναγκαίῳ τινὶ μέτρῳ
 σὸν δρόμον ἰθύνων, πεφυλαγμένος, ἄχρι φανείῃ
 πλήμνῃ ἐλίσσομένου σέθεν ἄρματος οἷά περ ἄκρου
 τέρματος ἀπτομένη τροχειδεὶ γείτονι κύκλῳ:
 ἀλλὰ λίθον πεφύλαξο, μὴ ἄξονι νύσσαν ἀράξας
 215 εἶν ἐνὶ δηλήσαιο καὶ ἄρματα καὶ σέθεν ἵππους.

καὶ τεὸν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατὰ δρόμον ἄρμα νομεύων
ἔσσο κυβερνήτη πανομοίος· ἀμφότερον δέ,
κέντρῳ ἐπισπέρχων, προχέων πλήξιππον ἀπειλήν,
δεξιὸν ἵππον ἔλαυνε, θοώτερον εἰς δρόμον ἔλκων
220 ἄθλιβέος μεθέποντα παρειμένα κύκλα χαλινῶ·
ἔσσο κυβερνήτη πανομοίος ἄρμα νομεύων
εἰς δρόμον ἰθυκέλευθον, ἐπεὶ τεχνήμονι βουλῇ
πηδάλιον δίφροιο πέλει νόος ἡνιοχῆος·
ὥς εἰπὼν παλίνορσος ἐχάζετο, παῖδα διδάξας
225 ἡθάδος ἵπποσύνης ἑτερότροπα κέρδεα τέχνης.
καὶ κυνέης ἔντοσθεν ἐθήμονος ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
τυφλὴν χεῖρα τίταινε φυλασσομένοιο προσώπου,
κλήρον ἔχειν ἐθέλων ἑτερότροπον, οἷά τις ἀνὴρ
εἰς κύβον ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἐκηβόλα δάκτυλα πάλλων.
230 καὶ λάχον ἡνιοχῆες ἀμοιβαδῖς· ἵππομανῆς δὲ
Φαῦνος ἀειδομένης Φαεθοντίδος αἶμα γενέθλης
κλήρῳ πρῶτος ἔην, καὶ δεῦτερος ἦεν Ἀχάτης,
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Δαμναμενῆος ἀδελφεός, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ
ἔλλαχεν Ἀκταίων· ὁ δὲ φέρτατος εἰς δρόμον ἔσθη
235 ὕστατιου κλήροιο τυχὼν πλήξιππος Ἐρεχθεύς.
καὶ βοέας μάστιγας ἐκούφισαν ἡνιοχῆες,
ἰστάμενοι στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ δίφρων.
καὶ σκοπὸς Αἰακὸς ἦεν ἐτήτυμος, ὄφρα νοήσας
καμπτομένους περὶ τέρμα φιλοστεφάνους ἐλατῆρας
240 μάρτυς ἀληθείης ἑτερόθροα νείκεα λύσῃ.
ὄμμασιν ἀπλανέεσσι διακρίνων δρόμον ἵππων.
τοῖσι μὲν ἐκ βαλβίδος ἔην δρόμος· ἐσσυμένων δὲ
ὅς μὲν ἔην προκέλευθος, ὁ δὲ προθέοντα κιχῆσαι
ἤθελεν, ὅς δ' ἐδίωκε μεσαίτατον, ὅς δὲ χαράξαι
245 ἀγχιφανῆς μενέαινεν ὀπίστερον ἡνιοχῆα.
καὶ τις ἐνὶ σταδίοις ἐλατῆρ ἐλατῆρα κιχήσας
ἄρματι δίφρον ἔμιξε, καὶ ἡνία χερσὶ τινάσσων
ἵππους ἀγκυλόδοντι διεπτοίησε χαλινῶ·
ἄλλος ἐπαῖσσοντι συνέμπορος ἡνιοχῆι
250 εἰς ἔριν ἀμφήριστον ἰσόρροπον εἶχε πορεῖην,
δόχμιος ὀκλάζων, τετανυσμένος, ὀρθὸς ἀνάγκη,
ἱξὺ καμπτομένῃ, καὶ ἐκούσιον ἵππον ἐλαύνων,
φειδομένη παλάμη τεχνήμονι βαιὸν ἱμάσσων,
ἐντροπαλιζομένης δοχμώσατο κύκλον ὀπωπῆς·
255 δίφρον ὀπισθοπόρου πεφυλαγμένος ἡνιοχῆος·
καὶ νῦ κεν αἰσσοντι ποδῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῶ
εἰς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον ὄνου ὠλίσθανεν ἵππων,
εἰ μὴ ἔτι σπεύδουσαν ἐὴν ἀνέκοψεν ἐρωὴν
ἡνίοχος, κατόπισθεν ἐπήλυδα δίφρον ἐρύκων.

260 καὶ τις ἔχων προκέλευθος ὀπίστερον ἥνιοχῆα
ἀντίτυπον δρόμον εἶχεν ὁμοζήλων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
ἄστατος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περικλείων ἐλατῆρα
ἀγχιφανῆ. καὶ Σκέλμις, ἀπόσπορος ἐννοσιγαίου,
εἰναλίην μάστιγα Ποσειδάωνος ἐλίσσων
265 πᾶτριον ἥνιόχευε θαλασσονόμων γένος ἵππων·
οὐδὲ τόσον πεπότητο τανύπτερος ἥερα τέμνων
Πήγασος ὑψιπότητος, ὅσον βυθίων πόδες ἵππων
χερσαίην ἀκίχητον ἐποιήσαντο πορείην.
λαοὶ δ' εἰς ἔν ἰόντες, ἐν ὑφιλόφῳ τινὶ χώρῳ
270 ἐξόμενοι στοιχηδὸν ὀπιευτῆρες ἀγῶνος,
τηλόθεν ἐσκοπίαζον ἐπειγομένων δρόμον ἵππων·
ὦν ὁ μὲν εἰστῆκει πεφοβημένος, ὃς δὲ τινάσσω
δάκτυλον ἄκρον ἔσειεν ἐπισπέρχων ἐλατῆρα,
ἄλλος ἀμιλλητῆρι πòθῳ δεδονημένος ἵππων
275 ἵππομανῆ νόον εἶχεν ὁμόδρομον ἥνιοχῆος·
καὶ τις ἐοῦ προκέλευθον ἰδὼν δρόμον ἥνιοχῆος
χερσὶν ἐπεπλατάγησε καὶ ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ
θαρσύνων, γελῶν, τρομέων, ἐλατῆρι κελεύων.
ἄρματα δ' εὐποίητα θώτερα θυιάδος ἄρκτου
280 ἄλλοτε μὲν πεπότητο μετάρσια, πῆ δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
ἀκροφανῆ πεφόρητο μόγις ψαύοντα κονίης·
καὶ ταχινῶ ψαμαθῶδες ἔδος τροχοειδέι κύκλῳ
ἄρματος ἰθυπόροιο κατέγραφεν ὀλκὸς ἀλήτης·
συμφερτὴ δ' ἔρις ἦεν· ἐγειρομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
285 στήθεσιν ἵππειοισιν ἀνηώρητο κονίη,
χαῖται δ' ἡερίησιν ἐπερρώοντο θυέλλαις·
ὀτρηροὶ δ' ἐλατῆρες ὁμογλώσσω ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ὀξυτέρην μάστιγος ἀπερροίβδησαν ἰωήν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πύματον τέλεον δρόμον, ὀξὺς ὀρούσας
290 Σκέλμις ἔην πρῶτιστος ἀλίδρομον ἄρμα τιταίνων·
καὶ οἱ ὁμαρτήσας ἐπεμάστιεν ἵππον Ἐρεχθεὺς
ἀγχιφανῆς, καὶ δίφρον ὀπισθοπόρον τάχα φαίης
εἰναλίου Τελχῖνος ἰδεῖν ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων·
καὶ γὰρ ἀερσιπότητος Ἐρεχθέος ἵππος ἀγῆνωρ
295 διχθαδίῳ μυκτῆρι παλίμπνοον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
ἄλλοτρίου θέρμαινε μετάφρενον ἥνιοχῆος,
καὶ νῦ κεν αὐχενίων ἐδράξατο χερσὶ κομᾶων,
ἐντροπαλιζομένοις βλεφάροις ἐλατῆρα δοκεύων,
καὶ νῦ κε σειομένων τροχαλῇ στροφάλιγγι γενεῖων
ἀφριῶν στατὸς ἵππος ἀπέπτυε ἄκρα χαλινοῦ,
300 ἀλλὰ παρατρέψας ἀνεσείρασε δίφρον Ἐρεχθεὺς,
ἥνια δ' εὐποίητα κατέσπασεν ἄρπαγι παλμῶ,
ἀγχιφανῆ κατὰ βαιὸν ἐπισφίγγων γένυν ἵππων·

καὶ πάλιν ἐγγὺς ἔλασσε φυγῶν ἀχάλινον ἀνάγκην.

305 καὶ μιν ἑοῖς ὀχέεσσιν ἐπαΐσσοντα δοκεῦων

Σκέλμις ἀπειλήτειραν ἀπερροΐβδησεν ἰωήν:

‘ Ἀῆγε θαλασσαίοισι μάτην ἵπποισιν ἐρίζων:

ἄλλον ἐμοῦ γενέταο Πέλοψ ποτὲ δίφρον ἐλαύνων

Οἰνομάου νίκησεν ἀνικῆτων δρόμον ἵππων.

310 ἵπποσύνης μὲν ἔγωγε κυβερνητῆρα καλέεσσω

ἵππον ὕδρομέδοντα: σὺ δέ, πλήξιππε, τιταίνεις

νίκης ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐς ἰστοτέλειαν Ἀθήνην.

οὐ δὲ τεῆς ὀλίγης μορίης χρέος, ἀλλὰ κομίζω

ἀμπελόεν στέφος ἄλλο καὶ οὐκ ἐλάχειαν ἐλαῖνῃ.’

315 ὥς φαμένου ταχύβουλος ἐχώσατο μᾶλλον Ἐρεχθεύς,

καὶ δόλον ἠπεροπῆα καὶ ἔμφρονα μῆτιν ὑφαίνων

χερσὶ μὲν ἠνιόχευεν ἐὼν δρόμον, ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ

ἵπποσύνης πολιοῦχον ἐὴν ἐπίκουρον Ἀθήνην

κικλήσκων ταχύμυθον ἀνήρυγεν Ἀτθίδα φωνήν:

320 ‘Κοίρανε Κεκροπίης, ἵπποσσόε Παλλὰς ἀμήτωρ,

ὥς σὺ Ποσειδάωνα τεῶν νίκησας ἀγῶνι,

οὕτω σὸς ναέτης Μαραθώνιον ἵππον ἐλαύνων

υἷέα νικήσειε Ποσειδάωνος Ἐρεχθεύς.’

τοῖον ἔπος βοόων ἐπεμάστιεν ἰσχία πώλων,

325 ἄρματι δ’ ἄρμα πέλασσε νισόζυγον: ἀντιβίου δὲ

λαῖῃ μὲν βαρύδεσμον ἐπισφίγγων γένυν ἵππων,

σύνδρομον αὖ ἐρύων βεβημένον ἄρμα χαλινῶ,

δεξιτερῇ μᾶστιζεν ἐοὺς ὑπαύχενας ἵππους

ἐσσυμένους προτέρωσε: μεταστήσας δὲ κελεύθου

330 θῆκε παλινδίνητον ὀπίστερον ἠνιοχῆα.

καὶ τροχαλοῖς στομάτεσσι χέων φιλοκέρτομον ἠχῶ

υἷα Ποσειδάωνος ἀμοιβάδι νείκεε φωνῇ,

ἐντροπαλιζομένην μεθέπων γελόωσαν ὀπωπὴν:

‘Σκέλμις, ἐνικήθης: σέο φέρτερός ἐστιν Ἐρεχθεύς,

335 ὅττι τεὸν Βαλῖον, Ζεφυρηίδος αἶμα γενέθλης,

ἄρσена καὶ νέον ἵππον ὁδοιπόρον ἄβροχον ἄλμης

γηραλέῃ νίκησεν ἐμὴ θήλεια Ποδάρκη.

εἰ μὲν ἀγνηορέεις Πελοπηίδος εἵνεκα τέχνης

ὑμετέρου γενετῆρος ἀλίδρομον ἄρμα γεραίρων,

340 Μυρτίλος αἰολόμητις ἐπὶ κλοπῶν ἦνυσεν νίκην,

μιμηλῶ τελέσας ἀπατῆλιον ἄξονα κηρῶ:

εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονέεις γενεῆς χάριν ἐννοσιγαίου,

ἵππον ὃν καλέεις, βυθίων ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων,

πόντιον αὐτὸν ἄνακτα, κυβερνητῆρα τριαίνης,

345 ἄρσена σὸν νίκησεν ἀργηόνα θῆλυς Ἀθήνη.’

ὥς φάμενος Τελχίνα παρέδραμεν ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης.

τῷ δ’ ἐπὶ Φαῦνος ἔλαυνεν ὄχου τέθριππον ἱμάσων:

Ἀκταίων δὲ τέταρτος ἐπικλοπος ἔσπετο Φαῦνῳ,
πατρὸς Ἀρισταίου μεμνημένος εἰσέτι μύθων
350 κερδαλέων· καὶ λοῖσθος ἔην Τυρσηνὸς Ἀχάτης.
καὶ θρασὺς Ἀκταίων δολίην ἐφράσσατο βουλήν·
Φαῦνον ἑοῖς ὀχέεσσιν ἔτι προθέοντα κιχήσας
ὄξυτέρῃ μάστιγι μεταστρέψας δρόμον ἵππων
σύνδρομος ἡνιόχευε, παρακλέπτων ἐλατῆρα,
355 βαῖον ὑποφθάμενος· καὶ ἐπ’ ἄντυγι γούνατα πῆξας
δίφρον ἀμιλλητῆρα κατέγραφεν ἄρματι λοξῷ,
ἵππειους τροχόεντι διαξῶν πόδας ὀλκῷ.
καὶ δαπέδῳ πέσεν ἄρμα· τινασσομένοιο δὲ δίφρου
τρεῖς μὲν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο πέλον πεπτηότες ἵπποι,
360 ὃς μὲν ὑπὲρ λαγόνων, ὃ δὲ γαστέρος, ὃς δ’ ἐπὶ δειρήν,
εἷς δὲ τις ὀρθὸς ἔμιμνε παρακλιδόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
ἄκρα ποδῶν ῥίζωσε, καὶ ἄστατον αὐχένα σείων
σύζυγος ἐστήριξεν ὅλον πόδα γείτονος ἵππου,
κουφίζων ζυγόδεσμα, καὶ ὑπόσε δίφρον ἀνέλκων.
365 οἱ μὲν ἔσαν προχυθέντες ἐπὶ χθονός· αὐσταλεος δὲ
ἡνίοχος κεκύλιστο παρὰ τροχόν, ἄρματι γείτων·
θρύπτετο δ’ ἄκρα μέτωπα, μαινομένου δὲ γενείου
ὄξυτενῆς κεκόνιστο πέδῳ κεχαραγμένος ἀγκών.
ἡνίοχος δ’ ἀνέπαλτο θωώτερος· ἐσσυμένως δὲ
370 εἷς χθόνα πεπτηῶτι παρίστατο γείτονι δίφρῳ,
αἰδομένη παλάμη τετανυσμένον ἵππον ἀνέλκων·
καὶ βαλίῃ μάστιγι κατηφέα πῶλον ἱμάσσω.
καὶ θρασὺς Ἀκταίων πεπονημένον ἐγγύθι δίφρου
Φαῦνον ὀπιπεύων φιλοπαιγμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
375 ‘Ἄλῃγε μάτην ἀέκοντας ἐπισπέρχων σέθεν ἵππους,
λῃγε μάτην· φθάμενος γὰρ ἀπαγγέλλω Διονύσῳ,
Φαῦνος ὅτι προθέοντας ὅλους, ἐλατῆρας ἐάσας
νόστιμος ὀψικέλευθος ἐλεύσεται ἄρματα σύρων·
φρίδες σῆς μάστιγος, ἐπεὶ ταμείχρῳ κέντρῳ
380 σῶν ὁρώων ὥκτειρα δέμας κεχαραγμένον ἵππων.’
ἔννεπεν ἀστήρικτον ὄχον προκέκευθον ἐλαύνων
ὠκυτέρῃ μάστιγι· καὶ ἄχνυτο Φαῦνος ἀκούων.
καὶ μόγις ἐν δαπέδῳ λασίης δεδραγμένος οὐρῆς
κεκλιμένων ὠρθωσε δέμας κεκονιμένον ἵππων,
385 καὶ τινα λυομένοιο παραΐξαντα λεπάδνου
πῶλον ἄγων παλίνορσον ἐπεσφήκωσε χαλινῷ·
στήσας δ’ ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παρεσσυμένων πόδας ἵππων
ἄρματος ὕψι βέβηκε, καὶ ἵχνιον ἄρματι πῆξας
φρικαλέῃ μάστιξε τὸ δεῦτερον ἵππον ἱμάσθῃ·
390 καὶ πλέον ἦλασε Φαῦνος ἐπισπέρχων δρόμον ἵππων,
ὠκύτερον δ’ ἐδίωκε παροίτερον ἡνιοχῆα·

καὶ φθαμένους ἐκίχησεν, ἐπεὶ μένος ἔμβαλεν ἵπποις
ἵππος ἐννοσίγαιος ἐὼν θρασὺν υἷα γεραίρων:
στεινωπὴν δὲ κέλευθον ἰδὼν παρὰ κοιλάδι πέτρῃ
395 ἔμφρονα μῆτιν ὕφαινε δολοπλόκον, ὄφρα κιχήσας
ἄρματι τεχνήεντι παραΐξειεν Ἀχάτην.
ῥωγμὸς ἔην βαθύκολπος, ὃν ἐξέρρηξε κελεύθου
χειμερίῃ μάστιγι Διὸς μετανάστιον ὕδωρ
ἡερόθεν προχέοντος: ἐεργομένῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
400 ὄμβρου γειοτόμοιο ῥάχιδι κοιλαίνετο γαίης,
ἦχτ μολῶν ἀέκων ἀνεσεύρασε δίφρον Ἀχάτης,
φεύγων ἀγκικέλευθον ἐπηλυσίην ἐλατῆρος:
καὶ οἱ ἐπεσσυμένῳ τρομερὴν ἀνενείκατο φωνήν:
‘Εἰσέτι, νήπιε Φαῦνε, τεοὶ ῥυπόωσι χιτῶνες,
405 εἰσέτι σῶν ὀχέων ψαμαθῶδεές εἰσι κορῶνας,
οὐ πω σῶν ἐτίναξας ἀκοσμήτων κόνιν ἵππων:
λύματα σεῖο κάθαιρε: τί σοι τόσον ἵππον ἐλαύνειν;
μὴ σε πάλιν πίπτοντα καὶ ἀσπαίροντα νοήσω.
τὸν θρασὺν Ἀκταίωνα φυλάσσεο, μὴ σε κιχήσας
410 ταυρεῖη σέο νῶτον ὑποστίξειεν ἰμάσθλη,
μὴ σε πάλιν προκάρηνον ἀκονίζειε κονίη.
εἰσέτι σῆς μεθέπεις κεχαραγμένα κύκλα παρειῆς:
Φαῦνε, τί μαργαίνεις, ξυνήονα μῶμον ἀνάπτων
πατρὶ Ποσειδάωνι καὶ Ἡελίῳ σέο πάππῳ;
415 ἄξέο μοι Σατύρων φιλοκέρτομον ἀνθερεῶνα.
Σειληνοὺς πεφύλαξο καὶ ἀμφιπόλους Διονύσου,
μὴ σοι ἐπεγγελάσωσι καὶ αὐσταλέῳ σέο δίφρῳ.
πῇ θρόνα; πῇ βοτάναι; πῇ φάρμακα ποικίλα Κίρκης;
πάντ᾽ σε, πάντα λέλοιπεν, ὅτ’ εἰς δρόμον ἦλθες ἀγῶνος.
420 τίς κεν ἀπαγγεῖλειεν ἀγήνορι σεῖο τεκούσῃ
καὶ σέο κύμβαχον ἄρμα καὶ αὐχμῶουσαν ἰμάσθλην;’
τοῖον ἀπερροῖβδησεν ἀγήνορα μῦθον Ἀχάτης,
κερτομέων: νέμεσις δὲ τὴσιν ἐγράψατο φωνήν.
καὶ σχεδὸν ἦλυθε Φαῦνος ὁμήλυδα δίφρον ἐλαύνων:
425 ἄρματι δ’ ἄρμα πέλασσε, καὶ ἄξονι γόμφον ἀράσσω
μεσσοπαγῇ συνάξε βαλῶν τροχοειδέϊ κύκλῳ:
καὶ τροχὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἔλιξ ἐπεκέκλιτο γαίῃ,
ἄρμασιν Οἰνομάοιο πανεῖκελος, ὅππότε κηροῦ
θαλπομένου Φαέθοντι λυθεὶς ἀπατήλιος ἄξων
430 ἵπποσύνην ἀνέκοπτε μεμηνότος ἠνιοχῆος.
στεινωπὴν δὲ κέλευθον ἔχων ἀνέμιμνεν Ἀχάτης,
εἰσόκε τετραπόρων ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος ἦμενος ἵππων
ώκυτέρῃ μάστιγι παρήλυθε Φαῦνος Ἀχάτην,
οἷ᾽ ἀπερ οὐκ αἰών: καὶ ἐκούφισε μᾶλλον ἰμάσθλην,
435 μαστιζὼν ἀκίχητος ἐπειγομένων λόφον ἵππων:

καὶ πέλεν Ἀκταίωνος ὀπίστερος, ὅσσα θορόντος
δίσκου πεμπομένοιο πέλει δολιχόσκιος ὄρμη,
ὄν βριαρή παλάμη δονέων αἰζηὸς ἰάλλει.
λαοῖς δ' ἔμεσε λύσσα: καὶ ἦρισαν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω,
440 συνθεσίας τεύχοντες ἀτεκμάρτου περὶ νίκης
ἔσσομένης: τὰ δὲ δῶρα θυελλοπόδων χάριν ἵππων
ἢ τρίπος ἢ ἐλέβης ἢ φάσανον ἢ ἐβοεῖη:
καὶ ναέτης ναετῆρι, φίλος δ' ἐρίδαινεν ἑταίρω,
γηραλέος δὲ γέροντι, νέω νέος, ἀνέρι δ' ἀνὴρ.
445 ἦν δ' ἔρις ἀμφοτέρων ἑτερόθροος, ὃς μὲν Ἀχάτην
κυδαίνων, ἕτερος δὲ χερεῖονα Φαῦνον ἐλέγχων
ἐν χθονὶ πεπτηῶτα κυλινδομένων ἀπὸ δίφρων,
ἄλλος ἐριδμαίνων, ὅτι δεύτερος ἦεν Ἐρεχθεὺς
εἰναλίου Τελχῖνος ὀπίστερος ἡνιοχῆος:
450 ἄλλω δ' ἄλλος ἔριζον, ὅτι φθαμένων δρόμον ἵππων
ἀγχιφανῆς νίκησε πολύροπος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης,
Σκέλμιν ἔτι προθέοντα παραΐξας ἐλατῆρα.
οὐ πω νεῖκος ἔληγε, καὶ ἔφθασεν ἐγγὺς Ἐρεχθεὺς,
ἵπποθς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατωμαδὸν αἰὲν ἱμάσσων:
455 καὶ πολὺς ἵππειοιο δι' αὐχένος ἔρρεεν ἰδρῶς
καὶ λασίου στέρνοιο, καθ' ἡνιόχοιο δὲ πυκναὶ
αὐχμηραὶ ῥαθάμιγγες ἐπερρώοντο κονίης:
ἄρματα δ' ἀγχιπόροισιν ἐπέτρεχεν ἵχνεσιν ἵππων
ἄλλομένῃ στροφάλιγγι: καὶ οὐ τροχόεντι σιδήρῳ
460 λεπταλέης ἀτίνακτα τινάσσετο νῶτα κονίης.
αὐτὰρ ὁ πωτήεντα μετὰ δρόμον ὑπόθι δίφρου
εἰς μέσον ἦλθεν ἀγῶνος: ἐῷ δ' ἔσμηξε χιτῶνι
μυδαλέων ἰδρῶτα διαστάζοντα μετώπων:
καὶ ταχὺς ἐκ δίφροιο κατήλε: μηκεδανὴν δὲ
465 εἰς ζυγὸν εὐποίητον ἐὴν ἔκλινεν ἱμάσθλην:
ἵπποθς δ' Ἀμφιδάμας θεράπων λύνει: ὠκύτερος δὲ
τερπομένη παλάμη πρμτάγρια κούφισε νίκης,
ἰοδόκην καὶ τόξα καὶ εὐπήληκα γυναῖκα,
πάλλων ἡμιτόμοιο μεσόμφαλα νῶτα βοεῖης.
470 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ δεύτερος ἦλθε θαλασσαιῶν ἐπὶ δίφρων
Σκέλμις, ἐπισπέρχων Ποσιδῆιον ἄρμα θαλάσσης,
κύκλος ὅσον τροχοῖς ἀπολείπεται ὠκέος ἵππου,
τοῦ μὲν ἐπαΐσσοντος ἐπισσώτρων μόγις ἄκρα
ἐκταδῆς ψαύουσιν ἐλισσομένης τρίχες οὐρῆς:
475 δεύτερα δ' εἶλεν ἄεθλα, καὶ ὥρεγε Δαμναμενῆι
ἔγκυον ἵππον ἔχειν, ζηλήμονι χειρὶ τιταίνων.
καὶ τρίτος Ἀκταίων ἀνεκούφισε σύμβολα νίκης
χρυσοφαῖ θώρηκα, παναῖολον ἔργον Ὀλύμπου.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Φαῦνος ἵκανε: καὶ αὐτόθι δίφρον ἐρύσσας

480 ὀμφαλὸν ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀνῆρταζε βοεῖης,
αὐχμηρῆς μεθέπων ἔτι λείψανα κεῖνα κονίης.
καὶ Σικελὸς θεράπων βραδυδινέος ἐγγύθι δίφρου
χρυσοῦ δισσὰ τάλαντα κατηφεί δεῖξεν Ἀχάτῃ,
οἰκτρὸν ἀγνηορέοντι φιλοστόργῳ Διονύσῳ.
485 αὐτὰρ ὁ πυγμαχίης χαλεπῆς ἔστησεν ἀγῶνα:
πρῶτῳ μὲν θέτο ταῦρον ἀπ' Ἰνδῷοιο βοαύλου
δῶρον ἄγειν, ἐτέρῳ δὲ μελαρρίνων κτέρας Ἰνδῶν
βάρβαρον αἰολόνωτον ἐλὼν κατέθηκε βοεῖην.
ὀρθωθείς δ' ἀγόρευεν ἀεθλητῆρας ἐπείγων,
490 εὐπαλάμου δύο φῶτας ἐριδμαίνειν περὶ νίκης:
‘Πυγμῆς οὗτος ἄεθλος ἀτειρέος· ἀθλοφόρῳ δὲ
ἀνέρι νικήσαντι δασύτριχα ταῦρον ὀπάσσω,
ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθέντι πολὺπτυχον ἀσπίδα δώσω.’
ὥς φαμένου Βρομίοιο σακέσπαλος ὦρτο Μελισσεύς,
495 ἠθάδι πυγμαχίῃ μεμελημένος· εὐκεράου δὲ
ἀψάμενος ταύροιο τόσῃν ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν:
‘Ἐλθέτω, ὃς ποθέει σάκος αἰόλον· οὐ γὰρ ἔασω
ἄλλῳ πῖονα ταῦρον, ἕως ἔτι χεῖρας ἀείρω.’
ὥς φαμένου ξύμπαντας ἐπεσφρήγισσε σιωπῇ:
500 Εὐρυμέδων δὲ οἱ οἶος ἀνίστατο, τῷ πόρην Ἑρμῆς
ὄργανα πυγμαχίης γυιαλκέος, ὃς πάρος αἰεὶ
πατρὶώ μεμέλητο παρήμενος ἐσχαρεῶνι,
Ἥφαιστιάδης, σφυρήλατον ἄκμονα τύπτων.
τὸν μὲν ἐριπτοίητος ἀδελφεὸς ἄμφεπεν Ἄλκων,
505 ζῶμα δὲ οἱ παρέθηκε, καὶ ἥρμοσεν ἱξὺ μίτρην,
καὶ δολιχαῖς παλάμησι κασιγνήτοιο συνάπτων
ἄζαλέων ἔσφιγγε περίπλοκον ὀλκὸν ἱμάντων.
καὶ πρόμος εἰς μέσον ἦλθεν, ἐοῦ προβλήτα προσώπου
λαιὴν χεῖρα φέρων, σάκος ἔμφυτον· ἀντὶ δὲ λόγχης
510 ποιητῆς παλάμης ταμεσίχροες ἦσαν ἱμάντες.
αἰεὶ δ' ἀντιπάλαιο φυλάσσετο δύσμαχον ὀρμήν,
μὴ ποτέ μιν πλήξειε κατ' ὀφρύος ἢ ἐ μετώπου,
ἢ ἐ μιν αἰμάξειε, τετυμμένον ἄρθρον ἀμύξας,
ἢ ἐ διατμήξειε, κατὰ κροτάφοιο τυχήσας,
515 εἰς μέσον ἐγκεφάλαιο νοήμονος ἄκρον ἀράξας,
ἢ παλάμην τρηχεῖαν ἐπὶ κροτάφοισι τιταίνων
ὄμματα γυμνώσειε λιπογλήνοιο προσώπου,
ἢ ἐ δαφοινήεντος ἀρασσομένοιο γενείου
ὄξυτέρων ἐλάσειε πολὺστιχον ὄγμον ὀδόντων.
520 ἔνθα μὲν Εὐρυμέδοντος ἐπεσσυμένοιο μελισσεύς
στήθεος ἄκρον ἔλασεν· ὁ δὲ σχεδὸν ἄντα προσώπου
χεῖρα μάτην ἐτίτανε, καὶ ἥμβροτεν ἠέρα τύπτων·
καὶ μιν αἰὲ τρομέων περιδέδρωμε, κόλπον ἀμείβων,

δεξιτερὴν γυμνοῖο κάτω μαζοῖο τιταίνων.
525 ἄμφω δ' εἰς ἓν ἵκανον ἐπήλυδες, ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω
ἴχνεσι φειδομένοισι ποδὸς πόδα τυτθὸν ἀμείβων:
χερσὶ δὲ χεῖρας ἔμιξαν: ἐπασσυτέρησι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
φρικτὸς ὁμοπλεκέων ἐπεβόμβεε δοῦπος ἱμάντων
ἀκροτάτην περὶ χεῖρα: χαρασσομένης δὲ παρειῆς
530 αἵμαλέαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐφοινίχθησαν ἱμάντες:
καὶ γενῶν πέλε δοῦπος: ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ δὲ προσώπου
εὐρυτέρου γεγαῶτος ἐκυμαίνοντο παρειαί,
ὀφθαλμοὶ δ' ἐκάτερθεν ἐκοιλαίνοντο προσώπου.
Εὐρυμέδων μὲν ἔκαμνε Μελισσέος ἴδμονι τέχνῃ,
535 ἄσχετον ἠελίοιο μένων ἀντώπιον αἴγλην,
ὄμμα καταυγάζοντος: ἐπαΐξας δὲ Μελισσεὺς
ὀξυτέρῃ στροφάλιγγι μετάρσιον ἴχνος ἀείρων
ἄφνω γναθμὸν ἔτυπεν ὑπ' οὐάτος: αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμνων
ὑπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐρείσατο νῶτα κονίῃ,
540 θυμολιπῆς μεθύνοντι πανεῖκελος: εἶχε δὲ κόρησιν
κεκλιμένην ἑτέρωσε, καὶ αἵματος ἔπτυνεν ἄχνην
λεπτὰ παχυνόμενοι: λαβὼν δὲ μιν ἐκτὸς ἀγῶνος
στυγνὸς ὑπὲρ νώτοιο μετήγαγε σύγγονος Ἄλκων
πληγῇ ἀμερσινόῳ βεβαρημένον. ἐσσύμενος δὲ
545 Ἰνδῶν περιμέτρον ἀνῆρταζε βοεῖην.
καὶ διδύμους Διόνυσος ἀεθλητῆρας ἐπείγων
ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόροισι πάλης κήρυξεν ἀγῶνα:
καὶ τρίπος εἰκοσίμετρος ἀέθλιον ἴστατο νίκης
πρώτῳ ἀεθλητῆρι: τίθει δ' εἰς μέσσον αἶρας
550 ἀνθεμόεντα λέβητα χερσὶν φωτὶ φυλάσσων.
ὀρθωθεὶς δ' ἰάχησε πάλιν σημάντορι φωνῇ:
'Δεῦτε, φίλοι, καὶ τοῦτον ἐγείρατε καλὸν ἀγῶνα.'
ἔννεπε: κεκλομένου δὲ φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου
πρώτος Ἀρισταῖος, μετέπειτα δὲ δεῦτερος ἔσθη
555 Αἰακὸς εὐπαλάμοιο πάλης δεδαημένος ἔργα.
ζῶματι δὲ σκεπόμενοι ἀθηήτου φύσιν αἰδοῦς
γυμνοὶ ἀεθλεύοντες ἐφέστασαν: ἀμφοτέρω δὲ
πρῶτα μὲν ἀμφοτέρας παλάμας ἐπὶ δίζυγι καρπῷ
σὺμπλεκον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, χυτῆς ἐπὶ νῶτα κονίης
560 ἀλλήλους ἐρῶντες ἀμοιβαδίς, ἄμματι χειρῶν
ἀκροτάτῳ σφίγγαντες: ἔην δ' ἀμφίδρομος ἀνὴρ,
ἄνδρα παλινδίνητον ἄγων ἐτερόζυγι παλμῷ,
ἔλκων ἐλκόμενός τε: συνοχμάζοντο γὰρ ἄμφω
χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίῃσιν, ἐκυρτώσαντο δὲ δειρὴν,
565 μεσσατίῳ δὲ κάρηνον ἐπηρείδοντο μετώπῳ
ἀκλινέες, νεύοντες ἐπὶ χθονός: ἐκ δὲ μετώπῳ
θλιβομένων καμάτοιο προάγγελος ἔρρεεν ἰδρώς:

ἀμφοτέρων δ' ἄρα νῶτα κεκυφότα πήχεος ὀλκῷ
δίζυγι συμπλεκέος παλάμης ἔτριβετο δεσμῷ:
σμιῶδιξ δ' αὐτοτέλεστος ἀνέδραμεν αἵματι θερμῷ,
575 αἰόλα πορφύρουσα: δέμας δ' ἐστίζετο φωτῶν.
οἱ δὲ παλαισμοσύνης ἑτερότροπα μάγγανα τέχνης
ἀλλήλοις ἀνέφαινον ἀμοιβαδῖς: ἀντίβιον δὲ
πρῶτος Ἀρισταῖος παλάμης πηχύνατο καρπῷ,
ἐκ χθονὸς ὀχλίζων: δολίης δ' οὐ λήθετο τέχνης
580 Αἰακὸς αἰολόμητις, ὑποκλέπτοντι δὲ ταρσῷ
λαῖον Ἀρισταῖοιο ποδὸς κώληπα πατάξας
ὑπτιον αὐτοκύλιστον ὅλον περικάββαλε γαίῃ,
ἡλιβάτῳ πρηῶνι πανεῖκελον: ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
τηλίκον αὐχήμενον βοώμενον υἷα Φοῖβου
585 ὄμμασι θαμβάλεοισιν ἐθηήσαντο πεσόντα.
δεύτερος ἡέρταζε μετάρσιον ὑψόθι γαίης
κουφίζων ἀμογητὶ πελώριον υἷα Κυρήνης
Αἰακός, ἐσσομένην ἀρετὴν τεκέεσσι φυλάσσων,
ἀκαμάτῳ Πηλῆϊ καὶ εὐρυβίῃ Τελαμῶνι,
590 ἀγκὰς ἔχων, οὐ νῶτον ἢ ὄρθιον αὐχένα κάμππτων,
πήχεσιν ἀμφοτέροισι μεσαίτατον ἄνδρα κομίζων,
ἴσον ἀμειβόντεσσιν ἔχων τύπον, οὓς κάμε τέκτων
πρηῦνων ἀνέμοιο θυελλήεσσαν ἀνάγκην.
καὶ πελάσας ὅλον ἄνδρα περιστρωθέντα κονίῃ
595 Αἰακὸς ἀντιπάλιο μέσων ἐπεβήσατο νώτων
καὶ πόδα πεπταμένης διὰ γαστέρος ἐκταδὰ πέμπων,
καμπύλον ἀκροτάτῳ περὶ γούνατι δέσμα συνάπτων,
ταρσῷ ταρσὸν ἔρειδε παρὰ σφυρὸν ἄκρον ἐλίξας:
καὶ ταχὺς ἀντιβίου τετανυσμένος ὑψόθι νώτων,
αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἔβαλλε βραχίονι, δάκτυλα κάμψας:
μυδαλέω δ' ἰδρῶτι χυτὴν ἔρραине κονίην,
αὐχμηρῇ ψαμάθῳ διερὴν ῥαθάμιγγα καθαίρων,
570 μὴ διολισθήσειε περίπλοκος ἄμματι χειρῶν
θερμὴν τριβομένοιο κατ' αὐχένος ἱκμάδα πέμπων.
τοῦ δὲ πιεζομένοιο συνέρρεον ὄξει παλμῷ
κεκριμένοι κήρυκες, ὀπιπευτῆρες ἀγῶνος,
μὴ μιν ἀποκτείνειεν ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ὀλκῷ.
605 οὐ γὰρ ἔην τότε θεσμὸς ὁμοίος, ὃν πάρος αὐτοὶ
ὀψίγονοι φράσσαντο, τιτανομένων ὅτε δεσμῶν
αὐχενίων πνικτῆρι πόνῳ βεβαρημένος ἀνὴρ
νίκην ἀντιπάλου μνηστεύεται ἔμφρονι σιγῇ,
ἀνέρα νικήσαντα κατηφεί χειρὶ πατάξας.
610 καὶ τρίπον εἰκοσίμετρον ἐπηχύναντο λαβόντες
Μυρμιδόνες, θεράποντες ἀεθλοφόρου βασιλῆος:
Ἀκταίων δὲ λέβητα ταχίονι κούφισε ῥίπῃ,

δεύτερα πατρός ἄεθλα κατηφεί χειρὶ κομίζων.
καὶ τότε Βάκχος ἔθηκε ποδῶν ταχυτῆτος ἀγῶνα:
615 πρῶτῳ ἀεθλητῇρι τιθεὶς κειμήλια νίκης
ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα δορικτήτην τε γυναῖκα,
δευτέρῳ αἰολόδειρον ἐθήκατο Θεσσαλὸν ἵππον,
καὶ πυμάτῳ ξίφος ὅξυ σὺν εὐτμήτῳ τελαμῶνι.
ὀρθωθεὶς δ' ἀγόρευε, ποδώκεας ἄνδρας ἐπείγων:
620 'Ἀνδράσιν ὠκυπόροισιν ἀέθλια ταῦτα γενέσθω.'
ὥς φαμένου

Δικταῖος ἐθήμονα γούνατα πάλλων...
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ ποικιλότητι ἀνέδραμεν ὠκὺς Ἐρεχθεύς,
Παλλάδι Νικαίῃ μεμελημένος, αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ
625 Πρίασος ὠκυπόδης, Κυβελίδος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης.
625 τοῖσι μὲν ἐκ βαλβίδος ἔην δρόμος: Ὠκύθοος δὲ
πρῶτος ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν κουφίζετο παλμῷ,
ἰθυτενῇ προκέλευθον ἔχων δρόμον: ἐσσύμενος δὲ
δεύτερος ἀγκικέλευθος, ὀπίστερος ἦεν Ἐρεχθεύς,
γείτονος Ὠκυθόοιο μετάφρενον ἄσθματι βάλλων,
630 καὶ κεφαλὴν θέρμαινε: φιληλακάτοιο δὲ κούρης
οἷα κανὼν στέρνοιο πέλει μέσος, ὃν τινι μέτρῳ
παρθένος ἰστοπόνος τεχνήμονι χειρὶ τανύσση,
Ὠκυθόου πέλε τόσσον ὀπίστερος: ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
ἵχνια τύπτε πόδεσσι, πάρος κόνιν ἀμφιχυθῆναι.
635 καὶ νῦν κεν ἀμφήριστος ἔην δρόμος: ἀλλὰ πορείην
μιμηλὴν ἰσόμετρον ἰδὼν ἐπιταίνεται ταρσῷ
κουφοτέρῳ, καὶ φῶτα παρέδραμε μείζονι μέτρῳ,
ὀππόσον ἀνέρος ἵχνος: ὅθεν τρομέων περὶ νίκης
τοῖον ἔπος βοόων Βορέην ἰκέτευεν Ἐρεχθεύς:
640 'Γαμβρέ, τεῷ χραίσμησον Ἐρεχθεὶ καὶ σέο νύμφῃ,
εἰ μεθέπεις γλυκὺν οἷστρον ἐμῆς ἔτι παιδὸς Ἐρώτων:
δὸς μοι σὼν πτερύγων βάσιον δρόμον εἰς μίαν ὥρην,
Ὠκύθοον ταχύγουνον ἵνα προθέοντα παρέλθω.'
ὥς φαμένου Βορέης ἰκετήσιον ἔκλυε φωνήν,
645 καὶ μιν ἐυτροχάλοιο ταχίονα θῆκεν ἀέλλης.
τρεῖς μὲν ἐπερρώοντο ποδῶν ἀνεμώδεϊ παλμῷ,
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἴσα τάλαντα: καὶ ὀππόσον ὠκέϊ ταρσῷ
Ὠκυθόου προθέοντος ὀπίστερος ἦεν Ἐρεχθεύς,
τόσσον ἀελλήεντος Ἐρεχθέος ἔπλετο γείτων
650 Πρίασος αὐχήμενος, Φρύγιον γένος. ἐσσυμένων δὲ
ὀππότε λοισθίος ἦεν ἔτι δρόμος ἄλματι ταρσῶν,
Ὠκύθοος ταχύγουνος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίῃ,
ἦχι βοῶν πέλεν ὄνθος ἀθέσφατος, οὓς παπὰ τύμβῳ
Μυγδονίῃ Διόνυσος ἀπηλοίησε μαχαίρῃ:
655 ἀλλὰ παλιννόστοιο ποδὸς ταχυσδινεῖ παλμῷ

Ἰκκὺθος πεφόρητο μετάλμενος· ἔσσυμένως δὲ
ἀντιπάλου προθέοντος ἐπὶ λυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,
εἰ τότε βαῖδς ἔην ἔτκ που δρόμος, ἦ τάχα βαίνων
ἦ πέλεν ἀμφήριστος ἦ ἔφθασεν ἀστὸν Ἀθῆνης.

660 καὶ κτέρας αἰολόνωντον ἐκούφισεν ὠκύς Ἐροχθεύς,
Σιδόνιον κρητῆρα τετυγμένον· Ἰκκὺθος δὲ
εἴρνευ Θεσσαλὸν ἵππον· ὁ δὲ τρίτος ἡρέμα βαίνων
Πρίασος ἄορ ἔδεκτο σὺν ἀρυγρέῳ τελαμῶνι.

καὶ Σατύρων ἐγέλασσε χορὸς φιλοπαίγμονι θυμῷ,
665 παπταίνων Κορύβαντα χυτῇ ῥυπόωντα κονίῃ,
ὄνθον ἀποπτύοντα κατάρρυτον ἀνθερεῶνος.
καὶ σόλον αὐτοχόωνον ἄγων ἐπέθηκεν ἀγῶνι
δισκοβόλους Διόνυσος ἀκοντιστῆρας ἐπείγων·
πρῶτῳ μὲν δύο δοῦρα σὺν ἵπποκόμῳ τρυφαλεῖῃ
670 θῆκεν ἄγων, ἑτέρῳ δὲ διαυγέα κυκλάδα μίτρην,
καὶ τριτάτῳ φιάλην, καὶ νεβρίδα θῆκε τετάρτῳ,
ἦν χρυσέῃ κληῖδι Διὸς περονήσατα χαλκεύς.
ὀρθωθεῖς δ' ἀνὰ μέσσον ἐγερσινόῳ φάτο φωτῇ·
'Οὔτος ἀγὼν ἐπὶ δίσκον ἀεθλητῆρας ἐπείγει.'

675 ὣς φαμένου Βρομίιο σακέσπαλος ὦρτο Μεγισσεύς,
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ δεῦτερος ἦλθεν ἀερσιπόδης Ἀλιμῆδης,
καὶ τρίτος Εὐρυμέδων καὶ τέτρατος ἦλυθον Ἄκμων·
καὶ πίσυρες στοκκησὸν ἐφέστοασαν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ.
καὶ σόλον εὐδίωητον ἐλὼν ἔρριψε Μελισσεύς·

680 Σειληνοὶ δ' ἐγέλασαν ὀλίζονα φωτὸς ἐρωήν.
δεύτερος Εὐρυμέσων παλάμην ἐπερείσατο δίσκῳ...
καὶ σόλον εὐδίνητον ἐλὼν νωμῆτορι καρπῷ
βριθὺ βέλος προέηκε περίτροχον εὖλοφος Ἄκμων·
καὶ βέλος ἡρόφοιτον ἐπέτρεχε σύνσορομον αὖραις,
685 καὶ σκοπὸν Εὐρυμέδοντος ὑπέρβαλε μείζονι μέτρῳ
ὀξεῖῃ στρογάγγι· καὶ ὑσιπόδης Ἀλιμῆδης
εἰς σκοπὸν ἠκόντιξεν ἐν ἡερὶ δίσκον ἀλήτην·
καὶ σόλος ἡερίῃσιν ἐπερροΐζησεν ἀέλλαις

ἐκ βριαρῆς παλάμης πεφορημένος, ὥς ἀπὸ τόξου
690 ἵπταται ἀσταθέεσσι βέλος δεδονημένον αὖραις
ὄρθιον· ἡερόθεν δὲ πεσὼν ἐκυκίνετο γαίῃ
ἄλματι τηλεπόρῳ, πεφορημένος εἰσέτι παλμῷ
χειρὸς ἐυστρέτοιο, φέρων αὐτόσσυτον ὀρμήν,
εἰσόκε σήματα πάντα παρέσπαμεν· ἀγρόμενοι δὲ
695 πάντες ἐπεσμαράγησαν ὀπιπευτῆρες ἀγῶνος,
ἄλλομένου δίσκοιο τεθηπότες ἄστατον ὀρμήν.
καὶ δονέων δύο δοῦρα σὺν ὑσιλόφῳ τρυχαλεῖῃ
διπλόα δῶρα κόμιζεν ἀγηνορέων Ἀλιμῆδης·
ἄκμων δ' εἰλιπόδης χρυσαυγέα κούφισε μίτρην·

700 καὶ τρίτος Εὐρυμέδων φιάλην ἀπύρωτον ἀείρας
ἀμφιθετον κτέρας εἶλε: κατηφίῳν δὲ προσώπτῳ
νεβρίδα ποικλόνωντον ἀνῆρταζε Μελισσεύς.
καὶ προμάχοις Διόνυσος ἀέθλια θήκατο τόξου,
εὖστοχίης ἀνάθημα: καὶ ἑπταέτηρον ἐρύσσας
705 ἡμίονον ταλαεργὸν ἐνεστήριξεν ἀγῶνι,
καὶ δέπας εὐποίητον ἀέθλιον ἴστατο νίκης
ἀνδρὶ χειριστέρῳ πεφυλαγμένον. Εὐρύαλος δὲ
νήιον ὀρθώσας περιμήκετον ἱστὸν ἀρούρη
στήσεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδου ψαμαθώδεος, ὑψιφανῇ δὲ
710 δέσιμιον ἥώρησε πελειάδα σύμπλοκον ἱστῷ,
λεπραλέον δισσοῖσι μίτον περὶ ποσσὶν ἐλίξας.
καὶ θεὸς ἀγρομένοις ἐναγώνιον ἴαχε φωνήν,
εἰς σκοπὸν ἡερόφοιτον ὀιστευτῆρας ἐπείγων:
‘Ὅς μὲν ὀιστεύσειε πελειάδος ἄκρα τορήσας,
715 ἡμίονον φερέτω πολυαλφέα, μάρτυρα νίκης:
ὅς δὲ παραπλάζοιτο πελειάδος εἰς σκοπὸν ἔλκων,
ὄρνιν ἐνγλώχινι λιπῶν ἀχάρακτον ὀιστῷ,
ἄκρα δὲ μηρίνθοιο βαλὼν πτερόεντι βελέμνῳ,
ἥσσονα τοξεύσειε καὶ ἥσσονα δῶρα δεχέσθω:
720 ἀντὶ γὰρ ἡμίονου δέπας οἴσεται, ὄφρα κε Φοῖβῳ
τοξοφόρῳ σπείσειε καὶ οἶνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ.’
τοῖον ἔπος βοῶντος ἔχεκτεάνοιο Λυαίου
εὐχαίτης Ὑμέναιος ἐκηβόλος εἰς μέσον ἔστη...
εἰς σκοπὸν ἰθυκέλευθον ἄγων ἀντῶπιον ἱστοῦ,
725 Κνώσσια τόξα φέρων τεταναμμένα κυκλάδι νευρῇ,
Ἀστέριος προέηκε βέλος κλήροιο τυχήσας,
καὶ τύχε μηρίνθοιο: δαΐζομένης δὲ βελέμνῳ
ἡερίῃ πεφόρητο μεφόρητο μετάρσιος ὄρνις ἀλήμων:
καὶ μίτος εἰς χθόνα πῦπτε. δι’ ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
730 ὄμμα φέρων ἐλικηδόν, ὑπὲρ νεφέων δὲ δοκεύων
τοξευτῆρ Ὑμέναιος ἐτοιμοτάτης ἀπὸ νευρῆς
εἰς σκοπὸν ἡερόφοιτον ὑπηνέμιον βέλος ἔλκων
ὀξύτερον προέηκε, πελειάδος ἄντα τιταίνων:
καὶ πτερόεις πεπότητο δι’ ἥερος ἰὸς ἀλήτης
735 ἀκροφανῆς, μέσα νῶτα παραξύνων νεφελάων,
συριζων ἀνέμοιοι: βέλος δ’ ἴθυνεν Ἀπόλλων
πιστὰ φέρων δυαέρωτι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ:
ἵπταμένης δ’ ἐτύχησε πελειάδος, ἐσσυμένης δὲ
στήθεος ἄκρον ἔτυψε: βαρυνομένου δὲ καρήνου
740 ὄρνις ἀελλήεσσα δι’ ἥερος ἔμπεσε γαίῃ:
ἡμιθανῆς δὲ πέλεια περὶ πτερὰ πάλλε κονίη,
ποσσὶ περισκοίρουσα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου.
καὶ θεὸς ἡβητῆρος ἀναθρώσκων ἐπὶ νίκῃ

χεῖρας ἐπεπλάταγῃσεν ἐπικλᾶγξας Ὑμεναίῳ:
745 ξυνοὶ δ' εἰν ἐνὶ πάντες, ὅσοι παρέμινον ἀγῶνι,
ἀγχινεφῇ θάμβησαν ἐκηβολίην Ὑμεναίου.
καὶ γελῶν Διόνυσος ἑαῖς παλάμησιν ἐρύσσας
ἡνίονον πόρε δῶρον ὀφειλομένην Ὑμεναίῳ:
καὶ γέρας Ἀστερίοιο δέπας κούφιζον ἑταῖροι.
750 καὶ φιλήν ἐπὶ δῆριν ἀκοντιστῆρας ἐμείγων
Ἴνδικά Βάκχος ἄεθλα φέρων παρέθηκεν ἀγῶνι,
διχθαδίην κνημίδα καὶ Ἰνσώης λίθον ἄλμης.
ὀρθωθείς δ' ἀγόρευε, δῦω δ' ἐκέλευσε μαχηταῖς,
ὄφρα μόθῳ παίζοντι καὶ οὐ κτείνοντι σιδήρῳ
755 μιμηλὴν τελέσωσιν ἀναίμονος εἰκόνα χάρμης:
‘Οὔτος ἀγὼν δύο φῶτας ἀκοντιστῆρας ἐγείρων
μείλιχον οἶδεν Ἄρηα καὶ κύδιόωσαν Ἐνυώ.’
ὥς φαμένου Βρομίοιο σιδήρεα τεύχεα πάλλων
Ἀστέριος κεκόρθετο, καὶ Αἰακὸς εἰς μέσον ἔστη
760 χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχων, πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα πάλλων,
οἷα λέων ἄγραιλος ἐπαΐσσωσιν τινὶ ταύρῳ
ἢ συτὶ λαχνήεντι: σιδηρεῖω δέ χιτῶνι
εἰς μέσον ἐρρώοντο καλυψάμενοι δέμας ἄμφω
Ἄρεος αἰχμητῆρες: ὁ μὲν δόρθ' ἰαλῶν
765 Ἀστέριος, Μίνωος ἔχων πατρώιον ἄλκην,
οὔτασε δεξιτεροῖο βραχίονος ἄκρον ἀμύξας:
ὃς δὲ κατ' ἀσοαράγοιο σιδήρεον ἔγχος ἀείρων
Αἰακὸς, ὑψιμέδοντος ἐοῦ Διδὸς ἄξια ῥέξων,
νύξαι μὲν μενέαινε μεσαίτατον ἀνθερεῶνα:
770 ἀλλὰ ἐ Βάκχος ἔρυκε καὶ ἥρπασε φοίνιον αἰχμήν,
αὐχένα μὴ πλήξειεν ἀκοντιστῆρι σιδήρῳ:
ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἀνέκοψε καὶ ἴαχε θυιάδι φωνῇ:
‘Ῥίψατε τεύχεα ταῦτα φίλην στήσαντες Ἐνυώ:
ἄρθμιος οὔτος Ἄπης, καὶ ἀνούτατοί εἰσιν ἀγῶνες.’
775 ἔννεπεν: ἐγρεμόθου δὲ λαβὼν πρεσβῆια νίκης
Αἰακὸς αὐχήμενος χρυσέας κνημίδας ἀείρων
δῶκεν ἐὼ θεράποντι: καὶ ὕστερα δῶρα κομίζων
Ἀστέριος κούφιζε δορικτήτην λίθον Ἰνδῶν.

ἦχι τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ὄγδοον, αἴθοπι δαλῶ
 δειλαίου Φαέθοντος ἔχεις μόρον ἠνιοχῆος.
 λῦτο δ' ἀγών· λαοὶ δὲ μετήιον ἔνδια λόχμης,
 καὶ σφετέραις κλισίῃσιν ὁμίλεον· ἀγρονόμοι δὲ
 Πᾶνες ἐναυλίζοντο χαραδραίοισι μελάθροισι,
 αὐτοπαγῇ ναίοντες ἐρημάδος ἄντρα λεαίνης
 5 ἐσπέριοι· Σάτυροι δὲ δεδυκότες εἰς σπέος ἄρκτου
 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι καὶ οὐ τμητῆρι σιδήρῳ
 πετραίην ἐλάχειαν ἐκοιλαινόντο χαμεύνην,
 εἰσόκεν ὄρθρος ἔλαμψε σελασφόρος, ἀρτιφανὲς δὲ
 ἀμφοτέροις ἀνέτελλε γαληναίης φάος Ἥοϋς,
 10 Ἴνδοις καὶ Σατύροισιν· ἐπεὶ τότε κυκλάδι νύσση
 Μυγδονίου πολέμοιο καὶ Ἰνδῶοιο κυδοιμοῦ
 ἀμβολίην ἐτάνυσσεν ἔλιξ χρόνος· οὐδέ τις αὐτοῖς
 οὐ φόνος, οὐ τότε δῆρις· ἔκειτο δὲ τηλόθι χάρμης
 Βακχιάς ἐξαέτηρος ἀραχνιώσα βοεῖη.
 15 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολέμων ἔτος ἔβδομον ἦγαγον Ὠραι,
 οὐράνιον τότε σῆμα προάγγελον οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ
 φαίνεται, θάμβος ἄπιστον· ἐπεὶ ζόφος ἦματι μέσσω
 ἀπροιδῆς τετάνυστο, κελαινιόωντι δὲ πέπλῳ
 κρυπτόμενον Φαέθοντα μεσημβριὰς εἶχεν ὁμίχλη,
 20 κλεπτομένης δ' ἀκτῖνος ἐπεσκιόωντο κολῶναι·
 καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατήριπε πυρσὸς ἀλήτης,
 ἄρματος οὐρανίοιο κατάρρυτος· ἄκρα δὲ γαίης
 μυρίος ἔκλυσεν ὄμβρος, ἐκυμαίνοντο δὲ πέτραι
 ἠερίαις λιβάδεσσιν, ἕως μόγις ὑπόθι διφρου
 25 ὑψιφανῆς ἀνέτελλε πάλιν πυρόεις Ὑπερίων.
 Βάκχῳ δ' ἀσχαλῶντι δι' ἠέρος αἴσιος ἔπτη
 αἰετὸς ὑψικέλευθος, ὄφιν κερδόντα κομίζων
 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσιν· ὁ δὲ θρασὺν αὐχένα κάμπτων
 κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησεν Ὑδάσπη.
 30 καὶ τρομερὴ νήριθμον ὅλον στρατὸν εἶχε σιωπῇ·
 Ἴδμων δ' αἰολόμητις, ἐπεὶ μάθεν ὄργια Μούσης
 οὐρανής εὐκυκλον ἐπισταμένης ἵτυν ἄστρον,
 ἄτρομος ἴστατο μοῦνος, ἐπεὶ μάθεν Ἴδμονι τέχνη
 συμπλεκέος Φαέθοντι κατάσκια κύκλα Σελήνης,
 35 καὶ φλόγα πορφύρουσαν ὑπὸ ζοφοειδεὶ κώνῳ
 κλεπτομένου Φαέθοντος ἀθηήτοιο πορείης,
 καὶ πάταγον βρονταῖον ἀρασσομένων νεφελάων,
 αἰθέριον μύκημα, καὶ ἀστράπτοντα κομήτην,
 καὶ δοκίδων ἀκτῖνα, καὶ ἔμπυρον ἄλμα κεραυνοῦ

40 τοῖα παρ' Οὐραίνης δεδαημένος ἔργα θεαίνης
ἴστατο θαρσήεσσιν ἔχων φρένα· γυῖα δ' ἐκάστου
λύετο· μαντιπóλος δὲ γέρων γελῶντι προσώπῳ
Ἰδμῶν ἐμπεδόμυθον ἔχων ἐπὶ χεῖλεσι πειθῶ
λαὸν ὅλον θάρσυνεν, ὅτι χρονίοιο κυδοιμοῦ
45 ἐσσομένην μετὰ βαιὸν ἐπίστατο γείτονα νίκην.
καὶ Φρύγιον πολὺδριν ἀνείρετο μάντιν Ἐρεχθεύς,
σύμβολα παπταίνων ὑπάτου Διός, εἰ πέλε χάρμης
αἴσια δυσμενέεσσιν ἢ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ,
οὐτόσον ὕσμίνης ποθέων τέλος, ὅσσον ἀκοῦσαι
50 μυστιπόλοις ὁάροισι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ὀλύμπου,
καὶ στίχας ἀστραίων ἐλίκων καὶ κυκλάδα μήνην,
καὶ δύσιν ἡματίην Φαεθοντίδος ἄμμορον αἴγλης
κλεπτομένης. αἰεὶ δὲ θεορρήτων περὶ μύθων
Ἀθτίδος ἀρχαίης φιλοπευθέες εἰσὶ πολῖται.
55 οὐδὲ γέρων ἀμέλησε θεοπρόπος, ἀλλὰ Λυαίου
σειῶν Εὐία θύρσα καὶ οὐ Πανοπηίδα δάφνην
τοῖον ἔπος μαντῶον ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος·
Ἐῖσαίειν ἐθέλεις φρενοθελγέα μῦθον, Ἐρεχθεῦ,
ὄν μοῦνοι δεδάσσι θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου;
60 λέξω δ', ὥς με διδάξεν ἐμὸς δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων.
μὴ στεροπῇν τρομέοις, μὴ δείδιθι πυρσὸν ἀλήτην,
μὴ δρόμον Ἥελιου ζοφοειδέα, μηδὲ Λυαίου
νίκης ἐσσομένης πρωτάγγελον ὄρνιν Ὀλύμπου·
ὥς ὃ γε θηγαλέων ὀνύχων κεχαραγμένος αἰχμαῖς,
65 ἄρπαγος οἰωνοῖο πεπαρμένος ὀξεί ταρσῷ,
εἰς προχοᾶς ποταμοῖο δράκων ὦλισθε κεράσσης,
καὶ νέκυν ἐρπηστίηρα γέρων ἔκρυσεν Ὑδάσπη,
οὕτω Δηριάδην πατρώιον οἶδμα καλύψει
εἵκελον εἶδος ἔχοντα βοοκραίρῳ γενετῆρι.'
70 τοῖα γέρων ἀγόρευε θεηγόρος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μύθῳ
μαντιπόλῳ γήθησεν ὅλος στρατός· ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
θαύματι χάρμα κέρασσε ἀμήτορος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης,
τοῖος ἐὼν γλυκερῆσιν ἐπ' ἐλπίσιν, ὥς ἐνὶ μέσσω
κωμάζων Μαραθῶνι μετ' Ἀρεᾷ Δηριαδῆος.
75 καὶ τότε μουνθέντι φιλοσκοπέλῳ Διονύσῳ
σύγγονος οὐρανόθεν Διὸς ἄγγελος ἦλυθεν Ἑρμῆς,
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπε παρηγορέων ἐπὶ νίκῃ·
Ἐμὴ τρομέοις τόδε σῆμα, καὶ εἰ πέλεν ἡματίη νύξ·
τοῦτό σοι, ἄτρομε Βάκχε, πατήρ ἀνέφηνε Κρονίων
80 νίκης Ἰνδοφόνιοιο προάγγελον· ἡελίῳ γὰρ
δεύτερον ἀστράπτοντι φεραυγέα Βάκχον εἴσκω,
καὶ θρασὺν ὀρφναίῃ μελανόχροον Ἰνδὸν ὁμίχλῃ·
αἰθέρι γὰρ τύπος οὗτος ὁμοίος· εὐφάεος δὲ

ὥς ζόφος ἡμάλδυνε καλυπτομένης φάος ἥοϋς,
85 καὶ πάλιν ἀντέλλων πυριφεγγέος ὑπόθι δίφρου
ἥελιος ζοφόεσσαν ἀπηκόντιζεν ὁμίχλην,
οὕτω σῶν βλεφάρων μάλα τηλόθι καὶ σὺ τινάξας
Ταρταρίης ζοφόεσσαν Ἑρινύος ἄσκοπον ἀχλὺν
ἀστράψεις κατ' Ἄρηα τὸ δεύτερον ὡς Ὑπερίων.
90 τηλίκον οὐ ποτε θαῦμα γέρων τροφὸς ἤγαγεν Αἰών,
ἐξ ὅτε δαιμονίοιο πυρὸς βεβολημένος ἀτμῶ
κὺμβαχος Ἡελίοιο φεραυγέος ἔκπεσε δίφρου
ἡμιδαῆς Φαέθων, ποταμῶ δ' ἐκρύπτετο Κελτῶ:
καὶ θρασὺν ἡβητῆρα παρ' ὀφρύσιν Ἡριδανοῖο
95 Ἡλιάδες κινυροῖσιν ἔτι στενάχουσι πετῆλοις.
ὥς φαμένου Διόνυσος ἐγήθεεν ἐλπίδι νίκης:
Ἑρμείαν δ' ἐρέεινε, καὶ ἤθελε μᾶλλον ἀκοῦσαι
Κελτοῖς Ἑσπερίοισι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ὀλύμπου,
πῶς Φαέθων κεκύλιστο δι' αἰθέρος, ἢ πόθεν αὐταῖ
100 Ἡλιάδες παρὰ χεῦμα γοήμονος Ἡριδανοῖο
εἰς φυτὸν ἡμείβοντο, καὶ εὐπετάλων ἀπὸ δένδρων
δάκρυα μαρμαίροντα κατασταλάουσι ῥέεθροις.
καὶ οἱ ἀνειρομένῳ πετάσας στόμα μείλιχος Ἑρμῆς
θέσκελον ἐρροῖβδησεν ἔπος φιλοπευθεῖ Βάκχῳ:

105 Ἄνδρομέου, Διόνυσε, βίου τερψίμβροτε ποιμήν,
εἴ σε παλαιγενέων ἐπέων γλυκὺς οἷστρος ἐπείγει,
μῦθον ὅλον Φαέθοντος ἐγὼ στοιχηδὸν ἐνίψω.
Ὠκεανὸς κελάδων, μιτρούμενος ἄντυγι κόσμου,
ἱκμαλέην περὶ νύσσαν ἄγων γαιήοχον ὕδωρ,
110 Τηθύος ἀρχεγόνοισιν ὁμιλήσας ὑμεναιοῖς
νυμφίος ὕδατόεις Κλυμένην τέκεν, ἣν ποτε Τηθύς
κρείσσονα Νηιάδων διερῶ μαιώσατο μαζῶ
παρθένον ὀπλοτέρην εὐώλενον, ἥς ἐπὶ μορφῇ
ἥελιος λυκάβαντα δυωδεκάμηνον ἐλίσσων,
115 αἰθέρος ἐπτάζωνον Ἴτυν στεφανηδὸν ὀδεύων,
κάμνε πυρὸς ταμίης ἐτέρῳ πυρί: καὶ φλόγα δίφρων
καὶ σέλας ἀκτίνων ἐβίησατο πυρσὸς Ἑρώτων,
ὅπποτε φοινίσσοντος ὑπὲρ κέρας Ὠκεανοῖο,
ἔμπυρον Ἡώοισιν ἐδὸν δέμας ὕδασι λούων,
120 παρθένον ἀγκικέλευθον ἐσέδρακεν, ὅπποτε γυμνῇ
νήχετο πατρῷοισιν ἐπισκαίρουσα ῥέεθροις,
λουομένη δ' ἥστραπτεν: ἔην δέ τις, ὡς ὅτε δισοῆς
μαρμαρυγὴν τροχόεσσαν ἀναπλήσασα κεραίης
ἐσπερὶν σελάγιζε δι' ὕδατος ὄμπνια Μῆνη.
125 ἡμιφανῆς δ' ἀπέδιλος ἐν ὕδασι ἴστατο κούρη,
ἥελιον ῥοδέησιν ὀιστεῦουσα παρειαῖς:

καὶ προχοαῖς κεχάρακτο τύπος χροός· οὐ τότε μίτρη
κούρης στέρνα κάλυπτε, καταυγάζουσα δὲ λίμνην
ἀργυφέων εὐκυκλος ἵτυς φοινίσσεται μαζῶν.

130 αἰθερίῳ δ' ἔλατῃρι πατήρ ἐξεύξατο κούρην·
καὶ Κλυμένης ὑμέναιον ἀνέκλαγον εὐποδες Ὠραι
καὶ γάμον Ἥελίοιο φασφόρον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Νύμφαι
Νηίδες ὠρχήσαντο· παρ' ὕδατόεντι δὲ παστῶ
εὐλοχος ἀστράπτοντι γάμῳ νυμφεύετο κούρη,
135 καὶ ψυχροῖς μελέεσσιν ἐδέξατο θερμὸν ἀκοίτην.
ἀστραίης δὲ φάλαγγος ἔην θαλαμηπόλος αἶγλη,
καὶ μέλος εἰς Ὑμέναιον ἀνέπλεκε Κύπριδος ἀστήρ,
συζυγίης προκέλευθος Ἑωσφόρος· ἀντὶ δὲ πεύκης
νυμφιδίην ἀκτῖνα γαμοστόλον εἶχε Σελήνη·

140 Ἑσπερίδες δ' ἀλάλαζον· ἤϊ δ' ἅμα Τηθύϊ νύμφῃ
Ὠκεανὸς κελάδησε μέλος πολυπίδακι λαιμῶ.
καὶ Κλυμένης γονόεντι γάμῳ κυμαίνεται γαστήρ·
καὶ βρέφος ὠδίνουσα πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο
γεῖνατο θέσκελον υἷα φασφόρον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρῳ
145 τικτομένῳ κελάδησε μέλος πατρώιος αἰθήρ·
Ὠκεανοῦ δὲ θύγατρες ἀποθρῶσκοντα λοχεῖης
υἷέα παππῶοισιν ἐφαιδρύναντο λοετροῖς·
σπάργανα δ' ἀμφεβάλοντο· καὶ ἀστέρες αἴθοπι παλμῶ
εἰς ῥόον αἰσσοντες ἐθήμονος Ὠκεανοῖο

150 κοῦρον ἐκυκλώσαντο, καὶ Εἰλείθυια Σελήνη
μαρμαρυγὴν πέμπουσα σελασφόρον· ἥελιος δὲ
υἱεὶ δῶκεν ἔχειν ἐὸν οὕνομα μάρτυρι μορφῇ
ἄρμενον· ἡθέου γὰρ ἐπ' ἀστράπτοντι προσώπῳ
ἡελίου γενετῆρος ἐπέπρεπε σύγγονος αἶγλη.

155 πολλὰκι παιδοκόμοισιν ἐν ἥθεσιν ἀβρὸν ἀθύρων
Ὠκεανὸς Φαέθοντα παλινδίνητον αἶρων
γαστρί μέσῃ κούφιζε, δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
ἄστατον αὐτοέλικτον ἀλήμονι σύνδρομον αὔρῃ
ἡερόθεν παλινόρσον ἐδέξατο κοῦρον ἀγοστῶ,

160 καὶ πάλιν ἠκόντιζεν· ὁ δὲ τροχοειδεὶ παλμῶ
χειρὸς ἐνυστρέπτοιο παράτροπος Ὠκεανοῖο
δινωτῇ στροφάλιγγι κατήριπεν εἰς μέλαν ὕδωρ,
μάντις ἐοῦ θανάτοιο· γέρων δ' ὦμωξε νοήσας,
θέσφατα γινώσκων, πινυτῇ δ' ἔκρυψε σιωπῇ,

165 μὴ Κλυμένης φιλόπαιδος ἀπενθέα θυμὸν ἀμύξει
πικρὰ προθεσπίζων Φαεθοντιάδος λῖνα Μοίρης.
καὶ πάις ἀρτικόμιστος ἔχων ἀνίουλον ὑπήνην
πῇ μὲν ἤϊς Κλυμένης δόμον ἄμφεπε, πῇ δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
Θρινακίης λειμῶνα μετήιεν, ἥχι θαμίζων

170 Λαμπετίῃ παρέμιμνε, βόας καὶ μῆλα νομεύων ...

πατρὸς ἑοῦ ζαθέοιο φέρων πόθον ἥνιοχῆος,
ἄξονα τεχνήεντι συνήρμοσε δούρασι δεσμῶ,
κυκλώσας τροχόεντα τύπον ψευδήμονι δίφρῳ:
ἀσκήσας δὲ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀνθοκόμων ἀπὸ κήπων
175 πλέξας λεπταλέοισι λύγοις τριέλικτον ἱμάσθλην
ἀρνειοῖς πισύροισι νέους ἐπέθηκε χαλινούς:
καὶ νόθον εὐποίητον Ἐωσφόρον ἀστέρα τεύχων
ἄνθεσιν ἀργεννοῖσιν, ἴσον τροχοειδέι κύκλῳ,
θῆκεν ἑῆς προκέλευθον ἐυκνήμιδος ἀπήνης,
180 ἀστέρος Ἡώοιο φέρων τύπον: ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίταις
ὄρθιον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φερυγέα δαλὸν ἐρείσας
ψευδομέναις ἀκτῖσιν ἐδὼν μιμεῖτο τοκῆα,
ἵππεύων στεφανηδὼν ἀλίκτυπον ἄντυγα νήσου.
ἀλλ' ὅτ' ἀνηέξητο φέρων εὐάνθεμον ἥβην,

185 πολλάκι πατρώης φλογὸς ἦψατο, χειρὶ δὲ βαιῇ
κούφισε θερμὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀστερόεσσαν ἱμάσθλην,
καὶ τροχὸν ἀμφιπόλεψε, καὶ ἀμφαφών δέμας ἵππων
χιονέαις παλάμησιν ἐτέρπετο κοῦρος ἀθύρων:
δεξιτερῇ δ' ἔψαυε πυριβλήτοιο χαλινού.

190 μαίνεται δ' ἵπποσύνης μεθέπων πόθον: ἐξόμενος δὲ
γούνασι πατρώοις ἱκετήσια δάκρυα λείβων
ἦτεεν ἔμπυρον ἄρμα καὶ αἰθερίων δρόμον ἵππων.
καὶ γενέτης ἀνένευεν: ὁ δὲ πλέον ἡδὲ μῦθος
αἰτίζων λιτάνευε: παρηγορέων δ' ἐπὶ δίφρῳ
195 ὑψιπόρῳ νέον ὤϊα φιλοστόργῳ φάτο φωνῇ:
‘ὦ τέκος Ἡελίοιο, φίλον γένος Ὠκεανοῖο,
ἄλλο γέρας μάστευε: τί σοὶ ποτε δίφρος Ὀλύμπου;
ἵπποσύνης ἀκίχητον ἔα δρόμον: οὐ δύνασαι γὰρ
ἰθύνειν ἐμὸν ἄρμα, τὸ περ μόγις ἥνιοχεῦ.

200 οὐ ποτε τοῦρος Ἄρης φλογερῷ κεκόρυστο κεραυνῷ,
ἀλλὰ μέλος σάλπιγγι καὶ οὐ βρονταῖον ἀράσσει:
οὐ νεφέλας Ἥφαιστος ἐοῦ γενετῆρος ἀγείρει,
οὐ νεφεληγερέτης κικλήσκεται οἷα Κρονίων,
ἀλλὰ παρ' ἐσχαρεῶνι σιδήρεον ἄκμονα τύπτει,
205 ἄσθμασι ποιητοῖσι χέων ποιητὸν ἀήτην:
κύκνον ἔχει πτερόεντα, καὶ οὐ ταχὺν ἵππον Ἀπόλλων:
οὐ στεροπὴν πυρόεσσαν ἀερτάζει γενετῆρος
Ἑρμῆς ῥάβδον ἔχων, οὐκ αἰγίδα πατρὸς αἶρει.
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις: ‘Ζαγρῇ πόρεν σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ.’

210 Ζαγρεὺς σκηπτὸν ἄειρε, καὶ ὠμίλησεν ὀλέθρῳ.
ἄζεο καὶ σὺ, τέκος, πανομοίῃα πῆματα πάσχειν.’
εἶπε, καὶ οὐ παρέπεισε: πᾶις δὲ γενήτορα νύσσων
δάκρυσι θερμοτέροισιν ἐοὺς ἐδίηνε χιτῶνας:
χερσὶ δὲ πατρώης φλογερῆς ἔψαυσεν ὑπῆνης,

215 Ὀκλαδὸν ἐν δαπέδῳ κυκλοῦμενον αὐχένα κάμπτων,
λίσσόμενος· καὶ παῖδα πατήρ ἑλέαιρε δοκεῦων.
καὶ κινυρὴ Κηυμένη πλέον ἦτεεν· αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμῷ
ἔμπεδα γινώσκων ἀμετάτροπα νήματα Μοίρης
ἀσχαλῶν ἐπένευσεν, ἀποσμήξας δὲ χιτῶνι
220 μυρομένου Φαέθοντος ἀμειδέος ὄμβρον ὀπωπῆς
χεῖλεα παιδὸς ἔκυσσε, τόσῃ δ' ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν·
‘δῶδεκα πάντες ἔασι πυρῶδεος αἰθέρος οἴκοι,
ζῶδια κοῦ γλαφυροῖο πεπηγότες ἄντυγι κύκλου,
κεκριμένοι στοιχηδὸν ἐπήτριμοι, οἷς ἐνι μούνοις
225 λοξῇ πουλυέλικτος ἀταρπιτός ἐστι πλανήτων
ἀσταθῶν. καὶ ἕκαστον ἔλιξ Κρόνος οἶκον ἀμείβει
ἐρπύζων βαρύγουνος, ἕως μόγις ὅπῃ τελέσῃ
εἴκοσι καὶ δέκα κύκλα παλιννόστοιο Σελήνης,
ζώνης ἐβδομάτης ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος· ὑπόθι δ' ἕκτης
230 ὠκύτερον γενετῆρος ἔχει δρόμον ἀντίπορος Ζεὺς,
καὶ δρόμον εἰς λυκάβαντα διέρχεται· ἐν τριτάτῃ δὲ ...
ἡμασιν ἐξήκοντα παρέρχεται ἔμπυρος Ἄρης,
γείτων σείτο τοκῆος· ἐπαντέλλων δὲ τετάρτῃ
αὐτὸς ἐγὼ στεφανηδὸν ὅλον πόλον ἄρμασι τέμνω
235 οὐρανίων Ἑλίκων πολυκαμπέα κύκλα διώκων,
μέτρα χρόνου πισύρησι φέρων κυκλοῦμενος Ὠραῖς,
τὴν αὐτὴν περὶ νύσαν, ἕως ὅλον οἶκον ὀδεύσω,
πλήσας ἡθάδα μῆνα τελεσφόρον· οὐδὲ πορείην
καλλείψας ἀτέλεστον ὀπίστερον οἶμον ἀμείβω,
240 οὐδὲ πάλιν προκέλευθον, ἐπεὶ πολυκαμπέες ἄλλοι
ἀστέρες ἀντιθέοντες ἀεὶ στείχουσιν ἀλῆται,
ἅψ δ' ἀνασειράζοντες ἅμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω
ἡμιτελῇ μεθέπουσι παλὶλλυτα μέτρα κελεύθου,
δέγμενοι ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐμὴν ἐτερόσσυτον αἶγλην·
245 οἷς ἐνι λευκαίνουσα πόλον κερόεσσα Σελήνη
κύκλον ὅλον πλήσασα σοφῷ πυρὶ μῆνα λοχεύει,
μεσσοφανῆς, ἐπικυρτος, ὅλῳ πλήθουσα προσώπῳ·
Μῆνη δ' ἀντικέλευθος ἐγὼ σφαιρηδὸν ἐλίσσων
μαρμαρυγὴν θρέπτειραν ἀμαλλοτόκου τοκετοῖο
250 Ζῶδιακὴν περὶ νύσαν ἀτέρμονα κύκλον ὀδεύω,
τίκτων μέτρα χρόνοιο, καὶ οἴκοθεν οἶκον ἀμείβων
καὶ τελέσας ἕνα κύκλον ὅλον λυκάβαντα κομίζω.
ἄκρα δὲ συνδέσμοιο φυλάσσεο, μὴ σχεδὸν ἔρπων,
ἄρμασιν ὑμετέροις ζοφοειδέα κῶνον ἐλίξας,
255 φέγγος ὅλον κλέψειεν ἐπισκιάων σέο δίφρῳ·
μηδὲ παριππεύσειας ἐθήμονος ἄντυγα κύκλου·
μηδὲ τανυπλέκτων ἑλίκων πολυκαμπέι δεσμῷ,
πέντε παραλλήλων δεδοκημένος ἄντυγα κύκλων,

οἷστρον ἔχοις, καὶ νύσσαν ὁμήθεα πατρὸς ἑάσης,
260 μὴ σε παραπλάγξειαν ἐν αἰθέρι φοιτάδες ἵπποι:
μηδὲ διοπτέων δυοκαίδεκα κύκλα πορείης
ἐκ δόμου εἰς δόμον ἄλλον ἐπείγεις: καὶ σέο δίφρῳ
κριὸν ἐφιππεύων μὴ δίξω Ταῦρον ἐλαύνειν:
γείτονα μὴ μάστευε προάγγελον ἱστοβοῆος
265 σκορπίον ἀστερόφοιτον ὑπὸ Ζυγὸν ἡνιοχεύων,
εἰ μὴ ἀναπλήσειας ἐείκοσι καὶ δέκα μοίρας.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν κλύε μῦθον: ἐγὼ δὲ σε πάντα διδάξω.
κέντρον ὅλου κόσμοιο, μεσόμφαλον ἄστρον Ὀλύμπου,
κριὸν ἐγὼ μεθέπων ὑψούμενος εἶαρ ἀέξω,
270 καὶ τροπικὴν Ζεφύροιο προάγγελον ἄντυγα βαίνων,
νύκτα ταλαντεύουσαν ἰσόρροπον ἡριγενεΐη,
ἰθύνω δροσόεντα χελιδονίης δρόμον Ὁρης:
κριοῦ δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἐνέρτερον οἶκον ἀμείβων,
χηλαῖς ἐν διδύμησιν ἰσήμερα φέγγεα πέμπων,
275 ἐντύνω παλινόρσος ἰσόζυγον ἥμαρ ὁμίχλη,
καὶ δρόμον εἰνοσίφυλλον ἄγω φθινοπωρίδος Ὁρης,
φέγγει μειοτέρῳ χθαμαλὴν ἐπὶ νύσσαν ἐλαύνων
φυλλοχόῳ ἐνὶ μηνί: καὶ ἀνδράσι χεῖμα κομίζω
ὄμβριον ἰχθυόεντος ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν Αἰγοκερῆος,
280 ἀγρονόμοις ἵνα γαῖα φερέσβια δῶρα λοχεύσῃ,
νυμφίον ὄμβρον ἔχουσα καὶ εἰλείθυιαν ἐέρσην:
καὶ θέρος ἐντύνω σταχυηκόμον ἄγγελον Ὀμπνης,
θερμοτέραις ἀκτῖσι πυρώδεα γαῖαν ἱμάσσω,
ὑψιτενὴς παρὰ νύσσαν ὅτ' εἰς δρόμον ἡνιοχεύω
285 καρκίνον, ἀντικέλευθον ἀθαλπέος Αἰγοκερῆος,
ἀμφοτέρους καὶ Νεῖλον ὁμοῦ καὶ βότρυν ἀέξων.
ἀρχόμενος δὲ δρόμοιο μετέρχεο γείτονα Κέρνην,
Φωσφόρον ἀπλανέος μεθέπων πομπῇα κελεύθου,
ἵπποσύνης προκέλευθον: ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ πορεΐη
290 σὸν δρόμον ἰθύνουσι δυώδεκα κυκλάδες Ὠραι.
ὥς εἰπὼν Φαέθοντος ἐπεστήριξε καρήνῳ
χρυσείην τρυφάλειαν, ἐῷ δὲ μιν ἔστεφε πυρσῶ,
ἐπτατόνους ἀκτῖνας ἐπὶ πλοκάμοισιν ἐλίξας,
κυκλώσας στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἰξυὶ λευκάδα μίτρην:
295 καὶ μιν ἀνεχλαίνωσεν ἐῷ πυρόεντι χιτῶνι,
καὶ πόδα φοινίσσοντι διεσφήκωσε πεδίλῳ.
παιδί δὲ δίφρον ἔδωκε: καὶ ἠώης ἀπὸ φάτνης
ἵππους Ἡελίοιο πυρώδεας ἤγαγον Ὠραι:
καὶ θρασὺς εἰς ζυγὸν ἦλθεν Ἐωσφόρος, ἀμφὶ δὲ φαιδρῷ
300 ἵππον αὐχένα δοῦλον ἐπεκλήσισε λεπάδνῳ.
καὶ Φαέθων ἐπέβαινε: δίδου δὲ οἱ ἡνία πάλλειν,
ἡνία μαρμαίροντα καὶ αἰγλήεσαν ἱμάσθλην

ἥελιος γενέτης· τρομερῇ δ' ἐλελίζετο σιγῇ,
υἷέα γινώσκων μινυώριον· ἔγγυθι δ' ὄχθης
305 ἡμιφανῆς Κλυμένη φλογερῶν ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων
δερκομένη φιλότεκνος ἐπάλλετο χάρματι μήτηρ.
ἦδη δὲ δροσόεις ἀμαρύσσετο Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ,
καὶ Φαέθων ἀνέτελλεν Ἑώιον ἄντυγα βαίνων,
ὔδασι παππῶοισι λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο.
310 καὶ θρασὺς εὐφραέων ἐλατῆρ ὑψιδρομος ἵππων
οὐρανὸν ἐσκοπίαζε χορῶ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρων,
ἐπτὰ περὶ ζῶναις κυκλοῦμενον· εἶδεν ἀλήτας
ἀντιπόρους, καὶ γαῖαν ὁμοίον ἔδρακε κέντρῳ
μεσσοπαγῇ, δολιχῇσιν ἀνυψωθεῖσαν ἐρίπναις,
315 πάντοθι πυργωθεῖσαν ὑπωροφίοισιν ἀήταις·
καὶ ποταμοὺς σκοπίαζε, καὶ ὄφρ' ὕας Ὠκεανοῖο
ἂψ ἀνασειράζοντος ἐὼν ῥόον εἰς ἐὼν ὕδωρ.
ὄφρα μὲν ὄμμα τίτταιεν ἐς αἰθέρα καὶ χύσιν ἄστρων
καὶ χθονὸς αἰόλα φῦλα καὶ ἄστατα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
320 παπταίνων ἐλικηδὸν ἀτέρμονος ἔδρανα κόσμου·
τόφρα δὲ δινηθέντες ὑπὸ ζυγὸν αἰθοπες ἵπποι
ζωδιακοῦ παράμειβον ἐθήμονος ἄντυγα κύκλου.
καὶ Φαέθων ἀδίδακτος, ἔχων πυρόεσσαν ἱμάσθλην,
φαίνεται μαστίζων λόφον ἵππιν· οἱ δὲ μανέντες,
325 κέντρον ὑποπτήσσαντες ἀφειδέος ἠνιοχῆος,
ἀρχαίης ἀέκοντες ὑπὲρ βαλβίδα κελεύθου
ἄξονιν παρὰ νύσσαν ἀλήμονες ἔτρεχον ἵπποι,
δεχνύμενοι κτύπον ἄλλον ἐθήμονος ἠνιοχῆος.
καὶ Νότιον παρὰ τέρμα καὶ ἄρκτια νῶτα Βορῆος
330 ἦν κλόνος. οὐρανίῳ δὲ παριστάμεναι πυλεῶνι
ἄλλοφανὲς νόθον ἦμαρ ἐθάμβεον εὐποδες Ὠραι·
ἔτρεμε δ' ἠριγένεια· καὶ ἴαχε Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ·
'πῇ φέρεαι, φίλε κοῦρε; τί μαίνεαι ἵππον ἐλαύνων;
φείδεο σῆς μαστίγος ἀγήνορος· ἀμφοτέρων δὲ
335 πλαζομένων πεφύλαξο καὶ ἀπλανέων χορὸν ἄστρων,
μὴ θρασὺς Ὠρίων σε κατακτείνειε μαχαίρῃ,
μὴ ῥοπάλῳ πυρόεντι γέρων πλήξειε Βοώτης,
πλαγκτῆς δ' ἵπποσύνης ἔτι φείδεο, μηδὲ σε μακρῶ
γαστέρι τυμβεύσειεν ἐν αἰθέρι Κῆτος Ὀλύμπου·
340 μηδὲ σε δαιτρεύσειε Λέων, ἢ Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου
αὐχένα κυρτώσας φλογερῇ πλήξειε κεραίῃ·
ἄζεο Τοξευτῆρα, τιτανομένης ἀπὸ νευρῆς
μὴ σε πυριγλώχινι κατακτείνειεν ὀιστῶ.
μὴ χάος ἄλλο γένοιτο, καὶ αἰθέρος ἄστρα φανείη
345 ἥματος ἱσταμένοιο, μεσημβρίζοντι δὲ δίφρῳ
ἄστατος ἠριγένεια συναντήσσει Σελήνῃ·'

ὥς φαμένον Φαέθων πλέον ἤλασεν, ἄρμα παρέλκων
εἰς Νότον, εἰς Βορέην, Ζεφύρου σχεδόν, ἐγγύθεν Εὐρου.
καὶ κλόνος αἰθέρος ἦεν, ἀκινήτοιο δὲ κόσμου
350 ἄρμονίην ἐτίναξεν· ἐδοχμώθη δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
αἰθέρι δινήεντι μέσος τετορημένος ἄξων.
καὶ μόγῃς αὐτοέλικτον ἐλαφρίζων πόλον ἄστρον
ὀκλαδὸν ἐστήρικτο Λίβυς κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας,
μειζονα φόρτον ἔχων· καὶ ἰσημερον ἔκτοθεν Ἄρκτου
355 κύκλον ἐπιζῶν ἐλικώδεϊ γαστέρος ὀλκῷ
σύνδρομος ἀστερόεντι Δράκων ἐπεσύρισε Ταύρω,
καὶ Κυνὶ σειριάοντι Λέων βρυχήσατο λαιμῷ,
αἰθέρα θερμαίνων μαλερῷ πυρί, καὶ θρασὺς ἔσθη
καρκίνον ὀκταπόδην κλονέων λασιότριχί παλμῷ·
360 οὐρανίου δὲ Λέοντος ὀπισθιδίῳ παρὰ ταρσῷ
παρθένον ἀγχιέλευθον ἐμάστιε δίψιος οὐρή·
κούρη δὲ πτερόεσσα παραίξασα Βοώτην
ἄξονος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε καὶ ὠμίλησεν Ἀμάξῃ·
καὶ δυτικὴν παρὰ νύσσαν ἀλήμονα φέγγεα πέμπων
365 ἔσπερον ἀντικέλευθον Ἑωσφόρος ὥθεεν ἀστήρ·
πλάζετο δ' ἠριγένεια· καὶ ἠθάδος ἀντὶ Λαγωοῦ
Σείριος αἰθαλόεις ἐδράξατο διψάδος Ἄρκτου·
διχθὰ δὲ καλλεῖψαντες, ὁ μὲν Νότον, ὃς δὲ Βορῆα,
ἰχθύες ἀστερόεντες ἐπεσκίρτησαν Ὀλύμπῳ,
370 γεῖτονες Ὑδροχόοιο· κυβιστητῆρι δὲ παλμῷ
σύνδρομος Αἰγόκερῃος, ἔλιξ ὠρχήσατο Δελφίς·
καὶ Νοτίης ἐλικηδὸν ἀποπλαγχθέντα κελεύθου
σκορπίον ἀγχιέλευθον, ἔῃς ψαύοντα μαχαίρης,
ἔτρεμεν Ὠρίων καὶ ἐν ἄστρασι, μὴ βραδὺς ἔρπων
375 ἄκρα ποδῶν ξύσειε τὸ δεῦτερον ὀξέϊ κέντρῳ·
καὶ σέλας ἡμιτέλεστον ἀποπτύουσα προσώπου
ἀκροκελαινιώσα μεσημβριάς ἄνθορε Μῆνη·
οὐ γὰρ ὑποκλέπτουσα νόthon σέλας ἄρσενι πυρσῷ
ἀντιπόρου Φαέθοντος ἀμέλγετο σύγγονον αἰγλῇν·
380 πληιάδος δὲ φάλαγγος ἔλιξ ἐπτάστερος ἡχῶ
οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνον ἐπέβρεμε κυκλάδι φωνῇ·
καὶ κτύπον αἰθύσοντες ἰσηριθμῶν ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ἀστέρες ἀντιθέοντες ἐβακχεύθησαν ἀλήται·
Ζῆνα μὲν ὥθεε Κύπρις, Ἄρης Κρόνον, εἰαρινῆς δὲ
385 Πλειιάδος ἐγγὺς ἵκανεν ἐμὸς μετανάστιος ἀστήρ,
ἄστρασι δ' ἐπταπόροις κεράσας ἐμφύλιον αἰγλῇν
ἡμιφανῆς ἀνέτελλεν ἐμῇ παρὰ μητέρῃ Μαίῃ,
ἄρματος οὐρανίοιο παράτροπος, ᾧ πέλεν αἰεὶ
σύνδρομος ἢ προκέλευθος ἐώιος, ἔσπεριος δὲ
390 ἡελίου δύνοντος ὀπίστερα φέγγεα πέμπει·

καί μιν, ὅτε δρόμον ἴσον ἔχων ἰσόμοιρος ὁδεύει,
ἥελιου κραδίην ἐπεφήμισαν ἰδμονες ἄστρων:
καὶ δροσεραῖς νιφάδεσσι διάβροχον αὐχένα τεινών
νυμφίος Εὐρώπης μυκήσατο Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,
395 εἰς δρόμον ὀρθώσας πόδα καμπύλον: ὄξυτενὲς δὲ
δοχμώσας Φαέθοντι κέρας λοξοῖο μετώπου
οὐρανήν φλογερῇσιν ἐπέκτυπεν ἄντυγα χηλαῖς:
καὶ θρασὺς ἐκ κολεοῖο παρήγορον αἶθοπι μηρῷ
᾿Ωρίων ξίφος εἶλκε: καλαῦροπα πάλλε Βοώτης:
400 καὶ ποδὸς ἀστραίοιο μετάρσια γούνατα πάλλων
Πήγασος ἐχρεμέτιζε, καὶ αἰθύσων πόλον ὀπλῇ
ἡμιφανῆς Λίβυς ἵππος ἐπέτρεχε γείτονι Κύκνω,
καὶ κοτέων πτερὰ πάλλεν, ὅπως πάλιν ἠνιοχῆα
ἄλλον ἀκοντίσσειεν ἅπ' αἰθέρος, οἷα καὶ αὐτὸν
405 ἄντυγος οὐρανῆς ἀπεσεῖσατο Βελλεροφόντην,
οὐκέτι δ' ὑψιπόροιο Βορειάδος ἐγγῦθι νύσσης
ἀλλήλων ἐχόρευον ἐπ' ἰξὺ κυκλάδες Ἄρκτοι,
ἀλλὰ Νότῳ μίσγοντο, καὶ Ἑσπερίῃ παρὰ λίμνῃ
ἄβροχον ἶχνος ἔλουσαν ἀήθεος Ὠκεανοῖο.
410 Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ Φαέθοντα κατεπρήνιξε κεραυνῷ
ὑπόθεν αὐτοκύλιστον ὑπὲρ ῥόον Ἑριδανοῖο:
δήσας δ' ἁρμονίην παλινάγρετον ἥλικι δεσμῷ
ἵππους Ἑλείῳ πάλιν ὤπασεν, αἰθέριον δὲ
ἀντολίῃ πόρεν ἄρμα, καὶ ἀρχαίῃ παρὰ νύσση
415 ἀμφίπολοι Φαέθοντος ἐπέτρεχον εὐποδες ὦραι.
γαῖα δὲ πᾶσα γέλασσε τὸ δεῦτερον: ἡερόθεν δὲ
ζωοτόκου Διὸς ὄμβρος ὅλας ἐκάθηρεν ἀρούρας,
καὶ διερῇ ῥαθάμιγγι κατέσβεσε πυρσὸν ἀλήτην,
ὅσσον ἐπὶ χθόνα πᾶσαν ἐριφλεγέων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
420 οὐρανόθεν χρεμέθοντες ἀπέπτυνον αἶθοπες ἵπποι.
Ἥελιος δ' ἀνέτελλε παλινδρομον ἄρμα νομεύων:
καὶ σπόρος ἡέξητο, πάλιν δ' ἐγέλασσαν ἁλῳαί.
δεχνύμεναι προτέρην βιοτήσιον αἰθέρος αἴγλην.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ Φαέθοντα κατεστήριξεν Ὀλύμπῳ
425 εἵκελον Ἥνιόχῳ καὶ ἐπώνυμον: οὐράνιον δὲ
πήχεϊ μαρμαίροντι σελασφόρον Ἄρμα τιταίνων
εἰς δρόμον αἰσسونτος ἔχει τύπον Ἥνιοχῆος,
οἷα πάλιν ποθέων καὶ ἐν ἄστρασιν ἄρμα τοκῆος.
καὶ ποταμὸς πυρίκαυτος ἀνήλυθεν εἰς πόλον ἄστρων
430 Ζηνὸς ἐπαινήσαντος, ἐν ἀστερόεντι δὲ κύκλῳ
Ἑριδανοῦ πυρόεντος ἐλίσσεται ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ.
γνωταὶ δ' ὠκυμόροιο δεδουπότος ἠνιοχῆος
εἰς φυτὸν εἶδος ἄμειψαν, ὀδυρομένων δ' ἀπὸ δένδρων
ἀφνειήν πετάλοισι κατασταλάουσιν ἐέρηην.

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἐνάτῳ μετὰ κύματα λεύσσεις
 Δηριάδην φεύγοντα πυριφλεγέων στόλον Ἴνδῶν.
 ὧς εἰπὼν ἀκίχητος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἤλυθεν Ἑρμῆς,
 χάρμα λιπὼν καὶ θαῦμα κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
 ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος ἀκοσμήτων χύσιν ἄστρον
 θάμβεε καὶ Φαέθοντα δεδουπότα, πῶς παρὰ Κελτοῦς
 5 Ἑσπερίῳ πυρίκαυτος ἐπωλίσθησε ῥεέθρῳ,
 τόφρα δὲ νῆες ἵκανον ἐπήλυδες, αἷς ἐνὶ πόντῳ
 στοιχάδας ἰθύνοντες ἐς Ἄρεα ναύμαχον Ἴνδῶν
 ἀκλύστῳ Ῥαδαμᾶνες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσση,
 πόντον ἀμοιβαίησιν ἐπιρρήσσοντες ἐρωαῖς
 10 ὑαμίνης ἐλατῆρες· ἐπειγομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
 ὀλκάσιν ἀντιτύποις ἐπεσύρισε πομπὸς ἀήτης.
 καὶ Λύκος ἡγεμόνευεν ἐν ὕδασι δίφρον ἐλαύνων,
 ἱππείαις ἀχάρακτον ἐπιξύνων ῥόον ὀρλαῖς.
 Δηριάδης δ' ἀπέλεθρος ὑπέρτερος ὑψόθι πύργῳ
 15 ἐσσυμένων νεφεληδὸν ἐδέρκετο λαίφεα νηῶν
 ὀφθαλμῷ κοτέοντι, καὶ ὧς ὑπέροπλος ἀκούων,
 ἐγρεμόθους ὅτι νῆας Ἄραψ τορνώσατο τέκτων,
 ὦμοσεν ὑλοτόμοισιν ἄγειν Ἀράβεσσιν Ἐνυῶ,
 καὶ πόλιν ἠπειλήσεν αἰστώσαι Λυκοόργου,
 20 ἀμήσας Ῥαδαμᾶνας ἀλαιντῆρι σιδήρῳ.
 καὶ στόλον ἀθπήσαντες ἀταρβέες ἔτρεμον Ἴνδοί,
 Ἄρεα παπταίνοντες ἀλίκτυπον, ἄχρι καὶ αὐτοῦ
 γούνατα τολμήεντος ἐλύετο Δηριαδῆος·
 ποιητῷ δὲ γέλωτι γαληναίοιο προσώπου
 25 Ἴνδος ἄναξ ἐκέλευσε τριηκοσίων ἀπὸ νήσων
 ἧς ἐλεφαντοβότοιο παρὰ σφυρὰ δύσβατα γαίης
 λαὸν ἄγειν· καὶ κραιπνὸς ἐς ἀτραπὸν ἦε κῆρυξ,
 ποσοὶ πολυγνάμπτοισιν ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰς χθόνα βαίνων
 καὶ στόλος ὅξυς ἵκανε πολυσπερέων ἀπὸ νήσων
 30 κεκλομένου βασιλῆος· ὁ δὲ θρασὺς αὐχένα τείνων,
 ὀλκάδας εὐπήληκας ἐς Ἄρεα πόντιον ἔλκων,
 λαὸν ὅλον θάρσυνε, καὶ ὑψινὼ φάτο φωνῇ·
 ‘ Ἄνερες, οὗς ἀτίταλλεν ἐμὸς μενέχαρμος Ὑδάσπης,
 ἄρτι πάλιν μάρνασθε πεποιθότες· αἰθόμενον δὲ
 35 ἄξατε πῦρ ἐς Ἄρηα, καὶ ἄσπετον ἄψατε πεύκην,
 νῆας ἵνα φλέξοιμι νεήλυδας αἰθιοπὶ δαλῷ,
 καὶ στρατὸν ὑγροκέλευθον ἐνικρύψοιμι θαλάσση
 σὺν δορί, σὺν θώρηκι, σὺν ὀλκάσι, σὺν Διονύσῳ.
 εἰ θεὸς ἔπλετο Βάκχος, ἐμῷ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὀλέσσω·

40 οὐχ ἄλις, ὥς προχοῇσι πολύτροπα φάρμακα πάσσων
ἀνθεσι Θεσσαλικοῖσιν ἐμόν φοίνιξεν Ὑδάσπην,
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν σίγησα, καὶ ἥσυχος εἰσέτι λεύσσειν
ἔτλην ξανθὰ ῥέεθρα μαινομένου ποταμοῖο;
εἰ γὰρ ἔην ῥόος οὗτος ἀπ' ἄλλοτρίου ποταμοῖο,
45 μηδὲ πατὴρ ἐμὸς ἦεν Ἀρήιος Ἰνδὸς Ὑδάσπης,
καὶ κεν ἐγὼ τόδε χεῦμα χυτῆς ἔπλησα κονίης
ὁδμήν βοτρυόεσσαν ἀμαλδύνων Διονύσου,
καὶ προχοὴν μεθύουσαν ἐμοῦ γενετῆρος ὀδεύων
ποσσὶ κονιομένοισι διέτρεχον ἄβροχον ὕδωρ,
50 οἷα παρ' Ἀργείοισι φατίζεται, ὥς ἐνοσίχθων
ξηρὸν ὕδωρ ποίησε, καὶ αὐσταλέου ποταμοῖο
Ἰναχίην Ἰππείος ὄνυξ ἐχάραξε κονίην.
οὐ θεός, οὐ θεὸς οὗτος· ἐὴν δ' ἐφεύσατο φύτλην:
ποίην γὰρ Κρονίωνος Ὀλύμπιον αἰγίδα πάλλει;
55 ποῖον ἔχει σπινθῆρα Διοβλήτοιο κεραυνοῦ;
ποίην δ' οὐρανίην στεροπὴν γενετῆρος ἀίρει;
οὐ Κρονίδης κατ' Ἄρηα κορύσσεται οἴνοπι κισσῷ:
οὐ τυπάνων πατάγοισι μέλος βρονταῖον εἴσκω,
οὐδὲ Διὸς σκηπτοῖσιν ὁμοῖα θύρσα καλέσσω,
60 οὐ χθονίῳ θώρηκι Διὸς νέφος ἴσον ἐνίψω:
νεβρίδι δαιδαλέῃ πότε ποικίλον ἄστρον εἴσκω;
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι βότρυν ἐδέξατο καὶ χύσιν οἶνου
δῶρα παρὰ Κρονίωνος ἀεξιφύτοιο τοκῆος:
Τρώιον αἶμα φέροντι καὶ ἀγρονόμῳ τινὶ βούτῃ
65 Ζεὺς πόρεν οἶνοχόῳ Γανυμήδεϊ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου,
νέκταρι δ' οὐ πέλεν οἶνος ὁμοῖος· εἴξατε, θύρσοι.
Βάκχος ὁμοῦ Σατύροισιν ἐπὶ χθονὸς εἰλαπινάξει:
δαίνυνται οὐρανίοισι σὺν ἀθανάτοισι Γανυμήδης.
εἰ δὲ πέλε βροτὸς οὗτος ἐπουρανίοιο τοκῆος,
70 σὺν Διὶ καὶ μακάρεσσι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης.
ἔκλυον, ὥς ποτε θῶκον ἐδὸν καὶ σκῆπτρον Ὀλύμπου
δῶκε γέρας Ζαγρῇ παλαιοτέρῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἀστεροπὴν Ζαγρῇ καὶ ἄμπελον οἶνοπι Βάκχῳ.
εἶπε καὶ εἰς μόθον ὦρτο· συνερρώοντο δὲ λαοὶ
75 σὺν δορί, σὺν σακέεσσι, καὶ ὄψιμον ἐλπίδα νίκης
χερσαίου πολέμοιο μετεστήσαντο θαλάσση.
καὶ προμάχοις Διόνυσος ἐκέκλετο θυιάδι φωνῇ:
' Ἄρεος ἄλκιμα τέκνα καὶ εὐθώρηκος Ἀθήνης,
οἷς βίος ἔργα μόθοιο καὶ ἐλπίδες εἰσὶν ἀγῶνες,
80 σπεύσατε καὶ κατὰ πόντον ἀιστῶσαι γένος Ἰνδῶν,
εἰναλίην τελέσαντες ἐπιχθονίην μετὰ νίκην.
ἀλλὰ θαλασσαιόιο διάκτορα δηιοτῆτος,
ἔγχεα διπλώσαντες ὁμόπλοκα δίζυγ, δεσμῷ

ναύμαχα κολλήεντα, περί στοῖμα εἰμένα χαλκῶ,
85 μίξατε δυσμενέεσσιν ἀλιπτοίητον Ἐνυῶ,
προφθάμενοι, μὴ χειρὶ πυραυγέα δαλὸν αἰρων
Δηριάδης φλέξειεν Ἀρήια δούρατα νηῶν.
νόσφι φόβου μάρνασθε, Μιμαλλόνες: ὕδρομόθων γὰρ
ἐλπιδες ἀντιβίων κενεαυχέες: εἰ δέ μογήσας
90 φύλοπιν οὐκ ἐτέλεσσεν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὄρχαμος Ἰνδῶν,
ἡλιβάτων λοφιῇσιν ἐφεδρήσων ἐλεφάντων,
ἀγχινεφής, ἀκίχητος, ἀωούτατος, ἥερι γείτων,
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ προμάχων ποτὲ δεύομαι, οὐδὲ καλέσσω
ἄλλον ἀοσσητῆρα μετὰ Κρονίωνα τοκῆα,
95 ἥνιοχον πόντοιο καὶ αἰθέρος: ἦν δ' ἐθέλῃσω,
γνωτὸν ἔμοῦ Κρονίδαο Ποσειδάωνα κορύσσω
Ἰνδῶν στίχα πᾶσαν ἀμαλδύνοντα τριαινῆ:
καὶ πρόμον εὐρυγένειον, ἀπόσπορον ἐννοσιγαίου,
Γλαῦκον ἔχω συνάεθλον, ἐμῆς ἄτε γείτονα Θήβης,
100 πόντιον Ἀονίης Ἀνθηδόνης ἀστὸν ἀρούρης:
Γλαῦκον ἔχω καὶ Φόρκυν: ἱμασσομένην δὲ θαλάσση
ὀλκάδα Δηριάδαο κατακρύψει Μελικίρτης,
κυδαίνων Διόνυσον ὁμόγνιον, οὗ ποτε μήτηρ
νήπιον ἔτρεφε Βάκχον, ἐπεὶ πόρε ποντιὰς Ἰνῶ
105 ἔν γλᾶγος ἀμφοτέροισι, Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ:
μαντιπόλου δὲ γέροντος, ὃς ἡμετέρεν ποτὲ νίκην
ἔσσομένην κατὰ πόντον ὑποβρυχίῃ φάτο φωνῇ,
εἰμὶ φίλος Πρωτῆος: ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ κορύσσει
θυγατέρας Νηρηῖος ἐμὴ Θέτις, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
110 Βασσαρίδων συνάεθλος ἐμὴ θωρήσεται Ἰνῶ:
θωρήξω δ' ἐς Ἄρηα καὶ Αἰόλον, ὄφρα νοήσω
εὖρον ἀκοντίζοντα καὶ αἰχμάζοντα Βορῆα,
γαμβρὸν ἔμοῦ προμάχου, Μαραθωνίδος ἄρπαγα νύμφης,
καὶ Νότον Αἰθιοπῆα προασπιστῆρα Λυαίου:
115 καὶ Ζέφυρος πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀελλήεντι κυδοιμῷ
ὀλκάδας ἀντιβίων δηλήσεται: ἡμετέρου γὰρ
εὐνέτιν Ἴριν ἔχει Διὸς ἄγγελον. ἀλλὰ σιωπῇ
ἔκτοθεν εὐθύρσοιο καὶ Ἰνδῶοιο κυδοιμοῦ
μιμνέτω ἡρεμέων θραχὺς Αἰόλος, ἡθάδι δεσμῷ
120 ἀσκὸν ἐπισφίγξας ἀνεμώδεα, μηδ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
ἄσθμασιν Ἰνσοφόνοισιν ἀριστεύσωαين ἀῖται:
ἀλλὰ μόθον τελέσω νηοφθόρα θύρσα τιταίνων.
ὥς εἰπὼν ἐκόρυσσε πεποιθότας ἡγεμονῆας.
ἦση δὲ πτολέμοιο προάγγελος Ἰστατο σάλπιγξ,
125 καὶ μέλος ἐγρεκύνδοιμον ἀνέκλαγον Ἄρεος αὐλοὶ
λαδὸν ἀολλίζοντες, ἀρασσομένη δὲ βοεῖη
εἰναλίου κελάδησε μόθου χαλκόκροτον ἡχώ,

καὶ καναχὴν ὁμόδουπον ἀγέστρατος ἴαχε σύριγξ·
ἀντὶ δὲ πετραίης πολεμῆια λείψανα φωνῆς
¹³⁰ Πανιδὰς ὑστερόφωνας ἀμείβετο ποντιὰς Ἠχώ.
τοῖσι δὲ μαρναμένοισιν ἔην κλόνος, ὥρτο δ' ἰώῃ
κεκλωμένων· καὶ λαὸς ἐθήμονι μάρνατο τέχνη
κυκλώσας στεφανηδὸν ὅλον στρατόν, ἐν δ' ἄρα μέσσω
νηυσὶν ὁμοζυλέεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη στόλος Ἴνδῶν
¹³⁵ εἰς λῖνον ἐργομένων νεπόδων τύπον· Αἰακιδαις δὲ
Αἰακὸς ὕγρὸν Ἄρηα προθεσπιζων Σαλαμῖνος
ἀρχόμενος πολέμοιο θεουδέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
'Εἰ πάρος ἡμετέρην αἰὼν ἵκετήσιον ἦχώ
ἄσπορον εὐρυάλωος ἀπήλασας αὐχμὸν ἀρούρης,
¹⁴⁰ διψαλέην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγων βιοτήσιον ὕδωρ,
δὸς πάλιν ὀψιτέλεστον ἴσῃν χάριν, ὑέτιε Ζεῦ,
ὔδατι κυδαίνων με καὶ ἐνθάδε· καὶ τις ἐνὶ ψῇ
νίκην ἡμετέρην δεδοκημένος· 'ὥς ἐνὶ γαίῃ
Ζεὺς ἐὼν υἷα γέραιρε, καὶ ἐν πελάγεσσι γεραίρει.'
¹⁴⁵ ἄλλος ἀνὴρ λέξειεν Ἀχαικός· 'εἰν ἐνὶ θεσμῷ
Αἰακὸς Ἴνδοφόνος φυσίζοος· ἀμφότερον γάρ,
κείρων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα καὶ αὐλακι καρπὸν ὀπάσσας
χάρμα πόρεν Δήμητρι καὶ εὐφροσύνην Διονύσῳ.'
ῥῦεο δ' ἡμετέρης πλόον ὀλκάδος· αὐσταλέω δὲ
¹⁵⁰ ὥς χθονίῳ κενεῶν φερέσβιον ἦγαγον ὕδωρ,
καὶ βυθίων λαγόνων θανατηφόρον οἶδμα καρύσσω
μαρνάμενον στρατιῇσι καὶ ὀλκάσι Δηριαδῆος.
ἀλλὰ, πάτερ, σκηπτοῦχε βίου, σκηπτοῦχε κυδοιμοῦ,
πέμπε μοι αἰετὸν ὄρνιν ἐμῆς κήρυκα γενέθλης
¹⁵⁵ δεξιτερὸν προμάχοισι καὶ ὕμετέρῳ Διονύσῳ·
ἄλλος δ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἀριστερὸς ὄρνις ἰκέσθω·
σύμβολα δ' ἀμφοτέροις ἐτερότροπα ταῦτα γενέσθω·
τὸν μὲν ἐσαθρήσω πεφορημένον ἄρπαγι ταρσῷ
θηγαλέων ὀνύχων κεχαραγμένον ὅξει κέντρῳ
¹⁶⁰ νεκρὸν ὄφιν περιμέτρον ἀεράζοντα κεράστην,
δυσμενέος κερόεντος ἀπαγγέλλοντα τελευτήν·
λαῷ δ' ἀντιβίων ἕτερος μελανόχροος ἔλθῃ
κυανέαις πτερύγεσσι προθεσπιζων φόνον Ἴνδῶν,
αὐτομάτου θανάτοιο μέλαν τύπον· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
¹⁶⁵ βρονταιοῖς πατάγοισιν ἐμὴν μαντεύεο νίκην,
καὶ στεροπὴν Βρομίοιο λεχώια φέγγεα πέμπων
υἷέα σείο γέραιρε πάλιν πυρί, δυσμενέων δὲ
ὀλκάδας εὐπῆληκας ὀιστεύσωσι κεραυνοί.
ναί, πάτερ, Αἰγίνης μιμνήσκειο, μὴ σέο νύμφης
¹⁷⁰ νυμφίον αἰσχύνειας ὁμόπτερον ὄρνιν Ἐρώτων.'
ὥς εἰπὼν πολέμιζεν, ἐς ἡερίας δὲ κελεύθους

ὄμμα παλιννόστοιο βαλὼν ἀντῶπιον Ἄρκτου
 γαμβρὸν ἐδὼν λιτάνενε καὶ ἴαχε μῦθον Ἐρεχθεύς·
 Ἐταμβρὸς ἐμὸς Βορέης, θωρήσσεο, καὶ σέο νύμφης
 175 μαρναμένῳ γενετῇρι βοηθόον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
 ἔδνα τεοῦ θαλάμοιο θαλασσαιὴν πόρε νίκην·
 ὀλκάσι μὲν Βρομίῳ φέρων νηοσσόον αὖρην
 δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροισιν, Ἐρεχθεὶ καὶ Διονύσῳ·
 νηυσὶ δὲ Δηριάδαο μεμνηνότα πόντον ἱμάσσων
 180 ἄσθματι κυματόεντι τεὰς θώρηξον ἀέλλας —
 ἐσοὶ γὰρ ὑσμίνης ἐμπείραμος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
 Θρήκην ναιετάεις, ἐμπείραμος, οἷά περ Ἄρης —
 ἀντιβίων δὲ φάλαγγι δυσήνεμον ἄσθμα κομίζων
 ἔγχεϊ παχυήντι κορύσσεο Δηριάδῃ·
 185 στήσας δ' ἄωτιβίοισι θυελλήεσσαν Ἐνυὼ
 δυσμενέας τόξευε χαλαζήεντι βελέμνῳ,
 καὶ Διὶ προτὰ φέρων καὶ Παλλάδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
 μνώεο Κεκροπίης εὐπαρθένου, ἦχι γυναιῖκες
 κερκίδι ποικίλλουσι τεῶν ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων·
 190 Ἴλισσὸν δὲ γέραιρε γαμοστόλον, ὀππόθι κούρην
 Ἀτθίδα δὴν παράκοιτιν ἀνήρπασαν ἄρπαγες αὖραι
 ἐξομένην ἀτίνακτον ἀκινήτῳ σέθεν ὦμῳ.
 οἶδα μὲν, ὥς συνάεθλος ἐλεύσεται ἄλλος ἀήτης
 γείτων ἀντιβίοισιν Ἐώιος· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
 195 οὐ τρομέω θρασὺν Εὐρόν, ὅτι πετρόντες ἀῖται
 πάντες, ὅσοι πνεύουσιν, ὀπάονές εἰσι Βορῆος·
 καὶ πρόμος Αἰθιοπῶν Νοτὶν ἐπὶ πέζαν ἀρούρης
 μηκέτι νοστήσειε Κορύμβασος, ἀλλὰ δαμειή
 θερμὸν ἔχων συνάεθλον ἐδὼν Νότον Αἰθιοπῆα,
 200 ψυχρὸν ὑπὲρ πόντοιο πῶν θανατηφόρον ὕδωρ·
 οὐκ ἀλέγω Ζεφύροιο, κορυσσομένιο Βορῆος.
 δεῖξον ὁμοφροσύνην ἐκυρῶ σέθεν· οὐρανόθεν δὲ
 σὺν σοὶ Βακχιάδεσσιν ἐμαῖς στρατιῇσιν ἀρήξει
 μαρνάμενος τριόδοντι Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀθήνῃ,
 205 ἢ μὲν ἐοῖς ναέτησιν, ὃ δὲ γνωτοῖο γενέθλι·
 καὶ πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος Ἐρεχθεὸς αἶμα γεραίρων
 ἵξεται εὐάντητος ἐς ὕδατόεσσαν Ἐνυώ,
 ὀλκάσι Δηριάδαο μαχήμονα πυρσὸν ἐλίσσων.
 δὸς δέ με νικῆσαι καὶ ἐν ὕδασι, καὶ μετὰ νίκην
 210 Κεκροπίῃ κομίσειεν ἀπήμονα λαὸν Ἐρεχθεύς,
 καὶ Βορέην μέλψωσι καὶ Ὠρεῖθυιαν Ἀθῆναι.
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόων ἀλιδίνεος ἤψατο χάρμης
 ἔγχεϊ τεχνήεντι, καὶ ὥς ναέτης Μαραθῶνος
 ναύμαχου εἶχεν ἔρωτα· φιληρέτμῳ δὲ κυδοιμῶ
 215 εὐστολος ἦεν Ἄρης τότε ναυτίλος, ἐν παλάμῃ δὲ

πηδάλιον Φόβος εἶχε, κυβερνήτης δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
 Δεῖμος ἀκοντοφόρων ἀνελύσατο πείσματα νηῶν.
 Κυκλώπων δὲ φάλαγγες ἑωαυτίλλοντο θαλάσση
 ὀλκάδας ἀγχιάλοισιν ὀιστεῦντες ἐρίπναις:
 220 Εὐρύαλος δ' ἀλάλαζεν, ἀλirroίζω δὲ κυδοιμῷ
 ἀγχινεφῆς οἴστρησεν ἐς ὑσμίνην Ἀλιμήδης.
 καὶ διδύμαις στρατιῇσιν ἐπέκτυπε πόντιος Ἄρης
 χερσαίην μετὰ δῆριν, ἀλirroίζω δ' ἀλαλητῷ
 ὀλκάσι Βακχείησιν ἐπέρρεον ὀλκάδες Ἰνδῶν:
 225 καὶ φόνος ἦν ἐκάτερθε, καὶ ἔζεε κύματα λύθρῳ,
 καὶ πολὺς ἀμφοτέρων στρατὸς ἦριπεν: ἀρτιχῶτῳ δὲ
 αἷματι κυανέης ἐρυθαίνεται νῶτα θαλάσσης.
 πολλοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χυτῷ πίπτοντες ὀλέθρῳ
 οἶδαλέοι πλωτῆρες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσση:
 230 καὶ ῥοθίοις ἐλικηδὸν ἔχων πορθμῆας ἀήτας
 σύρετο νεκρὸς ὄμιλος ἀφειδέι σύνδρομος αὖρη:
 πολλοὶ δ' αὐτοκύλιστον ὑπὸ στροδάλιγγα κυδοιμοῦ
 εἰς ῥόον ὠλίσθησαν, ἀναγκαίῃ δὲ πίνοντες
 πικρὸν ὕδωρ ἐνόησαν ὑποβρυχίης λῖνα Μοίρης,
 235 βριθόμενοι θώρηκι: καὶ οἶδαλέων μέλαν ὕδωρ
 κυανέων ἐκάλυπτεν ὁμόχροα σώματα νεκρῶν
 βένθεϊ φυκίοεντι, σὺν ὕγροπόρῳ δὲ φορῇ
 χάλκεος ἰλυόεντι χιτῶν ἐκαλύπτετο πηλῷ:
 καὶ τάφος ἔπλετο πόντος. ἐτυμβεύοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
 240 κητείοις γενύεσσιν, ἐν ἰχθυόεντι δὲ λαიმῷ
 ἄπνοον αἰθύσσουσα νέκυν τυμβεύσατο φώκη,
 ξανθὸν ἐρευγομένη ῥόον αἵματος. ὀλλυμένων δὲ
 τεύχεα πόντος ἔσεκτο, νεοσφαγέος δὲ φορῆος
 αὐτομάτη λοφόμεσσα δι' ὕδατος ἔπλεε πῆληξ
 245 δεσμοῦ λυομένοιο, θυελλήεντι δὲ πολλῇς
 χεύματι φοιταλέης ἐπενήχετο κύκλα βοείης
 σὺν διερῷ τελαμῶνι. πολὺς δ' ὑπὸ κύμασιν ἄκροις
 ἀφρὸς ἐρευθιῶων πολιῆς ἀνεκῆκιν ἄλμης
 αἵμαλέῳ πάνλευκον ὑποσιτίξας χύσιν ὀλκῷ.
 250 καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐφοινίχθη Μελικέρτης:
 Λευκοθέη δ' ὀλόλυξε, τιθηνήτειρα Λυαῖον,
 αὐχένα γαῦρον ἔχουσα, καὶ Ἰνδοφόνου περὶ νίκης
 ἄνθεϊ φυκίοεντι κόμην ἐστέψατο Νύμφη:
 καὶ Θέτις ἀκρήδεμνος ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης
 255 χεῖρας ἐρεισαμένη καὶ Δωρίδι καὶ Πανοπείῃ
 ἄσμενον ὄμμα τίταινεν ἐπ' εὐθύρῳ Διονύσῳ.
 καὶ βυθίῃ Γαλάτεια θαλασσαιῶν διὰ κόλπου
 ἡμιφανῆς πεφόρητο διαξύουσα γαλήνην,
 καὶ φονίου Κύκλωπος ἀλιπτοίητον Ἐνυῶ

260 δερκομένη δεδόνητο, φόβῳ δ' ἤμειψε παρειάς·
ἔλπετο γὰρ Πολύφημον ἰδεῖν κατὰ φύλοπιν Ἴνδῶν
ἄντια Δηριάδαο συναιχμαζόντα Λυαίῳ·
ταρβαλή δ' ἰκέτευε θαλασσαῖην Ἀφροδίτην
υἷα Ποσειδάωνος ἀριστεύοντα σαῶσαι,
265 καὶ γενέτην φιλότεκνον ἐφ' υἱέι κυανοχαίτην
μαρναμένου λιτάνευε προασπίζειν Πολυφήμου.
καὶ βυθίου τριόδοντος ἐκυκλώσαντο φορῆα
θυγατέρες Νηρῆος· ἐρειδόμενος δὲ τριαίνῃ
πόντιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἐδέρκετο γείτονα χάρμην,
270 καὶ στρατὸν εὐθώρηκος ὀπιτεύων Διονύσου,
ζηλήμων ὀρώων ἐτέρου Κύκλωπος Ἐνυῶ,
ὕγρομόθῳ Βρομίῳ πολυμεμφέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
Ἐῖς ἐνοπήν, φίλε Βάκχε, τόσους Κύκλωπας ἀγείρων,
καλλείφας δ' ἓνα μοῦνον ἀπόπροθι δηιοτῆτος,
275 εἰς χρόνον ἑπταέτηρον ἔχεις πολύκυκλον ἀγῶνα,
βόσκων ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἀτέρμονος ἐλπίδα χάρμης,
ὅττι τεοῦ μέγαλοιο προασπιστῆρες ἀγῶνος
πάντες ἐνὸς χατέουσιν ἀνικῆτου Πολυφήμου·
εἰ δὲ τεῖην ἐπὶ δῆριν ἐμὸς πάϊς ἵκετο Κύκλωψ,
πατρῶην δ' ἐλέλιζεν ἐμῆς γλωχίνα τριαίνης,
280 καὶ κεν ὑπὲρ πεδίοιο συναιχμαζών Διονύσῳ
στήθεα βουκεράοιο διέθλασε Δηριαδῆος,
καὶ πολὺν αἰνὸν ὄμιλον ἐμῷ τριόδοντι δαΐζων
εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν ὅλον γένος ἔκτανεν Ἴνδῶν.
285 υἱὸς ἐμὸς πάλαι ἄλλος ἔχων ἑκατοντάδα χειρῶν
Τιτῆων ὀλετῆρι τεῷ χραίσμησε τοκῇ,
Αἰγαίων πολὺπηχυς, ὅτε Κρόνον εἰς φόβον ἔλκων
ἡλιβάτων ἐτίταινε πολυσπερὲς ἔθνος ἀγοστῶν,
ἥελιον σκιόωσαν ἔχων ὑψαύχενα χαίτην,
290 καὶ βλοσυροὶ Τιτῆνες ἐνοσφίσθησαν Ὀλύμπου
εὐπαλάμου Βριαρῆος ὑποπτήσσοντες Ἐνυῶ.
τοῖον ἔπος φθονέων νεμεσήμονι πέφραδε φωνῇ.
αἰδομένη δὲ Θόωσα κατηφέας εἶχε παρειάς,
Ἄρεϊ μὴ παρεόντος ἐρωμανέος Πολυφήμου.
295 ὥς δὲ πόνου τέλος ἦεν ἐριφλοίσβοιο κυδοιμοῦ,
ἡθάδα πόντον ὄπωπε κατάρρυτον αἵματι Νηρεῦς·
ξανθῆς δ' ἐννοσίγαιος ἐθάμβεε νῶτα θαλάσσης,
ἰχθύας ἀνδροφάγους ὀρώων καὶ πληθύι νεκρῶν
γείτονος ἄβροχα νῶτα γεφυρωθέντα θαλάσσης...
300 Βακχιάδες τε φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον αἵθοπι λαῶ.
κεῖτο δὲ δυσμενέων στρατὸς ἄσπετος, ὦν ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
βαλλομένων ξιφέεσσι καὶ ὀξυτόροισιν ὀιστοῖς.
τοῦ μὲν ὑπὲρ λαπάρην βέλος ἔμπεσε, τοῦ δὲ τυπέντος

ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ μεσάτης ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα κόρσης
305 ὠτειλὴ βεβάθυστο χαρασσομένοιο καρήνου.
πολλοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πολυσπερέων ἐλατήρων
πόντον ἀμοιβαίοισιν ἀνασχίζοντες ἔρετμοῖς
κυανέην λεύκαινον ἐπασσυτέρην χύσιν ἀφρῶ,
καὶ πόνος ἦν ἀνόνητος ἐπειγομένων ἐλατήρων,
310 συμφερτοὺς δὲ κάλως ἀοσσητῆρι σιδήρῳ
ἰθυντὴρ ἀπέκοψε καὶ ἔσχισεν ἄορι σειρήν.
Ἀμφοτέρης δὲ φάλαγγος ἐν ἡέρι ρόϊζον ἰάλλων
ἔρρεεν ἀπλανέων δολιχόσκιος ὄμβρος ὀιστῶν:
ὦν ὁ μὲν ἰστὸν ἔβαλλε μεσαίτατον, ὃς δὲ περήσας
315 ἰστίον εὐδίνητον ἐβόμβεε σὺνδρομος αὖραις,
ἄλλος ἔην προτόνοισι πεπαρμένος, ὃς δὲ μεσόδημη
κεῖτο πεσών, ἕτερος δὲ δι' ἡέρος ἰὸς ἀλήτης
ἀκροτάτης ἐτύχησεν ἀερσιλόφοιο κεραίης,
σέλμασι δ' ἄλλος ἔην τετανυσμένος: ἀγχιφανῆ δὲ
320 ἄλλα κυβερνητῆρος ἀποπλαγχθέντα κελεύθου
ἄστατα πηδαλίοιο διέξεσεν ἄκρα κορύμβου:
καὶ Φλόγιος κλυτότοξος ὑπηνέμιον βέλος ἔλκων
ἵκρια νηὸς ἔβαλλε καὶ οὐκ ἐτύχησε Λυαίου.
ἦν δ' ἐσιδεῖν κατὰ πόντον ἐύπτερον ἰὸν ἀλήτηι
325 πουλύποδος σκολιοῖο περιπλεχθέντα κορύμβοις:
ἄλλου δ' ἡμβροτεν ἄλλος: Ἐρυθραίῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
πομπίλον ἄλλος ἔτυψε καταιχμάζων Διονύσου:
ἔγχεϊ δ' ἡκόντιζε Κορύμβασος, ὄφρα τυχήσῃ
ὀλκαίης Σατύροιο, παραΐξασα δὲ λόγχῃ
330 ἰχθύος ὕγροπόροιο κατέγραφε διζυγον οὐρήν
θηγαλέῃ γλωχίνι: τιτυσκόμενος δὲ σιδήρῳ
εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου
Δηριάδης δόρυ πέμπεν, ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα δὲ Βάκχου
εἰς ῥαχίην δελφίνος ἐποίπνυε λοίγιος αἰχμή,
335 κυρτὸς ὅπῃ λοφιῇσι συνάπτεται ἰχθύος αὐχὴν,
δελφίς δ' αὐτοέλικτος ἐθήμονι κυκλάδι νύσση
ἡμιθανὴς σκίρτησε χορίτιδος ἄλματι Μοίρης:
πολλοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κυβιστητῆρες ὀλέθρου
ἰχθύες ὠρχήσαντο χαρασσομένων ἀπὸ νώτων.
340 καὶ Στερόπης προμάχιζεν: ἀερσιπόδης δ' Ἀλιμήδης
χειρὶ λαβὼν πρηῶνα θαλασσοτόκοιο κολώνης
ῥῖψεν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν: ἔδυνε δὲ φοιταλέῃ νηΐς
τρηχαλέου βληθεῖσα λίθου τροχοειδέϊ κύκλῳ.
καὶ τις ἀκοντισθεῖσα δι' ὀλκάδος ὀλκάδι γείτων
345 ἀμφοτέρας ἔξευξεν ἀλίδρομος ἔγχεος αἰχμή,
νῆας ἐπισφιγξασα δὺω ξυνήονι δεσμῷ
στεινομένων νεφεληδόν: ἔην δ' ἑτερόκτυπος ἡχώ.

καὶ στόλος ἀμφοτέρων τετράζυγον εἶχεν Ἐνυώ,
ὦν ὁ μὲν ἀντιπόροιο περὶ ῥάχιν αἴθοπος Εὐρου,
350 ὃς δὲ Λιβὸς δροσεροῖο παρὰ πτερόν, ὃς δὲ Βορῆος,
καὶ Νοτὶν παρὰ πέζαν. ἀμοιβαίῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
Μορρεὺς μὲν ταχύγουνος ἀφ' ὀλκάδος ὀλκάδα βαίων
Βασσαρίδων ἐφόβησεν ἀλιπτοίητον Ἐνυώ,
Ἴσος ἀριστεύων καὶ ἐν ὕδασι· ἀλλὰ ἐθύρσω
355 Εὐῖος οὐτήσας διερῆς ἀνεσείρασε χάρμης,
καὶ μογέων ὀδύνησιν ἐπὶ πτόλιν ὥχετο Μορρεὺς.
ὄφρα μὲν ἔνθεον ἔλκος, ὃ μιν λάχε, δαιμονίῃ χεῖρ
λυσιπόνου Βραχμῆνος ἀκέσσατο Φοιβάδι τέχνῃ,
θεσπεσίῃ λάλον ὕμνον ὑποτρύζοντος αἰοιδῆ,
360 τόφρα δὲ δυσμενέεσσιν ἐπέχραε Λύδιος Ἄρης.
τοῖσι μὲν ἐγρεκῦδοιμος ἔην πλός, εἶχε δ' Ἐνυώ
ναυτιλῆς προκέλευθον, ἀλισμαράγου δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
ἦν κλόνος ἀμφοτέρων ἑτερότροπος· ἀντιβίων γὰρ
ὅσσοι μὲν κραναοῖσιν ὀιστεῦοντο βελέμνοις
365 ἢ φονίοις πετάλοισιν ἢ ἔγχεσιν ἢ ἐμαχαίραις,
χεῖρας ἐρετμώσαντες ἀήθεας εἰς μέλαν ὕδωρ
ἴθμασιν ἀσταθέεσσιν ἐτυμβεύοντο θαλάσσης·
εἰ δὲ τις εἰς ἄλα πῖπτε τυπεῖς Βρομίοιο μαχητῆς,
αἰθύσσων παλάμας ἐπενήχετο κύματα τέμνων
370 χερσὶ θαλασσομόθοισιν, ἀλιρροίζω δὲ κυδοιμῷ
μαρνάμενος ῥοθίοισι μετ' ἀνέρας ἔσχισεν ὕδωρ.
εἰναλῆς δὲ τάλαντα μάχης ἔκλινε Κρονίων,
νίκην ὕδατόεσσαν ἐπεντύνων Διονύσῳ·
καὶ βυθίῳ τριόδοντι κορύσσετο κυανοχαίτης
375 μαρνάμενος δηίοισι, καὶ ἄβροχον ἡνιοχεύων
ἄρμα Ποσειδάωνος ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης.
καὶ πισύραις κατὰ πόντον ἐφιππεύοντες ἀέλλαις
κύματα πυργώσαντες ἐθωρήχθησαν ἀῆται,
δυσμενέων ἐθέλοντες αἰστώσαι στίχα νηῶν,
οἱ μὲν Δηριαδῆος ἀρηγόνες, οἱ δὲ Λυαίου·
380 καὶ Ζέφυρος κεκόρυστο,
νότος δ' ἐπεσύρισεν Εὐρώ,
καὶ Βορέης Θρήισαν ἄγων ἀντίπνοον αὔρην
ἄγρια μαινομένης ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα θαλάσσης.
385 καὶ στόλον ἰθύνουσα μαχήμονα Δηριαδῆος
385 ὕσμινος Ἔρις ἦρχε· Διωνύσοιο δὲ νηῶν
Ἴνδοφόνῳ παλάμῃ κολπώσατο λαίφεα Νίκη.
χείλεσι δ' ἱκμαλέοισι μαχήμονα κόχλον ἐρείσας
εἰναλίῃ σάλπιγγι μέλος μυκήσατο Νηρεὺς·
καὶ Θέτις ἐσμαράγησεν ἐνυαλῆς μέλος Ἥχοϋς
390 κύμασι πατρώοισι προασπίζουσα Λυαίου.

Εὐρυμέδων δὲ Κάβειρος ἐθήμονα δαλὸν αἰείρων
ὕσμίνης δόλον εὗρεν ἄρηγόνα· μηκεδανὴν γὰρ
νηῦν ἰδίην ἔφλεξεν ἑκούσιον ἀψάμενος πῦρ·

395 νεύμασι Βακχείοισι περισκαίρουσα θαλάσση,
καὶ λοξαῖς ἐλίκεσσιν ἀφ' ὀλκάδος ὀλκάδα βαίνων
κύκλον ἐς αὐτοέλικτον ἐνήχετο πυρσὸς ἀλήτης,
καίων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πολυσπερέων στίχα νηῶν.
καὶ σέλας ἀθρήσασα πυριβλήτοιο θαλάσσης

400 Νηρεῖς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐδύσατο βένθεα πόντου,
αἰθομένου φεύγουσα δι' ὕδατος ἱκμαλέον πῦρ.
χάζετο δ' Ἴνδὸς ὄμιλος ἐπὶ χθόνα, πόντον ἐάσας·
καὶ Φαέθων ἐγέλασεν, ὅτι προτέρους μετὰ δεσμοῦς
ἐκ πυρὸς Ἡφαίστοιο πάλιν φύγε ναύμαχος Ἄρης.

405 Δηριάδης δ' ἀκίχητος ἰδὼν φλόγα σύνδρομον αὔραις
εἰς πεδῖον πεπότητο θοώτερα γούνατα πάλλων,
φεύγων ὑγρὸν Ἄρηα θαλασσομόθου Διονύσου.

τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει δεδαϊγμένον ὄρχαμον Ἴνδῶν,
 πῶς δὲ Τύρον Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο, πατρίδα Κάδμου.
 οὐδὲ Δίκην ἀλέεινε πανόψιον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
 ἄρραγέος κλωστῆρος ἀκαμπέα νήματα Μοίρης:
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἀθρήσασα πεφυζότα Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη —
 ἔζετο γὰρ κατὰ πόντον ἐπὶ προβλήτος ἐρίπνης,
 5 ναύμαχον εἰσορόωσα κορυυσομένων μόθον Ἴνδων —
 ἐκ σκοπιῆς ἀνέπαλτο, καὶ ἄρσενά δύσατο μορφήν:
 κλεψινόοις δ' ὁάροισι παρήπαφεν ὄρχαμον Ἴνδῶν,
 Μορρέος εἶδος ἔχουσα, χαριζομένη δὲ Λυαίῳ
 Δηριάδην ἀνέκοψε, καὶ ὥς ἀλέγουσα κυδοιμοῦ
 10 φρικτὸν ἀπερροῖβδησεν ἔπος πολυμεμφεῖ φωνῇ:
 ‘Φεύγεις, Δηριάδη; τίني κάλλιπες Ἄρεα νηῶν;
 πῶς δύνασαι ναέτησι φανήμεναι; ἦ πόθεν ἄντην
 ὄψαι Ὀρσιβόην μενεδήιον, αἶ κεν ἀκούσῃ
 Δηριάδην φεύγοντα καὶ οὐ μίμνοντα γυναῖκας;
 15 αἶδεο Χειροβίην ῥήξινορα, μή σε νοήσῃ
 ὕσμίνην ἀσιδήρον ὑποπτήσσοντα Λυαίου,
 ἦ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχουσα καὶ ὀχλίζουσα βοείην
 μάρνατο Βασσαρίδεσσι, συνεσπομένη παρακοίτη.
 χάζεό μοι Μορρῇ λιπῶν μόθον: ἦν δ' ἐθελήσης,
 20 αὐτὸς ἀριστεύσω καὶ ἀνάλκιδα Βάκχον ὀλέσσω.
 πενθερὸν οὐ καλέσω σε πεφυζότα, σείο δὲ κούρης
 ἔστω Χειροβίης ἕτερος πόσις: αἰδόμενος γὰρ
 καλλείψω τεδὸν ἄστν, καὶ ἴξομαι εἰς χθόνα Μήδων,
 ἴξομαι εἰς Σκυθίην, ἵνα μὴ σέο γαμβρὸς ἀκούσω.
 25 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις: ‘εὖοπλος ἐμὴ δάμαρ οἶδεν Ἐνυῶ.’
 εἰσὶν Ἀμαζονίδες περὶ Καῦκασον, ὀππόθι πολλαὶ
 Χειροβίης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι γυναῖκες:
 κεῖθι δορικτήτην βριαρὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀκοίτης
 εἰς γάμον, ἦν ἐθέλω, μίαν ἄξομαι: ἐν θαλάμοις γὰρ
 30 οὐ δέχομαι σέο παῖδα φυγοπτολέμοιο τοκῆος.’
 ὥς φαμένη παρέπεισεν ἀγήνορα Δηριαδῆα,
 καὶ οἱ θάρσος ἔδωκε τὸ δεῦτερον, ὄφρα δαμειή
 μαρναμένου Βρομίοιο τυπεῖς φθισήνορι θύρσῳ.
 καὶ θρασὺς ἀγνώσσων δολίην παρεοῦσαν Ἀθήνην
 35 ψευδομένου Μορρῆος ἐλεγχέα μῦθον ἀκούων
 χεῖλεσιν αἰδομένοισι παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν:
 ‘Φεῖδεο σῶν ἐπέων: τί με μέμφεις, ἄτρομε Μορρεῦ;
 οὐ πρόμος, οὐ πρόμος οὔτος, ἐδὼν δέμας αἰὲν ἀμείβων.
 καὶ γὰρ ἀμηχανέω, τίني μάρναμαι ἢ τίνα βάλλω:

40 σπεύδων μὲν περὶόντι βαλεῖν Διόνυσον οἰστῶ,
ἢ ξίφει πλῆξας μέσον αὐχένος, ἢ δόρυ πέμπων
οὐτῆσαι ποθέων διὰ γαστέρος, ἀντὶ Λυαίου
πόρδαλιν αἰολόνωτον ἐπαίσσοντα κιχάνω...
μαρναμένου δὲ λέοντος ἐπείγομαι αὐχένα τέμνειν,
45 καὶ θρασὺν ἀντὶ λέοντος ὄφιν δασπλῆτα δοκεύω:
σπεύδων δ' ἀντὶ δράκοντος ὀπιπεύω ῥάχιν ἄρκτου:
εἰς λοφιῇν δ' ἐπικυρτον ἔμδον δόρυ θοῦρον ἰάλλω,
ἀλλὰ μάτην τανύω δολιχὸν βέλος: ἀντὶ γὰρ ἄρκτου
φαίνεται ἡερόφοιτος ἀνούτατος ἵπταμένη φλόξ.
50 κάπρον ἰδὼν ἐπιόντα βοὸς μυκηθμὸν ἀκούω,
ἀντὶ σὺς τινα ταῦρον ὑπὲρ λοξοῖο μετώπου
παπταίνω χαροπῆσιν ἀκοντίζοντα κερααῖαις
ἡμετέρους ἐλέφαντας: ἐγὼ δ' ἔμδον ἄορ ἐλίσσω
θηρσὶ πολυσπερέεσσι, καὶ οὐχ ἓνα θῆρα δαμάζω.
55 καὶ φυτὸν ἀθρήσας τανύω βέλος, ἀλλὰ φυγόντος
νύσσαν ἐς ἡερίην ὁρώ κυρτούμενον ὕδωρ.
ἔνθεν ἐγὼ τρομέων πολυφάρμακα θαύματα τέχνης
φύλοπιν ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἄλυσκάζω Διονύσου:
ἀλλὰ πάλιν Βρομίῳ θωρήξομαι, ἄχρις ἐλέγξω
60 μάγγανα τεχνήεντα δολορραφέος Διονύσου.'
ὥς εἰπὼν κεκόρυστο τὸ δεῦτερον ἡθάδι λύσση,
καὶ πάλιν ἐν πεδίῳ μόθος ἔβρεμε, μαρναμένῳ δὲ
εἰναλίην μετὰ δῆριν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσω:
καὶ προτέρης Βρομίῳ λελασμένος ἔπλετο νίκης,
65 ὁππότε δενδρῆεντι περίπλοκος αὐχένα δεσμῶ
ἵκεσιν πολὺευκτον ἀνέσχεθε μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ:
ἀλλὰ πάλιν πρόμος ἔσκε θεημάχος: εἶχε δὲ βουλὴν
διχθαδίην, ἢ Βάκχον ἐλεῖν ἢ δμῶα τελέεσαι.
τρὶς μὲν ἐδὼν δόρυ πέμπε, καὶ ἡμβροτεν ἡέρα βάλλων:
70 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέδραμεν οἶνοπι Βάκχῳ
εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον ἐπήορον ἔγχος ἰάλλων
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, ἐοῦ συνάεθλον ἀγῶνος
γαμβρὸν ἐδὼν καλέεσκε, καὶ οὐκέτι φαίνεται Μορρεῦς:
ἀλλὰ μεταστρέψασα δολοπλόκον εἶδος Ἀθήνη
75 δαίμονι βοτρυόεντι παρίστατο: δερκομένου δὲ
δείματι θεσπεσίῳ λῦτο γούνατα Δηριαδῆος:
ἔγνω δ' ἀνδρομέης ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα μορφῆς
Μορρέος ἀντιτύποιο φέρειν μίμημα προσώπου:
καὶ δόλον ἡπεροπῆα σοφῆς ἐνόησεν Ἀθήνης.
80 τὴν μὲν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἐγήθεεν, ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
ψευδομένην γίνωσκε συναιχμαζούσαν Ἀθήνην.
καὶ τότε βοτρυόεις κοτέων βακχεύετο δαίμων
ὑπιτενῆς περιμέτρος, ἴσος Παρνησιίδι πέτρῃ:

Δηριάδην δ' ἔδωκε ταχύδρομον· αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων
85 κοῦφος ἐπείγομέναις ἐπιταίνετο σύνδρομος αὔραις·
ἀλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἴκανον, ὅπη πολεμητόκον ὕδωρ
κύματι λυσσώνοντι γέρων κελάρυζεν Ὑδάσπης,
ἦτοι ὁ μὲν ποταμοῖο παρ' ἥονας ἄπλετος ἔσθη,
ὥς γενέτην συνάεθλον ἔχων κελάδοντα μαχητὴν
90 ὕγρὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα κορυσσομένου Διονύσου,
δαίμων δ' ἀμπελόεις ταμεσίχροα θύρσον ἰάλλων
ἀκρότατον χροά μοῦνον ἐπέγραφε Δηριαδῆος.
αὐτὰρ ὁ κισσῆεντι τυπεῖς φθισήνορι θαλλῷ
πατρῴῳ προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησε ῥεέθρῳ,
95 μηκεδανοῖς μελέεσσι γεφυρώσας ὅλον ὕδωρ
αὐτόματος· χρονίην δὲ θεοὶ μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
σὺν Διὶ παμμεδέοντι πάλιν νόστησαν Ὀλύμπῳ.
βάκχοι δ' ἀμφαλάαζον ἀδριῖτου Διονύσου
δῆριν ἀνευάζοντες, ἀολλίζοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
100 ἔγχεσιν οὐτάζοντες ὅλον χροά Δηριαδῆος.
Ὅρσιβὼν δ' ὦμωξε πολυθρήνων ἐπὶ πύργων,
κείμενον ἀρτιδαίκτον ὀδυρομένη παρακοίτην·
πενθαλέοις δ' ὀνύχεσσι κατέγραφε κύκλα προσώπου,
καὶ σκολιῆς ὥλοψεν ἀκηδέα βότρυν ἐθείρης,
105 καὶ κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν ἐοῦ κατέχευε καρῆνου·
Χειροβίη δ' ὀλόλυξε καταφθιμένοιο τοκῆος,
κυανέους δ' ἥρασσε βραχίονας, ἀργυδέου δὲ
στέρνον ὅλον γύμνωσε διχαζομένοιο χιτῶνος·
Πρωτονόη δ' ἀπέδιλος ἐὰς ξύουσα παρειάς,
110 κύκλα κονισαλέοιο καταισχύνουσα προσώπου,
κλαῖεν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι καὶ ἀνέρι καὶ γενετῆρι,
διπλόον ἄλγος ἔχουσα, καὶ ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ·
ἄνερ, ἀπ' αἰῶνος νέος ὦλεο· καὶ δ' ἐμὲ χήρην
ἐλλίπες ἐν μεγάροισιν ἀπειρήτην τοκετοῖο·
115 νήπιον οὐ τέκον υἷα παραΐφασιν· οὐ μετὰ νίκην
νόστιμον ἄνδρα νόησα τὸ δεῦτερον, ἀλλὰ σιδήρῳ
αὐτὸς ἐῷ δέδμητο, καὶ οὔνομα δῶκε ῥεέθροις,
καὶ θάνεν ἐν ξείνοισιν, ὅπως ἐμὸν ἄνδρα καλέσσω
ἄσπορον αὐτοδαίκτον ἀνόστιμον ὕγρὸν Ὀρόντην.
120 μύρομαι ἀμφοτέρους καὶ Δηριάδην καὶ Ὀρόντην,
ἴσον ἀποφθιμένους διερὸν μόρον· ἀνδροφόνον γὰρ
Δηριάδην κρύφε κῦμα, ῥόος δ' ἐκάλυψεν Ὀρόντην.
μητέρι δ' οὐ γενόμην πανομοῖος· Ὅρσιβὼν γὰρ
θυγατέρων ἦεισε καταφθαμένους ὕμεναιους·
125 Πρωτονόης γάμον εἶδεν, ἐδέξατο γαμβρὸν Ὀρόντην,
Χειροβίην δ' ἔξευξεν ἀνικῆτῳ παρακοίτῃ,
ὄν τρομέει καὶ Βάκχος ὁ τηλίκος· ἀμφιέπει μὲν

Χειροβίη ζώνοντα φίλον πόσιν, οὐ δὲ ἔ θύρσος,
οὐ ῥόος ἐπρήνιξεν· ἐγὼ δ' ἄρα διπλόα πάσχω,
¹³⁰ ἀνέρος οἰχομένοιο καὶ ὀλλυμένου γενετῆρος.
λῆγῃ, μάτην σέο παῖδα παρηγορέουσα, τιθήνη,
δός μοι ἔχειν ἐμὸν ἄνδρα, καὶ οὐ γενετῆρα γοήσω·
δεῖξον ἐμοὶ τινα παῖδα, παρήγορον ἄνδρὸς ἀνιης.
¹³⁵ τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειεν ἐς εὐρυρέεθρον Ὑδάσπην,
ὄφρα κύσω φίλον οἶδμα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο;
τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειεν ἐς ἱερὰ τέμπεα Δάφνης,
ὄφρα περιπτύξαιμι καὶ ἐν προχοῇσιν Ὀρόντην;
εἶην ἱμερόεις καὶ ἐγὼ ῥόος· αἶθε καὶ αὐτὴ
δάκρυσιν ὀμβρηθεῖσα φανήσομαι αὐτόθι πηγῇ,
¹⁴⁰ ἧχι θανῶν εὐνδρος ἐμὸς πόσις οἶδμα κυλινδεῖ,
εὐνέτις ὕδατόεσσα· καὶ ἔσσομαι οἷα Κομαιθῷ,
ἢ πάρος ἱμερόεντος ἐρασσαμένη ποταμοῖο
τέρπεται ἀγκὰς ἔχουσα καὶ εἰσέτι Κύδνον ἀκοίτην,
¹⁴⁵ ἀνδράσι πὰρ Κιλίκεσσι μεμηλότα μῦθον ἀκούω·
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ ποθέουσα παρέρχομαι ἡδὺν Ὀρόντην,
οἷα φυγὰς Περιβοῖα, καὶ οὔ ποτε καμπύλον ὕδωρ
ἂψ ἀνασειράζουσα φυλάξομαι ὑγρὸν ἀκοίτην.
εἰ δέ μοι οὐ πέπρωτο θανεῖν παρὰ γείτοني Δάφνη,
¹⁵⁰ κύμασι πατροπάτωρ με κατακρύψειεν Ὑδάσπη,
μὴ Σατύρου κερόεντος ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν ἰαύσω,
μὴ Φρύγα κῶμον ἴδω, μὴ κύμβαλα χερσὶ τινάξω,
μὴ τελετὴν τελέσω φιλοπαιγμονα, μηδὲ νοήσω
Μαιονίην, μὴ Τμῶλον ἴδω, μὴ δῶμα Λυαίου
¹⁵⁵ ἧ ζυγὰ δουλοσύνης βαρυαχθέα, μὴ τις ἐνίψῃ·
‘κούρη Δηριάδαο δοριθρασέος βασιλῆος
ληιδίῃ μετὰ δῆριν ὑποδρήσσει Διονύσω.’
ὥς φαμένης ἔλεεινὰ συνεστενάχοντο γυναιῖκες,
ὣν πάις, ὣν τέθνηκεν ἀδελφεός, ὥς γενετῆρες
¹⁶⁰ ἧ πόσις ἀρτιγένειος ἰώριος. ἐκ δὲ καρήνου
Χειροβίη τίλλουσα κόμην ἤμυξε παρειάς·
διχθαδαῖας δ' ὀδύνῃσιν ἱμάσσετο, καὶ γενετῆρα
οὐτόσον ἐστενάχιζεν, ὅσον νεμέσιζεν ἀκοίτη·
ἐκλυε γὰρ Μορρήος ἐρωμανέουσαν ἀνάγκην
¹⁶⁵ καὶ δόλον ἡπεροπῆα σαόφρονα Χαλκομεδείης.
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἐὼν ῥήξασα χιτῶνα·
‘Φειδόμενος μελὶς γενέτην ἐμὸν ἔκτανε Μορρεὺς·
οὐδὲ πέλε φθιμένου τιμήορος· ἐχθομένην δὲ
Χαλκομέδην ποθέων οὐκ ἤλασε θῆλυν Ἐνυώ,
¹⁷⁰ ἀλλ' ἔτι Βασσαρίδεσσι χαρίζεται. εἴπατε, Μοῖραι·
τίς φθόνος Ἰνδῶν πόλιν ἔπραθε; τίς φθόνος ἄφνω
ἔχραεν ἀμφοτέρῃσι θυγατράσι Δηριαδῆος;

θνήσκων μὲν κατὰ δῆριν ἔην παράκοιτιν Ὀρόντης
Πρωτονόην ἀκόμιστον ἐθήκατο πενθάδα χήρην,
175 Χειροβίην δ' ἀπέειπεν ἔτι ζώουσαν ἀκοίτης.
γνωτῆς δ' ἡμετέρης ὀλοώτερα πῆματα πάσχω:
Πρωτονόη πόσιν ἔσχεν ἀοσητήϊρα τιθήνης,
Χειροβίη πόσιν ἔσχεν ἑῆς δηλήμονα πάτρης,
αἰχμητὴν ἀνόνητον, ὁπάονα Κυπρογενεῖς
180 ἄλκιμον, ἄλλοπρόσαλλον, ὁμοφρονέοντα Λυαίῳ.
εἰς ἐμὲ θωρήχθη καὶ ἐμὸς γάμος: ἡμετέρου γὰρ
Μορρέος ἱμείροντος ἐσυλήθη πόλις Ἰνδῶν:
πατρὸς ἐνοσφίσθην χάριν ἀνέρος: ἢ πρὶν ἀγῆνωρ
καὶ θυγάτηρ βασιλῆος, ἐγὼ ποτε δεσπότης Ἰνδῶν.
185 ἔσσομαι ἀμφιπόλων καὶ ἐγὼ μία: καὶ τάχα δειλὴ
δμῳίδα Χαλκομέδειαν ἐμὴν δέσποιναν ἐνίψω.
σήμερον Ἰνδὸν ἔδεθλον ἔχεις, ἀπατήλιε, Μορρεῦ:
αὔριον αὐτοκέλευστος ἐλεύσει εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν,
Χαλκομέδης διὰ κάλλος ὑποδρήσων Διονύσῳ.
190 ἀμφαδὰ Χαλκομέδης ἔχε δέμνια, νυμφίε Μορρεῦ:
οὐκέτι γὰρ τρομέεις βλοσυρὸν στόμα Δηριαδῆος.
χάζεο, κικλήσκει σε δράκων πάλιν, ὅς σε διώκει
φρουρὸν ἀσυλήτοιο γάμου συριγμὸν ἰάλλων.'
τοῖα μὲν ἀχνυμένη βαρυδάκρυος ἔννεπε νύμφη:
195 Πρωτονόη δ' ὀλόλυξε τὸ δεύτερον. ἀμφοτέραις δὲ
χεῖρας ἐπικλίναςα κατηφέας ἴαχε μήτηρ:
'Πατρίδος ἡμετέρης πέσον ἐλπίδες: οὐκέτι λεύσω
ἀνέρα Δηριαδῆα καὶ οὐκέτι γαμβρὸν Ὀρόντην.
Δηριάδης τέθνηκεν: ἐσυλήθη πόλις Ἰνδῶν,
200 ἀρραγὲς ἦριπε τεῖχος ἐμῆς χθονός: αἶθε καὶ αὐτὴν
Βάκχος ἐλὼν ὀλέσει με σὺν ὀλλυμένῳ παρακοίτῃ,
καὶ με λαβὼν ρίψειεν ἐς ὠκυρέεθρον Ὑδάσπην,
γαῖαν ἀναινομένην: ἐχέτω δέ με πενθερὸν ὕδωρ,
Δηριάδην δ' ἐσίδω καὶ ἐν ὕδασι: μηδὲ νοήσω
205 Πρωτονόην ἀέκουσαν ἐφespoμένην Διονύσῳ,
μὴ ποτε Χειροβίης ἕτερον γόνον οἰκτρὸν ἀκούσω
ἐλκομένης ἐς ἔρωτα δορικτήτων ὕμεναίων:
μὴ πόσιν ἄλλον ἴδοιμι μετ' ἀνέρα Δηριαδῆα.
εἶην Νηιάδεσσιν ὁμέστιος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴν
210 Λευκοθέην ζώουσαν ἐδέξατο κυανοχαίτης,
καὶ μία Νηρεῖδων κικλήσκεται, ἀντὶ δὲ λευκῆς
ἄλλη κυανόπεζα φανήσομαι ὕδριᾶς Ἰνώ.'
τοῖα μὲν ἐλκεχίτωνες ἐπωδύροντο γυναῖκες
ἱστάμεναι στοιχηδὸν ἐρισμαράγων ἐπὶ πύργων.
215 βάκχοι δ' ἐκροτάλιζον ἀπορρίψαντες Ἐνῶν,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωντες ὁμογλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν:

“Ἡράμεθα μέγα κύδος: ἐπέφνομεν ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν.”
 καὶ γελῶν Διόνυσος ἐπάλλετο χάρματι νίκης,
 ἀμπνεύσας δὲ πόνοιο καὶ αἱματόεντος ἀγῶνος
 220 πρῶτα μὲν ἔκτερέιξεν ἀτυμβεύτων στίχα νεκρῶν,
 δωμήσας ἓνα τύμβον ἀπείριτον εὐρέι κόλπῳ
 ἄκριτον ἀμφὶ πυρὴν ἐκατόμπεδον: ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκροῖς
 Μυγδονὶς αἰολόμολπος ἐπέκτυπεν αἶλινα σύριγξ,
 καὶ Φρύγες αὐλητῆρες ἀνέπλεκον ἄρσενά μοι λπὴν
 225 πενθαλέοις στομάτεσσιν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαί
 ἄβρὰ μελιζομένοιο Γανύκτορος Εὐάδι φωνῇ:
 καὶ Κλεόχου Βερέκυντες ὑπὸ στόμα διζυγες αὐλοὶ
 φρικτὸν ἐμυκήσαντο Λίβυν γόον, ὃν πάρος ἄμφω
 Σθεννώ τ’ Εὐρυάλῃ τε μιῇ πολυδειράδι φωνῇ
 230 ἀρτιτόμῳ ῥοιζηδὸν ἐπεκλαύσαντο Μεδοῦσῃ
 φθεγγομένων κεφαλῇσι διηκοσίῃσι δρακόντων,
 ὧν ἄπο μυρομένων σκολιδὸν σύριγμα κομῶν
 θρῆνον πουλυκάρηνον ἐφημίξαντο Μεδοῦσῃς.
 παυσάμενος δὲ πόνοιο, καὶ ὕδατι γυῖα καθήρας,
 235 ὥπασε λυσιμόθοισι θεουδέα κοίρανον Ἰνδοῖς,
 κρινάμενος Μωδαῖον: ἐπὶ ξυνῶ δὲ κυπέλλῳ
 Βάκχοις δαινυμένοισι μιῆς ἤψαντο τραπέζης
 ξανθὸν ὕδωρ πίνοντες ἀπ’ οἶνοπόρου ποταμοῖο.
 καὶ χορὸς ἄσπετος ἔσκεν: ἐπεσκίρτησε δὲ πολλῇ
 240 Βασσαρὶς οἰστρήεντι πέδον κρούουσα πεδίλῳ,
 καὶ Σάτυρος βαρύδουπον ἐπιρρήσων χθόνα ταρσῶ
 λοξὰ κυβιστητῆρι ποδῶν βακχεύετο παλμῷ,
 πῆχυν ἐπικλίνων μανιώδεος αὐχένι Βάκχης:
 καὶ πρυλέες Βρομίοιο συνωρχήσαντο βοείαις,
 245 καὶ τροχαλῆς κλονέοντες ἐνόπλια κύκλα χορεῖης
 ῥυθμὸν ἐμιμήσαντο φερεσσακέων Κορυβάντων,
 καὶ στρατὸς ἱππῶν κορυθαιόλον εἰς χορὸν ἔστη
 νίκην πανδαμάτειραν ἀνευάζων Διονύσου:
 οὐδέ τις ἄσφορος ἦεν: ὁμογλώσσω δ’ ἀλαλητῶ
 250 εἰς πόλον ἐπτάζωννον ἀνέδραμεν εὖιος ἡχώ.
 ἀλλ’ ὅτε λυσιπόνιοι παρήλυθε κῶμος ἐορτῆς,
 νίκης ληίδα πᾶσαν ἐλὼν μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
 ἀρχαίης Διόνυσος ἐῆς ἐμνήσατο πάτρης,
 λύσας ἐπταέτηρα θεμείλια δηιοτῆτος.
 255 καὶ δηίων ὅλον ὄλβον ἐληίζοντο μαχηταὶ
 ὧν ὁ μὲν Ἰνδὸν ἱάσπιν, ὁ δὲ γραπτῆς ὑακίνθου
 Φοιβάδος εἶχε μέταλλα καὶ ἔγχλοα νῶτα μαράγδου:
 ἄλλος ἐυκρήπιδος ὑπὸ σκοπιῇσιν Ἰμαίου
 ὄρθιον ἶχνος ἔπειγε δορικτῆτων ἐλεφάντων,
 260 ὃς δὲ παρ’ Ἡμωδοῖο βαθυσπήλυνγι κολώνῃ

ἦλασεν Ἰνδῶων μετανάστιον ἄρμα λεόντων
 κυδιῶν, ἕτερος δὲ κατ' αὐχένος ἄμμα πεδήσας
 Μυγδονὴν ἔσπευδεν ἐς ἥονα πόρδαλιν ἔλκειν·
 καὶ Σάτυρος πεφόρητο, φιλακρήτῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
 265 στικτὸν ἔχων προκέλευθον ἐκώμασε τίγριν ἱμάσσων·
 ἄλλος ἄγων νόστησεν ἐπὶ Κυβελῆϊδι νύμφῃ
 φυταλιῇν εὖοδμον ἀλιτρεφέων δονακῶν,
 καὶ λίθον ἀστράπτουσαν Ἐρυθραίας γέρας ἄλμης·
 πολλή δ' ἐκ θαλάμοιο σὺν ἀρτιγάμῳ παρακοίτῃ
 270 ληϊδίῃ πλοκάμων μελανόχροος ἔλκετο νύμφῃ,
 δέσμιον αὐχένα δοῦλον ὑποζεύξασα λεπάδνῳ.
 χειρὶ δὲ κουφίζουσα ῥυηφενέος χύσιν ὄλβου
 εἰς σκοπίας Τμῶλοιο θεόσσυτος ἦε Βάκχη,
 κῶμον ἀνευάζουσα παλιννόστῳ Διονύσῳ.
 275 καὶ στρατιῇ Διόνυσος ἐδάσσατο ληϊδα χάρμης
 λαὸν ὅλον συνάεθλον ὑπότροπον οἴκαδε πέμπων
 Ἰνδῶν μετὰ δῆριν· ἀπεσσεύοντο δὲ λαοὶ
 μάρμαρα κουφίζοντες Ἐώια δῶρα θαλάσσης,
 ὄρνεά τ' αἰολόμορφα· παλιννόστῳ δὲ πορείῃ
 280 κῶμον ἀνευάζοντες ἀνικῆτῳ Διονύσῳ
 πάντες ἐβακχεύοντο, πολυκμήτοιο λιπόντες
 μνηστῖν ὅλου πολέμοιο, Βορειάδι σύνδρομον αὔρῃ
 σκιδναμένην· καὶ ἕκαστος ἔχων ἀναθήματα νίκης
 ὄψιμον εἰς δόμον ἦλθε παλίνδρομος. ἀντὶ δὲ πάτρης
 285 Ἀστέριος τότε μοῦνος ἀνιπτοπόδων σχεδὸν Ἄρκτων
 Φάσιδος ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρον ἀθαλπέι νάσσατο γαίῃ
 Μασσαγέτην παρὰ κόλπον, ἐοῦ γενέταο τοκῆος
 ναίων ἀστερόεντος ὑπὸ σφυρὰ δύσνιφα Ταύρου,
 φεύγων Κνώσσιον ἄστῳ καὶ ἀρσενόπαιδα γενέθλην,
 290 Πασιφάνῃν στυγέων καὶ ἐὼν Μίνωα τοκῆα,
 καὶ Σκυθίην προβέβουλεν ἐπὶ χθονός· αὐτὰρ ὁ μούνοισι
 Βάκχος ἐοῖς Σατύροισι καὶ Ἰνδοφόνοις ἅμα Βάκχαις
 Καυκασίην μετὰ δῆριν Ἀμαζονίου ποταμοῖο
 Ἀρραβίης ἐπέβαινε τὸ δεύτερον, ἦχι θαμιζών
 295 λαὸν ἀβακχεύτων Ἀράβων ἐδίδαξεν ἀίρειν
 μυστιπόλους νάρθηκας· ἀεξιφύτοιο δὲ λόχμης
 Νύσια Βοτρυόεντι κατέστεφεν οὔρεα θαλλῶ.
 Ἀρραβίης δὲ τένοντα βαθύσκιον ἄλσος ἐάσας
 ἀτραπὸν Ἀσσυρίην διεμέτρεε πεζὸς ὁδίτης,
 300 καὶ Τυρίων μενέαινεν ἰδεῖν χθόνα πατρίδα Κάδμου·
 κείθι γὰρ ἶχνος ἔκαμψε, καὶ ἄσπετα πέπλα δοκεύων
 θάμβεεν Ἀσσυρίης ἐτερόχροα δαίδαλα τέχνης,
 ἄργυρον εἰσορόων Βαβυλωνίδος ἔργον Ἀράχνης·
 καὶ Τυρίῃ σκοπίαζε δεδευμένα φάρεα κόχλῳ,

305 πορφυρέους σπινθῆρας ἀκοντίζοντα θαλάσσης,
ἦχι κύνων ἀλιεργὸς ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖσιν ἐρέπτων
ἐνδόμυχον χαροπῇσι γενεαῖσι θέσκελον ἰχθύν
χιονέας πόρφυρε παρηίδας αἵματι κόχλου,
χειλέα φοινίξας διερῶ πυρί, τῷ ποτε μούνῳ
310 φαιδρὸν ἀλιχλαίνων ἐρυθαίνετο φᾶρος ἀνάκτων.
καὶ πόλιν ἀθρήσας ἐπεγῆθεεν, ἣν ἐνοσίχθων
οὐ διερῶ μίτρωσεν ὄλῳ ζωστήρι θαλάσσης,
ἀλλὰ τύπον λάχε τοῖον Ὀλύμπιον, οἷον ὑφαίνει
ἀγχιτελῆς λείπουσα μιῇ γλωχῖνι σελήνῃ.
315 καὶ οἱ ὀπιπεύοντι μέσην χθόνα σύζυγον ἄλμῃ
διπλόον ἔλλαχε θάμβος, ἐπεὶ Τύρος εἶν ἀλλί κεῖται
εἰς χθόνα μοιρηθεῖσα, συναπτομένη δὲ θαλάσση
τριχθαδαίαις λαγόνεσσι μίαν ξυνώσατο μίτρην:
νηχομένη δ' ἀτίνακτος ὁμοῖος ἔπλετο κούρῃ,
320 καὶ κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα καὶ αὐχένα δῶκε θαλάσση,
χεῖρας ἐφαπλώσασα μέση διδυμάονι πόντῳ,
γείτονι λευκαίνουσα θαλασσαίῳ δέμας ἀφρῶ,
καὶ πόδας ἀμφοτέρους ἐπερείσατο μητέρι γαίῃ.
καὶ πόλιν ἐννοσίγαιος ἔχων ἀστεμφεῖ δεσμῷ
325 νυμφίος ὑδατόεις περινήχεται, οἷα συνάπτων
πήχεϊ παφλάζοντι περίπλοκον αὐχένα νύμφης.
καὶ Τύρον εἰσέτι Βάκχος ἐθάμβεε, τῇ ἔνι μούνῃ
βουκόλος ἀγχικέλευθος ὁμίλεε γείτονι ναύτῃ
συρίζων παρὰ θῖνα, καὶ αἰπόλος ἰχθυβολῆι
330 δίκτυον αἷ ἐρύοντι, καὶ ἀντιτύποισιν ἐρετμοῖς
σχιζομένων ὑδάτων ἐχαράσσετο βῶλος ἀρότρω:
εἰναλίης δ' ὀαρίζον ὁμήλυδες ἐγγύθι λόχμης
ποιμένες... ὑλοτόμοισι, καὶ ἔβρεμεν εἶν ἐνὶ χώρῳ
φλοῖστος ἄλος, μύκημα βοῶν, ψιθύρισμα πετῆλων,
335 πεῖσμα, φυτόν, πλόος, ἄλσος, ὕδωρ, νέες, ὀλκάς, ἐχέτλη,
μῆλα, δόναξ, δρεπάνη, σκαφίδες, λῖνα, λαίφεα, θώρηξ.
καὶ τὰδε παπταίνων πολυθαμβέα ῥήξατο φωνήν:
‘Νῆσον ἐν ἡπείρῳ πόθεν ἔδρακον; εἰ θέμις εἵτεῖν,
τηλίκον οὐ ποτε κάλλος ἐσέδρακον: ὑψιτενῇ γὰρ
340 δένδρεα συρίζει παρὰ κύματα, Νηρεΐδος δὲ
φθεγγομένης κατὰ πόντον Ἀμαδρυὰς ἐγγὺς ἀκούει,
καὶ Τυριοῖς πελάγεσσι καὶ ἀγχιάλοισιν ἀρούραις
πνείων ἐκ Λιβάνοιο μεσημβρινὸς ἀβρὸς ἀήτης
ἄσθματι καρποτόκῳ προχέει νηοσσόον ἀήτην,
345 ψύχων ἀγρονόμον καὶ ναυτίλον εἰς πλόον ἔλκων,
καὶ χθονίην δρεπάνην βυθίῃ πελάσασα τριαίνῃ
φθέγγεται ὑγρομέδοντι θαλυσιάς ἐνθάδε Διῷ,
κωφῆς ἄβροχον ἄρμα καθιπτεύοντι γαλήνης,

ἰθύνειν δρόμον ἴσον ὁμοζήλων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
350 ὄμπνια μαστίζουσα μετάρσια νῶτα δρακόντων.
ὦπι πασιμέλουσα, τύπος χθονός, αἰθέρος εἰκῶν,
συμφυέος τρίπλευρον ἔχεις τελαμῶνα θαλάσσης.
ὥς εἰπὼν παράμειβε δι' ἄστεος ὄμμα τιταίνων:
καὶ οἱ ὀπιπεύοντι λιθογλώχινες ἀγυιαί
355 μαρμαρυγὴν ἀνέφαινον ἀμοιβαίῳ μετάλλου:
καὶ προγόνου δόμον εἶδεν Ἀγήνορος, ἔδρακεν αὐλάς
καὶ θάλαμον Κάδμοιο, καὶ ἀρπαμένης ποτὲ νύμφης
Εὐρώπης ἀφύλακτον ἐδύσατο παρθενεῶνα,
μνηστὴν ἔχων κερόεντος ἐοῦ Διός: ἀρχεγόνους δὲ
360 πηγὰς θάμβεε μᾶλλον ὄπη χθονίου διὰ κόλπου
νάματος ἐκχυμένου παλινάγρετον εἰς μίαν ὥρην
χεύμασιν αὐτογόνοισι πολυτρεφὲς ἔλυσεν ὕδωρ:
εἶδεν Ἀβαρβαρέης γόνιμον ῥόον, ἔδρακε πηγὴν
Καλλιρόην ἐρόεσσαν ἐπώνυμον, εἶδε καὶ αὐτῆς
365 ἄβρὸν ἐρευγομένης Δροσερῆς νυμφήιον ὕδωρ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε πάντα νόησεν ἐῷ φιλοτερπεί θυμῷ,
εἰς δόμον Ἀστροχίτωνος ἐκώμασε, καὶ πρόμον ἄστρων
τοῖον ἔπος βοῶν ἐκαλέσσατο μῦστιδι φωνῇ:
‘Ἀστροχίτων Ἥρακλες, ἄναξ πυρός ὄρχαμε κόσμου,
370 ἡέλιε, βροτέοιο βίου δολιχόσκιε ποιμήν,
ἵππεύων ἐλικηδὸν ὅλον πόλον αἶθοπι δίκη,
υἷα χρόνου λυκάβαντα δυωδεκάμηνον ἐλίσσων,
κύκλον ἄγεις μετὰ κύκλον: ἀφ' ὑμετέροιο δὲ δίφρου
γῆραϊ καὶ νεότητι ῥέει μορφούμενος αἰών:
375 μαῖα σοφῆς ὠδίνος ἀμήτορος εἰκόνα Μήνης
ὠδίνεις τριέλικτον, ὅτε δροσόεσσα Σελήνη
σῆς λοχίης ἀκτίνος ἀμέλγεται ἀντίτυπον πῦρ,
ταυρεῖην ἐπίκυρτον ἀολλίζουσα κεραίην:
παμφαῆς αἰθέρος ὄμμα, φέρεις τετράζυγι δίφρῳ
380 χεῖμα μετὰ φθινόπωρον, ἄγεις θέρος εἶαρ ἀμείβων.
νῦξ μὲν ἀκοντιστῆρι διωκομένη σέο πυρσῷ
χάζεται ἀστήρικτος, ὅτε ζυγὸν ἄργυφον ἔλκων
ἀκροφανῆς ἵππειος ἰμάσσεται ὄρθιος αὐχίν,
σεῖο δὲ λαμπομένοιο φαάντερον οὐκέτι λάμπων
385 ποικίλος εὐφάεσσι χαράσσεται ἄστρασι λειμῶν,
χεύμασι δ' ἀντολικοῖο λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο
σεισάμενος γονόεσσαν ἀθαλπέος ἰκμάδα χαίτης
ὄμβρον ἄγεις φερέκαρπον, ἐπ' εὐώδινι δὲ Γαίῃ
ἡερίης ἡῶν ἐρεῦγεται ἀρδμὸν ἐέρσης,
390 καὶ σταχύων ὠδίνας ἀναλδαινεις σέο δίσκῳ
ῥαίνων ζωοτόκοιο δι' αὐλακος ὄμπνιον ἀκτὴν.
Βῆλος ἐπ' Εὐφρήταο, Λίβυς κεκλημένος Ἀμμων,

Ἄπας ἔφυς Νειλῶος, Ἄραφ Κρόνος, Ἀσσύριος Ζεὺς·
καὶ ξύλα κηῶεντα φέρων γαμψώνυχι ταρσῷ
395 χιλιέτης σοφὸς ὄρνις ἐπ' εὐόδμῳ σέο βωμῷ
φοῖνιξ, τέρμα βίοιο φέρων αὐτόσπορον ἀρχήν,
τίκτεται ἰσοτύποιο χρόνου παλινάγρετος εἰκῶν,
λύσας δ' ἐν πυρὶ γῆρας ἀμείβεται ἐκ πυρὸς ἥβην·
εἴτε Σάραπις ἔφυς, Αἰγύπτιος ἀννέφελος Ζεὺς,
400 εἰ Κρόνος, εἰ Φαέθων πολυνύμμος, εἴτε σὺ Μίθρης,
ἠέλιος Βαβυλῶνος, ἐν Ἑλλάδι Δελφὸς Ἀπόλλων
εἰ Γάμος, ὃν σκιεροῖσιν Ἔρως ἔσπειρεν ὀνείροις
μιμηλῆς τελέων ἀπατήλιον ἴμερον εὐνῆς,
ἐκ Διὸς ὑπνώνοντος ὅτε γλωχῖνι μαχαίρης
405 αὐτογάμῳ σπόρον ὑγρὸν ἐπιξύσαντος ἀρούρης
οὐρανίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐμαιώθησαν ἐρίπναι,
εἴτε σὺ Παιήων ὀδυνήφατος, εἰ πέλες Αἰθήρ
ποικίλος, Ἀστροχίτων δὲ φατίζεαι — ἐννύχιοι γὰρ
οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντες ἐπαυγάζουσι χιτῶνες — :
410 οὕασιν εὐμενέεσσιν ἐμὴν ἀσπάξω φωνήν·'
τοῖον ἔπος Διόνυσος ἀνήρυγεν. ἑξαπίνης δὲ
ἔνθεον εἶδος ἔχων θεοδέγμονος ἔνδοθι νηοῦ
Ἀστροχίτων ἦστραψε· πυριγλήνου δὲ προσώπου
μαρμαρυγὴν ῥοδόεσσαν ἀπηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί·
415 καὶ θεὸς αἰγλήεις παλάμην ὥρεξε Λυαίῳ,
ποικίλον εἶμα φέρων, τύπον αἰθέρος, εἰκόνα κόσμου,
στιλβων ξανθὰ γένεια καὶ ἀστερόεσσαν ὑπὴν·
καὶ μιν ἐυφραίνων φιλίῃ μειλίξε τραπέζῃ.
αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμὸν ἔτερπεν ἀδαιτρεύτῳ παρὰ δειπνῷ
420 ψαύων ἀμβροσίης καὶ νέκταρος· οὐ νέμεσις δέ,
εἰ γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἔπινε μετὰ γάλαγος ἄμβροτον Ἥρης·
εἴρετο δ' Ἀστροχίτωνα χέων φιλοπευθεά φωνήν·
'Ἀστροχίτων με δίδασκε, τύπῳ χθονός, εἰκόνι νήσου,
τίς θεὸς ἄστῳ πόλισσε, τίς ἔγραφεν οὐρανὴν χεῖρ;
425 τίς σκοπέλους ἀνάειρε καὶ ἐρρίζωσε θαλάσση;
τίς κάμε δαιδαλα ταῦτα; πόθεν λάχον οὕνομα πηγαί;
τίς χθονὶ νῆσον ἔμιξεν ὁμόζυγα μητρὶ θαλάσση;'
εἶπε· καὶ Ἡρακλῆς φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μῦθῳ·
'Βάκχε, σὺ μὲν κλύε μῦθον· ἐγὼ δέ σε πάντα διδάξω.
430 ἐνθάδε φῶτες ἔναιον, ὁμόσπορος οὐς ποτε μούνοους
ἀενάου κόσμοιο συνήλικας ἔδρακεν Αἰών,
ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτοιο γένος χθονός, ὧν τότε μορφὴν
αὐτομάτην ὠδινεν ἀνήροτος ἄσπορος ἰλὺς·
οἳ πόλιν ἰσοτύπων δαπέδων αὐτόχθονι τέχνῃ
435 πετραίοις ἀτίνακτον ἐπυργώσαντο θεμέθλοις,
καὶ ποτε πηγαίησι παρ' εὐύδροισι χαμευναῖς

ἡελίου πυρόεντος ἱμασσομένης χθονὸς ἀτμῷ
τερψινόου Ληθαῖον ἀμεργόμενοι περὶ ὄνυχον Ὑπνον
εὖδον ὁμοῦ, κραδίη δὲ φιλόππολιν οἷστρον ἀέξων
440 γηγενέων στατὸν ἵχνος ἐπηώρησα καρήνῳ,
καὶ βροτέου σκιοειδὲς ἔχων Ἰνδαλμα προσώπου
θέσφατον ὁμψήεντος ἀνήρυγον ἀνθερεώνας:
Ὑπνον ἀποσκεδάσαντες ἀεργέα, παῖδες ἀρούρης,
τεύξατέ μοι ξένον ἄρμα βατῆς ἀλός: ὀξυτόμοις δὲ
445 κόψατέ μοι πελέκεσσι ῥάχιν πιτυώδεος ὕλης:
τεύξατέ μοι σοφὸν ἔργον: ὑπὸ σταμίνεσσι δὲ πυκνοῖς
ἱκρία γομφώσαντες ἐπασσυντέρῳ τινὶ κόσμῳ
συμπερτὴν ἀτίνακτον ἀρηρότι δῆσατε δεσμῷ,
δίφρον ἀλός, σχεδίην πρωτόπλοον, ἥ διὰ πόντου
450 ὑμέας ὀχλίσειε: καὶ ἀγκύλον ἄκρον ἀπ' ἄκρου
πρωτοπαγὲς δόρυ μακρὸν ὄλον στήριγμα δεχέσθω:
ἱκρία δὲ σταμίνεσσιν ἀρηρότα δῆσατε κύκλῳ,
τοίχου δουρατέου πυκινὸν τύπον: ὑψιτενὲς δὲ
σφιγγόμενον δεσμοῖσι μέσον ξύλον ὄρθιον ἔστω:
455 καὶ λίνεον πλατὺ φᾶρος ἐφάπατε δούρατι μέσσω,
συμπλεκέας δὲ κάλῳας ἀμοιβαδῖς, ὣν ἀπὸ δεσμῶν
ἐκταδὸν ἡερίῳ κολπώσατε φᾶρος ἀήτη
ἔγκυον ἐξ ἀνέμου νηοσσόον: ἀρτιπαγῇ δὲ
φράξατε λεπταλέοισι σεσηρότα δούρατα γόμφοις,
460 πυκνὰ περιστρώσαντες ὁμοζυγέων ἐπὶ τοίχων
ῥίπτεσιν οἰσύνοις, μὴ φώριον οἶδμα χυθείη
ἐνδόμυχον γλαφυροῖο κεχηνότι δούρατος ὀλκῷ.
καὶ σχεδῖης οἷηκα κυβερνητῆρα πορείης
ὕγρῃς ἀτραπτοῖο πολύστροφον ἠνιοχῆα
465 πάντοθι δινεύοντες, ὅπῃ νόος ὑμέας ἔλκει,
δουρατέῳ κενεῶνι χαράξατε νῶτα θαλάσσης,
εἰσόκε χώρον ἱκοισθε μεμορμένον, ὀππόθι δισσαι
ἄσταθές πλώουσιν ἀλήμονες εἰν ἀλλ' πέτραι,
ἃς Φύσις Ἀμβροσίας ἐπεφήμισεν, αἷς ἐνὶ θάλλει
470 ἡλικὸς αὐτόρριζον ὁμόζυγον ἔρνος ἐλαίης,
πέτρης ὕγροπόροιο μεσόμφαλον: ἀκροτάτοις δὲ
αἰετὸν ἀθρήσητε παρεδρήσσοντα κορυμβοῖς
καὶ φιάλῃν εὐτυκτον: ἀπὸ φλογεροῖο δὲ δένδρου
θαμβαλέους σπινθῆρας ἐρεύγεται αὐτόματον πῦρ,
475 καὶ σέλας ἀφλεγέος περιβόσκειται ἔρνος ἐλαίης:
καὶ φυτὸν ὑσιπέτηλον ἔλιξ ὄφιν ἀμφιχορεύει,
ἀμφοτέρων βλεφάροισι καὶ οὔασι θάμβος ἀέξων:
οὐ γὰρ ἀερσιπότητον ἐς αἰετὸν ἄψοφος ἔρπων
λοξὸς ἀπειλητῆρι δράκων περιβάλλεται ὀλκῷ,
480 οὐδὲ διαπτύων θανατηφόρον ἰὸν ὀδόντων

ὄρνιν ἑαῖς γενύεσσι κατεσθίει, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
αἰετὸς ἐρπηστῆρα πολυσπείρητον ἀκάνθαις
ἄρπάξας ὀνύχεσσι μετάρσιος ἤερα τέμνει,
οὐδὲ μιν ὀξύοδοντι καταγράψειε γενεΐω:
485 οὐδὲ τανυπρέμνοιο φυτοῦ πεφορημένος ὄζοις
πυρσὸς ἀδηλήτου περιβόσκεται ἔρνος ἐλαίης,
οὐδὲ δρακοντείων φολίδων σπεῖρημα μαραίνει
σύννομον ἀγκικέλευθον, ὁμοπλεκέων δὲ καὶ αὐτῶν
οὐ πτερύγων ὄρνιθος ἐφάπτεται ἀλλόμενον πῦρ,
ἀλλὰ φυτοῦ κατὰ μέσσα φίλον σέλας ἀτμὸν ἰάλλει:
490 οὐδὲ κύλιξ ἀτίνακτος ἐπήορος ὑπόθι πίπτει
σειομένων ἀνέμοισιν ὀλισθήσασα κορύμβων.
καὶ σοφὸν ἀγρεύσαντες ὁμόχρονον ὄρνιν ἐλαίης
αἰετὸν ὑψιπέτην ἱερεύσατε κυανοχαίτη,
495 λύθρον ἐπισπένδοντες ἀλιπλανέεσσι κολώναις
καὶ Διὶ καὶ μακάρεσσι: καὶ ἄστατος οὐκέτι πέτρῃ
πλάζεται ὑγροφόρητος, ἀκινήτοις δὲ θεμέθλοις
αὐτομάτῃ ζωσθεῖσα συνάπτεται ἄζυγι πέτρῃ.
πήξατε δ' ἄμφοτέραις ἐπικείμενον ἄστρῳ κολώναις
500 ἄμφοτέρης ἐκάτερθεν ἐπὶ κρηπῖδι θαλάσσης.
τοῖον ἔπος μαντῶν ἀνήρυγον: ἐγρόμενοι δὲ
Γηγενέες δεδόνηντο, καὶ οὔασιν αἰὲν ἐκάστου
θέσκελος ἀπλανέων ἐπεβόμβεε μῦθος ὀνείρων.
τοῖσι δ' ἐγὼ τέρας ἄλλο μετὰ περὶόντας ὀνείρους
505 ἀχνυμένοις ἀνέφνηνα, φιλόκτιτον ἦθος ἀέξων
ἐσσόμενος πολιοῦχος: ὑπερκύψας δὲ θαλάσσης
ἀντίτυπον μίμημα φέρων ἰσόζυγι μορφῇ
εἰς πλόον αὐτοδίδακτον ἐνήχετο ναυτίλος ἰχθύς:
τὸν τότε παπταίνοντες εἰκότα νηὶ θαλάσσης
510 καὶ πλόον εὐποίητον ἄτερ καμάτοιο μαθόντες,
καὶ σχεδίῃν πήξαντες ὁμοῖον ἰχθύι πόντου
ναυτιλίας τύπον ἴσον ἐμιμήσαντο θαλάσσης.
καὶ πλόος ἦν: πισύρων δὲ λίθων ἰσοελκεὶ φόρτῳ
ναυτιλίην ἰσόμετρον ἐπιστώσαντο θαλάσση,
515 καὶ γεράνων ἀτίνακτον ἐμιμήσαντο πορείην.
αἱ στομάτων ἔντοσθεν ἀοσσητῆρα κελεύθου
λαῖαν ἐλαφρίζουσι καταχθέα, μὴ ποτε κείνων
ἵπταμένων πτερὰ κοῦφα παραπλάγξειεν ἀήτης,
εἰσόκε χῶρον ἐκεῖνον ἐσέδρακον, ἦχι θυέλλαις
520 εἰς πλόον αὐτοκέλευθον ἐναυτίλλοντο κολώναι.
καὶ σχεδίῃν ἔστησαν ἀλιστεφάνῳ παρὰ νήσῳ,
καὶ σπιλάδων ἐπέβαινον, ὅπῃ φυτὸν ἦεν Ἀθήνης.
τοῖσι δὲ μαιομένοισιν ἐφέστιον ὄρνιν ἐλαίης
αἰετὸς ἡερόφοιτος ἐκούσιον εἰς μόρον ἔστη:

525 Γηγενέες δὲ λαβόντες ἔνπτερον ἔνθεον ἄγρην,
ἄψ ἀνασειράζοντες ὀπισθοτόνοιο καρήνου
γυμνὸν ἐφαπλώσαντες ἐλεύθερον ἀνθερεῶνα,
αἰετὸν αὐτοκέλευθον ἐδαιτρεύσαντο μαχαίρῃ
Ζηνὶ καὶ ὕγρομέδοντι· δαΐζομένου δὲ σιδήρῳ
530 ἔμφρονος οἴωνοιο νεοσφαγέων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
θέσκελον ἔρρεεν αἷμα, θαλασσοπόρους δὲ κολῶνας
δαιμονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐπερρίζωσε θαλάσση
ἄγχι Τύρου παρὰ πόντον· ἐπ' ἄρραγέεσσι δὲ πέτραις
Γηγενέες βαθύκολπον ἐδωμήσαντο τιθήνην.
535 σοὶ μὲν, ἄναξ Διόνυσε, πεδοτρεφὲς αἷμα Γιγάντων
ἐννεπον αὐτολόχευτον Ὀλύμπιον, ὄφρα δαεῖς
ὑμετέρων προγόνων Τυρίην αὐτόχθονα φύτλην·
ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγῶν μυθήσομαι· ἀρχέγονοι γὰρ
παρθενικαὶ πάρος ἦσαν ἐχέφρονες, ὣν ἐπὶ μίτρῃ
540 θερμὸς Ἔρως κεχόλωτο, καὶ ἡμερόεν βέλος ἔλκων
τοῖον ἀλεξιγάμοισιν ἔπος ξυνώσατο Νύμφαις·
Νηὶς Ἀβαρβαρέη φιλοπάρθενε, δέξο καὶ αὐτὴ
τοῦτο βέλος, τὸ περ ἔσχεν ὅλη φύσις· ἐνθάδε πῆξω
παστάδα Καλλιρόης, Δροσερῆς δ' ὑμέναιον αἰείσω.
545 ἄλλ' ἐρέεις· 'μεθέπω διερὸν γένος, ἐκ δὲ ῥοάων
αὐτοτελὲς γενόμεν, καὶ ἐμὴ τροφὸς ἔπλετο πηγῇ.'
νηϊὰς ἦν Κλυμένη καὶ ἀπόσπορος Ὠκεανοῖο·
ἀλλὰ γάμοις ὑπόειξεν, ἐνυμφεύθη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ,
ὥς ἶδε λάτρην Ἔρωτος ἀρείονα κυανοχαίτην
550 οἷστρω Κυπριδίῳ δεδονημένον· ἀρχέγονος δὲ
Ὠκεανὸς ποταμοῖσι καὶ ὕδασι πᾶσι κελεύων
Τηθύος οἶδεν ἔρωτα καὶ εὐὐδρους ὑμεναίους.
τέτλαθι καὶ σὺ φέρειν ἴσα Τηθύι. τοσσατίης δὲ
ἐξ ἁλὸς αἷμα φέρουσα καὶ οὐκ ὀλίγης ἀπὸ πηγῆς
555 ἡμείρει Γαλάτεια μελιζομένου Πολυφήμου,
καὶ βυθίῃ χερσαῖον ἔχει πόσιν, ἐκ δὲ θαλάσσης
πηκτίδι θελγομένη μετανάστιος εἰς χθόνα βαίνει.
καὶ πηγαὶ δεδάσιν ἐμὸν βέλος· οὐ σε διδάξω
ἡμερον ὕδατόεντα· ποθοβλήτοιο δὲ πηγῆς
560 ἔκλυες ὕγρὸν ἔρωτα Συρηκοσίης Ἀρεθούσης·
Ἀλφειὸν δεδάηκας, ὃς ἱκμαλέω παρὰ παστῶ
ὑδρηλαῖς παλάμαις περιβάλλεται ἡθάδα Νύμφην.
πηγῆς αἷμα φέρουσα τί τέρπει ἰοχεαίρῃ;
Ἄρτεμις οὐ βλάστησεν ἀφ' ὕδατος, ὥς Ἀφροδίτη.
ἐννεπε Καλλιρόῃ· Δροσερῇ μὴ κρύπτε καὶ αὐτῇ.
565 Κύπριδι μᾶλλον ὄφελλες ἅγειν χάριν, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
αὐχένα κάμψεν Ἔρωτι, καὶ εἰ τροφὸς ἐστὶν Ἐρώτων.
δέχνησο κέντρα πόθοιο, καὶ ὕγρονόμον σε καλέσσω

εἰς γενεήν, ἔς ἔρωτα κασιγνήτην Ἀφροδίτης.
570 τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξεν· ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ τόξου
τριπλόα πέμπε βέλεμνα, καὶ εὐύδρῳ παρὰ παστῶ
Νηιάδων φιλότῃτι συνήρμοσεν ὕϊας ἀρούρης,
καὶ Τυρίης ἔσπειρε θεηγενὲς αἶμα γενέθλης.
τοῖα μὲν Ἡρακλῆς πρόμος αἰθέρος ἔννεπε Βάκχῳ
575 τερψινόοις ὀάροισιν· ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετο μύθῳ,
καὶ πόρεν Ἡρακλῆϊ, τὸν οὐρανίη κάμε τέχνη,
χρυσοφαῖ κρητῆρα σελασφόρον· Ἡρακλῆς δὲ
ἄστραίῳ Διόνυσον ἀνεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνι
καὶ θεὸν ἀστροχίτωνά Τυρου πολιοῦχον ἑάσας
580 Ἀσσυρίης ἑτέρης ἐπεβήσατο Βάκχος ἀρούρης.

BOOK 41

πρῶτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει, πῖθεν υἷει Μύρρης
ἄλλην Κύπριν ἔτικτεν Ἀμυμώνην Ἀφροδίτη.
ἄρτι μὲν ὄφρυόεντος ὑπὲρ Λιβάνοιο καρήνων
πήξας ἀγλαόκαρπον ἐπὶ χθονὶ βότρυν ὀπώρης
οἰνοτόκους ἐμέθυσεν ὅλης κενεῶνας ἀρουρης·
καὶ Παφίης δόμον εἶδε γαμήλιον· ἡμερίδων δὲ
5 ἔρνεσιν ἄρτιφύτοισι βαθύσκιον ἄλσος ἐρέψας
ἀμπελόεν πόρε δῶρον Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυthereίῃ.
καὶ Χαρίτων χορὸς ἦεν· ἀξιφύτοιο δὲ λόχμης
ἡμερίδων ζωστήρι θορῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
κισσὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἐμιτρώθη κυπαρίσσῳ
10 ἀλλὰ θεμιστοπόλου Βερόης παρὰ γείτονι πέζη
ὕμνον Ἀμυμώνης, Λιβανηίδες εἴπατε Μοῦσαι,
καὶ βυθίου Κρονίδαο καὶ εὐῦμνοιο Λυαίου
Ἄρεα κυματόεντα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἐνυῶ.
ἔστι πόλις Βερόη, βιότου τρόπικ, ὄρμος Ἐρώτων,
15 ποντοπαγής, εὐνησος, ἐύχλοος, οὗ ῥάχικς ἰσθμοῦ
στεινὴ μήκος ἔχοντος, ὅπῃ διδύμης μέσος ἄλμης
κύμασιν ἀμφοτέροισιν ἱμάσσεται ὄρθιος αὐχὴν·
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν βαθύδενδρον ὑπὸ ῥάχιν αἴθοπος Εὐρου
Ἀσσυρίῳ Λιβάνῳ παραπέπταται, ἥχι πολίταις
20 ὄρθια συρίζουσα βιοσσόος ἔρχεται αὖρη,
εὐδόμοις ἀνέμοισι τινασσομένων κυπαρίσσων...
50 σύννομος ἰχθυβολῇ γέρων ἐμελιζέτο ποιμήν.
καὶ δόμος ἀγρονόμων, ὅθι πολλάκις ἐγγύθι λόχμης
Πανὶ μελιζομένῳ δρεπανηφόρος ἦντετο Δηῶ,
καὶ τις ἐφ' ἱστοβοῇ γεωμόρος αὐχένα κάμψας,
25 ῥαίνων ἄρτιχάρακτον ὀπισθοβόλῳ χθόνα καρπῷ,
γείτονι μηλοβοτῇ παρὰ σφυρὰ φορβάδος ὕλης,
σφιγξας σύζυγα ταῦρον, ὁμίλει κυρτὸς ἀροτρεὺς.
ἄλλα δὲ πὰρ πελάγεσσιν ἔχει πόλις, ἥχι τιταίνει
στέρνα Ποσειδάωνι, καὶ ἔμβρυον αὐχένα κούρης
30 πῆχεϊ μυδαλέῳ περιβάλλεται ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης,
πέμπων ὕδατόεντα φιλήματα χεῖλεσι νύμφης·
καὶ βυθίῃ ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὁμεινέτις ἡθάδι κόλπῳ
ἔδνα Ποσειδάωνος ἀλίτροφα πῶεα λίμνης
δέχνυται, ἰχθυόεντα πολύχροα δεῖπνα τραπέζης,
35 εἰναλίῃ Νηρῆος ἐπισκαίροντα τραπέζῃ,
ἀρκτώην παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ βαθυκύμονος ἀκτῆς
μηκεδανῷ κενεῶνι βορήιος ἔλκεται αὐλῶν.
ἀμφὶ δὲ τερψινόοιο μεσημβρινὸν αὐχένα γαίης

εἷς ῥαχὶν Νοτίην ψαμαθῶδεές εἰσιν ἄταρποι
40 εἷς χθόνα Σιδονίην, ὅθι ποικίλα δένδρεα κήπων
καὶ σταφυλαὶ κομώωσι, τανυπτόρθοις δὲ πετήλοις
δάσκιος ἄπλανέεσσι τιταινεται οἷμος ὀδίταις.
δοχμῶσας δὲ ῥέεθρον ἐπ' ἥονι πόντος ἀράσσει
ἀμφὶ δύσιν κυανωπόν, ὅπῃ λιγυηχεὶ ταρσῷ
45 ἔσπερίων Ζεφύροιο καθιππεύοντος ἐναύλων
συριγμῷ δροσόεντι Λίβυς ῥιπίζεται ἀγκών,
ἀνθεμόεις ὅθι χῶρος, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι πόντῳ
φυταλαιὰ θαλέουσι, καὶ εὐπετάλων ἀπὸ δένδρων
ἄσθματι βομβήεντι μελίζεται ἔμπνοος ὕλη.
ἐνθάδε φῶτες ἔναιον ὁμήλικες ἠριγενεῖς,
οὓς Φύσις αὐτογένεθλος ἀνυμφεύτῳ τινὶ θεσμῷ
ἤροσε νόσφι γάμων, ἀπάτωρ, ἀλόχευτος, ἀμήτωρ,
ὅπποτε συμμιγέων ἀτόμων τετράζυγι δεσμῷ
55 ὕδατι καὶ πυρόεντι πεφυρμένον ἡέρος ἀτμῷ
σύζυγα μορφώσασα σοφὸν τόκον ἄσπορος ἰλὺς
ἔμπνοον ἐψύχωσε γονὴν ἐγκύμονι πηλῷ,
οἷς Φύσις εἶδος ὅπασσε τελεσφόρον· ἀρχεγόνου γὰρ
Κέκροπος οὐ τύπον εἶχον, ὃς ἰοβόλῳ ποδὸς ὀλκῷ
60 γαῖαν ἐπιξύων ὀφιώδεϊ σῦρετο ταρσῷ,
νέρθε δράκων, καὶ ὑπερθεν ἀπ' ἱξύος ἄχρι καρήνου
ἄλλοφυῆς ἀτέλεστος ἐφαίνετο δίχροος ἀνήρ·
οὐ τύπον ἄγριον εἶχον Ἐρεχθεός, ὃν τέκε Γαίης
αὐλακι νυμφεύσας γαμῖν Ἥφαιστος ἐέρσην·
65 ἀλλὰ θεῶν Ἰνδαλμα γονῆς αὐτόχθονι ῥίζῃ
πρωτοφανὲς χρύσειος ἐμαιώθη στάχυς ἀνδρῶν.
καὶ Βερόης νάσσαντο πόλιν πρωτόσπορον ἔδρην,
ἣν Κρόνος αὐτὸς ἔδειμε, σοφῆς ὅτε νεύματι Πείης
ὀκρυόεν θέτο δόρπον ἐὼ πολυχανδεὶ λαιμῷ.
70 καὶ λίθον Εἰλείθυιαν ἔων βεβριθότι φόρτῳ,
θλιβομένης πολὺπαιδος ἀκοντιστῆρα γενέθλης,
χανδὸν ὅλου ποταμοῖο ῥόον νεφεληδὸν ἀφύσσων
στήθεϊ παφληάφοντι μογοστόκον ἔστασεν ὕδωρ,
λύσας γαστέρος ὄγκον· ἐπασσυτέρους δὲ διώκων
75 δισσοτόκους υἱῆς ἀνήρυγεν ἔγκυος αὐχὴν,
πορθμὸν ἔχων τοκετοῖο λεχώιον ἀνθερεῶνα·
Ζεὺς τότε κοῦρος ἦν, ἔτι που βρέφος· οὐ ποτε πυκνῷ
θερμὸν ἀνασχίζουσα νέφος βητάρμονι παλμῷ
ἀστεροπὴ σελάγιζε, καὶ οὐ Τιτηνίδι χάρμη
80 Ζηνὸς ἀοσσητῆρες ὀιστεύοντο κεραυνοί·
οὐδὲ συνερχομένων νεφέων μυκήτορι ῥόμβῳ
βρονταῖη βαρύδουπος ἐβόμβεεν ὄμβριος ἡχώ.
ἀλλὰ πόλις Βερόη προτέρη πέλεν, ἣν ἅμα γαίῃ

πρωτοφανῆς ἐνόησεν ὁμήλικα σύμφυτος Αἰῶν:
85 οὐ τότε Ταρσὸς ἔην τερψίμβροτος, οὐ τότε Θῆβη,
οὐ τότε Σάρδιες ἦσαν, ὅπη Πακτωλίδος ὄχθης
χρυσὸν ἐρευγομένης ἀμαρύσσεται ὀλβιος ἱλὺς,
Σάρδιες, Ἑλίοιο συνήλικες: οὐ γένος ἀνδρῶν,
οὐ τότε τις πόλις ἦεν Ἀχαιιάς, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
90 Ἀρκαδίη προσέληνος: ἀνεβλάστησε δὲ μούνη
πρεσβυτέρη Φαέθοντος, ὅθεν φάος ἔσχε Σελήνη.
καὶ φθαμένη χθόνα πᾶσαν, ἐῷ παμμήτορι κόλπῳ
ἡελίου νεοφεγγὲς ἀμελγομένη σέλας αἶγλης
καὶ φάος ὀψιτέλεστον ἀκοιμήτοιο Σελήνης,
95 πρώτη κυανέης ἀπεσεῖσατο κῶνον ὁμίχλης,
καὶ χάος ζοφόεσσαν ἀπεστυφέλιξε καλύπτρην:
καὶ φθαμένη Κύπριοι καὶ Ἴσθμιον ἄστρῳ Κορίνθου
πρώτῃ Κύπριν ἔδεκτο φιλοξείνῳ πυλεῶνι
ἐξ ἁλὸς ἀρτιλόχευτον, ὅτε βρυχίην Ἀφροδίτην
100 οὐρανίης ὠδινεν ἀπ' αὐλακος ἔγκυον ὕδωρ,
ὀππόθι νόσφι γάμων ἀρόσας ῥόον ἄρσενε λύθρῳ
αὐτοτελῆς μορφοῦτο θυγατρογόνῳ γόνος ἀφρῶ,
καὶ Φύσις ἔπλετο μαῖα: συναντέλλων δὲ θεαίνῃ
στικτὸς ἱμάς, στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἱξὺι κύκλον ἐλίξας,
105 αὐτομάτῳ ζωστήρῃ δέμας μίτρωσεν ἀνάσσης.
καὶ θεὸς ἰχνεύουσα δι' ὕδατος ἄψοφον ἀκτὴν
οὐ Πάφον, οὐκ ἐπὶ Βύβλον ἀνέδραμεν, οὐ πόδα χέρσῳ
Κωλιάδος ῥηγμῖνος ἐφήρμοσεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῶν
ὠκυτέρῃ στροφάλιγγι παρέτρεχεν ἄστρῳ Κυθήρων:
110 καὶ χρόα φυκίονεν περιτρίψασα κορύμβῳ
πορφυρέῃ πέλε μᾶλλον: ἀκυμάντοιο δὲ πόντου
χεῖρας ἐρετμώσασα θεητόκον ἔσχισεν ὕδωρ
νηχομένη, καὶ στέρνον ἐπιστορέσασα θαλάσση
σιγαλέην ἀνέκοπτε χαρασσομένην ἄλα ταρσῶ,
115 καὶ δέμας ἠώρησε, διχαζομένης δὲ γαλήνης
ποσσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ὀπίστερον ὥθεεν ὕδωρ:
καὶ Βερόης ἐπέβαινε: ποδῶν δ' ἐπίβαθρα θεαίνης
ἐξ ἁλὸς ἐρχομένης ναέτης ἐφεύσατο Κύπρου.
πρώτῃ Κύπριν ἔδεκτο: καὶ ὑπόθι γείτονος ὄρμου
120 αὐτοφυεῖς λειμῶνες ἐρευγόμενοι βρῦα ποίης
ἦνθεον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, πολυψαμάθῳ δ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ
ἠόνες ῥοδέοισιν ἐφοινίσσοντο κορύμβοις,
πέτρῃ δ' ἀφριώσα θυώδεος ἔγκυος οἴνου
πορφυρέην ὠδῖνα χαραδραίῳ τέκε μαζῶ,
125 ληναίαις λιβάδεσσι κατὰσκιον ὄμβρον ἐέρσης...
ἀργεννὴ κελάρυζε γαλαξαίῳ χύσις ὀλκῶ:
αὐτοχύτου δὲ μύριοι μετάρσιον ἀτμὸν ἐλίσσω

ἡρίους ἐμέθυσσε πόρους εὖοδος ἀήτης.
καὶ τότε τοῦρον Ἔρωτα, γονῆς πρωτόσπορον ἀρχήν,
¹³⁰ ἄρμονιης κόσμοιο φερέσβιον ἠνιοχῆα,
ἀρτιφανῆς ὥδινεν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι γείτονος ὄρμου:
καὶ πάις ὠκυπόδης, κόπον ἄρσενά ποσσὶ τινάξας,
γαστρὸς ἀμαιεῦτοιο μογοστόκον ἔφθασεν ὥρην,
μητρὸς ἀνυμφεύτοιο μεμυκότα κόλπον ἀράξας,
¹³⁵ θερμὸς ἔτι πρὸ τόκοιο: κυβιστητῆρι δὲ παλμῷ
δινένων περὰ κοῦφα πύλας ὥιξε λοχείης.
καὶ ταχὺ αἰγλήεντι θορῶν ἐπὶ μητρὸς ἀγοστῷ
ἄστατος ἀκλινέεσσιν Ἔρος ἀνεπάλλετο μαζοῖς,
στήθεϊ παιδοκόμῳ τετανυσμένος: εἶχε δὲ φορβῆς
¹⁴⁰ ἱμερον αὐτοδίδακτον: ἀνημέλκτοιο δὲ θηλῆς
ἄκρα δακῶν γονίμων λιβάδων τεθλιμμένον ὄγκῳ
οἰδαλέων ἀκόρητος ὅλον γλάγος ἔσπασε μαζῶν.
ρίζα βίου, Βερόη, πολίων τροφός, εὖχος ἀνάκτων,
πρωτοφανῆς, Αἰῶνος ὁμόσπορε, σύγχρονε κόσμου,
¹⁴⁵ ἔδρανον Ἑρμείαο, Δίκης πέδον, ἄστρῳ θεμίστων,
ἔνδιον Εὐφροσύνης, Παφίης δόμος, οἶκος Ἑρώτων,
Βάκχου τερπνὸν ἔδεθλον, ἐναύλιον ἰοχεαίρης,
Νηρεΐδων ἀνάθημα, Διὸς δόμος, Ἄρεος αὐλή,
Ὀρχομενὸς Χαρίτων, Λιβανηίδος ἄστρον ἀρούρης,
¹⁵⁰ Τηθὺς ἰσοέτηρος, ὁμόδρομος Ὠκεανοῖο,
ὃς Βερόην ἐφύτευσεν ἐὼ πολυπίδακι παστῷ
Τηθὺς ἱκμαλέοισιν ὁμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις,
ἦν περ Ἀμυμώνην ἐπεφήμισαν, εὐτέ ἐ μήτηρ
ὑδρηλῆς φιλότητος ὑποβρυχίῃ τέκεν εὐνῇ
¹⁵⁵ ἀλλὰ τις ὀπλοτέρη πέλεται φάτις, ὅττι μιν αὐτὴ
ἀνδρομέης Κυθήρεια κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης
Ἀσσυρίῳ πάνλευκον Ἀδώνιδι γείνατο μήτηρ:
καὶ δρόμον ἐννεάκυκλον ἀναπλήσασα Σελήνης
φόρτον ἐλαφρίζει: φθάμενος δὲ μιν ὠκέϊ ταρσῷ,
¹⁶⁰ ἔσσομένων κήρυκα, Λατινίδα δέλτον, αἵρων,
εἰς Βερόης ὠδῖνα μογοστόκος ἦλυθεν Ἑρμῆς,
καὶ Θέμις Εἰλείθυια, καὶ οἰδαλέου διὰ κόλπου
στεινομένης ὠδῖνος ἀναπτύξασα καλύπτρην
ὀξὺ βέλος κούφιζε πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο,
¹⁶⁵ θεσμὰ Σόλωνος ἔχουσα: πιεζομένη δὲ λοχείῃ
λυσιτόκῳ βαρὺ νῶτον ἐπικλίναςα θεαίνῃ
Κύπρις ἀνωδίνεσκε, καὶ Ἀτθίδος ὑψόθι βίβλου
παῖδα σοφὴν ἐλόχευσε, Λακωνίδες οἶα γυναῖκες
υἱέας ὠδίνουσιν ἐπ' εὐκύκλοιο βοείης:
¹⁷⁰ καὶ τόκον ἀρτιλόχευτον ἀπέπτυε θήλει κόλπῳ
ἄρσενά μαῖαν ἔχουσα δικασπόλον υἱέα Μαίης:

καὶ βρέφος εἰς φάος ἦγεν. ἔχυτλώσαντο δὲ κούρην
τέσσαρες ἄστεα πάντα διηπτεύοντες ἀῖται,
ἐκ Βερόης ἴνα γαῖαν ὅλην πλήσωσι θεμίστων:
175 τῇ δὲ λοχευομένη πρωτάγγελος εἰσέτι θεσμῶν
᾿Ωκεανὸς πόρε χεῦμα λεχώιον ἱζὺι κόσμου
ἀενάῳ τελαμῶνι χέων μιτροῦμενον ὕδωρ:
χεροὶ δὲ γηραλέησιν ἐς ἀρτιτόκου χροά κούρης
σπάργανα πέπλα Δίκης ἀνεκούφισε σύντροφος Αἰών,
180 μάντις ἐπεσομένων, ὅτι γήραος ἄχθος ἀμείβων,
ὥς ὄφιν ἀδρανέων φολίδων σπείρημα τινάξας,
ἔμπαλιν ἠβήσειε λελουμένος οἶδμασι θεσμῶν:
θεσπεσίην δὲ θύγατρα λοχευομένης Ἀφροδίτης
σύνθροον ἐκρούσαντο μέλος τετράζυγες ὦραι.
185 καὶ Παφίης ὠδῖνα τελεσσιγόνοιο μαθόντες
θῆρες ἐβακχεύοντο: λέων δὲ τις ἀβρὸν ἀθύρων
χειλεῖ μελιχίῳ ῥαχίην ἠσπάζετο ταύρου,
ἀκροτέροις στομάτεσσι φίλον μυκηθμὸν ἰάλλων,
καὶ τροχαλῇ βαρύδουπον ἐπιρρήσων πέδον ὀπλῇ
190 ἵππος ἀνεκροτάλιζε γενέθλιον ἦχον ἀράσσω,
καὶ ποδὸς ὑψιπόροιο θορῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἐπεσκίρτησε λαγῶν,
ὠρυγῆς δ' ὀλόλυγμα χέων φιλοπαίγμονι λαιμῷ
ἀδρύπτοις γενέεσσι λύκος προσπτύξατο ποιμήνην,
195 καὶ τις ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισι λιπῶν κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρην,
ἄλλον ἔχων γλυκὺν οἶστρον, ἀμιλλητῆρι χορείῃ
ὀρχηστήρ ἐρίδαινε κύων βητάρμονι κάπρῳ,
καὶ πόδας ὀρθώσασα, περιπλεχθεῖσα δὲ δειρή,
ἄρκτος ἀδηλήτῳ δαμάλην ἠγκάσσατο δεσμῷ,
200 πυκνὰ δὲ κυρτώσασα φιλέψιον ἄντυγα κόρης
πόρτις ἀνεσκίρτησε, δέμας λιχμῶσα λεαίνης,
ἡμιτελὲς μύκημα νέων πέμπουσα γενείων,
καὶ φιλίων ἐλέφαντι δράκων ἔψαυεν ὀδόντων:
καὶ δρῦες ἐφθέγγαντο: γαληναίῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
205 ἠθάδα πέμπε γέλωτα φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτης,
τερπομένων ὀρώσασα λεχώια παίγνια θηρῶν.
πᾶσι μὲν ἀμφελέλιζε γεγηθότα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
πᾶσιν ὁμοῦ: μούνην δὲ συῶν οὐκ ἤθελε λεύσσειν
τερπωλὴν, ἅτε μάντις, ἐπεὶ συὸς εἰκόνι μορφῆς
210 Ἄρης καρχαρόδων θανατηφόρον ἰὸν ἰάλλων
ζηλομανῆς ἤμελλεν Ἀδώνιδι πότμον ὑφαίνειν.
καὶ Βερόην γελώσασαν ἔτι βρέφος ἄμματι χειρῶν
δεξαμένη παρὰ μητρὸς ὅλου κόσμοιο τιθήνη
παρθένος Ἀστραῖη, χρυσῆς θρέπτειρα γενέθλης,
215 ἔννομα παππάζουσαν ἀνέτρεφεν ἔμφορον μαζῶν:

παρθενίῳ δὲ γάλακτι ῥοὰς βλύζουσα θεμίστων
 χεῖλεα παιδὸς ἔδευσε, καὶ ἔβλυνεν εἰς στόμα κούρης
 Ἀθίδος ἡδυτόκοιο περιθλίψασα μελίσσης
 δαιδαλέην ὥδῖνα πολυτρήτοιο λοχείης,
 220 κηρία φωνήεντα σοφῶ κεράσασα κυπέλλῳ:
 εἴ ποτε διψαλέη ποτὸν ἦτεεν, ὦρεγε κούρη
 Πύθιον Ἀπόλλωνι λάλον πεφυλαγμένον ὕδωρ
 ἢ ῥόον Ἴλισσοῖο, τὸν ἔμπνοον Ἀθίδι Μοῦσῃ
 Περικαὶ δονέουσιν ἐπ' ἥόνι Φοιβάδες αὔραι:
 καὶ στάχυν ἀστερόεντα περιγνάψασα κορύμβῳ
 χρύσειον, οἷά περ ὀρμόν, ἐπ' αὐχένι θήκατο κούρης.
 225 κοῦραι δ' ἄβρὰ λοετρὰ χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο
 ἀμφίπολοι Παφίης μεμελημένον ἑννέα Μοῦσαις
 ἐκ κρήνης ἀρύοντο νοήμονος ἵππιον ὕδωρ.
 230 καὶ Βερόη βλάστησεν ὁμόδρομος ἰοχεαίρῃ,
 δίκτυα θηρητῆρος ἀερτάζουσα τοκῆος:
 καὶ Παφίης ὄλον εἶδος ὁμόγονιον εἶχε τεκούσης
 καὶ πόδας αἰγλήεντας: ὑπερκύψασα δὲ πόντου
 χιονέῳ σκαίρουσα Θέτις βητάρμονι ταρσῶ
 235 ἄλλην ἀργυρόπεζαν ἶδεν Θέτιν: αἰδομένη δὲ
 κρύπτετο δειμαίνουσα πάλιν στόμα Κασσιεπείης.
 Ἀσσυρίην δ' ἐτέρην δεδοκημένος ἄζυγα κούρην
 Ζεὺς πάλιν ἐπτοίητο, καὶ ἤθελεν εἶδος ἀμειψαι:
 καὶ νῦν κε φόρτον Ἑρωτος ἔχων ταυρώπιδι μορφῇ
 240 ἀκροβαφῆς πεφόρητο δι' ὕδατος ἵχνος ἐρέσσων,
 κουφίζων ἀδιάντον ὑπὲρ νώτοιο γυναιῖκα,
 εἰ μὴ μνηστὶς ἔρυκε βοοκραίρων ὑμεναίων
 Σιδονίς, ἀστερόεν δὲ μέλος ζηλήμονι λαιμῶ
 νυμφίος Εὐρώπης μυκήσατο, Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,
 245 μὴ βοὸς ἰσοτύποιο δι' αἰθέρος εἰκόνα τεύχων
 ποντοπόρων στήσειε νεώτερον ἄστρον Ἑρώτων:
 καὶ Βερόην διεροῖσιν ὀφειλομένην ὑμεναίοις
 γνωτῶ λέϊπεν ἄκοιτιν, ἐπιχθονίης περὶ νύμφης
 ὕσμινην γαμῆς πεφυλαγμένος ἑννοσιγαίου.
 250 τοιῇ ἔην Βερόη, Χαρίτων θάλας: εἴ ποτε κούρη
 λαροτέρην σίμβλοιο μελίρρυτον ἦπυε φωνήν,
 ἡδυεπὴς ἀκόρητος ἐφίστατο χεῖλεσι Πειθῶ
 καὶ πινυτὰς οἷστροησεν ἀκηλήτων φρένας ἀνδρῶν:
 Ἀσσυρίης δ' ἔκρυπτον ὁμήγυριν ἥλικος ἥβης
 255 ὀφθαλμοὶ γελώοντες, ἀκοντιστῆρες Ἑρώτων,
 φαιδροτέραις χαρίτεσσιν, ὅσον πλεόν ἄστρον καλύπτει
 ἀννεφέλους ἀκτῖνας ἀκτῖνας ὀιστεῖουσα Σελήνη
 πλησιφαῆς: λευκοὶ δὲ παρὰ σφυρὰ νείατα κούρης
 πορφυρέοις μελέεσσιν ἐφοινίσσοντο χιτῶνες.

260 οὐ νέμεσις ποτε τοῦτο, καὶ εἰ πλέον ἡλικος ἦβης
τηλικόν ἔλλαχεν εἶδος, ἐπεὶ νῦ οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
κάλλεα διχθαδίων ἀμαρύσσετο φαιδρὰ τοκίων.
τὴν τότε Κύπρις ἰδοῦσα, νοήμονος ἔγκυος ὄμφῃς,
ὠκυτέρην ἐλέλιζε περιστρωφῶσα μενοινήν,
265 καὶ νόον ἱππεύσασα περὶ χθόνα πᾶσαν ἀλήτην
φαιδρὰ παλαιγενέων διεμέτρεε βάθρα πολλῶν,
ὅττι φερωνυμίην ἐλικώπιδος εἶχε Μυκῆνης
στέμματι τειχιόεντι περιζωσθεῖσα Μυκῆνη
Κυκλώπων κανόνεσσι, καὶ ὥς νοτίῳ παρὰ Νεῖλῳ
270 Θήβης ἀρχεγόνοιο φερώνυμος ἔπλετο Θήβη:
καὶ Βερόης μενέαιεν ἐπώνυμον ἄστρῳ χαράξαι,
ἀντιτύπων μεθέπουσα φιλόπτολιν οἴστρον Ἑρώτων.
φραζομένη δὲ Σόλωνος ἀλεξικάκων στίχα θεσμῶν
δόχμιον ὄμμα τίτταιεν ἐς εὐρύαγυιαν Ἀθήνην,
275 γνωτῆς ζῆλον ἔχουσα δικασπόλον: ἐσσυμένῳ δὲ
ἡερίην ἀψῖδα διερροίζησε πεδίλῳ
εἰς δόμον Ἀρμονίης παμμήτορος, ὀππόθι νύμφη
εἵκελον οἶκον ἔναιε τύπῳ τετράζυγι κόσμου
280 ἄρραγέες πισύρεσσιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἀήταις:
καὶ δόμον ἐρρύνοντο περίτροχον εἰκόνα κόσμου
δμῳίδες ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα: μεριζομένων δὲ θυρέτρων
Ἀντολίη θεράπεινα πύλην περιδέδρομεν Εὐρου,
καὶ Ζεφύρου πυλεῶνα Δύσις, θρέπτειρα Σελήνης,
285 καὶ Νότιον πυρόεντα Μεσημβριάς εἶχεν ὄχῃα,
καὶ πυκινήν νεφέεσσι, παλυνομένην δὲ χαλάζῃ
ἄρκτος ὑποδρήστειρα πύλην ἐπέτασσε Βορῆος.
κεῖθι Χάρις προθοροῦσα, συνέμπορος ἀφρογενεΐη,
Εὐρου κόψε θύρετρον Ἑώιον: ἐνδόμυχος δὲ
290 Ἀντολῆς κροκόεντος ἀρασσομένου πυλεῶνος
ἄνδραμεν Ἀστυνόμεια διάκτορος, ἱσταμένην δὲ
Κύπριν ἐσαθρήσασα παρὰ προπύλαια μελάθρου
ποσσί παλιννόστοισι προάγγελος ἦλθεν ἀνάσση.
ἢ μὲν ἐποικομένη πολυδαίδαλον ἴσθον Ἀθήνης
295 κερκίδι πέπλον ὕφαιεν: ὕφαινομένου δὲ χιτῶνος
πρώτην γαῖαν ἔπασσε μεσόμφαλον, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
οὐρανὸν ἐσφαίρωσε τύπῳ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρον,
συμφερτὴν δὲ θάλασσαν ἐφήρμοσε σύζυγι γαίῃ:
καὶ ποταμοὺς ποίκιλλεν, ἐπ' ἀνδρομέῳ δὲ μετώπῳ
300 ταυροφυῆς μορφοῦτο κερασφόρος ἔγχλοος εἰκῶν:
καὶ πυμάτην παρὰ πέζαν ἐκλώστοιο χιτῶνος
ὠκεανὸν κύκλωσε περιδρομον ἄντυγι κόσμου.
ἀμφίπολος δὲ οἱ ἦλθε καὶ ἐγγῦθι θήλεος ἴστοῦ
ἱσταμένην ἡγγεῖλε παρὰ προθύροις Ἀφροδίτην.

305 καὶ θεός, ὥς ἤκουσε, μίτους ῥίψασα χιτῶνος
 θέσκελον ἱστοπόνων ἄπεσεῖσατο κερκίδα χειρῶν:
 καὶ ταχινὴ πυκάσασα δέμας χιονώδεϊ πέπλῳ
 φαιδροτέρη χρυσέης ὑπερίζανεν ἡθάδος ἔδρης,
 δεχνυμένη Κυθέρειαν, ἀναΐξασα δὲ θώκου
 310 τηλεφανῇ κύδηνεν ἐπερχομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
 καὶ Παφίην ἴδρυσεν ἐπὶ θρόνον ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης
 Εὐρυνόμη τανύπεπλος: ἀτυζομένου δὲ προσώπου
 Κύπριν ὀπιπεύουσα κατηφεί μάρτυρι μορφῇ
 παντρός Ἀρμονίῃ φιλίῳ μειλιξατο μῦθος:
 315 ‘ Ῥίξα βίου, Κυθέρεια φυτοσπόμε, μαῖα γενέθλης,
 ἐλπίς ὅλου κόσμοιο, τεῆς ὑπὸ νεύματι βουλῆς
 ἀπλανέες κλώθουσι πολύτροπα νήματα Μοῖραι...’
 ‘... εἰρομένη θέσπιζε, καὶ ὥς βιότοιο τιθήνη,
 ὥς τροφὸς ἀθανάτων, ὥς σύγχρονος ἥλικι κόσμῳ,
 320 εἶπέ: τίτι πτολίῳ βασιληίδος ὄργανα φωνῆς
 λυσιπόνων ἀτίνακτα φυλάσσεται ἡνία θεσμῶν ;
 ὅττι πολυχρονίῳ πόθου δεδονημένον οἷστρον
 Ἥρης κέντρον ἔχοντα κασιγνήτων ὑμεναίων
 εἰς χρόνον ἱμείροντα τριηκοσίων ἐνιαυτῶν
 325 Ζῆνα γάμοις ἔξευξα: χάριν δέ μοι ἄξιον ἔργων
 μισθὸν ἐοῦ θαλάμοιο νοήμονι νεῦσε καρήνῳ,
 ὅττι μιῇ πολίων, ὣν ἔλλαχον, ἐγγυαλίζει
 θεσμὰ Δίκης, ποθέω δὲ δαήμεναι, εἰ χθονὶ Κύπρου
 ἢ Πάφῳ τάδε δῶρα φυλάσσεται ἢ Κορίνθῳ
 330 ἢ Σπάρτῃ, Λυκόοργος ὅθεν πέλεν, ἢ καὶ αὐτῇς
 κούρης ἡμετέρης Βερόης εὐήνορι πάτρῃ.
 ἀλλὰ δίκης ἀλέγιζε καὶ ἁρμονίην πόρε κόσμῳ
 Ἀρμονίῃ γεγαῦτα βιοσσόος: εἰς σὲ γὰρ αὕτῃ
 πέμψεν ἐπειγομένην με θεμιστοπόλων τροφὸς ἀνδρῶν,
 335 παρθένος ἀστερόεσσα: τὸ δὲ πλέον ἔννομος Ἑρμῆς
 τοῦτο γέρας μεθέηκε, βιαζομένους ἵνα μούνη
 ἀνέρας, οὓς ἔσπειρα, γάμου θεσμοῖσι σαώσω.’
 ὥς φαμένην θάρσυνε θεὰ καὶ ἀμείβετο μῦθος:
 ‘ Γίγνεο θαρσαλέη, μὴ δεῖδιθι, μήτερ Ἑρώτων:
 340 ἐπτὰ γὰρ ἐν πινάκεσσιν ἔχω μαντήια κόσμου,
 καὶ πίνακες γεγάασιν ἐπώνυμοι ἐπτὰ πλανήτων.
 πρῶτος ἐντροχάλοιο φερώνυμός ἐστι Σελήνης:
 δεῦτερος Ἑρμείῳ πῖναξ χρύσειος ἀκούει
 στίλβων, ᾧ ἐνὶ πάντα τετεύχεται ὄργια θεσμῶν:
 345 οὕνομα σὸν μεθέπει ροδόεις τρίτος: ὑμετέρου γὰρ
 ἀστέρος Ἡώοιο φέρει τύπον: ἐπταπόρων δὲ
 τέτρατος Ἥελίοιο μεσόμφαλός ἐστι πλανήτων:
 πέμπτος ἐρευθιῶν πυρόεις κυκλίσκεται Ἄρης:

καὶ Φαέθων Κρονίδαο φατίζεται ἔκτος ἀλήτης:
350 ἔβδομος ὕψιπόροιο Κρόνου πέλεν οὖνομα φαίνων.
τοῖς ἔνι ποικίλα πάντα μεμορμένα θέσφατα κόσμου
γράμματι ξοινικόνεντι γέρων ἐχάραξεν Ὀφίων.
ἀλλ', ἐπεὶ ἰθυνόνων με διεῖρεαι εἵνεκα θεσμῶν,
πρεσβυτέρῃ πολίων πρεσβήια ταῦτα φυλάσσω:
355 εἴτ' οὖν Ἀρκαδιῇ προτέρῃ πέλεν ἢ πόλις Ἥρης,
Σάρδιες εἰ γεγάσι παλαιῖτεραι, εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
Ταρσὸς ἀειδομένη πρωτόπτολις, εἰ δέ τις ἄλλῃ.
οὐκ ἔδαην: Κρόνιος δὲ πίναξ τάδε πάντα διδάσκει,
τίς προτέρῃ βλάστησε, τίς ἔπλετο σύγχρονος Ἡοῦς.'
360 εἶπε: καὶ ἡγεμόνευεν ἐς ἀγλαὰ θέσφατα τοίχου,
εἰσόκεν ἔδρακε χῶρον, ὅπῃ Βερόης περὶ πατρὸς
θέσφατον ὀψιτέλεστον Ὀφιονίῃ γράφε τέχνη
ἐν πίνακι Κρονίῳ κεχαραγμένον οἴνοπι μιλτῷ:
'πρωτοφανῆς Βερόῃ πέλε σύγχρονος ἥλικι κόσμῳ,
365 νύμφης ὀψιγόνοιο φερώνυμος, ἣν μετανάσται
υἱέες Αὐσονίων, ὑπατήια φέγγεα Ῥώμης,
Βηρυτὸν καλέσουσιν, ἐπεὶ Λιβάνῳ πέσε γείτων...'·
τοῖον ἔπος δεδάηκε θεοπρόπον. ἀλλ' ὅτε δαίμων
θέσκελον ἔβδομάτου πίνακος παρεμέτρεεν ἀρχήν,
370 δεῦτερον ἐσκοπίαζεν, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι τοίχῳ
ποικίλα παντοίης ἐχαράσσετο δαίδαλα τέχνης
μαντιπόλοις ἐπέεσσιν, ὅτι πρώτιστα νοήσει
Πὰν νόμιος σύριγγα, λύρην Ἑλικώνιος Ἑρμῆς,
δίθροον ἄβρὸς Ὑαγνίς ἐυτρήτου μέλος αὐλοῦ,
375 Ὀρφεὺς μυστιπόλοιο θεηγόρα χεύματα μολπῆς,
καὶ Λίνος εὐεπὶν Φοιβήιος, Ἀρκὰς ἀλήτης
μέτρα δυωδεκάμηνα καὶ Πελίοιο πορεῖην,
μητέρα τικτομένων ἐτέων τετράζυγι δίφρῳ,
καὶ σοφὸς Ἐνδυμίων ἐτερότροπα δάκτυλα κάμψας
380 γνώσεται ἄστατα κύκλα παλιννόστοιο Σελήνης
τριπλόα καὶ στοιχεῖον ὁμόζυγον ἄζυγι μίξας
Κάδμος ἐνγλώσσοιο διδάζεται ὄργια φωνῆς,
θεσμὰ Σόλων ἄχραντα, καὶ ἔννομον Ἀτθίδι πεύκῃ
συζυγίῃς ἀλύτοιο συνωρίδα δίζυγα Κέκροψ.
385 καὶ Παφίῃ μετὰ πάντα πολύτροπα δαίδαλα Μούσης
πυκνὰ πολυσπερέων παρεμέτρεεν ἔργα πολήων:
καὶ πίνακος γραπτοῖο μέσην ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα κόσμου
τοῖν ἔπος σοφὸν εὔρε πολύστιχον Ἑλλάδι Μούσῃ:
'Σκῆπτρον ὅλης Αὐγουστος ὅτε χθονὸς ἠνιοχεύσει,
390 Ῥώμῃ μὲν ζαθέῃ δωρήσεται Αὐσόνιος Ζεὺς
κοιρανίην, Βερόῃ δὲ χαρίζεται ἡνία θεσμῶν,
ὁππότε θωρηχθεῖσα φερεσσακέων ἐπὶ νηῶν

φύλοπιν ὕδρομόθοιο κατευνήσει Κλεοπάτρης:
πρὶν γὰρ ἄτασθαλίη πολιπόρθιος οὐ ποτε λήξει
395 εἰρήνην κλονέουσα σαόπτολιν, ἄχρι δικάζει
Βηρυτὸς βιότοιο γαληναίοιο τιθήνη
γαῖαν ὁμοῦ καὶ πόντον, ἀκαμπεῖ τείχεϊ θεσμῶν
ἄστεα πυργώσασα, μία πτόλις ἄστεα κόσμου.’
καὶ θεός, ὅπποτε πᾶσαν Ὀφιονίην μάθεν ὁμφήν,
400 εἰς ἐὸν οἶκον ἔβαινε παλίνδρομος· ἐξομένου δὲ
υἱέος ἐγγυὺς ἔθηκεν ἐὴν χρυσήλατον ἔδρην,
καὶ μέσον ἀγκὰς ἐλοῦσα γαληνιόωντι προσώπῳ
πεπταμένῳ πῆχυνε γεγηθότι κοῦρον ἀγοστῶ,
γούνασι κουφίζουσα φίλον βάρος· ἀμφότερον δὲ
405 καὶ στόμα παιδὸς ἔκυσσε καὶ ὄμματα· θελξινόου δὲ
ἀπτομένη τόξοιο καὶ ἀμφαφώσασα φαρέτρην,
οἷα περ ἄσχαλώσασα, δολόφρονα ῥήξατο φωνήν:
‘Ἐλπίς ὅλου βιότοιο, παραίφασις ἀφρογενεῖς,
νηλειῆς ἐμὰ τέκνα βιήσατο μοῦνα Κρονίων:
410 ἐννέα γὰρ πλήσασα μογοστόκα κύκλα Σελήνης
δριμὺ βέλος μεθέπουσα δυηπαθέος τοκετοῖο
Ἄρμονίην ἐλόχευσα, καὶ ἄλγεα ποικίλα πάσχει
ἀχνυμένη· κοῦρην δὲ μογοστόκον ἔλλαχε Λητώ,
Ἄρτεμιν Εἰλείθυιαν, ἀρηγόνα θηλυτερῶν.
415 τέκνον Ἀμυμώνης ὁμογάστριον, οὐ σε διδάξω,
ὥς λάχον ἐξ ἀλὸς αἶμα καὶ αἰθέρος· ἀλλὰ τελέσσαι
ἤθελον ἄξιον ἔργον, ὅπως παρὰ μητρὶ θαλάσση
οὐρανόθεν γεγαυῖα καὶ οὐρανὸν ἐν χθονὶ πῆξω:
ἀλλὰ κασιγνήτης ἐπὶ κάλλεϊ σεῖο... τιταίνων
420 θέλγε θεοὺς, καὶ μᾶλλον ἴσον βέλος εἶν ἐνὶ θεσμῶ
πέμπε Ποσειδάωνι καὶ ἀμπελόεντι Λυαίῳ,
ἀμφοτέροις μακάρεσσιν· ἐγὼ δὲ σοι ἄξια μόχθων
δῶρον ἐκηβολίης ἐπεοικότα μισθὸν ὀπάσσω:
δώσω σοι χρυσέην γαμίην χέλυν, ἣν παρὰ παστῶ
425 Ἄρμονίῃ πόρε Φοῖβος, ἐγὼ δὲ σοι ἐγγυαλίξω
ἄστεος ἐσσομένου μνημήιον, ὄφρα κεν εἴης
καὶ μετὰ τοξευτῆρα λυροκτύπος, ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων.’

τεσσαρακοστὸν ὕφηνά τὸ δεύτερον, ἦχι λιγαίνω
 Βάκχου τερπνὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἱμερον ἐννοσιγαίου.
 ὥς φαμένη παρέπεισε: μεταχρονίῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
 θερμὸς Ἔρωσ ἀκίχητος ὑπηνέμιον πόδα πάλλων
 ὑψινεφῆς πτερόεντι κατέγραφεν ἡέρα ταρσῶ,
 τόξα φέρων φλογόεντα. κατωμαδίῃ δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ
 5 μείλιχιον πλήθουσα πυρὸς κεχάλαστο φαρέτρῃ.
 ὥς δ' ὁπότε ἄννεφέλοιο δι' αἰθέρος ὀξὺς ὁδίτης
 ἐκταδίῳ σπινθῆρι τιταίνεται ὄρθιος ἀστήρ,
 ἢ στρατιῇ πολέμοιο φέρων τέρας ἢ τινι ναύτῃ,
 αἰθέρος ἔγραφε νῶτον ὀπισθιδίῳ πυρὸς ὀλκῷ:
 10 ὥς τότε τοῦρος Ἔρωσ πεφορημένος ὀξεὶ ῥοίζῳ,
 παλλομένων πτερυγῶν ἀνεμῶδεα βόμβον ἰάλλων,
 ἡερόθεν ῥοίζησε: καὶ Ἀσσυρίῃ παρὰ πέτρῃ
 ἔμπυρα δισσὰ βέλεμνα μιῇ ξυνώσατο νευρῇ,
 παρθενικῆς ὑπ' ἔρωτος ὁμοίον εἰς πόθον ἔλκων
 15 διχθαδίους μνηστῆρας ὁμοζήλων ὑμεναίων,
 δαίμονα βοτρύοντα καὶ ἡνιοχῆα θαλάσσης.
 τῆμος ὁ μὲν βαθὺ κῦμα λιπῶν ἀλιγείτονος ὄρμου,
 ὅς δὲ Τύρου μετὰ πέζαν, ἔσω Λιβάνοιο καρῆνων
 ἦντεον εἰς ἓνα χῶρον. ἀπὸ βλοσυροῖο δὲ δίφρου
 20 πόρδαλιν ἰδρώνοντα Μάρων ἀνέλυσε λεπάδων,
 καὶ κόνιν ἐξετίναξε καὶ ἔκλυσεν ὕδατι πηγῆς
 θερμὸν ἀναψύχων κεχαραγμένον αὐχένα θηρῶν.
 ἔνθα μολῶν ἀκίχητος Ἔρωσ ἐπὶ γείτονι κούρῃ
 δαίμονας ἀμφοτέρους διδυμάονι βάλλεν ὀιστῶ,
 25 βακχεύσας Διόνυσον ἄγειν κειμήλια νύμφῃ,
 εὐφροσύνην βιότοιο καὶ οἶνοπα βότρυν ὀπώρης,
 οἰστρήσας δ' ἔς ἔρωτα κυβερνητῆρα τριαίνης
 διπλόον ἔδνον ἔρωτος ἄγειν ἀλιγείτονα κούρῃ,
 ναύμαχον ὕγρὸν Ἄρηα καὶ αἰόλα δεῖπνα τραπέζης.
 30 καὶ πλεόν ἔφλεγε Βάκχον, ἐπεὶ νόον οἶνος ἐγείρει
 εἰς πόθον, ὀπλοτέρων δὲ πολὺ πλεόν ἄφρονι κέντρῳ
 θελγομένην ἀχάλινον ἔχων πειθήνιον ἥβην:
 Βάκχον Ἔρωσ τόξευεν, ὅλον βέλος εἰς φρένα πηξας:
 ἐφλεγε δ', ὅσσον ἔθελγεν ἐπιστάξας μέλι πειθοῦς.
 35 ἀμφοτέρους δ' οἴσטרησε: δι' αἰθερίης δὲ κελεύθου
 κυκλώσας βαλίοισιν ὁμόδρομον ἵχνος ἀήταις
 νηχομένῳ νόθος ὄρνις ἀνηώρητο πεδίλῳ,
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόων φιλοκέρτομον: 'ἀνέρας οἶνω
 εἰ κλονέει Διόνυσος, ἐγὼ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὀρίνω.'

40 καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις ἀντὶ ὄμμα τιταίνων
ἄβρὸν ἐν πλοκάμοιο δέμας διεμέτρεε νύμφης,
θάμβος ἔχων ὀχετηγὸν ἐς ἱμερον· ἀρχομένων δὲ
ὀφθαλμὸς προκέλευθος ἐγένετο πορθμὸς Ἑρώτων.
πλάζετο μὲν Διόνυσος ἔσω τερψίφρονος ὕλης,
45 λάθριος εἰς Βερόην πεφυλαγμένον ὄμμα τιταίνων,
καὶ κατὰ βαιὸν ὀπισθεν ἐς ἀτραπὸν ἦε κούρης·
οὐδὲ οἱ εἰσορόωντι κόρος πέλεν· ἵσταμένην γὰρ
παρθένον ὅσον ὄπωπε, τόσον πλέον ἤθελε λεύσσειν.
καὶ Κλυμένης φιλότητος ἀναμνήσας πρόμον ἄστρον
50 ἥελιον λιτάνευεν, ὀπισθοτόνων ἐπὶ δίφρων
αἰθερίῳ στατὸν ἵππον ἀνασφίγγοντα χαλινῶ
μηκύνειν γλυκὺ φέγγος, ἵνα βραδὺς εἰς δύνειν ἔλθῃ
φειδομένη μάλιστα παλιμφυνὲς ἡμαρ ἀέξων.
καὶ Βερόης μετρηδὸν ἐπ' ἵχνεσιν ἵχνος ἐρείδων,
55 οἷά περ ἀγνώστων, περιδεδρομεν· ἐκ Λιβάνου δὲ
ὀκναλέου ποδὸς ἵχνος ὑποκλέπτων ἐνοσίχθων
ἐντροπαλιζομένῳ βραδυπειθεὶ χάζετο ταρσῶ,
καὶ νόον ἀστήρικτον ὁμοῖον εἶχε θαλάσση,
κύμασι παφλάζοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο μερίμνης.
60 καὶ γλυκερῆς ἀκόρητος ἔσω Λιβανηίδος ὕλης
οἰώθη Διόνυσος ἐρημαίῃ παρὰ νύμφῃ,
οἰώθη Διόνυσος. Ὀρειάδες εἵπατε Νύμφαι.
τί πλέον ἤθελεν ἄλλο φιλαίτερον, ἢ χρὸα κούρης
μοῦνος ἰδεῖν δυσέρωτος ἐλεύθερος ἐννοσιγαίου;
καὶ κύσε νηρίθμοισι φιλήμασι λάθριος ἔρπων
χῶρον, ὅπῃ πόδα θῆκε, καὶ ἦν ἐπάτησε κοινὴν
παρθενικὴ ῥοδόεντι καταυγάζουσα πεδίλῳ·
καὶ γλυκὺν αὐχένα Βάκχος ἐδέρκετο, καὶ σφυρὰ κούρης
75 νισσομένης καὶ κάλλος, ὃ περ φύσις ὥπασε νύμφῃ,
κάλλος, ὃ περ φύσις εὔρε· καὶ οὐ ξανθόχροϊ κόσμῳ
χρῖσαμένη Βερόῃ ῥοδοειδέα κύκλα προσώπου
ψευδομένας ἐρύθηνε νόθῳ σπινθῆρι παρειάς,
οὐ χροὸς ἀντιτύποιο διαυγεί· μάρτυρι χαλκῶ
80 μιμηλῆς ἐγέλασεν ἐς ἄπνοον εἶδος ὀπωπῆς
κάλλος ἐὼν κρίνουσα, καὶ οὐ τεχνήμονι θεσμῶ
πολλάκις ἰσάζουσα παρ' ὀφρύσιν ἄκρα κομᾶν
πλαζομένης ἔστησε μετῆλυδα βότρυν ἐθείρης.
ἀλλὰ γυναιμανέοντα πολὺ πλέον ὀξεὶ κέντρῳ
85 ἀγλαΐαι κλονέουσιν ἀκηδέστοιο προσώπου,
καὶ πλόκαμοι ῥυπόωντες ἀκοσμήτοιο καρήνου
ἄβρότεροι γεγάασιν, ὅτ' ἀπλεκέες καὶ ἀλῆται
χιονέῳ στιχόωσι παρήοροι ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ.
καὶ ποτε διψήσασα μετέστιχε γείτονα πηγὴν,

90 οὐρανίου πυρόντος ἱμασσομένη Κυνὸς ἀτμῶ,
χεῖλεσι καρχαλέοισι: καθελκομένῳ δὲ καρήνῳ
κάμπτετο κυρτωθεῖσα, καὶ εἰς στόμα πολλάκι κούρη
χερσὶ βαθυνομένησιν ἄρυετο πάτριον ὕδωρ,
ἄχρι κορυσσάμενη λίπε νάματα: χαζομένης δὲ
95 ἱμερτῇ Διόνυσος ὑποκλίνας γόνυ πηγῇ
κοιλαίνων παλάμας ἐρατὴν μιμήσατο κούρην,
νέκταρος αὐτοχύτοιο πίων γλυκερώτερον ὕδωρ.
καὶ μιν ἐσαθρήσασα πόθου δεδονημένον οἷστρον
πηγαίῃ βαθύκολπος ἀσάμβαλος ἴαχε Νύμφη:
100 ‘Ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ, Διόνυσε, μάτην πίε: οὐ δύναται γὰρ
σβέσσαι δίψαν ἔρωτος ὅλος ῥόος Ὠκεανοῖο,
εἴρεο σὸν γενέτην, ὅτι τηλίκον οἶδμα περήσας
νυμφίος Εὐρώπης οὐκ ἔσβεσεν ἱμερόεν πῦρ,
ἀλλ’ ἔτι μᾶλλον ἔκαμνεν ἐν ὕδασιν: ὑγροπόρου δὲ
105 μάρτυρα λάτριν Ἔρωτος ἔχεις Ἀλφειὸν ἀλήτην,
ὅττι τόσοις ῥοθίοισι δι’ ὕδατος ὕδατα σύρων
οὐ φύγε θερμὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ πέλεν ὑγρὸς ὁδίτης.’
ὥς φαμένη πηγαῖον ἐδύσατο σύγχροον ὕδωρ
νηϊὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπεγγελώουσα Λυαίῳ.
110 καὶ θεὸς ὑγρομέδοντι Ποσειδάωνι μεγαίρων
εἶχε φόβον καὶ ζῆλον, ἐπεὶ πίε παρθένος ὕδωρ
ἀντὶ μέθης, καὶ κωφὸν ἐς ἡέρα ῥήξατο φωνήν,
οἷα περ εἰσαΐουσαν ἔχων πειθήμονα κούρην:
‘Παρθένε, δέχνυσο νέκταρ: ἔα φιλοπάρθενον ὕδωρ:
115 φεῦγε ποτὸν κρηναῖον, ὅπως μὴ σεῖο κορείην
ὕδατόεις κλέψειεν ἐν ὕδασι κυανοχαίτης,
ὅττι γυναιμανέων δολόεις πέλε: Θεσσαλίδος δὲ
Τυροῦς οἶδας ἔρωτα καὶ ὑγροπόρους ὑμεναίους:
καὶ σὺ ῥοὸν δολόεντα φυλάσσεο, μὴ σέο μίτρην
120 ψευδαλέος λύσειε, γαμοκλόπος ὥς περ Ἐνιπεύς.
ἦθελον εἰ γενόμην καὶ ἐγὼ ῥόος, ὥς ἐνοσίχθων,
καὶ κελάδων πήχυνα ποθοβλήτῳ παρὰ πηγῇ
διψαλέην ἀφύλακτον ἐμὴν Λιβανηίδα Τυρῶ.’
εἶπε θεός: μελέων δὲ μετάρτροπον εἶδος ἀμείψας,
125 ὀππόθι παρθένος ἦεν, ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην
Εὐῖος ἀγρευτῆρι πανεῖκελος: ἀβροκόμῳ δὲ
ἄλλοφυῆς ἄγνωστος ὁμίλεεν ἄζυγι κούρη
εἵκελος ἡβητῆρι, καὶ ἀκλινὲς ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
ψευδαλέον μίμημα σαόφρονος ἔπλασεν αἰδοῦς:
130 καὶ πῇ μὲν σκοπίαζεν ἐρημάδος ἄκρον ἐρίπνης,
πῇ δὲ τανυπτόρθοιο βαθύσκιον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
εἰς πίτυν ὄμμα φέρων λελιημένον, ἄλλοτε πεύκην
ἦ πτελέην ἐδόκευε: φυλασσομένου δὲ προσώπου

ὄμμασι λαθριδίοισιν ἐδέρεκετο γείτονα κούρην,
135 μὴ μιν ἄλυσκάζειε μετὰτροπος· ἡιθέω γὰρ
κάλλος ὀπιπεύοντι καὶ ἡλικος ὄμματα κούρης
Κυπριδίων ἐλάχεια παραίφασίς ἐστιν Ἑρώτων.
καὶ Βερόης σχεδὸν ἦλθε καὶ ἤθελε μῦθον ἐνίψαι,
ἀλλὰ φόβῳ πεπέδητο· φιλεῦε, πῆ σέο θύρσοι
140 ἀνδροφόνοι· πῆ φρικτὰ κεράατα· πῆ σέο χαίτη
γλαυκὰ πεδοτρεφῶν ὀφιώδεα δεσμὰ δρακόντων·
πῆ στομάτων μύκημα βαρύβρομον· ἄ μέγα θαῦμα,
παρθένον ἔτρεμε Βάκχος, ὃν ἔτρεμε φῦλα Γιγάντων·
γηνγενέων ὀλετῆρα φόβος νίκησεν Ἑρώτων·
145 τοσσατίων δ' ἤμησεν ἀρειμανέων γένος Ἴνδῶν,
καὶ μίαν ἱμερόεσσαν ἀνάγκιδα δείδιε κούρην,
δείδιε θηλυτέρην ἀπαλόχροον· ἐν δὲ κολώναις
θηρονόμῳ νάρθηκι κατεπρήνυε λεόντων
φρικαλέον μύκημα, καὶ ἔτρεμε θῆλυν ἀπειλήν·
150 καὶ οἱ ἐριπτοίητον ὑπὸ στόμα μῦθος ἀλήτης
γλῶσσαν ἐς ἀκροτάτην ἐπιταίνεται χεῖλεϊ γείτων,
ἐκ φρενὸς αἰσῶν καὶ ἐπὶ φρένα νόστιμος ἔρπων·
ἀλλὰ φόβον γλυκύπικρον ἔχων αἰδήμονι σιγῇ
εἰς φάος ἐσσυμένην παλινάγρετον ἔσπασε φωνήν.
155 καὶ μόγις ὑστερόμυθον ὑπὸ στόμα δεσμὸν ἀράξας
αἰδοῦς ἀμβολιεργὸν ἀπεσφήκωσε σιωπὴν,
καὶ Βερόην ἐρέεινε χέων ψευδήμονα φωνήν·
Ἄρτεμι, πῆ σέο τόξα· τίς ἤρπασε σείο φαρέτρην·
πῆ λίπες, ὃν φορέεις ἐπιγουνίδος ἄχρι χιτῶνα·
160 πῆ σέο κεῖνα πέδιλα, θώτερα κυκλάδος αὖρης·
πῆ χορὸς ἀμφιπόλων· πῆ δίκτυα· πῆ κύνες ἀργαί·
οὐ δρόμον ἐντύνεις κεμαδοσσόον· οὐκ ἐθέλεις γὰρ
ἀγρώσσειν, ὅθι Κύπρις Ἀδώνιδος ἐγγὺς ἰαύει.
ἔννεπε θάμβος ἔχων ἀπατήλιον· ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
165 παρθενικὴ μεῖδισεν· ἀπειροκάκῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρεν ἀγαλλομένη χάριν ἥβης,
ὅττι, γυνὴ περ ἐοῦσα, φυὴν ἤικτο θεαίνῃ·
οὐδὲ δόλον γίνωσκε νοσπλανέος Διονύσου.
καὶ πλεον ἄχνητο Βάκχος, ἐπεὶ πόθον οὐ μάθε κούρη
νήπιον ἦθος ἔχουσα, καὶ ἤθελεν, ὄφρα δαεῖη
170 οἷστρον ἐὸν βαρύμοχθον, ἐπισταμένης ὅτι κούρης
ὄψιμος ἡιθέω περιλείπεται ἐλπίς Ἑρώτων
ἐσσομένης φιλότητος, ἐπ' ἀπρήκτῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
ἄνδρες ἱμεῖρουσιν, ὅτ' ἀγνώσσουσι γυναικες.
175 καὶ θεὸς ἦμαρ ἐπ' ἦμαρ ἔσω πιτυώδεος ὕλης
δειελος, εἰς μέσον ἦμαρ, Ἑώιος, Ἑσπερος ἔρπων,
παρθενικῇ παρέμιμνε, καὶ ἤθελεν εἰσέτι μίμνειν·

πάντων γάρ κόρος ἐστὶ παρ' ἀνδράσιν, ἡδέος ὕπνου
μολπῆς τ' εὐκελάδοιο καὶ ὀππότε κάμπτεται ἀνήρ
180 εἰς δρόμον ὀρχηστῆρα: γυναιμανέοντι δὲ μούνῳ
οὐ κόρος ἐστὶ πόθων: ἔψευσατο βίβλος Ὀμήρου.
καὶ μογέων Διόνυσος ὑπεβρυχᾷτο σιωπῇ,
δαιμονίῃ μάστιγι τετυμμένος, ἔνδοθι πέσσω
κρυπτὸν ἀκοιμήτων ὑποκάρδιον ἔλκος Ἑρώτων,
185 ὥς δ' ὅτε βοῦς ἀκίχητος ἔσω πλαταμῶνος ὁδεύων
ἔσμδον ὀρεσινόμων παρεμέτρεεν ἡθάδα ταύρων
οἰστρηθεὶς ἀγέληθεν, ὃν εὐπετάλῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
βουτύπος ὀξυόεντι μύωψ ἐχαράσσετο κέντρῳ
ἀπροιδῆς, ὀλίγῳ δὲ δέμας βεβολημένος οἴστρω
190 τηλίκος ἐστυφέλικτο, καὶ ὄρθιον ὑψόθι νώτου
ᾧ ἀνασειράζων παλινάγρετον ἔσπασεν οὐρὴν
κυρτὸς ἐπιτρίβων σκοπέλων ῥάχιν, ἀντίτυπον δὲ
ὀξὺ κέρας δόχμωσεν ἀνούτατον ἡέρα τύπτων:
οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσον, ὃν ἔστεφε πολλάκι νίκη,
195 βαῖος Ἑρως οἴστρησε βαλὼν πανθελγεί κέντρῳ.
ὄψὲ δὲ μαστεύων γλυκὺ φάρμακον εἰς Ἀφροδίτην
Κυπριδίην ἄγρυπνον ἔην ἀνέφαινεν ἀνάγκην,
καὶ βουλὴν ἐρέεινεν, ἀλεξήτειραν Ἑρώτων.
200 καὶ καμάτους Βάκχοιο πυριπνείοντας ἀκούων
Πὰν κερόεις ἐγέλασσε, κατεκλάσθη δὲ μενοινῇ
οἰκτεῖρων δυσέρωτα δυσίμερος: εἶπε δὲ βουλὴν
Κυπριδίην: ὀλίγην δὲ παραίφασιν εἶχεν Ἑρώτων
ἄλλον ἰδὼν φλεχθέντα μιῆς σπινθῆρι φαρέτρης:
205 Ἑυνὰ παθῶν, φίλε Βάκχε, τεὰς ὥκτειρα μερίμνας:
καὶ σὲ πόθεν νίκησεν Ἑρως θρασύς; εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ Διόνυσον Ἑρως ἐκένωσε φαρέτρην.
ἀλλὰ πόθου δολίοιο πολύτροπον ἦθος ἐνίψω.
πᾶσα γυνὴ ποθέει πλέον ἄνερως, αἰδομένη δὲ
210 κεῦθει κέντρον Ἑρωτος ἐρωμανέουσα καὶ αὐτὴ,
καὶ μογέει πολὺ μᾶλλον, ἐπεὶ σπινθῆρες Ἑρώτων
θερμότεροι γεγάσιν, ὅτε κρύπτουσι γυναῖκες
ἐνδόμυχον πραπίδεσσι πεπαρμένον ἰὸν Ἑρώτων.
καὶ γὰρ ὅτ' ἀλλήλησι πόθων ἐνέπουσιν ἀνάγκην,
215 λυσιπόνοις ὁάροισιν ὑποκλέπτουσι μερίμνας
Κυπριδίας. σὺ δέ, Βάκχε, τεῶν ὀχρηγὸν Ἑρώτων
μιμηλῆς ἐρύθημα φέρων ἀπατήλιον αἰδοῦς.
οἷα σαοφρονέουσαν ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπὴν,
ὥς ἀέκων Βερόης σχεδὸν ἴστασο: καὶ λῖνα πάλλων
220 θαύματι μὲν δολίῳ ῥοδοειδέα δέρκεο κούρην,
κάλλος ἐπαινήσας, ὅτι τηλίκον οὐ λάχεν Ἥρη,
καὶ Χάριτας κίκλησκε χερείνας, ἀμφοτέρων δὲ

225 μορφή μῶμον ἀναπτε, καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος καὶ Ἀθήνης,
καὶ Βερόνῃ ἀγόρευε φαεινότερην Ἀφροδίτης·
κούρη δ' εἰσαΐουσα τεῖν ψευδήμονα μομφὴν
αἶνῳ τερπομένη πλέον ἴσταται· οὐκ ἐθέλει γὰρ
ὄλβον ὅλον χρῦσειον, ὅσον ῥοδῆς περὶ μορφῆς
230 εἰσαΐειν, ὅτι κάλλος ὑπέρβαλεν ἡλικὸς ἥβης.
παρθενικὴν δ' ἔς ἔρωτα νοήμονι θέλγε σιωπῇ,
κινυμένων βλεφάρων ἀντώπια νεύματα πέμπων·
πεπταμένη δὲ μέτωπον ἀφειδέι χειρὶ πατάξας
ψευδαλέον δέο θάμβος ἐχέφρονι δείκνυε σιγῇ
ἀλλὰ φόβος μεθέπει σε σαόφρονος ἐγγύθι κούρης·
εἶπέ, τί σοὶ ῥέξει μία παρθένος; οὐ δόρυ πάλλει,
235 οὐ ῥοδέη παλάμη τανύει βέλος· ἔγχεα κούρης
ὀφθαλμοὶ γεγάασιν ἀκοντιστῆρες Ἐρώτων,
παρθενικῆς δὲ βέλεμνα ῥοδώπιδες εἰσι παρειαί.
ἔδνα δὲ σοῖο πόθοιο, τεῆς κειμήλια νύμφης,
μὴ λίθον Ἰνδῶν, μὴ μάργαρα χειρὶ τινάξης,
240 οἷα γυναιμανέοντι πέλει θέμις· εἰς Παφίην γάρ
ἀμφιέπεις τεὸν εἶδος ἐπάρκιον, εὐαφέος δὲ
κάλλεος ἱμείρουσι καὶ οὐ χρυσοῖο γυναῖκες.
μαρτυρίης ἐτέρης οὐ δεύομαι· ἀβροκόμου γὰρ
ποῖα πὰ Ἐνδυμίωνος ἐδέξατο δῶρα Σελήνης;
245 Κύπριδι ποῖον Ἄδωνις ἐδείκνυεν ἔδνον Ἐρώτων;
ἄργυρον Ὠρίων οὐκ ὥπασεν ἠριγενεΐη·
οὐ Κέφαλος πόρεν ὄλβον ἐπήρατον· ἀλλ' ἄρα μοῦνος
χωλὸς ἐὼν Ἥφαιστος ἀθελγέος εἵνεκα μορφῆς
ὥπασε ποικίλα δῶρα, καὶ οὐ παρέπεισεν Ἀθήνην·
250 οὐ πέλεκυς χραίσμησε λεχώιος· ἀλλὰ θεαίνης
ἱμείρων ἀφάμαρτε. σὲ δὲ ζυγίων ὑμεναίων
φέρτερον, ἣν ἐθέλης, θελκτῆριον ἄλλο διδάξω·
βάρβιτα χειρὶ λίγαινε, τεῆς ἀναθήματα Ῥεΐης,
Κύπριδος ἀβρὸν ἄγαλμα παροίνιον· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
255 πλήκτροις καὶ στομάτεσσι χέων ἐτερόθροον ἡχώ.
δάφνην πρῶτον ἄειδε καὶ ἀσταθέος δρόμον Ἥχοϋς
καὶ κτύπον ὑστερόφωνον ἀσιγήτοιο θεαίνης,
ὅττι θεοὺς ποθέοντας ἀπέστυγον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
μέλπε Πίτυν φυγόμενον, ὀρειάσι σύνδρομον αὔραις,
260 Πανὸς ἀλυσκάζουσιν ἀνυμφεύτους ὑμεναίους·
μέλπε μόρον φθιμένης αὐτόχθονα· μέμφει γαίῃ.
καὶ τάχα δακρύσειε γοήμονος ἄλγεα νύμφης
καὶ μόρον οἰκτείρουσα· σὺ δὲ φρένα τέρπεο σιγῇ
μυρομένης ὁρόων μελιηδέα δάκρυα κούρης·
265 οὐδὲ γέλως πέλε τοῖος, ἐπεὶ πλέον οἶνοπι μορφῇ
ἱμερταὶ γεγάασιν, ὅτε στενάχουσι γυναῖκες.

μέλπον ἔρωμανέουσας ἐπ' Ἐνδυμίωνι Σελήνην,
μέλπε γάμον χαρίεντος Ἀδώνιδος, εἶπε καὶ αὐτὴν
αὐχμηρὴν ἀπέδilon ἄλωομένην Ἀφροδίτην,
270 νυμφίον ἱχνεύουσας ὀρίδρομον· οὐδὲ σε φεύγει
πατρῶων αἰούσα μελίφρονα θεσμὸν Ἐρώτων.
σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ τάδε πάντα, δυσίμερε Βάκχε, πιφαύσκω·
ἀλλὰ με καὶ σὸ διδάξον ἐμῆς θελκτῆριον Ἥχοϋς.
ὥς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμπε γεγηθότα παῖδα Θυώνης.
65 καὶ δολιὴν Διόνυσος ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπὴν
παρθενικὴν ἐρέεινεν Ἀδώνιδος ἀμφὶ τοκῆος,
ὥς φίλος, ὥς ὁμόθηρος ὀρίδρομος· ἵσταμένης δὲ
στήθεϊ χεῖρα πέλασσε δυσίμερον, ἄκρα δὲ μίτρης
ὥς ἄεκων ἔθλιψεν· ἐπιφαύουσα δὲ μαζῶν
70 δεξιτερὴ νάρκησε γυναιμανέος Διονύσου.
275 καὶ ποτε νηπιάχοισιν ἐν ἥθεσιν εἶρετο κούρη
υἷα Διὸς παρεόντα, τίς ἔπλετο καὶ τίνος εἴη·
καὶ πρόφασιν μόγις εὔρε παρὰ προθύροις Ἀφροδίτης
ὄρχατον ἀμπελόεντα καὶ ὄμπνια λήια γαίης
καὶ δροσερὸν λειμῶνα καὶ αἰόλα δένδρα δοκεῦν
280 ἥθεσι κερδαλέοισι· καί, οἷά τε γηπόνος ἀνὴρ,
ἀμφὶ γάμου τινὰ μῦθον ἀσημάντῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
'Εἰμὶ τεοῦ Λιβάνοιο γεωμόρος· ἦν ἐθελήσης,
ἄρδεύω σέο γαῖαν, ἐγὼ σέο καρπὸν ἀέξω.
ὠράων πισύρων νοέω δρόμον· ἵσταμένην δὲ
285 νύσσαν ὀπιπεύων φθινοπωρίδα τοῦτο βοήσω·
Σκορπίος ἀντέλλει βιοτήσιος, ἔστι δὲ κῆρυξ
αὐλάκος εὐκάρποιο· βόας ζεύζωμεν ἄρότρῳ.
Πληιάδες δύνουσι· πότε σπείρωμεν ἀρούρας;
αὐλάκες ὠδίνουσιν, ὅτε δρόσος εἰς χθόνα πίπτει
290 αὐομένην Φαέθοντι.' καὶ Ἀρκάδος ἐγγὺς Ἀμάξης
χείματος ὁμβρήσαντος ἰδὼν Ἀρκτοῦρον ἐνίψω·
'διψαλέη ποτὲ γαῖα Διὸς νυμφεῦεται ὄμβρῳ.'
εἵαρος ἀντέλλοντος ἐώιος εἰς σὲ βοήσω·
'ἄνθεα σεῖο τέθηλε· πότε κρίνα καὶ ῥόδα τίλλω;
ἠνίδε, πῶς ὑάκινθος ἐπέτρεχε γείτονι μῦρτῳ,
πῶς γελάει νάρκισσος ἐπιθρώσκων ἀνεμώνῃ.'
295 καὶ σταφυλὴν ὀρόων θέρεος παρεόντος ἐνίψω·
'ἄμπελος ἡβώουσα πεπαινεται ἄμμορος ἄρπης·
παρθένε, σύγγονος ἦλθε· πότε τρυγῶμεν ὀπώρην;
σὸς στάχυς ἡέξητο καὶ ἀμητοῖο χατίζει·
λήιον ἀμήσω σταχυηφόρον, ἀντὶ δὲ Διοῦς
300 μητρὶ τεῇ ῥέξαιμι θαλύσια Κυπρογενείῃ.'
δέξο δὲ γειοπόνον με τεῆς ὑποεργὸν ἄλωῆς·
ὑμετέρης με κόμισσε φυτηκόμον ἀφρογενεῖς,

305 ὄφρα φυτὸν πήξαιμι φερέσβιον, ἡμερίδων δὲ
ὄμφακα γινώσκω νεοθηλέα χερσὶν ἀφάσσω.
οἶδα, πόθεν ποτὲ μῆλα πεπαίνεται: οἶδα φυτεῦσαι
καὶ πτελέην τανύφυλλον ἐρειδομένην κυπαρίσσω:
ἄρσενά καὶ φοῖνικα γεγηθότα θήλει μίσγω,
310 καὶ κρόκον, ἣν ἐθέλης, παρὰ μίλακι καλὸν ἀέξω.
μὴ μοι χρυσὸν ἄγοις κομιδῆς χάριν: οὐ χρέος ὄλβου:
μισθὸν ἔχω δύο μῆλα, μῆς ἓνα βότρυν ὀπώρης.
τοῖα μάτην ἀγόρευε, καὶ οὐκ ἡμείβετο κούρη
Βάκχου μὴ νοέουσα γυναιμανέος στίχα μύθων.
315 ἀλλὰ δόλῳ δόλον ἄλλον ἐπέφραδεν Εἰραφιώτης:
καὶ Βερόης ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἐδέχνυτο δίκτυα θήρης
οἷα τε θαμβήσας τεχνήμονα, πυκνὰ δὲ σεῖων
εἰς χρόνον ἀμφελέλιζε, καὶ εἴρετο πολλάκι κούρην:
‘Τίς θεὸς ἔντεα ταῦτα, τίς οὐρανὴ κάμε τέχνη;
320 τίς κάμε; καὶ γὰρ ἄπιστον ἔχω νόον, ὅττι τελέεσσει
ζηλομανῆς Ἥφαιστος Ἀδώνιδι τεύχεα θήρης.’
εἶπεν ἀκηλήτοιο παραπλάζων φρένα κούρης.
καὶ ποτε πεπταμένων ἀνεμωνίδος ὑπόθι φύλλων
νήδυμον ὕπνον ἴαυεν: ὄναρ δὲ οἱ ἔπλετο κούρη
325 εἴματι νυμφιδίῳ πεπυκασμένη. ἀντίτυπον γὰρ
ἔργον, ὃ περ τελέει τις ἐν ἥματι, νυκτὶ δοκεύει:
βουκόλος ὑπνῶων κεραοὺς βόας εἰς νομὸν ἔλκει:
δίκτυα θηρητῆρι φαίνεται ὄψις ὀνείρου:
γειοπόννοι δ’ εὐδόντες ἀροτρεύουσιν ἀρούρας,
330 αὐλακα δὲ σπείρουσι φερέσταχυν: ἀζαλέῃ δὲ
ἄνδρα μεσημβρίζοντα κατὰσχετον αἶθοπι δίψῃ
εἰς ῥόον, εἰς ἀμάρην ἀπατήλιος ὕπνος ἐλαύνει.
οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσος, ἔχων ἰνδάλματα μόχθων,
μιμηλῶ πτερόεντα νόον πόμπευεν ὀνείρῳ,
335 καὶ σκιεροῖσι γάμοισιν ὀμίλειεν. ἐγρόμενος δὲ
παρθένον οὐκ ἐκίχησε, καὶ ἤθελεν αὐτὶς ἰαίνειν:
καὶ κενεὴν ἐκόμισσε μινυνθαδίδης χάριν εὐνῆς,
εὐδὼν ἐν πετάλοισι ταχυφθιμένης ἀνεμώνης.
μέμφετο δ’ ἀφθόγγων πετάλων χύσιν: ἀχνύμενος δὲ
340 ὕπνον ὁμοῦ καὶ Ἔρωτα καὶ ἐσπερίην Ἀφροδίτην
τὴν αὐτὴν ἰκέτευεν ἰδεῖν πάλιν ὄψιν ὀνείρου,
δάσμα γάμου ποθέων ἀπατήλιον. ἄγχι δὲ μύρτου
πολλάκι Βάκχος ἴαυε, καὶ οὐ γαμίου τύχεν ὕπνου.
ἀλλὰ πόνον γλυκὺν εἶχε, ποθοβλήτῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
345 λυσιμελῆς Διόνυσος ἐλύετο γυῖα μερίμνῃ.
καὶ Βερόης γενετῆρι συνέμπορος, υἱεὶ Μύρρης,
θηροσύνην ἀνέφηεν: ἀκοντιστῆρι δὲ θύρῳ
στικτὰ νεοσφαγέων ὑπεδύσατο δέρματα νεβρῶν,

λάθριος εἰς Βερόην δεδοκήμενος· ἵσταμένου δὲ
350 παρθένος ἄστατον ὄμμα φυλασσομένη Διονύσου
φάρει μαρμαίρουσαν ἔην ἔκρυψε παρειήν.
καὶ πλεόν ἔφλεγε Βάκχον, ὅτι δρηστῆρες Ἐρώτων
αἰδομένας ἔτι μᾶλλον ὀπιπεύουσι γυναῖκας,
καὶ πλεόν ἱμείρουσι καλυπτομένοιο προσώπου.
355 καὶ ποτε μουνωθεῖσαν Ἀδώνιδος ἄζυγα κούρην
ἄθρήσας σχεδὸν ἦλθε, καὶ ἀνδρομέης ἀπὸ μορφῆς
εἶδος ἐὼν μετᾶμειψε, καὶ ὡς θεὸς ἵστατο κούρῃ·
καὶ οἱ ἐὼν γένος εἶπε καὶ οὔνομα, καὶ φόνον Ἰνδῶν,
καὶ χορὸν ἀμπελόεντα, καὶ ἡδυπότου χύσιν οἴνου,
360 ὅττι μιν ἀνδράσιν εὖρε· φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
θάρσος ἀναδείη κεράσας ἀλλότριον αἰδοῦς
τοίην ποικιλόμυθον ὑποσσαίνων φάτο φωνήν·
‘Παρθένε, σὸν δι’ ἔρωτα καὶ οὐρανὸν οὐκέτι ναίω·
σῶν πατέρων σπήλυγγες ἀρείονές εἰσιν Ὀλύμπου.
365 πατρίδα σὴν φιλέω πλεόν αἰθέρος· οὐ μενεαίνω
σκῆπτρα Διὸς γενετῆρος, ὅσον Βερόης ὑμεναίου·
ἀμβροσίης σέο κάλλος ὑπέρτερον· αἰθερίου δὲ
νέκταρος εὐόδοιο τεοὶ πνεῖουσι χιτῶνες.
παρθένε, θάμβος ἔχω σέο μητέρα Κύπριν ἀκούων,
370 ὅττι σε κεστός ἔλειπεν ἀθελγέα· πῶς δὲ σὺ μούνη
σύγγονον εἶχες Ἐρωτα καὶ οὐ μάθες οἷστρον Ἐρώτων;
ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις γλαυκῶπιν ἀπειρήτην ὑμεναίων·
375 νόσφι γάμου βλάστησε καὶ οὐ γάμον οἶδεν Ἀθήνη·
οὐ σε τέκε γλαυκῶπις ἢ Ἄρτεμις. ἀλλὰ σὺ, κούρη,
Κύπριδος αἷμα φέρουσα τί Κύπριδος ὄργια φεύγεις;
μὴ γένος αἰσχύνῃς μητρῴον· Ἀσσυρίου δὲ
εἰ ἐτεὸν χαριέντος Ἀδώνιδος αἷμα κομίζεις,
ἀβρὰ τελεσσιγάμοιο διδάσκειο θεσμὰ τοκῆος,
καὶ Παφίης ζωστῆρι συνήλικι πείθεο κεστῷ,
380 καὶ γαμίων πεφύλαξο δυσάντα μῆνιν Ἐρώτων·
νηλέες εἰσὶν Ἐρωτες, ὅτε χρέος, ὅπποτε ποινήν
ἀπρήκτου φιλότητος ἀπαιτίζουσι γυναῖκας·
οἶσθα γάρ, ὡς πυρόεσσαν ἀτιμήσασα Κυθήρην
μισθὸν ἀγνηορίης φιλοπάρθενος ὥπασε σύριγξ,
385 ὅττι φυτὸν γεγαυῖα νόθη δονακῶδεϊ μορφῇ
ἐκφυγε Πανὸς ἔρωτα, πόθους δ’ ἔτι Πανὸς ἀείδει·
καὶ θυγάτηρ Λάδωνος, αἰδομένου ποταμοῖο,
ἔργα γάμων στυγέουσα δέμας δεινρῶσατο Νύμφη,
ἔμπνοα συρίζουσα, καὶ ὀμφήεντι κορὺμβῳ
390 Φοίβου λέκτρα φυγοῦσα κόμην ἐστέψατο Φοίβου.
καὶ σὺ χόλον δασπλῆτα φυλάσσεο, μὴ σε χαλέψη
θερμὸς Ἐρως βαρύμηις· ἀφειδήσασα δὲ μήτρης

διπλόον ἄμφεπε Βάκχον ὀπάονα καὶ παρακοίτην·
καὶ λῖνα σοῖο τοκῆος Ἀδώνιδος αὐτὸς αἶρων
395 λέκτρον ἐγὼ στορέσοιμι κασιγνήτης Ἀφροδίτης.
ποῖά σοι ἐννοσίγαιος ἐπάξια δῶρα κομίσει;
ἦ ῥά σοι ἔδνα γάμοιο λελέξεται ἀλμυρὸν ὕδωρ,
καὶ στορέσει πνείοντα δυσώδεα πόντιον ὁδμὴν
δέρματα φωκᾶων, Ποσιδήϊα πέπλα θαλάσσης;
400 δέρματα φωκᾶων μὴ δέχνυσο: σείο δὲ παστῶ
βάκχας ἀμφιπόλους, Σατύρους θεράποντας ὀπάσω:
δέξο μοι ἔδνα γάμοιο καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην:
εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις δόρυ θοῦρον Ἀδώνιδος οἷά τε κούρη,
θύρσον ἔχεις ἐμὸν ἔγχος: ἔα γλωχίνα τριαίνης.
405 φεῦγε, φίλη, κακὸν ἦχον ἀσιγήτοιο θαλάσσης,
φεῦγε δυσαντήτων Ποσιδήϊον οἷστρον Ἐρώτων.
ἄλλῃ Ἀμυμώνῃ παρελέξατο κυανοχαίτης,
ἀλλὰ γυνὴ μετὰ λέκτρον ὁμώνυμος ἔπλετο πηγῇ:
καὶ Σκύλλῃ παρίαυε καὶ εἰναλίην θέτο πέτρην:
410 Ἀστερίην δ' ἐδίωκε, καὶ ἔπλετο νῆσος ἐρήμη:
παρθενικὴν δ' Εὐβοίαν ἐνερρίζωσε θαλάσση.
οὗτος Ἀμυμώνην μνηστεύεται, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν
λαϊνέην τελέσῃ μετὰ δέμνιον: οὗτος ὀπάσσει
ἔδνον ἐὼν θαλάμων ὀλίγον ῥόον ἢ βρῦον ἄλμης
415 ἢ βυθίην τινὰ κόχλον. ἐγὼ δέ σοι εἵνεκα μορφῆς
ἴσταμαι ἀσχαλόων, τίνα σοι, τίνα δῶρα κομίσω:
οὐ χατέει χρυσοῖο τέκος χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης.
ἀλλὰ σοι ἐξ Ἀλύβης κειμήλια πολλὰ κομίσω:
ἄργυρον ἀργυρόπηχυς ἀναινεται. εἰς σὲ κομίσω
420 δῶρα διαστιλβοντα φεραυγέος Ἡριδανοῖο:
Ἥλιάδων δ' ὅλον ὄλβον ἐπαισχύνει σέο μορφὴ
λευκὸν ἐρευθιώωσα, βολαῖς δ' ἀντίρροπος Ἡοῦς
εἵκελος ἠλέκτρῳ Βερόης ἀμαρύσσεται αὐχὴν...
καὶ λίθον ἀστράπτοντα: τεοῦ χροὸς εἶδος ἐλέγχει
425 μάρμαρα τιμήεντα: μὴ εἵκελον αἶθοπι λύχνῳ
λυχνίδα σοι κομίσοιμι, σέλας πέμπουσιν ὀπωπαί:
μὴ καλύκων ῥοδόεντος ἀναΐσσοντα κορύμβου
σοὶ ῥόδα δῶρα φέροιμι, ῥοδῶπιδές εἰσι παρειαί.'
τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε: καὶ οὕτως ἔνδοθι κούρη
430 χεῖρας ἐρειαμένη διδύμας ἔφραξεν ἀκούας,
μὴ πάλιν ἄλλον Ἐρωτι μεμηλότα μῦθον ἀκοῦσθαι,
ἔργα γάμου στυγέουσα: ποθοβλήτῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
μόχθῳ μόχθον ἔμιξε. τί κύντερόν ἐστιν Ἐρώτων,
ἦ ὅτε θυμοβόροιο πόθου λυσσώδεϊ κέντρῳ
435 ἀνέρας ἱμείροντας ἀλυσκάζουσι γυναικας
καὶ πλεόν οἷστρον ἄγουσι σαόφρονες; ἐνδόμυχος δὲ

διπλόος ἔστιν ἔρωσ, ὅτε παρθένος ἄνερα φεύγει.
ὥς ὁ μὲν οἰστρήεντι πόθου μαστίζετο κεστῶ:
παρθενικῆς δ' ἀπέμιμνεν: ἀμιτροχίτωνι δὲ κούρη
440 σὺνδρομον ἀγρώσσοντα νόον πόμπευεν ἀλήτην,
κέντρον ἔχων γλυκύπικρον. ἀνεσσύμενος δὲ θαλάσσης,
ἴκμια διψαλέοιο δι' οὖρεος ἴχνια πάλλων,
παρθενικὴν μάστευε Ποσειδάων μετανάστης,
ἄβροχον ὕδατόεντι περιρραίνων χθόνα ταρσῶ:
445 καὶ οἱ ἔτι σπεύδοντι παρὰ κλέτας εὖβοτον ὕλης
οὖρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῶ...
εἰς Βερόην σκοπίαζε, καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρήνου
κούρης ἱσταμένης διεμέτρεεν ἔνθεον ἥβην:
ὀξὺ δὲ λεπταλέοιο δι' εἵματος οἷα κατόπτρω
450 ὄμμασιν ἀπλάνεεσσι τύπον τεκμαίρετο κούρης,
οἷα τε γυμνωθέντα παρακλιδὸν ἄκρα δοκεύων
στήθεα μαρμαίροντα, πολυπλεκέεσσι δὲ δεσμοῖς
μαζῶν κρυπτομένων φθονερῇν ἐπεμέμφετο μίτρην,
δινεύων ἐλικηδὸν ἐρωμανὲς ὄμμα προσώπου,
455 παπταίνων ἀκόρητος ὅλον δέμας: οἰστρομανῆς δὲ
εἰναλίην Κυθέρειαν ἀλὸς μεδέων ἐνοσίχθων
μοχθίζων ἰκέτευε, καὶ ἀγραύλῳ παρὰ ποιμνῇ
παρθένον ἱσταμένην φιλίῳ μειλιξατο μῦθῳ:
‘ Ἑλλάδα καλλιγύναικα γυνὴ μία πᾶσαν ἐλέγχει:
460 οὐ Πάφος, οὐκέτι Λέσβος ἀεῖδεται, οὐκέτι Κύπρου
οὕνομα καλλιτόκοιο φατίζεται: οὐκέτι μέλψω
Νάξον ἀειδομένην εὐπάρθενον: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
εἰς τόκον, εἰς ὠδῖνας ἐνικήθη Λακεδαιμῶν:
οὐ Πάφος, οὐκέτι Λέσβος, Ἀμυμώνης δὲ τιθήνη
465 ἀντολίῃ σύλησεν ὅλον κλέος Ὀρχομενοῖο,
μούνην ἀμφιέπουσα μίαν Χάριν: ὀπλοτέρῃ γάρ
τρισσάων Χαρίτων Βερόῃ βλάστησε τετάρτη.
παρθένε, κάλλιπε γαῖαν, ὃ περ θέμις: οὐ σέο μήτηρ
ἐκ χθονὸς ἐβλάστησεν, ἀλὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη:
470 πόντον ἔχεις ἐμὸν ἔδνον ἀτέρμονα, μείζονα γαίης:
σπεῦσον ἐριδμαίνειν ἀλόχῳ Διός, ὄφρ᾽ αἱ τις εἴπῃ,
ὅττι δάμαρ Κρονίδαο καὶ εὐνέτις ἐννοσιγαίου
πάντοθι κοιρανέουσιν, ἐπεὶ νιφόεντος Ὀλύμπου
Ἥρῃ σκῆπτρον ἔχει, Βερόῃ κράτος ἔσχε θαλάσσης.
475 οὐ σοὶ Βασσαρίδας μανιώπας ἐγγυαλίζω,
οὐ Σάτυρον σκαίροντα καὶ οὐ Σειληνὸν ὀπάσσω:
ἀλλὰ τελεσσιγάμοιο τεῆς θαλαμηπόλον εὐνῆς
Πρωτέα σοὶ καὶ Γλαῦκον ὑποδρηστῆρα τελέσσω:
δέχνυσο καὶ Νηρῆα καί, ἣν ἐθέλης, Μελικέρτην:
480 καὶ πλατὺν ἀενάου μιτρούμενον ἄντυγι κόσμου

ὤκεανόν κελάδοντα τεδὸν θεράποντα καλέσσω·
σοὶ ποταμοὺς ξύμπαντας ὀπάονας ἔδνον ὀπάσσω.
εἰ δὲ καὶ ἀμφιπόλοις ἐπιτέρπεται, εἰς σὲ κομίσσω
θυγατέρας Νηρηῖος· ἀναινομένη δὲ γενέσθω
485 μαῖα Διωνύσοιο τεῆ θαλαμηπόλος Ἴνω.
ἔννεπε· χωομένην δὲ λιπὼν δυσπειθέα κούρην
ἤέρι μῦθον ἔειπε χέων ἀνεμώδεα φωνήν·
‘Μύρρης ὄλβιε κοῦρε, λαχὼν εὐπαιδα γενέθλην
τιμὴν μοῦνος ἔχεις διδυμάονα· μοῦνος ἀκούεις
490 καὶ γενέτης Βερόης καὶ νυμφίος ἀφρογενεῖς.’
τοῖα μὲν ἐννοσίγαιος ἱμάσσετο κέντορι κεστῷ·
πολλὰ δὲ δῶρα τίταινεν Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ,
κούρης ἔδνον ἔρωτος. ὁμοφλέκτῳ δὲ βελέμνῳ
ὄλβον ἄγων Διόνυσος, ὅσον παρὰ γείτοني Γάγγῃ
495 χρυσοφαεῖς ὠδῖνες ἐμαῖώσαντο μετάλλων,
πολλὰ μάτην ἰκέτευε θαλασσαιὴν Ἀφροδίτην.
καὶ Παφίῃ δεδόνητο, πολυμνήστοιο δὲ κούρης
ἀμφοτέρους μνηστῆρας ἐδείδιεν· ἀμφοτέρων δὲ
ἰσοτύπων ὀρώωσα πόθον καὶ ζῆλον Ἑρώτων
500 Ἀρεῖ νυμφιδίῳ Βερόης κήρυξεν ἀγῶνα
καὶ γάμον αἰχμητῆρα καὶ ἡμερόεσσαν Ἐνυώ.
καὶ μιν ὅλην πυκάσασα γυναικείῳ τινὶ κόσμῳ
Κύπρις ἐπ’ ἀκροπόλῃος ἑῆς ἰδρύσατο πάτρης
παρθένον ἀμφήριστον ἀέθλιον ἀβρόν Ἑρώτων·
505 ἀμφοτέροις δὲ θεοῖσι μίαν ξυνώσατο φωνήν·
“Ἦθέλον, εἰ δύο παῖδας ἐγὼ λάχον, ὄφρα συνάψω
τὴν μὲν ὀφειλομένην ἐνοσίχθονι, τὴν δὲ Λυαίῳ·
ἀλλ’ ἐπεὶ οὐ γενόμην διδυγητόκος, οὐδὲ κελεύει
θεσμὰ γάμων ἄχραντα μίαν ξυνήονα κούρην
510 ζεῦξαι διχθαδιοῖσιν ἀμοιβαίοις παρακοίταις,
ἀμφὶ μιῆς ἀλόχοιο μόθος νυμφοστόλος ἔστω·
οὐ γὰρ ἄτερ καμάτου Βερόης λέχος· ἀμφὶ δὲ νύμφης
ἄμφω ἀεθλεύσοιτε γάμου προκέλευθον ἀγῶνα·
ὅς δὲ κε νικήσει, Βερόην ἀνάεδνον ἀγέσθω...
515 ἀμφοτέροις φίλος ὄρκος· ἐπεὶ περιδείδια κούρης
γείτονος ἀμφὶ πόλῃος, ὅπῃ πολιοῦχος ἀκούω,
πατρίδα μὴ Βερόης Βερόης διὰ κάλλος ὀλέσσω·
συνθεσίας πρὸ γάμοιο τελέσσατε, μὴ μετὰ χάρμην
πόντιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἀτεμβόμενος περὶ νίκης
520 γαῖαν αἰστώσειεν ἑῆς γλωχίνι τριαίνης,
μὴ κοτέων Διόνυσος Ἀμυμώνης περὶ λέκτρων
ἄστεος ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀμαλδύνειεν ἀλωήν.
εὐμενέες δὲ γένεσθε μετὰ κλόνον· ἀμφότεροι δὲ
φίλτρου ζῆλον ἔχοντες ὁμοφροσύνης ἐνὶ θεσμῷ

525 κάλλει φαιδροτέρῳ κοσμήσατε πατρίδα νύμφης·
ὥς φαμένης μνηστῆρες ἐπήνεον· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
ἔμπεδος ὄρκος ἔην Κρονίδης καὶ Γαῖα καὶ Αἰθήρ
καὶ Στύγιοι ῥαθάμιγges· ἐπιστώσαντο δὲ Μοῖραι
συνθεσίας· καὶ Δῆρις ἀέξετο πομπὸς Ἑρώτων
530 καὶ Κλόνος· ἀμφοτέρους δὲ γαμοστόλος ὦπλισε Πειθῶ.
οὐρανόθεν δὲ μολόντες ὀπιευτῆρες ἀγῶνος
σὺν Διὶ πάντες ἔμιμνον, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
μάρτυρες ὑσμίνης Λιβανηίδος ὑψόθι πέτρης.
ἔνθα φάνη μέγα σῆμα ποθοβλήτῳ Διονύσῳ·
535 κίρκος ἀελλήεις χαλάσας πτερὸν ἔγκυν αὖρης
βοσκομένην ἐδίωκε πελειάδα· τὴν δὲ τις ἄφνω
ἐκ χθονὸς ἀρπάξας ἀλκίαιετος εἰς βυθὸν ἔπτῃ,
φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσι μετάρσιον ὄρνιν αἰείρων.
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἀπέπτυν ἐλπίδα νίκης·
540 ἔμπης δ' εἰς μόθον ἦλθεν. ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρων δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ὄμματι μειδιόωντι πατὴρ κεχάρητο Κρονίων,
δῆριν ἀδελφειοῖο καὶ υἱέος ὕψι δοκεύων.

Δίξεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔτι τρίτον, ὀππόθι μέλπω
 Ἄρεα κυματόεντα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσιν Ἐννύ.
 ὣς ὁ μὲν ἐγρεκῦδοιμος Ἄρης, ὀχετηγὸς Ἐρώτων,
 νυμφιδίης ἀλάλαζε μάχης θαλαμηπόλον ἦχῳ,
 καὶ γαμίου πολέμοιο θεμείλια πῆξεν Ἐννύ:
 καὶ κλόνον αἰθύσσω ἐνοσίχθονι καὶ Διονύσῳ
 5 θοῦρος ἔην Ὑμέναιος, ἐς ὕσμινην δὲ χορεύων
 χάλκεον ἔγχος ἄειρεν Ἀμυκλαίης Ἀφροδίτης,
 Ἄρεος ἁρμονίην Φρυγίῳ μυκώμενος αὐλῶ.
 καὶ Σατύρων βασιλῆι καὶ ἡνιοχῇ θαλάσσης
 παρθένος ἦεν ἄεθλον: ἀναινομένη δὲ σιωπῇ
 10 εἰναλίου μνηστῆρος ἔχειν μετανάστιον εὐνήν
 ὕγρον ὑποβρυχίων ἐπεδείδιδε παστὸν Ἐρώτων,
 καὶ πλέον ἤθελε Βάκχον: εἶκτο δὲ Διανειρίῃ,
 ἥ ποτε νυμφιδίῳ περιβρομέοντος ἀγῶνος
 ἤθελεν Ἡρακλῆα, καὶ ἀσταθέος ποταμοῖο
 15 ἴστατο δειμαίνουσα βοοκραίρους Ὑμεναίους.
 καὶ δρόμον αὐτοκέλευστον ἔχων ἐλικώδεϊ ρόμβῳ
 ἀννέφελος σάλπιζε μέλος πολεμήιον αἰθήρ:
 καὶ βλοσυρὸν μῦκημα χέων λυσσώδεϊ λαίμῳ
 Ἀσσυρίῳ τριόδοντι κορύσσετο κυανοχαίτης,
 20 σείων πόντιον ἔγχος. ἀπειλήσας δὲ θαλάσση
 εἰς ἐνοπὴν Διόνυσος ἐκώμασεν οἴνοπι θύρῳ,
 μητρὸς ὀρεσσινόμοιο καθήμενος ἄρματι Ῥεΐης:
 καὶ τις ἀεζομένη παρὰ Μυγδόνοιο ἄντυγα δίφρου
 ἄμπελος αὐτοτέλεστος ὅλον δέμας ἔσκεπε Βάκχου,
 25 βόστρυχα μιτρώσασα κατάσκια σύζυγι κισσῶ:
 καὶ τις ὑπὸ ζυγόδεσμα περίπλοκον αὐχένα σείων
 θηγαλέῳ χθονὸς ἄκρα λέων ἐχαράξατο ταρσῶ,
 τρηχαλέον μῦκημα σεσηρότι χεῖλει πέμπων:
 καὶ βραδὺς ἐρπύζων ἐλέφας παρὰ γείτονι πηγῇ
 30 ὄρθιον ἀγνάμπτῳ ποδὸς στήριγμα κολάφας,
 ὄμβριον ἀζαλέοισιν ἀνήφυσσε χεῖλεσιν ὕδωρ,
 καὶ προχοὰς ξήραινε: κονιομένων δὲ ῥοάων
 πηγαίην ἀχίτωνα μετήγαγε διψάδα Νύμφην.
 καὶ θεὸς ὕδρομέδων ἐκορύσσετο: Νηρεΐδων δὲ
 35 ἦν κλόνος: ἰκμαλέοι δὲ θαλασσαίων ἀπὸ νώτων
 δαίμονες ἐστρατόωντο: τανυπτόρθοις δὲ κορύμβοις
 δῶμα Ποσειδάωνος ἱμάσσετο, πόντιον ὕδωρ:
 καὶ χθονίου λοφόντος ἀρασσομένου κενεῶνος
 ἡμερίδες. Λιβάνοιο μετοχλίζοντο τριαίνῃ.

40 καὶ τινὰ βοσκομένην μελανόχροον ἐγγῦθι πόντου
εἰς βοήην ἀγέλην Ποσιδήιον ἄλματι λάβρω
θυιάδες ἐρρώντο: τανυγλήνοιο δὲ ταῦρου
ἢ μὲν ἐφαπτομένη ῥάχιν ἔσχισεν, ἢ δὲ μετώπου
διχθαδῆς ἀτίνακτα διέθλασεν ἄκρα κεραίης:
45 καὶ τις ἀλοιοτῆρι διέτμαγε γαστέρα θύρῳ:
ἄλλη πλευρὸν ἔτεμνεν ὅλον βοός: ἡμιθανῆς δὲ
ὑπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ὑπώκλασε ταῦρος ἀρούρη:
καὶ βοὸς ἀρτιτόμοιο κυλινδομένοιο κονίῃ
ἢ μὲν ὀπισθιδίους πόδας ἔσπασεν, ἢ δὲ λαβοῦσα
50 προσθιδίους ἐρύεσκε, πολυστροφάλιγγι δὲ ῥιπῇ
ὄρθιον ἐσφαίρωσεν ἐς ἡέρα δίζυγα χηλῇ.
καὶ στρατιῆς Διόνυσος ἐκόσμεεν ἡγεμονῆας,
στήσας πέντε φάλαγγας ἐς ὕδατόεσσαν Ἐνῶ.
τῆς πρώτης στιχὸς ἦρχε Κίλιξ εὐάμπελος Οἶνεὺς
55 υἱὸς Ἐρευθαλίωνος, ὃν ἤροσεν ἐγγῦθι Ταύρου
Φυλλίδος ἀγραῦλοισιν ὁμιλήσας ὕμεναίοις:
τῆς δ' ἑτέρης ἡγεῖτο μελαγχαίτης Ἑλικάων
ξανθοφυῆς ῥοδέησι παρησίην, ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρῇ
πλοχμὸς ἐυστροφάλιγγος ἔλιξ ὑπεσίρετο χαίτης:
60 Οἶνοπίων τριτάτης, Στάφυλος προμάχιζε τετάρτης,
Οἶνομάου δύο τέκνα, φιλακρήτοιο τοκῆς:
πέμπτης δ' ἡγεμόνευε Μελάνθιος, ὄρχαμος Ἰνδῶν,
ὃν τέκεν Οἰνῶνη Κισσηιάς, ἀμφὶ δὲ κοῦρῳ
φυταλιῆς πλέξασα θυώδεος ἄκρα πετήλων
65 σπάργανα βοτρυόεντα πέριξ εἰλίξατο μήτηρ,
υἱέα χυτλώσασα μέθης ἐγκύμονι ληνῷ.
τοίῃ κισσοφόροισιν ὀιστεῦουσα βελέμνοις
σύνδρομος ἀμπελόεντι φάλαγξ ἐκορύσσετο βάκχῳ.
καὶ στρατιῇν θώρηξε χέων λαοσσόον ἡχώ:

70 Βασσαρίδες, μάρνασθε: κορυσσομένου δὲ Λυαίου
αὐλὸς ἐμὸς κερόεις πολεμήιον ἦχον ἀράσσων
ἀντίτυπον φθέγγεται μέλος μυκήτορι κόχλῳ,
καὶ διδύμοις πατάγοισι μόθου χαλκόθροον ἤχῳ
τύμπανα δουπήσειεν: Ἐνυαλίῳ δὲ χορεύων
75 Γλαῦκον ὀιστεῦσειε Μάρων ῥηξήνορι θύρῳ:
καὶ πλοκάμους Πρωτῆος ἀθήει δήσατε κισσῷ,
καὶ Φαρίου πόντοιο λιπῶν Αἰγύπτιον ὕδωρ,
νεβρίδα ποικιλόνωτον ἔχων μετὰ δέρματα φώκης,
αὐχένα κυρτώσειεν ἐμοὶ θρασύν: εἰ δύναται δέ,
80 Σειληνῷ μεθύνοντι κορυσσέσθω Μελικέρτης:
καὶ ναέτην Τμῶλοιο μετὰ βρυόεντας ἐναύλους
γηραλέον Φόρκυνα διδάξατε θύρσον ἀείρειν,

85 ἄμπελόεις δὲ γένοιτο γέρων χερσαῖος ἄλωεύς·
καὶ Σάτυρος μενέχαρμος ἔδον νάρθηκα τινάσσων
διψαλέον Νηρῆα μεταστήσειε θαλάσσης
ἀγραυλοῖς παλάμησι· καὶ ἄρτιφύτων ἀπὸ κήπων
βόστρυχα μιτρώσασθε Παλαίμονος οἴνοπι δεσμῶ,
καὶ μιν ὑποδρήσσοντα μετ' Ἴσθμιάδος βυθὸν ἄλμης
πόντιον ἡνιοχῆα κομίσσατε μητέρι Ῥεῖη,
90 εἰναλίη μάστιγι κυβερνητῆρα λεόντων·
οὐ γὰρ ἐμὸν κατὰ πόντον ἀνεψιὸν εἰσέτ' ἑάσω.
ἄθρήσω δὲ φάλαγγα δορικτήτοιο θαλάσσης
νεβρίδι κοσμηθεῖσαν· ἀπειρήτησι δὲ Νύμφαις
κύμβαλα Νηρείδεσσιν ὀπάσσατε· μίξατε Βάκχαις
95 Ὑδριάδας· Θέτιδος δέ, καὶ εἰ γένος ἐστὶ θαλάσσης,
μούνης ξινοδόκοιο φυλάξατε δῶμα θεαίνης·
Λευκοθέης δ' ἀπέδιλα συνάψατε ταρσὰ κοθόρνοις·
χερσαῖη δὲ φανεῖσα συνέμπορος Εὐάδι Βάκχη
Δωρὶς ἀερτάζειεν ἐμὴν θιασώδεα πεύκην·
100 καὶ βυθίη Πανόπεια τιναξαμένη βρῦον ἄλμης
βόστρυχα μιτρώσειεν ἐχιδνήεντι κορύμβῳ·
Εἰδοθέη δ' ἀέκουσα περίκροτα ρόπτρα δεχέσθω·
καὶ πόθον ἴσον ἔχουσαν ἐρωμανέοντι καὶ αὐτῷ
τίς νέμεσις Γαλάτειαν ὑποδρήσσειν Διονύσῳ,
105 ἔδνον Ἀμυμώνης θαλαμηπόλον ὄφρα τελέσση
ἱστοπόνῳ παλάμῃ Λιβανηίδι πέπλον ἀνάσση·
ἀλλὰ γένος Νηρῆος ἑάσατε· ποντοπόρους γὰρ
δμῳίδας οὐκ ἐθέλω, Βερόη μὴ ζῆλον ἐγείρω.
καὶ κομόων γλωχῖνι τανυπτόρθοιο μετώπου
110 Πᾶν ἐμὸς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀτευχεὶ χειρὶ πιέζων
θηγαλέη πλήξειε Ποσειδάωνα κεραίῃ,
στέρνου μεσσατίοιο τυχὼν εὐκαμπέσιν αἰχμαῖς
ἢ σκοπέλῳ λοφόνεντι, διαρρήξειε δὲ χηλαῖς
δισσοφυῇ Τρίτωνος ὁμόζυγα κύκλον ἀκάνθης.
115 Γλαῦκος ἀλιβρέκτοιο διάκτορος ἐννοσιγαίου
Βάκχῳ ὑποδρήσσειε, περίκροτα χερσὶν αἰείρων
αὐχενίῳ τελαμῶνι παρήορα τύμπανα Ῥεῖης.
οὐ μούνης Βερόης περιμάρναμαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῆς
νύμφης ἡμετέρης περὶ πατρίδος· οὐ μιν ἀράξας
120 ἱσταμένην ἀτίνακτον ἁλὸς μεδέων ἐνοσίχθων,
εἰναλίην περ ἐοῦσαν, ἀμαλδύνειε τριαίνῃ,
ὅττι κορυσσομένῳ θωρήξομαι· ἀμφότερον γάρ,
εἰ λάχε γείτονα πόντον, ἔχει φυτὰ μυρία Βάκχου,
νίκης ἡμετέρης σημῆιον· ἀγχιάλου γὰρ ...
125 ἀλλὰ παλαιότερην μετὰ Παλλάδα μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ
Κέκροψ ἄλλος ἵκοιτο δικασπόλος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴ

ἄμπελος ἀείδοιτο φερέπτολις, ὥς περ ἑλαίη.
καὶ πόλιος τελέσας ἕτερον τύπον οὐ μιν ἔασω
ἐγγὺς ἁλός, κραναὰς δὲ ταμῶν νάρθηκι κολῶνας
130 γείτονα Βηρυτοῖο γεφυρώσω βυθὸν ἄλμης,
χερσώσας σκοπέλοισιν ἁλὸς πετρούμενον ὕδωρ:
τρηχαλή δὲ κέλευθος ἰσάζεται ὀξεί θύρσῳ.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν μάρνασθε, Μιμαλλόνες, ἡθάδι νίκη
θαρσαλέαι: κταμένων δὲ νεόρρυτον αἶμα Γιγάντων
135 νεβρίς ἐμὴ μεθέπουσα μελαίνεται: εἰσέτι δ' αὐτῇ
ἄντολὴ τρομέει με, καὶ εἰς πέδον αὐχένα κάμπτει
Ἴνδός Ἀρης, Βρομίῳ δὲ λιτήσια δάκρυα λείβων
δάκρυα κυματόεντα γέρων ἔφριξεν Ὑδάσπη.
καὶ διερῆν μετὰ δῆριν ἔχων Λιβανηίδα νύμφην
140 ἔν γέρας ἱμείροντι χαρίζομαι ἔννοσιγαίῳ:
ἦν ἐθέλῃ, μέλπειεν ἐμῶν ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων,
μοῦνον ἐμῇ Βερόῃ μὴ δόχμιον ὄμμα τανύσση.

τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξεν: ἀπειλητῆρι δὲ μύθῳ
κερτομέων Διόνυσον ἀμείβετο κυανοχαίτης:
145 Ἀιδόμενος, Διόνυσε, κορύσσομαι, ὅττι τριαίνης
ἦρισας αἰχμητῆρι φυγῶν βουπλῆγα Λυκούργου:
δεῦρο, Θέτις, σκοπίαζε: τὸς Διόνυσος ἀλύξας
καλὰ φιλοξενίῳ ζῶαγια δῶκε θαλάσση:
οὐκ ἄγαμαί ποτε τοῦτο, σελασφόρε: μητροφόνου γὰρ
ἐκ πυρὸς ἐβλάστησας, ὅθεν πυρὸς ἄξια ῥέξεις.
ἀλλὰ, φίλοι Τρίτωνες, ἀρήξατε, δήσατε Βάκχας
150 ποντοπόρους τελέσαντες: ὀρεσσαύλου δὲ φορῆος
τύμπανα Σειληνοῖο κατακλύζοιτο θαλάσση,
κύματι συρομένοιο, καὶ οἰδαίνοντι ῥεέθρῳ
νηχομένου Σατύροιο φιλεῦιος αὐλὸς ἀλάσθῳ
εἰς πλόον αὐτοέλικτον: ἐν εὐύδρῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ
155 Βασσαρίδες στορέσειαν ἐμὸν λέχος ἀντὶ Λυαίου.
οὐ χατέω Σατύρων, οὐ Μαινάδας εἰς βυθὸν ἔλκω:
Νηρείδες γεγάσιν ἀρείονες: ἀλλὰ θαλάσση
διφαλέαι κρύπτοιντο Μιμαλλόνες, οἶνοχύτου δὲ
ἀντὶ μέθης πῖέτωσαν ἐμῆς ἁλὸς ἁλμυρὸν ὕδωρ:
160 καὶ τις ἔλαυνομένη διερῇ Πρωτῆος ἀκωκῇ
Βασσαρὶς αὐτοκύλιστος ὀλισθήσειε θαλάσση,
ὀρχηθμὸν θανάτοιο κυβιστήσασα Λυαίῳ.
165 Αἰθιοπῶν δὲ φάλαγγας ἐρύσσετε καὶ στίχας Ἴνδῶν,
ληίδα Νηρείδεσσι, κακογλώσσοιο δὲ νύμφης
Δωριδι δούλια τέκνα κομίσσατε Κασσιεπείης,
ποινὴν ὀψιτέλεστον: ἀμαιομακέτῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
Ὠκεανὸς πυρόεντα λελουμένον ἀστέρα Μαίρης,

170 ληναίης προκέλευθον ἄκοιμήτοιο χορείης,
Σείριον ἀμπελόεντα μεταστήσειεν Ὀλύμπου.
ἀλλὰ σὺ, Λύδιε Βάκχε, χερεῖονα θύρσον ἐάσας
δίξεό σοι βέλος ἄλλο, καὶ αἰόλα δέρματα νεβρῶν
κάτθεο, σῶν μελέων ὀλίγον σκέπας· οὐρανίου δὲ
175 εἴ σε Διὸς γαμῖη μαιώσατο νυμφιδίῃ φλόξ,
ἄρτι πυρὶ πτολέμιζε, πυριτρεφές, ἄρτι κεραυνῷ
πατρῷω προμάχιζε κυβερνητῆρι τριαίνης,
καὶ στεροπὴν κούφιζε καὶ αἰγίδα πάλλε τοκῆος·
οὐ γὰρ Δηριάδης σε μένει πρόμος, οὐ Λυκοόργου
180 οὗτος ἀγών, Ἀράβων ὀλίγος μόθος, ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
τοσσατίης, τρομέων δὲ καὶ εἰσέτι πόντιον αἰχμὴν
οὐρανὸς ἡμετέρεην βυθίην δεδάηκεν Ἐννώ·
καὶ πρόμος ὑψικέλευθος ἐμῆς τριόδοντος ἄκωκῆς
πειρήθη Φαέθων, ὅτε δῶσμάχος ἀμφὶ Κορίνθου
185 εἰς μόθον ἀστερόεντα κορύσσετο πόντιος Ἄρης·
ὑψώθη δὲ θάλασσα κατ' αἰθέρος, Ὠκεανῷ δὲ
λούετο διψὰς Ἄμαξα, καὶ ὕδασι γείτονος ἄλμης
βάψας θερμὰ γένεια Κύων ἐψύχετο Μαίρης,
καὶ βυθίων κενεῶνες ἀνυψώθησαν ἐναύλων
190 κύματα πυργώσαντες, ἱμασσομένοιο δὲ πόντου
οὐρανίῳ Δελφῖνι θαλάσσιος ἦντετο δελφίς·
ὥς εἰπὼν τριόδοντι μυχοὺς ἐτίναξε θαλάσσης,
καὶ ῥοθίῳ κελάδοντι καὶ οἰδαίνοντι ῥεέθρῳ
ἡέρα μαστιζοντες ἐβόμβεον ὕδατος ὄλκοι.
195 καὶ διεροῖς σακέεσσιν ἐθωρήχθη στρατὸς ἄλμης·
καὶ βυθίου Κρονίωνος ἀλιβρέκτῳ παρὰ φάτνῃ
ἐγχείην ἐλέλιζεν ὑποβρυχίην Μελικέρτης,
ζεῦξας Ἴσθμιον ἄρμα, καὶ ὑγροπόρου βασιλῆος
ἐγχος ἀλικνήμιδι παρηώρησεν ἀπήνῃ,
200 τριχθαδίῃ γλωχίνι θαλάσσια νῶτα χαράσσων,
ζεῦξας Ἴσθμιον ἄρμα· καὶ Ἴππείῳ χρεμετισμῷ
Ἰνδῶν κελάδημα συνεπλατάγησε λεόντων.
καὶ δρόμον ὑγρὸν ἔλαυνε· τιταινομένοιο δὲ δίφρου
ἄκρον ὕδωρ ἀδιαντος ἐπέγραφεν ἄβροχος ὀπλή.
205 τρίτων δ' εὐρυγένειος ἐπέκτυπε θυιάδι χάρμῃ,
ὅς διδύμοις μελέεσσιν ἔχει βροτοειδέα μορφήν
ἄλλοφυῇ, χλοάουσαν, ἀπ' ἱξύος ἄχρι καρήνου
ἡμιτελής· διερῆς δὲ παρήορος ἱξύος ὄλκῳ
δίπτυχος ἰχθυόεντι τύπῳ περικάμπτεται οὐρή.
210 καὶ διερῇ μάστιγι, θαλασσαίῃ παρὰ φάτνῃ
ζεῦξας ὠκυπόρῳ πεφορημένον ἄρμα θυέλλῃ,
Γλαῦκος ἀνιπτοπόδων λοφιὴν ἐπεμάστιεν ἵππων
καὶ Σατύρους ἐδίωκεν. ἀλirroίζῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ

Πᾶν κερόεις, ἄβατοισιν ἐν ὕδασι κοῦφος ὁδίτης,
215 ἄβροχος αἰγείησιν ἀνακρούων ἄλα χηλαῖς,
ἄστατος ἐσκίρτησε, καλαῦροπι πόντον ἀράσσων,
πηκτίδι συρίζων πολέμου μέλος· ἐν ῥοθίοις δὲ
μιμηλὴν αἰὼν ἀνεμῶλιον εἰκόνα φωνῆς
ποσσὶν ὀρεσσινόμοισι διέτρεχε πόντιον ὕδωρ,
220 μαστεύων κτύπον ἄλλον· ὑπηνέμιος δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
τικτομένη σύριγγι διώκετο ποντιὰς ἡχώ.
ἄλλος ἐυκρήπιδα λόφον νησαῖον ἐλίξας
ῥῖψεν ἐφ' Ὑδριάδεσσιν, ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα δὲ πέτρη
Νηρείδων ἐτίναξε Παλαίμονος ἔμβρυον αὐλήν.
225 Πρωτεὺς δ' Ἴσθμιον οἶδμα λιπῶν Παλληνίδος ἄλμης
εἰναλίῳ θώρηκι κορύσσετο, δέρματι φώκης·
ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν στεφανηδὸν ἐπέρρεον αἶθοπες Ἴνδοι
Βάκχου κεκλομένοιο, καὶ οὐλοκόμων στίχες ἀνδρῶν
φωκᾶων πολύμορφον ἐπηχύναντο νομῆα.
230 σφιγγομένου δὲ γέροντος ἔην ἐτερόχροος εἰκῶν·
Πρωτεὺς γάρ μελέεσσι τύπον μιμηλὸν ὑφαίνων
πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἔην ἐστιζατο μορφήν·
καὶ φυτὸν αὐτοτέλεστον ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὄρθιον ἔστη
δενδρώσας ἐὰ γυῖα, τινασσομένων δὲ πετήλων
235 ψευδαλέον ψιθύρισμα Βορειάδι σύρισεν αὖρη·
καὶ γραπταῖς φολίδεσσι κεκασμένα νῶτα χαράξας
εἶρπε δράκων, μεσάτου δὲ πιεζομένου κενεῶνος
σπεῖραν ἀνηώρησεν, ὑπ' ὀρχηστῆρι δὲ παλμῷ
ἄκρα τιταινομένης ἐλελίζετο κυκλάδος οὐρῆς,
240 καὶ κεφαλὴν ὠρθωσεν, ἀποπτύων δὲ γενείων
ἰὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα κεχηνότι σύρισε λαιμῷ·
καὶ δέμας ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἔχων σκιοειδέϊ μορφῇ
φρῖξε λέων, σὺτο κάπρος, ὕδωρ ῥέε· καὶ χορὸς Ἴνδῶν
ὕγρὸν ἀπειλητῆρι ῥόον σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ
245 χερσὶν ὀλισθηρῆσιν ἔχων ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ·
κερδαλέος δὲ γέρων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμείβων
εἶχε Περικλυμένοιο πολύτροπα δαίδαλα μορφῆς,
ὄν κτάμεν Ἡρακλῆς, ὅτε δάκτυλα δισσὰ συνάψας
ψευδαλέον μίμημα νόθης ἔθραυσε μελίσσης.
250 χερσαίην δὲ γέροντος ἐκυκλώσαντο πορείην
πῶεα κητώεντα, φιλοψαμάθοιο δὲ φώκης
οἰγομένῳ βαρύδουπον ὕδωρ ἐπεπάφλασε λαιμῷ.
θυγατέρων δὲ φάλαγγα φιλεύιον εἰς μόθον ἔλκων
ἔγχεϊ κυματόεντι γέρων ὠπλίζετο Νηρεὺς,
255 ποντοπόρῳ τριόδοντι καταθρώσκων ἐλεφάντων,
δεινὸς ἰδεῖν· πολλαὶ δὲ παρ' ἥονα γείτονες ὄχθαι
εἰναλίῃ Νηρηῆος ἐδοχμώθησαν ἄκωκῇ.

Νηρείδων δὲ γένεθλα συνεκρούσαντο τοκῇ
ὕσμινος ἀλάλαγμα· καὶ εἰς μόθον ὑπόθι πόντου
260 ἡμιφανῆς ἀπέδιλος ἐβακχεύθη χορὸς ἄλμης.
καὶ Σατύρων ἀσιδηρος ἐπαίσσουσα κυδοιμῷ
ἀρχαίην ἐπὶ λύσσαν ἀνέδραμεν ἄστατος Ἴνω,
λευκὸν ἐρευγομένη μανιώδεος ἀφρὸν ὑπῆνης.
καὶ βλοσυρὴ Πανόπεια διαΐσσουσα γαλήνης
265 γλαυκὰ θαλασσαῖης ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα λεαίνης·
καὶ ῥόπαλον δυσέρωτος ἀειρομένη Πολυφήμου
εἰναλίη Γαλάτεια κορύσσετο λυσσάδι Βάκχη·
κουφίζων δ' ἀτίνακτον ἀλιτρεφῶν ἐπὶ νώτων
πομπίλος ἡέρταζε δι' ὕδατος ἄβροχον Εἰδῶ.
270 ὥς δὲ τις ἵππεύων ἐλατήρ ὑπὸ κυκλάδι τέχνη.
δοχμώσας ὅλον ἵππον ἀριστερὸν ἐγγύθι νύσσης,
δεξιτερὸν κάμψειε, παριεμένοιο χαλινοῦ
κέντρῳ ἐπισπέρχων, προχέων πλήξιππον ἀπειλήν,
ὀκλάζων ἐπίκυρτος, ἐπ' ἄντυγι γούνατα πῆξας
275 ἱξὺι καμπτομένη, καὶ ἐκούσιον ἵππον ἐλαύνων
φειδομένη παλάμη τεχνήμονι βαιὸν ἱμάσσει,
ὄμμα βαλὼν κατόπισθε, παρελκομένου δὲ προσώπου
δίφρον ὀπισθοπόροιο φυλάσσεται ἡνιοχῆος·
ὥς τότε Νηρεῖδες διερὴν περὶ νύσσαν ἀγῶνος
280 ἰχθύας ὠκυπόροισιν ἐοικότας ἦλασαν ἵπποις.
ἄλλη δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἀλίδρομον εἶχε πορείην
ἡνίοχος δελφῖνος ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης,
νῶτῳ δ' ἰχθυόεντι καθιπτεύουσα γαλήνης
ὕγρομανῇ δρόμον εἶχε· μανεῖς δὲ τις ὕγρὸς ὀδίτης
285 μεσσοφανῆς δελφῖνας ὁμόζυγας ἔσχισε δελφίς.
καὶ ποταμοὶ κελάδησαν ἐς ὕσμινην Διονύσου
θαρσύνοντες ἄνακτα, καὶ ἀενάων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ὑδατόεν μῦκημα κεχηνότος Ὠκεανοῖο
ἄγγελος ὕσμινος Ποσιδῆιος ἔβρεμε σάλπιγγι·
290 καὶ πελάγη κυρτοῦτο συναιχμάζοντα τριαίνει·
Ἰκαρίῳ Μυρτώος ἐπέτρεχεν, ἀγχιφανῆς δὲ
ἐσπερίῳ Σαρδῶος, Ἴβηρ ἐπεσύρετο Κελτῷ
οἰδαίνων πελάγεσσι, καὶ ἠθάδι δίζυγι πόντῳ
Βόσπορος ἀστήρικτος ἐμίγνυε καμπύλον ὕδωρ,
295 Αἰγαίου δὲ ῥέεθρα συναιθύσσοντες ἀέλλη
Ἴονίης κενεῶνες ἐμαστίζοντο θαλάσσης
συζυγέες, Σικελῆς δὲ παρὰ σφυρὰ θυιάδος ἄλμης
κύμασι πυργωθεῖσα συνέκτυπεν Ἀδριᾶς ἄλμη
ἀγχινεφής· καὶ κόχλον ἐλὼν ὑπὸ Σύρτιος ὕδωρ
300 εἰναλίη σάλπιγγι Λίβυς μυκήσατο Νηρεὺς·
καὶ τις ἀναΐξας ῥοθίῳν χερσαῖος ὀδίτης

εἷς σκοπιῇν πόδα λαῖον ἐρείσατο, δεξιτερῷ δὲ
 οὖρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ταμῶν ἐνοσίχθονι ταρσῷ
 μαινάδος ἀψαύστοιο κατηκόντιζε καρήνου:
 305 καὶ βυθίῳ τριόδοντι καταχμάζων Διονύσου
 ἄλμασι μητρώοισιν ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης.
 Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῷ,
 ὦν ἡ μὲν δονέουσα μετήλυδα βότρυν ἐθείρης
 εἷς μόθον ὕδατόεντα κορύσσετο φοντάδι λύσση,
 310 ἄστατος οἷστροηθεῖσα ποδῶν βητάρμονι παλμῷ:
 ἡ δὲ Σάμου Θρήισαν ὑπὸ σπήλυγγα Καβείρων
 νασσαμένη Λιβάνοιο παρεσκίρτησεν ἐρίπνη,
 βάρβαρον αἰθύσσουσα μέλος Κορυβαντίδος ἡχοῦς:
 ἄλλη ἀπὸ Τμῶλοιο λεχωίδος ὕψι λεαίνης
 315 ἄρσена μιτρώσασα κόμην ὀφιῶδεϊ δεσμῷ,
 Μαιονὶς ἀκρήδεμνος ὑπεβρυχάτο Μιμαλλῶν,
 καὶ ποδὸς ἴχνος ἔπηξε μετήορον ὑφόθεν ὄχθης,
 μιμηλαῖς γενύεσιν ὑπαφριώωσα θαλάσση.
 Σειληνοὶ δὲ Κίλισσαν ἀναβλύζοντες ἐέρσην
 320 Μυγδονίων ἐλατῆρες ἐθωρήσσοντο λεόντων,
 καὶ βυθίῳ καναχηδὸν ἐπισκιρτῶντες ὁμίλῳ
 ἀμπελόεν παλάμησιν ἀνέσχεθον ἔρνος Ἐνυοῦς,
 καὶ παλάμας τανύσαντο λεοντείην ἐπὶ δειρήν
 δραξάμενοι πλοκαμῖδος, ἀμαιμακέτους δὲ φορῆας
 325 θαρσαλέοι λασίοισιν ἀνεκρούσαντο χαλινοῖς.
 ἀρπάξας δὲ τένοντα χαραδρήεντος ἐναύλου
 Σειληνὸς πολέμιζε Παλαίμονι, φοιταλέην δὲ
 ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι δι' ὕδατος ἤλασεν Ἴνώ.
 ἄλλω δ' ἄλλος ἔριζε: καὶ οὐκ ἠδέσσατο Βάκχη
 330 θύρσῳ ἀκοντιστῆρι καταΐσσουσα τριαίνης,
 Βάκχη θῆλυς ἐοῦσα: προασπίζων δὲ θαλάσσης
 Πανὶ φιλοσκοπέλῳ μετανάστιος ἦρισε Νηρεῦς
 πῆχεϊ παφλάζοντι: δαφοινῆεντι δὲ κισσῷ
 δαίμονα Παλληναῖον ὀρεστιάς ἤλασε Βάκχη,
 335 οὐ δὲ μιν ἐστυφέλιξεν: ἐπερχόμενον δὲ Λυαίῳ
 Γλαῦκον ἀκοντιστῆρι Μάρων ἀπεσείσατο θύρσῳ.
 ὑψινεφῆς δ' ἐλέφας μελέων ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ
 δινεύων στατὸν ἴχνος ἀκαμπεὶ γούνατος ὀγκῶ
 χεῖλεσι μηκεδανοῖσι χαμευνάδι μάρνατο φώκῃ:
 340 καὶ Σάτυροι ῥώοντο κυβιστητῆρι κυδοιμῷ
 ταυροφυεῖς κεράεσσι πεποιθότες, ἐσσυμένων δὲ
 ἄλλοφανῆς κεχάλαστο δι' ἱξῶος ὄρθιος οὐρή.
 Σειληνῶν δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον, ὦν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
 ποσσὶ διχαζομένοις ἐποχημένος ἱξυὶ ταύρου
 345 συμπλεκέων ἔθλιψε μέλος διδυμόθορον αὐλῶν.

καὶ πλοκάμους βαλῖησι συναιθύσσουσα θυέλλαις
Μυγδονὶς ἔκροτάλιζεν ὁμόζυγα κύμβαλα Βάκχη,
καὶ λοφιὴν ἐπικυρτον ἐμάστιε λυσσάδος ἄρκτου
θηρὸς ὑποβρυχίης ἀντώπιον· ἀγροτέρη δὲ
350 πόρδαλις οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐλαύνετο κέντορι θύρσῳ.
καὶ τις ἄμερσινόοιο κατάσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης
ἔχνεσιν ἀβρέκτοισιν ἐπεσκίρτησε θαλάσση,
οἷα Ποσειδάωνος ἐπισκαίρουσα καρήνῳ:
λὰξ ποδὶ κύματα τύψεν, ἐπηπείλησε δὲ πόντῳ
355 σιγαλέῳ, καὶ κωφὸν ὕδωρ ἐπεμάστιε θύρσῳ
Βασσαρὶς ὕγροφόρητος· ἀπὸ πλοκάμοιο δὲ νύμφης
ἀφλεγέος σελάγιζε κατ' αὐχένος αὐτόματον πῦρ,
θάμβος ἰδεῖν· κινυρὴ δὲ παρ' ἥρῳι γείτοني πόντῳ
φύλοπιν εἰσορόωσα θαλασσομόθου Διονύσου
360 αἰνοπαθῆς Ψαμάθη πολυταρβέα ῥήξατο φωνήν:
‘Εἰ Θέτιδος χάριν οἶσθα καὶ εὐπαλάμου Βριαρήος,
εἰ μάθες Αἰγαιῶνα τεῶν χραισιμήτορα θεσμῶν,
Ζεῦ ἄνα, Βάκχον ἔρυκε μεμνηνότα· μηδὲ νοήσω
δουλοσύνην Νηρηῖος ἐπὶ Γλαύκοιο τελευτῇ:
365 μὴ Θέτις αἰολόδακρυς ὑποδρήσσειε Λυαίῳ,
δμῳίδα μὴ μιν ἴδοιμι παρὰ Βρομίῳ, χθόνα Λυδῶν
ὀφομένην μετὰ πόντον, Ἀχιλλέα, Πηλέα, Πύρρον,
υἱὼνόν, πόσιν, ὤϊα μῆ στενάχουσαν ἀνίη:
Λευκοθέην δ' ἐλέαιρε γοήμονα, τῆς παρακοίτης
370 ὤϊα λαβῶν ἐδάξε, τὸν ἀστόργοιο τοκῆος
παιδοφόνοι γλωχίνες ἐδαιτρεύσαντο μαχαίρης.’
ὥς φαμένης ἤκουσε δι' αἰθέρος ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς,
καὶ Βερόης ὑμέναιον ἐπέτρεπεν ἐννοσιγαίῳ,
καὶ μόθον ἐπρήνυε γαμοστόλον· οὐρανόθεν γάρ
375 νυμφιδίην ἀτέλεστον ἀναστέλλοντες ἔνυ
Βάκχον ἀπειλητῆρες ἐκυκλώσαντο κερανοί.
καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις γαμῖῳ δεδονημένος ἰῶ
κούρην μὲν μενέαινε· πατήρ δὲ μιν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
βρονταίης ἀνέκοπτε μέλος σάλπιγγος ἀράσσων,
380 καὶ πόθον ὑσμίνης ἀνεσείρασε πάτριος ἥχῳ.
ὀκναλέοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐχάζετο νωθρὸς ὀδίτης,
στυγνὸς ὀπισθοβόλῳ δεδοκμημένος ὄμματι κούρην:
οὕασι δ' αἰδομένοισιν αἰδομένων ἐνὶ πόντῳ
ζῆλον ἔχων ἤκουεν Ἀμυμώνης ὑμεναίων.
385 καὶ γάμον ἡμιτέλεστον ἀλίβρομος ἤπυε σύριγξ,
καὶ δονέων ἄσβεστον ἐν ὕδασι νυμφίδιον πῦρ
παστὸν Ἀμυμώνης θαλαμηπόλος ἤπυε Νηρεὺς,
καὶ μέλος ἔπλεκε Φόρκυς· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ πορεῖη
Γλαῦκος ἀνεσκίρτησεν, ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης:

390 καὶ ζυγίην Γαλάτεια διακρούουσα χορεῖν
 ἄστατος ὄρχησθῆρι ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῶ,
 καὶ γάμιον μέλος εἶπεν, ἐπεὶ μάθε καλὰ λιγαίνειν
 ποιμενίῃ σύριγγι διδασκομένη Πολυφήμου.
 καὶ Βερόης διεροῖσιν ὁμιλήσας ὕμεναίοις
 395 νυμφίος ἐννοσίγαιος ἐφίλατο πατρίδα νύμφης:
 καὶ Βερόης ναέτησιν ἐῆς κειμήλιον εὐνῆς
 Ἄρεος εἰναλίοιο θαλασσαιὴν πόρε νίκην.
 καὶ γάμος ὄλβιος ἦεν, ἐπεὶ βυθίῳ παρὰ παστῶ
 ἄξιον ἔδνον Ἔρωτος Ἄραψ ἐκομίσσατο Νηρεὺς,
 400 Ἥφαιστου σοφὸν ἔργον, Ὀλύμπια δαιδαλα, νύμφη,
 ὄρμὸν ἄγων κάλυκάς τε φέρων ἔλικάς τε τιταίνων,
 ὅπποσα Νηρείδεσσιν ἀμιμήτῳ κάμε τέχνη
 Λήμνιος ἐργοπόνος παρὰ κύμασι καὶ μέσον ἄλμης
 ἔμπυρον ἄκμονα πάλλεν ὑποβρυχίην τε πυράγρην,
 405 φυσαλέου χοάνοιο περιδρομον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
 ποιητοῖς ἀνέμοισιν, ἀναπτομένης δὲ καμίνου
 ἐν ῥοθίοις ἄσβεστον ἐβόμβεεν ἐνδόμυχον πῦρ.
 Νηρεὺς μὲν τάδε δῶρα πολύτροπα, δῶκε δὲ κούρη
 Περσικὸς Εὐφρήτης πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀράχνης:
 410 χρυσὸν Ἴβηρ πόρε Ῥῆνος: ἐχεκτεάνων δὲ μετάλλων
 ἤλυθεν εἵκελα δῶρα γέρων Πακτωλὸς αἶρων
 χερσὶ φυλασσομένησιν, ὅτι πρόμον ἔτρεμε γείτονα Ῥεῖην
 Βάκχον ἐὼν βασιλῆα, καὶ ἔτρεμε γείτονα Ῥεῖην
 Μυγδονίης πολιοῦχον ἐῆς χθονός: Ἥριδανὸς δὲ
 415 Ἥλιάδων ἤλεκτρα ῥυηφενέων ἀπὸ δένδρων
 δῶρα πόρε στίλβοντα: καὶ ἀργυρέης ἀπὸ πέτρης
 Στρυμῶν ὅσσα μέταλλα καὶ ὅπποσα Γεῦδις αἶρει,
 ἔδνον Ἀμυμώνῃ δωρήσατο κυανοχαίτης.
 ὥς ὁ μὲν ἀρτιχόρευτος ὑποβρυχίῳ παρὰ παστῶ
 420 γήθεεν ἐννοσίγαιος: ἀμειδῆτῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
 γνωτὸς Ἔρωι φθονέοντι παρήγορον ἶαχε φωνήν:
 ‘Νυμφοκόμῳ, Διόνυσε, τί μέμφει εἰσέτι κεστῶ;
 οὐ Βρομίῳ Βερόης γάμος ἔπρεπεν, ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
 ἄρμενος ἦν γάμος οὗτος, ὅτι βρυχίης Ἀφροδίτης
 425 παῖδα λαβὼν ἔξευξα θαλασσοπόρῳ παρακοίτῃ:
 ἀβροτέρην δ’ ἐφύλαξα τεοῖς θαλάμοις Ἀριάδνην,
 ἐκ γενεῆς Μίνωος ὁμόγνιον: οὐτιδανὴν δὲ
 πόντιον αἶμα φέρουσιν Ἀμυμώνην λίπε πόντῳ.
 ἀλλὰ λιπὼν Λιβάνοιο λόφον καὶ Ἀδώνιδος ὕδωρ
 430 ἵξει εἰς Φρυγίην εὐπάρθενον, ἥχι σε μίμνει
 ἄβροχον Ἥελιοιο λέχος Τιτηνίδος Αὖρης:
 καὶ στέφος ἀσκήσασα μάχης καὶ παστᾶδα κούρης
 Θρήκη νυμφοκόμος σε δεδέξεται, ἥχι καὶ αὐτὴ

Παλλήνη καλέει σε δορυσσόος, ἥς παρὰ παστῶ
435 ἄθλοφόρον γαμίοισι περιστέψω σε κορυμβοῖς
ἱμερτήν τελέσαντα παλαιμοσύνην Ἀφροδίτης·
τοῖα γυναιμανέοντι κασιγνήτῳ φάτο Βάκχῳ
θοῦρος Ἔρως· περυγῶν δὲ πυρώδεα βόμβον ἰάλλων
ἡερίῃ νόθος ὄρνις ἀνηώρητο πορεΐῃ,
440 καὶ Διδὸς εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν. ἀπ' Ἀσσυριοῖο δὲ κόλπου
ἄβροχίτων Διόνυσος ἀνήιεν εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
Πακτωλοῦ παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ χρυσαυγεί πηλῶ
ἀφνειῆς τιτάνοιο μέλαν φοινίσσεται ὕδωρ·
Μαιονίης δ' ἐπέβαινε, καὶ ἴστατο μητέρι Πείῃ
445 Ἰνδῶης ὀρέγων βασιλῆα δῶρα θαλάσσης.
καλλείψας δὲ ῥέεθρα βαθυπλούτου ποταμοῖο
καὶ Φρύγιον κενεῶνα καὶ ἄβροβίων γένος ἀνδρῶν
Ἀρκτώην παρὰ πέζαν ἐὴν ἐφύτευσεν ὀπώρην,
Εὐρώπης πτολίεθρα μετ' Ἀσίδος ἄστεα βαινῶν.

τεσσαρακοστὸν ὕφηνα τὸ τέτρατον, ἧχι γυναῖκας
 δέρκεο μαινομένας καὶ Πενθέος ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς.
 ἦδη δ' Ἴλλυριῆς Δαυλάντιον ἔθνος ἀρούρης
 καὶ πέδον Αἰμονίης καὶ Πήλιον ἄκρον ἐάσας
 Ἑλλάδος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε, καὶ Ἀονίη παρὰ πέτρῃ
 στήσῃ χορούς. αἶων δὲ μέλος μυκήτορος αὐλοῦ
 5 Πανὶ Ταναγραίῳ θιάσους ἐστήσατο ποιμήν·
 καὶ κρήνη κελάδησεν, ὅπῃ χθονὸς ἄκρον ἀράξας
 ὕγρὸς ὄνυξ ἵππειος ἐπώνυμον ἔγλυφεν ὕδωρ·
 Ἀσώπὸς δ' ἐχόρευε πυρίπνοα χεῦματα σύρων
 καὶ προχοὰς ἐλέλιξε· σὺν Ἴσμηνῷ δὲ τοκῇ
 10 κυκλάδας αἰθύσσουσα ῥοὰς ὠρχήσατο Δίρκη.
 καὶ ποτέ τις δρυόεντος ἀναΐξασα κορύμβου
 ἡμιφανῆς ἐλίγαινεν Ἀμαδρυὰς ὑπόθι δένδρου,
 οὔνομα κυδαίνουσα κορυμβοφόρου Διονύσου·
 πηγαίῃ δ' ὁμόφωνος ἀσάμβαλος ἶαχε Νύμφη.
 15 καὶ κτύπος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀδεψήτοιο βοείης
 Πενθέος ἀσπόνδοισιν ἐπεσμαράγησεν ἀκουαῖς·
 οἶνοφόρῳ δ' ἀθέμιστος ἄναξ ἐπεχώσατο Βάκχῳ,
 καὶ στρατιῇν ἐκόρυσσε μαχήμονα, κέκλετο δ' ἀστοῖς
 ἄστεος ἐπταπόροιο περιφράξαι πυλεῶνας·
 20 οἱ μὲν ἐπεκλήρισαν ἀμοιβαδίς, ἐξαπίνης δὲ
 αὐτόματοι κληῖδες ἀνωίγνυντο πυλάων,
 καὶ δολιχοὺς πυλεῶνι μάτην ἐπέβαλλον ὀχῆας
 ἡερίοις θεράποντες ἐριδμαίνοντες ἀήταις.
 οὐ τότε τις πυλαωρὸς ἰδὼν ἀνεσεύρασε Βάκχην·
 25 Σειληνοὺς δὲ γέροντας ἀτευχέας ἀσπιδιῶται
 ἔτρεμον αἰχμητῆρες· ὁμογλώσσῳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
 κεκλομένου βασιλῆος ἀφειδήσαντες ἀπειλῆς
 πολλακίς ὠρχήσαντο, σὺν εὐτύκτοις δὲ βοείαις
 κυκλάδος ἐστήσαντο σακεσπάλον ἄλμα χορείης,
 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα φιλοσμαράγων Κορυβάντων.
 30 φρικαεαὶ δ' ἰάχησαν ἐν οὔρεσι λυσσάδες ἄρκτοι·
 καὶ γένυν αἰθύσσουσα καὶ ὑπιδότητον ἐρωήν
 πόρδαλις ἠώρητο· λέων δὲ τις ἀβρὸν ἀθύρων
 μειλίχιον βρύχημα συνήλικοι πέμπε λεαίνῃ.
 35 ἦδη δ' αὐτοέλικτος ἐσεῖετο Πενθέος αὐλῇ
 ἄκλινέων σφαιρηδὸν ἀναΐσσουσα θεμέθλων·
 καὶ πυλεῶν δεδονητο θορῶν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ,
 πήματος ἐσσομένοιο προάγγελος· αὐτόματος δὲ
 λάινος Ὀγκαίης ἐλελίζετο βωμὸς Ἀθήνης,

40 ὃν ποτε Κάδμος ἔδειμεν, ὅτε βραδυπείθει ῥίπῃ
μόσχου πυργοδόμοιο φερέπτολις ὤκλασε χηλή:
ἀμφὶ δὲ θεῖον ἄγαλμα πολισσοῦχοιο θεαίνης
αὐτομάτῃ ραθάμιγχι θεόσσυτος ἔβλυεν ἰδρώς
δεῖμα φέρων ναέτησι: καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρήνων
45 ἄγγελος ἐσσομένων βρέτας Ἄρεος ἔρρεε λύθρῳ.
καὶ ναέται δεδόνητο: φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο μήτηρ
Πενθέος αὐχέντος, ἐβακχεύθη δὲ μενοινῇ,
μνησαμένη προτέροιο δαφοινήεντος ὀνείρου
πικρὰ προθεσπίζοντος, ἐπεὶ πάρος ὑπόθι λέκτρων
50 ἔξ ὅτε κοιρανίην πατρώιον ἥρπασε Πενθεὺς,
πάννυχον ὑπναλέοις ὁάροις εὐδουσαν Ἀγαυὴν
φάσματα μιμηλοῖο διεπτοίησεν ὀνείρου,
ἀπλανέος θρώσκοντα δι' εὐκεράου πυλεῶνος:
ἔλπετο γάρ Πενθῆα χοροῖτυπον ἀβρὸν ὁδίτην
55 ἄρσενά κοσμήσαντα γυναικείῳ χρῶα πέπλῳ
ῥῖψαι πορφυρόνωτον ἐπὶ χθόνα φᾶρος ἀνάκτων,
θύρσον ἐλαφρίζοντα καὶ οὐ σκήπτροιο φορῆα:
καὶ μιν ἰδεῖν ἐδόκησε πάλιν Καδμηὶς Ἀγαυὴ
ἐξόμενον σκιεροῖο μετάρσιον ὑπόθι δένδρου:
60 καὶ φυτὸν ὑψικάρηνον, ὅπῃ θρασὺς ἔξετο Πενθεὺς,
θῆρες ἐκυκλώσαντο, καὶ ἄγριον εἶχον ἐρωήν
δένδρον ἀπειλητῆρι μετοχλίζοντες ὁδόντι,
τρηχαλαίαι γενύεσσι: τινασσομένοιο δὲ δένδρου
κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἔλιξ δινεύετο Πενθεὺς,
65 καὶ μιν ἐδηλήσαντο δεδουπότα λυσσάδες ἄρκτοι:
ἀγροτέρῃ δὲ λέαινα καταΐσσουσα προσώπου
πρυμνόθεν ἔσπασε χεῖρα, καὶ ἄσχετα μαινομένη θῆρ
ἡμιτόμου Πενθῆος ἐρεισαμένη πόδα λαιμῷ
θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα,
70 αἰμαλέον δὲ κάρηνον ἐκούφισεν ἄρπαγι ταρσῷ
οἰκτρὰ δαΐζομένου, καὶ ἐδείκνυε μάρτυρι Κάδμῳ
παλλομένη, βροτέην δ' ἀλιτήμονα ῥήξατο φωνή:
'Εἰμὶ τεῇ θυγάτηρ θηροκτόνος: εἰμὶ δὲ μήτηρ
Πενθέος ὀλβίστοιο, τεῇ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαυή.
75 τηλίκον ὤλεσα θῆρα: λεοντοφόνιοιο δὲ νίκης
δέχνυσο τοῦτο κάρηνον ἐμῆς πρωτάγριον ἀλκῆς:
τηλίκον οὐ ποτε θῆρα κατέκτανε σύγγονος Ἴνώ,
οὐ κτάνεν Αὐτονόη: σὺ δὲ σύμβολα παιδὸς Ἀγαυῆς
πῆξον ἀριστοπόνιοιο τεοῦ προπάροιθε μελάθρου.'

80 τοῖον ὄναρ βλοσυρωπὸν ὑπόχλοος εἶδεν Ἀγαυή.
ἔνθεν ἐριπτοίητος ἀπωσαμένη πτερὸν Ὕπνου,
ὀρθρινὴ καλέσασα θεηγόρον υἷα Χαρικοῦς,
μάντιας ἐσσομένων φονίους ἐδίδαξεν ὀνείρους:

Τειρεσίας δ' ἐκέλευσε θεοπρόπος ἄρσενά ῥέξαι
85 ταῦρον, ἄοσσητῆρα δαφοινήεντος ὄνειρου,
Ζηνὸς ἀλεξικάκοιο θεοκλήτῳ παρὰ βωμῷ,
μηκεδανῆς ἐλάτης παρὰ δένδρεον, ἧχι Κιθαιρῶν
πέπταται ὑψικάρηνος: Ἀμαδρυάδεσσι δὲ Νύμφαις
90 θῆλυν ὄιν σήμαινε θυηπολέειν παρὰ λόχη.
ἔγνω δ' ἔμφρονα θῆρα καὶ ἀγρώσσουσαν Ἀγαυὴν
γαστρὸς ἐῆς ὠδῖνα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον ἀγῶνα
καὶ κεφαλὴν Πενθῆος: ἐν ἀφθόγγῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
κρύψεν ὄνειρείης ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα νίκης,
Πενθέα μὴ βαρύμηνιν ἐὼν βασιλῆα χαλέψῃ.
95 πειθομένη δὲ γέροντι σοφῷ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαυὴ
εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ὁμόστολος ἦιε Κάδμῳ
Πενθέος ἐσπομένοιο: καὶ εὐκεράῳ παρὰ βωμῷ
θῆλυν ὄιν κερόεντι συνέμπορον ἄρσενι ταύρῳ,
ἧχι Διὸς πέλεν ἄλσος ὀρειάδος ἔμπλεον ὕλης,
100 Ζηνὶ καὶ Ἀδρυάδεσσι μίαν ξύνωσε θυγλὴν
Κάδμος Ἀγηνορίδης, θεοτερπέα βωμὸν ἀνάψας,
ῥέζων ἀμφοτέροισιν: ἀναπτομένοιο δὲ πυρσοῦ
κνίσῃ μὲν περίφοιτος ἔλιξ συνενήχετο καπνῷ
εὐδόμῳ στροφάλιγγι, δαΐζομένου δ' ἄρα ταύρου
105 ὄρθιος αἰμαλέης αὐτόσσυτος αὐλὸς ἐέρσης
χεῖρας ἐρευθιόωντι φόνῳ πόρφυρεν Ἀγαυῆς ...
αὐχένιον δὲ τένοντα πέριξ στεφανηδὸν ἐλίξας
οἰδαλέην ἐπικυρτον ἐὴν δοχμώσατο δειρὴν
μείλιχος εἰλικόεντι δράκων μιτρούμενος ὀλκῷ,
110 στέμματι δ' ὀλκαίῳ κεφαλὴν κυκλώσατο Κάδμου
πρηϋς ὄφις, καὶ γλῶσσα πέριξ λίχμαζεν ὑπήνην
μειλιχίων φίλον ἰὼν ἀποπτύουσα γενεῖων
οἰγομένων: καὶ θῆλυς ὄφις μιτρώσατο κόρσῃν
Ἀρμονίης ξανθοῖσι περιπλεχθεῖσα κορύμβοις.
115 καὶ διδύμων ὀφίων πετρώσατο γυῖα Κρονίων,
ὅττι παρ' Ἴλλυρικοῖο δρακοντοβότου στόμα πόντου
Ἀρμονίη καὶ Κάδμος ἀμειβομένοιο προσώπου
λαϊνέην ἥμελλον ἔχειν ὀφιώδεα μορφήν.
καὶ φόβον ἄλλον ἔχουσα μετὰ προτέρου φόβον ὕπνου
νόστιμος εἰς δόμον ἦλθε σὺν υἱεὶ καὶ γενετῆρι.
τοῖον ἶδεν ποτὲ φάσμα, καὶ ὁμφήεντος ὄνειρου
120 μνησαμένη δεδονητο φόβῳ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαυὴ.
ἦδη δ' ἐπταπόροιο δι' ἄστεος ἔπτατο Φήμη
ὄργια κηρύσσουσα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου:
125 οὐδὲ τις ἦν ἀχόρευτος ἀνὰ πτόλιν: ἀγρονόμων δὲ
εἰαρινοῖς πετάλοισιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἀγνυαί:
καὶ θάλαμον Σεμέλης χλοερῷ σκιάωσα κορύμβῳ

νυμφιδίου σπινθῆρος ἔτι πνείοντα κεραυνοῦ
 αὐτοφυῆς ἐμέθυσσεν ἔλιξ εὐώδεϊ καρπῷ.
 130 φρικτὰ δὲ παπταίνων πολυειδέα θαύματα Βάκχου,
 ζῆλον ἔχων ὑπέροπλον, ἄναξ κυμαίνεται Πενθεύς·
 καὶ κενεῖς προχέων ὑπερήνορα κόμπον ἀπειλῆς
 τοῖον ἔπος δμῶεσσιν ἀτάσθαλος ἴαχε Πενθεύς·
 ‘Λυδὸν ἐμὸν θεράποντα κομίσσατε, θῆλυν ἀλήτην,
 135 δαινυμένου Πενθῆος ὑποδρηστῆρα τραπέζης,
 οἶνοδόκῳ ποτὸν ἄλλον διαστάζοντα κυτέλλῳ,
 ἢ γλάγος ἢ γλυκὺ χεῦμα : κασιγνήτην δὲ τεκούσης
 Αὐτονόην πληγῆσιν ἀμοιβαίησιν ἱμάσσω,
 καὶ πλοκάμους τμήζωμεν ἀκερσικόμου Διονύσου·
 140 κύμβαλα δ’ ἠχήεντα διαρρίψαντες ἀήταις
 καὶ πάταγον Βερέκυντα καὶ Εὖια τύμπανα Ῥεῖης
 ἔλκετε Βασσαρίδας μανιώδεας, ἔλκετε Βάκχας,
 ἀμφιπόλους Βρομίοιο συνήλυδας, ἃς ἐνὶ Θήβῃ
 Ἴσμηνοῦ διεροῖσιν ἀκοντίζοντες ἐναύλοις
 145 Νηίδας Ἀονίαις ποταμῆσι μίξατε Νύμφαις
 145 ἡλικας, Ἀδρυάδας δὲ γέρων δέξαιτο Κιθαιρῶν
 ἄλλαις Ἀδρυάδεσσιν ὁμόζυγας ἀντὶ Δυαίου.
 ἄξατε πῦρ, θεράποντες, ἐπεὶ ποινήτορι θεσμῷ,
 ἐκ πυρὸς εἰ πέλε Βάκχος, ἐγὼ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὀπάσσω·
 150 Ζεὺς Σεμέλῃν ἐδάμασσεν, ἐγὼ Διόνυσον ὀλέσσω.
 εἰ δὲ κε πειρήσαιτο καὶ ἡμετέροιο κεραυνοῦ,
 γνώσεται, οἷον ἔχω χθόνιον σέλας· οὐρανίου γάρ
 θερμότερους σπινθῆρας ἐμὸν λάχεν ἀντίτυπον πῦρ·
 σήμερον αἰθαλόεντα τὸν ἀμπελόεντα τελέσσω.
 155 εἰ δὲ μῦθον στήσειε μαχήμονα θύρσον αἰείρων,
 γνώσεται, οἷον ἔχω χθόνιον δόρυ· καὶ μιν ὀλέσσω,
 οὐ ποδός, οὐ λαγόνων, οὐ στήθεος, οὐ κενεώνων,
 ὠτειλὴν μεθέποντα· καὶ οὐ βουπλῆγι δαΐξω
 κυρτὰ βοοκραίριοιο κεράατα δισσὰ μετώπου,
 160 οὐδὲ διατμήξω μέσον αὐχένος· ἀλλὰ ἐ τύψω
 ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ τετορημένον εἰς πτύχα μηροῦ,
 ὅττι Διὸς μέγαλοιο γονὴν ἐφεύσατο μηροῦ
 καὶ πόλον ὥς ἐδὼν οἶκον· ἐγὼ δὲ μιν ἀντὶ μελάθρου
 ἀντὶ Διὸς πυλεῶνος ἐνέρτερον Ἴδι πέμψω,
 165 ἢ ἐ μιν αὐτοκύλιστον ἀλυσκάζοντα καλύψω
 κύμασιν Ἴσμηνοῖο, καὶ οὐ χρέος ἐστὶ θαλάσσης.
 οὐδέχομαι βροτὸν ἄνδρα νόθον θεόν· εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
 ψεύσομαι, ὥς Διόνυσος, ἐμὸν γένος· οὐκ ἀπὸ Κάδμου
 αἷμα φέρω χθονίοιο, πατήρ δ’ ἐμός, Ὀρχαμος ἄστρων,
 170 ἡέλιός με φύτευσε, καὶ οὐκ ἔσπειρεν Ἐχίων·
 τίκτε Σεληναίη με, καὶ οὐκ ἐλόχευσεν Ἀγαυή·

εἰμὶ γένος Κρονίδαο, καὶ αἰθέρος εἰμὶ πολίτης·
οὐρανὸς ἄστερόφοιτος ἐμὴ πόλις· Ἰλάτε, Θῆβαι·
Παλλὰς ἐμὴ παράκοιτις, ἐμὴ δάμαρ ἄμβροτος Ἥβη·
175 Πενθεὶ μαζὸν ὄρεξε μετ' Ἄρεα δεσπότης Ἥρῃ,
καὶ ζαθέῃ μετὰ Φοῖβον ἐγείνατο Πενθέα Λητῶ·
Ἄρτεμιν ἱεμένην νυμφεύσομαι· οὐδὲ με φεύγει,
ὥς ποτε Φοῖβον ἔφρευγεν ἑῆς μνηστῆρα κορείης,
μῶμον ἀλυσκάζουσα κασιγνήτων ὕμεναιων.

180 εἰ δέ τεήν Σεμέλῃν οὐκ ἔφλεγεν οὐρανίη φλόξ,
παιδὸς ἑῆς διὰ μῶμον ἐὼν δόμον ἔφλεγε Κάδμος,
ἄστεροπὴν δ' ἐκάλεσσε χαμαιγενὲς ἀπτόμενον πῦρ,
καὶ δαΐδων ὀνόμηνε σέλας σπινθῆρα κερανοῦ·
ὥς φαμένου βασιλῆος ἐπεστρατώνοντο μαχηταὶ
185 ὀπλοφόροι κενεοῖσιν ἐριδμαίνοντες ἀήτατος·
καὶ στρατὸς ἄσπετος ἦεν ἔσω πιτυώδεος ὕλης,
ἵχνια μαστεύοντες ἀθηήτοιο Λυαίου.

ὄφρα μὲν ἐνναέτησιν ἄναξ ἐπετέλλετο Πενθεὺς,
τόφρα δὲ καὶ Διόνυσος ἀφεγγέα νύκτα δοκεῦν
190 τοῖον ἔπος πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἀνίαχε κυκλάδι Μῆνι·

Ἔω τέκος Ἥελίοιο, πολὺστροφε, παντρόφε Μῆνη,
ἄρματος ἀργυρέοιο κυβερνήτειρα Σελήνῃ,
εἰ σὺ πέλεις Ἑκάτῃ πολυώνυμος, ἐννυχίῃ δὲ
πυρσοφόρῳ παλάμῃ δονέεις θιασώδεα πύκην,
195 ἔρχεο, νυκτιπόλος, σκυλακοτρόφος, ὅττι σε τέρπει
κνυζηθμῷ γοῶντι κυνοσσός ἐννυχος ἡχώ·

Ἀρτεμις εἰ σὺ πέλεις ἐλαφιβόλος, ἐν δὲ κολώναις
νεβροφόνῳ σπεύδουσα συναγρώσσεις Διονύσῳ,
ἔσσο κασιγνήτοιο βοηθός· ἀρχηγόνου γὰρ
200 αἶμα λαχὼν Κάδμοιο διώκομαι ἔκτοθι Θήβης,
μητρὸς ἐμῆς Σεμέλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος· ὠκύμορος γὰρ
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ κλονέει με θεημάχος· ὥς νυχίῃ δὲ
νυκτελίῳ χραίσμῃσιν ἐλαυνομένῳ Διονύσῳ·
εἰ δὲ σὺ Περσεφόνεια νεκυσσός, ὕμετεραι δὲ

205 ψυχὰι Ταρταρίοισιν ὑποδρήσسونσι θοώκοις,
νεκρὸν ἴδω Πενθῆα, καὶ ἀχνυμένου Διονύσου
δάκρυον εὐνήσειε τεὸς ψυχοστόλος Ἑρμῆς·
σεῖο δὲ Τισιφόνης μανιώδεος ἡῆ Μεγαίρης
Ταρταρίῃ μάστιγι λαθίφρονα παῦσον ἀπειλὴν
210 γηγενέος Πενθῆος, ἐπεὶ δυσμήχανος Ἥρῃ
ὀπίγονον Τιτῆνα νέω θώρηξε Λυαίῳ.

ἀλλὰ σὺ φῶτα δάμασσον ἀθέσμιον, ὄφρα γεραίρης
ἀρχηγόνου Ζαγρῆος ἐπωνυμίην Διονύσου.
Ζεῦ ἄνα, καὶ σὺ δόκευε μεμνηνός ἀνδρὸς ἀπειλήν·
215 κλυθί, πάτερ καὶ μῆτερ· ἐλεγχομένου δὲ Λυαίου

σὴ στεροπὴ γαμῖη Σεμέλης τιμήορος ἔστω.⁷
 ὥς φαμένου ταυρῶπις ἀνίαχεν ὑπόθι Μῆνη:
 ‘Νυκτιφαῆς Διόνυσε, φυτηκόμε, σὺνδρομε Μήνης,
 σῆς σταφυλῆς ἀλέγιζε: μέλει δέ μοι ὄργια Βάκχου,
 220 ὕμετέρων· τι γὰρ φυτῶν ὠδίνα πεπαίνει
 μαρμαρυγὴν δροσόεσσαν ἀκοιμήτοιο Σελήνης
 δεχνυμένη: σὺ δέ, Βάκχε χοροῖτυπε, θύρσα τιταίνων
 σῆς γενετῆς ἀλέγιζε, καὶ οὐ τρομέεις γένος ἀνδρῶν
 ἀδρανέων, οἷς κοῦφος αἰὲ νόος, ὧν καὶ ἀνάγκη
 225 Εὐμενίδων μάλιστα ἀναστέλλουσιν ἀπειλάς.
 σὺν σοὶ δυσμενέεσσι κορύσσομαι: ἴσα δὲ Βάκχῳ
 κοιρανέω μανίης ἑτερόφρονος: εἰμὶ δὲ Μῆνη
 Βακχιάς, οὐκ ὅτι μοῦνον ἐν αἰθέρι μῆνας ἐλίσσω,
 ἀλλ’ ὅτι καὶ μανίης μεδέω καὶ λύσσαν ἐγείρω.
 230 οὐ χθονίην σέθεν ὕβριν ἐγὼ νήποινον ἔασω:
 ἦδη γάρ Λυκόοργος ἀπειλήσας Διονύσῳ,
 ὁ πρὶν ἑὼν ταχύγουνος, ὁ Μαινάδας ὀξὺ διώξας,
 τυφλὸς ἀλητεύει καὶ δεύεται ἡγεμονῆος.
 ἦδη δ’ ἀμφὶ τένοντας Ἐρυθραίων δονακίων
 235 κέκλιται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, τεῆς αὐτάγγελος ἀλκῆς,
 Ἴνδῶν νεκρὸς ὄμιλος, ἀναινομένῳ δὲ ῥέεθρῳ
 ἄφρονα Δηριαδῆα πατὴρ ἔκρυπεν Ὑδάσπης
 ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι τετυμμένον: αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων
 πατρῷω βαρύθοντι κατηφεί πῦπτε ῥέεθρῳ:
 240 Τυρσηνοὶ δεδάσσι τεὸν σθένος, ὅπποτε νηῶν
 ὄρθιος ἰστὸς ἄμειπτο καὶ ἀμπελόεις πέλεν ὄρηξ
 αὐτοτελής, τὸ δὲ λαῖφος ὑπὸ σκιεροῖσι πετῆλοις
 ἡμερίδων εὐβοτρὺς ἀνέξητο καλύπτρη,
 καὶ πρότονοι σύριζον ἐχιδνήεντι κορύμβῳ
 245 ἰοβόλοι, βροτέην δὲ φυὴν καὶ ἐχέφρονα βολὴν
 δυσμενέες ῥίψαντες ἀμειβομένοιο προσώπου
 ἀφραδέες δελφῖνες ἐνιπλώουσι θαλάσση:
 εἰσέτι κωμάζουσι καὶ ἐν ῥοθίοις Διονύσῳ,
 οἷα κυβιστητῆρες ἐπισκαίρουσι γαλήνῃ.
 250 καὶ νέκυς ὕμετέρῳ βεβωλημένος ὀξεί θυρσῷ
 χεύμασιν Ἀσσυρίοισι καλύπτεται Ἴνδος Ὀρόντης,
 εἰσέτι δαιμαίνων καὶ ἐν ὕδασι οὔνομα Βάκχου.⁸
 τοῖον ἔπος Βρομίῳ χρυσήνιος ἴαχε δαίμων.
 ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος ὁμίλει κυκλάδι Μῆνι,
 255 τόφρα δὲ καὶ Ζαγρῆι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ
 Περσεφόνῃ θώρηξεν Ἐρινύας, ἀχνυμένη δὲ
 ὀπιγόνῳ χραίσμησε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
 αἱ δὲ Διὸς χθονίοιο δυσάντεϊ νεύματι κόρησ
 εὐμενίδες Πενθῆος ἐπεστρατώνοντο μελάθρῳ,

260 ὦν ἡ μὲν ζοφεροῖο διαθρώσκουσα βερέθρου
 Ταρταρίην ἐλέλιζεν ἐχιδνήεσσαν Ἰμάσθλην,
 Κωκυτοῦ δὲ ῥέεθρον ἀρύετο καὶ Στυγὸς ὕδωρ,
 καὶ χθονίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι δόμους ἔρραινεν Ἀγαυῆς...
 οἷα προθεσπίζοντα γόον καὶ δάκρυα Θήβης:
 265 Ἀκταίην δὲ μάχαιραν ἀπ' Ἀτθίδος ἦγαγε δαίμων,
 ἀρχαίην Ἰτύλοιο μαιφόνον, ἣ ποτε μήτηρ
 Πρόκνη θυμολέαινα σὺν ἀνδροφόνῳ Φιλομήλῃ
 τηλυγέτην ὠδῖνα διατμήξασα σιδήρῳ
 παιδοβόρῳ Τηρῇ φίλῃν δαιτρεύσατο φορβήν:
 270 κείνην χειρὶ φέρουσα φόνων ὀχετηγὸν Ἐρινὺς
 ἀρχεκάκοις ὀνύχεσσι διαγλύψασα κονίην
 Ἀττικὸν ἔκρυφεν ἄορ ὀρεσσιφύτῳ παρὰ ῥίζῃ
 μηκεδανῆς ἐλάτης, ἣ Μαινάδες, ὀππόθι Πενθεὺς
 μέλλε θανεῖν ἀκάρηνος: ἐπαμήσασα δὲ κόχλῳ
 275 Γοργόνος ἀρτιφόνοιο νεόρρυτον αἷμα Μεδοῦσης
 πορφυρέαις ἔχρισε Λιβυστίσι δένδρον ἐέрсαις.
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν σκοπέλοις τεχνήσατο μαινὰς Ἐρινὺς.
 ὀρφναίοις δὲ πόδεσσι δόμων ἐπεβήσατο Κάδμου
 νυκτιφαῆς Διόνυσος ἔχων ταυρώπιδα μορφήν,
 280 αἰθύσσων Κρονίην μανιώδεα Πανὸς ἱμάσθλην:
 βακχεύσας δ' ἀχάλινον Ἀρισταίοιο γυναῖκα
 Αὐτονόην ἐκάλεσσε, καὶ ἔαχε θυιάδι φωνῇ:
 "Ὀλβίη, Αὐτονόη, Σεμέλης πλέον: ἀρτιγάμου γὰρ
 υἱέος εἰς ὕμναιον ἐριδμαίνεις καὶ Ὀλύμπῳ:
 285 αἰθέρος ἥρπασας εὖχος, ἐπεὶ λάχεν ἀβρὸν ἀκοίτην
 Ἄρτεμις Ἀκταίωνα καὶ Ἐνδυμίωνα Σελήνην.
 οὐ θάνεν Ἀκταίων, οὐκ ἔλλαχε θηρὸς ὀπωπὴν,
 οὐ στικτῆς ἐλάφοιο τανυγλώχινῃ κεραίην,
 οὐ νόθον εἶδος ἔδεκτο, καὶ οὐκ ἐψεύσατο μορφήν,
 290 οὐ κύνας ἀγρευτῆρας ἐοὺς ἐνόησε φονῆας:
 ἀλλὰ κακογλώσσων στομάτων κενεόφρονι μύθῳ
 υἱέος ὕμετέροιο μόρον ψεύσαντο βοτῆρες,
 νυμφίον ἐχθαίροντες ἀνυμφεύτοιο θεαίνης.
 οἶδα, πόθεν δόλος οὗτος: ἐπ' ἄλλοτρίοις ὕμεναιοις
 295 εἰς γάμον, εἰς Παφίην ζηλήμονές εἰσι γυναῖκες.
 ἀλλὰ θυελλήεντι διαθρώσκουσα πεδίλῳ
 σπεῦδε μολεῖν ἀκίχητος ἐς οὔρεα: κεῖθι μολοῦσα
 ὄψεται Ἀκταίωνα συναγρώσσοντα Λυαίῳ,
 Ἄρτεμιν ἐγγὺς ἔχοντα, καὶ αἰόλα δίκτυα θήρης
 300 ἐνδρομιδᾶς φορέοντα, καὶ ἀμφαφύωντα φαρέτρην.
 ὀλβίη, Αὐτονόη, Σεμέλης πλέον, ὅττι θεαίνης
 εἰς γάμον ἐρχομένης ἐκυρὴ πέλες ἰοχεαίρης:
 Ἴνοῦς καλλιτόκοιο μακαρτέρη, ὅττι θεαίνης

σὸς πάις ἔλλαχε λέκτρα, τὰ μὴ λάχεν ὦτος ἀγήνωρ.

³⁰⁵ οὐ θρασὺς Ὠρίων πέλε νυμφίος ἰοχεαίρης.

χάρματι δ' ἦρσας σέθεν υἱέος εἵνεκα νύμφης
κωμάζει σέο Κάδμος ὀρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ παστῶ,
σειῶν ἡερίοις ἀνέμοις χιονώδεα χαίτην.

ἔγρεο, καὶ σὺ γένοιο γαμοστόλος, εὖλοχε μήτηρ:

³¹⁰ ἄρμενος οὗτος Ἔρωσ, ὅτι νυμφίον Ἄρτεμις ἀγνή
υἷα κασιγνήτοιο καὶ οὐ ξένον εἶχεν ἀκοίτην.

ἀλλὰ θεὰ φυγόμενος ἐπὴν ποτε παῖδα λοχεύσῃ,

υἱέα κουφίζουσα σαόφρονος ἰοχεαίρης

πήχεϊ παιδοκόμῳ ζηλήμονι δεῖξον Ἀγαύη.

³¹⁵ τίς νέμεσίς ποτε τοῦτο, κυνοσσόος εἰ παρὰ παστῶ

ἤθελε θηρητῆρα λαγωβόλον υἷα λοχεῦσαι,

εἵκελον Ἀκταίῳ φιλοσκοπέλῳ τε Κυρήνῃ,

μητρῶων ἐλάφῳ ἐποχημένον ὠκέϊ δίφρῳ;

πέμπτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐπόψεαι, ὀππόθι Πενθεὺς
 ταῦρον ἐπισφίγγει κεραελκέος ἀντὶ Λυαίου.
 ὦς φαμένου Βρομίιο δόμων ἐξέδραμε νύμφη
 χάρματι λυσσῆεντι κατάσχετος, ὄφρα νοήσῃ
 νυμφίον Ἀκταίωνα παρήμενον ἰοχεαίρῃ·
 καὶ οἱ ἐπειγομένη σφαλερῶ ποδὶ σύνδρομος αὔραις
 5 εἰς ὄρος ἀκρήδεμνος ὁμάρτεε μαινὰς Ἀγαυῇ,
 καὶ Κρονίης μάστιγος ἱμασσομένη φρένα κέντρῳ
 ἄσκοπον ἐρροιβόησε μεμνηνὸτι χεῖλεϊ φωνήν·
 ‘Οὐτιδανῶ Πενθῇ κορύσσομαι, ὄφρα δαείῃ,
 θαρσαλέην ὅτι Κάδμος Ἀμαζόνα τίκτεν Ἀγαυήν.
 10 ἔμπλεος ἡγορέης καὶ ἐγὼ πέλον· ἦν ἐθελήσω,
 καὶ γυμναῖς παλάμῃσιν ὅλον Πενθῆα δαμάσσω,
 καὶ στρατιῇν εὖοπλον ἀτευχεὶ χειρὶ δαΐζω.
 θύρσον ἔχω· μελὶς οὐ δεύομαι, οὐ δόρυ πάλλῳ·
 ἔγχεϊ δ’ ἀμπελόεντι δορυσσόον ἀνέρα βάλλω·
 15 οὐ φορέω θώρηκα, καὶ εὐθώρηκα δαμάσσω.
 κύμβαλα δ’ αἰθύσσουσα καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγᾳ βοεῖην
 κυδαίνω Διὸς υἷα, καὶ οὐ Πενθῆα γεραίρω.
 Λυδία μοι δότε ῥόπτρα· τί μέλλετε, θυιάδες ὦραι;
 ἵξομαι εἰς σκοπέλους, ὅθι Μαινάδες, ἦχι γυναικες
 20 ἥλικες ἀγρώσσοντι συναγρώσσουσι Λυαίῳ.
 ζῆλον ἔχω, Λιόνυσε, λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης·
 φεῖδεό μοι Βρομίιο, θεημάχε, φεῖδεο, Πενθεῦ·
 εἰς σκοπέλους ἀκίχητος ἐλεύσομαι, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτῇ
 εὖιον αἰείδουσα χοροῖτυπον ἶχνος ἐλίξω·
 25 οὐκέτι βοτρυόεντος ἀναίνομαι ὄργια Βάκχου,
 οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδων στυγέω χορόν· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῇ
 δειμαίνω Διόνυσον, ὃν ἤροσεν ἄφθιτος εὐνή,
 ὃν Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἐχυντλώσαντο κεραυνοί.
 ἔσσομαι ὠκυπέδιλος, ὁμήλυδος ἰοχεαίρης
 30 δίκτυα κουφίζουσα, καὶ οὐ κλωστήρας Ἀθήνης.’
 ὦς φαμένη πεπότητο νήη σκαίρουσα Μιμαλλών,
 ληνναίης μεθέπουσα φιλεῦιον ἄλμα χορείης,
 Βάκχον ἀνευάζουσα καὶ αἰείδουσα Θυώνην·
 καὶ Σεμέλην ὑπάτοιο Διὸς κίκλησκε γυναιῖκα,
 35 καὶ σέλας εὐφαέων γαμίων ἐλίγαινε κεραυνῶν.
 καὶ χορὸς ἐν σκοπέλοισιν ἔην πολὺς· ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτραι
 ἴαχον· ἐπταπύλου δὲ πέδον περιδέδρομε Θήβης
 ἡγή ποιικιλόμορφος· ὁμογλώσσῳ δ’ ἀλαλητῶ
 μελπομένων βαρύδουπος ἔπεσμαράγησε Κιθαιρῶν·

40 καὶ δροσόεις κελάδησεν ἄλδς κτύπος· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
δένδρεα κωμάζοντα καὶ αὐδήεσαν ἐρίπνην.
καὶ τις ἐοῦ θαλάμοιο χοροίτυπος ἔκθορε κούρη,
αὐλδς ὅτε τρητοῖσι πόροις ἰάχησε κεράσσης·
καὶ κτύπος ἀμφιβόητος ἀδεψήτοιο βοείης
45 παρθενικὰς βάκχευσεν, ἀπ' εὐτύκτων δὲ μελάθρων
εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ἐρημάδας ἦλασε Βάκχας.
καὶ τις ἀνοιστρηθεῖσα θυελλήεντι πεδίλῳ
κούρη λυσιέθειρα διέσσυτο παρθενεῶνος,
κερκίδα καλλείψασα καὶ ἱστοτέλειαν Ἀθήνην·
50 καὶ πλοκάμων ἀκόμιστον ἀπορρίψασα καλύπτρην
μίογετο Βασσαρίδεσσι καὶ Ἀονὶς ἔπλετο Βάκχη.
Τειρεσίας δ' ἱέρευσεν ἀλεξικάκῳ Διονύσῳ
βωμὸν ἀναστήσας, ἵνα Πενθεὸς ὕβριν ἐρύξῃ
καὶ χόλον ἀπρήνυτον ἀποσκεδάσειε Λυαίου·
55 ἀλλὰ μάτην ἰκέτευσεν, ἐπεὶ λίνον ἤλυθε Μοίρης.
καὶ Σεμέλης γενέτην ἐκαλέσσατο μάντις ἐχέφρων,
ὄφρα μετασχίσωσι χοροστασίην Διονύσου.
βριθομένοις δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ὠρχήσατο Κάδμος
στέψας Ἀονίῳ χιονώδεα βόστρυχα κισσῶ·
60 Τειρεσίας δ' ὁμόφοιτος ἐὼν πόδα νωθρὸν ἐλίσσων,
Μυγδονίῳ Φρύγα κῶμον ἀνακρούων Διονύσῳ,
εἰς χορὸν αἰσسونτι συνέμπορος ἦιε Κάδμῳ
γηραλέον νάρθηκι θεουδέϊ πῆχυν ἐρείσας.
ἄθρήσας δὲ γέροντας ὁμήλυδας ὄμματι λοξῷ
65 Τειρεσίαν καὶ Κάδμον ἀτάσθαλος ἶαχε Πενθεύς·
‘Κάδμε, τί μαργαίνεις; τίνι δαίμονι κῶμον ἐγείρεις;
Κάδμε, μαινομένης ἀποκάτθεο κισσὸν ἐθείρης,
κάτθεο καὶ νάρθηκα νοοπλανέος Διονύσου·
Ὅγκαίης δ' ἀνάειρε σαόφρονα χαλκὸν Ἀθήνης.
70 νῆπιε Τειρεσία, στεφανηφόρε, ῥῖψον ἀήταις
σῶν πλοκάμων τάδε φύλλα, νόθον στέφος· ἀντὶ δὲ θύρσου
Φοίβου μᾶλλον ἄειρε τετὴν Ἴσμηνίδα δάφνην.
αἰδέομαι σέο γῆρας, ἀμετροβίῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτῶν
μάρτυρα δῶν ἐτέων πολιῇν πλοκαμῖδα γεραίρω·
75 εἰ μὴ γὰρ τόδε γῆρας ἐρήτυε καὶ σέο χαίτη,
καὶ κεν ἀλυκτοπέδησιν ἐγὼ δέο χειῖρας ἐλίξας
δέσμιον ἀχλύοεντι κατεσφρήγισσα μελάθρῳ.
σὸς νόος οὗ με λέληθε· σὺ γὰρ Πενθῆι μεγαίρων
μαντοσύναις δολίησι νόθον θεὸν ἀνέρα τεύχεις,
80 δῶρα λαβὼν Λυδοῖο παρ' ἀνέρος ἡπεροπῆος,
δῶρα πολυχρύσοιο φατιζομένου ποταμοῖο.
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι Βάκχος ἐποίνιον εὔρεν ὁπώρην·
οἶνος ἀεὶ μεθύνοντας ἐφέλκεται εἰς Ἀφροδίτην,

εἷς φόνον ἀσταθέος νόον ἀνέρος οἶνος ἐγείρει.
 85 ἀλλὰ Διὸς γενετῆρος ἔχει δέμας ἥε χιτῶνας:
 χρύσεα πέπλα φέρων, οὐ νεβρίδας, ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
 ἀστράπτει μακάρεσσι· καὶ ἀνδράσι μάρναται Ἄρης
 χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχων, οὐκ οἶνοπα θύρσον αἰείρων·
 οὐ βοέοις κεράεσσι κερασφόρος ἐστὶν Ἀπόλλων.
 90 μὴ ποταμὸς Σεμέλην νυμφεῦσατο, καὶ τέκε νύμφη
 υἷα νόθον κερόεντα βοοκραίρῳ παρακοιτη;
 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· 'γλαυκῶπις ἐς ἄρσενά δῆριν ἱκάνει
 σύγγονον ἔγχος ἔχουσα καὶ ἀσπίδα Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη' ...
 αἰγίδα καὶ σὺ τίταινε τεοῦ Κρονίδαο τοκῆος.'
 95 ὥς φαμένου Πενθῆος ἀμείβετο μάντις ἐχέφρων·
 'Τί κλονέεις Διόνυσον, ὃν ἤροσεν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς,
 ὃν Κρονίδης ὠδινε πατήρ ἐγκύμονι μηρῶ,
 παιδοκόμῳ δὲ γάλακτι θεητόκος ἔτρεφε Ῥεῖη,
 ὃν πάρος ἡμιτέλεστον ἔτι πνείοντα τεκούσης
 100 ἀφλεγέες σπινθῆρες ἐχυτλώσαντο κεραυνοῦ;
 οὔτος ἀμαλλοτόκῳ Δημήτερι μοῦνος ἐρίζει
 ἀντίτυπον σταχύεσσιν ἔχων εὐβοτρυν ὀπώρην.
 ἀλλὰ χόλον Βρομίῳ φυλάσσειο· δυσσεβίης δὲ
 σοί, τέκος, ἦν ἐθέλης, Σικελὸν τινα μῦθον ἐνίψω.
 105 Τυρσηνῶν ποτε παῖδες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσση,
 ξεινοφόνοι, πλωτῆρες ἀλήμονες, ἄρπαγες ὄλβου,
 πάντοθεν ἀρπάζοντες ἐπάκτια πῶεα μῆλων·
 καὶ πολὺς ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα δορικτήτων ἀπὸ νηῶν
 εἰς μόρον ὕδατόεντα γέρων ἐκυλίνδετο ναύτης
 110 ἡμιθανής, ἕτερος δὲ προασπίζων ἔο ποιμνῆς
 ἀμφιλαφῆς πολιῇσι φόνῳ φοινίσσετο ποιμήν.
 ἔμπορος εἰ τότε πόντον ἐπέπλεεν, εἴ ποτε Φοῖνιξ
 ὦνια Σιδονίης ἀλιπόρφυρα πέπλα θαλάσσης
 εἶχεν, ὑπὲρ πόντοιο λαβὼν Τυρσηνὸς ἀλήτης
 115 ἀπροΐδῃς πεφόρητο ῥυηφενέων ἐπὶ νηῶν·
 καὶ τις ἀνὴρ νήποινον ἀπείρονα φόρτον ὀλέσσας
 εἰς Σικελὴν Ἀρέθουσαν ἀνὴρ πορθμεύετο Φοῖνιξ
 δέσμιος, ἀρπαμένοιο λιπόπτολις ἄμμορος ὄλβου.
 ἀλλὰ δόλῳ Διόνυσος ἐπὶ κλοπῶν εἶδος ἀμείψας
 120 Τυρσηνοῦς ἀπάφησε· νόθην δ' ὑπεδύσατο μορφήν,
 ἱμερόεις ἄτε κοῦρος ἔχων ἀχάρακτον ὑπήνην,
 αὐχένι κόσμον ἔχων χρυσήλατον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κόρη
 στέμματος ἀστράπτωντος ἔην αὐτόσσυτος αἶγλη
 λυχνίδος ἀσβέστοιο, καὶ ἔγχλοα νῶτα μαράγδου,
 125 καὶ λίθος Ἰνδῶν χαροπῆς ἀμάρυγμα θαλάσσης·
 καὶ χροῖ δύσατο πέπλα φαάντερα κυκλάδος Ἡοῦς
 ἄρτι χαρασσομένης, Τυρίῃ πεπαλαγμένα κόχλῳ.

ἴστατο δ' αἰγιαλοῖο παρ' ὀφρύσιν, οἷα καὶ αὐτὸς
ὀλκάδος ἱμείρων ἐπιβήμεναι. οἱ δὲ θορόντες
130 φαίδρὸν ἔληισσαντο δολοπλόκον ὤϊα Θυνώνης
καὶ κτεάνων γύμνωσαν· ὑποτροχόωσα δὲ σειρὴ
χερσὶν ὀπισθοτόνοισιν ἐμιτρώθη Διονύσου.
καὶ νέος ἑξαπίνης μέγας ἔπλετο θέσπιδι μορφῇ
ἀνδροφυῆς κερόεις ὑφούμενος ἄχρις Ὀλὺμπου,
135 νύσσων ἡερίων νεφέων σκέπας· εὐκελάδῳ δὲ
ὥς στρατὸς ἐννεάχιλος ἔϋ μυκήσατο λαιμῷ.
μηκεδανοὶ δὲ κάλῳες ἐχιδναῖοι πέλον ὀλκοί,
ἔμπνοα μορφωθέντες ἐς ἀγκύλα νῶτα δρακόντων·
καὶ πρότονοι σύριζον· ὑπηνέμιος δὲ κεράστης
140 ὀλκαίαις ἐλίκεσσιν ἀνέδραμεν εἰς κέρας ἴστοϋ·
καὶ χλοεροῖς πετάλοισι κατάσκιος ἥερι γείτων
ἴστος ἔην κυπάρισσος ὑπέρτατος· ἐν δὲ μεσόδμη
κισσὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἀνήιεν αἰθέρι γείτων,
σειρὴν αὐτοέλικτον ἐπιπλέξας κυπαρίσσω·
145 ἀμφὶ δὲ πηδαλίοισιν ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης
Βακχιάς ἀμπελόεντι κάμαξ ἐβαρύνετο καρπῷ·
πρῦμνης δ' ἥδυπότοιο βαρυνομένης Διονύσου
οἶνον ἀναβλύζουσα μέθης βακχεύετο πηγῇ.
ἀμφὶ δὲ σέλματα πάντα διὰ πρῶρης ἀνιόντες
150 θῆρες ἀεξήθησαν· ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ ταῦροι,
καὶ βλοσυρὸν κελάδημα λέων βρυχήσατο λαιμῷ.
Τυρσηνοὶ δ' ἰάχῃσαν, ἐβακχεύοντο δὲ λύσση
εἰς φόβον οἰστρηθέντες. ἀεξιφύτοιο δὲ πόντου
ἄνθεα κυματόεντες ἀπέπτυν ὕδατος ὀλκοί·
155 καὶ ῥόδον ἐβλάστησε, καὶ ὑπόθεν, ὥς ἐνὶ κήπῳ,
ἀφροτόκοι κενεῶνες ἐφοινίσσοντο θαλάσσης,
καὶ κρίνον ἐν ῥοθίοις ἀμαρύσσετο. δερκομένων δὲ
ψευδομένους λειμῶνας ἐβακχεύθησαν ὀπωπαί,
καὶ σφιν ὄρος βαθύδενδρον ἐφαίνετο καὶ νομὸς ὕλης
160 καὶ χορὸς ἀγρονόμων καὶ πῶεα μηλοβοτήρων,
καὶ κτύπον ὠίσαντο λιγυφθόγγοιο νομῆος
ποιμενίῃ σύριγγι μελιζομένοιο νοῆσαι,
καὶ λιγυρῶν αἰόντες ἐντρήτων μέλος αὐλῶν
μεσσαπίου πλώοντες ἀτέρμονος ὑπόθι πόντου
165 γαῖαν ἰδεῖν ἐδόκησαν· ἀμερσινόῳ δ' ὑπὸ λύσση
εἰς βυθὸν αἰσسونτες ἐπωρχήσαντο γαλήνῃ,
ποντοπόροι δελφῖνες· ἀμειβομένου δὲ προσώπου
εἰς φύσιν ἰχθυόεσσαν ἐμορφώθη γένος ἀνδρῶν.
καὶ σὺ, τέος, δολόεντα χόλον πεφύλαξο Λυαίου.
170 ἄλλ' ἑρέεις· 'μεθέπω δέμας ἄλκιμον, ἀμφιέπω δὲ
φρικτὸν ὄδοντοφύτων αὐτόσπορον αἶμα Γιγάντων.'

δαιμονίην φύγε χεῖρα Γίγαντοφόνου Διονύσου,
ὅς ποτε Τυρσηνοῖο παρὰ κρηπῖδα Πελώρου
Ἄλπον ἀπηλοίησε, θεημάχον υἷὸν Ἀρούρης,
175 μαρνάμενον σκοπέλοισι καὶ αἰχμάζοντα κολώναις:
μαιομένου δὲ Γίγαντος ὑποπτήσων στίχα λαιμῶν
οὐ τότε κεῖνο κάρηνον ὁδοιπόρος ἔστιχε πέτρης:
εἰ δέ τις ἀγνώσων ἀβάτω πεφόρητο κελεύθῳ
μαστιζων θρασὺν ἵππον, ὑπὲρ σκοπέλοιο νοήσας
180 χερσὶ πολυσπερέεσσι περίπλοκον υἷὸς Ἀρούρης
ἠνίοχον καὶ πῶλον ἐὼ τυμβεύσατο λαιμῷ.
πολλάκι δ' εὐδένδροιο δι' οὕρεος εἰς νομὸν ἔλκων
μῆλα μεσημβρίζοντα γέρων δαιτρεῦετο ποιμήν.
οὐ τότε δ' αἰπολίοισι παρήμενος ἢ παρὰ μάνδραις
185 συμφερτοῖς δονάκεσσι μελίζετο μουσοπόλος Πάν,
οὐ κτύπου ὑστερόφωνος ἀμείβετο πηκτίδος Ἥχῳ:
ἀλλὰ, λάλον περ ἐοῦσαν, ἐθήμονι σύνθροον αὐλῷ
Πανὸς ἀσιγήτοιο κατεσφρηγίσσατο σιγή,
ὅττι Γίγας τότε πᾶσιν ἐπέχραεν: οὐ τότε βούτης,
190 οὐ χορὸς ὑλοτόμων τις ὁμήλικας ἦκαχε Νύμφας
τέμνων νῆια δοῦρα, καὶ οὐ σοφὸς ὀλκάδα τέκτων
δουροπαγὲς γόμφωσεν ὁδοιπόρον ἄρμα θαλάσσης,
εἰσόκε κεῖνα κάρηνα παρέστιχε Βάκχος ὁδεύων,
σειῶν Εὐία θύρσα: παρερχομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
195 ὑψινεφῆς περίμετρος ἐπέχραεν υἷὸς Ἀρούρης,
ἀσπίδα πετρήεσαν ἐοῖς ὤμοισιν ἀείρων:
καὶ σκόπελον βέλος εἶχεν, ἐπεσκίρτησε δὲ Βάκχῳ
γεῖτονα δενδρήεσαν ἔχων ὑψίδρομον αἰχμήν,
ἢ πίτυν ἢ πλατάνιστον ἀκοντίζων Διονύσῳ.
200 ὥς ῥόπαλον πίτυν εἶχε, καὶ ὥς θοὸν ἄορ ἐλίσσων
πρυμνόθεν αὐτόρριζον ἐκούφισε θάμνον ἐλαίης.
ἀλλ' ὅτε τηλεβόλους ὀρέων ἐκένωσε κολώνας,
καὶ σκιερῆς βαθύδενδρος ἐγυμνώθη ῥάχισ ὕλης,
θυρσομανῆς τότε Βάκχος ἐὼν βέλος ἠθάδι ροιζῶ
205 εἰς σκοπὸν ἠκόντιζε, καὶ ἠλιβάτου τύχεν Ἄλπου
εἰς πλατὺν ἀνθερεῶνα, κατ' ἀσφαράγοιο δὲ μέσσου
ὄξυτενῆς χλοάουσα διέσσυτο Βακχιάς αἰχμή:
ἐνθα Γίγας ὀλίγῳ τετορημένος ὄξεϊ θύρσῳ
ἠμιθανῆς κεκύλιστο καὶ ἔμπεσε γείτοني πόντῳ,
210 πλησάμενος βαθύκολπον ὅλον κενεῶνα θαλάσσης:
ὑψώσας δὲ ῥέεθρα Τυφαινίης διὰ πέτρης
θερμὰ κασιγνήτοιο κατέκλυσε νῶτα χαμευνῆς,
ἔμπυρον ὕδατόεντι καταψύχων δέμας ὀλκῷ.
ἀλλὰ, τέκος, πεφύλαξο, μή εἴκελα καὶ σὺ νοήσης,
215 Τυρσηνῶν ἅτε παῖδες, ἅτε θρασὺς υἷὸς Ἀρούρης.'

εἶπε καὶ οὐ παρέπεισεν· ἀταρβήτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
 εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ὁμόσσυτος ἦιε Κάδμῳ,
 ὄφρα χοροῦ ψαύσειε. σιδηροφόροις δὲ μαχηταῖς
 ἀσπίδα κουφίζων κορυθαιόλος ἴαχε Πενθεύς·
 220 ‘Δμῶες ἔμοι, στείχοντες ἐν ἄστει καὶ μέσον ὕλης
 ἄξατέ μοι βαρύδεσμον ἀνάλκιδα τοῦτον ἀλήτην,
 ὄφρα τυπεῖς Πενθῆος ἀμοιβαίησιν ἱμάσθαις
 μηκέτι φαρμακόμεντι ποτῶ θέλξειε γυναικάς,
 ἀλλὰ γόνυ κλίνειεν· ἀπὸ σκοπέλων δὲ καὶ αὐτὴν
 225 μητέρα βακχευθεῖσαν ἐμὴν φιλότεκνον Ἀγαυὴν
 φοιτάδος ἀγρὺπνοιο μεταστήσασθε χορεῖης,
 λυσσαλέης ἐρύσαντες ἀνάμπυκα βότρυν ἐθείρης.’
 ὥς φαμένου Πενθῆος ὁπάονες ὠκέι ταρσῶ
 ἔδραμον ὑψικόμοιο δυσέμβατον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης
 230 ἴχνια μαστεύοντες ὀριπλανέος Διονύσου.
 καὶ μόνις ἀθρήσαντες ἐρημάδος ἀγχόθι πέτρης
 θυρσομανῇ Διόνυσον ἐπερρώσαντο μαχηταί·
 καὶ παλάμαις Βρομίῳ περὶ ἔσφιγξαν ἱμάντας,
 δεσμὰ βαλεῖν ἐθέλοντες ἀνικῆτῳ Διονύσῳ·
 235 ἀλλ’ ὁ μὲν ἦεν ἄφαντος, ἐὼ πτερόεντι πεδίλῳ
 αἶξας ἀκίχητος, ἐν ἀφθόγγῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
 δαιμονίῃ θεράποντες ἐδουλώθησαν ἀνάγκῃ,
 μῆνιν ἀλυσκάζοντες ἀθηήτοιο Λυαίου
 ταρβαλέοι. καὶ Βάκχος ὁμοῖος ἀσπιδιώτῃ
 240 ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἔχων ἐδράξατο χειρὶ κεραίης,
 ὥς θεράπων Πενθῆος ἀπειλείων Διονύσῳ
 ψευδομένῳ κερόεντι, καὶ ὥς κοτέοντι προσώπῳ
 Πενθέος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε μεμνηνός, ἐζομένου δὲ
 λυσσαλέου βασιλῆος ἀγήνορα κόμπον ἀθύρων
 245 φρικαλέην ἀγέλαστος ἐπὶ κλοπῶν ἴαχε φωνήν·
 ‘Οὔτος ἀνὴρ, σκηπτοῦχε, τὴν οἴσטרησεν Ἀγαυήν·
 οὔτος ἀνὴρ ἐθέλει βασιληίδα Πενθέος ἔδρην·
 ἀλλὰ λαβὼν κερόεντα δολόφρονα Βάκχον ἀλήτην
 δῆσον ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι τεῶν μνηστήρα θώκων,
 250 καὶ κεφαλὴν πεφύλαξο βοοκράιρου Διονύσου,
 μὴ σε λαβὼν πλήξειε τανυγλώχινι κεραίῃ.’
 ὥς φαμένου Βρομίῳ κατάσχετος ἔμφρονι λύσση
 μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα θεημάχος ἴαχε Πενθεύς·
 ‘Δήσατε, δήσατε τοῦτον, ἐμῶν συλήτορα θώκων·
 255 οὔτος ἔμοῖς σκῆπτροισι κορύσσεται, οὔτος ἰκάνει
 Καδμείην ἐθέλων Σεμέλης πατρῷον ἔδρην.
 καλὸν ἔμοι Διόνυσον, ὃν ἥροσε λάθριος εὐνή,
 ἀνδροφυῇ τινα ταῦρον ἔχειν ξυνήονα τιμῆς,
 βουκεράῳ νόθον εἶδος ἐπαυγάζοντα μετώπῳ,

260 ὃν μετὰ Πασιφάνην Σεμέλη τάχα γείνατο ταύρω,
βοσκομένῳ κερδόντι συναπτομένη παρακοίτῃ.
εἶπε καὶ ἄγραυλοιο πόδας ταύροιο πῆζων
σφιγξεν ἄλυκτοπέδῃσι λαβὼν δὲ μιν ἀντὶ Λυαίου
ἦγαγεν ἱππείης πεπεδημένον ἐγγύθι φάτνης,
265 ὥς Σεμέλης θρασὺν υἷα καὶ τινα ταῦρον ἐέργων
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα περίπλοκον ἄμματι χειρῶν
δέσμιον εὐρώοντι κατεσφρήγισσε μελάθρῳ,
εἰς γλαφυρὸν τινα κοῖλον ἀτερπέος οἴκον ἀνάγκης,
Κιμμερίων μίμημα δυσέκβατον, ἄμμορον Ἥοϋς,
270 ἄμφιπόλους Βρομίου θιασώδεας, ὣν ὑπὸ δεσμῷ
θλιβομέναις παλάμησιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἱμάντες,
χαλκείῃ δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐπεσφρηγίζετο σειρή.
ἀλλὰ ταχυστροφάλιγγος ὅτε δρόμος ἦλθε χορείης,
μαινάδες ὥρχήσαντο: θυελλήεσσα δὲ Βάκχη
275 ἄστατα δινηθεῖσα ποδῶν βητάρμονι παλμῷ
ἄρραγέων ἀνέκοπτε παλίλλυτον ὀλκὸν ἱμάντων,
καὶ παλάμαις κροτάλιζεν ἐλεύθερον Εὐϊον ἥχῳ
εὐρύθμοις πατάγοισιν: ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι δὲ ταρσῶν
χαλκοβαρῆς σφριγώουσα ποδῶν ἐσχιζέτο σειρή.
280 καὶ δόμον ἀχλυόεντα θεόσσυτος ἔστεφεν αἶγλη
Βασσαρίδων ζοφεροῖο καταστάζουσα μελάθρου:
καὶ σκοτίου πυλεῶνες ἀνεπτύσσοντο βερέθρου
αὐτόματοι: τρομερῷ δὲ τεθηπότες ἄλματι ταρσῶν
Βασσαρίδων βρύχημα καὶ ἄγριον ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων
285 εἰς φόβον ἠπείγοντο φυλάκτορες. αἱ δὲ φυγοῦσαι
νόστιμον ἶχνος ἔκαμψαν ἐρημάδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
ὣν ἢ μὲν βοέην ἀγέλην δαιτρεύσατο θύρσῳ
ῥινοτόρῳ, καὶ χεῖρας ἐὰς ἐμῆνατο λύθρῳ
ταυρεῖην ὀνύχεσσι διασχιζούσα καλύπτρην
290 τρηχαλέην, ἑτέρῃ δὲ δαφοινήεντι κορύμβῳ
εἰροπόκων ἄρρηκτα διέτμαγε πῶεα μῆλων,
ἄλλῃ δ' αἶγας ἔπεφνεν: ἐφοινίσσοντο δὲ λύθρου
αἵμαλέαις λιβάδεσσι δαΐζομένης ἀπὸ ποιμνης.
ἄλλῃ δὲ τριέτηρον ἀφαρπάξασα τοκῆος
295 ἄτρομον ἀστυφέλικτον ἀδέσμιον ὑψόθεν ὦμων
ἴστατο κουφίζουσα μεμηλότα παῖδα θυέλλαις,
ἐζόμενον γελώοντα καὶ οὐ πίπτοντα κονίῃ:
καὶ γλάγος ἦτε κοῦρος, ἐὴν ἄτε μητέρα, Βάκχην,
στήθεα δ' ἀμφαφάσκεν: ἀνυμφεύτοιο δὲ κούρης
300 αὐτομάτην γλαγόεσαν ἀνέβλυον ἱκμάδα μαζοί.
παιδί δὲ πειναλέῳ λασίους πετάσασα χιτῶνας
χείλεσι νηπιάχοισι νεόρρυτον ὥρεγε θηλήν,
παρθενικὴ δ' ἐκόρεσεν ἀήθεϊ κοῦρον ἐέροη:

πολλαὶ δ' ἄρτιτόκοιο μετοχλισθέντα τεκούσης
305 τέκνα δασυστέρνοιο τιτηνήσαντο λεαίνης.
ἄλλη δίψιον οὔδας ἐπέκτυπεν ὅξει θύρσῳ
ἄκρον ὄρος πλήξασα νεοσχιδές· αὐτοτελῇ δὲ
οἶνον ἐρευγομένη κραναῇ πορφύρετο πέτρῃ,
λειβομένου δὲ γάλακτος ἀρασσομένης ἀπὸ πέτρης
310 πίδακες αὐτοχύτοισιν ἐλευκαίνοντο ῥεέθοις.
ἄλλη ῥίψε δράκοντα κατὰ δρυός· ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρῳ
σπεῖραν ὄφιν κύκλωσε, καὶ ἔπλετο κισσὸς ἀλήτης
πρέμνον ἐλισσομένῳ σκολιῷ μιτρούμενος ὀλκῷ,
ἀμφελελιζομένων μιμούμενος ἄμμα δρακόντων.
315 καὶ Σάτυρος πεφόρητο σεσηρότα θῆρα κομίζων
τίγριν ἀπειλητῆρα καθήμενον ὑπόθι νώτου,
ἄγριον ἦθος ἔχοντα καὶ οὐ ψαύοντα φορῆος·
καὶ συὸς ἄκρα γένεια γέρων Σειληνὸς ἐρύσσας
κάρχαρον ἠκόντιζεν ἐς ἡέρα κάπρον ἀθύρων·
320 ἄλλος ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
εἰς λοφιῇν ἀκίχητος ἐπῆώρητο καμήλου·
καὶ τις ὑπὲρ νώτοιο θορῶν ἐποχήσατο ταύρῳ.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν σκοπέλοισι· λυροδμήτῳ δ' ἐνὶ Θήβῃ
θαύματα ποικίλα Βάκχος ἐδείκνυε πᾶσι πολίταις·
325 καὶ σφαλεροῖσι πόδεσσιν ἐβακχεύοντο γυναῖκες ...
χείλεσιν ἀφροκόμοισιν· ὅλῃ δ' ἐλελίζετο Θήβῃ,
καὶ φλογεροὺς σπινθῆρας ἀπηκόντιζον ἀγνυαί·
σεῖετο πάντα θέμεθλα, καὶ ὥς βοέων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ἀκλινέες πυλεῶνες ἐμυκήσαντο μελάθρων·
330 καὶ δόμος ἀστυφέλικτος ἀναβρομέεσκε κυδοιμῷ
λαϊνῇ σάλπιγγι χέων αὐτόσσυτον ἡχώ.
οὐδὲ χόλου Διόνυσος ἐπαύσατο· δαιμονίῃν δὲ
φθογγὴν ἡερόφοιτον ἐς ἑπταπόρων Ἴτυν ἄστρων,
λυσσῆεις ἅτε ταῦρος, ἐῷ μυκήσατο λαιμῷ·
335 καὶ κλονέων Πενθῆα μεμνηνότα μάρτυρι πυρσῷ
μαρμαρυγῆς ἔπλησεν ὅλον δόμον· ἀμφὶ δὲ τοίχους
ἀντιπόρους σελάγιζε πολυσχιδὲς ἀλλόμενον πῦρ
δαιομένῳ σπινθῆρι κατάσσυτον, ἀμφὶ δὲ πέπλοις
πορφυρέοις καὶ στέρνον ἀλιχλαίνου βασιλῆος
340 πυρσὸς ἔλιξ πεφόρητο, καὶ οὐκ ἔφλεξε χιτῶνας·
κεκριμέναις δ' ἀκτῖσιν ἀποσπάδες ἄλματι θερμῷ
ἐκ ποδὸς εἰς μέσα νῶτα, δι' ἱζύος εἰς ῥάχιν ἄκρην
Πενθέος ἀμφὶ τένοντα μετῆλυδες ἔτρεχον αὐγαί·
πολλάκι δ' αὐτοπόροιο πυρὸς βητάρμονι παλμῷ
345 γηγενέος βασιλῆος ἐυστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
ἀφλεγέας σπινθῆρας ἀπέπτυε θέσκελος αἴγλη.
καὶ σέλας αὐτοέλικτον ἰδὼν βρυχήσατο Πενθεύς,

κέκλετο δὲ δμῶεσσιν ἄγειν ἀλκτῆριον ὕδωρ,
ὄφρα κατασβέσσωσιν ἀναπτομένην φλόγα πυρσοῦ
350 δῶμα περιρραίνοντες Ἀλεξικάκοισι ῥεέθροις·
καὶ γλαφυρῶν γυάλων ἐφάνη γυμνούμενον ὕδωρ,
καί, μεγάλη περ ἐοῦσα, ῥόον τερσαίνεταιο πηγῇ
ἄγγεσι νηρίθμοισιν ἀφυσσομένου ποταμοῖο.
καὶ πόνος ἀχρήιστος ἔην καὶ ἐτώσιον ὕδωρ.
355 καὶ διεραῖς λιβάδεσσιν ἀέξετο βαλλόμενον πῦρ
θερμοτέραις ἀκτῖσι· καὶ ὥς πολίων ἀπὸ ταύρων
μυκηθμοῦ κελάδοντος ὑπωροφίη πέλεν ἡχώ,
βροντᾶς δ' ἐνδομύχοισιν ἐπέκτυπε Πενθέος αὐλή.

ἕκτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἶδε πλέον, ἧχι νοήσεις
 Πενθέος ἄκρα κάρηνα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον Ἀγαυὴν.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ γίνωσκεν ἄναξ θρασύς, ὅτι λυθέντος
 αὐτομάτου δεσμοῖο σιδηροφόρων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
 μαινάδες ἐσσεύοντο μετῆλυδες εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
 καὶ δόλον ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἀθηήτου Διονύσου,
 5 ἄστατος ὕβριστῆρι χόλῳ κυμαίνεται Πενθεύς·
 καὶ μιν ἰδὼν παρεόντα παλίνδρομον ἠθάδι κισσῷ
 βόστρυχα μιτρωθέντα, καὶ ἄπλοκον ὑπόθεν ὦμων
 μηκεδανῆς ὀρόων κεχαλασμένον ὀλκὸν ἐθείρης,
 τοῖον ἀπερροιβήσεν ἔπος λυσσώδεϊ λαίμῳ·
 10 “Ἢδὺς ὁ Τειρεσίαν ἀπατήλιον εἰς ἐμέ πέμπων·
 οὐ δύναται σέο μάντις ἐμὸν νόον ἡπεροπεύειν·
 ἄλλοις ἔννεπε ταῦτα. θεὰ πόθεν υἱεὶ Πρῆι
 οὐ Διὶ μαζὸν ὄρεξε, καὶ ἔτρεφεν νῖα Θυώνης;
 εἴρεο Δικταίης κορυθαιόλον ἄντρον ἐρίπνης,
 εἴρεο καὶ Κορύβαντας, ὅπη ποτὲ κοῦρος ἀθύρων
 μαζὸν Ἀμαλθείης κουροτρόφον αἰγὸς ἀμέλγων
 15 Ζεὺς μένος ἠέξησε, καὶ οὐ γλάγος ἔσπασε Πρῆις.
 ἦθεα σῆς δολίης ἀπεμάξαο καὶ σὺ τεκούσης·
 ψευδομένην Σεμέλην Κρονίδης ἔφλεξε κεραυνῷ·
 20 ἄζεο, μὴ Κρονίδης μετὰ μητέρα καὶ σέ δαμάσσει.
 βάρβαρον οὐ μεθέπω καὶ ἐγὼ γένος· ἀρχέγονος δὲ
 Ἴσμηνός με φύτευσε, καὶ οὐ τέκεν ὕγρὸς Ὑδάσπης·
 Δηριάδην οὐκ οἶδα καὶ οὐ Λυκόοργος ἀκούω.
 ἀλλὰ σὺν ὑμετέροις Σατύροις καὶ θυιάσι Βάκχαις
 25 Δίρκης λεῖπε ῥέεθρα, καί, ἦν ἐθέλης, σέο θύρσω
 κτεῖνε παρ' Ἀσσυρίοισι νεώτερον ἄλλον Ὀρόντην.
 οὐ σὺ γένος Κρονίωνος Ὀλύμπιον· ὄλλυμένης γὰρ
 ἄστεροπαὶ βοόωσιν ὄνειδεα σεῖο τεκούσης,
 καὶ κρυφίων λεχέων ἐπιμάρτυρές εἰσι κεραυνοί.
 30 οὐ Δανάην μετὰ λέκτρα κατέφλεγεν ὕετιος Ζεὺς,
 καὶ γνωτὴν ἀδόνητον ἐμοῦ Κάδμοιο κομιζων
 Εὐρώπην ἐφύλαξε, καὶ οὐκ ἔκρυψε θαλάσσει.
 οἶδα μὲν, ὥς ἀλόχευτον ἔτι βρέφος αἰθερὶ φλὸς
 ὤλεσεν αἰθομένης μετὰ μητέρος, ἡμιτελῆ δὲ
 35 λῦσε νόθην ὠδῖνα μαραινομένου τοκετοῖο·
 εἰ δέ μιν οὐκ ἐδάμασσαν, ὅτι χθονίων ὑμεναίων
 κρυπταδὴς φιλόπητος ἀναίτιός ἐστι τεκούσης,
 πείθομαι, ὥς ἐνέπεις, ἀέκων δέ σε παῖδα καλέσσω
 Ζηγὸς ἐπουρανίοιο, καὶ οὐ φλεχθέντα κεραυνῷ.

40 καὶ σὺ με τοῦτο διδάξον ἀληθεῖ μάρτυρι μῦθω:
Ζεὺς γενέτης πότε Φοῖβον ἢ Ἄρεα γείνατο μηρῶ;
εἰ Διὸς ἔλλαχες αἶμα, μετέρχαιο κύκλον Ὀλύμπου
αἰθέρα ναιετάων, λίπε Πενθεὶ πατρίδα Θήβην.
ὦφελες ἄρμενον ἄλλον ἀμεμφέα μῦθον ἐνίψαι
45 ψευδεῖ κερδαλέῳ κεράσας θελξίφρονα Πειθῶ,
ὅττι σε παιδοτόκῳ Κρονίδης τέκεν ἡθάδι κόρη:
οὐ τάχα τόσσον ἄπιστον ἔην ἔπος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸν
Βάκχον ἀνυμφεύτῳ μετὰ Παλλάδα τίκτε καρήνων.
ἤθελον, εἰ γένος ἔσχες Ὀλύμπιον, αἶθε Κρονίων
50 ὑψιμέδων σε φύτευσεν, ὅπως Διὸς αἶμα διώκων
νικήσω Διόνυσον, Ἐχίονος υἱὸς ἀκούων.
ὥς φαμένου νεμέσιζε θεὸς καὶ ἀμείβετο μῦθω,
κρύπτων δαιμονίης ὑποκάρδιον ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς:
‘Βάρβαρα θεσμὰ φέρουσιν ἐπολβίζω χθόνα Κελτῶν,
55 ἧχι νέων βρεφέων καθαρὴν ὠδῖνα δικάζων
Ῥῆνος ἀσημάντοιο θεμιστοπόλος τοκετοῖο
αἵματος ἀγνώστοιο νόθον γένος οἶδεν ἐλέγξει.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ Ῥήνοιο φατιζομένου ποταμοῖο
χεύμασιν οὐτιδανοῖσι δικάζομαι, ἀλλὰ ῥεέθρων
60 πιστότεροι κήρυκες ἐμοὶ γεγάασι κεραυνοί:
κρείσσονα μαρτυρίην στεροπῆς μὴ δίξω, Πενθεῦ:
ὔδατι μὲν Γαλάτης, σὺ δὲ πείθεο μάρτυρι πυρσῶ.
οὐ χατέω Πενθῆος ἐπιχθονίοιο μελάρου:
δῶμα Διωνύσοιο πέλει πατρώιος αἰθήρ:
65 καὶ χθονὸς εἰ κρίσις ἦεν ἢ ἀστερόεντος Ὀλύμπου,
εἶπέ μοι εἰρομένῳ, τίνα φέρτερον αὐτὸς ἐνίψης,
οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνον ἢ ἐπταπύλου χθόνα Θήβης;
οὐ χατέω Πενθῆος ἐπιχθονίοιο μελάρου.
μοῦνον ἐμῆς κύδαινε μελισταγῆς ἄνθος ὁπώρης:
70 μὴ ποτὸν ἀμπελόεντος ἀτιμήσης Διόνυσου.
Ἴνδοφόνῳ Βρομίῳ μὴ μάρναο, θηλυτέρῃ δέ,
εἰ δύνασαι, πολέμιζε μιῇ ῥήξηνορι Βάκχῃ.
σοὶ τάχα καλὸν ἔθεντο προμάντιες οὔνομα Μοῖραι
ὑμετέρου θανάτοιο προάγγελον: αἰνοπαθῆ δὲ
75 οὐ νέμεσις Πενθῆα πεδοτρεφὸς γενετῆρος
γηγενὲς αἶμα φέροντα φέρειν μίμημα Γιγάντων,
οὐ νέμεσις καὶ Βάκχον Ὀλύμπιον αἶμα γενέθλης
Ζηνὸς ἔχειν μίμημα Γίγαντοφόνιοιο τοκῆος.
εἴρεο Τειρεσίαν, τίني χῶεαι: εἴρεο Πυθῶ,
80 τίς Σεμέλῃ παρίαυε, τίς ἤροσε παῖδα Θυώνης.
εἰ δὲ μαθεῖν ἐθέλεις χοροτερπέος ὄργια Βάκχου,
φάρεα καλλεΐφας βασιλῆα τέτλαθι, Πενθεῦ,
θήλεα πέπλα φέρειν, καὶ γίνεο θῆλυς Ἀγαυή:

μή δέ σε θηρεύοντα παραῖξωσι γυναῖκες.
85 ἦν δὲ τεῇ παλάμῃ θηροκτόνα τόξα τανύσσης,
Κάδμος ἐπαινῇσει σε συναγρώσσοντα τεκούσῃ.
Βάκχῳ μοῦνος ἔριζε, καί, εἰ θέμις, ἰοχεαίρῃ,
ὄφρα λεοντοφόνον σε μετ' Ἀκταίωνα καλέσσω.
κάτθεο τεύχεα ταῦτα: σιδηροφόρους δὲ μαχητὰς
90 χερσὶν ἄθωρήκτοισιν ἔμαῖ κτείνουσι γυναῖκες:
εἰ δέ σε νικήσωσιν ἀτευχεῖ θήλει χάρμῃ
ἔντεσι κοσμηθέντα, τίς αἰνήσειε πολίτης
ἄνδρα γυναικείῃ κεκαφηότα δηιοτῆτι;
Βασσαρίς οὐ τρομέει πτερόεν βέλος, οὐ δόρυ φεύγει:
95 ἀλλὰ δόλῳ κρυφίῳ πυκάσας ἄγνωστον ὅπωπῃν
ὄψαι ὄργια πάντα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου.
ὥς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν, ἐπεὶ νόον ἀνδρὸς ἱμάσσων
φοιταλῆς ἐδόνησε κατάσχετον ἄλματι λύσσης ...
καὶ Βρομίῳ συνάεθλος ἐπέχραε Πενθεί Μῆνην
100 δαίμονι ἄστυγι: συνερχομένης δὲ Λυαίῳ
λυσσῆεις θρασὺς οἴστρος ἀμερσινόοιο Σελήνης
φάσματα ποικιλόμορφα μεμνηνὸτι Πενθεί δείξας
φρικτὸν Ἐχιονίδην προτέρης μετέθηκε μενοινῆς,
καὶ σφαλερῇ Πενθῆος ἐπεσμαράγησεν ἀκουῇ,
105 δαίμονις σάλπιγγος ἀλάστορα δοῦπον ἀράσσων:
ἄνερα δ' ἐπτοίησε. καὶ εἰς δόμον ἦλυθε Πενθεὺς
οἴστρομανῆς, ποθέων θιασώδεος ὄργια Βάκχου:
φωριαμοὺς δ' ὦξε θυώδεας, ἥχι γυναικῶν
κέκλιτο Σιδονίης ἀλιπόρφυρα πέπλα θαλάσσης:
110 καὶ χροῖ ποικιλόνωντον ἐδύσατο πέπλον Ἀγαυῆς:
Αὐτόνότης δ' ἔσφιγξεν ἐπὶ πλοκάμοισι καλύπτρην,
στήθεα μιτρώσας Βασιλῆα κυκλάδι τέχνῃ:
καὶ πόδας ἐσφῆκωσε γυναικείοισι πεδίλοις:
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσου ἄειρε: μετερχομένοιο δὲ Βάκχας
115 ποικίλος ἰχνευτῆρι χιτῶν ἐπεσύρετο ταρσῷ.
Μιμηλοῖς δὲ πόδεσσιν ἔλιξ ὠρχήσατο Πενθεὺς
ἡδυμανῆς: λοξῷ δὲ πέδον κροτάλιζε πεδίλῳ
ἐκ ποδὸς αἰθύσσων ἕτερον πόδα: χεῖρα δὲ δισσήν
θηλύνων ἐλέλιζεν ἀμοιβάδα δίζυγι παλμῷ,
120 οἷα γυνὴ παίζουσα χοροῖτυπος: οἷα δὲ ρόπτρῳ
δίκυτον ἁρμονίην κροτέων ἑτερόζυγι χαλκῷ
ἡερίαις μεθέηκεν ἀλήμονα βόστρυχον αὔραις,
Λυδὸν ἀνακρούων μέλος Εὐιον. ἦ τάχα φαίης
ἄγρια κωμάζουσιν ἰδεῖν λυσσώδεα βάκχην.
125 καὶ διδύμους Φαέθοντας ἐδέρκετο καὶ δύο Θήβας:
ἔλπετο δ' ἀκαμάτων ἐπικείμενον ὑφόθεν ὤμων
Θήβης ἐπαπόροιο μετοχλίζειν πυλεῶνα.

ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν στεφανηδὸν ἐκυκλώσαντο πολλῖται,
ὃς μὲν ἔχων τροχόεντα λόφον χθονός, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ πέτρῳ
130 ὑψιφανής, ὃ δὲ πῆχυν ἐπ' ἀνέρος ὦμον ἐρείσας
ἵχνος ἀνηώρησεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ δάκτυλα πῆξας:
καὶ τις ἐνγλώχινα μετήιεν ὄγκον ἀρούρης,
ἄλλος ἐπὶ προβλήτος ἐπάλξιος, ὃς δὲ δοκεύων
δόχμιον ὄμμα τίτταινεν ἀερσιλόφων ἀπὸ πύργων:
135 ὃς δὲ μέσας στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἄντυγι χεῖρας ἐλίξας
ἵχνεσιν ἀκροπόροισιν ἀνήιε κίονα βαίνων,
Πενθεά παπταίνων δεδονημένον ἄλματι λύσσης,
θύρσον ἀερτάζοντα καὶ αἰθύσσοντα καλύπτρην.
ἦδη δ' ἐπταπόροιο παρέδραμε τείχεα Θήβης,
140 αὐτομάτοις ἐλίκεσσιν ἀνοιγομένων πυλεώνων:
ἦδη δὲ πρὸ πόλης ἐς ἡέρα βόστρυχα σείων
ἄβρὰ δρακοντοβότοιο παρέστιχε νάματα Δίρκης:
καὶ ποδὶ λυσσήεντι χοροῖτυπον ἵχνος ἐλίσσων
δαίμονος ἀμπελόεντος ὀπίστερον εἶχε πορεῖην.
145 ἀλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἵκανεν, ὅθι δρυές, ἦχι χορεῖαι,
καὶ τελεταὶ Βρομίου θιασώδεις, ἦχι καὶ αὐτὴ
Βασσαρίδων ἀπέδιλος ἔην κεμαδοσσόος ἄγρη,
ἀμπελόεις τότε Βάκχος ὀρειάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης
ἀρχαίην ἐλάτην ἰσομήκεα γείτονι πέτρῃ
150 δένδρον ἰδὼν περιμετρον ἐγήθεεν, ἥς ὑπὸ θάμνῳ
ἀγχινεφεῖς πετάλοισιν ἐπεσκιόωντο κολῶναι:
ἀκρότατον δὲ κόρυμβον ἀφειδέι χειρὶ πιέζων
εἰς πέδον, εἰς πέδον εἶλκε κατὰ χθονὸς ἑκταδὰ Πενθεύς...
θαλλὸν ἀερσιπότητον, ἐπισφίγγων δὲ φορῆα
155 ὕψι τιτανομένων ἐδράξατο χειρὶ κορύμβων,
καὶ πόδας ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλινδίνητος ἐλίσσων
ἄστατος ὄρχηστῆρι τύπῳ κουφίζετο Πενθεύς.
καὶ τότε βασσαρίδεσσι χορίτιδες ἦλυθον ὦραι:
ἀλλήλαις δ' ἐκέλευον, ἀνεζώννυντο δὲ πέπλοις,
160 νεβρίδα δ' ἀμφεβάλοντο: καὶ οὐρεσίφοιτος Ἀγαυὴ
ἀφροκόμοις στομάτεσσιν ἀπερροῖβδησεν ἰωήν:
‘Αὐτονόη, σπεύσωμεν, ὅπῃ χορός ἐστι Λυαίου
καὶ κτύπος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀκούεται ἡθάδος αὐλοῦ,
ὄφρα μέλος πλέξαιμι φιλεῦιον, ὄφρα δαεῖω,
165 τίς φθαμένη στήσειε χοροστασίην Διονύσω,
τίς τίνα νικήσειε θυηπολέουσα Λυαίῳ.
δηθύνεις, ἀχόρευτε, καὶ ἡμέας ἔφθασεν Ἴνώ:
οὐκέτι πόντον ἔχει μετανάστιος, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
ἐξ ἀλὸς ἦλθε θεούσα σὺν ὕγροπόρῳ Μελικέρτῃ,
170 ἦλθε προασπιζουσα διωκομένου Διονύσου,
μὴ Πενθεὺς ἀθέμιστος ἐπιβρίσειε Λυαίῳ.

Μύστιδες, εἰς σκοπέλους, Ἴσμηνίδες ἔλθετε Βάκχαι,
καὶ τελετάς στήσωμεν, ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ χορείῃ
Λυδᾶϊς Βασσαρίδεσσιν ἐρίζομεν, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ:
175 ‘Μυγδονίην νίκησε Μιμαλλόνα Μαινᾶς Ἀγαῦν.’
ὥς φαμένη σκοπίαζε καθήμενον ὑπόθι δένδρου,
ἄγριον οἷα λέοντα, θεημάχον υἷέα μήτηρ:
καὶ μιν ἄγειρομέναις ἐπεδείκνυε θυιάσι Βάκχαις:
υἷέα δ’ ἔμφρονα θῆρα καλέσσαιτο λυσσάδι φωνῇ.
180 ἄμφι δὲ μιν στεφανηδὸν ἐκυκλώσαντο γυναῖκες
ἐζόμενον πετάλοισι: καὶ εὐπαλάμῳ τινὶ δεσμῷ
δένδρον ἐπηχύναντο, καὶ ἤθελον εἰς χθόνα ῥίπτειν
ἔρνος ὁμοῦ Πενθῆι: περισφίγξασα δὲ θάμνῳ
ὄλκον ὁμοζυγέος παλάμης ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ
185 πρυμνόθεν αὐτόρριζον ἀνέσπασε δένδρον Ἀγαῦη.
καὶ φυτὸν εἰς χθόνα πῖπτεν: ἐγυμνώθη δὲ Κιθαιρῶν:
καὶ θρασὺς αὐτοέλικτος ἄναξ βητάρμονι παλμῷ
κύμβαχος ἠερόθεν κεκυλισμένος ἤριπε Πενθεὺς.
καὶ τότε μιν λίπε λύσσα νοσοφαλέος Διονύσου,
190 καὶ προτέρας φρένας ἔσχε τὸ δεύτερον: ἄμφι δὲ γαίῃ
γείτονα πότμον ἔχων κινυρὴν ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν:
‘Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες με καλύψατε, μὴ με δαμάσῃ
παιδοφόνοις παλάμησιν ἐμὴ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαῦη.
μῆτερ ἐμὴ, δύσμητερ, ἀπηνέος ἴσχεο λύσσης:
195 θῆρα πόθεν καλέεις με τὸν υἷέα; ποῖα κομίζω
στήθεα λαχνήεντα; τίνα βρυχηθμὸν ἰάλλω;
οὐκέτι γινώσκεις με, τὸν ἔτρεφες, οὐκέτι λεύσσεις:
σὴν φρένα καὶ τεδὸν ὄμμα τίς ἤρπασε; χαῖρε, Κιθαιρῶν:
χαίρετε, δένδρεα ταῦτα καὶ οὔρεα: σῶζεο, Θήβη
200 σῶζεο καὶ σὺ, φίλῃ παιδοκτόνε μῆτερ Ἀγαῦη.
δέρκεο ταῦτα γένεια νεότριχα, δέρκεο μορφὴν
ἀνδρομένην: οὐκ εἰμὶ λέων: οὐ θῆρα δοκεύεις.
φρίδεο σῆς ὠδίνος, ἀμείλιχε, φρίδεο μαζῶν:
Πενθέα παπταίνεις με, τὸν ἔτρεφες. ἴσχεο, φωνή,
205 μύθους σεῖο φύλαξον: ἀνήκοός ἐστιν Ἀγαῦη.
εἰ δὲ κατακτείνεις με χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,
μούνῃ παῖδα δάμασσον, ἀγάστονε, μηδὲ δαμῆναι
Βασσαρίδων τεδὸν υἷα νόθαις παλάμησιν ἐάσης.’
ὥς φάμενος λιτάνευε, καὶ οὐκ ἤκουσεν Ἀγαῦη.
210 ἄμφι δὲ μιν δασπλῆγτες ἐπερρώνοντο γυναῖκες
χερσὶν ὁμοζήλοισι: κυλινδομένου δὲ κονίῃ
ἢ μὲν ὀπισθιδίους πόδας εἵρυσεν, ἢ δὲ λαβοῦσα
δεξιτερὴν προθέλυμνον ἀνέσπασεν, Αὐτονόη δὲ
λαιὴν ἀντερύεσκε: παραπλαγχθεῖσα δὲ μήτηρ
215 στήθεϊ παιδὸς ἔπηξεν ἐδὸν πόδα, κεκλιμένου δὲ

αὐχένα τολμήεντα διέθρισεν ὅξει θύρῳ:
καὶ φονίῳ ταχύγουνος ἀνέδραμε χάρματι λύσσης,
αἱματόεν δὲ κάρηνον ἀτερπέι δαίκνυε Κάδμῳ:
ψευδομένου δὲ λέοντος ἀγαλλομένη χάριν ἄγρης
220 τοῖον ἀπερροῖβδησεν ἔπος λυσσώδεϊ λαιμῷ:
‘Κάδμε μάκαρ, καλέω σε μακάρτερον: ἐν σκοπέλοις γὰρ
χερσὶν ἄθωρήκτοισιν ἀριστεύουσαν Ἀγαυὴν
Ἄρτεμις ἐσκοπίαζε, καὶ εἰ πέλε δεσπότης ἄγρης,
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτουσα λεοντοφόνου σέο κούρης:
225 καὶ Δρυάδες θάμβησαν ἐμὸν πόνον: ἡμετέρης δὲ
Ἀρμονίης γενέτην κεκορυθμένος ἡθάδι λόγχῃ
παῖδα τεὴν ἀσιδήρον ἐθάμβεε χάλκεος Ἄρης
θύρσον ἀκοντίζουσαν ἀλοιητῆρα λεόντων,
κυδιῶν: σὺ δέ, Κάδμε, τεῶν ἐπιβήτορα θῶκων
230 Πενθέα δεῦρο κάλεσσον, ὅπως φθονερῇσιν ὀπωπαῖς
θηροφόνους ἰδρῶτας ὀπιπεύσειε γυναιῖου.
δμῶες ἐμοί, στείχεσθε, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ Κάδμου
πήξατε τοῦτο κάρηνον ἐμῆς ἀναθήματα νίκης.
τηλίκον οὐ ποτε θῆρα κατέκτανε σύγγονος Ἴνῳ:
235 Αὐτονόη, σκοπίαζε καὶ αὐχένα κάμψον Ἀγαυή:
οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ λάχες εὖχος ὁμοῖον, ὑμετέρου δὲ
μητρὸς Ἀρισταίῳ φατιζομένην ἔτι νίκην
σῆς ἐκυρῆς ἥσυχνα λεοντοφόνῳ Κυρήνης.’
ἔννεπε κουφίζουσα φίλον βάρος: εἰσαίων δὲ
240 Κάδμος ἀγαλλομένης ἐτερόφρονα παιδὸς ἀπειλὴν,
μίξας δάκρυσι μῦθον ἀμείβετο πενθάδι φωνῇ:
‘Οἷον θῆρα δάμασσας ἐχέφρονα, τέκνον Ἀγαυή;
οἷον θῆρα δάμασσας, ὃν ὑμετέρη τέκε γαστήρ;
οἷον θῆρα δάμασσας, ὃν ἐσπέρμηνεν Ἐχίων;
245 δέρκεο σείο λέοντα, τὸν εἰσέτι τυτθὸν αἰείρων
παιδοκόμῳ κούφιζε γεγηθότι Κάδμος ἀγοστῶ:
δέρκεο σείο λέοντα, τὸν Ἀρμονίη σέο μήτηρ
πολλάκις ἥερταζε καὶ ὥρεγε μαζὸν ἀμέλγειν.
μαστεύεις σέο παῖδα τεῶν θηήτορα μόχθων:
250 πῶς καλέσω Πενθῆα, τὸν ἐν παλάμῃσιν αἰεῖρεις;
ὃν κτάνες ἀγνώσσουσα, πόθεν σέο παῖδα καλέσω;
θῆρα τεδὸν σκοπίαζε, καὶ υἷα σείο νοήσεις.
καλὰ φέρεις, Διόνυσε, τεῶν θρεπτήρια Κάδμῳ:
καλὰ μοι Ἀρμονίης νυμφεύματα δῶκε Κρονίων:
255 Ἄρεος ἄξια ταῦτα καὶ Οὐρανίης Ἀφροδίτης:
Ἴνῳ πόντον ἔχει, Σεμέλῃν ἔφλεξε Κρονίων,
μῦρεται Αὐτονόν κερὸν τέκος, ἃ μέγα δειλὴ
ἔκτανεν, ὃν τέκε μοῦνον, ἄωριον υἱὸν Ἀγαυή.
καὶ μογέει Πολύδωρος ἐμὸς λιπόπατρις ἀλήτης.

260 μοῦνος ἐγὼ λιπόμεν νέκυς ἔμπνοος· εἰς τίνα φεύγω,
Πενθέος ὀλλυμένοιο καὶ οἰχομένου Πολυδώρου;
τίς πόλις ὀθνεῖ με δεδέξεται; ἔρρε, Κιθαιρών:
γηροκόμους Κάδμοιο κατέκτανες, ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
νεκρὸν ἔχεις Πενθῆα, καὶ Ἀκταίωνα καλύπτεις.’
265 ὥς φαμένου Κάδμοιο γόον κρουνηδὸν ἰάλλων
δάκρυσι πηγαίοισι γέρων ἔκλαυσε Κιθαιρών:
καὶ δρῦες ὠδύροντο, καὶ ἔκλαγον αἴλινα Νύμφαι
νηιάδες. πολὴν δὲ κόμην ἠδέσσατο Κάδμου
καὶ στοναχὴν Διόνυσος· ἀπενθήτου δὲ προσώπου
270 μίξας δάκρυ γέλῳτι νόον μετέθηκεν Ἀγαῆς,
καὶ πάλιν ἔμφρονα θῆκεν, ὅπως Πενθῆα γοήσῃ.
ἡ δὲ μεταστρέψασα νόον καὶ ἄπιστον ὁπωπὴν
αὐτοπαγῆς ἄφθογγος ἐπὶ χρόνον ἵστατο μήτηρ:
καὶ κεφαλὴν Πενθῆος ὀπιπεύουσα θανόντος
275 ἤριπεν αὐτοκύλιστος, ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δὲ δειλὴ
βόστρυχον αἰσχύνουσα χυτῇ κεκύλιστο κονίῃ:
καὶ λασίους ἔρριπεν ἀπὸ στέρνοιο χιτῶνας
καὶ Βρομίου φιάλας θιασώδεας, αἵματος ὀκῶ
στήθεα φοινίξασα καὶ ἄσκεπέων πτύχα μαζῶν:
280 καὶ κύσεν υἱέος ὄμμα καὶ ἔγχλοα κύκλα προσώπου
καὶ πλοκάμους χαρίεντας ἐρευθομένοιο καρήνου:
ὄξυ δὲ κωκύουσα τόσῃν ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν:
‘Νηλειῆς Διόνυσε, τεῆς ἀκόρητε γενέθλης,
δὸς προτέρην ἔτι λύσσαν ἐμοὶ πάλιν: ἄρτι γὰρ ἄλλην
285 χεῖρονα λύσσαν ἔχω πινυτόφρονα: δὸς μοι ἐκείνην
ἀφροσύνην, ἵνα θῆρα τὸ δεύτερον υἷα καλέσω.
θῆρα βαλεῖν ἐδόκησα: νεοτμήτοιο δὲ κόρσης
ἀντὶ λεοντείης κεφαλὴν Πενθῆος αἰίρω.
ὀλβιη Αὐτονόη βαρυδάκρυος, ὅτι θανόντα
290 ἔστενεν Ἀκταίωνα, καὶ οὐ κτάνεν υἱέα μήτηρ:
μὴν ἐγὼ γενόμεν παιδοκτόνος: οὐ Μελικέρτην
ἔκτανεν ἡ δὲ Λεάρχον ἐμὴ μετανάστις Ἰνώ,
ἀλλὰ πατήρ ἐδάμασσε, τὸν ἤροσεν. ἃ μέγα δειλή,
Ζεὺς Σεμέλῃ παρίαυεν, ὅπως Πενθῆα γοήσω:
295 Ζεὺς γενέτης Διόνυσον ἐῷ τεκνώσατο μηρῶ,
Καδμειν ἵνα πᾶσαν ἀιστώσειε γενέθλην.
ἰλήκοι Διόνυσος: ὅλον γένος ὤλεσε Κάδμου.
ἀλλὰ θεοκλήτου γαμῖν μετὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης,
Ἀρμονίης μετὰ λέκτρον, ἐμοῦ μετὰ παστάδα Κάδμου
300 ἀρχαίην κιθάρην δονέων πάλιν αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων
θρῆνον ἕνα πλήξειε καὶ Αὐτονόη καὶ Ἀγαῆ,
ὠκύμορον Πενθῆα καὶ Ἀκταίωνα λιγαίνων.
ἡμετέρης, φίλε κοῦρε, τί φάρμακόν ἐστιν ἀνίης;

οὐ πω σοῖς θαλάμοισιν ἐκούφισα νυμφοκόμον πῦρ:

305 οὐ ζυγίων ἤκουσα τεῶν ὑμέναιον Ἑρώτων:

ποῖον ἶδω δέο παῖδα παρήγορον; αἶθέ σε Βάκχη

ἄλλη ἀπηλοίησε, καὶ οὐ πολὺμοχθος Ἀγαυή.

μητέρι μαινομένη μὴ μέμφω, δύσμορε Πενθεῦ:

Βάκχῳ μέμφω μᾶλλον: ἀναίτιός ἐστιν Ἀγαυή.

310 χεῖρες ἐμαί, φίλε κοῦρε, τήν στάζουσιν ἐέρσην

αὐχένος ἀμηθέντος: ἀπ' αὐτοχύτου δὲ καρήνου

αἶμα τεδὼν μητρῶον ὅλον φοίνιξε χιτῶνα.

ναί, λίτομαι, Βρομίου δότε μοι δέπας: ἀντὶ γὰρ οἶνου

λύθρον ἐμοῦ Πενθῆος ἐπισπένδω Διονύσῳ.

315 σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ φιλόδακρυς, ᾧ ὦριε, τύμβον ἐγείρω

χερσὶν ἐμαῖς ἀκάρηνον ἐνικρύψασα κονίη

σὸν δέμας: ὑμετέρῳ δ' ἐπὶ σήματι τοῦτο χαράξω:

‘εἰμὶ νέκυσ Πενθῆος, ὁδοιπόρε: νηδὺς Ἀγαυῆς

παιδοκόμος με λόχευσε καὶ ἔκτανε παιδοφόνος χεῖρ.’

320 ἔννεπε λυσσώουσα σοφῇ φρενί: μυρομένης δὲ

Αὐτονόη γοόωσα παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν:

‘Ζῆλον ἔχω καὶ ἔρωτα τεῆς κακότητος, Ἀγαυή,

ὅττι περιπτύσσεις γλυκερὴν Πενθῆος ὅπωπῃν

καὶ στόμα καὶ φίλον ὄμμα καὶ υἱέος ἄκρα κομών.

325 γνωτὴ, ἐπολβίζω σε, καὶ εἰ κτάνες υἱέα μήτηρ:

ἀντὶ γὰρ Ἀκταίωνος ἀμειβομένης ἀπὸ μορφῆς

νεβρὸν ἐγὼ δάκρυσα, καὶ υἱέος ἀντὶ καρήνου

μηκεδανὴν ἐλάφοιο νόθην κτερέιξα κεραῖην.

σῆς δ' ὀδύνης ἐλάχεια παραίφασις, ὅττι θανόντος

330 οὐκ ἴδες ἀλλοῖον τύπον υἱέος, οὐ τρίχα νεβροῦ,

οὐ χηλὴν ἀνόνητον ἐκούφισας ἢ κεραῖην:

μούνῃ δ' ἔδρακον υἷα νόθον νέκυν, ἀλλοφυῇ δὲ

καὶ στικτὴν καὶ ἄναυδον ἐκώκυν εἰκόνα μορφῆς,

καὶ μήτηρ ἐλάφοιο καὶ οὐκέτι παιδὸς ἀκούω.

335 ἀλλὰ σὺ κυδαίνουσα, Διὸς φιλοπάρθενε κούρη,

ἄνδρὸς ἐμοῦ σέο Φοῖβον Ἀρισταίῳ τοκῆα

εἰς ἔλαφον μετὰμειψον ἐμὴν βροτοειδέα μορφήν:

δὸς χάριν Ἀπόλλωνι: μετ' Ἀκταίωνα δὲ δειλὴν

τοῖς αὐτοῖς σκυλάκεσσι καὶ Αὐτονόην πόρε φορβήν

340 ἣ κυσὶν ὑμετέροισιν: ἐσαθρήσῃ δὲ Κιθαιρῶν

μητέρα καὶ μετὰ παῖδα κυνοσπάδα: μηδὲ με δειλὴν

σῶν ἐλάφων μεθέπουσαν ἴσην κεραελκέα μορφήν

ἄγρια μαστίζουσα τεῇ ζεύξειας ἀπήνη.

χαῖρε φυτὸν Πενθῆος, ἀμείλιχε χαῖρε Κιθαιρῶν:

345 χαίρετε καὶ νάρθηκες ἀμερσινόου Διονύσου:

σώζεό μοι, Φαέθων τερψίμβροτε: λάμπε κολώναις:

λάμπε καὶ ἀμφοτέροισι, Λητωίδι καὶ Διονύσῳ:

εἰ δὲ τεαῖς ἀκτῖσι καὶ ἀνέρας οἷσθα δαμάσσαι,
σῶ καθαρῶ πυρὶ βάλλε καὶ Αὐτονόην καὶ Ἀγαῦην·
350 ἔσσο δὲ Πασιφάης τιμήορος, ὄφρα γελάσσης
Ἄρμονιης γενέτειραν ἀνιάζων Ἀφροδίτην.’
εἶπε, καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνος ὀδύρετο μᾶλλον Ἀγαῦη.
καὶ νέκυν, ὃν κατέπεφνε, φίλη τυμβεύσατο μήτηρ
πίδακα δακρυόεσσαν ἀναβλύζουσα προσώπου·
355 καὶ τάφον εὐποίητον ἔτεκτήναντο πολῖται.
ὥς αἱ μὲν στενάχοντο κατηφέες· εἰσορόων δὲ
Βάκχος ἄναξ ἐλέαιρε, φιλοθρήνους δὲ γυναῖκας
μυρομένας ἀνέκοψεν, ἐπεὶ στοιχηδὸν ἐκάστη
λυσίπονον κεράσας μελιιδέι φάρμακον οἶνω
360 δῶκε ποτὸν ληθαῖον· ὀδυρομένοιο δὲ Κάδμου
πένθιμον ἐπρήνυε γόον παιήονι μῦθω·
ἀμφοτέρας δ’ εὕνησε καὶ Αὐτονόην καὶ Ἀγαῦην,
ἐλπίδος ἔσσομένης πρωτάγγελα θέσφατα φαίνων.
Ἴλλυριν δ’ ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐς Ἑσπερίου χθόνα πόντου
365 Ἄρμονιην λιπόπατριν ὁμόστολον ἥλικι Κάδμῳ
ἀμφοτέρους πόμπευεν ἀλήμονας, οἷς χρόνος ἔρπων
ᾧπασε πετρήεσαν ἔχειν ὀφιώδεα μορφήν.
καὶ Σατύρους καὶ Πᾶνας ἔχων καὶ λύγκας ἱμάσσων
ἀβρὸς ἀσιγήτοισιν ἐκώμασε Βάκχος Ἀθήναις.

ἔρχεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ἑβδομον, ὀππόθι Περσεὺς
 καὶ μόρος Ἰκαρίοιο καὶ ἄβροχίτων Ἀριάδνη.
 ἦδη δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα δι' ἄστεος ἵπτατο Φήμη
 ἄγγελος αὐτοβόητος ἐρίσταφύλου Διονύσου
 Ἀθίδι φοιτήσαντος: ἀκοιμήτου δὲ Λυαίου
 εἰς χορὸν εὐώδινες ἐβακχεύθησαν Ἀθῆναι.
 5 καὶ πολὺς ἔβρεμε κῶμος: ὀμηγερέες δὲ πολῖται
 εἵμασι δαιδαλέοισιν ἀνεχλαίνωσαν ἀγνιᾶς
 χερσὶ πολυσπερέεσσιν: ἀεξιφύτοιο δὲ Βάκχου
 ἡμερίδων πετάλοισιν ἐμιτρώθησαν Ἀθῆναι
 αὐτόματοι: φιάλας δὲ σιδηροφόρων διὰ μαζῶν
 10 στήθεσι μυστιπόλοισιν ἀνεζώννυντο γυναικες,
 παρθενικαὶ δ' ἐχόρευον, ἐπεστέφαντο δὲ κόρης
 ἄνθει κισσῆεντι περίπλοκον Ἀθίδα χαίτην.
 Ἴλισσός δ' ἐλέλιξε περὶ πτόλιν ἔμπνοον ὕδωρ
 κυδαίνων Διόνυσον: ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ χορεῖη
 15 εὖιον ἐκρούοντο μέλος Κηφισίδες ὄχθαι.
 φυταλιή δ' ἀνέτελλεν, ἀπὸ χθονίοιο δὲ κόλπου
 αὐτοφυῆς γλυκεροῖο πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο
 βότρυς ἐλαίηντος ἐφοινίχθη Μαραθῶνος,
 καὶ δρῦες ἐψιθύριζον, ἀνοιγομένων δὲ πετῆλων
 20 δίχροον ἡρεύγοντο ῥόδον λειμωνίδες Ὠραι,
 καὶ κρίνον αὐτοτέλεστον ἐμαιώσαντο κολῶναι.
 καὶ Φρυγίοις αὐλοῖσιν ἐπέκτυπεν αὐλὸς Ἀθήνης,
 καὶ διδυμον κελάδημα δόναξ ἐλίγαιεν Ἀχαρνεὺς
 θλιβόμενος παλάμησιν: ὁμογλώσσων δ' ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 25 Μυγδονίη βαρῦδουπος ὁμόθροος ἄζυγι κούρη
 δίθροον ἀρμονίην ἐπιδήμιος ἴαχε Βάκχη
 πῆχυν ἐπικλίνουσα νέη Πακτωλίδι νύμφη,
 καὶ φλόγα νυκτιχόρευτον ἀνέσχεθε δίζυγι πεύκη
 ἀρχεγόνῳ Ζαγρῇ καὶ ὀψιγόνῳ Διονύσῳ:
 30 μνησαμένη δ' Ἰτύλοιο καὶ ἰστοπόνου Φιλομήλης
 σύνθροος αἰολόδειρος ἀνέκλαγεν Ἀθίς ἀηδῶν,
 καὶ Ζεφύρου λάλος ὄρνις ὑπωροφίην χέε μολπὴν,
 μνῆστιν ὅλην Τηρῆος ἀπορρίψασα θυέλλαις.
 οὐδέ τις ἦν ἀχόρευτος ἀνὰ πτόλιν. αὐτὰρ ὁ χαίρων
 35 Βάκχος ἐς Ἰκαρίου δόμον ἦλυθεν, ὃς πέλεν ἄλλων
 φέρτερος ἀγρονόμων ἑτερότροπα δένδρα φυτεύειν.
 ἀγραύλοισι δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ἐχόρευεν ἄλγεος
 ἀθρήσας Διόνυσον ἐπήλυδα, καλλιφύτων δὲ
 κοίρανον ἡμερίδων ὀλίγῃ ξείνισσε τραπέζῃ:

40 Ἥριγόνῃ δ' ἐκέρασσεν ἀψυσσαμένη γλάγος αἰγῶν:
ἀλλὰ ἐ Βάκχος ἔρυκε, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ γεραιῷ
ᾧ πασε λυσιπόνιοι μέθης ἐγκύμονας ἀσκούς,
δεξιτερῇ δ' εὐοδμον ἔχων δέπας ἡδέος οἶνου
ᾠρεγεν Ἰκαρίῳ: φιλίῳ δ' ἡσπάζετο μῦθῳ:
45 'Δέξο, γέρον, τόδε δῶρον, ὃ μὴ δεδάσιν Ἀθῆναι.
ᾧ γέρον, ὀλβίζω σε: σὲ γὰρ μέλψουσι πολῖται
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωντες, ὅτι κλέος εὖρεν ἐλέγξαι
Ἰκάριος Κελεοῖο καὶ Ἥριγόνῃ Μετανείρης.
ζῆλον ἔχω προτέρης Δημήτερος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτῇ
50 ἄλλῳ γειοπόνῳ στάχυν ὄμπνιον ᾠπασε Δηῷ.
Τριπτόλεμος στάχυν εὖρε, σὺ δ' οἶνοπα βότρυν ὀπώρης:
Ἰλαος οὐρανίῳ Γανυμήδεϊ μοῦνος ἐρίζεις,
Τριπτολέμου προτέροιο μακάρτερε: θυμοβόρους γὰρ
οὐ στάχυες λύουσι μεληδόνας, οἶνοτόκοι δὲ
55 βότρυνες ἀνδρομέης παιήονές εἰσιν ἀνίης.'
τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε, φιλοξείνῳ δὲ γεραιῷ
ἄβρὸν ἐγερσινόοιο δέπας πόρεν ἔμπλεον οἶνου:
καὶ πῖεν ἄλλο μετ' ἄλλο γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἄλωεύς,
οἷστρον ἔχων ἀκόρητον ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἐέρσης:
60 κούρη δ' ἀντὶ γάλακτος ἀψυσσαμένη χύσιν οἶνου
ᾠρεγε χειρὶ κύπελλον, ἕως ἐμέθυσε τοκῆα.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κόρον εὖρε κυπελλοδόκοιο τραπέζης,
δόχμιος ἀμφιέλικτος ἐρισφαλὲς ἶχνος ἐλίσσων
ποσσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ἀνεσκίρτησεν ἄλωεύς,
65 Ζαγρέος Εὐῖον ὕγνον ἀνακρούων Διονύσῳ.
ἀγρονόμῳ δὲ γέροντι φυτηκόμος ᾠπασε δαίμων
κλήματα βοτρυνόεντα, φιλεῦα δῶρα τραπέζης:
καὶ μιν ἄναξ ἐδίδαξεν ἀεξιφύτῳ τινὶ τέχνῃ
κλάσσαι βοθριάσαι τε βαλεῖν τ' ἐνὶ ἐνὶ κλήματα γύροις.
70 ἄλλοις δ' ἀγρονόμοισι γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἄλωεύς
δῶρα φέρων Βρομίοιο καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην
οἶνοφύτους ἐδίδαξε φυτηκομίας Διονύσου:
καὶ νομίῳ κρητῆρι βαλὼν ῥόον ἄσπετον οἶνου
δαινυμένους ἡϋφραινεν ἐπασσύτεροισι κυτέλλοις,
75 οἶνοδόκων θυόεσσαν ἀναπτύξας χύσιν ἀσκῶν.
καὶ τις ἐγερσινόοιο πῶν ῥόον ἡδέος οἶνου
Ἥριγόνῃς γενετῆρα φίλῳ μειλίζατο μῦθῳ:
'Εἰπέ, γέρον, πόθεν εὖρες ἐπὶ χθονὶ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου;
οὐκ ἀπὸ Κηφισοῖο φέρεις ξανθόχροον ὕδωρ,
80 οὐκ ἀπὸ Νηιάδων μελιηδέα δῶρα κομίζεις:
οὐ γὰρ ἀναβλύζουσι μελίρρυτα χεῦματα πηγαί,
οὐ ῥόος Ἰλισσοῖο χυτῷ φοινίσσεται ὀλκῷ:
οὐ ποτὸν ἔπλετο τοῦτο φιλοπτόρθοιο μελίσσης,

ὀξύτατον μερόπεσσι φέρον κόρον: ἄλλοφυνές δὲ
85 καὶ μέλιτος γλυκεροῖο φέρεις γλυκερώτερον ὕδωρ:
πάτριον οὐ πόμα τοῦτο λοχεύεται Ἀτθίς ἐλαίη:
λαρότερον δὲ γάλακτος ἔχεις ποτὸν ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ
συμπερταῖς λιβάδεσσι μελικρήτου κυκεῶνος.
εἰ δὲ ποτὸν μερόπεσιν ἀεξιφύτων ἀπὸ κήπων
90 ἐκ καλύκων δεδάσιν ἄγειν ῥοδοπήχες Ὠραι,
καὶ κεν ἐγὼ καλέεσκον Ἀδώνιδος ἢ Κυθερείης
εἰαρινὸν πόμα τοῦτο, ῥόδων εὖοδμον ἐέρσην.
λυσίπονον καὶ ξεῖνον ἄγεις ποτόν: ἡερίοις γάρ
πλαζομένας ἀνέμοισιν ἐμὰς ἐκέδασσε μερίμνας.
95 μὴ σοι δῶρον ἔδωκεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἄμβροτος Ἥβη;
μὴ σοι τοῦτο κόμισσε τεῖη πολιοῦχος Ἀθήνη;
οὐρανόθεν κρητῆρα τίς ἥρπασεν, ἔνθεν ἀφύσσει
Ζηγὶ καὶ ἀθανάτοισι δέπας κεράσας Γανυμήδης;
ξεινοδόκου Κελεοῖο μακάρτερε, μὴ σὺ καὶ αὐτὸς
100 ἴλαον οὐρανόθεν ναέτην ξείνισσας Ὀλύμπου;
πείθομαι, ὥς θεὸς ἄλλος ἐκώμασε σεῖο μελᾶθρῳ,
καὶ φιλῆς πόμα τοῦτο τεῖς διὰ δεῖτνα τραπέξης
Ἀτθίδι δῶρον ἔδωκεν, ἅτε στάχυν ὥπασε Δηῶ.
ἔννεπε θαμβήσας γλυκερὸν ποτόν: ἐκ στομάτων δὲ
105 ἡδυμανῆς ἀλάλαζε χέων ἄγρῳλον αἰοιδήν.
ἄγρονόμοι δ' ἄρῶντες ἐπασσντέροισι κυπέλλοις
πάντες ἐβακχεύθησαν ἀμερσινόῳ φρένας οἶνω:
ὄμματα δ' ἐπλάζοντο, φιλακρήτοις δὲ κυπέλλοις
ἄργυφα πορφύροντο παρήια, γειοπόνων δὲ
110 στήθεα θερμαίνοντο, ποτῷ δ' ἐβαρύνετο κόρησιν,
καὶ φλέβες οἰδαίνοντος ἐκυμαίνοντο καρήνου:
τοῖσι δὲ δερκομένοισιν ἐσεῖετο κόλπος ἀρούρης
καὶ δρύες ὠρχήσαντο καὶ ἐσκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι:
καὶ σφαλεραῖς λιβάδεσιν ἀήθεος ἔμπλεος οἶνου
115 ὕπιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπὶ χθόνα κάππεσεν ἀνήρ.
καὶ χορὸς ἀγρονόμων φονίῳ δεδονημένος οἷστρω
τλήμονος Ἰκαρίοιο κατέτρεχε θυιάδι λύσση,
οἷα τε φαρμακόεντα κερασσασμένου δόλον οἶνου,
ὃς μὲν ἔχων βουπλήγα σιδήρεον, ὃς δὲ μακέλλῃ
120 θωρήξας ἔο χεῖρας, ὁ δὲ σταχυητόμον ἄρπην
κουφίζων, ἕτερος δὲ λίθον περίμετρον αἰείρων,
ἄλλος ἀνεπτοίητο καλαύροπα χειρὶ τιταίνων,
γηραλέον πλήσσοντες: ἐλὼν δὲ τις ἐγγὺς ἱμάσθλην
Ἰκαρίου τέτρηνε δέμας ταμεσίχροϊ κέντρῳ.
125 καὶ μογέων χθονὶ πῖπτε γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἀλῳεύς
τυπτόμενος ῥοπάλοισιν, ἐπισκαίρων δὲ τραπέξῃ
τύψε μέθης κρητῆρα, καὶ αἶθοπος εἰς χύσιν οἶνου

ἡμιθανῆς κεκύλιστο: βαρυνομένου δὲ καρήνου
ἀγρονόμων πληγῇσιν ἀμοιβαίησι τυπέντος
130 αἰμαλέη φοίνιξεν ὁμόχροον οἶνον ἔερση.
καὶ μόγισ ἐκ στομάτων ἔπος ἴαχεν Ἄιδι γείτων:
‘ Οἶνος ἐμοῦ Βρομίου, βροτέης ἄμπαυμα μερίμνης,
ὁ γλυκὺς εἰς ἐμὲ μοῦνον ἀμείλιχος: εὐφροσύνην γὰρ
ἀνδράσι πᾶσιν ὅπασσε, καὶ Ἰκαρίῳ πόρε πότμον:
135 ὁ γλυκὺς Ἡριγόνῃ πολεμήιος: ἡμετέρην γὰρ
νηπενθῆς Διόνυσος ἐθήκατο πενθάδα κούρην.’
οὐ πω μῦθος ἔλγηε: μόρος δὲ οἱ ἔφθασε φωνήν.
καὶ νέκυς αὐτόθι κεῖτο, σαόφρονος ἔκτοθι κούρης,
ὄμμασι πεπταμένοισιν. ἐν ἀστρώτῳ δὲ χαμευνῇ
140 νήδυμον ὕπνον ἴαυον ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο φονῆες
οἶνοβαρεῖς, νεκύεσσιν ἐοικότες: ἐγρόμενοι δέ,
ὄν κτάνον ἀγνώσσοντες, ἀνέστενον: ὑψόθι δ’ ὤμων
νεκρὸν ἐλαφρίζοντες ἀνήγαγον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης
ἔμφρονα θυμὸν ἔχοντες, ἐν εὐύδρῳ δὲ ῥέεθρῳ
145 ὠτειλὰς ἐκάθηραν ὀρεσσιχύτῳ παρὰ πηγῇ:
καὶ νέκυν ἀρτιδάικτον, ὃν ἔκτανον ἄφροني λύσση,
ἀνδροφόνους παλάμησιν ἐτυμβεύσαντο φονῆες.
ψυχῇ δ’ Ἰκαρίοιο πανεῖκελος ἔσσυτο καπνῷ
εἰς δόμον Ἡριγόνης: βροτέῃ δ’ ἰσάζετο μορφῇ
150 κοῦφον ὀνειρείης σκιερῆς εἰδῶλον ὀπωπῆς,
ἀνδρὶ νεουτήτῳ πανομοίος, εἶχε δὲ δειλὴ
στικτὸν ἀσημάντοιο φόνου κήρυκα χιτῶνα,
αἷματι φοινίσσοντα καὶ αὐχμῶντα κονίη,
ῥωγαλέον πληγῇσιν ἀμοιβαίοιο σιδήρου.
155 καὶ παλάμας ὥρεξε: νεοσφαγέων δὲ δοκεῦειν
ὠτειλὰς μελέων ἐπεδείκνυε γείτονι κούρῃ.
παρθενικῇ δ’ ὀλόλυξε φιλοθρήνοις ἐν ὀνείροις,
ὥς ἶδεν ἔλκεα τόσσα καρήατος, ὥς ἶδε δειλὴ
λύθρον ἐρευθομένοιο νεόρρυτον ἀνθερεῶνος:
160 καὶ σκιοεῖς γενέτης ἔπος ἔννεπε πενθάδι κούρῃ:
‘ Ἔγρεο, δειλαίη, καὶ δίζεο σείο τοκῆα:
ἔγρεο, καὶ μεθύοντας ἐμοὺς μάστευε φονῆας:
εἰμὶ τεδὸς γενέτης βαρυώδυνος, ὃν χάριν οἶνου
ἀγρονόμοι δασπλῆτες ἐδηλήσαντο σιδήρῳ.
165 ὦ τέκος, ὀλβίζω σε: σὺ γὰρ κταμένοιο τοκῆος
οὐ καναχρὴν ἤκουσας ἀρασσομένοιο καρήνου,
οὐ πολιὴν ἐνόησας ἐρευθομένην ὑπὸ λύθρῳ,
οὐ νέκυν ἀρτιδάικτον ἐπισπαίροντα κονίη,
πατροφόνους κορύνας οὐκ ἔδρακες: ἀλλὰ σε δαίμων
170 ἔκτοθι πατρὸς ἔρυκε, τήν δ’ ἐφύλαξεν ὀπωπὴν,
μὴ μόρον ἀθρήσειε δαΐζομένου γενετῆρος.

αἶματι πορφύροντας ἑμοὺς σκοπίαζε χιτῶνας:
χθιζὰ γὰρ οἶνωθέντες ἀμοιβαίοισι κυπέλλοις
ἀγρονόμοι βλύζοντες ἀήθεος ἱκμάδα Βάκχου
175 ἀμφ' ἑμὲ κυκλώσαντο: δαΐζόμενος δὲ σιδήρῳ
μηλονόμους ἐκάλεσσα, καὶ οὐκ ἤκουσαν ἰωήν:
μούνῃ δ' ὑστερόφωνος ἑμὸν κτύπον ἔκλυεν Ἥχῳ
θρήνοις ἀντιτύποισι τεδὸν στενάχουσα τοκῆα.
οὐκέτι κουφίζουσα καλαύροπα μεσσόθεν ὕλης
180 εἰς νομὸν ἀνθεμόεντα καὶ εἰς λειμῶνας ἱκάνεις,
σὴν ἀγέλην βόσκουσα σὺν ἀγραύλῳ παρακοίτῃ:
οὐκέτι δενδροκόμοιο τεῆς ψάουσα μακέλλης
κῆπον ἐς εὐώδινα φέρεις ἀμαρήιον ὕδωρ:
ἀλλὰ μελιρραθάμιγγος ἐμῆς ἀκόρητος ὀπώρης
185 κλαῖτε τεδὸν γενέτην με δεδοπτότα: καὶ σε νοήσω
ὄρφανικὴν ζώουσαν ἀπειρήτην ὑμεναίων.
ὥς φαμένη πτερόεσσα παρέδραμεν ὄψις ὄνειρου.
κούρῃ δ' ἐγρομένη ροδέας ἤμυξε παρειάς,
πενθαλέοις δ' ὀνύχεσσιν ἀκαμπέας ἔξεσε μαζοὺς,
190 καὶ δολιχῆς προθέλυμνον ἀνέσπασε βότρυν ἐθείρης:
καὶ βόας ἀθρήσασα παρισταμένους ἔτι πέτρῃ
παρθένος ἀχνυμένη κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ:
'Πῇ νέκυς Ἰκαρίοιο, φίλαι φθέγγασθε κολῶναι:
πότμον ἑμοῦ γενετῆρος ἐθήμονες εἴπατε ταῦροι:
195 πατρὸς ἑμοῦ κταμένοιο τίνες γεγάσι φονῆες;
πῇ μοι ἑμὸς γενέτης γλυκὺς οἷχεται; ἥ ῥα διδάσκων
γεῖτονα καλλιφύτοιο νέους ὄρπηκας ὀπώρης
πλάζεται ἀγρονόμοισι παρήμενος, ἢ τινι βούτῃ
δενδροκόμῳ παρέμιμνε συνέστιος εἰλαπινάζων;
200 εἴπατε μυρομένη, καὶ τλήσομαι, εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃ.
εἰ μὲν ἔτι ζῶει γενέτης ἑμὸς, ἔρνεα κήπου
ἀρδεύσω παλινόρσος ἅμα ζώουσα τοκῆι:
εἰ δὲ πατήρ τέθνηκε καὶ οὐκέτι δένδρα φυτεύει,
ἀθρήσω μόρον ἴσον ἐπὶ φθιμένῳ γενετῆρι.'
205 ὥς φαμένη ταχύγουνος ἀνέδραμεν εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
ἵχνια μαστεύουσα νεοσφαγέος γενετῆρος.
οὐ δὲ οἱ εἰρομένη θρασὺς αἰπόλος, οὐ παρὰ λόχμας
παρθένον οἰκτεῖρων ἀγεληκόμος ἔννεπε βούτης
ἵχνιον ἀστήρικτον ἀκηρύκτοιο τοκῆος,
210 οὐ νέκυν Ἰκαρίοιο γέρων ἐπεδείκνυε ποιμήν:
ἀλλὰ μάτην ἀλάλητο: μόγις δὲ μιν εὔρεν ἄλγεος
καὶ κινυροῖς στομάτεσσι δυσάγγελον ἴαχε φωνήν,
καὶ τάφον ἐγγὺς ἔδειξε νεοδμήτοιο τοκῆος.
παρθενικὴ δ' αἰούσα σαόφρονι μαίνεται λύσση:
215 καὶ πλοκάμους τίλλουσα φίλῳ παρακάτθετο τύμβῳ

παρθένος ἀκρήδεμνος ἀσάμβalos, αὐτοχύτοις δὲ
δάκρυσιν ἀενάοισι λελουμένον εἶχε χιτῶνα.
χείλεσι δ' ἀφθόγγοισιν ἐπεσφρηγίσσατο σιγὴν
εἰς χρόνον· Ἡριγόνῃ δὲ κύων ὁμόφοιτος ἐχέφρων
220 κνυζηθμῷ γοῶντι συνέστιχε πενθάδι κούρῃ,
καὶ οἱ ὀδυρομένη συνοδύρετο. μαινομένη δὲ
εἰς φυτὸν ὑψικάρηνον ἀνέδραμεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρῳ
ἀγχονίῳ σφίγξασα περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ
αὐτοφόνῳ στροφάλιγγι μετάρσιος ὤλετο κούρῃ,
ἀμφοτέρους δονέουσα πόδας βητάρμονι παλμῷ·
225 καὶ θάνε, καὶ μόρον εἶχεν ἐκούσιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρῃν
πυκνὰ κύων δεδόνητο, καὶ ἴαχε πένθιμον ἥχῳ
ὄμμασι θηρείοισι νοήμονα δάκρυα λείβων.
οὐδὲ κύων ἀφύλακτον ἐρημάδα κάλλιπε κούρῃν,
230 ἀλλὰ φυτῷ παρέμιμνεν ἐπὶ ἡλυδα θῆρα διώκων,
πόρδαλιν ἥ ἐλέοντα· παρερχομένοισι δ' ὀδίταις
νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοις ἐπεδείκνυνεν ἄζυγα κούρῃν
δεσμοῖς ἀγχονίοισι περίπλοκον ὑπόθι δένδρου.
οἱ δὲ μιν οἰκτεῖροντες ἀνήιον εἰς φυτὸν ὕλης
235 ἵχνεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν, ἀπ' εὐπετάλων δὲ κορύμβων
παρθενικὴν ἀδμήτα κατήγαγον· ἀγχιφανῇ δὲ
γαῖαν ἐκοιλαινόντο πεδοσκαφέεσσι μακέλλαις.
τοῖς ἅμα καὶ πεπόνητο κύων πινυτόφρονι θυμῷ,
πενθαλέῳ δ' ἐβάθυνε πέδον τεχνήμονι ταρσῷ,
240 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι χυτῆς χθονὸς ἄκρα χαράσσων.
καὶ νέκυν ἀρτιδάικτον ἐπεκτερεῖξαν ὀδίται·
καὶ ξυνῆς μεθέπων ὑποκάρδιον ὄγκον ἀνίης
εἰς ἐὸν ἔργον ἕκαστος ἀνέδραμεν ὅξει ταρσῷ·
αὐτὰρ ὁ μοῦνος ἔμιμνε κύων παρὰ γείτονι τύμβῳ
245 Ἡριγόνῃς ὑπ' ἔρωτι, θελήμονι δ' ὥλολε πότμῳ.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ ἐλέαιρεν· ἐν ἀστερόεντι δὲ κύκλῳ
Ἡριγόνῃν στήριξε Λεοντείῳ παρὰ νώτῳ·
παρθενικὴ δ' ἄγραυλος ἔχει στάχυν· οὐ γὰρ αἰεῖρειν
ἦθελεν οἴνοπα βότρυν ἐοῦ γενέταο φονῆα.
250 Ἰκάριον δὲ γέροντα συνήλυδα γείτονι κούρῃ
εἰς πόλον ἀστερόφοιτον ἄγων ὀνόμηνε Βοώτην
φαιδρόν, Ἀμαξαίης ἐπαφώμενον Ἀρκάδος Ἄρκτου·
καὶ Κῦνα μαρμαίροντα καταΐσσοντα Λαγωοῦ
ἔμπυρον ἄστρον ἔθηκεν, ὅπῃ περὶ κύκλον Ὀλύμπου
255 ποντιάς ἀστερόεντι τύπῳ ναυτίλλεται Ἀργῷ.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐπλάσε μῦθος Ἀχαικὸς ἠθάδα πειθῷ
φεῦδεϊ συγκεράσας· τὸ δ' ἐπήτυμον, ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
ψυχὴν Ἡριγόνῃς σταχυώδεος ἀστέρι Κούρῃς
οὐρανίης ἐπένειμεν ὁμόζυγον, αἰθερίου δὲ

260 ἄγχι Κυνὸς κύνᾳ θῆκεν ὁμοίον εἶδεῖ μορφῆς,
Σείριον, ὃν καλέουσιν Ὀπωρινόν, Ἰκαρίου δὲ
ψυχὴν ἡερόφοιτον ἐπεξύνωσε Βωῶτη,
καὶ τὰ μὲν οἰνοφύτῳ Κρονίδης πόρεν Ἀτθίδι γαίῃ,
ἐν γέρας ἐντύνων καὶ Παλλάδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
265 Ἴλισσοῦ δὲ ῥέεθρα μελίσρρυτα Βάκχος ἔασας
ἄβρὸς ἐς ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐκώμασεν ἄντυγα Νάξου:
ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν πτερὰ πάλλεν Ἔρωσ θρασὺς, ἐρχομένου δὲ
μελλογάμου Κυθέρεια προηγεμόνευε Λυαίου.
ἄρτι γὰρ ὑπνώουσιν ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖσιν ἔασας
270 παρθενικὴν λιπόπατριν ἀμείλιχος ἔπλεε Θησεὺς,
συνθεσίας δ' ἀνέμοισιν ἐπέτρεπεν. ὑπναλέην δὲ
ἄθρήσας Διόνυσος ἐρημαίην Ἀριάδην
θαύματι μῖξεν ἔρωτα: χοροπλεκέεσσι δὲ Βάκχαις
γλώσση θαμβάλῃ πεφυλαγμένον ἔννεπε μῦθον:
275 'Βασσαρίδες, μὴ ῥόπτρα τινάξατε, μὴ κτύπος ἔστω
ἢ ποδὸς ἢ σύριγγος: ἔασατε Κύπριν ἰαυεῖν:
ἄλλ' οὐ κεστὸν ἔχει σημάντορα Κυπρογενεῖης.
πεῖθομαι, ὥς δολόεντι Χάρις νυμφεῦεται Ὑπνω:
ἄλλ' ἐπεὶ ὄρθρος ἔλαμψε καὶ ἐγγῦθι φαίνεται Ἥως,
280 Πασιθέην εὐδουσιν ἐγείρατε: τίς παρὰ Νάξῳ,
τίς Χάριν ἐχλαίνωσεν ἀνείμονα; μὴ πέλεν Ἥβη;
ἀλλὰ δέπας μακάρων τίνι κάλλιπε; μὴ παρὰ πόντῳ
κέκλιται αἰγλήεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνῃ;
καὶ πόθεν Ἐνδυμίωνος ἐθήμονος ἐκτός ἰαυεῖ;
285 μὴ Θέτιν ἀργυρόπεζαν ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖσι δοκεύω;
ἄλλ' οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχει ῥοδόεν δέμας. εἰ θέμις εἵπτεῖν,
Ναξιάς ἰοχέαιρα πόνων ἀμπαύεται ἄγρης,
θηροφόνους ἰδρῶτας ἀποσμήξασα θαλάσση:
τίκτει γὰρ γλυκὺν ὕπνον ἀεὶ πόνοσ: ἄλλ' ἐνὶ λόχμῃ
290 Ἄρτεμιν ἐλκεχίτωνα τίς ἔδρακε; μίμνετε, Βάκχαι.
στήθι, Μάρων: μὴ δεῦρο χορεύσατε: λῆγε λιγαίνων,
Πᾶν φίλε, μὴ σκεδάσειας ἐώιον ὕπνον Ἀθήνης:
καὶ τίνι Παλλὰς ἔλειπεν ἐὸν δόρυ; καὶ τίς ἀείρει
χαλκείην τρυφάλειαν ἢ αἰγίδα Τριτογενεῖς;
295 τοῖα μὲν ἔννεπε Βάκχος: ἀπὸ ψαμάθοιο δὲ δειλὴ
ὕπνον ἀποσκεδάσασα δυσίμερος ἔγρετο κούρη,
καὶ στόλον οὐκ ἐνόησε καὶ οὐ πόσιν ἡπεροπῆα:
ἀλλὰ σὺν ἀλκυόνεσσι Κυδωνιάς ἔστενε νύμφη
ἡίονας μεθέπουσα, βαρύβρομον ἔδνον Ἐρώτων:
300 ἦϊθεον δ' ὀνόμηεν: ἐμαίνεται δ' ἐγγῦθι πόντου
ὀλκάδα διζομένη: φθονερῶ δ' ἐπεμήνιεν Ὑπνῳ,
καὶ Παφίης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐμέμφετο μητρὶ θαλάσση:
καὶ Βορέην ἰκέτευε, καὶ ὄρκιον εἶπεν ἀήτην,

ὄρκιον Ὠρείθυιαν, ὅπως πάλιν εἰς χθόνα Νάξου
305 κοῦρον ἄγοι, γλυκερὴν δὲ τὸ δεῦτερον ὀλκάδα λεύσσει·
Αἰόλον ἦτεε μᾶλλον ἀθελγέα· λισσομένη δὲ
πείθετο καὶ κατένευσε, καὶ ἀντικέλευθον ἀήτην
πέμψεν, ἵνα πνεύσειε· ποθοβλήτοιο δὲ κούρης
οὐ Βορέης ἀλέγιζε δυσίμερος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐταὶ
310 παρθενικῇ κοτέοντο τάχα ζηλήμονες αὔραι,
αἱ τότε νῆα κόμισσαν ἐς Ἀθθίδα. παρθενικὴν δὲ
αὐτὸς Ἔρωσ θάμβησεν, ἀπενθήτω δ' ἐνὶ Νάξῳ
εἰσιδέειν ἐδόκησεν ὀδυρομένην Ἀφροδίτην·
ἦν δὲ φαεινότερη καὶ ἐν ἄλγεσι, καὶ μιν ἀνιή
315 ἀχνυμένην κόσμησε· κινυρομένη δ' Ἀριάδνη
εἵκαθεν εἰς κρίσιν ἦκα φιλομειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη
ἱμερόεν γελώσασα, καὶ εἵκαθεν ὄμματα Πειθοῦς
καὶ Χαρίτων καὶ Ἑρωτος ἐπήρατα δάκρυσι κούρης.
ὦψ δὲ δακρυόεσσα τόσῃν ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν·
320 “Ὑπνος ἐμοὶ γλυκὺς ἦλθεν, ἔως γλυκὺς ὥχετο Θησεύς·
αἶθε με τερπομένην ἔτι κάλλιπεν· ὑπναλέῃ δὲ
Κεκροπὶν ἐνόησα, καὶ ἔνδοθι Θησέος αὐλῆς
ἄβρὸς ἔην ὑμέναιος ἀειδομένης Ἀριάδνης
καὶ χορὸς, ἡμετέρῃ δ' ἐπεκόσμεε τερπομένη χεῖρ
325 εἰαρινοῖς πετάλοισι τεθηλότα βωμὸν Ἑρώτων·
καὶ γάμιον στέφος εἶχον· ἔην δέ μοι ἐγγύθι Θησεὺς
εἵμασι νυμφιδίοισι θυηπολέων Ἀφροδίτῃ.
ὦμοι, ποῖον ὄνειρον ἶδον γλυκύν· ἀλλὰ με φεύγων
ὥχετο καλλιείψας ἔτι παρθένον· Ἰλαθι, Πειθώ·
330 ταῦτά μοι ἀχλυόεσσα γαμοστόλος ὥπασεν ὄρφνῃ,
καὶ φθονερὴ τάδε πάντα φαεσφόρος ἥρπασεν Ἠώς·
ἐγρομένη δ' οὐχ εὔρον ἐμὸν πόθον· ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐταὶ
εἰκόνες ἀντιτύπων ζηλήμονές εἰσιν Ἑρώτων,
ὅττι τελεσιγάμων ἀπατήλιον ὄψιν ὀνείρων
335 ἱμερτὴν ἐνόησα, καὶ ἱμερόεις φύγε Θησεύς·
εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ φίλος Ὑπνος ἀνάρσιος· εἴπατε, πέτραι,
εἴπατέ μοι δυσέρωτι· τίς ἥρπασεν ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης;
εἰ Βορέης πνεύσειεν, ἐς Ὠρείθυιαν ἰκάνω·
ἀλλὰ μοι Ὠρείθυια χολώεται, ὅττι καὶ αὕτῃ
340 αἶμα φέρει Μαραθῶνος, ὅθεν φίλος ἔπλετο Θησεύς.
εἰ Ζέφυρος κλονέει, Ζεφυρηίδι δεῖξατε νύμφῃ
ἱριδι μητρὶ Πόθοιο βιαζομένην Ἀριάδνην·
εἰ Νότος, εἰ θρασὺς Εὖρος, ἐς ἡριγένειαν ἰκάνω
μεμφομένη ῥοθίων ἀνέμων δυσέρωτι τεκούσῃ.
345 δὸς κενεὴν πάλιν, Ὑπνε, φίλῃν χάριν, ἴσον ἐκείνῳ
πέμπων ἄλλον ὄνειρον ἐπήρατον, ὄφρα νοήσω
Κύπριδος ὑπναλέης γλυκερὴν ἀπατήλιον εὐνήν·

μοῦνον ἐμοῖς δῆθνον ἐπ' ὄμμασιν, ὄφρα νοήσω
ἄπνοον οἴστρον Ἑρωτος ὀνειρείων ὕμεναιων.
350 εἰ μὲν ἐς Ἀτθίδα γαῖαν, ἐπὶ κλοπε νυμφίε Θησεῦ,
σὸν πλόον ἐκ Νάξοιο μετήγαγον ἄρπαγες αὔραι,
εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένη, καὶ ἐς Αἰόλον αὐτίκα βαινῶ
μεμφομένη φθονεροῖσι καὶ οὐχ ὁσίοισιν ἀήταις:
εἰ δέ με τὴν λιπόπατριν ἐρημάδι πάρθετο Νάξω,
355 καὶ σέθεν ἀγνώσσοντος ἀμείλιχος ἔπλεε ναύτης,
ἦλινεν εἰς Θησῆα καὶ εἰς Θέμιν, εἰς Ἀριάδνην:
μηκέτι ναυτίλος οὔτος ἴδοι ποτὲ πομπὸν ἀήτην,
μηδὲ μιν ἀσταθέεσσι συνιππεύοντα θυέλλαις
Ἰλαος ἀθρήσειε γαληναῖος Μελικέρτης:
360 ἀλλὰ Νότος πνεύσειεν, ὅτε χρέος ἐστὶ Βορῆος:
εὖρον ἴδοι Ζεφύρου κεκρημένος: εἰαρινοὶ δὲ
ποντοπόροις ὅτε πᾶσιν ἐπιπνεῖουσιν ἀῆται,
χειμερὶν τότε μοῦνος ὁμιλήσειε θαλάσση.
ἦλινε ναυτίλος οὔτος ἀθέσμιος: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
365 ἀσάμην ποθέουσα σαόφρονος ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης.
αἰθέ μιν οὐκ ἐπόθησα δυσίμερος: εἰς Παφίην γὰρ
ὀππόσον ἡμερόεις, τόσον ἄγριος ἔπλετο Θησεὺς:
οὐ τάδε μοι κατέλεξεν ἐμὸν μίτον εἰσέτι πάλλων:
οὐ τάδε μοι κατέλεξε παρ' ἡμετέρῳ λαβυρίθῳ.
370 αἰθέ μιν ἔκτανε ταῦρος ἀμείλιχος: ἴσχεο, φωνή,
ἀφροσύνης, μὴ κτεῖνε νέον γλυκύν: ὦμοι Ἑρώτων:
Θησεὺς ἔπλεε μοῦνος ἐς εὐώδιναν Ἀθήνας.
οἶδα, πόθεν με λέλοιπε: μῆς τάχα παρθενικῶν
σύμπλοον ἔσχεν ἔρωτα, καὶ ἐν Μαραθῶνι χορεῦει
375 εἰς ἑτέρης γάμον ἄλλον, ἐγὼ δ' ἔτι Νάξον ὀδεύω.
παστὸς ἐμὸς πέλε Νάξος, ἐπὶ κλοπε νυμφίε Θησεῦ:
ὤλεσα καὶ γενέτην καὶ νυμφίον: ὦμοι Ἑρώτων:
οὐχ ὁρώ Μίνωα, καὶ οὐ Θησῆα δοκεύω:
Κνωσσὸν ἐμὴν προλέλοιπα, τεὰς δ' οὐκ εἶδον Ἀθήνας:
380 πατρὸς ἐνοσφίσθην καὶ πατρίδος: ἧ μέγα δειλή,
ἔδνον ἐμῆς φιλότητος ὕδωρ ἄλός: εἰς τίνα φεύγω;
τίς θεὸς ἀρπάξει με καὶ εἰς Μαραθῶνα κομίσει
Κύπριδι καὶ Θησῇ δικαζομένην Ἀριάδνην;
τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειε δι' οἶδματος; αἶθε καὶ αὐτὴ
385 ἡμετέρης μίτον ἄλλον ἴδω πομπῆα κελεύθου:
τοῖον ἔχειν ἐθέλω καὶ ἐγὼ μίτον, ὥς κεν ἀλύξω
Αἰγαίης ἄλός οἶδμα καὶ εἰς Μαραθῶνα περήσω,
ὄφρα περιπύξω σε, καὶ εἰ στυγέεις Ἀριάδνην,
ὄφρα περιπύξω σε τὸν ὀρκαπάτην παρακοίτην.
390 δέξο με σῶν λεχέων θαλαμηπόλον, ἣν ἐθελήσης:
καὶ στορέσω σέο λέκτρα... μετὰ Κρήτην Ἀριάδνη,

οἷά τε ληισθεῖσσι· καὶ ὀλβίστη σέο νύμφη
τλήσομαι, ὥς θεράπεινα, πολὺκροτον ἴστων ὕφαινειν
καὶ φθονεροῖς ὤμοισιν ἀήθεα κάλπιν ἀεΐρειν,
395 καὶ γλυκερῷ Θησῆι φέρειν ἐπιδόρπον ὕδωρ·
μοῦνον ἰδὼ Θησῆα· καὶ ἡμετέρη ποτὲ μήτηρ
ἀγρονόμοις θήτευε, καὶ αὐχένα κάμψε νομῆι,
βοσκομένῳ δ' ὀάριζεν ἀφωνήτῳ τινὶ ταῦρῳ,
καὶ βοῖ ταῦρον ἔτικτε· μελιζομένου δὲ βοτῆρος
400 πηκτίδος οὐ πόθον ἔσχεν, ὅσον μυκηθμὸν ἀκούειν.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ ψαύσαιμι καλαῦροπος, οὐ παρὰ φάτνη
στήσομαι· ἡμετέρης δὲ παρέσσομαι ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης
φθεγγομένῳ Θησῆι, καὶ οὐ μυκηθμὸν ἀκούσω·
καὶ τεδὸν ἱμερόνεντα γάμων ὑμέναιον αἰίσω
405 ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτουσα νεοζυγέος σέο νύμφης.
στήσον Ναξιάδεσσι παρ' ἥοσι ποντοπορεύων,
στήσον ἐμοὶ σέο νῆα· τί, ναυτίλε, καὶ σὺ χαλέπτεις;
ὥς ἄρα καὶ σὺ πέλεις Μαραθώνιος· εἰ μὲν ἰκάνεις
εἰς ἐρατὴν σέο γαῖαν, ὅπη δόμος ἐστὶν Ἑρώτων,
410 δέξο με δειλαίην, ἵνα Κέκροπος ἄστυ νοήσω·
εἰ δέ με καλλείψεις καί, ἀμείλιχε, ποντοπορεύεις,
εἰπέ τεῷ Θησῆι κινυρομένην Ἀριάδην,
μεμφομένην ἀτέλεστον ἐπὶ κλοπὸν ὄρκον Ἑρώτων.
οἶδα, πόθεν Θησῆος ὑπόσχεσιν ἠπεροπῆος
415 θῆκεν Ἑρως βαρύμηνις ἀνήνυτον· ἀντὶ γάρ Ἥρης,
ἦν Ζυγίην καλέουσιν, ἀπειρογάμοιο θεαίνης
ὤμοσεν ἀχράντοιο γαμήλιον ὄρκον Ἀθήνης·
Παλλάδος ὄρκον ὅμοσσε· τί Παλλάδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ;
τοῖα κινυρομένης ἐπετέρπετο Βάκχος ἀκούων·
420 Κεκροπὶν δ' ἐνόησε καὶ οὖνομα Θησέος ἔγνω
καὶ στόλον ἐκ Κρήτης ἀπατήλιον· ἄγχι δὲ κούρης
ἐνθεὸν εἶδος ἔχων ἀμαρύσσετο· παρθενικῇ δὲ
φέρτερον εἰς πόθον ἄλλον ἐμάσπε κέντορι κεστῷ
θοῦρος Ἑρως περίφοιτος, ὅπως Μινωίδα κούρη
425 πειθομένην ζεύξειε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ κινυρὴν δυσέρωτα παρηγορέων Ἀριάδην
τοῖον ἔπος φάτο Βάκχος ἐπὶ φρενοθελγεί φωνῇ·
'Παρθένε, τί στενάχεις ἀπατήλιον ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης;
μνηστὴν ἔα Θησῆος· ἔχεις Διόνυσον ἀκοίτην,
430 ἀντὶ μινυνθαδίου πόσιν ἄφθιτον· εἰ δέ σε τέρπει
ἥλικος ἠιθέου βρότεον δέμας, οὐ ποτε Θησεὺς
εἰς ἀρετὴν καὶ κάλλος ἐριδμαίνει Διονύσῳ.
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· 'ναετῆρα πεδοσκαφέος λαβυρίνθου
δισσοφυῇ φοίνιξεν ὁμόζυγον ἀνέρα ταῦρῳ·
435 οἶδας ἀοσοσητῆρα τεδὸν μίτον· οὐ γὰρ ἀγῶνα

εὖρεν ἀεθλεύειν κορυνηφόρος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης,
 εἰ μὴ θῆλυς ἄμυνε ῥοδόχροος· οὐ σε διδάξω
 καὶ Παφίην καὶ Ἔρωτα καὶ ἠλακάτην Ἀριάδνης.
 αἰθέρος οὐκ ἐρέεις ὅτι μείζονές εἰσιν Ἀθῆναι·
 440 οὐ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι πανείκελος ἔπλετο Μίνως,
 σὸς γενέτης· οὐ Κνωσσὸς ὁμοιὸς ἐστὶν Ὀλύμπῳ.
 οὐδὲ μάτην στόλος οὗτος ἐμῆς ἀπεβήσατο Νάξου,
 ἀλλὰ Πόθος σε φύλαξεν ἀρειοτέροις ὕμεναισι·
 ὀλβιη, ὅττι λιποῦσα χερεῖονα Θησέος εὐνῇν
 445 δέμνιον ἱμερόεντος ἐσαθρήσεις Διονύσου.
 τί πλέον ἤθελες εὐχος ὑπέρτερον; ἀμφότερον γὰρ
 οὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχεις, ἐκυρὸς δέ σοι ἐστὶ Κρονίων.
 οὐ σοι Κασσιέπεια δυνήσεται ἰσοφαρίζειν
 παιδὸς ἧς διὰ κόσμον Ὀλύμπιον· αἰθερίου γὰρ
 450 δεσμοὺς Ἀνδρομέδῃ καὶ ἐν ἄστρασιν ὥπασε Περσεύς·
 ἀλλὰ σοι ἀστερόεν τελέσω στέφος, ὥς κεν ἀκούσῃς
 εὐνέτις αἰγλήεσσα φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου.
 εἶπε παρηγορέων· καὶ ἐπᾶλλετο χάρματι κούρη
 μνηστὴν ὅλην Θησῆος ἀπορρίψασα θαλάσσῃ,
 455 οὐρανίου μνηστῆρος ὑποσχεσίην ὕμεναιων
 δεξαμένη. καὶ παστὸν Ἔρωσ ἐπεκόσμεε Βάκχῳ·
 καὶ χορὸς ἐσμαράγησε γαμήλιος· ἀμφὶ δὲ παστῷ
 ἄνθεα πάντα τέθηλε· καὶ εἰαρινοῖσι πετήλοις
 Νάξον ἐκυκλώσαντο χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο·
 460 καὶ θαλάμους ἐλίγαιεν Ἀμαδρυάς, ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγαῖς
 νηϊὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀσάμβαλος ἦνεσε Νύμφη
 δαίμονι βοτρυνόντι συναπτομένην Ἀριάδνην·
 Ὀρτυγίῃ δ' ὀλόλυξε, πολισσοῦχοιο δὲ Φοίβου
 γνωτῷ νυμφίον ὕμνον ἀνακρούουσα Λυαίῳ
 465 εἰς χορὸν ἐσκίρτησε καὶ ἀστυφέλικτος ἐοῦσα.
 πορφυρεῖς δὲ ῥόδοισι περίτροχον ἄνθος ἐρέπτων
 μάντις Ἔρωσ πυρόεις στέφος ἔπλεκε, σύγχροον ἄστρον,
 οὐρανίου Στεφάνοιο προάγγελον· ἀμφὶ νύμφης
 Ναξιάδος σκίρτησε γαμοστόλος ἐσμὸς Ἐρώτων.
 470 καὶ ζυγίοις θαλάμοισιν ὁμιλήσας ὕμεναιοις
 Χρυσοπάτῳ πολὺπαιδα γονὴν ἐσπείρειν ἀκοίτης.
 καὶ δολιχὴν πολιοῖο χρόνου στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων
 μητέρος εὐώδινος ἧς ἐμνήσατο Ῥεῖης·
 καὶ Χαρίτων πλήθουσας ἀμεμφέα Νάξον ἑάσας
 475 Ἑλλάδος ἄστεα πάντα μετήιεν· ἵπποβότου δὲ
 Ἄργεος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε, καὶ εἰ λάχεν Ἴναχον Ἥρῃ.
 οἱ δὲ μιν οὐκ ἐδέχοντο, χοροπλεκέας δὲ γυναικάς
 καὶ Σατύρους ἐδίωκον, ἀπηνήσαντο δὲ θύρσους,
 μὴ ποτε δηλήσαιο Πελασγικὸν ἔδρανον Ἥρῃ

480 ζηλήμων, βαρύμηνης ἐπιβρίθουσα Λυαίω:
Σειληνοὺς δὲ γέροντας ἐρήτυον. ἄχνύμενος δὲ
Ἰναχίδας Διόνυσος ὅλας οἶστροσε γυναικας:
μυκηθμῷ δ' ἀλάλαζον Ἀχαιίδες: ἄντομένοις δὲ
ἔχραον ἐν τριόδοισιν: ἐπὶ σφετέροισι δὲ δειλαί
485 ἄρτιτόκοις βρεφέεσσιν ἐπωξύνοντο μαχαίρας,
ὦν ἡ μὲν ξίφος εἶλκε καὶ ἔκτανεν υἷα μήτηρ,
ἄλλη δὲ τριέτηρον ἀπλοίησε γενέθλην,
καὶ τις ἀνηκόντιζεν ἐς ἡέρα κοῦρον ἀλήτην
εἰσέτι μαστεύοντα φίλον γλάγος: ὄλλυμένων δὲ
490 Ἰναχος ἄρτιτόκων βρεφῶν ἐπεμαίνετο πότμω:
μήτηρ δ' ἔκτανεν υἷα, καὶ οὐ πόθος ἔπλετο μαζῶν
παιδοκόμων, οὐ μνηστis ἀναγκαίου τοκετοῖο:
Ἀστερίων δ' , ὅθι πολλὰ θαλύσια μείζονος ἦβης
ἡιθέων κείροντο λιπότριχος ἄνθεα κόρσης,
495 αὐτοὺς παῖδας ἔδεκτο καὶ οὐκέτι βόστρυχα χαίτης.
καὶ τις ἰδὼν τινα λάτριν ἐπερχομένοιο Λυαίου
τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε Πελασγίδας ἀστὸς ἀρούρης:
‘Οὔτος ὁ βότρυν ἔχων, διφυὲς γένος: ἄξιον Ἥρης
Ἀργος ἔχει Περσῆα καὶ οὐ χατέει Διονύσου:
500 ἄλλον ἔχω Διὸς υἷα καὶ οὐ Βάκχοιο χατίζω.
ποσσὶ πολυσκάρθομοισι πατεῖ Διόνυσος ὀπῶρην:
ἔχνεσιν ὑψιπόροισιν ἐμὸς γόνος ἡέρα τέμνει.
μὴ κισσῷ δρεπάνην ἰσάζετε: καὶ γὰρ ἀρείων
Βάκχου θυρσοφόρου δρεπανηφόρος ἔπλετο Περσεύς:
505 εἰ στρατὸν Ἰνδὸν ἔπεφνεν, ἀέθλιον ἶσον ἐνίψω
Γοργοφόνω Περσῇ καὶ Ἰνδοφόνω Διονύσῳ:
εἰ δὲ πολυκλύστοιο παρ' Ἑσπέριον κλίμα πόντου
ὀλκάδα λαϊνέην Τυρσηνίδα πῆξε θαλάσση,
κῆτος ὅλον περίμετρον ἐμὸς πετρώσατο Περσεύς.
510 εἰ δὲ τεὸς Διόνυσος ἐρημονόμῳ παρὰ πόντῳ
ὑπναλέην ἐσάωσεν ἐπ' ἡιόνων Ἀριάδνην,
δεσμοὺς Ἀνδρομέδης περὶ εἰς ἀνελύσατο Περσεύς,
ἄξιον ἔδνον ἔχων πετρώδεα θῆρα θαλάσσης:
οὐ πως Ἀνδρομέδην Παφίης χάριν, οὐ ποτε Περσεύς
515 Θησέος ἱμείρουσαν ἐὴν ἐρρύσατο νύμφην:
ἀλλὰ σαοφρονέοντα γάμον λάχεν. ὥς Σεμέλην δέ,
οὐ Δανάην πυρόεντες ἐτεφρώσαντο κεραυνοί:
ἀλλὰ πατήρ Περσῆος Ὀλύμπιος ὄμβρος Ἐρώτων
χρύσεος εἰς γάμον ἦλθε, καὶ οὐ φλογόεις παρακοίτης.
520 οὐκ ἄγαμαί ποτε τοῦτον ἐγὼ πρόμον: ἐν παλάμῃ γὰρ
ποῖον ἔχει δόρυ θεοῦρον Ἀρήιον; ἴσχεο, Περσεῦ:
Γοργοφόνω δρεπάνῃ μὴ μάρναο θήλεϊ κισσῷ:
μὴ σέο χεῖρα μίαινε γυναικείοισι κοθόροισι:

μή κυνέην Αἶδαο τεοῖς κροτάφοισι τινάξης
525 στέμματος ἄμπελόνεντος ἐναντίον· ἦν δ' ἔθελῆσης,
Ἀνδρομέδην θώρηξον ἄθωρήκτῳ Διονύσῳ·
χάζεο μοι, Διόνυσε, καὶ ἵππιον Ἄργος ἐάσας
Θήβης ἐπταπύλοιο πάλιν βάκχευε γυναῖκας·
κτεῖνε νέον Πενθῆα· τί Περσέϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ;
530 Ἴναχον ὠκυρέεθρον ἀναινέο· καὶ σε δεχέσθω
Θήβης Ἀοίνης ποταμὸς βραδύς· οὐ σε διδάξω
Ἄσωπὸν βαρύγουνον ἔτι ζείοντα κεραυνῶ.
τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξεν ἐπεγγελῶν Διονύσῳ.
Ἀργεῖην δὲ φάλαγγα Πελασγιάς ὥπλισεν Ἥρη·
535 μαντιπόλῳ δ' ἦϊκτο Μελάμποδι· χωομένη δὲ
Γοργοφόνῳ Περσῇι μαχήμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
‘Οὐραίνης βλάστημα γονῆς, κορυθαίολε Περσεῦ,
σὴν δρεπάνην ἀνάειρε, μὴ ἀπτολέμῳ τινὶ θύρσῳ
ἄδρανέες τεδὼν Ἄργος αἰστώσῳσι γυναῖκες
540 μὴ τρομέοις ἕνα μοῦνον ὄφιν ζωστήρα κομάων,
ὅττι δαφονιήεσσα τεῖη θηροκτόνος ἄρπη
λήϊα τοσσατίων ὀφίων ἤμησε Μεδοῦσης·
Βασσαριδῶν δὲ φάλαγγι κορύσσειο· χαλκορόφου δὲ
μνώεο παρθενέωνος, ὅπῃ Δανάης διὰ κόλπου
545 χρύσειον ὄμβρον ἔχευε γαμοκλόπον ὑέπιος Ζεὺς,
μὴ Δανάη μετὰ λέκτρα, μετὰ χρυσεύους ὑμεναίους
οὐτιδανῶ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑπογνάμψειε Λυαίῳ·
δεῖξον, ὅτι Κρονίῳνος ἐτήτυμον αἶμα κομίζεις,
δεῖξον, ὅτι χρύσειον ἔχεις γένος, οὐρανίου δὲ
550 λέκτρα τεοῦ κήρυξον ἐχεκτεάνου νιφετοῖο·
καὶ Σατύροις πολέμιζε· κορυσσομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
φοῖνιον ὄμμα τίταινε δρακοντοκόμοιο Μεδοῦσης,
καὶ μετὰ πικρὸν ἄνακτα πολυκλύστοιο Σερίφου
λαΐνεον νέον ἄλλον ἐσαθρήσω Πολυδέκτην.
555 σὺν σοὶ πανδαμάτειρα κορύσσεται Ἀργολὶς Ἥρη
μητρυιῇ Βρομίῳ προασπίζων δὲ Μυκῆνης
σὴν δρεπάνην κούφιζε σαόπτολιν, ὄφρα νοήσω
ἐσπομένην Περσῇι δορικτήτην Ἀριάδνην·
κτεῖνε βοοκραίρων Σατύρων στίχα· Βασσαριδῶν δὲ
560 ὄμματι Γοργεῖῳ βροτέην μετάμειψον ὀπωπὴν
εἰς βρέτας αὐτοτέλεστον ὁμοῖον· ἀντιτύπῳ δὲ
κάλλει πετρήεντι τεὰς κόσμησον ἀγνιάς,
Ἴναχίαις ἀγορήσιν ἀγάλματα ποικίλα τεύχων.
τί τρομέεις Διόνυσον, ὃν οὐ Διὸς ἤροσαν εὐναί;
565 εἶπέ, τί σοι ῥέξειε; μετάρσιον ἡεροφοίτην
πεζὸς ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο πότε πτερόεντα κιχήσει;
ἔννεπε θαρσύνουσα· καὶ εἰς μόθον ἔπτατο Περσεὺς.

καὶ ναέτας καλέουσα Πελασγιάς ἔβρεμε σάλπιγξ,
ὦν ὁ μὲν αἰχμητῆρος ἐκούφισε Λυγκέος αἰχμὴν,
570 ὃς δὲ παλαιότεροιο Φορωνέος, ὃς δὲ Πελασγοῦ,
ἄλλος ἀνῆρταζεν Ἀβαντίδα χειρὶ βοεῖην
καὶ μελίην Προίτοιο, καὶ Ἀκρισίοιο φαρέτρην
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ κούφιζεν, ὁ δὲ θρασὺς εἰς μόθον ἔστη
ἄορ ἔχων Δαναοῖο, τὸ πέρ ποτε γυμνὸν αἰείρων
575 θυγατέρας θώρηξεν ἐς ἀνδροφόνους ὕμεναιούς,
ἄλλος ἔην κρατέων πέλεκυν μέγαν, ὃν παρὰ βωμῷ
Ἵναχος ἀστυόχοιο θυηπόλος ἔνθεος Ἵηρης
ἴστατο κουφίζων βοέων τμητῆρα μετώπων.
καὶ στρατὸς ἐγρεκῦδοιμος ἀερσιπόδων ὑπὲρ ἵππων
580 ἔδραμε μαρναμένου μετὰ Περσέος: ὃς δὲ παρέστη
τρηχαλέοις στομάτεσσι μάχης ἀλαλαγμὸν ἰάλλων,
πεζὸς ἀνὴρ, καὶ τόξα συνήρμωσε κυκλάδι νευρῇ,
καὶ γλαφυρὴν ἤειρεν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο φαρέτρην:
καὶ πρόμος Ἀργείων δρεπανηφόρος ἔπλετο Περσεύς,
585 καὶ πόδας ἡερίοισιν ἐπεσφήκωσε πεδίλοις,
καὶ κεφαλὴν κούφιζεν ἀθηήτοιο Μεδούσης.
Λυσικόμους δ' Ἰόβακχος ἐὰς ἐκόρυσσε γυναῖκας
καὶ Σατύρους κερόεντας: ἐβακχεύθη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ἡερίην περὸεντος ἰδὼν προμάχοιο πορείην:
590 χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἄειρεν, ἐοῦ προβλήτα προσώπου
κουφίζων ἀδάμαντα, Διὸς πετρούμενον ὄμβρω
λᾶαν, ἀλεξητῆρα λιθογλήνοιο Μεδούσης,
ὄφρα φύγῃ σέλας ἐχθρὸν ἀθηήτοιο προσώπου.
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγας ἰδὼν καὶ θύσθλα Λυαίου,
595 φρικαλέον γελῶν κορυθαιόλος ἔννεπε Περσεύς:
Ἑδὺς ὁ θύρσον ἔχων, χλοερὸν βέλος, εἰς ἐμὲ βαίνων
οὔτιδανοῖς πετάλοισι κορύσσεαι, Ἄρεα παίζων:
εἰ Διὸς ἔλλαχες αἶμα, τεῆν ἀνάφαινε γενέθλην:
εἰ ποταμοῦ χρύσειον ἔχεις Πακτώλιον ὕδωρ,
600 χρυσὸν ἔχω γενετῆρα, πατὴρ δ' ἐμὸς ὑέτιος Ζεὺς:
ἦνιδε φοινίσσοντα θεμείλια παρθενεῶνος,
λείψανα κεῖνα φέροντα ῥυηφενέος νιφετοῖο.
ἀλλὰ φύγε κλυτὸν Ἄργος, ἐπεὶ μενεδήιος Ἵηρη
ἔλλαχεν ἔδρανα ταῦτα τεῆς ὀλέτειρα τεκούσης,
605 μὴ σε τὸν οἰστρήσαντα καὶ οἰστρηθέντα τελέσῃ
μὴ σε πάλιν μανίῃ τεθωμένον ὄψὲ νοήσω.
ὥς εἰπὼν προμάχιζεν: ἀνεπτοίησε δὲ Βάκχας
Ἄρεα θωρήξασα καὶ ἀμητῆρα Μεδούσης
Ἵηρη πανδαμάτειρα: καταιθύσσουσα δὲ Βάκχου
610 ἀστεροπῆς μίμημα, θεόσσυτον ἀλλόμενον πῦρ,
ῥῖψε κατὰ Βρομίοιο σελασφόρον αἶθοπα λόγχην.

καὶ γελῶν Διόνυσος ἀμείβετο θυιάδι φωνῇ:
‘Οὐτόσον ἀστράπτουσιν ἔχεις ἀσίδηρον ἄκωκην:
οὐ δύνασαι κλονέειν με, καὶ εἰ λάχες ἔμπυρον αἰχμὴν:
615 οὐδὲ με πημαίνει στεροπὴ Διός· ἡμιτελὴ γὰρ
νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐχυτλώσαντο κεραυνοὶ
ἀφλεγῆς ἄσθμα χέοντες ἀδηλῆτῳ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ σὺ μέγα φρονέων δρεπανηφόρε παῦεο Περσεῦ:
Γοργόνος οὐ μόθος οὗτος ὀλίζονος, οὐ μία νύμφη
620 Ἀνδρομέδῃ βαρύδεσμος ἀέθλιον· ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ
δῆριν ἄγεις, ὅς Ζηνὸς ἔχει γένος, ὃ ποτε μούνῳ
Ῥεῖῃ μαζὸν ὄρεξε φερέσβιον, ὃν ποτε πυρσὺ
ἀστεροπῆς γαμῖης μαιώσατο μελιχίῃ φλόξ,
ὃν δύσις, ὃν θάμβησεν Ἑωσφόρος, ὃ στίχες Ἴνδῶν
625 εἵκαθον, ὃν τρομέων καὶ Δηριάδης καὶ Ὀρόντης
ἡλιβάτων ἀπέλεθρον ἔχων Ἴνδαλμα Γιγάντων
ἥριπεν, ὃ θρασὺς Ἄλπος ὑπώκλασεν, υἱὸς Ἀρούρης,
ἀγχινεφὲς περίμετρον ἔχων δέμας, ὃ γόνυ κάμπτει
λαδὸς Ἄραψ, Σικελὸς δὲ μελίζεται εἰσέτι ναύτης
630 Τυρσηνῶν νόθον εἶδος ἀλίδρομον, ὢν ποτε μορφὴν
ἀνδρομέην ἤμειψα μετάτροπον, ἀντὶ δὲ φωτῶν
ἰχθυὲς ὀρχηστῆρες ἐπισκαίρουσι θαλάσση.
Θήβης δ’ ἐπταπύλου γόον ἔκλυες· οὐ σε διδάξω
αἰνομανῇ Πενθῆα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον Ἀγαυήν:
635 φήμης δ’ οὐ χατέεις ἢ μάρτυρος, ὅτι Λυαίου
πειρήθη τεδὸν Ἄργος, Ἀχαιῆδες δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ
σφωιτέρας ὠδῖνας ἔτι στενάχουσι γυναιῖκες.
ἀλλὰ, φίλος, πολέμιζε, καὶ αἰχμάζοντα κορὺμβοις
αἰνήσεις τάχα Βάκχον ὅτι πτερὰ σεῖο πεδίλων
640 ὄψεται ἀρραγέεσσιν ἐμοῖς εἵκοντα κοθόρνοις:
οὐ ποτε Βασσαρίδων σκεδάσεις μόθον, οὐ ποτε λήξω
πέμπων οἶνοπα θύρσον, ἕως τεδὸν Ἀργεῖ δεῖξω
ἔγχρ’ ἐκισσέντι πεπαρμένον ἀνθερεῶνα
καὶ δρέπανον πετάλοις νικώμενον· οὐ σε σαώσει
645 Ζεὺς ἐμός, οὐ γλαυκῶπις ὁμόγνιος, οὐ σέθεν Ἥρη,
καὶ μάλα περ κοτέουσα μενεπτολέμῳ Διονύσῳ:
ἀλλὰ κατακτείνω σε, καὶ αὐχέεσσα Μυκῆνῃ
ὄψεται ἀμηθέντα τὸν ἀμητῆρα Μεδούσης:
ἢ σε περισφίγξας ἐνὶ λάρνακι μείζονι δεσμῷ
650 πλωτὸν ἀκοντίζω σε τὸ δεύτερον ἠθάδι πόντῳ:
ἦν δ’ ἐθέλης, ἐπίβηθι τεῆς πάλιν ὀψὲ Σερίφου.
ἦν δὲ τεῇ χρυσέῃ μεγαλίζεαι ἀμφὶ γενέθλῃ,
οὐ τιδανὴν συνάεθλον ἔχε χρυσὴν Ἀφροδίτην.’
ὥς εἰπὼν προμάχιζεν· ἐπεστρατῶντο δὲ Βάκχαί,
655 καὶ Σάτυροι πολέμιζον. ὑπὲρ Βρομίου δὲ καρήνου

αἰθύσσων περὶ κοῦφα μετάρσιος ἵπτατο Περσεύς·
ὕψωσας δ' Ἴοβακχος ἐδὼν δέμας, αἰθέρι γείτων
ἄπτερος ὑψικέλευθος αἶρετο μείζονι ταρσῶ
ἵπταμένου Περσῆος ὑπέρτερος, ἔπταπόρῳ δὲ
660 αἰθέρι χεῖρα πέλασσε, καὶ ὠμίλησεν Ὀλύμπῳ,
καὶ νεφέλας ἔθλιψε· φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Περσεύς
δεξιτερὴν ἀκίχτην ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου
ἡελίου ψαύουσαν, ἐφαπτομένην δὲ σελήνης.
ἀλλὰ λπτῶν Διόνυσον ἐμάρνατο θυιάσι Βάκχαις·
665 καὶ παλάμη δονέων θανατηφόρον ὄμμα Μεδούσης
λαϊνέην ποιήσε κορυσσομένην Ἀριάδνην.
καὶ πλέον ἔβρεμε Βάκχος ἰδὼν πετρώδεα νύμφην·
καὶ νῦ κεν Ἄργος ἔπερσε καὶ ἐπρήνιξε Μυκίνας
καὶ Δαναῶν ἤμνησεν ὅλην στίχα, καὶ νῦ κεν αὐτὴν
670 μαρναμένην ἄγνωστον ἀνούτατον οὔτασεν Ἥρην
μάντιος ἀντιτύποιο νόθη βροτοειδὲ μορφῇ,
καὶ νῦ κεν ὠκυπέδιλος ὑπὲρ μόρον ἔφθιτο Περσεύς.
εἰ μὴ μιν κατόπισθε φανεῖς πτερόεντι πεδίλῳ
χρυσείης πλοκαμῖδος ἐλῶν ἀνεσείρασεν Ἑρμῆς,
675 καὶ μιν ἀλεξικάκῳ φιλίῳ μειλίζατο μῦθῳ·
‘Ζηνὸς γνήσιον αἷμα, νόθος ζηλήμονος Ἥρης,
οἴσθα μὲν, ὥς σε σάωσα διπτετέων ἀπὸ πυρσῶν,
καὶ σε Λάμου ποταμοῖο θυγατράσιν ὥπασα Νύμφαις
εἰσέτι κουρίζοντα, πάλιν δέ σε χερσὶν αἶρων
680 εἰς δόμον ὑμετέρης, κουροτρόφον ἤγαγον Ἴνοῦς·
καὶ σὺ τεῶ ῥυτῇρι φέρων χάριν υἱεὶ Μαιῆς,
γνωτέ, μάχην εὔνησον ὁμόγνιον· ἀμφοτέροι γὰρ
Περσεύς καὶ Διόνυσος ἐνὸς βλάστημα τοκῆος·
μὴ στρατὸν Ἀργείων, μὴ μέμφεο Περσέος ἄρπην·
685 οὐ γὰρ ἐκὼν ἐς Ἄρην κορύσσεται· ἀλλὰ μιν Ἥρην
ὥπλισε, μαντιπόλου δὲ Μελάμποδος εἶδεῖ μορφῆς
μάρναται ἀμφαδίην· σὺ δὲ χάζεο δῆριν ἐάσας,
μὴ σοι ἐπιβρίσειε πάλιν δυσμήχανος Ἥρην.
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις ἀλόχοιο τεῆς μόρον· εὐκλεί πότμῳ.
690 μαρναμένη τέθηκε, σὺ δὲ φθιμένην Ἀριάδνην
ὤφελες ὀλβίζειν, ὅτι τηλίκον εὖρε φονῆα
οὐρανίης γεγαῶτα καὶ οὐ βροτέης ἀπὸ φύτλης,
κῆτεος ἀμητῆρα καὶ ἵπποτόκοιο Μεδούσης·
οὐ λῖνα Μοιράων ἐπιπείθεται· οὐρανίου γὰρ
695 κάθθανεν Ἥλέκτρην Διὸς εὐνέτις, ὥχετο δ' αὐτὴ
τῷ Διὶ νυμφευθεῖσα κασιγνήτῃ σέο Κάδμου
Εὐρώπῃ μετὰ λέκτρον Ὀλύμπιον, ὑμετέρῃ δὲ
εἰσέτι γαστρὶ φέρουσα τεδὼν τόκον ὤλετο μήτηρ·
οὐ Σεμέλη πρὸ μόροιο πύλας ἐπέρησεν Ὀλύμπου,

700 ἄλλ' ὅτε πότμον ἔδεκτο. καὶ ὀλλυμένη σέο νύμφη
 ἵξεται ἀστερόφοιτον ἐς οὐρανόν, ἡμετέρης δὲ
 Πλειάδος ἑπταπόροιο φανήσεται ἐγγύθι Μαιῆς.
 τί πλέον ἤθελεν ἄλλο φιλαίτερον ἢ χθονὶ λάμπειν
 αἰθέρα ναιετάουσα μετὰ Κρήτην Ἀριάδνη;
 705 ἀλλὰ σὺ κάτθεο θύρσον, ἕα δ' ἀνέμοισιν Ἐνυῶ,
 καὶ βρέτας αὐτοτέλεστον ἐπιχθονίης Ἀριάδνης,
 οὐρανίης στήριζον ὅπῃ βρέτας ἴσταται Ἥρης.
 μὴ πόλιν ἐκπέρσειας, ὅπῃ σέθεν αἶμα τοκήων,
 ὑμετέρης δὲ γέραιρε βοοκραΐρου πέδον Ἰοῦς
 710 εὐνήσας σέο θύρσον: Ἀχαιάδας δὲ γυναικας
 αἰνήσεις μετόπισθεν, ἐπεὶ ταυρώπιδος Ἥρης
 βωμόν ἀναστήσουσι καὶ εὐθαλάμου σέο νύμφης.
 τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε, καὶ ἵππιον Ἄργος ἐάσας
 εἰς πόλον αὖτις ἵκανεν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι κεράσσας
 715 θεσμόν ὁμοφροσύνης καὶ Περσέϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ.
 οὐδὲ μὲν αὐτόθι μίμνεν ἐπὶ χρόνον Ἀργολὶς Ἥρη:
 ἀλλὰ μεταστρέψασα νόθην βροτοειδέα μορφὴν
 θέσκελον εἶδος ἔχουσα πάλιν νόστησεν Ὀλύμπῳ.
 Ἰναχίη δὲ φάλαγγι γέρων ἀγόρευε Μελάμπους
 720 Λυγκέος ἀρχηγόνοιο θεουδέος αἶμα Πελασγοῦ:
 'Μαντιπόλῳ πείθεσθε καὶ οἴνοπι σείσατε Βάκχῳ
 σείσατε χάλκεα ρόπτρα καὶ Εὐΐα τύμπανα Πρείης,
 Ἰναχίην μὴ πᾶσαν αἰστώσειε γενέθλην,
 μὴ μετὰ νήπια τέκνα καὶ ἡβητῆρας ὀλέσσει,
 725 μὴ τεκέων μετὰ πότμον ἀποκτείνειε γυναῖκας:
 ἀλλὰ θυηπολίην θεοτερπέα ρέξατε Βάκχῳ
 καὶ Διί, καὶ Περσῇ χορεύσατε καὶ Διονύσῳ.'
 ὧς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν: ἀολλίζοντο δὲ λαοὶ
 Βάκχῳ νυκτιχόρευτον ἀνακρούοντες ἀοιδὴν,
 730 καὶ τελετὰς στήσαντο: θεοκλήτῳ δὲ χορεῖη
 ρόπτρα μὲν ἐπλατάγησεν, ἐπεκροτέοντο δὲ ταρσοί,
 καὶ δαῖδες σελάγιζον: ὁμηγερέες δὲ πολῖται
 μυστιπόλῳ χρίοντο παρήϊα λευκάδι γύψῳ:
 τύμπανα δ' ἐπλατάγησεν, ἀρασσομένοιο δὲ χαλκοῦ
 735 δίκτυπος ἔβρεμε δοῦπος: ἐφοινίσσοντο δὲ βωμοὶ
 σφαζομένων στοιχηδὸν ἐπασσυντέρων ἀπὸ ταύρων,
 κτείνεται δ' ἄσπετα μῆλα: καὶ ἄνδρες αἰθιοὶ βωμῶ
 Βάκχον ἐμειλίζαντο καὶ ἰλάσκοντο γυναῖκες:
 καὶ μέλος ἡρόφοιτον ἐπέκτυπε θῆλυς ἰωὴ
 740 κῶμον ἀμειβομένη ζῳάγριον, Ἰναχίδες δὲ
 μαινάδες ἐρρίψαντο λαθίφρονα λύσσαν ἀήταις.

Δίξεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ὄγδοον αἷμα Γιγάντων,
 Παλλήνην δὲ δόκευε καὶ ὑπναλῆς τόκον Αὔρης.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ πορδαλίῳ ἐποχημένος ἄντυγι δίφρου
 Θρηκίῃ περίφοιτος ἐκώμασε Βάκχος ἀρούρη,
 ἵππιον ἀρχεγόνοιο Φορωνέος οὔδας ἐάσας.
 οὐδὲ χόλον πρήνυε παλὶγκοτον Ἰναχίς Ἥρη
 5 Ἄργεος οἴστρηθέντος, Ἀχαιάδων δὲ γυναικῶν
 λύσσης μνήστιν ἔχουσα πάλιν θωρήσεται Βάκχῳ.
 καὶ δολίας ἀνέφαινε λιτὰς παμμήτορι Γαίῃ,
 ἔργα Διὸς βοόωσα καὶ ἡνορέην Διονύσου
 γηγενέων ὀλέσαντος ἀμετρήτων νέφος Ἰνδῶν:
 10 καὶ Σεμέλης ὅτε παῖδα φερέσβιος ἔκλυε μήτηρ
 Ἰνδῶν ταχύποτμον αἰστώσαντα γενέθλην,
 μνησαμένη τεκέων πλέον ἔστανεν ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ
 αὐτογόνων θώρηξεν ὀρίδρομα φύλα Γιγάντων,
 ὑψιλόφους ἔο παῖδας ἀνοιστρήσασα κυδοιμῶ:
 15 ‘ Παῖδες ἐμοί, μάρνασθε κορυμβοφόρῳ Διονύσῳ
 ἡλιβάτοις σκοπέλοισιν, ἐμῆς δ’ ὀλετῆρα γενέθλης
 Ἰνδοφόνον Διὸς υἷα κιχήσατε: μηδὲ νοήσω
 σὺν Διὶ κοιρανέοντα νόθον σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπου.
 δήσατε, δήσατε Βάκχον, ὅπως θαλαμηπόλος εἶη,
 20 ὅπποτε Πορφυρίῳ χαρίζομαι εἰς γάμον Ἥβην
 καὶ Χθονίῳ Κυθέρειαν, ὅτε γλαυκῶπιν αἰείσω
 εὐνέτιν Ἐγκελάδοιο καὶ Ἄρτεμιν Ἀλκυονίδος:
 ἄξατέ μοι Διόνυσον, ἵνα Κρονίωνα χαλέψω
 δουλοσύνην ὀρόωντα δορικτήτοιο Λυαίου:
 25 ἢ ἐ μιν οὐτάζοντες ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ
 κτείναντέ μοι Ζαγρῆι πανεῖκελον, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ
 ἢ θεὸς ἢ μερόπων τις, ὅτι Κρονίδαο γενέθλη
 γαῖα χολωμένη διδύμους θώρηξε φονῆας,
 πρεσβυτέρους Τιτῆνας ἐπὶ προτέρῳ Διονύσῳ,
 30 ὀπλοτέρους δὲ Γιγαντας ἐπ’ ὀψιγόνῳ Διονύσῳ.’
 ὥς φαμένη στίχα πᾶσαν ἀνεπτοίησε Γιγάντων.
 γηγενέων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπεστρατώνοντο κυδοιμῶ.
 ὃς μὲν ἔχων Νυσαῖον ἐδέθλιον, ὃς δὲ σιδήρῳ
 ὑψινεφῇ κενεῶνα χαραδρήεντα κολάσας,
 35 αἰχμάζων σκοπέλοισιν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ:
 ὃς δὲ λόφον πετραῖον ἀλικρήπιδος ἀρούρης,
 ἄλλος ἀλιζώνοιο διαρρήξας ῥάχιν ἰσθμοῦ
 εἰς ἐνοπὴν ἔσπευδεν. ἀμετρήτοισι δ’ ἀγοστοῖς
 Πήλιον ὑπικάρηνον ἀνηκόντιζε Πελωρεῦς

40 γυνύσας Φιλύρης γλαφυρὸν δόμον· ἀρπαμένου δὲ
ἄσκεπέος σκοπέλοιο γέρων ἔλελιζετο Χείρων,
ἀνδροφυῆς ἀτέλεστος ὁμήλικι σύμπλοκος Ἴππῳ.
ἡμερίδων δὲ κόρυμβον ἔχων ὀλετῆρα Γιγάντων
Βάκχος ἀερσιλόφοιο κατέτρεχεν Ἀλκυονῆος,
45 οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχων, οὐ φοίνιον ἄορ αἰείρων,
ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέας παλάμας ἐδάιξε Γιγάντων,
αἰχμάζων ἐλίκεσσι· φιλακρήτῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
φρικτὰ πεδοτρεφῶν ἐδαΐζετο φῦλα δρακόντων·
τυπτομένων δὲ Γίγαντος ἐχιδνοκόμων κεφαλῶν
50 αὐχένες ἀμηθέντες ἐπωρχήσαντο κονίη.
κτείνεται δ' ἄσπετα φῦλα· δαΐζομένων δὲ Γιγάντων
αἷματος ἀνάου ποταμοὶ ῥέον, ἀρτιχύτοις δὲ
πορφυρέοις ῥοθίοισιν ἐφοινίσσοντο χαράδραι.
γηγενέων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐβακχεύοντο δρακόντων
55 βόστρυχα δειμαίνοντες ἐχιδνοκόμου Διονύσου.
καὶ πυρὶ μάρνατο Βάκχος, ἐς ἡέρα δαλὸν ἰάλλων
ἀντιβίων ὀλετῆρα· δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
Βακχιᾶς αὐτοέλικτος ἐπέτρεχεν ἄλλομένη φλόξ,
γυιοβόρῳ σπινθῆρι καταΐσσουσα Γιγάντων·
60 καὶ τις ἀπειλητῆρι φέρων σέλας ἀνθερεῶνι
ἡμιδαῆς σύριζε δράκων πυριθαλπεί λαιμῷ,
καπνὸν ἀποπτύων, οὐ λοίγιον ἰὸν ἰάλλων.
καὶ κλόνος ἄσπετος ἦεν· ἐπ' ἀντιβίων δὲ καρήνων
Βάκχος ἀνηώρητο μαχήμονα δαλὸν αἰείρων,
65 καὶ χθονίῳ πρηστῆρι δέμας θερμαίνει Γιγάντων
ἀντίτυπον μίμημα Διοβλήτοιο κερανοῦ·
καὶ δαῖδες σελάγιζον· ἐπ' Ἐγκελάδου δὲ καρήνῳ
ἡέρα θερμαίνων ἔλελιζετο πυρσὸς ἀλήτης·
ἀλλὰ μιν οὐκ ἐδάμασσε, καὶ οὐ χθονίου πυρὸς ἀτμῷ
70 Ἐγκελάδος γόνυ κάμψεν, ἐπεὶ πεφύλακτο κεραυνῷ.
Ἀλκυονεὺς δ' ἀπέλεθρος ἐπεσκίρτησε Λυαίῳ
Θρηκίοις σκοπέλοις κεκορυθμένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ
ὑψινεφῇ κούφιζε ῥάχιν δυσχείμονος Αἴμου
εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον, ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου·
75 καὶ σκοπιὴν ἔρριπεν· ἐφαπτόμεναι δὲ Λυαίου
νεβρίδος ἀρρήκτοιο διεσχιζοντο κολῶναι·
Ἥμαθις δὲ κάρηνα νέος γύμνωσε Τυφωεὺς
ὑψιφανῆς, προτέρῳ πανομοίος, ὃς ποτε πολλοὺς
ῥωγαλέους κενεῶνας ἐκούφισε μητρὸς Ἀρούρης,
80 πετραίοις βελέεσσι καταιχμάζων Διονύσου.
καὶ τινος ἀσπαίροντος ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἄορ ἐρύσσας
Βάκχος ἄναξ κεκόρυστο Γιγαντείοισι καρήνοισι,
ἰοβόλων πλοκάμων ὀφιώδεα λήια κείρων·

καὶ στρατὸν αὐτοτέλεστον ἀτευχεὶ χειρὶ δαΐζων
85 μάρνατο λυσσῆεις, χλοερῶν ἐπιβήτορα δένδρων
κισσὸν ἔχων τανύφυλλον, ἀκοντιστῆρα Γιγάντων.
καὶ νῦ κε πάντας ἔπεφνεν ἔῳ ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ,
ἀλλὰ παλινδίνητος ἐκὼν ἀνεχάζετο χάρμης,
δυσμενέας ζῶοντας ἐῳ γενετῆρι φυλάσσω.
90 καὶ νῦ κεν εἰς Φρυγίην ταχὺς ἔδραμεν ὠκέϊ ταρσῶι,
ἀλλὰ μιν ἄλλος ἄεθλος ἐρήτυεν, ὄφρα θανόντων
τοσσατίων ἓνα φῶτα κατακτείνειε φονῆα
Παλλήνης γενέτην θανατηφόρον, ὅς ποτε κούρης
οἴστρον ἔχων ἀθέμιστον ἁμαρτιγάμων ὕμεναιων
95 συζυγίην ἀνέκοπτεν, ἀμετρήτους δὲ δαΐζων
μελλογάμους μνηστῆρας ἀπέθρισεν, ὣν ὑπὸ λύθρῳ
κτεινομένων καναχηδὸν ἐφοινίσσοντο παλαῖστραι,
εἰσόκε Βάκχος ἴκανε Δίκης πρόμος· ἀγχιγάμου δὲ
Παλλήνης δυσέρωτι παριστάμενος γενετῆρι
100 ῥιγεδανῆς ὕμεναιον ἀτάσθαλον ἦτεε κούρης,
ποικίλα δ' ὥρεγε δῶρα· καὶ αἰτίζοντι Λυαίῳ
φρικτὸς ἀνὴρ κήρυξε παλαισμοσύνην ὕμεναιων·
καὶ μιν ἄγων ἐπέβησε κακοξείνοιο παλαίστρης,
ὅπποθι τολμήεσσα δορυσσόος ἴστατο κούρη
105 νυμφιδίην ὥμοισιν ἐλαφρίζουσα βοεῖην.
καὶ τότε Κύπρις ἔην ἐναγώνιος· ἦν δ' ἐνὶ μέσσω
γυμνὸς Ἔρωσ καὶ στέμμα γαμήλιον ὥρεγε Βάκχῳ,
ἦν δὲ παλαισμοσύνη νυμφοστόλος· ἀργυφέῳ δὲ
ἄβρὸν ἀνεχλαίνωσεν ἐὸν δέμας εἴματι Πειθῷ
110 νίκην μελλογάμοιο προθεσπίζουσα Λυαίου.
καὶ βριαρῶν μελέων ἀπεδύσατο φάρεα κούρη,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔθηκε γαμήλιον, ἀβροτέρη δὲ
Σιθονὶς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀσάμβαλος ἴστατο κούρη,
θηλυφανής, ἀσίδηρος, ἐρευθιόωντι δὲ δεσμῷ
115 ἀκλινέων τροχόεσσαν ἵτον μιτρώσατο μαζῶν·
καὶ δέμας ἀσκεπὲς ἦεν, ἀμετρήτων δὲ κομῶν
ἀπλεκέες πλοκαμῖδες ἐπέρρεον αὐχένι κούρης,
καὶ κνήμας ἀνέφαινε καὶ ἀσκεπέων πτύχα μηρῶν
γυμνῆς φαινομένης ἐπιγουνίδος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μηροῖς
120 ἦρμοσε λευκὸν ὕφασμα, γυναικείης σκέπας αἰδοῦς·
καὶ χροὰ πιαλέῳ πεπαλαγμένον εἶχεν ἐλαίῳ
καὶ παλάμας πολὺ μᾶλλον, ὅπως ἀλύτων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ὕγρὸν ὀλισθήσειε πιεζομένη χροὰ κούρη.
καὶ βλοσυροῖς στομάτεσσιν ἀπειλήσασα Λυαίῳ
125 νυμφοκόμῳ μνηστῆρι παρίστατο, διχθᾶδιον δὲ
αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἔβαλλεν ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ὀλκῷ·
ἀλλὰ παλινδίνητον ἐὴν ἀνελύσατο δειρὴν

Βάκχος ἀπορρίψας ἀπαλόχροα δάκτυλα κούρης,
δεσμοῖς θηλυτέροισι περίπλοκον αὐχένα σείων:
130 καὶ διδύμας στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἱξὺ χεῖρας ἐλίξας
Παλλήνην ἐτίναξε ποδῶν ἑτεραλκεί παλμῷ:
καὶ ῥοδέης παλάμης ἐδράξατο, Κυπριδίην δὲ
εἶχε παραιφασίην χιονώδεα χεῖρα πιέζων:
οὐδὲ τόσον μενέαινε ἐπὶ χθονὶ παῖδα κυλινδριν,
135 ὅσσον ἐπιφαύειν ἀπαλοῦ χροός, ἡδέϊ μόχθῳ
τερπόμενος: καὶ ἔκαμνε δολοπλόκον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
ὥς βροτός, ἀμβολίῃ δὲ θελήμονι κάλλιπε νίκην.
Παλλήνῃ δ' ἐρόεσσα πάλης τεχνήμονι παλμῷ
θηλυτέραις παλάμησι δέμας κούφιζε Λυαίου:
140 οὐδὲ μιν ἡέρταζε, τόσον βάρος, ἀλλὰ καμοῦσα
ἄρσενά γυῖα λέλοιπεν ἀκινήτου Διονύσου.
καὶ θεὸς ἀντιτύπῳ περιδέσμιον ἄμματι χειρῶν
παρθενικὴν ἐρόεσσαν ἐλὼν, ἅτε θύρσον αἰείρων,
δόχμιον ἀμφιέλικτον ἐκούφισεν ὑψόθεν ὤμου:
145 χειρὶ δὲ φειδομένη βριαρὴν ἀπεσείσατο κούρην,
Παλλήνην δ' ἀτίνακτον ὅλην ἐτανύσσατο γαίῃ:
καὶ δολίοις βλεφάροισιν ἐὴν ἐλέλιζεν ὀπωπὴν,
κούρης ἀβροκόμου κεκοιμένα γυῖα δοκεύων
καὶ πλοκάμους ῥυπόωντας ἀκηδέστοιο καρήνου.
150 ἀλλὰ παλινδίνητος ἀναΐξασα κονίης
ὄρθιος ἐστήριξε τὸ δεύτερον ἴχνια κούρη:
καὶ τροχαλῇ Διόνυσος ἀφειδέϊ γούνατος ὄρμῃ
γαστέρα Παλλήνης κρατέων ἑτεραλκεί παλμῷ
παρθενικὴν μενέαινε ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο κυλινδριν,
155 καὶ παλάμας μετέθηκεν ἐπὶ πλευροῖσιν ἐλίξας
αὐχένα κυρτώσας ἐπικάρσιον, ἀμφὶ δὲ νώτῳ
μεσσατίῳ κύκλωσεν ὀπίστερα δάκτυλα κάμψας,
ἢ σφυρὸν ἢ κνήμην δεδοκήμενος ἢ γόνυ μάρψειν.
καὶ θεὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἐκούσιος ἤριπε γαίῃ
160 οὐτιδανῇ παλάμῃ νικώμενος: ἱμερόεν δὲ
φάρμακον ἔσχεν ἔρωτος, ἐνὶ γλυκερῇ δὲ κονίῃ
κουφίζων ἐρόεις ἐπὶ νηδύϊ φόρτον Ἑρώτων
ὑπτιος αὐτὸς ἔμιμνε, καὶ οὐκ ἀπεσείσατο κούρην.
ἀλλὰ μιν ἐσφήκωσε πόθου φρενοθελγεί δεσμῷ.
165 ἡ δὲ ταχυστροφάλλιγγι ποδῶν νωμήτορι παλμῷ
ἴχνιον ἠώρησεν, ἐρωμανέος δὲ Λυαίου
ἄρσενά λύσατο χεῖρα: θεὸς δ' ὑπ' ὀλίζονι ῥιπῇ
γυῖα μεταστρέψας ῥοδέην ἐτανύσσατο κούρην
ἐν δαπέδῳ στορέσας: καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ κέκλιτο κούρη
170 χεῖρας ἐφαπλώσασα: τιταινομένης δ' ἐπὶ πέζῃ
εὐπαλάμῳ σφήκωσεν ὁμόζυγον αὐχένα δεσμῷ.

Ὠκυτέροις δὲ πόδεσσι πατήρ κατὰ μέσσον ὁρούσας
 ἀθλεῦεν ἐθέλουσαν ἔην ἀνεσείρασε κούρην,
 καὶ γαμῖν ἀνέκοψεν ἀεθλοσύνην ὕμεναιων
 175 νίκην ἱμερόεσσαν ἐπιτρέψας Διονύσῳ,
 μὴ μιν ἀποκτείνειεν ἔχων ἀστεμφεῖ δεσμῷ.
 καὶ Διὸς αἰνήσαντος ἀεθλοφόρον μετὰ νίκην
 γνωτὸν Ἔρωσ ἔστεψε γάμων πομπῇ κορύμβῳ
 ἱμερτὴν τελέσαντα παλαιμοσύνην ὕμεναιων.
 180 καὶ πέλε τοῖος ἄεθλος ὁμοῖος, ὥς ὅτε κούρην
 χρυσοφαῖ προπάροιθε γαμήλια δῶρα κυλίνδων
 Ἴππομένης νίκησεν ἐπειγομένην Ἀταλάντην.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε νυμφοκόμοιο πάλης ἐτέλεσσεν ἀγῶνα
 Βάκχος, ἔτι στάζων γαμίους ἰδρῶτας ἀέθλων
 185 Σιθόνα μὲν πρήνιξε τετυμμένον ὀξεί θύρσῳ,
 μνηστήρων ὀλετήρα, κυλινδομένου δὲ κονίῃ
 κούρῃ θύρσον ἔδωκε μισαφόνον ἔδνον Ἐρώτων.
 καὶ γάμος ἦν πολὺμνος· ἀσιγήτῳ δ' ἐνὶ παστῷ
 Σειληνοὶ κελάδησαν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
 190 καὶ Σάτυροι μεθύνοντες ἀνέπλεκον ὕμνον Ἐρώτων
 συζυγίην μέλποντες ἀεθλοφόρων ὕμεναιων.
 Νηρεΐδων δὲ φάλαγγες ὑπὸ σφυρὰ γείτονος ἰσθοῦ
 νυμφιδίῃ Διόνυσον ἐμιτρώσαντο χορείῃ,
 καὶ μέλος ἐφθέγγαντο, παρὰ Θρήικι δὲ πόντῳ
 195 ξεινοδόκος Βρομίοιο γέρων ὠρχήσατο Νηρεὺς,
 καὶ γαμῖ Γαλάτεια περισκαίρουσα θαλάσση
 Παλλήνην ἐλίγαινε συναπτομένην Διονύσῳ,
 καὶ Θέτις ἐσκίρτησε, καὶ εἰ πέλε νῆις Ἐρώτων,
 καὶ γαμῖν ἔστεψεν ἀλιζώνου ῥάχιν ἰσθοῦ
 200 Παλλήνης ὕμεναιον ἀνευάζων Μελικέρτης·
 καὶ τις Ἀμαδρυάδων φλογερῇ παρὰ γείτοني Λήμνῳ
 νυμφιδίην Θρήισαν Ἀθωιάς ἤψατο πεύκην.
 καὶ φιλίοις ὁάροισι παρηγορέων ἔο νύμφην
 μυρομένην γενετῆρα φιλεῖος εἶπεν ἀκοίτης·
 205 ὦ Παρθένε, μὴ στενάχιζε τεὸν δυσέρωτα τοκῆα·
 παρθένε, μὴ στενάχιζε τεῆς μνηστῆρα κορείης·
 τίς γενέτης ἔσπειρε καὶ εἰς γάμον ἤγαγε κούρην;
 σὸν κενεὸν λίπε πένθος, ὅτι κταμένοιο τοκῆος,
 Σιθόνος ὕμετέροιο, Δίκη γελώσασα χορεῦει,
 210 χερσὶ δὲ παρθενίῃσι γαμήλιον ἀψαμένη πῦρ,
 ἢ γάμον ἀγνώσσοις, τεὸν γάμον εἰσέτι μέλπει,
 Οἰνόμαον πάλιν ἄλλον ὀπιπεύουσα θανόντα·
 Οἰνόμαος μὲν ὄλωλε, καταφθιμένου δὲ τοκῆος
 τέρπεται Ἴπποδάμεια δὺν ἀρτιγάμῳ παρακοίτῃ.
 215 καὶ σὺ τεοῦ γενέταιο πόθους ῥίψασα θυέλλαις

τέρπεο βοτρυνόεντι συναπτομένη παρακοίτη,
μῶμον ἄλευομένη πατρώιον· οὐ σε διδάξω
Σιθόνος ἔχθρὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἀμβολίην ὕμεναιων,
ὃς φονίῃ παλάμῃ γαμβροκτόνον ἔγχος αἰείρων
220 γηραλέην σε τέλεσσεν, ἀπειρήτην Ἀφροδίτης,
συζυγίην δ' ἐκέδασσεν ἀνυμφεύτων σέο λέκτρων.
μνηστήρων σκοπίαζε σεσηπότα λείψανα νεκρῶν,
οὓς Παφίη κόσμησε καὶ ἔκτανε θοῦρις Ἐρινύς·
ἦνιδε κεῖνα κάρηνα θαλύσια σεῖο μελάνθρων,
225 λύθρον ἔτι στάζοντα κακοξείνων ὕμεναιων.
Σιθόνος οὐ μεθέπεις χθόνιον γένος· οὐράνιος δὲ
πείθομαι ὥς σε λόχευσε τεὸς Θρηϊκίος Ἄρης,
πείθομαι, ὥς Κυθήρεια τεῖν ὦδινε γενέθλην·
καὶ σὺ τεῶν διδύμων ἀπεμάξαι θεσμὰ τοκίων,
230 Ἄρεος ἦθος ἔχουσα καὶ ἀγλαΐνῃ Ἀφροδίτης·
πείθομαι, ὥς σε φύτευσεν ἄναξ ἑναγώνιος Ἑρμῆς
ἄβρὰ τελεσσιγάμοιο μολῶν ἐπὶ δέμνια Πειθοῦς,
καὶ σε παλαισμοσύνην ἐδιδάξατο πομπὸν Ἑρώτων·
εἶπε παρηγορέων ἀχέων παιήονι μύθῳ,
235 μυρομένης δ' εὐνήσεν ἐπήρατα δάκρυα κούρης.
καὶ γαμῖς δῆθυνεν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἐγγύθι νύμφης
τερπόμενος φιλότῃ νεοζυγέων ὕμεναιων.
Παλλήνης δὲ μέλαθρα λιπὼν καὶ Θοῤῃκα Βορῆα
Ῥεῖς εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν, ὅπῃ Φρυγίῃ παρὰ πέζῃ
240 δαίμονος εὐώδινος ἔσαν Κυβελήιδες αὐλαί.
ἐνθάδε θηρεύουσα παρὰ σφυρὰ Δίνδυμα πέτρης
Ῥυνδακὶς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀέξετο παρθένος Αὖρη,
εἰσέτι νῆις Ἑρωτος, ὁμόδρομος ἰοχαίρης,
ἀπτολέμων φεύγουσα νοήματα παρθενικάων,
245 Ἄρτεμις ὀπλοτέρῃ Ληλαντιάς, ἣν ποτε Τιτὴν
νυμφεύσας Περίβοιαν ἀπόσπορον Ὠκεανοῖο
πρεσβυγενῆς Λήλαντος ἀελλόπον ἥροσε κούρην,
κούρην ἀντιάνειραν, ἀπειρήτην Ἀφροδίτης.
ἢ μὲν ἀνεβλάστησεν ὑπέρτερος ἥλικος ἥβης,
250 ἱμερτὴ ῥοδόπηχυς, αἰεὶ χαίρουσα κολώναις·
πολλάκι δ' ἀγρώσσουσα κατέτρεχε λυσσάδος ἄρκτου,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔπεμπε καταχιμάζουσα λεαίνης,
οὐ κεμάδας κτείνουσα καὶ οὐ βάλλουσα λαγούς·
ἀλλὰ δαφοινήεσαν ἐλαφρίζουσα φαρέτρην
255 ὠμοβόρων τόξευεν ὀρίδρομα φῦλα λεόντων
θηροφόνους βελέεσσιν· ἐπωνυμίῃ δὲ καὶ ἔργῳ
ὀξὺτατον δρόμον εἶχεν ὀρειάσι σύνδρομος αὖραις.
καὶ ποτε διψαλέοιο πυραυγεί καύματος ὥρη
παρθένος ὑπνώουσα πόνων ἀμπαύετο θήρης·

260 καὶ δέμας ἀπλώσασα Κυβηλίδος ὑπόθι ποιῆς
 κρᾶτα παρακλίναςα σαόφρονος ἔρνεϊ δάφνης
 εὔδε μεσημβριζούσα, καὶ ἐσσομένων ὑμεναίων
 ἱμερτήν ἐνόησε προμάντιος ὄψιν ὀνείρου,
 ὅττι θεός πυρόεις τανύσας βέλος αἶθοπι νευρῇ
 265 θοῦρος Ἔρωσ τόξευε λαγωβόλος ἔνδοθι λόχμης,
 οὐτιδανοῖς βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύων στίχα θηρῶν:
 παιδὶ δὲ θηρεῦοντι συνέμπορος υἱεὶ Μύρρης
 Κύπρις ἔην γελώσασα· καὶ ἴστατο παρθένος Αὔρη,
 Ἀρτέμιδος μετὰ τόξον ἀήθεος ὑπόθεν ὦμου
 270 ἀγρευτῆρος Ἔρωτος ἐλαφρίζουσα φαρέτρην:
 αὐτὰρ ὁ θῆρας ἔπεφνεν, ἔως ἐκορέσσατο νευρῆς
 βάλλων πορδαλίων βλοσυρὸν στόμα καὶ γένυν ἄρκτου,
 ζωγρήσας δὲ λέαιναν ἐῷ πανθηλεγεί κεστῷ
 θῆρα πιεζομένην φιλοπαίγμονι δεῖξε τεκούσῃ:
 275 παρθενικὴ δ' ἐδόκησε κατὰ κνέφας, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴν
 πῆχυν ἐπικλίνουσιν Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ
 μάργος Ἔρωσ ἐρέθειζεν, ὑπογνάμπτων Ἀφροδίτῃ
 ληιδίης, γόνυ δοῦλον ὑπερφιάλοιο λεαίνης,
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόων· 'στεφανηφόρε μήτηρ Ἐρώτων,
 280 αὐχένα σοι κλίνουσιν ἄγω φιλοπάρθενον Αὔρην·
 ἀλλὰ, ποθοβλήτοιο χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο,
 στέψατε κεστὸν ἱμάντα γαμοστόλον, ὅττι μενοινὴν
 τοσσατίην νίκησεν ἀνικήτοιο λεαίνης.'
 τοῖον ἔπος μαντῶον ὀρεστιάς ἔδρακεν Αὔρη:
 285 οὐδὲ μάτην πρὸς Ἔρωτας ἔην ὄναρ, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
 εἰς λῖνον ἄνδρα φέρουσι καὶ ἀγρώσσουσι γυναῖκα.
 κούρη δ' ἐγρομένη πινυτόφρονι μαίνεται δάφνῃ,
 καὶ Παφίῃ καὶ Ἐρωτι μαχέσσατο, καὶ πλέον Ὑπνώ
 χώσατο τολμήεντι, καὶ ἠπειλήσεν Ὀνείρῳ,
 290 καὶ πετάλοις νεμέσιζε καὶ ἀφθόγγῳ φάτο φωνῇ:
 'Δάφνῃ, τί κλονέεις με; τί Κύπριδι καὶ σέο δένδρῳ;
 ἁσάμην εὐδοβόσα τεοὺς ὑπὸ γείτονας ὄζους
 σὸν φυτὸν ἐλπομένη φιλοπάρθενον, ὑμετέρης δὲ
 295 φήμης οὐκ ἐτύχησα καὶ ἐλπίδος· ὥς ἄρα, Δάφνῃ,
 σὸν δέμας ἀλλάξασα τεὸν νόον εὗρες ἀμεῖψαι;
 μὴ γαμῖν μετὰ πότμον ὑποδρῆσσεις Ἀφροδίτῃ;
 οὐ πινυτῆς τόδε δένδρον, ἀπ' ἀρτιγάμοιο δὲ νύμφης;
 οὐ νέμεσις παρὰ μύρτον ὀνείρατα ταῦτα νοῆσαι,
 μαχλάδος οὔτος ὄνειρος ἐπάξιος· ἦ ῥά σε Πειθῷ,
 300 ἦ ῥά σε χειρὶ φύτευσε τεὸς δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων;
 εἶπεν ὁμοῦ κοτέουσα φυτῷ καὶ Ἐρωτι καὶ Ὑπνώ.
 καὶ ποτε θηρεῦουσα κατ' οὔρεα δεσπότης ἄγρης
 καύματος αἰθαλόεντος ἱμασσομένη χροά πυρσῷ

Αρτεμις ἔντυε δίφρον, ὅπως ἅμα Νηῖσι Νύμφαις
305 θερμὸν ὀρεσσιχῦτοισι δέμας ψύξειε λοετροῖς,
ἥνικα μέσσον ἔην φλογερὸν θέρος, ἥνικα πάλλων
καρχαλῆς πυρόεντα μεσημβρινὸν ἦχον ἱμάσθλης
ἥελιος σελάγιζε λεοντείων ἐπὶ νώτων.
καὶ κεμάδας ζυγίοισι συνεκλήισσε λεπάδνοις
310 Αρτεμις οὐρεσίφοιτος: ἐπεμβαίνουσα δὲ δίφρου
λάζετο καὶ μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία παρθένος Αὔρη,
καὶ κεραὴν ἤλαυνε θυελλήεσσαν ἀπήνην.
ἀενάου δὲ θυγατρὲς ἀνάμπυκες Ὠκεανοῖο
δμῳίδες ἐρρώνοντο συνήλυδες ἰοχεαίρη,
315 ὣν ἡ μὲν ταχύγουνος ἔην προκέλευθος ἀνάσσης,
ἄλλη δ' ἰσοκέλευθος ἀναστείλασα χιτῶνα
ἐγγὺς ἔην, ἑτέρη δὲ τανυκνήμιδος ἀπήνης
ἀπτομένη πείρινθος ὁμόδρομον εἶχε πορείην.
καὶ σέλας ἰοχεαῖρα διαυγάζουσα προσώπου
320 ἀμφιπόλων ἤστραψεν ὑπέρτερος, ὥς ὅτε δίφρῳ
αἰθερίῳ πέμπουσα φιλαγρύπνων φλόγα πυρσῶν
ἀννεφέλους ἀκτῖνας ὀιστεύουσα Σελήνη
πλησιφαῆς ἀνέτειλε πυριτρεφῶν μέσον, ἄστρων,
οὐρανίην στίχα πᾶσαν ἀμαλδύνουσα προσώπῳ:
325 τῇ σέλας ἴσον ἔχουσα διέτρεχεν Ἄρτεμις ὕλην,
εἰσόκε χῶρον ἵκανεν, ὅπῃ κελάδοντι ρέεθρῳ
Σαγγαρίου ποταμοῖο Διιπετὲς ἔλκεται ὕδωρ.
αὔρη δ' ἀμφιέλισσαν ἐὴν ἀνέκοψεν,
καὶ κεμάδας χρυσέοισιν ἀνακρούουσα χαλινοῖς
330 ἀμφὶ ῥοὰς ἔστησε φεραυγέα δίφρον ἀνάσσης:
καὶ θεὸς ἐκ δίφροιο κατέδραμεν: ἐκ δὲ οἱ ὦμων
τόξα μὲν Οὐπὶς ἔδεκτο, καὶ ἰοδόκην Ἐκαέργη,
Ὠκεανοῦ δὲ θυγατρὲς ἐϋπλοκα δίκτυα θήρης:
καὶ κύνas... ἐνδρομίδας δὲ ποδῶν ἀνελύσατο Λοξῷ.
335 ἡ δὲ μεσημβρίζουσα σέβας φιλοπάρθενον αἰδοῦς
ἐν προχοαῖς ἐφύλαξε, διερπύζουσα ῥοᾶων
ἴχνεσι φειδομένοισι, καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρήνου
ἀκροβαφῇ κατὰ βαιὸν ἀναστείλασα χιτῶνα,
ἀμφιπερισφίγγουσα πόδας διδυμάονι μηρῷ
340 κρυπτόμενον μετρηδὸν ὅλον δέμας ἔκλυσε κούρη.
λοξὰ δὲ παπταίνουσα δι' ὕδατος εὐσκοπος Αὔρη
τολμηροῖς βλεφάροισιν ἀναιδήτοιο προσώπου
ἀγνὸν ἀθηήτοιο δέμας διεμέτρεε κούρης,
θέσκελον εἰσορόωσα σαόφρονος εἶδος ἀνάσσης:
345 καὶ πόδας ἀπλώσασα τιταινομένων παλαμᾶων
δαίμονι νηχομένη συνενήχετο παρθένος Αὔρη.
ἡμιφανῆς δ' ἀτέλεστος ἔσω ποταμηίδος ὄχθης

ἱκμαλέας ῥαθάμιγγας ἀποσμήξασα κομάτων...
Ἄρτεμις ἀγροτέρη: σχεδόθεν δέ οἱ ἀγρότις Αὔρη
350 μαζοὺς ἀμφαφώωσα θεημάχον ἴαχε φωνήν:
“Ἄρτεμι, μοῦνον ἔχεις φιλοπάρθενον οὔνομα κούρης,
ὅττι διὰ στέρνων κεχαλασμένον ἄντυγα θηλῆς
θῆλυν ἔχεις Παφίης, οὐκ ἄρσενα μαζὸν Ἀθήνης,
καὶ ῥοδέους σπινθῆρας ὅιστεῦουσι παρειαί:
355 ἀλλὰ δέμας μεθέπουσα ποθοβλήτοιο θεαίνης
καὶ σὺ γάμων βασίλευε σὺν ἀβροκόμῳ Κυthereίῃ,
δεξαμένη θαλάμοις τινὰ νυμφίον: ἦν δ’ ἐθέλησθης,
Ἑρμείῃ παρίαυε καὶ Ἀρεΐ, λείψον Ἀθήνην:
ἦν δ’ ἐθέλῃς, ἀνάειρε βέλος καὶ τόξον Ἑρώτων,
360 εἰ μεθέπεις θρασὺν οἷστρον ὀιστοκόμοιο φαρέτρης.
ἰλήκοι τεδὸν εἶδος: ἐγὼ σέο μᾶλλον ἀρείων:
δέρκεο, πῶς μεθέπω βριαρὸν δέμας: ἦνιδε μορφὴν
ἄρσενα καὶ Ζεφύροιο θοώτερον ἵχνιον Αὔρης:
δέρκεο, πῶς σφριγώωσι βραχίονες: ἦνιδε μαζοὺς
365 ὄμφακας οἰδαίνοντας ἀθήλεας: ἦ τάχα φαίης,
ὅττι τεοὶ γλαγόεσσαν ἀναβλύζουσιν ἐέρσην:
πῶς παλάμην μεθέπεις ἀπαλόχροα; πῶς σέο μαζοὶ
οὐ τίνα κύκλου ἔχουσι περίτροχον, οἷά περ Αὔρης,
αὐτόματοι κήρυκες ἀσυλήτοιο κορείης;”
370 ἔννεπε κερτομέουσα: κατηφιόωσα δὲ σιγῇ
σύννομος οἰδαίνοντι χόλῳ κυμαίνεται δαίμων,
καὶ φονίους σπινθῆρας ἀνηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί:
ἐκ προχοῆς δ’ ἀνέπαλτο, πάλιν δ’ ἔνδυνε χιτῶνα,
καὶ καθαφαῖς λαγόνεσσι τὸ δεύτερον ἥρμοσε μίτρην
375 ἀχνυμένη. νέμεσιν δὲ μετήιεν: εὔρε δὲ κούρην
ὑψινεφῇ παρὰ Ταῦρον, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι Κύδνῳ
παῦσε Τυφασίνης ὑψαύχενά κόμπον ἀπειλῆς:
καὶ τροχὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἔην παρὰ ποσσὶν ἀνάσσης
σημαίνων, ὅτι πάντας ἀγήνορας εἰς πέδον ἔλκει
380 ὑπόθεν εἰλυφώωσα δίκης ποινήτορι κύκλῳ,
δαίμων πανδαμάτειρα, βίου στρωφῶσα πορείην:
ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ πεπότητο παρὰ θρόνον ὄρνις ἀλάτωρ,
γρὺς πτερόεις, πισύρων δὲ ποδῶν κουφίζετο παλμῶ
δαίμονος ἱπταμένης αὐτάγγελος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
385 τέτραχα μοιρηθέντα διέρχεται ἔδρανα κόσμου:
ἀνέρας ὑψιλόφους ἀλύτῳ σφίγγουσα χαλινῶ,
ἀντίτυπον μίμημα, καὶ ὥς κακότητος ἱμάσθλη,
ὥς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον, ἀγήνορα φῶτα κυλινδει.
ἔγνω δ’ ὥς ἐνόησε θεὰ χλοάοντι προσώπῳ
390 Ἄρτεμιν ἀχνυμένην φονίης πλήθουσας ἀπειλῆς,
καὶ μιν ἀνειρομένη φιλίῳ μειλίζατο μύθῳ:

‘σὸν χόλον, ἰοχέαιρα, τεὰ βούωσιν ὅπως·
Ἄρτεμι, τίς κλονέει σε θεημάχος υἱὸς Ἀρούρης;
τίς πάλιν ἐβλάστησεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο Τυφωεύς;
395 μὴ Τιτυδὸς παλινόρσος ἐρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
εἷματος ἀψαύστοιο τεῆς ἔψαυσε τεκούσης;
Ἄρτεμι, πῇ σέο τόξα καὶ Ἀπόλλωνος ὀιστοί;
τίς πάλιν Ὠρίων σε βιάζεται; εἰσέτι κεῖται
κεῖνος, ὃς ὑμετέροιο τάλας ἔψαυσε χιτῶνος,
400 μητρὸς ἔσω λαγάνων νέκυς ἄπνοος· εἰ δέ τις ἀνὴρ
χερσὶ ποθοβλήτοισι τεῶν ἐδράξατο πέπλων,
σκορπίον ἄλλον ἄεξε τεῆς ποινήτορα μίρης;
εἰ δὲ πάλιν θρασὺς Ὠτος ἢ αὐχήμενος Ἐφιάλτης
συζυγίην μενέαινε τεῶν ἀκίχητον Ἐρώτων,
405 κτεῖνον ἀνυμφεύτοιο τεῆς μνηστῆρα κορείης;
εἰ δὲ γυνὴ πολὺτεκνος ἀνιάζει σέο Λητώ,
ἄλλη λαϊνὴ Νιόη κλαύσειε γενέθλην;
τίς φθόνος, εἰ λί λιθὸν ἄλλον ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο τελέσω;
μὴ σε πατήρ διὰ λέκτρα μετὰ γλαυκῶπιν ὀρίνει;
410 μὴ τεὸν Ἑρμῶνι γάμον κατένευσε Κρονίων,
οἷα καὶ Ἥφαιστῳ καθρῆς ὑμέναιον Ἀθήνης;
εἰ δὲ γυνὴ κλονέει σε, τεῖν ἄτε μητέρα Λητώ,
ἔσσομαι ἀχνυμένης τιμήτορος ἰοχεαίρης.’
οὐ πῶ μῦθος ἔλπεν· ἀλεξικάκῳ δὲ θεαίνῃ
415 τοῖον ἔπος φθαμένη σκυλακοτρόφος Ἰαχε κούρη·
‘Παρθένε πανδαμάτειρα, κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης,
οὐ Ζεὺς, οὐ Νιόβη με, καὶ οὐ θρασὺς Ὠτος ὀρίνει·
οὐ Τιτυδὸς βαθύπεπλον ἐμὴν ἀνεσεύρασε Λητώ·
οὐ νέος Ὠρίων με βιάζεται, νιὸς Ἀρούρης;
420 ἀλλὰ με κερτομέουσα βαρύστομος ὀξεί μύθῳ
ἤκαχε Ληλάντοιο πάϊς, δυσπάρθενος Λύρη;
ἀλλὰ τί σοι τάδε πάντα διῖξομαι; αἰδέομαι γὰρ
αἴσχος ἐμῶν μελέων ἐνέπειν καὶ ὀνειδεᾶ μαζῶν·
μητρὶ δ’ ἐμῇ πάθον ἄλγος ὁμοῖον· ἀμφότερον γὰρ
425 ἐν Φρυγίῃ Νιόβῃ διδυμητόκον ἤκαχε Λητώ,
καὶ πάλιν ἐν Φρυγίῃ με θεημάχος ἤκαχεν Λύρη;
ἀλλ’ ἢ μὲν νόθον εἶδος ἀμειψαμένη πόρε ποιήν,
Τανταλὶς αἰνοτόκεια, καὶ εἰσέτι δάκρυα λείβει
ὄμμασι πετραίοισιν· ἀνιθεῖσα δὲ μούνη
430 αἴσχος ἔχω νήποινον, ἐπεὶ φιλοπάρθενος Αὖρη
δάκρυσιν οὐ λίθον εἶχε λελουμένον, οὐκ ἴδε πηγὴν
μῶμον ἀπαγγέλλουσιν ἀφειδέος ἀνθερεῶνος.
ἀλλὰ σὺ κυδαίνουσα τεῖν Τιτηνίδα φύτλην
δὸς μετὰ μητρώην ἐτέρην χάριν, ὄφρα νοήσω
435 λαϊνῆς ἀτίνακτον ἀμειβομένης δέμας Αὖρης;

μηδὲ τὴν ἔμφυλον ὀδυρομένην λίπε κούρην,
 μή μοι ἐπεγγελόωσαν ἶδω πάλιν ἄτροπον Αὔρην,
 ἥέ μιν οἴστρήσειε τεῖη χαλκὴ λατος ἄρπη.’
 ὥς φαμένην θάρσυνε θεὰ καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ:
 440 ‘Λητώη φυγόδεμνε, κυνοσσόε, σύγγονε Φοίβου,
 οὐ μὲν ἐμῷ δρεπάνῳ Τιτηνίδα παῖδα δαμάσσω,
 οὐδὲ μιν ἐν Φρυγίῃ τελέσω πετρώδεα νύμφην,
 Τιτηνων γεγαυῖα παλαιάτατον αἶμα καὶ αὐτὴ,
 μή ποτέ μοι μέμψαιτο πατήρ Λήλαντος ἀκούων:
 445 ἐν δέ σοι, ἰοχέαιρα, χαρίζομαι: ἀγρότις Αὔρη
 παρθενικὴν ἤλεγξε, καὶ οὐκέτι παρθένος ἔσται:
 καὶ μιν ἐσαθρήσειας ὀρεσσιχύτου διὰ κόλπου
 δάκρυσι πηγαίοισιν ὀδυρομένην ἔτι μίτρην.’
 εἶπε παρηγορέουσα: καὶ οὔρεα κάλλιπε κούρη
 450 Ἄρτεμις ἐξομένη κεμάδων τετράζυγι δίφρῳ,
 καὶ Φρυγίης ἐπέβαινε. ὁμοζήλῳ πορεῖη
 παρθένος Ἀδρήστεια μετήιε δύσμαχον Αὔρην,
 γρυῦπας ἀμιλλητῆρας ὑποζεύξασα χαλινῶ:
 καὶ ταχινὴ πεφόρητο δι’ ἥερος ὀξεί διφρῳ,
 455 καὶ δρόμον ἐστήριξεν ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο καρήνων
 Τανταλίδος προπάροιθε λιθογλήνοιο προσώπου,
 πτηνῶν τετραπόδων σκολιοὺς σφίγγουσα χαλινούς.
 αὐρὴς δ’ ἐγγὺς ἵκανε ἀγήνορος: ὑψίνοον δὲ
 αὐχένα δειλαίης ὀφιώδεϊ τύψεν ἱμάσθλῃ,
 460 καὶ μιν ἀνεστυφέλιξε δίκης τροχοειδέϊ κύκλῳ,
 καὶ νόον ἄφρονα κάμψεν ἀκαμπέος: ἀμφὶ δὲ μίτρη
 παρθενικῆς ἐλέλιζεν ἐχιδνήεσσαν ἱμάσθλην
 Ἀργολὶς Ἀδρήστεια: χαριζομένη δὲ θεαίνῃ,
 καὶ μάλα περ κοτέοντι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
 465 ὥπλισεν ἄλλον ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ πέλε νῆις Ἑρώτων,
 Παλλήνης μετὰ λέκτρα, μετὰ φθιμένην Ἀριάδνην,
 τὴν μὲν λειπομένην ἐνὶ πατρίδι, τὴν δ’ ἐνὶ γαίῃ
 ἄλλοτρίῃ πετραῖον, Ἀχαιῖδος ὡς βρέτας Ἥρης,
 καὶ Βρόης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀνηνύστων περὶ λέκτρων.
 470 καὶ Νέμεσις πεπότητο νιφοβλήτῳ παρὰ Ταύρῳ,
 εἰσόκε Κῦδνον ἵκανε τὸ δεύτερον ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρη
 ἡδυβόλῳ Διόνυσον Ἔρωσ οἴστρησεν οἰστῶ,
 καὶ πρερὰ κυκλώσας ἐπέησατο κοῦφος Ὀλύμπου.
 καὶ θεὸς οὔρεσφόιτος ἱμάσσετο μείζονι πυρσῶ:
 475 οὐ γάρ ἔην ἐλάχεια παραίφασις: οὐ τότε κούρης
 ἐλπίδα Κυπρδίην, οὐ φάρμακον εἶχεν Ἑρώτων:
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἐφλεγε μᾶλλον Ἔρωσ θελξίφρονι πυρσῶ
 θυιάδος ὀπιτέλεστον ἀπειθέος εἰς γάμον Αὔρης.
 καὶ μογέων ἔκρυπτεν ἐὼν πόθον, οὐδ’ ἐνὶ λόχμαις

480 Κυπριδίοις ὁάροισιν ὁμίλεεν ἐγγύθεν Αὔρης,
μή μιν ἀλυσκάζειε. τί κύντερον, ἢ ὅτε μοῦνοι
ἄνδρες ἱμείρουσι, καὶ οὐ ποθέουσι γυναῖκες;
καὶ μέθεπε πραπίδεςσι πεπηγμένον ἰὸν Ἐρώτων,
παρθένος εἰ δρόμον εἶχε κυνοσσόον ἐνδοθι λόχμης:
485 Κυπριδίοις δ' ἀνέμοισιν ἀειρομένοιο χιτῶνος
μηρὸν ὀπιπεύων θηλύνετο Βάκχος ἀλήτης.
ὄψ' ἐδὲ παφλάζοντι πόθῳ δεδονημένος Αὔρης
Βάκχος ἀμηχανάων ἔπος ἴαχε λυσσάδι φωνῇ:
'Πανὸς ἐγὼ δυαέρωτος ἔχω τύπον, ὅττι με φεύγει
490 παρθένος ἠνεμόφοιτος, ἔρημονόμῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
πλάζεται ἀστήρικτος ἀθηήτου πλέον Ἥχοῦς.
ὄλβιε, Πάν, Βρομίοιο πολὺ πλέον, ὅττι ματεύων
φάρμακον εὔρες ἔρωτος ἐνὶ φρενοθελευεῖ φωνῶ:
σὸν κτύπον ὑστερόφωνος ἀμείβεται ἄστατος Ἥχῳ
495 φθεγγομένη λάλον ἦχον ὁμοίον: αἶθε καὶ αὐτὴ
ἐκ στομάτων ἓνα μῦθον ἀνήρυγε παρθένος Αὔρη.
οὗτος ἔρωσ οὐ πᾶσιν ὁμοίος: οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὴ
παρθενικαῖς ἐτέρησιν ὁμότροπον ἦθος ἀέξει.
ποῖον ἐμῆς ὀδύνης πέλε φάρμακον; ἦ ῥά ἐθέλξω
500 νεύματι Κυπριδίῳ; πότε που, πότε θέλγεται Αὔρη
κινυμένοις βλεφάροισιν; ἔρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
τίς γαμίοις ὁάροισι παραπλάζει φρένας ἄρκτου
εἰς Παφίην, ἐς Ἔρωτα; τίς ὠμίλησε λεαίνῃ;
τίς δρυὶ μῦθον ἔλεξε; τίς ἄπνοον ἦπαφε πεύκην;
505 τίς κρανέην παρέπεισε, καὶ εἰς γάμον ἦγαγε πέτρην;
ποῖος ἀνὴρ θέλξειεν ἀκηλήτου νόον Αὔρης;
ποῖος ἀνὴρ θέλξειεν; ἀμιτροχίτωνι δὲ κούρη
τίς γάμον ἦ φιλότητος ἀρηγόνα κεστὸν ἐνίψῃ;
τίς γλυκὺ κέωτρον Ἔρωτος ἦ οὔνομα Κυπρογενείης;
510 μᾶλλον Ἀθηναίῃ τάχα πείσεται: οὐδὲ με φεύγει
Ἄρτεμις ἀπτοίητος, ὅσον φιλοπάρθενος Αὔρη.
αἶθε φίλοις στομάτεσσιν ἔπος τόδε μοῦνον ἐνίψῃ:
'Βάκχε, μάτην ποθέεις, μὴ δίξω παρθένον Αὔρην.'"
ἔννεπεν ἀνθεμόεντος ἔσω λειμῶνος ὀδεύων
515 εἰαρινοῖς ἀνέμοισι, καὶ εὐόδμῳ παρὰ μύρτῳ
ἡδὺ μεσημβριζῶν πόδας εὔνασεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρῳ
κέκλιτο συρίζουσιν ἔχων Ζεφυρήιον αὔπην
καὶ καμάτῳ καὶ ἔρωτι κατάσχετος: ἐξομένῳ δὲ
ἡλικὸς αὐτομέλαθρος ὑπερκύψασα κορύμβου
520 παρθένος ἀκρήδεμνος Ἀμαδρυὰς ἔννεπε Νύμφη,
Κύπριδι πιστὰ φέρουσα καὶ ἱμερόεντι Λυαίῳ:
'Οὐ δύναται ποτε Βάκχος ἄγειν ἐπὶ δέμνιον Αὔρην,
εἰ μή μιν βαρύδεσμον ἀλυκτοπέδησι πεδήσῃ,

δεσμοῖς Κυπριδίοισι πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἐλίξας,
525 ἥ ἐ μιν ὑπνώουσαν ὑποζεύξας ὑμεναίοις
παρθενικῆς ἀνάεδνον ὑποκλέψειε κορείην.’
ὥς φαμένη παλινόρσος ὀμήλικι κεύθετο θάμνω
δυσαμένη δρυόεντα πάλιν δόμον· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμνων
Βάκχος ἐρωτοτόκοισι νόον πόμπευεν ὄνειροις.
530 ψυχὴ δ’ ἠνεμόφοιτος ἀποφθιμένης Ἀριάδνης,
νήδυμον ὑπνώνοντι παρισταμένη Διονύσῳ,
ζηλήμων μετὰ πότμον ὀνειρεῖω φάτο μῦθον·
‘Ἀμνήμων Διόνυσε τεῶν προτέρων ὑμεναίων,
αὔρης ζῆλος ἔχει σε, καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγεις Ἀριάδνης·
535 ὦμοι ἐμοῦ Θησῆος, ὃν ἤρπασε πικρὸς ἀήτης,
ὦμοι ἐμοῦ Θησῆος, ὃν ἔλλαχεν ἀνέρα Φαίδρην.
οὐ τάχα μοι πέπρωτο φυγεῖν ψεύδορκον ἀκοίτην,
εἰ γλυκὺς ὑπναλέην με λίπεν νέος, ἀντὶ δὲ κείνου
νυμφεύθην δυσέρωτι καὶ ἡπεροπῇ Λυαίῳ.
540 ὦμοι, ὅτ’ οὐ βροτὸν ἔσχον ἐγὼ ταχύποτμον ἀκοίτην,
καὶ κεν ἐρωμανέοντι κορυσσομένη Διονύσῳ
Λημνιάδων γενόμην καὶ ἐγὼ μία θηλυτεράων.
ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέων γαμίων ἐπιβήτορα λέκτρων,
νυμφίον ὄρκαπάτην, μετὰ Θησέα καὶ σὲ καλέσσω·
545 εἰ δέ σε δῶρον Ἔρωτος ἀπαιτίζει σέο νύμφη,
δέξο μοι ἡλακάτην, φιλοτήσιον ἔδνον Ἐρώτων,
ὄφρα πόρῃς, ἀθέμιστε, φιλοσκοπέλῳ σέο νύμφη
δῶρα τεῆς ἀλόχου Μινωίδος, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ·
δῶκε μίτον Θησῇ καὶ ἡλακάτην Διονύσῳ.’
550 καὶ σὺ κατὰ Κρονίωνα λέχος μετὰ λέκτρον ἀμείβων
ἔργα γυναιμανέος μιμήσαιο σείλο τοκῆος,
οἷστρον ἔχων ἀκόρητον ἀμοιβαίης Ἀφροδίτης·
Σιθονίης ἀλόχοιο νεοζυγέων ὑμεναίων,
Παλλήνης, γάμον οἶδα, καὶ Ἀλθαίης ὑμεναίου·
555 σιγήσω φιλότητα Κορωνίδος, ἧς ἀπὸ λέκτρων
τρεῖς Χάριτες γεγάασιν ὁμόζυγες· ἀλλὰ, Μυκῆναι,
πότμον ἐμὸν φθέγξασθε καὶ ἄγριον ὄμμα Μεδοῦσης,
καὶ φθονερῆς ἐς ἔρωτα βιαζομένης Ἀριάδνης,
ἡόνες Νάξοιο, βοήσατε· ‘νυμφίε Θησεῦ,
560 Μινῶη καλέει σε χολωομένη Διονύσῳ.’
ἀλλὰ τί Κεκροπίης μιμνήσκομαι; εἰς Παφίην γὰρ
μέμφομαι ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Θησεὶ καὶ Διονύσῳ.’
ὥς φαμένη σκίοεντι πανεῖκελος ἔσσυτο καπνῷ.
καὶ θρασὺς ἔγρετο Βάκχος ἀποσκεδάσας πτερὸν Ὕπνου,
565 μυρομένην δ’ ὥκτειρεν ὀνειρεῖν Ἀριάδνην.
καὶ δόλον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἐδίζετο πομπὸν Ἐρώτων·
νύμφης δ’ Ἀστακίδος προτέρων ἐμνήσαιο λέκτρων,

πῶς ἔρατῃν δολόεντι ποτῷ νυμφεύσατο κούρην
 ὕπνον ἔχων πομπῆα μεθυσφαλέων ὑμεναίων.
 570 ὄφρα μὲν ἦθελε Βάκχος ἐπεντύνειν δόλον εὐνῆς,
 τόφρα δὲ φοιταλή Ληλαντιᾶς ἔδραμε κούρη
 πίδακα μαστεύουσα, κατάσχετος αἶθοπι δίψῃ.
 οὐδὲ λάθην Διόνυσον ὀρίδρομος ἄστατος Αὔρη
 διψαλή: ταχινὸς δὲ θορῶν ἐπὶ πυθμένα πέτρης
 575 θύρῳ γαῖαν ἄρασσε: διχαζομένη δὲ κολώνη
 αὐτομάτην ὥδινε μέθην εὐώδεϊ μαζῷ
 χεύματι πορφύροντι: χαριζόμεναι δὲ Λυαίῳ
 δμῳίδες Ἥελίοιο κατέγραφον ἀνθεσιν Ὠραι
 πίδακος ἄκρα μέτωπα, καὶ εὐδόμοισιν ἀήταις
 580 ἀρτιφύτου λειμῶνος ἱμάσσετο νήδυμος ἀήρ:
 εἶχε δὲ Ναρκίσσοιο φερώνυμα φύλλα κορύμβων
 ἡθέου χαρίεντος, ὃν εὐπετάλῳ παρὰ Λάτμῳ
 νυμφίος Ἐνδυμίων κεραῆς ἔσπειρε Σελήνης,
 ὃς πάρος ἡπεροπῆος ἐύχροος εἶδεῖ κωφῷ
 585 εἰς τύπον αὐτοτέλεστον ἰδὼν μορφούμενον ὕδωρ
 κάθανε, παπταίνων σκιοειδέα φάσματα μορφῆς:
 καὶ φυτὸν ἔμπνοον εἶχεν Ἀμυκλαίης ὑακίνθου:
 ἱπτάμεναι δ' ἀγελῆδὸν ἐπ' ἀνθεμόεντι κορύμβῳ
 εἰαρινῶν ἐλίγαινον ἀηδόνες ὑψόθι φύλλων.
 590 κεῖθι δὲ διψώουσα μεσημβριάς ἔτρεχεν Αὔρη,
 εἴ ποθι διψώουσα Διὸς χύσιν ἢ τινα πηγὴν
 ἢ ῥόον ἀθρήσειεν ὀρεσσιχύτου ποταμοῖο:
 ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ βλεφάροισιν Ἔρωσ κατέχευεν ὁμίχλην.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε Βακχείην ἀπατήλιον ἔδρακε πηγὴν,
 595 δὴ τότε οἱ βλεφάρων σκίοεν νέφος ἦλασε Πειθῷ
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα γάμου πρωτάγγελον Αὔρη:
 'Παρθενική, κόλε δεῦρο, τελεσσιγάμοιο δὲ πηγῆς
 εἰς στόμα δέξο ῥέεθρα, καὶ εἰς σέο κόλπον ἀκοίτην.'
 κούρη δ' ἄσμενος εἶδε: παραπροχυθεῖσα δὲ πηγῇ
 600 χεῖλεσιν οἴγομένοισιν ἀνήφυσεν ἱκμάδα Βάκχου.
 παρθενική δὲ ποῦσα τόσῃν ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν:
 'Νηιάδες, τί τὸ θαῦμα; πόθεν πέλε νήδυμον ὕδωρ;
 τίς ποτὸν ἔβλυσε τοῦτο; τίς οὐρανίη τέκε γαστήρ;
 ἔμπης τοῦτο ποῦσα ποτὶ δρόμον οὐκέτι βαίνω:
 605 ἀλλὰ πόδες βαρύθουσι, καὶ ἡδέι θέλγομαι ὕπνῳ,
 καὶ σφαλερὸν στομάτων ἀπαλόθροον ἦχον ἰάλλω.'
 εἶπε καὶ ἀστήρικτον ἐοῦ ποδὸς εἶχε πορείην:
 ἦιε δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πολυπλανέεσσιν ἐρωαῖς
 πυκνὰ περὶ κροτάφοισι τινασσομένοιο καρῆνον:
 610 καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐκκλινεν ἐρειδομένην σχεδὸν ὦμῳ:
 εὔδε δ' ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο τανυπτόρθῳ παρὰ δένδρῳ

παρθενίην ἀφύλακτον ἐπιτρέψασα χαμεύνη.
καὶ πυρόεις βαρύγουνον Ἔρωσ δεδοκήμενος Αὔρην
οὐρανόθεν κατέπαλτο, γαληναίῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
615 μειδιῶν ἀγόρευεν, ὁμοφρονέων Διονύσῳ:
‘Ἀγρώσσεις, Διόνυσε: μένει δέ σε παρθένος Αὔρη.’
ὥς εἰπὼν ἔς Ὀλυμπον ἐπείγετο, καὶ πτερὰ πάλλων
εἰαρινοῖς πετάλοισιν ἐχάζετο τοῦτο χαράξας:
‘νυμφίε, λέκτρα τέλεσσον, ἕως ἔτι παρθένος εὐδαι:
620 σιγῇ ἔφ’ ἡμείων, μὴ παρθένον ὕπνος ἐάσῃ.’
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Ἰόβακχος ἐπ’ ἀστρώτοιο χαμεύνης
νυμφιδίου Ληθαῖον ἀμεργομένην πτερὸν Ὑπνου,
ἄσφορος ἀκροτάτοισιν ἀσάμβαλος ἵχνεσιν ἔρπων
κωφὸν ἀφωνήτοιο μετήιε δέμνιον Αὔρης:
625 χειρὶ δὲ φειδομένη γλαφυρὴν ἀπέθηκε φαρέτρην
παρθενικῆς, καὶ τόξα κατέκρυφε κοιλάδι πέτρῃ,
μὴ μιν ὀιστεύσειε τιναξαμένη πτερὸν Ὑπνου:
καὶ δεσμοῖς ἀλύτοισι πόδας σφηκώσατο κούρης,
καὶ παλάμαις ἐλικηδὸν ἐπεσφρηγίσσατο σειρήν,
630 μὴ μιν ἀλυσκάζειεν: ἐπιστορέσας δὲ κονίῃ
παρθενικὴν βαρύυπνον ἐτοιμοτάτην Ἀφροδίτῃ
αὔρης ὕπναλέης γαμίην ἐκλεψεν ὀπώρην.
καὶ πόσις ἦν ἀνάεδνος: ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δὲ δειλὴ
οἶνοβαρὴς ἀτίνακτος ἐννυμφεύθη Διονύσῳ:
635 καὶ σκιεραῖς πτερύγεσσι περισφίγγων δέμας Αὔρης
ὕπνος ἔην Βάκχοιο γαμοστόλος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
πειρήθη Παφίης, καὶ ὁμόζυγός ἐστι Σελήνης,
καὶ νυχίης φιλότητος ὁμόστολός ἐστιν Ἑρώτων:
καὶ γάμος ὥς ὄναρ ἔσκε. Πολυσκάρθμῳ δὲ χορείῃ
640 εἰς χορὸν αὐτοέλικτον ἀνεσκίρτησε κολώνῃ,
ἡμιφανῆς δ’ ἐδόνησεν Ἀμαδρυὰς ἥλικα πεύκην:
μούνῃ δ’ ἦν ἀχόρευτος ἐν οὔρεσι παρθένος Ἠχώ,
αἰδομένη δ’ ἀκίχητος ἐκεύθετο πυθμένι πέτρης,
μὴ γάμον ἀθρήσειε γυναιμανέος Διονύσου.
645 καὶ τελέσας ὕμεναιον ἀδουπήτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
νυμφίος ἀμπελόεις, πεφυλαγμένον ἵχνος ἀείρας,
νύμφης μὲν κύσε χεῖλος ἐπήρατον, ἀκλινέας δὲ
λῦσε πόδας καὶ χεῖρας, ἀπὸ σκοπέλου δὲ φαρέτρην
χειρὶ λαβὼν καὶ τόξα πάλιν παρακάθητο νύμφῃ.
650 καὶ Σατύρων σχεδὸν ἦλθεν ἔτι πνείων ὕμεναιων,
ὕπναλέης ἀνέμοισιν ἐπιτρέψας λέχος Αὔρης.
νύμφῃ δ’ ἐκ φιλότητος ἀνέδραμε: λυσιμελῇ δὲ
ὕπνον ἀκηρύκτων ἀπεσεύσατο μάρτυν Ἑρώτων:
θάμβεϊ δ’ εἰσορώσας σαόφρονος ἔκτοθι μίτρης
655 στήθεα γυμνωθέντα καὶ ἀσκεπέος πτύχα μηροῦ

καὶ γαμῖη ῥαθάμιγγι περιστιχθέντα χιτῶνα,
ἄρπαμένην ἀνάεδνον ἀπαγγέλλοντα κορείην,
μαίνεται παπταίνουσα· καὶ ἥρμοσε κυκλάδα μίτρην
στέρνα πάλιν σκιόωσα, καὶ ἡθάδος ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
660 παρθενίῳ ζωστῆρι μάτην ἐσφίγγετο δεσμῷ.
ἄχνημένη δ' ὀλόλυξε, κατὰσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης·
ἄγρονόμους δ' ἐδίωξε, καὶ εὐπετάλου σχεδὸν ὄχθης
τινυμένη δολόεντα πόσιν ποινήτορι θεσμῷ
μηλονόμους ἐδάϊξεν· ἀμειλίκτῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
665 βουκόλον ἔκτανε μᾶλλον, ἐπεὶ μάθε νυμφίον Ἡοῦς,
Τιθωνὸν χαρίεντα, δυσίμερον ἄνερα βούτην,
ὅττι βοῶν ἀγέλαις μεμελημένον ἔσχε καὶ αὐτὴ
Λάτμιον Ἐνδυμίωνα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη·
ἔκλυε καὶ Φρυγίοιο, τὸν ἔκτανε παρθένος ἄλλη,
670 ὕμνου πικρὸν ἔρωτα, ποθοβλήτοιο νομῆος·
αἰπόλον ἔκτανε μᾶλλον, ὅλον χορὸν ἔκτανεν αἰγῶν
αἰνοπαθῆς, ὅτι Πᾶνα δυσίμερον ἔδρακε κούρη
ἰσοφυῇ μεθέποντα δασύτριχος αἰγὸς ὀπωπὴν·
ἔλπετο γὰρ μάλα τοῦτο, πόθῳ δεδονημένος Ἥχοῦς
675 ὅττι μιν ὕπναλῆν ἐβιήσατο μηλονόμος Πάν·
γειοπόνους δ' ἐδάμασσε πολὺ πλεόν, ὅττι καὶ αυτοὶ
Κύπριδι θητεῦουσιν, ἐπεὶ πέλε γηπόνος ἄνθρωπος,
Ἰασίων, Δήμητρος ἀμαλλοτόκου παρακοίτην·
ἔκτανε δ' ἀγρευτῆρα παλαιότερῳ τινὶ μύθῳ
680 πειθομένη· Κέφαλον γάρ, ἀμήτορος ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης,
ἔκλυε θηρητῆρα ῥοδοστεφῆος πόσιν Ἡοῦς·
Βακχεῖς δ' ἐδάϊξεν ὑποδρηστῆρας ὀπώρης,
ὅττι φιλακρήτοιο μέθης Βλύζοντες ἐέρσην
οἶνοβαρεῖς δυσέρωτες ὀπάονές εἰσι Λυαίου·
685 οὐ πῶ γάρ δεδάηκε δολοφροσύνην Διονύσου
καὶ ποτὸν ἡπεροπῆα φιλακρήτου Κυθερείης,
ἀλλὰ φιλοσκοπέλων καλύβας ἐκένωσε νομῆων
αἷματι φοινῆεντι περιρραίνουσα κολῶνας.
καὶ νόον αἰθῦσσουσα, κατὰσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης,
690 Κύπριδος εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν· ἀπειλητῆρα δὲ κεστοῦ
λυσάμενη ζωστῆρα νεοκλῶστοιο χιτῶνος
ἄβρὸν ἀνικῆτοιο δέμας μάστιζε θεαίνης·
καὶ βρέτας ἀρπάξασα τελεεσιγάμου Κυθερείης
Σαγγαρίου σχεδὸν ἦλθε, κυλινδομένην δὲ ῥεέθροις
695 γυμναῖς Νηιάδεσσι πόρεν γυμνὴν Ἀφροδίτην.
καὶ μετὰ θεῖον ἄγαλμα καὶ αὐτοέλικτον ἱμάσθλην
δείκελον ἄβρὸν Ἔρωτος ἀπηκόντιζε κονίη·
καὶ κενεὸν λίπε δῶμα Κυβηλίδος ἀφρογενεῖς.
φοιταλῆη δ' ἀκίχητος ἐθήμονα δύσατο λόχημν,

700 καὶ σταλίκων ἔψαυσε, πάλιν δ' ἐμνήσατο θήρης·
καὶ διεροῖς βλεφάροισιν ἐὴν στενάχιζε κορεῖν,
ὁξὺ δὲ κωκύουσα τόσῃν ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν·
‘Τίς θεὸς ἡμετέρης ἀνελύσατο δεσμὰ κορεῖς;
εἰ μὲν ἐμὲ κνώσσουσαν ἐρημονόμων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
705 εἶδος ὑποκλέπτων ἐβίησατο μητίετα Ζεὺς,
οὐδὲ καὶ ἡμετέρην ἠδέσσατο γείτονα Ῥεῖην,
ἀγροτέρους μετὰ θῆρας ὀϊστεύσω πόλον ἄστρον·
εἰ δέ μοι ὑπναλέῃ παρελέξατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
πέρσω πασιμέλουσιν ὅλην πετρώδεα Πυθώ·
710 εἰ δὲ λέχος σύλησεν ἐμὸς Κυλλήνιος Ἑρμῆς,
Ἄρκαδιην προθέλυμνον ἐμοῖς βελέεσσιν ὀλέσσω,
καὶ τελέσω θεράπαιναν ἐμὴν χρυσάμπυκα Πειθώ·
εἰ δὲ δόλοις γαμίοισιν ὄνειρέων ὑμεναίων
ἀπροῖδής Διόνυσος ἐμὴν σύλησε κορεῖν,
715 Ἴξομαι, ἧχι πέλει Κυβέλης δόμος, ὑψιλόφου δὲ
οἰστρομανῇ Διόνυσον ἀπὸ Τμῶλοιο διώξω·
καὶ φονίην ὥμοισιν ἐπικρεμάσασα φαρέτρην
εἰς Πάφον, εἰς Φρυγίην θωρήξομαι· ἀμφοτέροις γὰρ
τόξον ἐμὸν τανύσω, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
720 σοὶ πλέον, ἰοχέαιρα, χολώομαι, ὅττι με, κούρη,
οὐ κτάνες ὑπναλέην ἔτι παρθένον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῷ
σοῖς καθαροῖς βελέεσσιν ἐθωρήχθης παρακοίτη.’
ἔννεπε, καὶ τρομέουσιν ἐὴν ἀνεσεύρασε φωνήν
δάκρυσι νικηθεῖσα. τελεσιγάμου δὲ Λυαίου
725 παιδοτόκου πλησθεῖσα γονῆς δυσπάρθενος Αὔρη
διπλόον ὄγκον ἄειρε· γυνὴ δ' ἐπεμήνατο φόρτῳ
ἄσχετα βακχευθεῖσα γονῆς, δυσπάρθενος Αὔρη ...
ἢ σπόρος αὐτολόχευτος ἢ ἀνέρος ἐξ ὑμεναίων
ἢ ἐ θεοῦ δολίοιο· Διὸς δ' ἐμνήσατο νύμφης,
730 Πλουτοῦς αἰνοτόκου Βερεκυντίδος, ἧς ἀπὸ λέκτρων
Τάνταλος ἐβλάστησε. καὶ ἥθελε γαστέρα τέμνειν,
ὄφρα δαΐζομένης ἀπὸ νηδύος ἄφρονι λύσση
ἄτροφον ἡμιτέλεστον αἰστώσειε γενέθλην.
καὶ ξίφος ἠέρταζε, διὰ στέρνοιο δὲ γυμνοῦ
735 δεξιτερῇ μενέαιεν ἀφειδέι φάσγανον ἔλκειν.
πολλάκι δ' ἀρτιτόκοιο μετήιεν ἄντρα λεαίνης,
ὥς κεν ὀλισθήσειε θελήμονος εἰς λῖνα Μοίρης·
ἀλλὰ μιν οὐρεσίφοιτος ὑπέκφυγε ταρβαλέη θήρ,
μὴ μιν ἀποκτείνειε, μυχῶ δ' ἐκρύπτετο πέτρης
740 σκύμνον ἐρημαίῃσιν ἐπιτρέψασα χαμεύναις.
πολλάκι δ' οἶδαλέοιο γυναικείου διὰ κόλπου
αὐτοφόνος μενέαιεν ἐκούσιον ἄορ ἐλάσσαι,
ὄφρα κεν αὐτοδάκτος ὄνειδεα γαστροῦς ἀλύξει

καὶ στόμα τερπομένης φιλοκέρτομον ἰσχεαίρης:
745 καὶ νοέειν μενέαινεν ἔδν πόσιν, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴ
υἷέα δαιτρεύσειεν ἀναινομένῳ παρακοίτῃ,
αὐτὴ παιδοφόνος καὶ ὁμεινέτις, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ:
‘ Πρὸκνη παιδολέτειρα νέη πέλε δύσγαμος Αὖρη.’
καὶ μιν ὀπιπεύουσα νέων ἐγκύμονα παίδων
750 Ἄρτεμις ἐγγὺς ἴκανε ἐὼ γελῶντι προσώπῳ,
δειλαιὴν δ’ ἐρέθιζε, καὶ ἀστόργῳ φάτο φωνῇ:
‘ Ὑπνον ἴδον, Παφίης θαλαμηπόλον, εἶδον Ἐρώτων
ξανθῆς νυμφιδίης ἀπατήλια χεῦματα πηγῆς,
ἦχι ποτῷ δολόεντι νεήνιδες ἦλικά μίτρην
755 ἄρπαγι παρθενίης γαμῖῳ λύουσιν ὀνειρῷ:
εἶδον ἐγὼ κλέτας, εἶδον, ὅπῃ ζυγίῃ παρὰ πέτρῃ
ἀπροϊδῆς δολόεντι γυνὴ νυμφεύεται ὕπνῳ:
Κύπριδος εἶδον ὄρος φιλοτήσιον, ἦχι γυναικῶν
παρθενίην κλέπτοντες ἀλυσκάζουσιν ἀκοῖται.
760 εἶπέ, γύναι φυγόμενε, τί σήμερον ἡρέμα βαίνεις;
ἢ πρὶν ἀελλήεσσα, πόθεν βαρύγουνος ὁδεύεις;
νυμφεύθης ἀέκουσα, καὶ οὐ τεδὸν οἶδας ἀκοίτην:
οὐ δύνασαι κρύπτειν κρύφιον γάμον: οἶδαλέοι γὰρ
σὸν πόσιν ἀγγέλλουσι νεογλαγέες σέο μαζοί.
765 εἶπὲ δέ μοι, βαρύυπνε, στυκτόνε, παρθένε, νύμφη,
πῶς μεθέπεις χλοάουσαν ἐρευθαλέην σέο μορφήν;
τίς σέο λέκτρα μίηνε; τίς ἦρπασε σεῖο κορείην;
ξανθαὶ Νηιάδες, μὴ κρύψατε νυμφίον Αὖρης.
οἶδα, γύναι βαρύφορτε, τεδὸν λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην:
770 σὸς γάμος οὐ με λέληθε, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις,
σὸς πόσις οὐ με λέληθε: βαρυνομένη δέμας ὕπνῳ
εὐνέτις ἀστυφέλικτος ἐνυμφεύθης Διονύσῳ.
ἀλλὰ τεδὸν λίπε τόξον: ἀναινομένη δὲ φαρέτρην
ὄργια μυστιπόλεψε γυναιμανέος σέο βάκχου,
775 τύμπανα χειρὶ φέρουσα καὶ εὐκεράων θρόον αὐλῶν.
πρὸς δὲ τεῆς λίτομαί σε τελεσσιγάμοιο χαμεύνης,
ποῖά σοι ὥπασεν ἔδνα τεδὸς Διόνυσος ἀκοίτης;
μὴ σοι νεβρίδα δῶκε, τεῆς αὐτάγγελον εὐνῆς;
μὴ σοι χάλκεα ῥόπτρα τεῶν πόρε παίγνια παίδων;
780 πείθομαι, ὥς πόρε θύρσον, ἀκοντιστῆρα λεόντων:
καὶ τάχα κύμβαλα δῶκε, τὰ περ δονέουσι τιθῆναι
φάρμακα νηπιάχοισι φιλοθρήνων ὀδυνάων.’
ἐννεπε κερτομέουσα: καὶ ἔμπαλιν ὥχετο δαίμων,
θῆρας ὀιστεῦουσα τὸ δεῦτερον, ἀχνυμένη δὲ
785 ἡερίοις ἀνέμοισιν ἐὰς μεθέηκε μερίμνας.
κούρη δ’ οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀμάρτυρος ὑψόθι πέτρης
ὀξὺ βέλος μεθέπουσα δυηπαθέος τοκετοῖο

φρικαλέον βρύχημα λεχωίδος εἶχε λεαίνης·
 πέτραι δ' ἀντιάχουσιν· ἔρισμαράγοιο δὲ κούρης
 790 φθόγγου ἀμειβομένη μυκήσατο δύσθροος Ἥχῳ.
 καὶ παλάμας, ἅτε πῶμα, περισφιγξάσα λοχείῃ
 κλεῖτε θοῇν ὠδίνα πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο,
 καὶ τόκον ἀρτιτέλεστον ἐρήτυεν· ἐχθομένην γὰρ
 Ἄρτεμιν οὐ μενέαιεν ἐπ' ὠδίνεσσι καλέσσαι·
 795 Ἡραίας δὲ θυγάτρας ἀνάινετο, μὴ ποτε Βάκχου
 μητρυιῆς ἅτε παῖδες ἐπιβρίσωσι λοχείῃ.
 κούρη δ' ἀσχαλώουσα κατηφέα ῥῆξεν ἰώην,
 νυσσομένη κέντροισιν ἀπειρώδινος ἀνάγκης·
 'Οὕτως ἰοχέαιραν ἴδω καὶ θοῦριν Ἀθήνην,
 800 οὕτως ἀμφοτέρας ἐγκύμονας ὄφρα νοήσω·
 Ἄρτεμιν ὠδίνουσαν ἐλέγξατε, μαϊάδες Ὠραι,
 μαρτυρίῃ τοκετοῖο, καὶ εἵπατε Τριτογενεῖη·
 'παρθενικὴ γλαυκῶπι, νηητόκε μήτερ ἀμήτωρ.'
 οὕτω ξυνὰ παθοῦσαν ἴδω φιλοπάρθενον Ἥχῳ
 805 Πανὶ παρευνηθεῖσαν ἢ ἀρχεκάκῳ Διονύσῳ.
 Ἄρτεμι, καὶ σὺ τεκοῦσα παραίφασις ἔσσειαι Αὔρης,
 θῆλυ γάλα στάζουσα λεχώιον ἄρσενι μαζῶ.
 εἶπεν ὀδυρομένη βαρυῶδυνα κέντρα λοχείης.
 καὶ τόκον ἰοχέαιρα κατέσχεθε, παιδοτόκῳ δὲ
 810 νύμφῃ μόχθον ὅπασσεν ἐρυκομένου τοκετοῖο.
 καὶ τελετῆς Νίκαια κυβερνήτειρα Λυαίου
 μόχθον ὀπιπεύουσα καὶ αἴσχεα λυσσάδος Αὔρης
 τοίην κρυπταδίην οἰκτίρμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
 'Αὔρη ξυνὰ παθοῦσα, κινύρεο καὶ σὺ κορεῖην·
 815 γαστρί δὲ φόρτον ἔχουσα δυηπαθέος τοκετοῖο
 τέτλαθι μοι μετὰ λέκτρον ἔχειν καὶ κέντρα λοχείης,
 τέτλαθι καὶ βρεφέεσσιν ἀήθεα μαζὸν ὀρέξαι.
 καὶ σὺ πόθεν πίες οἶνον, ἐμῆς συλήτορα μίτρης;
 καὶ σὺ πόθεν πίες οἶνον, ἔως πέλες ἔγκυος, Αὔρη;
 820 καὶ σὺ πάθες, φυγόμενε, τὰ περ πάθον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
 μέμφω νυμφοκόμων ἀπατήλιον ὕπνον Ἐρώτων.
 εἷς δόλος ἀμφοτέραις γάμον ἥρμοσεν, εἷς πόσις Αὔρης
 παρθενικὴν Νικαίαν ἐθήκατο μητέρα παιδων·
 οὐκέτι τόξον ἔχω θηροκτόνον, οὐκέτι νευρήν,
 825 ὥς πάρος, αὖ ἐρύω καὶ ἐγὼ βέλος· εἰμὶ δὲ δειλὴ
 ἱστοπόνος θήλεια, καὶ οὐκέτι θοῦρις Ἀμαζών.'
 ἔννεπεν οἰκτείρουσα τελεσσιγόνου πόνον Αὔρης,
 οἷά τε πειρηθεῖσα τόκου μογεροῖο καὶ αὐτὴ.
 Λητώη δ' αἰούσα βαρυφθόγγου κτύπον Αὔρης
 830 ἦλυθεν αὐχήμεσσα τὸ δεύτερον ἐγγύθι νύμφης·
 τειρομένην δ' ἐρέθιζε καὶ ἴαχε κέντροι μύθῳ·

‘ Παρθένε, τίς σε τέλεσσε λεχωίδα μητέρα παιδων;
 ἢ γάμον ἀγνώσσουσα πόθεν γλάγος ἔλλαχε μαζοῦ;
 οὐκ ἴδον, οὐ πυθόμην, ὅτι παρθένος υἷα λοχεύει.
 835 ἢ ῥα φύσιν μετὰμειψε πατήρ ἐμός; ἢ ῥα γυναιῖκες
 νόσφι γάμου τίκτουσι; σὺ γάρ, φιλοπάρθενε κούρη,
 ὠδίνεις νέα τέκνα, καὶ εἰ στυγέεις Ἀφροδίτην.
 ἢ ῥα κυβερνήτειραν ἀναγκαίου τοκετοῖο
 Ἄρτεμιν οὐ καλέουσι λεχωίδες, ὅττι σὺ μούνη
 840 εἰς τόκον ἀγροτέρης οὐ δεύει λοχεαίρης;
 οὐδὲ τεδὸν Διόνυσον ἀμαιοῦτων ἀπὸ κόλπων
 ἔδρακεν Εἰλείθυια, τεῆς ἐλάτεια γενέθλης;
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἡμιτέλεστον ἐμαιώσαντο κεραυνοί.
 μὴ κοτέης, ὅτι παῖδας ἐνὶ σκοπέλοισι λοχεύεις:
 845 ἢ σκοπέλων βασιλεία τόκου πειρήσατο Ῥεῖη:
 τίς νέμεσις ποτε τοῦτο; κατ’ οὖρεα τέκνα λοχεύεις,
 ὥς δάμαρ οὐρεσίφοιτος ὄρεσσινόμου Διονύσου.’
 ἔννεπε: καὶ κοτέουσα λεχωιάς ἄχυντο νύμφη
 Ἄρτεμιν αἰδομένη καὶ ἐν ἄλγεσιν. ἃ μέγα δειλή,
 850 ἐγγὺς ἔην τοκετοῖο καὶ ἤθελε παρθένος εἶναι.
 καὶ βρέφος εἰς φάος ἦλθε θωώτερον: Ἀρτέμιδος γὰρ
 φθεγγομένης ἔτι μῦθον ἀκοντιστῆρα λοχείης
 διπλὸς αὐτοκέλευστος ἐμαιώθη τόκος Αὔρης
 λυομένης ὠδῖνος, ὅθεν διδύμων ἀπὸ παιδων
 855 Δίνδυμον ὑψικάρηνον ὄρος κικλήσκετο Ῥεῖης.
 καὶ θεὸς ἀθρήσασα νέην εὐπαιδα γενέθλην
 τοῖον ἔπος παλίνορσος ἀμοιβαῖη φάτο φωνῇ:
 ‘Μαῖα, γυνὴ μονιή, διδυμητόκε δύσγαμε νύμφη,
 υἷαςι μαζὸν ὄρεζον ἀήθεα, παρθένε μήτηρ:
 860 παππάζει σέο κοῦρος ἀπαιτίζων σε τοκῆα:
 εἰπὲ δὲ σοῖς τεκέεσσι τεδὸν λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην.
 Ἄρτεμις οὐ γάμον οἶδε, καὶ οὐ τρέφεν υἷα μαζῶ:
 σὸν λέχος οὖρεα ταῦτα, καὶ ἡθάδος ἀντὶ χιτῶνος
 σπάργανα σῶν βρεφῶν πολυδαίδαλα δέρματα νεβρῶν.’
 865 εἶπε, καὶ ὠκυπέδιλος ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην.
 καὶ καλέσας Νικαίαν ἔην Κυβελῆδα νύμφην,
 μεμφομένην ἔτι λέκτρα λεχωίδα δείκνυεν Αὔρην
 μειδιῶν Διόνυσος: ἐρημονόμοιο δὲ κούρης
 ἀρτιγάμοις ἀγόρευεν ἐπαυχήσας ὕμεναιois:
 870 ‘Ἄρτι μόγις, Νικαία, παραίφασιν εὖρες Ἐρώτων:
 ἄρτι πάλιν Διόνυσος ἐπὶ κλοπῶν ἦνυσεν εὐνήν,
 παρθενικῆς δ’ ἐτέρης γάμον ἥρπασεν: ἐν δὲ κολώναις
 ἢ πρὶν ἀλυσκάζουσα καὶ οὔνομα μοῦνον Ἐρώτων
 σοῖς θαλάμοις τύπον ἴσον ὄρεστιάς ἔδρακεν Αὔρη.
 875 οὐ μούνη γλυκὺν ὕπνον ἐδέξαιο πομπὸν Ἐρώτων,

οὐ μούνη πίες οἶνον ἐπὶ κλοπὸν ἄρπαγα μίτρης:
ἀλλὰ νέης ἄγνωστος ἀνοιγομένης ἀπὸ πηγῆς
νυμφοκόμος πάλιν οἶνος ἀνέβλυε, καὶ πῖεν Αὖρη.
ἀλλὰ βέλος δεδαυῖαν ἀναγκαίου τοκετοῖο,
880 πρὸς Τελετῆς λίτομαί σε, χοροπλεκέος σέο κούρης,
σπεῦσον ἀερτάζειν ἐμὸν υἷέα, μὴ μιν ὀλέσση
τολμηραῖς παλάμησιν ἐμὴ δυσμήχανος Αὖρη:
οἶδα γάρ, ὥς διδύμων βρεφέων ἓνα παῖδα δαμάσσει
ἄσχετα λυσσώουσα: σὺ δὲ χραίσμησον Ἰάκχῳ:
885 ἔσσο φύλαξ ὠδῖνος ἀρείονος, ὄφρα κεν εἴη
σὴ Τελετὴ θεράπαινα καὶ υἷει καὶ γενετῇρι.
ὥς εἰπὼν παλινορσος ἐχάζετο Βάκχος ἀγήνωρ,
κυδιῶν Φρυγίοισιν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροις ὕμεναιοις
πρεσβυτέρης ἀλόχοιο καὶ ὀπλοτέρης περὶ νύμφης.
890 καὶ βαρὺ πένθος ἔχουσα τελεσσιτόκῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ,
παῖδας ἐλαφρίζουσα, λεχωῖας ἴαχε μήτηρ:
'ἡερόθεν γάμος οὗτος: ἐμὸν γόνον ἡέρι ρίψω:
νυμφεύθην ἀνέμοισι καὶ οὐ βροτέην ἴδον εὐνὴν,
αὖρης δ' εἰς ὕμεναιον ἐπώνυμοι ἦλυθον αὖραι:
895 καὶ λοχίας ἐχέτωσαν ἐμὰς ὠδῖνας ἀῆται.
ἔρρετέ μοι, νέα τέκνα δολορραφέος γενετῆρος,
ὕμέας οὐκ ἐλόχευσα: τί μοι κακὰ θηλυτεράων;
ἀμφαδὸν ἄρτι, λέοντες, ἐλεύθεροι εἰς νομὸν ὕλης
ἔλθετε θαρσήεντες, ὅτ' οὐκέτι μάρναται Αὖρη:
900 καὶ σκυλάκων ἐλίκωπες ἀρείονές ἐστε λαγωοί:
θῶες, ἐμοὶ τέρπεσθε: παρ' ἡμετέρῃ δὲ χαμεῦνῃ
πόρδαλιν ἀπτοίητον ἐπισκαίροντα νοήσω:
ἄξατε σύννομον ἄρκτον ἀταρβέα: παιδοτόκου γὰρ
αὖρης χαλκοχίτωνες ἐθελύνθησαν ὅιστοί.
905 αἰδέομαι μεθέπειν μετὰ παρθένον οὔνομα νύμφης,
μὴ βριαρὸν τεκέεσσιν ἐμὸν ποτε μαζὸν ὀπάσσω:
μὴ παλάμη θλίψοιμι νόθον γάλα, μηδ' ἐνὶ λόχμας
θηροφόνος γεγαυῖα γυνὴ φιλότεκνος ἀκούσω.'

910 ... θῆκεν ὑπὸ σπήλυγγι λεχώια δεῖπνα λεαίνης:
ἀλλὰ Διωνύσοιο νέην εὐπαιδα γενέθλην,
πόρδαλις ὠμοβόροισι δέμας λιχμῶσα γενεῖοις,
ἔμφρονα θυμὸν ἔχουσα σοφῶ μαιώσατο μαζῶ:
θαμβάλεοι δὲ δράκοντες ἐκυκλώσαντο λοχείην
915 ἰοβόλοις στομάτεσσιν, ἐπεὶ νέα τέκνα φυλάσσω
μειλιχίους καὶ θῆρας ἐθήκατο νυμφίος Αὖρης.
καὶ ποδὶ φοιταλέῳ Ληλαντιᾶς ἄνθορε κούρη
ἄγριον ἦθος ἔχουσα δασυστέρνοιο λεαίνης,
ἡερίαις δ' ἀκίχητος ἀνηκόντιζεν ἀέλλαις
920 θηρείων ἓνα παῖδα διαρπάξασα γενεῖων:

καὶ πάϊς ἄρτιλόχευτος ἐνὶ στροφάλλιγι κονίης
ἤερόθεν προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησεν ἀρούρη:
καὶ μιν ἀφαρπάξασα φίλῳ τυμβεύσατο λαιμῷ,
δαινυμένη φίλα δέϊπνα. καὶ ἀστόργοιο τεκούσης
925 ταρβαλέη τέκος ἄλλο λεχωίδος ἤρπασεν Αὔρης
παρθένος ἰοχέαιρα, διαστείχουσα δὲ λόχμην
παιδοκόμῳ κούφιζεν ἀήθεϊ κοῦρον ἀγοστῶ.
καὶ Βρομίου μετὰ λέκτρα, μετὰ στροφάλλιγγα λοχείης
μῶμον ἀλυσκάζουσα γαμήλιον ἀγρότις Αὔρη,
930 ἀρχαίης μεθέπουσα σέβας φιλοπάρθενον αἰδοῦς,
Σαγγαρίου σχεδὸν ἦλθεν: ὀπισθοτόνῳ δ' ἅμα τόξῳ
εἰς προχοᾶς ἀκόμιστον ἐὴν ἔρριψε φαρέτρην,
καὶ βυθίῳ προκάρηνος ἐπεσκίρτησε ῥέεθρῳ
ὄμμασιν αἰδομένοισιν ἀναινομένη φάος Ἥοϋς,
935 καὶ ῥοθίοις ποταμοῖο καλύπτετο: τὴν δὲ Κρονίων
εἰς κρήνην μετάμειψεν: ὄρεσιχύτοιο δὲ πηγῆς
μαζοὶ κρουνὸς ἔην, προχοὴ δέμας, ἄνθεα χαῖται,
καὶ κέρας ἔπλετο τόξον ἐυκραίρου ποταμοῖο
ταυροφυές, καὶ σχοῖνος ἀμειβομένη πέλε νευρή,
940 καὶ δόνακες γεγαῶτες ἐπερροίζησαν ὀιστοί,
καὶ βυθὸν ἰλυνόντα διεσσυμένη ποταμοῖο
εἰς γλαφυρὸν κευθμῶνα χυτὴ κελάρυζε φαρέτρη.
καὶ χόλον ἰοχέαιρα κατεύνασεν: ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμη
ἶχνια μαστεύουσα φιλοσκοπέλοιο Λυαίου
945 ἦιεν, ἄρτιλόχευτον ἀειρομένη βρέφος Αὔρης,
πήχεϊ κουφίζουσα νόθον βάρος: αἰδομένη δὲ
ὥπασεν ἄρσενά παῖδα κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
Νικαίῃ δ' ἐδὸν υἷα πατήρ πόρε, μαιάδι νύμφῃ:
ἡ δὲ μιν ἤέρταζε, καὶ ἀκροτάτης ἀπὸ θηλῆς
950 παιδοκόμων θλίβουσα φερέσβιον ἱκμάδα μαζῶν
κοῦρον ἀνῆέξησε. λαβὼν δὲ μιν ὑπόθι δίφρου
νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐπώνυμον υἷα τοκῆος
Ἀτθίδι μυστιπὸλῳ παρακάτθετο Βάκχος Ἀθήνην,
εὖια παππάζοντα: θεὰ δὲ μιν ἔνδοθι νηοῦ
955 Παλλὰς ἀνυμφεύτῳ θεοδέγμονι δέξατο κόλπῳ:
παιδί δὲ μαζὸν ὄρεξε, τὸν ἔσπασε μοῦνος Ἐρεχθεύς,
αὐτοχύτῳ στάζοντα νόθον γάλαγος ὄμφακι μαζῶ.
καὶ μιν Ἐλευσινίησι θεὰ παρακάτθετο Βάκχαις:
ἀμφὶ δὲ κοῦρον Ἰακχὸν ἐκυκλώσαντο χορείῃ
960 νύμφαι κισσοφόροι Μαραθωνίδες, ἄρτιτόκῳ δὲ
δαίμονι νυκτιχόρευτον ἐκούφισαν Ἀτθίδα πεύκην:
καὶ θεὸν ἰλάσκοντο μεθ' υἷα Περσεφονείης,
καὶ Σεμέλης μετὰ παῖδα, θηηπολίας δὲ Λυαίῳ
ὀπιγόνῳ στήσαντο καὶ ἀρχηγόνῳ Διονύσῳ,

965 καὶ τριτάτῳ νέον ὕμνον ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ἰάκχῳ.
καὶ τελεταῖς τρισσῇσιν ἐβακχεύθησαν Ἀθῆναι·
καὶ χορὸν ὀψιτέλεστον ἀνεκρούσαντο πολῖται
Ζαγρέα κυδαίνοντες ἅμα Βρομίῳ καὶ Ἰάκχῳ.
οὐδὲ Κυδωναίων ἐπελήσατο Βάκχος Ἐρώτων,
970 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὀλλυμένης προτέρης ἐμνήσατο νύμφης·
καὶ Στέφανον περίκυκλον ἀποιχομένης Ἀριάδνης
μάρτυν ἔῃς φιλότητος ἀνεστήριξεν Ὀλύμπῳ,
ἄγγελον οὐ λήγοντα φιλοστεφάνων ὕμεναιών.
καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις πατρώιον αἰθέρα βαίνων
975 πατρὶ σὺν εὐώδινι μιῇς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης,
καὶ βροτέην μετὰ δαῖτα, μετὰ προτέρην χύσιν οἴνου
οὐράνιον πίε νέκταρ ἀρειότεροισι κυπέλλοις,
σύνθρονος Ἀπόλλωνι, συνέστιος υἱεὶ Μαίης.

The Dual Text



'Actaeon Surprising Artemis in the bath' by Titian, 1556-59 — which occurs in the fifth book of the epic

DUAL GREEK AND ENGLISH TEXT



Translated by W. H. D. Rouse

In this section, readers can view a section by section text of Nonnus' epic poem, alternating between the original Greek and Rouse's English translation.

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BOOK 1

πρῶτον ἔχει Κρονίωνα, φασφόρον ἄρπαγα νύμφης,
καὶ παλάμαις Τυφῶνος ἀρασσόμενον πόλον ἄστρων.

εἰπέ, θεά, Κρονίδαο διάκτορον αἴθοπος αὐγῆς,
νυμφιδίῳ σπινθῆρι μογοστόκον ἄσθμα κεραυνοῦ,
καὶ στεροπὴν Σεμέλης θαλαμηπόλον· εἰπέ δὲ φύτλην
Βάκχου δισσοτόκοιο, τὸν ἐκ πυρὸς ὑγρὸν αἰέρας
5 Ζεὺς βρέφος ἡμιτέλεστον ἀμαιεύτοιο τεκούσης,
φειδομέναις παλάμησι τομὴν μηροῖο χαράξας,
ἄρσενι γαστρὶ λόχευσε, πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
εὖ εἰδὼς τόκον ἄλλον, ἐπεὶ γονόεντι καρήνῳ,
ἄσπορον ὄγκον ἄπιστον ἔχων ἐγκύμονι κόρσῃ,
10 τεύχεσιν ἀστράπτουσαν ἀνηκόντιζεν Ἀθήνην.

BOOK I

*The first contains Cronion, light-bearing ravisher of the nymph, and the starry
heaven battered by Typhon's hands.*

Tell the tale, Goddess, of Cronides' courier with fiery flame, the gasping travail which the thunderbolt brought with sparks for wedding-torches, the lightning in waiting upon Semele's nuptials; tell the naissance of Bacchos twice-born, whom Zeus lifted still moist from the fire, a baby half-complete born without midwife; how with shrinking hands he cut the incision in his thigh and carried him in his man's womb, father and gracious mother at once – and well he remembered another birth, when his own head conceived, when his temple was big with child, and he carried that incredible unbegotten lump, until he shot out Athena scintillating in her armour.

ἄξατέ μοι νάρθηκα, τινάξατε κύμβαλα, Μοῦσαι,
καὶ παλάμη δότε θύρσον αἰειδομένου Διονύσου:
ἀλλὰ χοροῦ ψαύοντα, Φάρῳ παρὰ γείτοني νήσῳ,
στήσατέ μοι Πρωτῆα πολύτροπον, ὄφρα φανείη
15 ποικίλον εἶδος ἔχων, ὅτι ποικίλον ὕμνον ἀράσσω:
εἰ γὰρ ἐφερπύσσειε δράκων κυκλούμενος ὀλκῷ,
μέλψω θεῖον ἄεθλον, ὅπως κισσῶδεϊ θύρσῳ
φρικτὰ δρακοντοκόμων ἐδαΐζετο φῦλα Γιγάντων:
εἰ δὲ λέων φρίξειεν ἐπαυχενίην τρίχα σείων,
20 Βάκχον ἀνευάξω βλοσυρῆς ἐπὶ πῆχεϊ Πείρης
μαζὸν ὑποκλέπτοντα λεοντοβότοιο θαίνης:
εἰ δὲ θυελλήεντι μετάρσιος ἄλματι ταρσῶν

πόρδαλις αἶξῃ πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμείβων,
 ὑμνήσω Διὸς υἱά, πόθεν γένος ἔκτανεν Ἴνδῶν
 25 πορδαλίων ὀχέεσσι καθιππεύσας ἑλεφάντων:
 εἰ δέμας ἰσάζοιτο τύπῳ σὺός, υἱά Θυώνης
 αἶσω ποθέοντα συοκτόνον εὖγαμον Αὔρην,
 ὀφιγόνου τριτάτοιο Κυβηλίδα μητέρα Βάκχου:
 εἰ δὲ πέλοι μιμηλὸν ὕδωρ, Διόνυσον αἶσω
 30 κόλπον ἄλδς δύνοντα κορυσσομένοιο Λυκούργου:
 εἰ φυτὸν αἰθύσσοιτο νόθον ψιθύρισμα τιταίνων,
 μνήσομαι Ἰκαρίοιο, πόθεν παρὰ θυιάδι ληνῶ
 βότρυς ἀμιλλητῆρι ποδῶν ἐθλίβετο ταρσῶ.

[11] Bring me the fennel, rattle the cymbals, ye Muses! put in my hand the wand of Dionysos whom I sing: but bring me a partner for your dance in the neighbouring island of Paros, Proteus of many turns, that he may appear in all his diversity of shapes, since I twang my harp to a diversity of songs. For if, as a serpent, he should glide along his winding trail, I will sing my god's achievement, how with ivy-wreathed wand he destroyed the horrid hosts of Giants serpent-haired. If as a lion he shake his bristling mane, I will cry "Euoi!" to Bacchos on the arm of buxom Rheia, stealthily draining the breast of the lionbreeding goddess. If as a leopard he shoot up into the air with a stormy leap from his pads, changing shape like a master-craftsman, I will hymn the son of Zeus, how he slew the Indian nation, with his team of pards riding down the elephants. If he make his figure like the shape of a boar, I will sing Thyone's son, love-sick for Aura the desirable, boarslayer, daughter of Cybele, mother of the third Bacchos late-born. If he be mimic water, I will sing Dionysos diving into the bosom of the brine, when Lycurgos armed himself. If he become a quivering tree and tune a counterfeit whispering, I will tell of Icaros, how in the jubilant winepress his feet crushed the grape in rivalry.

Ἀξάτῃ μοι νάρθηκα, Μιμαλλόνες, ὠμαδίην δὲ
 35 νεβρίδα ποικιλόνωντον ἐθήμονος ἀντὶ χιτῶνος
 σφίγξατῃ μοι στέρνοισι, Μαρωνίδος ἔμπλεον ὁδμῆς
 νεκταρέης, βυθίῃ δὲ παρ' Εἰδοθέῃ καὶ Ὀμήρῳ
 φωκᾶων βαρὺ δέρμα φυλασσέσθω Μενελάῳ.
 εὐνία μοι δότε ῥόπτρα καὶ αἰγίδας, ἡδυμελῇ δὲ
 40 ἄλλῳ διθροον αὐλὸν ὀπάσσετε, μὴ καὶ ὀρίνω
 Φοῖβον ἐμόν: δονάκων γὰρ ἀναίνεται ἔμπνοον ἡχώ,
 ἐξ ὅτε Μαρσύαιο θεημάχων αὐλὸν ἐλέγξας
 δέρμα παρηώρησε φυτῶ κολπούμενον αὖραις,
 γυμνώσας ὅλα γυῖα λιπορρίνοιο νομῆος.

[34] Bring me the fennel, Mimallons! On my shoulders in place of the wonted kirtle, bind, I pray, tight over my breast a dapple-back fawnskin, full of the perfume of Maronian nectar; and let Homer and deep-sea Eidothea keep the rank skin of the seals for Menelaos. Give me the jocund tambours and the goatskins! but leave for another the double-sounding pipe with its melodious sweetness, or I may offend my own Apollo; for he rejects the sound of breathing reeds, ever since he put to shame Marsyas and his god-defiant pipes, and bared every limb of the skin-stript shepherd, and hung his skin on a tree to belly in the breezes.

45 ἀλλὰ, θεά, μαστῆρος ἀλήμονος ἄρχεο Κάδμου.

[45] Then come now, Goddess, begin with the long search and the travels of Cadmos.

Σιδονίης ποτὲ ταῦρος ἐπ' ἠόνος ὑπικερως Ζεὺς
ἱμερόεν μύκημα νόθῳ μιμήσατο λαιμῷ
καὶ γλυκὺν εἶχε μῦωπα: μετοχμάζων δὲ γυναιῖκα,
κυκλώσας παλάμας περὶ, γαστέρα διζυγι δεσμῷ,
50 βαῖδς Ἔρωσ κούφιζε, καὶ ἐγγύθεν ὕγροπόρος βοῦς
κυρτὸν ὑποστορέσας λοφίην ἐπιβήτορι κούρη,
δόχμιος ὀκλάζων, κεχαλασμένα νῶτα τιταίνων,
Εὐρώπην ἀνάειρε: διεσσυμένοιο δὲ ταύρου
πλωτὸς ὄνυξ ἐχάραξε βατῆς ἀλὸς ἄψοφον ὕδωρ
55 ἔχνεσι φειδομένοισιν: ὑπὲρ πόντοιο δὲ κούρη
δείματι παλλομένη βοέῳ ναυτίλλετο νῶτῳ
ἄστεμφῆς ἀδιάντος: ἰδὼν δὲ μιν ἦ τάχα φαίης
ἦ Θέτιν ἦ Γαλάτειαν ἦ εὐνέτιν ἐννοσιγαίου
ἦ λοφίη Τρίτωνος ἐφεζομένην Ἀφροδίτην:
60 καὶ πλόον εἰλιπόδην ἐπεθάμβεε κυανοχαίτης,
τρίτων δ' ἠπεροπῆα Διὸς μυκηθμὸν ἀκούων
ἀντίτυπον Κρονίωνι μέλος μυκήσατο κόχλῳ
ἀεῖδων ὑμέναιον: ἀειρομένην δὲ γυναιῖκα
θαῦμα φόβῳ κεράσας ἐπεδείκνυε Δωρίδι Νηρεῦς,

[46] Once on the Sidonian beach Zeus as a high-horned bull imitated an amorous bellow with his changeling throat, and felt a charming thrill; little Eros heaved up a woman, with his two arms encircling her middle. And while he lifted her, at his side the sea-faring bull curved his neck downwards, spread under the girl to mount, sinking sideways on his knees, and stretching his back submissive, he raised up Europa; then the bull pressed on, and his floating hoof furrowed the water of the trodden brine noiselessly with forbearing footsteps. High above the sea, the girl throbbing with fear

navigated on bullback, unmoving, unwetted. If you saw her you would think it was Thetis perhaps, or Galatea, or Earthshaker's bedfellow, or Aphrodite seated on Triton's neck. Aye, Seabluehair marvelled at the waddle-foot voyage; Triton heard the delusive lowing of Zeus, and bellowed an echoing note to Cronos' son with his conch by way of wedding song; Nereus pointed out to Doris the woman carried along, mingling wonder with fear as he saw the strange voyager and his horns.

65 ξείνον ἰδὼν πλωτῆρα κερασφόρον: ἀκροβαφῆ δὲ
ὀλκάδα ταῦρον ἔχουσα βοοστόλος ἔπλεε νύμφη,
καὶ διερῆς τρομέουσα μετάρσιον ἄλμα πορείης
πηδάλιον κέρας ἔσχε, καὶ Ἴμερος ἔπλετο ναύτης.
καὶ δολόεις Βορέης γαμῖη δεδονημένον αὔρη
70 φᾶρος ὅλον κόλπωσε δυσίμερος, ἀμφοτέρῳ δὲ
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτων ἐπεσύρισεν ὄμφακι μαζῶ.
ὥς δ' ὅτε Νηρείδων τις, ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης,
ἐξομένη δελφίνι χυτὴν ἀνέκοπτε γαλήνην,
καὶ οἱ ἀειρομένης ἐλελίζετο μυδαλέη χεὶρ
75 νηχομένης μίμημα, φέρων δὲ μιν ἄβροχον ἄλμης
ἡμιφανῆς πεφόρητο δι' ὕδατος ὑγρὸς ὀδίτης,
κυρτώσας ἐὰ νῶτα, διερπύζουσα δὲ πόντου
δίπτυχος ἄκρα κέλευθα κατέγραφεν ἰχθύος οὐρή:
ὥς ὃ γε νῶτον ἄειρε: τιταινομένοιο δὲ ταύρου
80 βουκόλος αὐχένα δοῦλον Ἔρωσ ἐπεμάστιε κεστῶ,
καὶ νομίην ἄτε ράβδον ἐπωμίδι τόξον ἀείρων
Κυπριδίη ποιμαίνε καλαῦροπι νυμφίον Ἥρης
εἰς νομὸν ὑγρὸν ἄγων Ποσιδήιον: αἰδομένη δὲ
παρθενίην πόρφυρε παρηίδα Παλλὰς ἀμήτωρ
85 ἡνίοχον Κρονίωνος ὀπιπεύουσα γυναῖκα.
καὶ Διὸς ὕδατόεντι διεσσυμένου πόρον ὀλκῶ
οὐ πόθον ἔσβεσε πόντος, ὅτι βρυχίην Ἀφροδίτην
οὐρανίης ὠδινεν ἀπ' αὐλακος ἔγκυον ὕδωρ:
καὶ βοὸς ἀφλοίσβοιο κυβερνήτειρα πορείης

[65] But the maiden, a light freight for her bull-barge, sailed along oxriding, with a horn for steering-oar, and trembled at the high heaving of her watery course, while Desire was the seaman. And artful Boreas bellied out all her shaking robe with amorous breath, love-sick himself, and in secret jealousy, whistled on the pair of unripe breasts. As when one of the Nereids has peeped out of the sea, and seated upon a dolphin cuts the flooding calm, balanced there while she paddles with a wet hand and pretends to swim, while the watery wayfarer half-seen rounds his back and carries her dry through the brine, while the cleft tail of the fish passing through the sea scratches the surface in its course, – so the bull lifted his back: and while the bull stretched,

his drover Eros flogged the servile neck with his charmed girdle, and lifting bow on shoulder like a pastoral staff, shepherded Hera's bridegroom with Cypri's crook, driving him to Poseidon's watery pasture. Shame purpled the maiden cheek of Pallas unmothered, when she spied Cronion ridden by a woman. So Zeus clove the course with watery furrow, but the deep sea did not quench his passion – for did not the water conceive Aphrodite by a heavenly husbandry, and bring her forth from the deeps? Thus a girl steered the bull's unboisterous passage, herself at once both pilot and cargo.

90 κούρη φόρτος ἔην καὶ ναυτίλος. εἰσορόων δὲ
μιμηλὴν ταχύγουνον ἔχέφρονα νῆα θαλάσσης
τοῖον ἔπος περίφοιτος Ἀχαιικὸς ἴαχε ναύτης:
‘Οφθαλμοί, τί τὸ θαῦμα; πόθεν ποσὶ κύματα τέμνων
νήχεται ἀτρυγέτοιο δι’ ὕδατος ἀγρονόμος βοῦς;
95 μὴ πλωτὴν Κρονίδης τελέει χθόνα; μὴ διὰ πόντου
ὕγρὸς ἀλιβρέκτοιο χαράσσεται ὀλκὸς ἀμάξης;
παπταίνω κατὰ κύμα νόθον πλόον· ἧ ῥα Σελήνη
ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἔχουσα μετ’ αἰθέρα πόντον ὀδεύει,
ἀλλὰ Θέτις βυθίη διερὸν δρόμον ἠνιοχεύει;
100 οὐ βοῖ χερσαίῳ τύπον εἴκελον εἰνάλιος βοῦς
ἔλλαχεν — ἰχθυόεν γὰρ ἔχει δέμας — , ἀντὶ δὲ γυνυῆς
ἄλλοφανῆς ἀχάλινον ἐν ὕδασι πεζὸν ὀδίτην
Νηρεῖς ἔλκεσίπεπλος ἀήθεα ταῦρον ἐλαύνει.
εἰ πέλε Δημήτηρ σταχυηκόμος, ὕγροπόρῳ δὲ
105 γλαυκὰ διασχίζει βοέῳ ποδὶ νῶτα θαλάσσης,
καὶ σὺ βυθοῦ μετὰ κύμα, Ποσειδάων, μετανάστης
γαίης διψία νῶτα μετέρχεο πεζὸς ἀροτρεὺς,
νῆϊ θαλασσαιῇ Δημήτερος αὐλακα τέμνων,
χερσαίοις ἀνέμοισι βατὸν πλόον ἐν χθονὶ τεύχων.
110 ταῦρε, παρεπλάγχθης μετανάστιος· οὐ πέλε Νηρεὺς
βουκόλος, οὐ Πρωτεὺς ἀρότης, οὐ Γλαῦκος ἄλωεὺς,
οὐχ ἔλος, οὐ λειμῶνες ἐν οἷσμασιν, ἀλλὰ θαλάσση
ἀτρυγέτῳ πλώοντες ἀνήροτα ναύλοχον ὕδωρ
πηδαλίῳ τέμνουσι καὶ οὐ σχίζουσι σιδήρῳ:
115 αὐλακας οὐ σπεύρουσιν ὀπάονες ἐννοσιγαίου,
ἀλλὰ φυτὸν πόντοιο πέλει βρύα καὶ σπόρος ὕδωρ,
ναυτίλος ἀγρονόμος, πλόος αὐλακες, ὀλκὰς ἐχέτλη.

[90] One saw this mimic ship of the sea, alive and nimble-kneed, – an Achaian seaman passing by, and he cried out in this fashion: “O my eyes, what’s this miracle? how comes it that he cuts the waves with his legs, and swims over the barren sea, this land-pasturing bull? Navigable earth – is that the new creation of Cronides? Shall the farmer’s wain trace a watery rut through the brine-sprent deep? That’s a bastard voyage I descry upon the waves! Surely

Selene has gotten an unruly bull, and leaves the sky to traipse over the high seas! Or no – deepwater Thetis drives a coach on a floating racecourse! This sea-bull is a creature very different from the land-bull, has a fishlike shape; must be a Nereid with other looks, not naked now, but in long flowing robes, driving this bull unbridled to march afoot on the waters, a new fashion that! If it is Demeter wheatenhaired, cleaving the gray back of the sea with waterfaring oxhoof, then thou, Poseidon, must have turned landlubber and migrated to the thirsty back of earth, afoot behind the plow, and cut Demeter’s furrow with thy sea-vessel, blown by land-winds, tramping a voyage on the soil! Bull, you are astray out of your country; Nereus is no bulldrover, Proteus no plowman, Glaucos no gardener; no marshground, no meadows in the billows; on the barren sea there’s no tillage, but sailors cut the ship-harboursing water with a steering-oar, and do not split with iron; Earthshaker’s hinds do not sow in the furrows, but the sea’s plant is seaweed, sea’s sowing is water, the sailor is the farmer, the only furrow is the ship’s grain and wake, the hooker is the plow.

ἀλλὰ πόθεν μεθέπεις τινὰ παρθένον; ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτοὶ
ταῦροι ἔρωμανέοντες ἀφαρπάζουσι γυναῖκας;
¹²⁰ ἦ ῥα Ποσειδάων ἀπατήλιος ἦρπασε κούρην
ταυρεῖην κερόεσσαν ἔχων ποταμηίδα μορφήν;
μὴ δόλον ἄλλον ὕφηνε πάλιν μετὰ δέμνια Τυροῦς,
ὥς καὶ χθιζὰ τέλεσσεν, ὅθ’ ὕδατόεις παρακοίτης
χεύμασι μιμηλοῖσι νόθος κελάρυζεν Ἐνιπέυς;

[118] “But how came you to have dealings with a maid? Do bulls also go mad with love, and ravish women? Has Poseidon played a trick, and ravished a girl under the shape of a horned bull like a river-god? Has he woven another plot to follow the bedding of Tyro, just as he did the other day, when the watery paramour came trickling up with counterfeit ripples like a bastard Enipeus?”

¹²⁵ τοῖον ἔπος περόων Ἑλλήνιος ἔννεπε ναύτης
θαμβάλεος. βοέους δὲ γάμους μαντεύσατο κούρη,
καὶ πλοκάμους τίλλουσα γοήμονα ῥῆξεν ἰωήν:
‘Κωφὸν ὕδωρ, ῥηγμῖνες ἀνανδέες, εἴπατε ταῦρῳ,
εἰ βόες εἰσαΐουσιν: ‘ἄμειλινχε, φεῖδεο κούρης.’
¹³⁰ εἴπατέ μοι, ῥηγμῖνες, ἐμῷ φιλόπαιδι τοκῇ
Εὐρώπην λιτόπατριν ἐφεζομένην τινὶ ταῦρῳ
ἄρπαγι καὶ πλωτῇρι καί, ὥς δοκέω, παρακοίτη.
μητέρι βόστρυχα ταῦτα κομίσσατε, κυκλάδες αὔραι.
ναί, λίτομαι, Βορέης, ὥς ἦρπασας Ἀτθίδα νύμφην,
¹³⁵ δέξό με σαῖς πτερύγεσσι μετάρσιον: ἴσχεο, φωνή,
μὴ Βορέην μετὰ ταῦρον ἔρωμανέοντα νοήσω.’

[125] So the Hellenic sailor spoke his amazement as he passed by. Then the girl presaged her union with the bull; and tearing her hair, she broke out in lamentable tones: “Deaf Water, voiceless Coasts! Say to the Bull, if cattle can hear and hearken, ‘Merciless, spare a girl!’ Ye Coasts, pray tell my loving father that Europa has left her native land, seated upon a bull, my ravisher, my sailor, and I think, my bed-fellow. Take these ringlets to my mother, ye circling Breezes. Aye Boreas, I conjure thee, receive me on thy pinions in the air, as thou didst ravish thine Athenian bride! But stay, my voice! or I may see Boreas in love, like the Bull!” So the girl spoke, as the bull ferried her on his back.

ὥς φαμένη ῥαχίῃσι βοὸς πορθμεύετο κούρη:
Κάδμος ὅθεν περίφοιτος ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰς χθόνα βαίνων
ἄστατα νυμφοκόμοιο μετήιεν ἴχνια ταύρου.
140 ἦλθε καὶ εἰς Ἀρίμων φόνιον σπέος, εὔτε κολῶναι
φοιτάδες ἀρρήκτοιο πύλας ἥρασσον Ὀλύμπου,
εὔτε θεοὶ πτερόεντες ἀχείμονος ὑψόθι Νείλου
ὀρνίθων ἀκίχητον ἐμιμήσαντο πορείην
ἠερίῳ ξένον ἴχνος ἐρετμώσαντες ἀήτη,

[137] Then Cadmos, passing in his travels from land to land, followed the never-staying tracks of the bull turned bridesman. He came to the bloodstained cave of Arima, when the mountains had moved from their seats and were beating at the gate of inexpugnable Olympos, when the gods took wing above the rainless Nile, like a flight of birds far out of reach, oaring their strange track in the winds of heaven, and the seven zones of the sky were sore assailed.

145 καὶ πόλος ἐπτάζωνος ἱμάσσετο: καὶ γὰρ ἐς εὐνὴν
Πλουτοῦς Ζεὺς Κρονίδης πεφορημένος, ὄφρα φυτεῦσῃ
Τάνταλον οὐρανίων ἀεσίφρονα φῶρα κυπέλλων,
αἰθέρος ἔντεα θῆκε μυχῶ κεκαλυμμένα πέτρης
καὶ στεροπὴν ἔκρυσεν: ὑπωροφίων δὲ κεραυνῶν
150 καπνὸν ἐρευγομένων ἐμελαινέτο λευκὰς ἐρίπνη,
καὶ κρυφίῳ σπινθῆρι πυριγλώχινος ὀιστοῦ
πηγαὶ ἐθερμαίνοντο, χαραδραίων δὲ ῥεέθρων
Μυγδονὶς ἀφριόωσα φάραγξ ἐπεβόμβεεν ἀτμῶ.

[145] This was the reason. Zeus Cronides had hurried to Pluto’s bed, to beget Tantalos, that mad robber of the heavenly cups; and he laid his celestial weapons well hidden with his lightning in a deep cavern. From underground the thunderbolts belched out smoke, the white cliff was blackened; hidden sparks from a fire-barbed arrow heated the watersprings; torrents boiling with

foam and steam poured down the Mygdonian gorge, until it boomed again.

καὶ παλάμας τανύσας ὑπὸ νεύματι μητρὸς Ἀρούρης
155 ὄπλα Διὸς νιφόμεντα Κίλιξ ἔκλεψε Τυφωεύς,
ὄπλα πυρός: πετάσας δὲ βαρυσμαράγων στίχα λαιμῶν
παντοίην ἀλάλαζεν ὁμοφθόγγων ὅπα θηρῶν:
συμφυέες δὲ δράκοντες ἐπερρώοντο προσώπῳ
πορδαλιῶν, βλοσυρὰς δὲ κόμας λιχμῶντο λεόντων,
160 καὶ βοέας σπειρηδὸν ἐμιτρώσαντο κεραίας
οὐραίας ἐλίκεσσι, τανυγλώσσων δὲ γενείων
ἰὼν ἄκοντιστῆρα συῶν ἐπεμίγνουον ἀφρῶ.

[154] Then at a nod from his mother, the Earth, Cilician Typhoeus stretched out his hands, and stole the snowy tools of Zeus, the tools of fire; then spreading his row of rumble-rattling throats, he yelled as his warcry the cries of all wild beasts together: the snakes that grew from him waved over his leopards' heads, licked the grim lions' manes, girdled with their curly tails spiral-wise round the bulls' horns, mingled the shooting poison of their long thin tongues with the foam-spittle of the boars.

ἔντεα δὲ Κρονίδαο τιθεὶς ὑπὸ φωλάδα πέτρην
ἡλιβάτων ἐτίταινεν ἔς αἰθέρα λήια χειρῶν:
165 εὐπαλάμῳ δὲ φάλαγγι περὶ σφυρὸν ἄκρον Ὀλύμπου
τῇ μὲν ἐπισφιγγων Κυνοσουριδα, τῇ δὲ πιάζων
ἄξονι κεκλιμένης λοφίην ἀνεσείρασεν Ἄρκτου
Παρρασίης, ἑτέρῃ δὲ λαβὼν ἀνέκοψε Βοώτην,
ἄλλῃ Φωσφόρον εἶλκε, μάτην δ' ὑπὸ κυκλάδι νύσση
170 πρῶιος αἰθερίης ἐπεσύρισεν ἦχος ἰμάσθλης:
εἷρυσεν ἡριγένειαν, ἐρυκομένοιο δὲ Ταύρου
ἄχρονος ἡμιτέλεστος ἐλώφεεν ἱππότις Ὠρη:
καὶ σκιεροῖς πλοκάμοισιν ἐχιδνοκόμων κεφαλάων
ἄχλυι φέγγος ἔην κεκερασμένον, ἡματιῇ δὲ
175 ἡελίῳ σελάγιζε συναντέλλουσα Σελήνη.

[163] Now he laid the gear of Cronides in a cubby-hole of the rock, and spread the harvest of his clambering hands into the upper air. And that battalion of hands! One throttled Cynosuris beside the ankle-tip of Olympus; one gripped the Parrhasian Bear's mane as she rested on heaven's axis, and dragged her off; another caught the Oxdrover and knocked him out; another dragged Phosphoros, and in vain under the circling turning-post sounded the whistling of the heavenly lash in the morning; he carried off the Dawn, and held in the Bull, so that timeless, half-complete, horsewoman Season rested her team. And in the shadowy curls of his serpenthair heads the light was mingled with

gloom; the Moon shone rising in broad day with the Sun.

οὐδὲ Γίγας ἀπέληγε: παλιννόστω δὲ πορείῃ
εἰς Νότον ἐκ Βορέας, λιπῶν πόλον εἰς πόλον ἔστη:
καὶ δολιχῇ παλάμῃ δεδραγμένος Ἡνιοχῆος
νῶτα χαλᾶζήεντος ἐμάσπιεν Αἰγοκερῆος,
180 καὶ διδύμους ἐπὶ πόντον ἀπ' αἰθέρος Ἰχθύας ἔλκων
κριὸν ἀνεστυφέλιξε, μεσόμφαλον ἄστρον Ὀλύμπου,
γείτονος εἰαρινοῖο πυραυγέος ὑπόθι κύκλου
ἀμφιταλαντεύοντος ἰσόζυγον ἦμαρ ὁμίχλῃ.
ὀλκαίοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἀνηώρητο Τυφωεὺς
185 ἀγχινεφής: πετάσας δὲ πολυσπερὲς ἔθνος ἀγοστῶν
αἰθέρος ἀννεφέλοιο κατέσκεπεν ἄργυρον αἰγλῇ
αἰθύσσων ὀφίων σκολιδόν στρατόν: ὦν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ὄρθιος ἄξονίῳ διέτρεχεν ἄντυγα κύκλου,
οὐρανίου δὲ Δράκοντος ἐπεσκίρτησεν ἀκάνθῃ
190 Ἄρεα συρίζων: ὁ δὲ Κηφέος ἐγγύθι κούρης
ἀστραίαις παλάμησιν ἰσόζυγα κύκλον ἐλίξας
δέσμιον Ἀνδρομέδην ἐτέρῳ σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ
λοξὸς ὑπὸ σπείρησιν: ὁ δὲ γλωχίνι κεραίης
ἰσοτύπου ταύροιο δράκων κυκλοῦτο κεράστης,
195 οἰστρήσας ἐλικηδὸν ὑπὲρ βοέοιο μετώπου
ἀντιτύπους Ὑάδας, κεραῖς Ἰνδαλμα Σελήνης,
οἰγομέναις γενύεσσιν: ὁμοπλεκέων δὲ δρακόντων
ιοβόλοι τελαμῶνες ἐμιτρώσαντο Βοώτην:
καὶ θρασὺς ἄλλος ὄρουσεν, ἰδὼν Ὀφιν ἄλλον Ὀλύμπου,
200 πῆχυν ἐχιδνήεντα περισκαίρων Ὀφιοῦχου,
καὶ στεφάνῳ στέφος ἄλλο περιπλέξας Ἀριάδνης,

[176] Still there was no rest. The Giant turned back, and passed from north to south; he left one pole and stood by the other. With a long arm he grasped the Charioteer, and flogged the back of hailstorming Aigoceros; he dragged the two Fishes out of the sky and cast them into the sea; he buffeted the Ram, that midnipple star of Olympus, who balances with equal pin day and darkness over the fiery orb of his spring-time neighbour. With trailing feet Typhoeus mounted close to the clouds: spreading abroad the far-scattered host of his arms, he shadowed the bright radiance of the unclouded sky by darting forth his tangled army of snakes. One of them ran up right through the rim of the polar circuit and skipt upon the backbone of the heavenly Serpent, hissing his mortal challenge. One made for Cepheus's daughter, and with starry fingers twisting a ring as close as the other, enchained Andromeda, bound already, with a second bond aslant under her bands. Another, a horned serpent, entwined about the forked horns of the Bull's horned head of shape like his own, and dangled coiling over the Bull's brow, tormenting with open jaws the

Hyades opposite ranged like a crescent moon. Poison-spitting tangles of serpents in a bunch girdled the Ox-drover. Another made a bold leap, when he saw another Snake in Olympos, and jumped around the Ophiuchos's arm that held the viper; then curving his neck and coiling his crawling belly, he braided a second chaplet about Ariadne's crown.

αὐχένα κυρτώσας, ἐλελίζετο γαστέρος ὀλκῶ.
καὶ Ζεφύρου ζωστῆρα καὶ ἀντιπόρου πτερὸν Εὐρου
αἰθύσσων πολύπηχυς ἐπεστρωφᾷτο Τυφωεύς
205 νύσσαν ἐς ἀμφοτέρην, μετὰ Φωσφόρον Ἑσπερον ἔλκων
καὶ λόφον Ἀτλάντειον. ἐνὶ βρυόεντι δὲ κόλπῳ
πολλάκι συμάρψας Ποσιδήιον ἄρμα θαλάσσης
εἰς χθόνα βυσσόθεν εἶλκεν: ἀλιβρέκτων δὲ κομάτων
αὖ ἐρύσας στατὸν ἵππον ὑποβρυχίης παρὰ φάτνης
210 οὐρανίην ἔρριπεν ἐς ἄντυγα πῶλον ἀλήτην
αἰχμάζων ἐς Ὀλυμπον: ἱμασσομένοιο δὲ δίφρου
ἡελίου χρεμέτιζον ὑπὸ ζυγὰ κυκλάδες ἵπποι:
πολλάκι δ' ἀγραύλοιο πεπαυμένον ἰστοβοῆος
ταῦρον ἀπειλητῆρι μεμυκότα πῆχεϊ σείων
215 ἰσοφυνὲς μίμημα κατηκόντιζε Σελήνης,
καὶ δρόμον ἐστήριξεν: ἀνακρούσας δὲ χαλινῶ
ταύρων λευκὰ λέπαδνα κατερροίζησε θεαίνης,
λοιγίον ἰοβόλοιο χέων συριγμὸν ἐχίδνης.

[202] Then Typhoeus manyarmed turned to both ends, shaking with his host of arms the girdle of Zephyros and the wing of Euros opposite, dragging first Phosphoros, then Hesperos and the crest of Atlas. Many a time in the weedy gulf he seized Poseidon's chariot, and dragged it from the depths of the sea to land; again he pulled out a stallion by his brine-soaked mane from the undersea manger, and threw the vagabond nag to the vault of heaven, shooting his shot at Olympos – hit the Sun's chariot, and the horses on their round whinnied under the yoke. Many a time he took a bull at rest from his rustic plowtree and shook him with a threatening hand, bellow as he would, then shot him against the Moon like another moon, and stayed her course, then rushed hissing against the goddess, checking with the bridle her bulls' white yoke-straps, while he poured out the mortal whistle of a poison-spitting viper.

οὐδὲ κορυσσομένῳ Τιτηνιάς εἵκαθε Μῆνη:
220 μαρναμένη δὲ Γίγαντος ὁμοκραίροισι καρήνοις
ταυρείης ἐχάραξε φαισφόρα κύκλα κεραίης:
καὶ βόες αἰγλήεντες ἐμυκήσαντο Σελήνης
χάσμα Τυφαιονίῳ τεθηπότες ἀνθερεῶνος.
ἀστραίας δὲ φάλαγγας ἀταρβέες ὦπλισαν Ὠραι.

225 καὶ στίχες οὐρανίων Ἑλίκων νωμήτορι κύκλῳ
 εἰς ἔνοπῃν σελάγιζον· ἔπερροίησε δὲ πυρσῷ
 αἰθέρα βακχεύων στρατὸς αἰόλος, οἳ τε Βορῆα,
 καὶ Λιβὸς ἔσπερα νῶτα, καὶ οἱ λάχον ἄντυγας Εὐρου,
 καὶ Νοτίους ἀγκῶνας· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
 230 ἄπλανέων ἀτίνακτος ἀπεπλάγχθη χορὸς ἄστρον,
 ἀντιπόρους δ' ἐκίχησαν ἀλήμονας· ἔβρεμε δ' ἡχῇ
 οὐρανίῳ κενεῶνι πεπαρμένος ὄρθιος ἄξων
 μεσσοπαγῆς· ὁρόων δὲ κυνοσσόος ἔθνεα θηρῶν
 Ὠρίων ξίφος εἶλκε, κορυσσομένου δὲ φορῆος
 235 φαιδρὰ Ταναγραίης ἀμαρύσσετο νῶτα μαχαίρης·
 καὶ σέλας αἰθύσσων πυριθαλπέος ἀνθερεῶνος
 δίψιος ἀστερόεντι κύων ἐπεπάφλασε λαιμῷ
 πέμπων θερμὸν ὕλαγμα, καὶ ἡθάδος ἀντὶ λαγωοῦ
 θηρσὶ Τυφαιονίησιν ἀνήρυγεν ἄτμον ὀδόντων.
 240 καὶ πόλος ἐσμαράγησεν· ἀμειβομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
 οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνον ἰσηρίθμων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 πληιάδων ἀλάλαζε βοὴν ἐπτάστομος ἡχώ,
 καὶ καναχὴν ἰσόμετρον ἐπεγδούπησαν ἀλῆται.

[219] But Titan Mene would not yield to the attack. Battling against the Giant's heads, like-horned to hers, she cared many a scar on the shining orb of her bull's horn; and Selene's radiant cattle bellowed amazed at the gaping chasm of Typhaon's throat. The Seasons undaunted armed the starry battalions, and the lines of heavenly Constellations in a disciplined circle came shining to the fray. A varied host maddened the upper air with clamour and with flame: some whose portion was Boreas, others the back of Lips in the west, or the eastern zones or the recesses of the south. The unshaken congregation of the fixt stars with unanimous acclamation left their places and caught up their travelling fellows. The axis passing through the heaven's hollow and fixt upright in the midst, groaned at the sound. Orion the hunter, seeing these tribes of wild beasts, drew his sword; the blade of the Tanagraian brand sparkled bright as its master made ready for attack; his thirsty Dog, shooting light from his fiery chin, bubbled up in his starry throat and let out a hot bark, and blew out the steam from his teeth against Typhaon's beasts instead of the usual hare. The sky was full of din, and, answering the seven-zoned heaven, the seven-throated cry of the Pleiads raised the war-shout from as many throats; and the planets as many again banged out an equal noise.

σμερδαλέην δὲ Γίγαντος ἰδὼν Ὀφιώδεα μορφήν
 245 αἰγλήεις Ὀφιοῦχος ἀλεξικάκων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
 γλαυκὰ πυριτρεφῶν ἀπεσείσαστο νῶτα δρακόντων,
 στικτὸν ἀκοντίζων σκολιὸν βέλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ πυρσῷ
 λαίλαπες ἐρροίησαν, ἐτοξεύοντο δὲ λοξοὶ

ἥερα βακχεύοντες ἐχιδνήεντες ὀϊστοί·
250 καὶ θρασὺς ἰχθυόεντος ὁμόδρομος Αἰγοκερῆος
Τοξευτὴρ βέλوس ἦκεν· ἀμαξαίῳ δ' ἐνὶ κύκλῳ
μεσσοφανῆς διδύμησι Δράκων μεμερισμένος Ἄρκτοις
αἰθερίης ἐλέλιξε σελασφόρον ὀλκὸν ἀκάνθης·
γεῖτων δ' Ἑριγόνης ἐλατὴρ ὁμόφοιτος Ἀμάξης
255 πῆχεϊ μαρμαίροντι καλαύροπα πάλλε Βοώτης·
γούνατι δ' Εἰδῶλοιο καὶ ἀγχιπόρῳ παρὰ Κύνκῳ
φόρμιγξ ἄστερόεσσα Διὸς μαντεύσατο νίκην.

[244] Radiant Ophiuchos, seeing the Giant's direful snaky shape, from his hands so potent against evil shook off the gray coils of the fire-bred serpents, and shot the dappled coiling missile, while tempests roared round his flames – the viper-arrows flew slanting and maddened the air. Then the Archer let fly a shaft, – that bold comrade of fish-like Aigoceros; the Dragon, divided between the two Bears, and visible within the circle of the Wain, brandished the fiery trail of the heavenly spine; the Oxherd, Erigone's neighbour, attendant driver of the Wain, hurled his crook with flashing arm; beside the knee of the Image and his neighbour the Swan, the starry Lyre presaged the victory of Zeus.

Κωρυκίου δὲ κάρηνα λαβὼν ἐτίναξε Τυφωεύς,
καὶ Κιλικὸς ποταμοῖο ῥόον ναστῆρα πιέζων
260 Ταρσὸν ὁμοῦ καὶ Κῦδνον ἐνὶ ξύνωσεν ἀγοστῶ·
καὶ κραναοῖς βελέεσσιν ὀϊστεύων στίχας ἄλμης
εἰς σκοπέλους μετένασσε, μετ' αἰθέρα πόντον ἱμάσσων·
νισσομένον δὲ Γίγαντος ἀλιβρέκτου ποδὸς ὀλκῷ
φαίνετο γυμνωθεῖσα δι' ὕδατος ἄβροχος ὁσφύς,
265 καὶ μεσάτῳ βαρύδουπον ὕδωρ ἐπεβόμβεε μηρῶ·
νηχόμενοι δὲ δράκοντες, ἀλιγδούπων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
Ἄρεα συρίζοντες, ἐπεστρατώντο θαλάσση
ἰὸν ἀποπτύοντες· ἐν ἰχθυόεντι δὲ πόντῳ
ἵσταμένου Τυφῶνος ἔσω βρυόεντος ἐναύλου
270 βένθεϊ ταρσὰ πέπηκτο, καὶ ἥερι μίγνυτο γαστήρ
θλιβομένη νεφέεσσι· Γίγαντείου δὲ καρήνου
φρικτὸν ἄερσιλόφων αἰὼν βρύχημα λεόντων
πόντιος ἱλύνοντι λέων ἐκαλύπτετο κόλπῳ·
πᾶσα δὲ κητώεσσα φάλαγξ ἐστεινέτο πόντῳ,
275 γηγενέος πλῆσαντος ὅλην ἄλα μείζονα γαίης
ἀκλύστοις λαγόνεσσιν· ἐμυκῆσαντο δὲ φῶκαι,
καὶ βυθίῃ δελφῖνες ἐνεκρύπτοντο θαλάσση·
καὶ σκολιαῖς ἐλίκεσσι περίπλοκον ὀλκὸν ὑφαίνων
πούλυπος αἰολόμητις ἐθήμονι πήγνυτο πέτρῃ,
280 καὶ μελέων Ἴνδαλμα χαραδραῖη πέλε μορφή.

οὐδὲ τις ἄτρομος ἔσκε: μετερχομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
οἰστρομανῆς μύραινα δρακοντεῖς πόθον εὐνῆς
ποντοπόρων ἔφριξε θεημάχον ἄσθμα δρακόντων.
πυργώθη δὲ θάλασσα καὶ ὠμίλησεν Ὀλύμπῳ
²⁸⁵ ἡλιβάτοις πελάγεσσιν: ἀρσιπόρῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
ἡέρος ἄβροχος ὄρνις ἐλούσατο γείτονι πόντῳ.
καὶ βυθίου τριόδοντος ἔχων μίμημα Τυφωεὺς
χειρὸς ἀμετρήτοιο ταμῶν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῶ
νῆσον ἀλικρήπιδος ἀποσπάδα πέζαν ἀρούρης
²⁹⁰ ῥῖψε παλινδίνητον ὅλην σφαιρηδὸν ἐλίξας:
μαρναμένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐν ἡέρι γείτονες ἄστρον
ἡέλιον σκιώντες ἐθωρήχθησαν Ὀλύμπῳ
ἡλιβάτου πρηῶνος ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀγοστοί.

[258] Now Typhoeus shifted to the rocks, leaving the air, to flog the seas. He grasped and shook the peak of Corycios, and crushing the flood of the river that belongs to Cicilica, joined Tarsos and Cydnos together in one hand; then hurled a volley of cliffs upon the mustered waves of the brine. As the Giant advanced with feet trailing in the briny flood, his bare loins were seen dry through the water, which broke heavy against his mid-thigh crashing and booming; his serpents afloat sounded the charge with hissings from brine-beaten throats, and spitting poison led the attack upon the sea. There stood Typhon in the fish-giving sea, his feet firm in the depths of the weedy bottom, his belly in the air and crushed in clouds: hearing the terrible roar from the mane-bristling lions of his giant's head, the sea-lion lurked in the oozy gulf. There was no room in the deep for all its phalanx of leviathans, since the Earthborn monster covered a whole sea, larger than the land, with flanks that no sea could cover. The seals bleated, the dolphins hid in the deep water; the manyfooted squid, a master of craft, weaving his trailing web of crisscross knots, stuck fast on his familiar rock, making his limbs look like a pattern on the stone. All the world was a-tremble: the love-maddened murry herself, drawn by her passion for the serpent's bed, shivered under the god-desecrating breath of these seafaring serpents. The waters piled up and touched Olympos with precipitous seas; as the streams mounted on high, the bird never touched by rain found the sea his neighbour, and washed himself. Typhoeus, holding a counterfeit of the deep-sea trident, with one earthshaking flip from his enormous hand broke off an island at the edge of the continent which is the kerb of the brine, circled it round and round, and hurled the whole thing like a ball. And while the Giant waged his war, his hurtling arms drew near to the stars, and obscured the sun, as they attacked Olympos, and cast the precipitous crag.

καὶ βύθιον μετὰ τέρμα, μετὰ χθονὸς εὖλοχον ἔδρην
²⁹⁵ Ζεὺς νόθος ὥπλισε χεῖρα πυριγλώχινι κεραυνῶ:

ἔντεα δὲ Κρονίωνος ἀμαιμακέτησιν αἰείρων
 χερσὶ διηκοσίησι πέλωρ ἐμόγησε Τυφωεὺς
 βριθοσύνη: παλάμη δὲ μιῇ κούφιζε Κρονίων.
 ἀννεφέλου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐπὶ ξηροῖσιν ἀγοστοῖς
 300 βροντὴ κωφὸν ἔπεμπεν ἄδουπήτου μέλος ἥχοϋς
 ἡρέμα βομβήσασα, μόγις δὲ οἱ ἥερος αὐχμῶ
 ἄσταγέος νιφετοῖο κατεΐβετο διψᾶς ἔερση:
 ἄστεροπὴ δ' ἥχλυσε, καὶ εἴκελον αἶθοπι κατνῶ
 μαρμαρυγῇ σελάγιζε κατηφεί λεπταλέον πῦρ:
 305 καὶ παλάμας νοέοντες ἀπειρήτοιο φορῆος,
 ἄρσενά πυρσὸν ἔχοντες, ἐθηλύνοντο κεραυνοί,
 πυκνὸν ὀλισθήσαντες ἀμετρήτων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
 ἄλμασιν αὐτοπόροισιν: ἀπεπλάζοντο δὲ πυρσοὶ
 οὐρανίου ποθέοντες ἐθήμονα χεῖρα φορῆος.
 310 ὥς δ' ὅτε τις πλήξιππος ἀποπτυστῆρα χαλινοῦ
 ξεῖνος ἀνὴρ ἀδίδακτος ἀπειθέα πῶλον ἱμάσσων
 πυκνὰ μάτην μογέεσκεν, ὁ δὲ θρασὺς ἔμφροني θυμῶ
 χεῖρα νόθην γίνωσκεν ἀήθεος ἠνιοχῆος,
 οἰστρηθεὶς δ' ἀνέπαλτο, καὶ ὄρθιος ὑπόσε βαίνων,
 315 στηριξας ἀτίνακτον ὀπισθιδίου ποδὸς ὀπλήν,
 προσθιδίους προβλήτας ἐκούφισε γούνατα πάλλων,
 καὶ λόφον ἠώρησεν, ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρων δὲ οἱ ὤμων
 ἀμφιλαφῆς δεδόνητο παρήγορος αὐχένι χαίτη:
 ὥς ὃ γε χερσὶν ἔκαμνεν ἀμοιβαίησιν αἰείρων
 320 μαρμαρυγὴν φύξηλιν ἄλωμένοιο κεραυνοῦ.

[294] Now after the frontier of the deep, after the well-laid foundation of the earth, this bastard Zeus armed his hand with fire-barbed thunderbolt: raising the gear of Zeus was hard work for the monster Typhoeus with two hundred furious hands, so great was the weight; but Cronion would lightly lift it with one hand. No clouds were about the Giant: against his dry arms, the thunder let out a dull-sounding note booming gently without a clap, and in the drought of the air scarcely did a thirsty dew trickle in snowflakes without a drop in them; the lightning was dim, and only a softish flame shone sparkling shamefacedly, like smoke shot with flame. The thunderbolts felt the hands of a novice, and all their manly blaze was unmanned. Often they slipped out of those many many hands, and went leaping of themselves; the brands went astray, missing the familiar hand of their heavenly master. As a man beats a horse that loathes the bit, – some stranger, a novice untaught, flogging a restive nag, as he tries again and again in vain, and the defiant beast knows by instinct the changeling hand of an unfamiliar driver, leaping madly, rearing straight into the air with hind-hooves planted immovable, lifting the forelegs and pawing out to the front, raising the neck till the mane is shaken abroad over both shoulders at once: so the monster laboured with this hand or that to

lift the fugitive flash of the roving thunderbolt.

ὄφρα μὲν εἰν Ἀρίμοις ἐπεφοίτεε Κάδμος ἀλήτης,
τόφρα δὲ Δικταίης ὑπὲρ ἥονος ὑγροπόρος βοῦς
ἐκ λοφιῆς ἀδιαντον ἐῆς ἀπεθήκατο κούρην.
καὶ Κρονίδην ὀρώωσα πόθῳ δεδονημένον Ἥρη
325 ζηλομανῆς γελῶντι χόλῳ ξυνώσατο φωνήν:

[321] Well, at the very time when Cadmos paid his visit to Arima in his wanderings, the seafaring bull set down the girl from his withers, quite dry, upon the shore by Dictæ; but Hera saw Cronides shaken with passion, and mad with jealousy she called out with an angry laugh:

‘Φοῖβε, τεῶν γενετῆρι παρίστασο, μὴ τις ἀροτρεὺς
Ζῆνα λαβὼν ἐρύσειεν ἐς ἐννοσίγαιον ἐχέτλην.
αἶθε λαβὼν ἐρύσειεν, ὅπως Διὶ τοῦτο βοήσω:
τέτλαθι διπλόα κέντρα καὶ ἀγρονόμων καὶ Ἐρώτων.
330 ὥς Νόμιος, κλυτότοξε, τεὸν ποιμαίνει τοκῆα,
μὴ Κρονίδην ζευξείε βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη,
μὴ λέχος Ἐνδυμίωνος ἰδεῖν σπεύδουσα νομῆος
Ζητὸς ὑποστιξείεν ἀφειδέι νῶτον ἱμάσθλῃ.
Ζεῦ ἄνα, πόρτις ἐοῦσα κερασφόρος ἡμβροτεν Ἴω,
335 ὅττι σε μὴ ποτε τοῖον ἶδεν πόσιν, ὄφρα λοχεύσῃ
ἰσοφυῇ τινα ταῦρον ὁμοκραίρῳ παρακοίτῃ.
Ἑρμείαν πεφύλαξο βοοκλόπον ἡθάδι τέχνῃ,
μὴ σε λαβὼν ἄτε ταῦρον ἐὼν κλέψειε τοκῆα,
καὶ κιθάρην ὀπάσειε τεῶν πάλιν υἱεὶ Φοίβῳ
340 ἄρπαγος ἀρπαμένου κειμήλιον. ἀλλὰ τί ῥέξω;
ὥφελεν ἀγρύπνοισιν ὅλον δέμας ὄμμασι λάμπων
Αργὸς ἔτι ζῶειν, ἵνα δύσβατον εἰς νομὸν ἔλκων
πλευρὰ Διὸς πλήξείε καλαύροπι βουκόλος Ἥρης.’

[326] “Phoibos, go and stand by your father, or some plowman may catch Zeus and put him to some earth-shaking plowtree. I wish one would catch him and put him to the plow! Then I could shout to my lord – ‘Learn to bear two goads now, Cupid’s (Eros’s’) and the farmer’s! You must be verily Lord of Pastures, my fine Archer, and shepherd your parent, or cattle-driver Selene may put Cronides under the yoke, she may score Zeus’s back with her merciless lash when she is off to herdsman Endymion’s bed in a hurry! Zeus your Majesty! it is a pity Io did not see you coming like that to court her, when she was a heifer with horns on her forehead! she might have bred you a little bull as horny as his father! Look out for Hermes! The professional cattle-lifter may think he is catching a bull and steal his own father! He may give his harp once

again to your son Phoibos, as price for the ravisher ravished. But what can I do? If only Argos were still alive, shining all over with sleepless eyes, that he might be Hera's drover, and drag Zeus to some inaccessible pasture, and prod his flanks with a crook!"

ή μὲν ἔφη: Κρονίδης δὲ λιπὼν ταυρώπιδα μορφήν
345 εἵκελος ἡιθέω περιδέδρομεν ἄζυγα κούρην:
καὶ μελέων ἔψαυσεν, ἀπὸ στέρνοιο δὲ νύμφης
μίτρην πρῶτον ἔλυσε περίτροχον, ὡς ἀέκων δὲ
οἶδαλέην ἔθλιψεν ἀκαμπέος ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,
καὶ κύσε χεῖλεος ἄκρον, ἀναπτύξας δὲ σιωπῇ
350 ἄγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτου πεφυλαγμένον ἄμμα κορείης
ὄμφακα Κυπριδίων ἐδρέφατο καρπὸν Ἑρώτων.

[344] So much for Hera. But Cronides put off his bull-faced form, and in the shape of a young man ran round the innocent girl. He touched her limbs, loosed first the bodice about the maid's bosom, pressed as if by chance the swelling circle of the firm breast, kissed the tip of her lip, then silently undid the holy girdle of unwedded virginity, so well guarded, and plucked the fruit of love hardly ripe.

καὶ διδύμη σφριγώωσα γονῇ κυμαίνετο γαστήρ:
καὶ ζαθέης ὠδῖνος ἔην ἐγκύμονα νύμφην
κάλλιπεν Ἀστερίωνι, βαθυπλούτῳ παρακοίτῃ,
355 Ζεὺς πόσις: ἀντέλλων δὲ παρὰ σφυρόν Ἥνιοχῆος
νυμφίος ἀστερόεις ἀμαρύσσετο Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,
εἰαρινῷ Φαέθοντι φιλόδροσα νῶτα φυλάσσων,
ὄκλαδὸν ἀντέλλων ἐπικάρσιος: ἡμιβαφῆς δὲ
δεξιὸν Ὠρίωνι πόδα προβλήτα τιταίνων
360 φαίνεται, ἔσπερίην δὲ θοώτερος ἄντυγα βαίνων
σύνδρομον ἀντέλλοντα παρέρχεται Ἥνιοχῆα.
ὦς ὁ μὲν ἐσθήρικτο κατ' οὐρανόν. οὐ δὲ Τυφωεὺς

[352] Soon her womb swelled, quick with twin progeny; and Zeus the husband passed over his bride with the divine offspring in her womb, to Asterion, a consort of rich fortune. Then rising beside the Charioteer's ankle the bridegroom Bull of Olympos sparkled with stars, he who keeps his dewloving back for the Sun in the springtime, crouching upon his hams across the path as he rises: half submerged in the sea, he shows himself holding out his right foot towards Orion, and at evening quickens his pace into the circle and passes the Charioteer who rises with him to run his course. So he was established in the heavens.

μέλλεν ἔτι κρατέειν Διὸς ἔντεα: τοξοφόρῳ γὰρ
 Ζεὺς Κρονίδης σὺν Ἑρωτι πόλον δινωτὸν ἑάσας
 365 φοιταλέῳ μαστῆρι δι' οὖρεος ἦντετο Κάδμῳ
 πλαζομένῳ, ξυνὴν δὲ πολύτροπον ἦρτε βουλὴν
 ῥαψάμενος Τυφῶνι δυσηλακάτου λῖνα Μοίρης.
 καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι συνέμπορος αἰγίβοτος Πάν
 δῶκε βόας καὶ μῆλα καὶ εὐκεράων στίχας αἰγῶν:
 370 πλέξας δ' ἐκ καλάμων καλύβην, ἐλικώδεϊ δεσμῷ
 πῆξεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο, καὶ ἀγνώστῳ τινὶ μορφῇ
 ποιμενίην ἐσθῆτα καθαψάμενος χροῖ Κάδμου
 εἵμασι μιμηλοῖσι νόθον χλαίνωσε νομῆα:
 καὶ δολίην σύριγγα φέρων εἰδήμονι Κάδμῳ
 375 δῶκε Τυφανόιο κυβερνήτειραν ὀλέθρου.
 ψευδαλέον δὲ βοτῆρα καὶ ἠνιοχῆα γενέθλης

[363] But Typhoeus was no longer to hold the gear of Zeus. For now Zeus Cronides along with Archer Eros left the circling pole, and met roving Cadmos amid the mountains on his wandering search; then he devised with him an ingenious plan, and entwined the deadly threads of Moira's spindle for Typhon. And Goatherd Pan who went with him gave Zeus Almighty cattle and sheep and rows of horned goats. Then he built a hut with mats of wattled reeds and fixed it on the ground: he put on Cadmos a shepherd's dress, so that no one could know him in disguise, when he had clad his sham herdsman in this make-believe costume; he gave clever Cadmos the deceiving panpipes, part of the plot to pilot Typhaon to his death.

Ζεὺς καλέσας πτερόεντα μίαν ξυνώσατο βουλὴν:
 'Κάδμε πέπον, σὺρίζε, καὶ οὐρανὸς εὖδιος ἔσται:
 δηθύνεις, καὶ Ὀλυμπος ἱμάσσεται: ἡμετέροις γὰρ
 380 τεύχεσιν οὐρανίοις κεκορυθμένος ἐστὶ Τυφωεύς
 αἰγὶς ἐμοὶ μούνη περιλείπεται: ἀλλὰ τί ῥέξει
 αἰγὶς ἐμὴ Τυφῶνος ἐριδμαίνουσα κεραυνῷ;
 δεῖδια, μὴ γελάσειε γέρων Κρόνος, ἀντιβίου δὲ
 ἄζομαι αὐχένα γαῦρον ἀγήνορος Ἰαπετοῖο:
 385 δεῖδια μυθοτόκον πλεόν Ἑλλάδα, μὴ τις Ἀχαιῶν
 ὑέτιον Τυφῶνα καὶ ὑψιμέδοντα καλέσση
 ἢ ὕπατον, χραίνων ἐμὸν οὖνομα. γίνεο βοῦτης
 εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν, ἀμερσινὸν δὲ λιγαίνων
 ῥῦεο ποιμενίῃ σέο πηκτίδι ποιμένα κόσμου,
 390 μὴ νεφεληγερέταο Τυφωέος ἦχον ἀκούσω,
 μὴ βροντὴν ἑτέροιο νόθου Διός, ἀλλὰ ἐπαύσω
 μαρνάμενον στεροπῆσι καὶ αἰχμάζοντα κεραυνῷ.
 εἰ δὲ Διὸς λάχες αἶμα καὶ Ἰναχίης γένος Ἰοῦς,
 κερδαλέης σύριγγος ἀλεξικάκῳ σέο μολπῇ

395 θέλγε νόον Τυφῶνος. ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἄξια μόχθων
 δώσω διπλὰ δῶρα: σὲ γὰρ ῥυτῆρα τελέσσω
 ἄρμονιης κόσμοιο καὶ Ἀρμονιῆς παρακοίτην.
 καὶ σὺ, τελεσσιγόνοιο γάμου πρωτόσπορος ἀρχή,
 τεῖνον, Ἔρως, σέο τόξα, καὶ οὐκέτι κόσμος ἀλήτης.
 400 εἰ πέλεν ἐκ σέο πάντα, βίου φιλοτήσιε ποιμήν,
 ἔν βέλος ἄλλο τάνυσσον, ἵνα ξύμπαντα σαώσῃς:
 ὡς πυρόεις, Τυφῶνι κορύσσειο, πυρσοφόροι δὲ
 ἐκ σέο νοστήσωσιν ἐμὴν ἐπὶ χεῖρα κεραυνοί.
 πανδαμάτωρ, ἔνα βάλλε τεῶ πυρί, θεलगόμενον δὲ
 405 σὸν βέλος ἀγρεύσειε, τὸν οὐ νίκησε Κρονίων:
 Καδμείης δ' ἐχέτω φρενοθελγέος οἷστρον ἀοιδῆς
 ὅσσην ἐγὼ πόθον ἔσχου ἐς Εὐρώπης ὑμεναίους.'

[377] Now Zeus called the counterfeit herdsman and the winged controller of generation, and disclosed this one common plan: "Look alive, Cadmos, pipe away and there shall be fine weather in heaven! Delay, and Olympos is scourged! for Typhoeus is armed with my heavenly weapons. Only the aegis-cape is left me; but what will my aegis do fighting with Typhon's thunderbolt? I fear old Cronos may laugh aloud, I am shy of the proud neck of my lordly adversary Iapetos! I fear Hellas even more, that mother of romances – what if one of that nation call Typhon Lord of Rain, or Highest, and Ruling in the Heights, defiling my name! Become a herdsman for one day-dawn; make a tune on your mindbefooling shepherd's pipes, and save the Shepherd of the Universe, that I may not hear the noise of Cloud-gatherer Typhoeus, the thunders of a new impostor Zeus, that I may stop his battling with lightnings and volleying with thunderbolts! If the blood of Zeus is in you, and the breed of Inachian Io, bewitch Typhon's wits by the sovereign remedy of your guileful pipes and their tune! I will give you ample recompense for your service, two gifts: I will make you saviour of the world's harmony, and the husband of the lady Harmonia. You also, Love, primeval founder of fecund marriage, bend your bow, and the universe is no longer adrift. If all things come from you, friendly shepherd of life, draw one shot more and save all things. As fiery god, arm yourself against Typhon, and by your help let the fiery thunderbolts return to my hand. All-vanquisher, strike one with your fire, and may your charmed shot catch one whom Cronion did not defeat; and may he have madness from the mind-bewitching tune of Cadmos, as much as I had passion for Europa's embrace!"

ὥς εἰπὼν κερόεντι πανεῖκελος ἔσσυτο ταύρω,

[408] With these words Zeus passed away in the shape of the horned Bull, from which the Tauros Mountain takes its name.

ἔνθεν ὄρος πέλε Ταῦρος ἐπώνυμον. ὁξὺ δὲ τείνων
 410 Κάδμος ὁμοφθόγγων δονάκων ἀπατήλιον ἤχῳ,
 κλίνας γείτονι νῶτον ὑπὸ δρυϊ φορβάδος ὕλης:
 καὶ φορέων ἄγραυλον ἀληθέος εἶμα νομῆος,
 πέμπτε Τυφαιονίησι δολοπλόκον ὕμνον ἀκουαῖς
 οἰδαλέῃ φύσημα παρηίδι λεπτὸν ἰάλλων.
 415 ἔνθα Γίγας φιλάοιδος ἐχιδναίῳ ποδὸς ὀλκῷ
 ἄνθορεν εἰσαῖων δόλιον μέλος: ἔνδοθι δ' ἄντρου
 ὄπλα Διὸς φλογόεντα λιπῶν παρὰ μητέρι Γαίῃ
 τερψινόου σύριγγος ἐδίξετο γείτονα μολπῇν
 ἐσπόμενος μελέεσσιν: ἰδὼν δέ μιν ἐγγύθι λόχμης
 420 Κάδμος, ἅτε τρομέων, ὑπὸ ῥωγάδι κεύθετο πέτρῃ.
 ἀλλὰ μιν ὑψικάρηνος ἀλυσκάζοντα νοήσας
 νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοισι πέλωρ ἐκάλεσσε Τυφωεύς,
 καὶ δόλον οὐ γίνωσκε λιγύθροον: ἀντιτύπῳ δὲ
 ποιμένι δεξιτερὴν μίαν ὤρεγεν, ἄρκυν ὀλέθρου
 425 ἀγνώσσων: μεσάτῳ δὲ δαφροινήεντι προσώπῳ
 ἀνδρομέῳ γελῶν κενεαυχέα ῥήξατο φωνήν:
 'Αἰπόλε, τί τρομέεις με; τί φάεα χειρὶ καλύπτεις;

[409] But Cadmos tuned up the deceitful notes of his harmonious reeds, as he reclined under a neighbouring tree in the pasturing woodland; wearing the country garb of a real herdsman, he sent the deluding tune to Typhaon's ears, puffing his cheeks to blow the soft breath. The Giant loved music, and when he heard this delusive melody, he leapt up and dragged along his viperish feet; he left in a cave the flaming weapons of Zeus with Mother Earth to keep them, and followed the notes to seek the neighbouring tune of the pipes which delighted his soul. There he was seen by Cadmos near the bushes, who was sore afraid and hid in a cleft of the rock. But the monster Typhoeus with head high in air saw him trying to hide himself, and beckoned with voiceless signs, nor did he understand the trick in this beautiful music; then face to face with the shepherd, he held out one right hand, not seeing the net of destruction, and with his middle face, blood-red and human in shape, he laughed aloud and burst into empty boasts:

καλὸν ἐμοὶ βροτὸν ἄνδρα μετὰ Κρονίωνα διώκειν,
 καλὸν ἐμοὶ σύριγγα σὺν ἀστεροπῇσιν αἰεῖρειν:
 430 τί ξυνὸν καλάμοισι καὶ αἰθαλόεντι κεραυνῷ;
 πηκτιδα σὴν ἔχε μοῦνος, ἐπεὶ λάχεν ἄλλο Τυφωεύς
 ὄργανον αὐτοβόητον Ὀλύμπιον: ἐξόμενος δὲ
 χερσὶν ἀδουπήτοισιν ἐθήμονος ἄμμορος ἤχοϋς
 πηκτιδος ὑμετέρης ἐπιδεύεται ἀννέφελος Ζεὺς:
 435 σῶν δ' ὀλίγων δονάκων ἐχέτω κτύπον: οὐτιδανούς γάρ
 οὐ πλεκτούς καλάμους καλάμοις στοιχηδὸν ἐλίσσω,

ἀλλὰ κυλινδομένας νεφέλας νεφέλῃσι συνάπτων
οὐρανίοις πατάγοισιν ὁμόζυγα δοῦπον ἰάλλω.

[427] “Why do you fear me, goatherd? Why do you cover your eyes with your hand? A fine feat I should think it to pursue a mortal man, after Cronion! A fine feat to carry off panspipes alone with the lightning! What have reeds to do with flaming thunderbolts? Keep your pipes alone, since Typhoeus possesses another kind of organ, the Olympian, which plays by itself! There sits Zeus, without his clouds, hands unrumbling, none of his usual noise – he could do with your pipes. Let him have your handful of reeds to play. I don’t join worthless reeds to other reeds in a row and wave them about, but I roll up clouds upon clouds into a lump, and discharge a bang all at once with rumblings all over the sky!

στήσω δ', ἣν ἐθέλης, φιλὴν ἔριν: ἀλλὰ σὺ μέλπων
440 πέμπε μέλος δονακῶδες, ἐγὼ βρονταῖον ἀράσσω:
πνεύματι μὲν σφριγώσαν ἔχων προβλήτα παρειήν
φυσιάς στομάτεσσιν, ἱμασσόμενοι δὲ Βορῆος
ἄσθματι φυσητῆρος ἐμοὶ βρομέουσι κεραυνοί.
βουκόλε, μισθὸν ἔχοις σέο πηκτίδος: οὐράνιον γάρ
445 ἀντὶ Διὸς σκηπτοῦχος ὅτε θρόνον ἠνιοχεύσω,
ἐσπόμενον μετὰ γαῖαν ἐς αἰθέρα καὶ σὲ κομίσσω
αὐτῇ ὁμοῦ σύριγγι καί, ἣν ἐθέλης, ἅμα ποιμνῇ:
οὐδὲ τεῆς ἀγέλης νοσφίσεσαι: ἰσοτύπου γάρ
στηριξω σέθεν αἴγας ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν Αἰγοκερῆος
450 ἢ σχεδὸν Ἥνιοχῆος, ὃς Ὠλενίην ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ
πήχει μαρμαίροντι σελασφόρον Αἶγα τιταίνει:
στήσω δ' ὁμβροτόκοιο παρὰ πλατὺν αὐχένα Ταύρου
σοὺς βόας ἀστερόεντας ἐπαντέλλοντας Ὀλύμπῳ,
ἢ δροσερὴν παρὰ νύσσαν, ὅπῃ ζωθαλπεὶ λαίμῳ
455 ἠνεμόεν μύκημα βόες πέμπουσι Σελήνης.
οὐδὲ τεῆς καλύβης ὀλίγης χρέος: ἀντὶ δὲ λόχμης
αἰθερίαις Ἐρίφοισι συναστράπτοι σέο ποιμνῇ.
καὶ φάτνης ἐτέρης τελέσω τύπον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴ
ἰσοφυῆς λάμψειεν ὄνων παρὰ γείτονι Φάτνῃ.
460 ἔσσο καὶ ἀστερόεις μετὰ βουκόλον, ἥχι Βωώτης
φαίνεται, ἀστραὶν δὲ καλαύροπα καὶ σὺ τιταίνων
ἔσσο Λυκαονίης ἐλατὴρ Ἀρκτῶος Ἀμάξης.
οὐρανίου Τυφῶνος ὁμέστιος, ὄλβιε ποιμῆν,
σήμερον ἐν χθονὶ μέλπε, καὶ αὔριον ἐντὸς Ὀλύμπου.
465 μολπῆς δ' ἄξια δῶρα παρ' ἀστεροφεγγεὶ κύκλῳ
στηριξω σέθεν ὄψιν Ὀλύμπιον, ἡδυμελῆ δὲ
οὐρανίῃ Φόρμιγγι τετὴν σύριγγα συνάψω.
σοὶ γάμον, ἣν ἐθέλης, δωρήσομαι ἀγνὸν Ἀθήνης:

εἰ δέ σοι οὐ γλαυκῶπις ἐπεύαδε, δέχνησο Λητώ
 470 ἦ Χάριν ἦ Κυθέρειαν ἦ Ἄρτεμιν ἦ γάμον Ἡβης;
 μούνης ἡμετέρης μὴ διζέο δέμνιον Ἥρης.
 εἰ δ' ἔλαχες πλήξιππον ἀδελφεὸν Ἴδμονα δίφρου,
 ἔμπυρον Ἥελιου τετράζυγον ἄρμα δεχέσθω:
 εἰ δὲ Διὸς ποθέεις, ὥς αἰπόλος, αἰγίδα πάλλειν,
 475 δώσω σοι τόδε δῶρον. ἐγὼ δ' ἐς Ὀλυμπον ὁδεύσω
 οὐκ ἀλέγων Κρονίωνος ἀτευχέος: οὐτιδανὴ γὰρ
 ἔντεσι θῆλυς ἐοῦσα τί μοι ῥέξειεν Ἀθήνη;
 ἀλλὰ Τυφαιήνῃ ἀναβάλλεο, βουκόλε, νίκην,
 γνήσιον ὕμνειων με νέον σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπου
 480 σκῆπτρα Διὸς φορέοντα καὶ ἀστράπτοντα χιτῶνα.'

[439] "Let's have a friendly match, if you like. Come on, you make music and sound your reedy tune, I will crash my thundery tune. You puff our your cheek all swollen with wind, and blow with your lips, but Boreas is my blower, and my thunderbolts boom when his breath flogs them. Drover, I will pay you for your pipes: for when I shall hold the sceptre instead of Zeus, and drive the heavenly throne, you shall come with me; leave the earth and I will bring you to heaven pipes and all, with your flock too if you like, you shall not be parted from your herd. I'll settle your goats over the backbone of Aigoceros, one of the same breed; or near the Charioteer, who pushes the shining Olenian She-goat in Olympus with his sparkling arm. I'll put your cattle beside the rainy Bull's broad shoulder and make them stars rising in Olympus, or near the dewy turning-piont where Selene's cattle send out a windy moo from their life-warming throats. You will not want your little hut. Instead of your bushes, let your flock go flashing with the ethereal Kids: I will make them another crib, to shine beside the Asses' Crib and as good as theirs. Be a star yourself instead of a drover, where the Ox-driver is seen; wield a starry goad yourself, and drive the Bear's Lycaonian wain. Happy shepherd, be heavenly Typhon's guest at table: tune up on earth to-day, to-morrow in heaven! You shall have ample recompense for your song: I will establish your face in the starlit circle of heaven, and join your tuneful pipes to the heavenly Harp. If you like, I will give you Athena for your holy bride: if you do not care for Grayeyes, take Leto, or Charis, or Cythereia, or Artemis, or Hebe to wife. Only don't ask me for my Hera's bed. If you have a horse-master brother who can manage a team, let him take Helios' fiery four-in-hand. If you want to wield the goatskin cape of Zeus, being a goatherd, I will make you a present of that too. I mean to march into Olympus caring nothing for Zeus unarmed; and what could Athena do to me with her armour? – a female! Strike up 'See the Conquering Typhon comes,' you herdsman! Sing the new lawful sovereign of Olympus in me, bearing he sceptre of Zeus and his robe of lightning!"

εἶπε, καὶ Ἀδρήστεια τὸσσην ἐγράψατο φωνήν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ γίνωσκεν ἑκούσιον εἰς λῖνον ἄγρης
νήματι Μοιριδίῳ πεφορημένον υἷὸν ἀρούρης
τερψινόων δονάκων βεβολημένον ἥδέϊ κέντρῳ,
485 κερδαλέην ἀγέλαστος ἀνήρυγε Κάδμος ἰωήν:

[481] He spoke, andAdrasteia took note of his words thus far. But when Cadmos understood that the son of Earth had been carried by Fate's thread into his hunting-net, a willing captive, struck by the delightful sting of those soul-delighting reeds, unsmiling he uttered this artful speech:

‘Βαῖὸν ἐμῆς σύριγγος ἐθάμβεες ἦχον ἀκούσας:
εἶπέ, τι κεν ῥέξιαις, ὅταν σέο θῶκον αἶισω
ἐπτατόνου κιθάρης ἐπινίκιον ὕμνον ἀράσσω;
καὶ γὰρ ἐπουρανίοισιν ἐγὼ πλήκτροισιν ἐρίζω
490 Φοῖβον ἐμῇ φόρμιγγι παρέδραμον, ἡμετέρας δὲ
χορδὰς εὐκελάδους Κρονίδης ἀμάθυνε κεραυνῷ
υἱεὶ νικηθέντι φέρων χάριν: εἰ δὲ ποθ' εὖρω
νεῦρα πάλιν σφριγύωντα, μέλος πλήκτροισι τιταίνων
θέλξω δένδρεα πάντα καὶ οὖρεα καὶ φρένα θηρῶν:
495 καὶ στέφος αὐτοέλικτον, ὁμόζυγον ἥλικι γαίῃ,
ὠκεανὸν σπεύδοντα παλινδίνητον ἐρύξω
τὴν αὐτὴν περὶ νύσσαν ἄγειν κυκλούμενον ὕδωρ,
ἀπλανέων δὲ φάλαγγα καὶ ἀντιθέοντας ἀλήτας
στήσω, καὶ Φαέθοντα καὶ Ἰστοβοῖα Σελήνης.
500 ἀλλὰ θεοὺς καὶ Ζῆνα βαλὼν πυρόεντι βελέμνῳ
μοῦνον ἕα κλυτότοξον, ὅπως περὶ δεῖπνα τραπέζης
δαινυμένου Τυφῶνος ἐγὼ καὶ Φοῖβος ἐρίζω,
τίς τίνα νικήσειε μέγαν Τυφῶνα λιγαίνων.
Πιερίδας μὴ κτεῖνε χορίτιδας, ὄφρα καὶ αὐταὶ
505 Φοίβου κῶμον ἄγοντος ἢ ὑμετέροιο νομῆος
θῆλῳ μέλος πλέξωσιν ὁμόθροον ἄρσενι μολπῇ.’

[486] “You liked the little tune of my pipes, when you heard it; tell me, what would you do when I strike out a hymn of victory on the harp of seven strings, to honour your throne? Indeed, I matched myself against Phoibos with his heavenly quill, and beat him with my own harp, but Cronides burnt to dust my fine ringing strings with a thunderbolt, to please his beaten son! But if ever I find again the swelling sinews, I will strike up a tune with my quills to bewitch all the trees and the mountains and the temper of wild beasts. I will drag back Oceanos, that coronet self-wreathed about the earth and old as earth herself, I will make him hasten and bring his stream rolling back upon himself round the same road. I will stay the army of fixed stars, and the racing planets,

and Phaëthon, and Selene's carriage-pole. But when you strike Zeus and the gods with your thunderbolt, do leave only the Archer, that while Typhon feasts at his table, I and Phoibos may have a match, and see which will beat which in celebrating mighty Typhon! And do not kill the dancing Pierides, that they may weave the women's lay harmonious with our manly song when Phoibos or your shepherd leads the merry dance!"

ἔννεπε: καὶ χαροπῆσιν ἐπ' ὄφρυσι νεῦσε Τυφωεύς,
καὶ πλοκάμους ἐδόνησεν: ἐρευγομένων δὲ κομάων
ἰὸν ἐχιδνήεντα περιρραίνοντο κολῶναι.

510 καὶ ταχὺς εἰς ἐὸν ἄντρον ἐπείγετο: κεῖθεν αἰείρας
νεῦρα Διὸς δολόεντι πόρεν ξεινήϊα Κάδμω,
νεῦρα, τὰ περ χθονὶ πῦπτε Τυφασινίῃ ποτὲ χάρμῃ.

[507] He finished; and Typhoeus bowed his flashing eyebrows and shook his locks: every hair belched viper-poison and drenched the hills. Quick he returned to his cave, took up and brought out the sinews of Zeus, and gave them to crafty Cadmos as the guest's gift; they had fallen on the ground in the battle with Typhaon.

καὶ δόσιν ἀμβροσίην ἀπατήλιος ἦνεσε ποιμήν:
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀμφαφάσκει καὶ ἄρμενον οἷά τε χορδῇν

515 ἔσσομένην φόρμιγγι κατέκρυφε κοιλάδι πέτρῃ,
Ζηνὶ Γιγαντοφόνῳ πεφυλαγμένα: φειδομένῳ δὲ
λεπταλέον φύσημα μεμυκότι χεῖλεϊ πέμπων,

θλιβομένοις δονάκεσσιν ὑποκλέπτων τόνον ἥχοϋς,
λαρότερον μέλος εἶπε: καὶ οὕατα πολλὰ τιταίνων

520 ἁρμονίης ἤκουε, καὶ οὐ γίνωσκε Τυφωεύς.
θελγομένῳ δὲ Γιγαντι νόθος παρεσύρισε ποιμήν
ἀθανάτων ἅτε φύζαν ἐῆ σύριγγι λιγαίνων,

καὶ Διὸς ἔσσομένην ἐμελίζετο γείτονα νίκην
ἐξομένῳ Τυφῶνι μόρον Τυφῶνος αἰείδων:

525 καὶ πλέον οἷστρον ἔγειρε. καὶ ὥς νέος ἡδέϊ κέντρῳ
ἄβρὸς ἐρωμανέων ἐπιθέλγεται ἥλικι κούρῃ,

καὶ πῆ μὲν χαρίεντος ἐς ἄργυφα κύκλα προσώπου,
πῆ δὲ βαθυσμήριγγος ἀλήμονα βότρυν ἐθείρης

δέρκεται, ἄλλοτε χεῖρα ῥοδόχροον, ἄλλοτε μίτρη
530 σφιγγομένην ῥοδόεντος ἵτυν μαζοῖο δοκεύει

αὐχένα παπταίνων γυμνούμενον, ἀμφὶ δὲ μορφῇ
θέλγεται ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἄγων ἀκόρητον ὀπωπὴν,
οὐ δὲ λιπεῖν ἐθέλει ποτὲ παρθένον: ὥς ὃ γε Κάδμω
θελγομένην μελέεσσιν ὄλην φρένα δῶκε Τυφωεύς.

[513] The deceitful shepherd thanked him for the immortal gift; he handled the sinews carefully, as if they were to be strung on the harp, and hid them in a hole in the rock, kept safe for Zeus Giant-slayer. Then with pursed-up lips he let out a soft and gentle breath, pressing the reeds and stealing the notes, and sounded a tune more dainty than ever. Typhoeus pricked up all his many ears and listened to the melody, and knew nothing. The Giant was bewitched, while the false shepherd whistled by his side, as if sounding the rout of the immortals with his pipes; but he was celebrating the soon-coming victory of Zeus, and singing the fate of Typhon to Typhon sitting by his side. So he excited him to frenzy even more; and as a lusty youth enamoured is bewitched by delicious thrills by the side of a maiden his agemate, and gazes now at the silvery round of her charming face, now at a straying curl of her thick hair, now again at a rosy hand, or notes the circle of her blushing breast pressed by the bodice, and watches the bare neck, as he delights to let his eye run over and over her body never satisfied, and never will leave his girl – so Typhoeus yielded his whole soul to Cadmos for the melody to charm.

BOOK 2

δεύτερον ἀστερόφοιτον ἔχει Τυφῶνος Ἐνυῶ
καὶ στεροπὴν καὶ ἄεθλα Διὸς καὶ κῶμον Ὀλύμπου.
ὥς ὁ μὲν αὐτόθι μίμνε παρὰ σφυρὰ φορβάδος ὕλης
ἀκροπόρῳ σύριγγι μετάτροπα χεῖλεα σύρων,
Κάδμος Ἀγηνориδης νόθος αἰπίλος: ἀπροϊδῆς δὲ
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης ἀκίχητος ὑπὸ σπέος ἄσφορος ἔρπων
5 χεῖρας ἔὰς ἐκόρυσσε τὸ δεύτερον ἠθάδι πυρσῶ
καὶ νέφος ἔσκεπε Κάδμον ἀθηήτῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ,
μὴ δόλον ἠπεροπῆα μαθὼν καὶ φῶρα κερανοῦ
λάθριον ὑστερόμητις ἀποκτείνειε Τυφωεὺς
βουκόλον ἄλλοπρόσαλλον: ὁ δὲ πλέον ἠδέϊ κέντρῳ
10 ἥθελεν εἰσαΐειν φρενοθελγέα ῥυθμὸν αἰοιδῆς.
ὥς δ' ὅτε τις Σειρήνος ἐπὶ κλοπον ὕμνον ἀκούων
εἰς μόρον αὐτοκέλευστον ἰώριος εἴλκετο ναῦτης,
θελγόμενος μελέεσσι, καὶ οὐκέτι κῦμα χαράσσων
γλαυκὸν ἀκυμάντοισιν ὕδωρ λεύκαιεν ἐρετμοῖς,
15 ἀλλὰ λιγυφθόγγοιο πεσὼν ἐπὶ δίκτυα Μοίρης
τέρπετο πηδάλιοιο λελασμένος, ἄστρον ἑάσας
Πλειάδος ἑπταπόροιο καὶ ἄντυγα κυκλάδος Ἄρκτου:
ὥς ὃ γε κερδαλέης δεδονημένος ἄσθμασι μολπῆς
πηκτίδος ἠδὺ βέλεμνον ἐδέξατο πομπὸν ὀλέθρου.

BOOK II

The second has Typhon's battle ranging through the stars, and lightning, and the struggles of Zeus, and the triumph of Olympos.

And so Cadmos Agenorides remained there by the ankle of the pasturing woodland, drawing his lips to and fro along the tops of the pipes, as a pretended goatherd; but Zeus Cronides, unespied, uncaught, crept noiseless into the cave, and armed himself with his familiar fires a second time. And a cloud covered Cadmos beside his unseen rock, lest Typhoeus might learn this crafty plan, and the secret thief of the thunderbolts, and wise too late might kill the turncoat herdsman. But all the Giant wanted was, to hear more and more of the mind-bewitching melody with its delicious thrill. When a sailor hears the Siren's perfidious song, and bewitched by the melody, he is dragged to a self-chosen fate too soon; no longer he cleaves the waves, no longer he whitens the blue water with his oars unwetted now, but falling into the net of melodious Fate, he forgets to steer, quite happy, caring not for the seven starry Pleiades and the Bear's circling course: so the monster, shaken by the breath of that deceitful tune, welcomed with delight the wound of the pipes which was his escort to death.

20 ἄλλὰ καλυπτομένου νεφέων σκιοειδὲς μίτρῃ
 ἔμπνοος εὐκελάδοιο δόναξ σίγησε νομῆος,
 ἄρμονιην δ' ἀνέκοψεν. ἄερσιπότης δὲ Τυφωεὺς
 οἷστρον ἐλὼν πολέμοιο κατέδραμεν εἰς μυχὸν ἄντρου,
 βροντὴν δ' ἠνεμόφοιτον ἐδίξετο φοιτάδι λύσση
 25 καὶ στεροπὴν ἀκίχητον, ἐρευνητῆρι δὲ ταρσῶ
 ζαφλεγὲς ἀρπαμένοιο σέλας μάστευε κεραυνοῦ,
 καὶ κενεὸν σπέος εὔρε. δολοφραδέας δὲ μενοιᾶς
 ὄψε μαθὼν Κρονίδαο καὶ αἰόλα δήνεα Κάδμου
 αἰχμάζων σκοπέλοισιν ἐπεσκίρτησεν Ὀλύμπῳ.
 30 καὶ ποδὸς ἀγκύλον ἵχνος ἄγων ὀφιώδεϊ ταρσῶ
 ἰὸν ἀκοντιστῆρος ἀπέπτυνε ἀνθερεῶνος;
 ὑψιλόφου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐχιδναίησιν ἐθειραις
 πίδακας ὀμβρήσαντος ἐκυμαίνοντο χαράδραι:
 καὶ οἱ ἐπαῖσσοντι βαθυνομένην χθονὸς ἔδρην
 35 ἀκλινέος δαπέδοιο Κίλιξ ἐλελίζετο πυθμὴν
 ποσσὶ δρακοντείοισι, πολυσφαράγῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
 ταυρείου λοφόντος ἀρασσομένου κενεῶνος
 γεῖτονες ὠρχήσαντο φόβῳ Παμφυλίδες ὄχθαι,
 καὶ χθόνιαι σήραγγες ἐβόμβεον, ἔτρεμον ἄκραι
 40 ἡῖόνες, σείοντο μυχοί, καὶ ὀλίσθανον ἄκται
 λυομένης ψαμάθοιο ποδῶν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ.

[20] But now the shepherd's reed breathing melody fell silent, and a mantling shadow of cloud his the piper as he cut off his tune. Typhoeus rushed head-in-air with the fury of battle into the cave's recesses, and searched with hurried madness for the wind-coursing thunderbolt and the lightning unapproachable; with inquiring foot he chased the fire-shotten gleam of the stolen thunderbolt, and found an empty cave! Too late he learnt the craft-devising schemes of Cronides and the subtle machinations of Cadmos: flinging the rocks about he leapt upon Olympus. While he dragged his crooked track with snaky foot, he spat out showers of poison from his throat; the mountain torrents were swollen, as the monster showered fountains from the viperfish bristles of his high head; as he marched, the solid earth did sink, and the steady ground of Cilicia shook to its foundations under those dragon-feet; the flanks of craggy Tauros crashed with a rumbling din, until the neighbouring Pamphylian hills danced with fear; the underground caverns boomed, the rocky headlands trembled, the hidden places shook, the shore slipt away as a thrust of his earthshaking foot loosened the sands.

οὐ νομός, οὐ τότε θῆρες ἀπήμονες: ὠμοβόροι γάρ
 ἄρκτοι ἐδαιτρεῦοντο Τυφονίῳ προσώπου
 ἄρκτώαις γενέσσι, λεοντείων δὲ καρήνων
 45 γλαυκὰ δασυστέρνων ἐλαφύσσετο γυῖα λεόντων

χάσμασιν ἰσοτύποισιν, ἐχιδνήεντι δὲ λαιμῷ
ψυχρὰ πεδοτρεφῶν ἐδαΐζετο νῶτα δρακόντων,
ἡερίους δ' ὄρνιθας ἐδαίνυτο γείτονι λαιμῷ
ἵπταμένους ἀβάτοιο δι' αἰθέρος, ἀγχιφανῇ δὲ
50 αἰετὸν ἦσθιε μᾶλλον, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ὄρνις ἀκούει:
ἦσθιε βοῦν ἀροτῆρα, καὶ οὐκ ὤκτειρε δοκεῦν
αἰμοβαφῇ ζυγίῳ κεχαραγμένον αὐχένα δεσμῷ.

[42] Neither pasture nor wild beasts were spared. Rawravering bears made a meal for the jaws of Typhaon's bear-heads; tawny bodies of chest-bristling lions were swallowed by the gaping jaws of his own lion-heads; his snaky throats devoured the cold shapes of earthfed serpents; birds of the air, flying through untrodden space, there met neighbours to gulp them down their throats – he found the eagle in his home, and that was the food he relished most, because it is called the Bird of Zeus. He ate up the plowing ox, and had no pity when he saw the galled neck bloody from the yoke-straps.

καὶ ποταμοὺς ἐκόνισσε ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ,
Νηιάδων δὲ φάλαγγας ἀπεστυφέλιξεν ἐναύλων:
55 καὶ βυθίη στείχουσα βατὸν ῥόον ἄλματι πεζῷ
ἄβρέκτοις μελέεσσιν ἀσάμβαλος ἵστατο Νύμφη
νηιάς ὕγροκέλευθος, ἀμιλλητῆρι δὲ ταρσῷ
κούρης παλλομένης παρὰ διψάδα πέζαν ἐναύλων
σφίγγετο πηλώνεντι πεπηγότα γούνατα δεσμῷ.

[53] He made the rivers dust, as he drank the water after his meal, beating off the troops of Naiads from the river-beds: the Naiad of the deeps made her way tripping afoot as if the river were a roadway, until she stood, unshod, with dry limbs, she a nymph, the creature of watery ways, and as the girl struggled, thrusting one foot after another along the thirsty bed of the stream, she found her knees held fast to the bottom in a muddy prison.

60 μαινομένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἰδὼν πολὺμορφον ὅπωπῃν
ταρβαλέος σύριγγα γέρων ἀπεσεύσατο ποιμῆν
νόσφι φυγῶν: ὀρόων δὲ πολυσπερὲς ἔθνος ἀγοστῶν
αἰπόλος ἀστήρικτον ἐπέτρεπεν αὐλὸν ἀέλλαις:
οὐ σπόρον ἀμφεκάλυψε πέδῳ ταλαεργὸς ἀροτρεὺς
65 ῥαίνων ἀρτιχάρακτον ὀπισθοβόλῳ χθόνα καρπῷ,
οὐδὲ Τυφαινίδος παλάμης νωμῆτορι παλμῷ
αὐλακα τεμνομένην ἐνοσίχθονι τάμνε σιδήρῳ,
ἀλλὰ βόας μεθέηκε, Γίγαντίῳ δὲ βελέμνῳ
σχιζομένης κενεῶνες ἐγυμνώθησαν ἀρούρης.
70 καὶ διερχὴν φλέβα λῦσεν, ἀνοιγομένου δὲ βερέθρου

χεύμασι πηγαίοισιν ἀνέβλυε νέρτερος αὐλῶν,
 ἄσκεπέος δαπέδοιο χέων ὑποκόλπιον ὕδωρ:
 καὶ σκόπελοι ρίπτοντο: χαραδραίοις δὲ ῥέεθροις
 ἥερόθεν πίπτοντες ἐνεκρύπτοντο θαλάσση,
 75 ὕδατα χερσῶσαντες: ἀπὸ χθονίων δὲ βελέμων
 αὐτοπαγῇ ῥιζοῦτο νεηγενέων σφυρὰ νήσων.
 δένδρεα δ' αὐτόπρεμνα μετωχλίσθησαν ἀρούρης,
 καὶ δαπέδῳ πέσε καρπὸς ἁώριος, ἀρτιθαλῆς δὲ
 κῆπος αἰστώθη, ῥοδόεις δ' ἀμαθύνετο λειμῶν:
 80 καὶ Ζέφυρος δεδόνητο κυλινδομένων κυπαρίσσω
 αὐχμηροῖς πετάλοισι: φιλοθρήνοισι δὲ μολπαῖς
 αἴλινα Φοῖβος αἶειδε δαΐζομένων ὑακίνθων,
 πλέξας πένθιμον ὕμνον, Ἀμυκλαίων δὲ κορύμβων
 κοπτομένην πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐπέστενε γείτονι δάφνῃ:
 85 κεκλιμένην δ' ὠρθωσεν ἐὴν πίτυν ἀχνύμενος Πάν:
 καί, Μορίης μνησθεῖσα, φερέπτολιν Ἀθθίδα νύμφην
 τεμνομένην Γλαυκῶπις ἐπεστονάχιζεν ἐλαίῃ:
 καὶ Παφίη δάκρυσε κονιομένης ἀνεμώνης,
 πυκνὰ δὲ μυρομένη καλύκων εὐώδεα χαίτην
 90 βόστρυχον ἄβρὸν ἔτιλλε κονιομένου ῥοδεῶνος:
 καὶ στάχυν ἡμιτέλεστον ὀλωλὸτα μύρετο Δηῶ,
 μηκέτι κῶμον ἄγουσα θαλύσιον: Ἀδρυάδες δὲ
 ἥλικες ὠδύροντο λιπόσκια δένδρεα Νύμφαι.

[60] The old shepherd, terrified to descry the manifold visage of this maddened monster, dropt his pipes and ran away; the goatherd, seeing the wide-scattered host of his arms, threw his reed flying to the winds; the hard-working plowman sprinkled not the new-scored ground with corn thrown behind him, nor covered it with earth, nor cut with earthshaking iron the land furrowed already by Typhon's guiding hand, but let his oxen go loose. The earth's hollows were bared, as the monster's missile cleft it. He freed the liquid vein, and as the chasm opened, the lower channel bubbled up with flooding springs, pouring out the water from under the uncovered bosom of the ground, and rocks were thrown up, and falling from the air in torrential showers were hidden in the sea, making the waters dry land: and the hurtling masses of earth rooted themselves firmly as the footings of new-made islands. Trees were levered up from the earth by the roots, and the fruit fell on the ground untimely; the fresh-flowering garden was laid waste, the rosy meadows withered; the West Wind was beaten by the dry leaves of whirling cypresses. Phoibos sang a dirge in lamentable tones for his devastated iris, twining a sorrowful song, and lamented far more bitterly than for his clusters of Amyclean flowers, when the laurel by his side was struck. Pan in anguish uplifted his fallen pine; Grayeyes, remembering Moria, groaned over her broken olive-tree, the Attic nymph who brought her a city. The Paphian also

wept when her anemone was laid in the dust, and mourned long over the fragrant tresses of flowercups from her rosebed laid in the dust, while she tore her soft hair. Deo mourned over the half-grown corn destroyed and no longer celebrated the harvest home. The Hadryad nymphs lamented the lost shade of their yearsmate trees.

καί τις ἔνυπτόρθοιο διχαζομένοιο κορύμβου
95 σύγχρονος ἀκρήδμενος Ἀμαδρυᾶς ἄνθορε δάφνης,
ἐκ πίτυος δὲ φυγοῦσα βατῶ ποδὶ παρθένος ἄλλη
ἀγχιφανῆς ἀγόρευε μετῆλυδι γείτονι Νύμφῃ:
‘Δαφναίη φυγόμενος Ἀμαδρυᾶς, εἷς δρόμος ἔστω
ἀμφοτέραις, μὴ Φοῖβον ἴδης, μὴ Πᾶνα νοήσω.
100 ὕλοτόμοι, τάδε δένδρα παρέλθετε, μὴ φυτὰ Δάφνης
τέμνετε δειλαίης τετιημένα: φεῖδεο, τέκτων,
ὀλκάδα μὴ τελέσης πιτυώδεα δούρατα τέμνων,
μὴ ῥοθίων ψαύσειε θαλασσαιῆς Ἀφροδίτης.
ναί, δρυτόμος, πυμάτην πόρε μοι χάριν, ἀντὶ κορύμβων
105 κόπτέ με σοῖς πελέκεσσι, καὶ ἡμετέρου διὰ μαζοῦ
πῆξον ἀνυμφεύτοιο σαόφρονα χαλκὸν Ἀθήνης,
ὄφρα θάνω πρὸ γάμοιο καὶ Ἄιδι παρθένος ἔλθω,
εἰσέτι νῆις Ἔρωτος, ἃ περ Πίτυς, οἷά τε Δάφνη.’

[94] One Hamadryad leapt unveiled from the cloven shaft of a bushy laurel, which had grown with her growth, and another maiden stepping out of her pine-tree appeared beside her neighbour the exiled nymph, and said: “Laurel Hamadryad, so shy of the marriage bed, let us both take one road, lest you see Phoibos, lest I espy Pan! Woodmen, pass by these trees! Do not fell the afflicted bush of unhappy Daphne! Shipwright, spare me! cut no timbers from my pine-tree, to make some lugger that may feel the billows of Aphrodite, Lady of the Sea! Yes, woodcutter, grant me this last grace: strike me with your axe instead of my clusters, and drive our unmarried Athena’s chaste bronze through my breast, that I may die before I wed, and go to Hades a virgin, still a stranger to Eros, like Pitys and like Daphne!”

ὥς φαμένη πετάλοισι νόθην ποιήσατο μήτηρ,
110 καὶ χλοερῶ ζωστήρι κατέσκεπεν ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
αἰδομένη, καὶ μηρὸν ἐπεσφικώσατο μηρῶ:
ἡ δὲ μιν εἰσορόωσα κατηφέα ῥήξατο φωνήν:
‘Παρθενίης ἔμφυλον ἔχω φόβον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἐκ Δάφνης γεγαυῖα διώκομαι, οἷά τε Δάφνη.
115 πῆξ δὲ φύγω; σκοπέλους ὑποδύσομαι; ἀλλὰ κολώνας
ῥιπτομένας ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἔτεφρώσαντο κεραυνοί,
καὶ τρομέω σέο Πᾶνα δυσίμερον, ὅς με χάλεψει,

ὥς Πίτυν, ὥς Σύριγγα· διωκομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
 ἄλλη δευτερόφωνος ὀρίδρομος ἔσσομαι Ἥχῳ.
 120 οὐκέτι ταῦτα κόρυμβα μετέρχομαι, ἡμιφανῇ δὲ
 οὔρεα ναιετάω μετὰ δένδρεον, ἦχι καὶ αὐτὴ
 Ἄρτεμις ἀγρώσσει φιλοπάρθενος· ἀλλὰ Κρονίων
 Καλλιστοῦς λάχε λέκτρον ἐς Ἄρτεμιν εἶδος ἀμείψας.
 ἔξομαι εἰς ἀλὸς οἶδμα· τί μοι γάμος; ἀλλ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
 125 Ἀστερίην ἐδίωκε γυναιμανέων Ἐνοσίχθων.
 αἶθε λάχον περὰ κοῦφα· δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
 ἡερίοις ἀνέμοισι συνέμπορον οἶμον ὄδεύσω·
 ἀλλὰ τάχα περυγῶν κενεὸς δρόμος, ὅττι Τυφωεὺς
 ἡλιβάτοις παλάμησιν ἐπιψαύει νεφελῶν.

[109] With these words, she contrived a makeshift kirtle with the leaves, and modestly covered the circle of her breast with this green girdle, pressing thigh upon thigh. The other seeing her so downcast, answered thus: "I feel the fear inborn in a maiden, because I was born of a laurel, and I am pursued like Daphne. But where shall I flee? Shall I hide under a rock? No, thunderbolts have burnt to ashes the mountains hurled at Olympos; and I tremble at your lustful Pan, who will persecute me like Pitys, like Syrinx – I shall be chased myself until I become another Echo, to scour the hills and second another's speech. I will haunt these clusters no longer; I will leave my tree and live in the mountains which are still half to be seen, where Artemis also hunts, and she loves a maiden. – Yet Cronion won the bed of Callisto by taking the form of Artemis! I will plunge into the briny deep – what is marriage to me? – Yet in the sea, Earthshaker chased Asterië in the madness of his passion. O that I had wings to fly! I will traverse the heights, and take the road which the winds of the air do travel! But perhaps racing wings are also useless: Typhoeus reaches the clouds with highclambering hands!

130 εἰ δὲ γάμοις ἀδίκους με βιήσεται, εἶδος ἀμείψω,
 μίξομαι ὀρνίθεσσι, καὶ ἵπταμένη φιλομήλη
 καὶ ῥόδον ἀγγέλλουσα καὶ ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἔερσην
 ἔσσομαι εἰαρινοῖο φίλη Ζεφύροιο χελιδών,
 φθεγγομένη λάλος ὄρνις ὑπωροφίης μέλος ἥχοϋς,
 135 Ὀρχηθμῷ πτερόεντι περισκαίρουσα καλὴν.
 Πρόκνη, πικρὰ παθοῦσα, σὺ μὲν δέο πενθάδι μολπῇ
 υἷέα δακρύσειας, ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὰ λέκτρα γοήσω.
 Ζεῦ ἄνα, μὴ τελέσης με χελιδόνα, μὴ με διώξῃ
 καὶ Τηρεὺς πτερόεις κεχολωμένος, οἷα Τυφωεὺς.
 140 ἄηρ, οὔρεα, πόντος ἀνέμβατος· ἔνδοθι γαίης
 κρύπτομαι· ἀλλὰ Γίγαντος ἐχιδναίων ἀπὸ ταρσῶν
 ἰοβόλοι δύνουσιν ὑπὸ χθόνα φωλάδες ὕδρα.
 εἶην ὕγρον ὕδωρ ἐπιδήμιον, οἷα Κομαιθῶν

πατρῷω κέρασασα νεόρρυντα χεύματα Κύνδω:

145 οὐκ ἐθέλω παρὰ μῦθον, ὅτι προχοῇσι συνάψω

παρθενικῆς δυσέρωτος ἐμὸν φιλοπάρθενον ὕδωρ.

πῇ δὲ φύγω; Τυφῶνι μιγήσομαι; ἄλλα λοχεύσω

ἄλλοφυῇ πολύμορφον ὁμοῖον υἷα τοκῇ.

εἶην δένδρεον ἄλλο, καὶ ἐκ δρυὸς εἰς δρύας ἔλθω

150 οὖνομα παιδὸς ἔχουσα σαόφρονος; ἀντὶ δὲ Δάφνης

μὴ Μύρρης ἀθέμιστον ἐπώνυμον ἔρνος ἀκούσω.

ναί, λίτομαι, παρὰ χεῦμα γοήμονος Ἡριδανοῖο

εἶην Ἡλιάδων καὶ ἐγὼ μία: πυκνὰ δὲ δὲ πέμπω

ἐκ βλεφάρων ἤλεκτρα, φιλοθρήνοις δὲ κορύμβοις

155 γείτονος αἰγείροιο περίπλοκα φύλλα πετάσσω

δάκρυσιν ἀφνειοῖσιν ἐμὴν στενάχουσα κορείην:

οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ Φαέθοντα κινύρομαι. Ὑλαθι, δάφνη,

αἰδέομαι φυτὸν ἄλλο μετὰ προτέρης φυτὸν ὕλης.

ἔσσομαι, ὥς Νιόβη, καὶ ἐγὼ λίθος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν

160 λαϊνέην στενάχουσαν ἐποικτεῖρωσιν ὀδίται:

ἄλλὰ κακογλώσσοιο τί μοι τύπος; Ὑλαθι, Λητώ:

ἔρρέτω αἰνοτόκοιο θεημάχον οὖνομα Νύμφης.’

[130] “But if he will force me by violence, I will change my shape, I will mingle with the birds; flitting as Philomela, I will be the swallow dear to Zephyros in spring-time, harbinger of roses and flowery dew, prattling bird that sings a sweet song under the tiles, dashing about her nest with dancing wings. And, you, Procne, after your bitter sufferings, – you may weep for your son with mournful notes, and I will groan for my bridal. – Lord Zeus! make me no swallow, or angry Tereus on the wing may chase me, like Typhoeus! Air, mountain, sea, I may tread none of them: I will hide me deep in the earth. No! the water-snakes of the monster’s viperfish feet crawl into the caverns underground, spitting poison! May I be a fountain of water in the country, like Comaitho, mingling her newly flowing water with her father Cydnos – no, not to suit the story, because I shall then have to join my virgin water with the out-gushings of a lovesick maid. But where shall I flee? Shall I mingle with Typhon? Then shall I bear a son like the father – an alien, multiform! Let me be another tree, and pass from tree to tree keeping the name of a virtuous maid; may I never, instead of laurel, be called that unhallowed plant which gave its name to Myrrha. Yes, I beseech thee! let me be one of the Heliades beside the stream of mourning Eridanos: often will I drop amber from my eyelids; I will spread my leaves to entwine with the dirge-loving clusters of my neighbouring poplar, bewailing my maidenhood with abundant tears – for Phaëthon will not be my lament. Forgive me, my laurel; I shrink from being another tree after the tree of my former wood. I also will be a stone, like Niobe, that wayfarers may pity me too, a groaning stone. – But why be the shape of one with that ill-omened tongue? Be gracious, Leto! Perish the god-

defiant name of a nymph unhappy to be a mother!"

ἡ μὲν ἔφη: φαέθων δὲ πόλον δινωτὸν ἑάσας
εἰς δύσιν ἔτραπε δίφρον: ἀναθρόωσκουσα δὲ γαίης
165 ὕψιτενῆς ἄτε κῶνος ἐς ἡέρα σιγαλέῃ Νύξ
οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντι διεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνι,
αἰθέρα δαιδάλλουσα: καὶ ἀννεφέλῳ παρὰ Νεῖλῳ
ἄθάνατοι πλάζοντο, παρ' ὄφρυόεντι δὲ Ταύρῳ
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης ἀνέμιμνεν ἐγερσιμόθου φάος Ἑοῦς.

[163] While she spoke, Phaëthon had left he rounded sky, and turned his car towards setting: silent Night leapt up from earth into the air like a high-stretching cone, and wrapped heaven about in a starry robe spangling the welkin. The immortals moved about the cloudless Nile, but Zeus Cronides on the brows of Tauros awaited the light of toil-awakening Dawn.

170 νύξ μὲν ἔην: φρουραὶ δὲ περὶ στίχες ἦσαν Ὀλύμπου
ἐπτὰ περὶ ζώνησι, καὶ οἷά περ ὑπόθι πύργων
ἐννυχον ἦν ἀλάλαγμα, βοή δ' ἑτερόθορος ἄστρων
ἀμφιλαφῆς πεφόρητο, καὶ ἀξονίης κτύπον ἤχοῦς
ἐκ Κρονίης βαλβίδος ἐδέχνυτο νύσσα Σελήνης:
175 καὶ νεφέων στεφανηδὸν ἐπασσυτέρησι καλύπτραις
οὐρανὸν ἐφράξαντο φυλάκτορες αἰθέρος Ὠραὶ
ἀμφίπολοι Φαέθοντος: ἀσυλήτων δὲ πυλῶν
ἀστέρες Ἀτλάντειον ἐπεκλήρισαν ὀχῆα,
μὴ λόχος εἰσέλθῃσι πόλον μακάρων ἀπεόντων:
180 ἀντὶ δὲ συρίγγων ἐνοπῆς καὶ ἐθήμονος αὐλοῦ
ἐννυχίαις πετερυγέσσι μέλος σύριζον ἀῖται.
αἰθερίῳ δὲ Δράκοντι συνέμπορος Ἀρκάδος Ἄρκτου
ἐννυχίην Τυφῶνος ἐπήλυσιν ὑπόθι λεύσσων
ὄμμασιν ἀγρύπνοισι γέρων ἐφύλασσε Βοώτης,
185 ἀντολίην ἐδόκευεν Ἑωσφόρος, Ἑσπερος ἀστήρ
ἑσπερίην, Νοτίας δὲ λιπῶν ἰθύντορι τόξων
ὀμβρηρὰς Βορέαο πύλας περιδέδρομε Κηφεύς.

[170] It was night. Sentinels stood in line around Olympus and the seven zones, and as it were from the summit of towers came their nightly alarms; the calls of the stars in many tongues were carried all abroad, and the moon's turning-mark received the creaking echo from Saturn's starting-point. Now the Seasons, guardians of the upper air, handmaids of Phaëthon, had fortified the sky with a long string of covering clouds like a coronal. The stars had closed the Atlantean bar of the inviolable gates, lest some stealthy troop should enter the heavens while the Blessed ones were away: instead of the noise of pipes

and the familiar flute, the breezes whistled a tune with their wings through the night. Old Oxherd was on guard with unsleeping eyes, in company with the heavenly Serpent of the Arcadian Bear, looking out from on high for some nightly assault of Typhon: the Morning Star watched the east, the Evening Star the west, and Cepheus, leaving the southern gates to the Archer, himself patrolled the rainy gates of the north.

καὶ πυρὰ πάντοθεν ἦεν, ἐπεὶ φλόγες αἴθοπες ἄστρων
καὶ νύχιοι λαμπτήρες ἀκοιμήτοιο Σελήνης
190 ὥς δαΐδες σελάγιζον, ἀελλήεντι δὲ ῥόμβῳ
πυκνὰ διαθρώσκοντες ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἄκρον Ὀλύμπου
ἀστερες αἰκτῆρες ἐπέγραφον ἡέρα πυρσῷ
δεξιτεροὶ Κρονίῳ, κυβιστητῆρι δὲ παλμῷ
πυκνὰ διαίσσουσα χαρασσομένων νεφελῶν
195 ἀστεροπὴ σκίρτησεν, ἀμοιβαίῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
κρύπτετο καὶ σελάγιζε παλινδρομος ἄστατος αἴγλη,
καὶ πλοκάμους πλεκτοῖο πυρὸς βοτρυδὸν ἐλίξας
φέγγει λαχνήεντι σέλας τρήχυνε κομήτης,
καὶ δοκίδες μάρμαρον ἐπήλυδες, οἷα δὲ μακροὶ
200 ἡερόθεν τανύοντο δοκοὶ δολιχῆρεϊ πυρσῷ
Ζηνὶ συναιχμάζοντες, ὑπ' ἀκτίνεσσι δὲ λάμπων
ἀντιπόρου Φαέθοντος ἐκάμπτετο σύνδρομος ὄμβρῳ
Ἴριδος ἀγκύλα κύκλα πολύχροος ὀλκὸς ὑφαίνων,
χλωρὰ μελαινομένῳ, ῥοδοιδεῖ λευκὰ κεράσσας.

[188] Watchfires were all around: for the blazing flames of the stars, and the nightly lamp of unresting Selene, sparkled like torches. Often the shooting stars, leaping through the heights of Olympus with windswept whirl from the ether, scored the air with flame on Cronion's right hand; often the lightning danced, twisting about like a tumbler, and tearing the clouds as it shot through, the uncertain brilliance which runs to and fro, now hidden, now shining, in alternating swing; and the comet twined in clusters the long strands of his woven flame, and made a ragged light with his hairy fire. Stray meteors were also shining, like long rafters stretching across the sky, shooting their long fires as allies of Zeus; and the rain's comrade, the bow of Iris, wove her many colours into a rounded track, and shone bent under the light-shafts of Phaëthon opposite, mingling pale with dark, and light with rosy.

205 καὶ Διὶ μουνωθέντι παρήγορος ἵκετο Νίκη
ἥερος ἄκρα κέλευθα διαγράψασα πεδίλῳ,
Λητοῦς εἶδος ἔχουσα, καὶ ὀπλιζουσα τοκῆα
ἀντιτύποις στομάτεσσι πολύτροπον ἴαχε φωνήν:
'Ζεῦ ἄνα, σῶν τεκέων πρόμος ἴστασο, μηδὲ νοήσω

210 μινυμένην Τυφῶνι γάμων ἀδίδακτον Ἀθήνην:
 μητέρα μὴ τελέσειας ἀμήτορα, μαρνάμενος δὲ
 ἄστεροπὴν κούφιζε σελασφόρον ἔγχος Ὀλύμπου,
 καὶ νεφέλας συνάγειρε τὸ δεύτερον, ὅτε Ζεῦ:
 ἦδη γὰρ σταθεροῖο τινάσσεται ἔδρανα κόσμου
 215 χερσὶ Τυφαιήσιν, ὁμοζυγέων δὲ λυθέντων
 στοιχείων πσύρων ἡρνήσατο λήια Δηῶ:
 ἦβη λείπε κύπελλον, Ἄρης δ' ἀπεισίσαστο λόγχην,
 Ἑρμῆς ῥάβδον ἔθηκε, λύρην δ' ἔρριπεν Ἀπόλλων,
 καὶ πτερόεις πεπότητο λιπῶν πτερόεντας ὀιστούς,
 220 εἶδος ἔχων κύκνοιο, τελεσσιγάμου δὲ θεαίνης
 ἄσπορος ἔπλετο κόσμος ἄλωμένης Ἀφροδίτης,
 ἁρμονίης δ' ἁλύτου λύτο πείσματα: νυμφοκόμος γὰρ
 πανδαμάτωρ ἀδάμαστος Ἔρως θρασὺς εἰς φόβον ἔπτη
 τόξα λιπῶν γονόεντα: καὶ ἠθάδα Λῆμνον ἔασας
 225 σὸς πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος ἀπειθέα γούνατα σύρων
 ἃ βραδὺς ἀστήρικτον ἔχει δρόμον. ἃ μέγα θαῦμα,
 καὶ μάλα μοι κοτέουσιν ἐποικτεῖρω σέθεν Ἥρην.
 ἦ ῥα τεδὸς γενέτης πάλιν ἵζεται εἰς χορὸν ἄστρον;
 μὴ ποτε τοῦτο γένοιτο: καὶ εἰ Τιτηνὶς ἀκούω,
 230 οὐκ ἐθέλω Τιτηῆνας ἰδεῖν κρατέοντας Ὀλύμπου,
 ἀλλὰ σὲ καὶ σέο τέκνα. σὺ δὲ κρατέοντι κεραυνῷ
 Ἀρτέμιδος προμάχιζε σάοφρονος: ἦ ῥα φυλάσσω
 παρθενικὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀναγκοῖω παρακοίτη;
 ἦ ῥα τόκου ταμίη τόκον ὄψεται; ἦ ῥα τανύσσει
 235 χεῖρας ἐμοί; ποιὴν δὲ καλέσσομαι ἰοχεαίρη
 Ἰλαον Εἰλείθυιαν, ὅτ' Εἰλείθια λοχεύσῃ;

[205] Zeus was alone, when Victory came to comfort him, scoring the high paths of the air with her shoe. She had the form of Leto; and while she armed her father, she made him a speech full of reproaches, with guileful lips: "Lord Zeus! stand up as champion of your own children! Let me never see Athena mingled with Typhon, she who knows not the way of a man with a maid! Make not a mother of the unmothered! Fight, brandish your lightning, the fiery spear of Olympus! Gather once more your clouds, lord of the rain! For the foundations of the steadfast universe are already shaking under Typhon's hands: the four blended elements are melted! Deo has renounced her harvests. Hebe has left her cup, Ares has thrown down his spear, Hermes has dropped his staff, Apollo has cast away his harp, and taken a swan's form, and flown off on the wing, leaving his winged arrows behind! Aphrodite, the goddess who brings wedlock to pass, has gone a-wandering, and the universe is without seed. The bonds indissoluble of harmony are dissolved: for bold Eros has flown in panic, leaving behind his generative arrows, he the adorer of brides, he the all-mastering, the unmastered! And your fiery Hephaistos has

left his favourite Lemnos, and dragging unruly knees, look how slow he keeps his unsteady course! See a great miracle – I pity your Hera, though she hates me sure enough! What – is your begetter to come back into the assembly of the stars? May that never be, I pray! Even if I am called a Titaness, I wish to see no Titans lords of Olympos, but you and your children. Take your lordly thunderbolt and champion chaste Artemis. What – do I keep my maiden for a bridegroom who offers no gifts but only violence? What – is the dispenser of childbirth to see childbirth of her own? Will she stretch out her hands to me, and then what gracious Eileithyia shall I call for the Archeress, when Eileithyia herself is in childbed?”

ὥς φαμένης σκιοειδὲς ἔδ' ὃν πτερὸν Ὕπνος ἐλίξας
εὖνασεν ἄμπνειουσας ὅλην φύσιν· ἀλλὰ Κρονίων
ἦν τότε μοῦνος ἄυπνος· ἐφαπλώσας δὲ Τυφωεὺς
²⁴⁰ νωθρὰ βαρυνομέναις ἐπερείσατο νῶτα χαμεύνας
πλήσας μητέρα γαῖαν· ἀνοιγομένοιο δὲ κόλπου
χάσματι κοιλαίνοντο σεσηρότι φωλάδες εὖναι
εἰς χθόνα δυομένοισιν ἐχιδναίοισι καρήνοις.

[237] So she spoke: and Sleep beating his shady wing sent all breathing nature to rest; but Cronion alone remained sleepless. Typhoeus stretched out his sluggish back and lay heavy upon his bed, covering his Mother Earth; she opened wide her bosom, and lurking lairs were hollowed out in a grinning chasm for the snaky heads which sank into the ground.

ἡελίου δὲ φανέντος ὁμογλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
²⁴⁵ εἰς ἐνοπήν πολύπηχυς ἐπεβρυχᾷτο Τυφωεὺς
Ζῆνα μέγαν καλέων· βλοσυρή δὲ οἱ ἔκετο φωνή,
ρίζοπαγῆς ὅθι πέζα παλιμπόρου Ὠκεανοῖο
τέτραχα τεμνομένην περιβάλλεται ἄντυγα κόσμου,
ζωσαμένη στεφανηδὸν ὅλην χθόνα κυκλάδι μήτρῃ·
²⁵⁰ φθεγγομένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἀμειβομένη στίχα φωνῆς
παντοίῃ σμαράγησε καὶ οὐ μία σύνθροος ἡχώ·
τοῦ δὲ κορυσσομένοιο φυῆς πολυειδέϊ μορφῇ
ὠρυγὴ κελάδησε λύκων, βρύχημα λεόντων,
ἄσθμα συῶν, μύκημα βοῶν, σύριγμα δρακόντων,
²⁵⁵ πορδαλίων θρασὺ χάσμα, κορυσσομένων γένυς ἄρκτων,
λύσσα κυνῶν· μεσάτῃ δὲ Γίγας βροτοειδέϊ μορφῇ
Ζηνὸς ἀπειλήτειραν ἀπερροῖβδησεν ἰωήν·

[244] The sun appeared, and many-armed Typhoeus roared for the fray with all the tongues of all his throats, challenging mighty Zeus. That sonorous voice reached where the root-fixt bed of refluent Oceanos surrounds the circle of the

world and its four divided parts, girdling the whole earth coronet-wise with encircling band; as the monster spoke, that which answered the army of his voices, was not one concordant echo, but a babel of screaming sounds: when the monster arrayed him with all his manifold shapes, out rang the yowling of wolves, the roaring of lions, the grunting of boars, the lowing of cattle, the hissing of serpents, the bold yap of leopards, the jaws of rearing bears, the fury of dogs. Then with his midmost man-shaped head the Giant yelled out threats against Zeus”

‘Χεῖρες ἔμαι, Διὸς οἶκον ἀράξατε, πυθμένα κόσμου
σεῖσάτε σὺν μακάρεσσι, καὶ αὐτοέλικτον Ὀλύμπου
260 κόψατε θεῖον ὄχημα, καὶ αἰθερίας ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κίονος ἐλκομένης φυγέτω δεδονημένος Ἄτλας,
ἄντυγα δ’ ἀστερόφοιτον ἀπορρίψειεν Ὀλύμπου,
μηκέτι δειμαίνων ἔλικά δρόμον — οὐ γὰρ ἔάσω
ᾧμοις θλιβομένοις κυρτούμενον υἷδ’ Ἀρούρης
265 αἰθέρος ὀχλίζοντα παλινδίνητον ἀνάγκην — ,
ἀλλὰ θεοῖς ἑτέροισιν ἀτέρμονα φόρτον ἔσας
μαρνάσθω μακάρεσσιν, ἀναρρήξειε δὲ πέτρας
τρηχαλέοις βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύων πόλον ἄστρον,
ὃν πάρος ἥερταζεν, ἱμασσόμεναι δὲ κολώναις
270 ταρβαλέαι φυγέτωσαν ἀνάγκιδες οὐρανὸν ὦραι,
δμῳίδες Ἥελίοιο περιπλέγδην δὲ λαβοῦσαι
ἥερι μιξατε γαῖαν, ὕδωρ πυρὶ, πόντον Ὀλύμπῳ.

[258] “Smash the house of Zeus, O my hands! Shake the foundation of the universe, and the blessed ones with it! Break the bar of Olympus, self-turning, divine! Drag down to earth the heavenly pillar, let Atlas be shaken and flee away, let him throw down the starry vault of Olympus and fear no more its circling course – for I will not permit a son of Earth to be bowed down with chafed shoulders, while he under-props the revolving compulsion of the sky! No, let him leave his endless burden to the other gods, and battle against the Blessed Ones! Let him break off rocks, and volley with those hard shots the starry vault which he once carried! Let the timid Seasons, the Sun’s handmaids, flee the heavens under the shower of mountains! Mix earth with sky, water with fire, sea with Olympus, in a litter of confusion!

καὶ πισύρων ἀνέμων τελέσω δούλειον ἀνάγκην,
μαστιζω Βορέην, κλονέω Νότον, Εὐρον ἱμάσσω,
275 καὶ Ζέφυρον πλήξαιμι, καὶ ἥματι νύκτα κεράσσω
χειρὶ μιῇ : καὶ γνωτὸς ἐμὸς πολυπίδακι λαιμῷ
Ὠκεανὸς πρὸς Ὀλύμπον ἄγων ὑφούμενον ὕδωρ,
πέντε παραλλήλων πεφορημένος ὑπόθι κύκλων,

ἄσπρα κατακλύσσειε, καὶ ὕδατι διψᾷς ἀλάσθω
280 ἄρκτος Ἀμαξαιοιο δεδυκότος ἱστοβοῆος.

[273] “I will compel the four winds also to labour as my slaves; I lash the North Wind, I buffet the South, I flog the East; I will thrash the West, with one hand I will mix night with day; Oceanos my brother shall bring his water to Olympos aloft with many-fountained throat, and rising above the five parallel circles he shall inundate the stars; then let the thirsty Bear go wandering in the water with the Waggon’s pole submerged!

ταῦροι ἔμοι, δονέοντες ἰσημερον ἄντυγα κύκλων
αἰθέρι μικήσασθε, χαρασσομέναις δὲ κεραίαις
ἰσοτύπου φλογεροῖο κεράατα ῥήξατε Ταύρου:
καὶ βόες ὕγρὰ κέλευθα μεταλλάσσωσι Σελήνης
285 δειδιότες βαρύδουπον ἑμῶν μύκημα καρήνων:
καὶ βλοσυρῶν μέγα χάσμα διαπτύξασα γενείων
ἄρκτος ἀνοιστρήσειε Τυφανὸς Ἄρκτον Ὀλύμπου:
αἰθερίῳ δὲ Λέοντι λέων ἑμὸς ἀντιφερίζων
Ζωδιακῆς ἀέκοντα μεταστήσειε κελεύθου:
290 ἡμετέρους δὲ δράκοντας Ὅφιν φρίξειεν Ἀμάξης...
ἀστεροπαῖς ὀλίγαις κεκορυθμένοις: ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
κύματα λυσσήεντα, λόφοι χθονός, ἄγχεα νήσων
φάσγανά μοι γεγάσι, καὶ ἀσπίδες εἰσὶ κολῶναι,
καὶ σκόπελοι θώρηκες ἀγέες, ἔγχεα πέτραι,
295 καὶ ποταμοὶ σβεστῆρες ἀκιδνοτάτοιο κεραυνοῦ.
δεσμοὺς δ’ Ἰαπετοῖο Ποσειδάωνι φυλάσσω,
ἀμφὶ δὲ Καύκασον ἄκρον ἐϋπτερος ἄλλος ἀρείων
αἰετὸς αἰμάξειε παλιμφυνὲς ἦπαρ ἀμύσσων
Ἥφαιστου πυρόεντος, ἐπεὶ πυρὸς εἵνεκα κάμνει
300 ἦπατος αὐτοφύτοιο χαρασσομένοιο Προμηθεὺς:
υἷαςί δ’ ἀντικέλευθον ἔχων τύπον Ἴφιμεδείης
κρύψω ἀλυκτοπέδησι περίπλοκον υἷα Μαιῆς
χαλκῷ ἐν κεράμῳ πεφυλαγμένον, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ:
‘λύσας δεσμὸν Ἄρης ἐκεύθετο δέσμιος Ἑρμῆς.’
305 λυσαμένη δ’ ἄψαυστον ἔῃς σφρηγίδα κορείης
Ἄρτεμις Ὠρίωνος ἀναγκαίη δάμαρ ἔστω,
καὶ Τιτυῷ πετάσειε παλαίτερα φάρεα Λητώ,
εἰς γάμον ἐλκομένη βεβημένον: ἀνδροφόνον δὲ
ῥωγαλέων σακέων γυμνούμενον Ἄρεα δῆσας
310 κοίρανον ὑσμίνης ληίσσομαι ἀντὶ φονῆος
μείλιχον, ὀφιγάμῳ δὲ συναπτομένην Ἐφιάλτη
Παλλάδα ληιδίην νυμφεύσομαι, ὄφρα νοήσω
Ἄρεα θητεύοντα καὶ ὠδίνουσαν Ἀθήνην.

[281] “Bellow, my bulls, shake the circle of the equator in the sky, break with your notched horns the horns of the fiery Bull, your own likeness! Let Selene’s cattle change their watery road, fearing the heavybooming bellow of my heads! Let Typhaon’s bear open wide his grim gaping jaws, and worry the Bear of Olympos! Let my lion face the heavenly Lion, and drive him reluctant from the path of the Zodiac! (Little do I care for Zeus,) with only a few lightning to arm him! Ah, but my swords are the maddened waves of the sea, the tors of the land, the island glens; my shields are the hills, the cliffs are my breastplates unbreakable, my halberds are the rocks, and the rivers which will quench the contemptible thunderbolt. I will keep the chains of Iapetos for Poseidon; and soaring round Caucasos, another and better eagle shall tear the bleeding liver, growing for ever anew, of Hephaistos the fiery: since fire was that for which Prometheus has been suffering the ravages of his self-growing liver. I will take a shape the counterpart of the sons of Iphimedeia, and I will shut up the intriguing son of Maia in a brazen jar, ‘Hermes freed Ares from prison, and he was put in prison himself!’ Let Artemis break the untouched seal of her maidenhood, and become the enforced consort of Orion; Leto shall spread her old bedding for Tityos, dragged to wedlock by force. I will strip murderous Ares of his ragged bucklers, I will bind the lord of battle, and carry him off, and make him Killer the Gentle; I will carry off Pallas and join her to Ephialtes, married at last; that I may see Ares a slave, and Athena a mother.

καὶ μογεροῖς ὥμοισι παλινδίνητον ἀείρων
 315 οὐρανὸν Ἀτλάντειον ἐλαφρίσσειε Κρονίων
 ὄρθιος, ἡμετέρων δὲ γάμων ὑμέναιον ἀκούσῃ
 ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτων, ὅτε νυμφίος ἔσσομαι Ἥρης.
 οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ δαίδων ἐπιδεύομαι: αὐτόματος δὲ
 δαλὸς ἐμῶν θαλάμων στεροπῆς σέλας, ἀντὶ δὲ πεύκης
 320 αὐτὸς ἐμοὶ Φαέθων ἰδίης φλογὸς ἀψάμενος πῦρ
 νυμφιδίῳ τανύσειε Τυφωεὶ δούλιον αἴγλην,
 καὶ γαμίους σπινθῆρας ἐπαιθύσσοντες Ὀλύμπῳ
 ἀστέρες ἀστράφειαν ἐμῶν λαμπτήρες Ἐρώτων,
 ἀστέρες ἔσπερα λύχνα: σὺν εὐθαλάμῳ δ’ Ἀφροδίτῃ
 325 εὐνέτις Ἐνδυμίωνος ἐμῇ θεράπαινα Σελήνῃ
 δέμνιά μοι στορέσειε: καὶ εἰ χρέος ἐστὶ λοετρῶν,
 λούσομαι ἀστερόεντος ἐν ὕδασιν Ἥριδαοιο:
 ἀλλὰ Διὸς μετὰ λέκτρα Τυφωεὶ, κυκλάδες ὧραι,
 πήξατε παστὸν Ἐρωτος: ἀπ’ Ὠκεανοῦ δὲ καὶ αὐταί,
 330 Λητώ, Ἀθηναίη, Παφίη, Χάρις, Ἄρτεμις, Ἥβη,
 νυμφοκόμῳ Τυφῶνι κομίσσατε σύγγονον ὕδωρ:
 καὶ γαμίους πλήκτροισιν ἐμῇ παρὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης
 ἀντὶ Διὸς μέλψειε Τυφωέα λάτρης Ἀπόλλων.

[314] “Cronion also shall lift the spinning heavens of Atlas, and bear the load

on weary shoulders – there shall he stand, and hear the song at my wedding, and hide his jealousy when I shall be Hera’s bridegroom. Torches shall not lack at my wedding. Bright lightning shall come of itself to be selfmade torch of the bride-chamber; Phaëthon himself instead of pine-brands, kindled at the light of his own flames, shall put his radiance at the service of Typhoeus the Bridegroom; the stars shall sprinkle their bridal sparks over Olympos as lamps to my loves, the stars, lights of evening! My servant Selene, Endymion’s bed-fellow, along with Aphrodite the friend of marriage, shall lay my bed; and if I want a bath, I will bathe in the waters of starry Eridanos. Come now, ye circling Seasons! You prepared the bed of Zeus, build now the bower of love for Typhoeus; you also, Leto, Athenaia, Paphian, Charis, Artemis, Hebe, bring up from Oceanos his kindred water for Typhon the Bridegroom! And at the banquet of my table, with bridal quill Apollo my menial shall celebrate Typhoeus instead of Zeus.

οὐ ξείνου δαπέδοιο φέρω πόθον: ἡμέτερον γὰρ
335 οὐρανὸν ἀστερόντων ἀδελφεὸν ἡνιοχεύσω,
αὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχων μητρώιον, υἷα γαίης.
καὶ Κρόνον ὠμηστῆρα τὸ δεύτερον εἰς φάος ἔλκων
γνῶτὸν ἐμὸν συνάεθλον ἀπὸ χθονίοιο βερέθρου
λύσω δεσμὰ βίαια, παλιννόστους δὲ τελέσω
340 αἰθερίους Τιτῆνας, ὁμωροφίους δὲ κομίσσω
γηγενέας Κύκλωπας ἐς οὐρανόν, ἄλλα δὲ τεύξω
ὄπλα πυρός: πολέων γὰρ ἐμοὶ χρέος ἐστὶ κεραυνῶν,
ὅττι διηκοσίησι, καὶ οὐ διδύμαις πολεμίζω
χερσὶν ἐγὼ Κρονίδῃ πανομοίος: ἀντιτύπους δὲ
345 κρείσσονας ὀψιγόνους πολυφεγγεῖ μείζονι πυρσῷ
ἀστεροπὰς ἐτέρας χαλκεύσομαι, εὐρύτερον δὲ
ὄγδοον οὐρανὸν ἄλλον ὑπέρτερον ὑπόθι τεύξω
ἄστρασι φαιδρότεροισι κεκασμένον: οὐ δύναται γὰρ
ἀγχιφανῆς πόλος οὗτος ὅλον Τυφῶνα καλύψαι.
350 καὶ μετὰ θήλεα τέκνα καὶ ἀρσενόπαιδα γενέθλην
πουλυτόκου Κρονίδαο πολυσπερὲς ἄλλο φυτεύσω
αἷμα νέων μακάρων πολυαύχενον: οὐ χορὸν ἄστρον
λείψω νόσφι γάμων ἀχρήιον, ἀλλὰ συνάψω
ἄρσενι θηλυτέρην, ἵνα δούλια τέκνα λοχεύσῃ
355 παρθενικῇ πτερόεσσα παρευνηθεῖσα Βοώτῃ.’

[334] “I long for no stranger’s demesne; for Uranos is my brother, a son of Earth like myself; the star-dappled heaven which I shall rule, the heaven which I shall live in, comes to me through my mother. And cannibal Cronos I will drag up once more to the light, another brother, to help me in my task, out of the underground abyss; I will break those constraining chains, and bring back the Titans to heaven, and settle under the same roof in the sky the

Cyclopes, sons of Earth. I will make more weapons of fire; for I need many thunderbolts, because I have two hundred hands to fight with, not only a pair like Cronides. I will forge a newer and better brand of lightning, with more fire and flashes. I will build another heaven up aloft, he eighth, broader and higher than the rest, and furnish it with brighter stars; for the vault which we see close beside us is not enough to cover the whole of Typhon. And after those girl children and the male progeny of prolific Zeus, I will beget another multiparous generation of new Blessed Ones with multitudinous necks. I will not leave the company of the stars useless and unwedded, but I will join male to female, that the winged Virgin may sleep with the Oxherd and breed me slave-children.”

εἶπεν ὁμοκλήσας· Κρονίδης δ' ἐγέλασεν ἀκούων.
καὶ μῶθος ἀμφοτέροισιν ἐπέβρεμεν· ἦν δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
πομπὸς Ἔρις Τυφῶνι, Διὸς δ' ἡγήσατο Νίκη
εἰς μῶθον. οὐ βοέης ἀγέλης χάριν, οὐ περὶ ποιίμνης
360 ἦεν ἀγών, οὐ νεῖκος ἔην ἐπὶ κάλλεϊ νύμφης,
οὐ κλόνος ἀμφὶ πόλῃος ὀλίζονος· ἀλλ' ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ
αἰθέρος ἴστατο δῆρις, ἔην δ' ἐνὶ γούνασι Νίκη
σκῆπτρα Διὸς καὶ θῶκος ἀέθλια δηιοτῆτος.

[356] So he shouted; Cronides heard, and laughed aloud. Then the din of battle resounded on both sides. Strife was Typhon's escort in the mellay, Victory led Zeus into battle. No herds of cattle were the cause of that struggle, no flocks of sheep, this was no quarrel for a beautiful woman, no fray for a petty town: heaven itself was the stake in the fight, the sceptre and throne of Zeus lay on the knees of Victory as the prize of combat.

Ζεὺς μὲν ἱμασσομένων νεφέων βρονταῖον ἀράσσω
365 αἰθέριον μύκημα μέλος σάλπιζεν Ἐννοῦς,
καὶ νεφέλας ἐλικηδὸν ἐπὶ στέρνοιο καθάψας
εἶχε Γιγαντείων βελέων σκέπας· οὐδὲ Τυφωεὺς
ἄσφορος ἦν· κεφαλὰὶ δὲ βοῶν μυκηθμόν ἰεῖσαι
αὐτόματοι σάλπιγγες ἐπεσπαράγησαν Ὀλύμπῳ,
370 συμμιγέες δὲ δράκοντες ἐσύρισαν, Ἄρεος αὐλοί.
καὶ στίχας ἡλιβάτων μελέων θώρηξε Τυφωεὺς
φραζάμενος σκοπέλῳ σκόπελον μέγαν, εἰσόκε πυκναὶ
ἄρραγέες στοιχηδὸν ἐπυργώθησαν ἐρίπναι,
καὶ πέτρην προθέλυσνον ἐπασσυντέρη θέτο πέτρῃ·
375 ἦν δὲ κορυσσομένης στρατιῆς τύπος· ἀγχιφανῆς γὰρ
ῥωγάδα ῥωγὰς ἔρειδε, λόφος λόφον, αὐχένα δ' αὐχίν,
ὑψινεφὴς δ' ἀγκῶνα πολύπτυχον ὥθειεν ἀγκών·
καὶ κρاناὶ πῆληκες ἔσαν Τυφῶνι κολῶνας

αἰπυλόφῳ πρῶνι καλυπτομένων κεφαλῶν.

380 μαρναμένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἔην πολυδειράδι μορφῇ
ἐν δέμας, ἀλλὰ φάλαγγες ἀπείρονες, αἱ μὲν ἀγοστῶν,
αἱ δὲ λεοντείων γενύων εὐθηγέες αἰχμαί,
ἄλλαι ἐχιδναίων πλοκάμων ἐπιβήτορες ἄστρον.
δένδρεα δ' ἐπτύσσοντο Τυφαιῶν ἀπὸ χειρῶν
385 σείόμενα Κρονίδαο καταντίον, ἄλλα δὲ γαίης
ἔρνεα καλλιπέτηλα, τὰ περ βεβριθότι παλμῷ
Ζεὺς ἀέκων ἀμάθυνεν ἐνὶ σπινθῆρι κεραυνοῦ:
πολλὴ μὲν πτελέη σὺν ὁμήλικι ῥίπτετο πεύκη
καὶ πλάτανος περίμετρος, ἀκοντίζοντο δὲ λεῦκαι
390 ἅντα Διός: πολλὴ δὲ λαγὼν ἐρρήγνυτο γαίης.

[364] Zeus flogging the clouds beat a thundering roar in the sky and trumpeted Enyo's call, then fitted clouds upon his chest in a bunch as protection against the Giant's missiles. Nor was Typhoeus silent: his bull-heads were self-sounding trumpets for him, sending forth a bellow which made Olympos rattle again; his serpents intermingled whistling for Ares' pipes. He fortified the ranks of his high-clambering limbs, shielding mighty rock with rock until the cliffs made an unbroken wall of battlements, as he set crag by crag uprooted in a long line. It looked like an army preparing for battle; for side by side bluff pressed hard on bluff, tor upon tor, ledge upon ledge, and high in the clouds one tortuous ridge pushed another; rugged hills were Typhon's helmets, and his heads were hidden in their beetling steepes. In that battle, the Giant had indeed one body, but many necks, but legions of arms innumerable, lions' jaws with well-sharpened fangs, hairbrush of vipers mounting over the stars. Trees were doubled up by Typhaon's hands and thrown against Cronides, and other fine leafy growths of earth, but all these Zeus unwilling burnt to dust with one spark of thunderbolt cast in heavy throw. Many an elm was hurled against Zeus with first coeval, and enormous plane-trees and volleys of white poplar; many a pit was broken in earth's flank.

πᾶσα δὲ τετράπλευρος ἵτους στυφελίζετο κόσμος,
καὶ πίσυρες Κρονίονι συναιχμάζοντες ἀῆται
ἥριην σκοτόεσσαν ἐπυργώσαντο κονίην
κύματα κυρτώσαντες: ἱμασσομένης δὲ θαλάσσης
395 Σικελίη δεδονητο, Πελωρίδες ἔβρεμον ὄχθαι
Αἰτναῖοι τε τένοντες, ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ πέτραι
μάντιες ἐσσομένων Λιλυβηίδες, ἔκτυπε δ' ἄκτῃ
ἐσπέριον παρὰ χεῦμα Παχυνιάς: ἐγγύθι δ' ἄρκτου
ἀμφὶ νάπην Θρήισαν Ἀθωιάς ἔκλαγε Νύμφη,
400 Πιερικῷ δὲ τένοντι Μακεδονίς ἴαχεν ὕλη:
ἀντολῆς δὲ θέμεθλα τινάσσετο, δενδροκόμοι δὲ
Ἀσσυρίου Λιβάνοιο θυώδεες ἔκτυπον αὐλαί.

[391] The whole circuit of the universe with its four sides was buffeted. The four winds, allied with Cronion, raised in the air columns of sombre dust; they swelled the arching waves, they flogged the sea until Sicily quaked; the Pelorid shores resounded and the ridges of Aitna, the Lilybaian rocks bellowed prophetic of things to come, the Pachynian promontory crashed under the western wave. Near the Bear, the nymph of Athos wailed about her Thracian glen, the forest of Macedon roared on the Pierian ridge; the foundations of the east were shaken, there was crashing in the fragrant valleys of Assyrian Libanos.

καὶ Διὸς ἀκαμάτοιο καταιχμάζοντα κεραυνοῦ
ρίπτετο πολλὰ βέλεμνα Τυφασίων ἀπὸ χειρῶν:
405 καὶ τὰ μὲν αἰσσοῦντα Σεληναίῳ παρὰ δίφρῳ
ἄσταθῆων ἀχάρακτα κατέγραφον ἵχνια ταύρων,
ἄλλα δὲ δινηθέντα δι' ἥερος ὀξέϊ ῥοιζῶ
ἄσθμασιν ἀντιπόροισι μετερρίπιζον ἀῆται:
καὶ Διὸς ἀψαύστοιο παραπλαγχθέντα κεραυνοῦ
410 πολλὰ Ποσειδάωνος ἐδέξατο τερπομένη χεῖρ,
γειοτόμου γλωχῖνος ἀφειδήσασα τριαίνης:
ὕγροβαφῇ δὲ βέλεμνα παρὰ Κρονίης πόρον ἄλμης
Ζηνὶ φέρων ἀνάθημα γέρων ἰδρύσατο Νηρεὺς.

[403] Aye, and from Typhaon's hands were showered volleys against the unwearied thunderbolts of Zeus. Some shots went past Selene's car, and scored through the invisible footprints of her moving bulls; others whirling through the air with sharp whiz, the winds blew away by counterblasts. Many a stray shot from the invulnerable thunderbolts of Zeus fell into the welcoming hand of Poseidon, unsparing of his earthpiercing trident's point; old Nereus brought the brine-soaked bolts to the ford of the Cronian Sea, and dedicated them as an offering to Zeus.

καὶ βλοσυροὺς δύο παῖδας Ἐνυαλίοιο κορύσσας
415 εἶχε Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ὀπάονα πατροπάτωρ Ζεὺς
αἰθέρος ἀσπιστῆρας ὀμήλυδας, ἀστεροπῇ δὲ
στήσε Φόβον, καὶ Δεῖμον ἐπεστήριξε κεραυνῷ
δεῖμα φέρων Τυφῶνι: καὶ ἀσπίδα κούφισε Νίκη
πρόσθε Διὸς τανύουσα, καὶ ἀντιάχνησεν Ἐνυώ,
420 Ἄρης δ' ἐσμαράγησεν. ἐπαιγίζων δὲ θυέλλαις
ἡερόθεν πεφόρητο μετάρσιος αἰγίοχος Ζεὺς,
ἐζόμενος περόεντι Χρόνου τετράζυγι δίφρῳ:
ἵπποι δὲ Κρονίωνος ὀμόζυγες ἦσαν ἀῆται.
καὶ πῇ μὲν στεροῇσι κορύσσετο, πῇ δὲ κεραυνῷ,
425 ἄλλοτε δὲ βροντῇσιν ἐπέχραεν, ἄλλοτε δ' ὄμβρων

πηγνυμένης προχέων πετρούμενα νῶτα χαλάζης
 ὄμβρηροῖς βελέεσσι: Γιγαντείοισι δὲ πυκνοὶ
 κίονες ὕδατόεντες ἐπερρήγνυντο καρήνοις
 ὄξυβελεῖς, παλάμαι δὲ Τυφώος, οἷα μαχαίρη,
 430 ἤερίῳ τέμνοντο χαλαζήεντι βελέμνῳ:
 καὶ παλάμη κεκόνιστο, καὶ οὐ μεθέηκε κολώνης,
 ἀλλὰ νιφοβλήτοιο τομῇ πληγεῖσα χαλάζης
 μάρνατο καὶ πίπτουσα, διαῖσσουσα δὲ γαίης
 ἄλμασιν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπάλλετο μαινομένη χεῖρ,
 435 οἷα βαλεῖν ἐθέλουσα καὶ εἰσέτι κύκλον Ὀλύμπου.

[414] Now Zeus armed the two grim sons of Enyalios, his own grandsons, Rout and Terror his servant, the inseparable guardsmen of the sky: Rout he set up with lightning, Terror he made strong with the thunderbolt, terrifying Typhon. Victory lifted her shield and held it before Zeus: Enyo countered with a shout, and Ares made a din. Zeus breasting the tempests with his aegis-breastplate swooped down from the air on high, seated in Time's chariot with four winged steeds, for the horses that drew Cronion were the team of the winds. Now he battled with lightnings, now with Levin; now he attacked with thunders, now poured out petrified masses of frozen hail in volleying showers. Waterspouts burst thick upon the Giant's heads with sharp blows, and hands were cut off from the monster by the frozen volleys of the air as by a knife. One hand rolled in the dust, struck off by the icy cut of the hail; it did not drop the crag which it held, but fought on even while it fell, and shot rolling over the ground in self-propelled leaps, a hand gone mad! as if it still wished to strike the vault of Olympos.

καὶ πρόμος οὐρανίων πυρόεν βέλος ὑπόθι σείων
 δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο κέρας πολέμοιο νομεύων
 ὑψιφανῆς πολέμιζεν: ἐς ὕδροπόρους δὲ χαράδρας
 ὦρτο Γίγας πολύπηχυς, ἐπασσυντέρῳ δὲ συνάψας
 440 αὐτομάτῳ σφήκωσεν ὁμόπλοκα δάκτυλα δεσμῶ
 κοιλαίνων παλάμας πολυχανδέας, ἧσιν αἰείρων
 μεσσοῦσι χειμερίων ποταμῶν ὀρεσίδρομον ὕδωρ,
 χερσὶ βαθυνομέναις μεμερισμένα χεῦματα πέμπων,
 ἄστεροπῇ προέηκε: χαραδραίῳ δὲ ῥέεθρῳ
 445 βαλλομένη σελάγιζε δι' ὕδατος αἰθέριη φλὸξ
 λαβροτέρῳ σπινθῆρι, καὶ ἔξεσε δίψιον ὕδωρ
 αἰθαλόεν, διερῇ δὲ δύσις τερσαίνετο μύδρῳ:
 σβέσσαι γὰρ μενέαινε Γίγας θρασὺς αἰθέριον πῦρ,
 νήπιος: οὐδ' ἐνόησε, πυραυγέες ὅττι κεραυνοὶ
 450 καὶ στεροπαὶ γεγάσιν ἀπ' ὄμβροτόκων νεφελῶν.

[436] Then the sovereign of the heavens brandished aloft his fiery bolt, and passing from the left wing of the battle to the right, fought manifest on high. The many-armed monster hastened to the watery torrents; he intertwined his row of fingers into a living mat, and hollowing his capacious palms, he lifted from the midst of the wintry rivers their water as it came pouring down from the mountains, and threw these detached parcels of the streams against the lightning. But the ethereal flame blazed with livelier sparks through the water of the torrents which struck it; the thirsty water boiled and steamed, and its liquid essence dried up in the red hot mass. Yes – to quench the ethereal fire was the bold Giant's plan, poor fool! he knew not that the fire-flaming thunderbolts and lightnings are the offspring of the clouds from whence the rain-showers come!

καὶ πάλιν ἰθυτμήτας ἐλὼν σπήλυγγας ἐναύλων
στέρνα Διὸς μενέαινε βαλεῖν ἄτρωτα σιδήρῳ,
καὶ σκοπὴ Διὸς ἅντα τιταίνεται: χεῖλεϊ δ' ἄκρω
Ζεὺς ὀλίγου φύσησε, καὶ ὑψίκριμνον ἐοῦσαν
455 λεπταλέον φύσημα παρέτραπε κυκλάδα πέτρην.
χειρὶ δὲ δινήεντα λόφον νησαῖον ἀράξας
εἰς ἐνοπὴν πολὺδινος ἀνηώρητο Τυφωεύς,
καὶ Διὸς ἀρρήκτοιο κατηκόντιζε προσώπου:
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἀντικέλευθον ἀλεύατο μάρμαρον αἰχμὴν
460 κρᾶτα παρακλίνας, στεροπῆς δ' ἐτύχησε Τυφωεύς
θερμὸν ἀμειβομένης ἔλικα δρόμον, αἶψα δὲ πέτρῃ
ἄκροφαληριόωσα μελαινέτο μάρτυρι καπνῷ.
καὶ τριτάτην προΐαλλεν: ἐπεσσυμένην δὲ Κρονίων
πεπταμένης παλάμης μεσάτῳ νωμήτορι καρπῷ,
465 σφαῖραν ἄτε θρώσκουσαν, ἀτέρμονι χειρὶ πατάξας
πέμπε πάλιν Τυφῶνι: μεταστρεφθεῖσα δὲ πολλῇ
ἤεριη στροφάλιγγι παλιννόστοιο πορείης
αὐτομάτη τόξευεν ὀιστευτῆρα κολῶνῃ.
τέτρατον ἠκόντιζεν ὑπέρτερον: ἀψαμένη δὲ
470 αἰγίδος ἀκροτάτων θυσάνων ἐδιχάζετο πέτρῃ.
ἄλλην δὲ προέηκεν: ἀελλήεσσα δὲ πέτρῃ
ἡμιδαῆς σελάγιζεν ὀιστευθεῖσα κεραυνῷ.
οὐ σκοπιὰ νέφος ὕγρὸν ἀνέσχισαν, ἀλλὰ τυπεῖσαι
ὕδρηλαῖς νεφέλῃσι διερρήγνυντο κολῶναι.

[451] Again, he cut straight off sections of the torrent-beds, and designed to crush the breast of Zeus which no iron can wound; the mass of rock came hurtling at Zeus, but Zeus blew a light puff from the edge of his lips, and that gentle breath turned the whirling rock aside with all its towering crags. The monster with his hand broke off a rounded promontory from an island, and rising for the attack circled it round his head again and again, and cast it at the

invincible face of Zeus; then Zeus moved his head aside, and dodged the jagged rock which came at him; but Typhon hit the lightning as it passed on its hot zigzag path, and at once the rock was white-patched at the tip and blackened with smoke – there was no mistake about it. A third rock he cast; but Cronion caught it in full career with the flat of his infinite open hand, and by a playful turn of the wrist sent it back like a bouncing ball, to Typhon. The crag returned with many an airy twist along its homeward path, and of itself shot the shooter. A fourth shot he sent, higher than before: the rock touched the tassel-tips of the aegis-cape, and split asunder. Another he let fly: storm-swift the rock flew, but a thunderbolt struck it, and half-consumed, it blazed. The crags could not pierce the raincloud; but the stricken hills were broken to pieces by the rainclouds.

475 ξυνὴ δ' ἄμφοτέροισιν ἰσόρροπος ἦεν Ἐνυῶ
καὶ Διὶ καὶ Τυφῶνι: πολυφλοῖσβω δὲ βελέμνω
αἰθέρος ὄρχηστῆρες ἐβακχεύοντο κεραυνοί.
μάρνατο δὲ Κρονίδης κεκορυθμένος: ἐν δὲ κυδοιμῷ
βροντῆν μὲν σάκος εἶχε, νέφος δὲ οἱ ἔπλετο θώρηξ,
480 καὶ στεροπὴν δόρυ πάλλε, Διιπετέες δὲ κεραυνοὶ
ἤερόθεν πέμποντο πυριγλῶχινες ὀϊστοί:
ἦδη γὰρ περίφοιτος ἀπὸ χθονίου κενεῶνος
ξηρὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἀνέδραμεν ἀτμὸς ἀρούρης,
καὶ νεφέλης ἔντοσθεν ἐελμένος αἴθοπι λαίμῳ
485 πνίγετο θερμαίνων νέφος ἔγκυον: ἀμφὶ δὲ καπνῷ
τριβομένων καναχηδὰ πυριτρεφῶν νεφελάων
θλιβομένη πεφόρητο δυσέκβατος ἐνδόμυχος φλόξ
διζομένη μέσον οἴμον, ἐπεὶ σέλας ὑψόθι βαίνειν
οὐ θέμις: ἀστεροπὴν γὰρ ἀναθρόσκουσαν ἐρύκει
490 ὀμβρηρῇ ραθάμιγγι λελουμένος ἱκμῖος ἀήρ,
πυκνῶσας νέφος ὑγρὸν ὑπέρτερον: ἄζαλέου δὲ
νειόθεν οἴγομένοιο διέδραμεν ἀλλόμενον πῦρ.
ὥς λίθος ἀμφὶ λίθω φλογερὴν ὠδῖνα λοχεύων
λάινον ἠκόντιζε πολυθλιβὲς αὐτόγονον πῦρ,
495 πυρσογενῆς ὅτε θῆλυς ἀράσσεται ἄρσενι πέτρῳ:
οὕτω θλιβομένησιν ἀνάπτεται οὐρανή φλόξ
λιγνύι καὶ νεφέλῃσιν: ἀπὸ χθονίοιο δὲ καπνοῦ
λεπταλέου γεγαῶτος ἐμαῖώθησαν ἀῆται.
ἄλλην δ' ἐξ ὑδάτων μετανάστιον ἀτμίδα γαίης
500 ἠέλιος φλογερῇσι βολαῖς ἀντωπὸν ἀμέλγων
τινθαλέω νοτέουσας ἀνείρυσεν αἰθέρος ὀλκῷ:
ἡ δὲ παχυνομένη νεφῶν ὠδινε καλύπτρην,
σεισαμένη δὲ πᾶχιστον ἀραιοτέρῳ δέμας ἀτμῷ,
ἅψ ἀναλυσασμένη μαλακὸν νέφος εἰς χύσιν ὄμβρου,
505 ὑδρηλὴν προτέρην μετεκίαθεν ἔμφυτον ὕλην.

τοῖος ἔφυ φλογόεις νεφέων τύπος, οἷσι καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἰσότητοι στεροπῇσι συνωδίνοντο κεραυνοί.

[475] Thus impartial Enyo held equal balance between the two sides, between Zeus and Typhon, while the thunderbolts with booming shots held revel like dancers of the sky. Cronides fought fully armed: in the fray, the thunder was his shield, the cloud his breastplate, he cast the lightning for a spear; Zeus let fly his thunderbolts from the air, his arrows barbed with fire. For already from the underground abyss a dry vapour diffused around rose from the earth on high, and compressed within the cloud was stifled in the fiery gullet, heating the pregnant cloud. For the lurking flame curshed within rushed about struggling to find a passage through; over the smoke the fire-breeding clouds rumble in their agony seeking the middle path; the fires dares not go upwards: for the lightning leaping up is kept back by the moist air bathed in rainy drops, which condenses the seething cloud above, but the lower part is parched and gapes and the fire runs through with a bound. As the female stone is struck by the male stone, one stone on another brings flame to birth, while crushed and beaten it produces from itself a shower of sparks: so the heavenly fire is kindled in clouds and murk crushed and beaten, but from earthy smoke, which is naturally thin, the winds are brought forth. There is another floating vapour, drawn from the waters, which the sun shining full on them with fiery rays milks out and draws up dewy through the boiling track of air. This thickens and produces the cloudy veil; then shaking the thick mass by means of the thinner vapour, it dissolves the fine cloud again into a fall of rain, and returns to its natural condition of water. Such is the character of the fiery clouds, with their twin birth of lightnings and thunders together.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ πολέμιζε· κατ' ἀντιβίοιο δὲ πέμπων
ἡθάδα πυρσὸν ἱάλλεν, ἄκοντιστῆρα λεόντων,
510 βάλλων ποικιλόφωνον ἄμετρήτων στίχα λαιμῶν
οὐρανίῳ πρηστῆρι· Διοβλήτου δὲ βελέμνου
ἔν σέλας ἔφλεγε χεῖρας ἀπείρονας, ἔν σέλας ὤμους
νηρίθμους ἀμάθυνε καὶ αἰόλα φῦλα δρακόντων,
καὶ κεφαλὰς ἐδάιξαν ἀτέρμονας αἰθέρος αἰχμαί,
515 καὶ πλοκάμους Τυφῶνος ἔλιξ ἀμάθυνε κομήτης
ἀντιπόρῳ σπινθῆρι δασύτριχα πυρσὸν ἱάλλων,
καὶ κεφαλαὶ σελάγιζον, ἀναπτομένων δὲ κομῶν
βόστρυχα συρίζοντα κατεσφρηγίσσατο σιγῇ
οὐρανίῳ σπινθῆρι, μαραινομένων δὲ δρακόντων
520 ἰοβόλοι ῥαθάμιγγες ἑτερσαίνοντο γενείων·
μαρναμένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἑτεφρώθησαν ὀπωπαὶ
καπνῷ λιγνυόεντι, νιφοβλήτων δὲ προσώπων
χιονέαις λιβάδεσσιν ἔλευκαίνοντο παρειαί.
καὶ πισύρων ἀνέμων τετράζυγον εἶχεν ἀνάγκην·

525 εἰ γὰρ ἔς ἀντολὴν σφαλερὰς ἐλέλιζεν ὅπωπας,
 ὕσμινην φλογέσσαν ἐδέχνυτο γείτονος Εὐρου:
 εἰ κλισίην ἔσκοπίαζε δυσήνεμον Ἀρκάδος Ἄρκτου,
 χειμερίου πρηστῆρος ἀθαλπεί βάλλετο πάχνη:
 φεύγων ψυχρὸν ἄλημα νιφοβλήτοιο Βορῆος
 530 καὶ διερωῶ δεδόνητο καὶ αἰθαλόεντι βελέμνῳ:
 καὶ δύσιν εἰσορώων βλοσυρῆς ἀντώπιον Ἡοῦς
 ἔσπερίην ἔφριξε θυελλήεσσαν Ἐνυώ,
 εἰαρινῆς αἰὼν Ζεφυρηίδος ἦχον ἱμάσθλης:
 καὶ Νότος ἀμφὶ τένοντα μεσημβρινὸν Αἰγοκερῆος
 535 ἄντυγας ἡερίας ἐπεμάστιε, θερμὸς ἀήτης,
 φλογμὸν ἄγων Τυφῶνι πυραυγέϊ καύματος ἀτμῷ.
 εἰ πάλιν Ὀμβρον ἔχευε κατάρρυντον ὑέτιος Ζεῦς,
 λυσιπόνοις λιβάδεσσιν ὅλον χροᾶ λοῦσε Τυφωεύς
 θερμὰ καταψύχων κεκαφηότα γυῖα κεραυνῶ.

[508] Zeus the father fought on: raised and hurled his familiar fire against his adversary, piercing his lions, and sending a fiery whirlwind from heaven to strike the battalion of his innumerable necks with their babel of tongues. Zeus cast his bolt, one blaze burnt the monster's endless hands, one blaze consumed his numberless shoulders and the speckled tribes of his serpents; heaven's blades cut off those countless heads; a writhing comet met him front to front discharging a thick bush of sparks, and consumed the monster's hair. Typhon's heads were ablaze, the hair caught fire; with heaven's sparks silence sealed the hissing tresses, the serpents shrivelled up, and in their throats the poison-spitting drops were dried. The Giant fought on: his eyes were burnt to ashes in the murky smoke, his cheeks were whitened with hoar-frost, his faces beaten with showers of snow. He suffered the fourfold compulsion of the four winds. For if he turned flickering eyes to the sunrise, he received the fiery battle of neighbouring Euros. If he gazed towards the stormy clime of the Arcadian Bear, he was beaten by the chilly frost of wintry whirlwinds. If he shunned the cold blast of snow-beaten Boreas, he was shaken by the volleys of wet and hot together. If he looked to the sunset, opposite to the dawn of the grim east, he shivered before Enyo and her western tempests when he heard the noise of Zephyros cracking his spring-time lash; and Notos, that hot wind, round about the southern foot of Capricorn flogged the aerial vaults, leading against Typhon a glowing blaze with steamy heat. If again Rainy Zeus poured down a watery torrent, Typhoeus bathed all his body in the trouble-soothing showers, and refreshed his benumbed limbs after the stifling thunderbolts.

540 καὶ κραναοῖς βελέεσσι χαλαζαίου νιφετοῖο
 παιδὸς ἱμασσομένου τραφερῇ μαστίζετο μήτηρ:
 δερκομένη δὲ Γίγαντος ἐπὶ χροῖ μάρτυρα Μοίρης
 λάινα πηκτὰ βέλεμνα καὶ ὑδατόεσσαν ἀκωκὴν

ἥελιον Τιτῆνα κατηφεί λίσσεται φωνῇ,
545 ἔν φάος αἰτίζουσα θερεΐτατον, ὄφρα κε πυρσῶ
θερμότερῳ λύσειε Διδὸς πετρούμενον ὕδωρ
νιφομένῳ Τυφῶνι χέων ἐμφύλιον αἶγλην:
καὶ οἱ ἱμασσομένῳ συνετήκετο: καιομένων δὲ
ἡλιβάτων ὀρώσῃ πυριστεφὲς ἔθνος ἀγοστῶν
550 χειμερίην ἰκέτευε μολεῖν δυσπέμφελον αὔρην
εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν, ἵνα ψυχροῖσιν ἀήταις
διφαλέην Τυφῶνος ἀποσβέσσειεν ἀνάγκην.

[540] Now as the son was scourged with frozen volleys of jagged hailstones, his mother the dry Earth was beaten too; and seeing the stone bullets and icy points embedded in the Giant's flesh, the witness of his fate, she prayed to Titan Helios with submissive voice: she begged of him one red hot ray, that with its heating fire she might melt the petrified water of Zeus, by pouring his kindred radiance over frozen Typhon. She herself melted along with his bruised body; and when she saw his legion of highclambering hands burnt all round, she besought one of the tempestuous winter's blasts to come for one morning, that he might quench Typhon's overpowering thirst by his cool breezes.

Ἴσοτύπου δὲ τάλαντα μάχης ἔκλινε Κρονίων.
χειρὶ δὲ δενδρήεσσαν ἀπορρίψασα καλύπτρην
555 μήτηρ ἄχυντο Γαῖα, Τυφαιώνων κεφαλῶν
καπνὸν ὀπιπεύουσα: μαραιομένων δὲ προσώπων
γηνγενέος λυτο γοῦνα: προθεσπίζουσα δὲ νίκην
βρονταίοις πατάγοισι Διδὸς μυκήσατο σάλπιγξ:
ἦριπε δ' οὐρανίῳ μεθῶν φλογόεντι βελέμνῳ,
560 ὠτειλήν ἀσίδηρον ἔχων πολέμοιο, Τυφωεύς
ὑπιτενής, καὶ νῶτα βαλὼν ἐπὶ μητέρι Γαίῃ
κεῖτο, περιστορέσας ὀφιώδεα γυῖα κονίῃ,
πυρσὸν ἀναβλύζων. Κρονίδης δ' ἐρέθιζε γελάσας,
τοῖον ἔπος προχέων φιλοπαίγμωνος ἀνθερεῶνος:

[553] Then Cronion inclined the equally balanced beam of the fight. But Earth his Mother had thrown off her veil of forests with her hand, and just then was grieving to behold Typhaon's smoking heads. While his faces were shrivelling, the Giant's knees gave way beneath him; the trumpet of Zeus brayed, foretelling victory with a roll of thunder; down fell Typhoeus's high-uplifted frame, drunk with the fiery bolt from heaven, stricken with a war-wound of something more than steel, and lay with his back upon Earth his mother, stretching his snaky limbs in the dust and belching flame. Cronides laughed aloud, and taunted him like this in a flood of words from his mocking

565 Ἐκαλὸν ἄοσητῆρα γέρων Κρόνος εὔρε, Τυφωεῦ:
 χθὼν μόγις υἷα λόχευσε, μέγαν γόνον Ἰαπετοῖο:
 ἡδὺς ὁ Τιτῆων τιμήορος: ὥς ὀρώω δέ,
 ἄδρανέες γεγάσι τάχα Κρονίδαο κεραυνοί.
 δηθύνεις τέο μέχρις ἀνέμβατον αἰθέρα ναίειν,
 570 ψευδόμενε σκηπτοῦχε; μένει δέ σε θῶκος Ὀλύμπου:
 σκῆπτρα Διὸς καὶ πέπλα θεημάχε δέξο Τυφωεῦ
 Ἀστραῖον δὲ κόμισσον ἐς οὐρανόν: ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
 αἰθέρι νοστήσειε καὶ Εὐρυνόμη καὶ Ὀφίων
 καὶ Κρόνος ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμόστολος: ἐρχομένῳ δέ
 575 σὺν σοὶ ποικιλόντων ἐς ὑψιπόρων ἵτυν ἄστρον
 δεσμὰ φυγῶν δολόμητις ὁμαρτήσῃε Προμηθεύς,
 ἥπατος ἡβώνοντος ἀφειδέα δαιτυμονῆα
 οὐρανίης θρασὺν ὄρνιν ἔχων πομπῆα κελεύθου.
 τί πλέον ἤθελες ἄλλο μετὰ κλόνον ἢ ἐνοῆσαι
 580 Ζῆνα καὶ ἐννοσίγαιον ὁπάονα σείο θοώκων;
 Ζῆνα μὲν ἀδρανόοντα καὶ οὐ σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπου,
 βροντῆς καὶ νεφέων γυμνούμενον, ἀστεροπῆς δέ
 ἀντὶ πυρὸς ζαθέοιο καὶ ἡθάδος ἀντὶ κεραυνοῦ
 δαλὸν ἀερτάζοντα Τυφαιονίῳ παρὰ παστῶ,
 585 ληιδίης ἀλόχοιο τεῆς θαλαμηπόλον Ἥρης
 ὀφθαλμῶ κοτέοντι τεῶν ζηλήμονα λέκτρων:
 σύζυγα δ' ἐννοσίγαιον ἀποζευχθέντα θαλάσσης
 ὑμετέρῃ μετὰ πόντον ὑποδρήσοντα τραπέξῃ,
 διψάδι χειρὶ φέροντα τεὸν δέπας ἀντὶ τριαίνης.
 590 Ἄρεα λάτριν ἔχεις, θεράπων τεός ἐστιν Ἀπόλλων:
 πέμπε δὲ Τιτῆνεσσι διάκτορον υἷα Μαίης
 σὸν κράτος ἀγγέλλοντα καὶ οὐρανίην σέθεν αἰγλήν:
 ἐργατίνην δ' Ἥφαιστον ἐθήμονι κάλλιπε Λήμνω,
 ὄφρα κεν ἀσκήσειε νεοζεύκτῳ σέο νύμφῃ
 595 ποικίλον αὐχένος ὀρμὸν εὐχροον ἦνοπι κόσμῳ,
 ἢ ἐπεδοστιβέων ἀμαρύγματα φαιδρὰ πεδίλων,
 οἷσι τετὴ παράκοιτις ἀγάλλεται, ἢ ἐτελέσῃ
 χρυσοφαῖθ' ἑθρόνον ἄλλον Ὀλύμπιον, ὄφρα γελάσῃ
 κρείσσονα θῶκον ἔχουσα τετὴ χρυσόθρονος Ἥρη:
 600 καὶ χθονίους Κύκλωπας ἔχων ναετῆρας Ὀλύμπου
 τεῦξον ἀρειοτέριο νέον σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ.
 ἀλλὰ δόλῳ θέλξαντα τεὸν νόον ἐλπίδι νίκης
 χρυσῶ δῆσον Ἔρωτα μετὰ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης:
 χαλκῶ σφίγξον Ἄρηα κυβερνητῆρα σιδήρου.

bring forth that great son for Iapetos! A jolly champion of Titans! The thunderbolts of Zeus soon lost their power against you, as I see! How long are you going to wait before taking up your quarters in the inaccessible heavens, you sceptred impostor? The throne of Olympus awaits you: accept the robes and sceptre of Zeus, God-defying Typhoeus! Bring back Astraios to heaven; if you wish, let Eurynome and Ophion return to the sky, and Cronos in the train of that pair! When you enter the dappleback vault of highranging stars, let crafty Prometheus leave his chains, and come with you; the bold bird who makes hearty meals off that rejuvenescent liver shall show him the way to heaven. What did you want to gain by your riot, but to see Zeus and Earthshaker footmen behind your throne? Well, here you have Zeus helpless, no longer sceptre-bearer of Olympus, Zeus stript of his thunders and his clouds, holding up no longer the lightning's fire divine or the familiar thunderbolt, but a torch for Typhaon's bower, groom of the chamber of Hera the bride of your spear, whom he eyes with wrath, jealous of your bed: here you have Earthshaker with him, torn from the sea for a new place instead of the deep as waiter at your table, no trident in his hand but a cup for you if you are thirsty! Here you have Ares for a menial, Apollo is your lackey! Send round Maia's son, King's Messenger, to announce to the Titans your triumph and your glory in the skies. But leave your smith Hephaistos to his regular work in Lemnos, and he can make a necklace to adorn your newly wedded bride, a real work of art, in dazzling colours, or a fine pair of brilliant shoes for your wife's feet to delight her, or he can build another Olympian throne of shining gold, that your golden-throned Hera may laugh because she has a better throne than yours! And when you have the underground Cyclopes domiciled in Olympus, make anew spark for an improved thunderbolt. As for Eros, who bewitched your mind by delusive hopes of victory, chain him with golden Aphrodite in chains of gold, and clamp with chains of bronze Ares the governor of iron!

605 ἄστεροπαὶ φεύγουσι καὶ οὐ μίμνουσιν Ἐννώ:
 πῶς στεροπῆς ὀλίγης οὐκ ἔκφυγες ἀπτόλεμον πῦρ;
 ἢ πόθεν οὖασι σοῖσιν ἀμετρήτοισιν ἀκούων
 βρονταῖην ἐλάχειαν ἐδείδιες ὄμβριον ἡχώ;
 τίς σε τόσον ποιήσεν ἀνάλκιδα; πῇ σέθεν αἰχμαί;
 610 πῇ κεφαλὰὶ σκυλάκων; πῇ χάσματα κεῖνα λεόντων
 καὶ χθόνιον μύκημα βαρυφθόγγων σέο λαιμῶν;
 πῇ δε δρακοντεῖης δολιχόσκιος ἰδὸς ἐθείρης;
 οὐκέτι συρίζεις ὀφιῶδεϊ κυκλάδι χαίτη;
 πῇ βοέων στομάτων μυκήματα; πῇ σέο χειρῶν
 615 ἡλιβάτου πρηῶνος ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀγοστοί;
 οὐκέτι μαστίζεις ἐλικώδεας ἄντυγας ἄστρων;
 οὐκέτι λευκαίνουσι συῶν προβλήτες ἀκκκαὶ
 ἀφροκόμῳ ῥαθάμιγγι διάβροχον ἀνθερεῶνα;

πῆ μοι φρικτὰ γένεια σεσηρότα λυσσάδος ἄρκτου;

[605] “The lightnings try to escape, and will not abide Enyo! How as it you could not escape a harmless little flash of lightning? How was it with all those innumerable ears you were afraid to hear a little rainy thud of thunder? Who made you so big a coward? Where are your weapons? Where are your puppyheads? Where are those gaping lions, where is the heavy bellowing of your throats like rumbling earthquake? Where is the far-flung poison of your snaky mane? Do not you hiss any more with that coronet of serpentine bristles? Where are the bellowings of your bull-mouths? Where are your hands and their volleys of precipitous crags? Do you flog no longer the mazy circles of the stars? Do the jutting tusk of your boars no longer whiten their chins, wet with a frill of foamy drippings? Come now, where are the bristling grinning jaws of the mad bear?

620 εἴζον ἐπουρανίοισι, πεδοτρεφές· ὑμετέρων γὰρ
χειρὶ μιῇ νίκησα διηκοσίων στίχα χειρῶν.
ἀλλὰ βαθυκρήμνοισι περισφίγγουσα κολῶναις
Σικελίῃ τρικάρηνος ὄλον Τυφῶνα δεχέσθω
οἰκτρὰ κονιομένοις ἑκατὸν κομόωντα καρήνοισι.
625 ἔμπης, εἰ νόον ἔσχες ὑπέρβιον, εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτῷ
ἐλπίσιν ἀπρήκτοισιν ἐπεσκίρτησας Ὀλύμπῳ,
τεύξω σοι, πανάποτμε, κενήριον, ὑστάτιον δὲ
σὸν κενεὸν παρὰ τύμβον, ἀτάσθαλε, τοῦτο χαράξω:
Ἵγγενέος τόδε σῆμα Τυφώεος, ὃν ποτε πέτροις
630 αἰθέρα μαστίζοντα κατέφλεγεν αἰθέριον πῦρ.”

[620] “Son of Earth, give place to the sons of heaven! For I with one hand have vanquished your hands, two hundred strong. Let three-headland Sicily receive Typhon whole and entire, let her crush him all about under her steep and lofty hills, with the hair of his hundred heads miserably bedabbled in dust. Nevertheless, if you did have an over-violent mind, if you did assault Olympus itself in your impracticable ambitions, I will build you a cenotaph, presumptuous wretch, and I will engrave on your empty tomb, this last message: ‘This is the barrow of Typhoeus son of Earth, who once lashed the sky with stones, and the fire of heaven burnt him up.’”

ἔννεπε κερτομέων νέκυν ἔμπνοον, υἱὸν Ἀρούρης.
καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι χέων ἐπινίκιον ἥχῳ
λαϊνέῃ σάλπιγγι Κίλιξ μυκήσατο Ταῦρος,
ὑδρηλοῖς δὲ πόδεσσιν ἔλιξ ὠρχήσατο Κῦδνος
635 Ζηνὸς ἀνευάζων διερῷ βρυχήματι νικην,
μεσσοφανῆς προχέων ναέτην ῥόον ἥλικι Ταρσῷ.

γαῖα δὲ πετρήεντα διαρρήξασα χιτῶνα
 ἄχνητο κεκλιμένη, καὶ πενθάδος ἀντὶ μαχαίρης
 κοπτομένην ἀνέμοις ἀπεκείρατο δενδράδα χαιτήν,
 640 βόστρυχον ὑλήεντος ἀποτμήξασα καρήνου
 φυλλοχόῳ ἄτε μηνί, χαραδραίας δὲ παρειᾶς
 δρύπατο, καὶ κελαδεινὰ δι' εὐύδρων κενεῶνων
 ἔρρει μυρομένης ποταμῆια δάκρυα Γαίης.
 ἐκ δὲ Τυφαινίων μελέων στροφάλιγγες ἀέλλης
 645 κύματα μαστίζουσιν, ἐπεσσύμεναι δὲ καλύψαι
 ὀλκάδας ἀκλύστοιο καθιππεύουσι γαλήνης,
 οὐ μούνους ῥοθίοισιν ἐπήλυδες· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ γαίῃ
 πολλάκις αἰθύσσουσα θυελλήεσσα κονίη
 ὄρθιον ἡβώνοντα κατέκλυσε καρπὸν ἄλωϊς.

[631] Thus he mocked the half-living corpse of the son of Earth. Then Cilician Tauros brayed a victorious noise on his stony trumpet for Zeus Almighty, while Cydnos danced zigzag on his watery feet, crying Euoi! in rolling roar for the victory of Zeus, Cydnos visible in the midst, as he poured the flood upon Tarsos which had been there ever since he had been there himself. But Earth tore her rocky tunic and lay there grieving; instead of the shears of mourning, she let the winds beat her breast and shear off a coppice for a curl; so she cut the tresses from her forest-covered head as in the month of leaf-shedding, she tore gullies in her cheeks; Earth wailed, as her river-tears rolled echoing through the swollen torrents of the hills. The gales eddying from Typhaon's limbs lash the waves, hurrying to engulf the ships and riding down the sheltered calm. Not only the surges they invade; but often over the land sweeps a storm of dust, and overwhelms the crops growing firm and upright upon the fields.

650 καὶ ταμίη κόσμοιο, παλιγγενέος Φύσις ὕλης,
 ῥηγνυμένης κενεῶνα κεχηνότα πῆξεν ἀρουρῆς,
 νησαίους δὲ τένοντας ἀποτμηγέντας ἐναύλων
 ἁρμονίης ἀλύτοιο πάλιν σφρηγίσσατο δεσμῷ.
 οὐκέτι δὲ κλόνος ἦεν ἐν ἄστρασιν· ἥελιός γάρ
 655 χαιτήεντα Λέοντα παρὰ σταχυώδεϊ Κούρῃ
 Ζῳδιακῆς ἔστησε παραΐξαντα κελεύθου·
 οὐρανίου δὲ Λέοντος ἐπισκαίροντα προσώπῳ
 καρκίνον ἀντικέλευθον ἀθαλπέος Αἰγόκερῆος
 ἄψ ἀνασειράζουσα διεστήριξε Σελήνη.

[650] Then Nature, who governs the universe and recreates its substance, closed up the gaping rents in earth's broken surface, and sealed once more with the bond of indivisible joinery those island cliffs which had been rent from their

beds. No longer was there turmoil among the stars. For Helios replaced the maned Lion, who had moved out of the path of the Zodiac, beside the Maiden who holds the corn-ear; Selene took the crab, now crawling over the forehead of the heavenly Lion, and drew him back opposite cold Capricorn, and fixt him there.

660 οὐ μὲν ἀοιδοπόλοιο λελασμένος ἔπλετο Κάδμου
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης, καλέσας δὲ τόσῃν ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν
ἥρις σκιοειδὲς ἀποσκεδάσας νέφος ὄρφνης:
‘Κάδμε, τεῇ σύριγγι πύλας ἔστεψας Ὀλύμπου:
σὸν γάμον οὐρανίῃ καὶ ἐγὼ Φόρμυγγι γεραίρω:
665 γαμβρὸν ἐγὼ τελέσω σε καὶ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Κυthereίῃ,
καὶ χθονίου δειπνοιο θεοῦς ἔχε δαιτυμονίᾳς.
ἴξομαι εἰς σέο δῶμα: τί φίλτερον ἄλλο νοήσεις
ἢ μακάρων βασιλῆα τεῆς ψαύοντα τραπέζης;
εἰ δὲ τύχης ἐθέλεις ἐτερότροπα κύματα φεύγειν
670 πορθμεύων βιότοιο γαληναίοιο πορεῖν,
Ἄρεα μὲν Διρκαῖον ἀεὶ πεφύλαξο χαλέψαι,
Ἄρεα νόσφι λόχου κεχολωμένον: ἐννύχιος δὲ
οὐρανίοιο Δράκοντος ἐναντίον ὄμμα τιτήνας
ῥέξον ὑπὲρ βωμοῖο λαβὼν εὖοδμον ὀφίτην,
675 κικλήσκων Ὀφιοῦχον Ὀλύμπιον, ἐν πυρὶ καίων
Ἴλλυρικῆς ἐλάφοιο πολυγλώχινᾳ κεραῖην,
ὄφρα φύγῃς, ὅσα πικρὰ τεῶ πεπρωμένα πότμῳ
Μοιριδίης ἔκλωσεν ἔλιξ ἄτρακτος ἀνάγκης,

[660] But Zeus Cronides did not forget Cadmos the mastersinger. He dispersed the cloud of darkness which overshadowed him, and calling him, spoke in this fashion: “Cadmos, you have crowned the gates of Olympos with your pipes! Then I will myself celebrate your bridal with heaven’s own Harp. I will make you goodson to Ares and Cythereia; gods shall be guests at your wedding-feast on the earth! I will visit your house: what more could you want, than to see the King of the Blessed touching your table? And if you wish to cross life’s ferry on a calm sea, escaping the uncertain currents of Chance, be careful always not to offend Ares Dircaian, Ares angry when deprived of his brood. At dead of night fix your gaze on the heavenly Serpent, and do sacrifice on the altar holding in your hand a piece of fragrant serpentine; and calling upon the Olympian Serpent-holder, burn in the fire a horn of the Illyrian deer with many tines: that so you may escape all the bitter things which the wreathed spindle of apportioned Necessity has spun for your fate, - if the threads of the Portioners every obey!

εἰ λίνα Μοιράων ἐπιπίθεται. ἀλλὰ τοκῆος

680 μνηστῖν ἕα κοτέοντος Ἀγήνορος, ἄσταθέων δὲ
 ἀμφὶ κασιγνήτων μὴ δείδιθι: κεκριμένοι γὰρ
 πάντες ἔτι ζώουσιν, ἐπεὶ Νοτίην χθόνα Κηφεύς
 νάσσατο Κηφίων ἐπήρανος Αἰθιοπῶν,
 καὶ Θάσος εἰς Θάσον ἦλθεν, ἄερσιλόφοιο δὲ Ταύρου
 685 δύσσιφον ἀμφὶ τένοντα Κίλιξ Κιλικέσσιν ἀνάσσει,
 Ὀρηκίην δ' ἐπὶ πέζαν ἀπόσσυτος ἵκετο Φινεύς:
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ κομόωντα βαθυπλούτοισι μετάλλοις
 γαμβρὸν ἐς Ὀρειθίαν ἄγω καὶ Ὀρῆκα Βορῆα,
 νυμφίον ὀμφήεντα φιλοστεφάνου Κλεοπάτρης.
 690 καὶ σὺ κασιγνήτων ἰσοελκέι νήματι Μοίρης
 Καδμείων βασιλεὺς καὶ οὐνομα λεῖπε πολίταις:
 πλαγκτοσύνης δ' ἀπόειπε παλίμπορα κύκλα κελεύθου,
 καὶ βοδὸς ἄστατον ἵχνος ἀναίνο: Κυπριδίῳ γὰρ
 σύγγονον ὑμετέρην ζυγίῳ νυμφεύσατο θεσμῷ
 695 Ἀστερίων Δικταῖος ἄναξ Κορυβαντίδος Ἰδης.

[679] “Let pass the memory of your angry father Agenor, fear not for your wandering brothers; for they all live, though far apart. Cepheus journeyed to the regions of the south, and he has found favour with the Cephenees of Ethiopia; Thasos went to Thasos, and Cilix is king over the Cilicians round about the snowy mount of high-peaked Tauros; Pineus came with all speed to the Thracian land. As for him, I will make him proud with his deep mines of riches, and lead him as goodson to Oreithyia and Thracian Boreas, as prophetic bridegroom of garlanded Cleopatra. For you, the Portioner’s thread weighs equal with your brothers; be king of the Cadmeians, and leave your name to your people. Give up the back-wending circuits of your wandering way, and relinquish the bull’s restless track; for your sister has been wedded by the law of love to Asterion of Dicte, king of Corybantian Ida.

καὶ τὰ μὲν αὐτὸς ἐγὼ μαντεύσομαι, ἄλλα δὲ Φοίβῳ
 καλλείψω: σὺ δέ, Κάδμε, μεσόμφαλον ἄξονα βαίνων
 Δελφίδος αὐδήεντα μετέρχεο τέμπεα Πυθοῦς.’

[696] “So much I will myself foretell for you, the rest I will leave to Phoibos. And now, Cadmos, do you make your way to the midnipple of the earth, and visit the speaking vales of Pytho.”

ὦς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμπεν Ἀγηγορίδην μετὰ νύκτιν
 700 Ζεὺς Κρονίδης: καὶ κραίπνός ἐς αἰθερίων ἵτν ἄστρον
 χρύσειον ἔτραπε δίφρον, ἐπεμβεβαῖα δὲ Νίκη
 ἦλασεν οὐρανίῃ πατρώϊον ἵππον ἱμάσθλῃ.
 καὶ θεὸς εἰς πόλον ἦλθε τὸ δεῦτερον: ἐρχομένῳ δὲ

οὐρανίας πετάσαντο πύλας ὑψαύχενες ὦραι,
705 αἰθέρα δ' ἐστέψαντο: παλιννόστω δ' ἐνὶ μορφῇ
σὺν Διὶ νικήσαντι θεοὶ νόστησαν Ὀλύμπῳ,
καὶ πτερόεν μίμημα μετηλλάξαντο προσώπου.
ἀβροχίτων δ' ἀσίδηρος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἦλθεν Ἀθήνη
Ἄρεα Κῶμον ἔχουσα, Μέλος δέ οἱ ἔπλετο Νίκη:
710 καὶ Θέμις ὄπλα Γίγαντος ὀλωλότος ἄφρονι Γαίῃ
εἰς φόβον ἐσσομένων ἐπεδείκνυε, μητρὶ Γιγάντων,
ὑψιπαγῇ κρεμάσασα παρὰ προθύροισιν Ὀλύμπου.

[699] With these words, Zeus Cronides dismissed Agenor's son, and swiftly turned his golden chariot toward the round of the ethereal stars, while Victory by his side drove her father's team with the heavenly whip. So the god came once more to the sky; and to receive him the stately Seasons threw open the heavenly gates, and crowned the heavens. With Zeus victorious, the other gods came home to Olympos, in their own form come again, for they put off the winged shapes which they had taken on. Athena came into heaven unarmed, in dainty robes with Ares turned Comus, and Victory for Song; and Themis displayed to dumbfounded Earth, mother of the giants, the spoils of the giant destroyed, an awful warning for the future, and hung them up high in the vestibule of Olympos.

BOOK 3

ἐν τριτάτῳ μάστευε πολὺπλανον ὀλκάδα Κάδμου Ἥλεκτρης τε μέλαθρα
φιλοξενίην τε τραπέζης.

λῦτο δ' ἄγῳν, ὅτε χεῖμα παρήλυθεν· ἄκρα δὲ φαίνων

ἀννεφέλῳ τελαμῶνι φασφόρα νῶτα μαχαίρης

ᾠρίων ἀνέτελλε, καὶ οὐκέτι κυκλάδι λίμνῃ

λούετο παχνήεντα δεδυκότος ἵχνια Ταύρου:

5 οὐκέτι δ' ὀμβροτόκοιο παρὰ κλίμα διψάδος Ἄρκτου

ἵχνεσιν ἀβρέκτοισιν ὀδεύετο μάρμαρον ὕδωρ:

οὐκέτι Μασσαγέτης μετανάστιον οἶκον ἱμάσσων,

δουρατέῳ τροχόεντι διαστειβῶν ῥόον ὀλκῶ,

ὑδρηλὰς ἐχάρασσε πεπηγότος αὐλακας Ἴστρου:

10 ἤδη γὰρ Ζεφύροιο προάγγελος ἔγκυος ᾠρῇ

σχιζομένων καλύκων δροσεροὺς ἐμέθυσσεν ἀήτας,

καὶ λιγυρῇ μερόπεσσι συνέστιος εἶαρι κῆρυξ

ὄρθριον ὕπνον ἄμερσε ἄλως τρύζουσα χελιδὼν

ἄρτιφανής, καὶ γυμνὸν ἀπ' εὐδόμοιο καλύπτρης

15 εἶαριναῖς ἐγέλασσε λελουμένον ἄνθος ἐέρσαις

BOOK III

*In the third, look for the much-wandering ship of Cadmos, the palace of
Electra and the hospitality of her table.*

The struggle was finished by the end of winter. Orion rose, displaying with his cloudless baldric the glittering surface of his sword. No longer were the frozen footsteps of the setting Bull washed under the circling mere. No longer in the region of the thirsty Bear, mother of rains, was the petrified water traversed by unwetted feet. No longer the Massagetan scored watery furrows on the frozen Istros, whipping up his migratory house, and traveling across the river with his track of wooden wheels. For already the teeming Season, fore-courier of Zephyros, had inebriated the dewy breezes from the bursting flowercups; the full-voiced herald, spring's welcome, fellow-guest, the chattering twittering swallow, had just shown herself to rob mankind of their morning sleep; the flower, clear of its fragrant sheath, laughed, bathed in the life-giving dew of springtime.

ζωογόνοις. Κιλικῶν δὲ παρὰ κροκόεντας ἐναύλους

ὑψιλόφου Ταύροιο λιπῶν πρηῶνα κεράστην

πρώιος ἦιε Κάδμος, ὅτε ζόφον ἔσχισεν Ἥως.

καὶ πλόος ὥριος ἦεν: ἐπειγομένοιο δὲ Κάδμου

20 ἐκ χθονὸς ὠχλίζοντο χαλινωτήρια νηῶν:

ἰστὸς δ' ὕψικάρηνος ὑπέρτερον ἤερα τύπτων
ὄρθιος ἐστήρικτο καὶ ἡρέμα πόντον ἱμάσσων
ἄσθμασιν ἠΰοις ἐπεβόμβεε κοῦφος ἀήτης,
πομπὸν ἔχων κελάδημα, καὶ ἄλλοπρόσαλλα θυέλλαις
25 οἷδματα κυρτώσας διερῆς ἀνέκοψε χορεῖς
σιγαλέης δελφῖνα κυβιστητῆρα γαλήνης.
συμπλεκέες δὲ κάλως ἐσύρισαν ὀξεί ροίζω,
σπερχομένω δ' ἀνέμω πρότονοι μύκον, ἰθυπόρου δὲ
λαῖφος ἐκολπώθη βεβημένον ἔγκυον αὔρης:
30 σχίζετο δ' ἄστατον οἷδμα παλιμπετές, ἄφρεε δ' ὕδωρ
οἶδαλέον, καὶ νηὸς ἐπειγομένης διὰ πόντου
κύματι βομβήεντι περὶ τρόπιν ἦπυεν ἡχώ:
πηδάλιου δὲ κόρυμβα διχαζομένης ἀλὸς ὀλκῶ
κυρτὰ φαληριόωντα κατέγραφε νῶτα θαλάσσης.

[16] Early in the morning, when Dawn had cleft the gloom, Cadmos came down from the horned peaks of lofty Tauros along the saffron glens of Cilicia. Sailing was now in season, Cadmos was in haste; they hauled up the ship's bridling-hawsers off the land. The mast lifting its head on high struck the upper air standing firmly. A light breeze gently rippling the sea with the breath of the morning hummed "All aboard!" Soon it curved the fickle waves with its gusts, and stopt the watery dance of the dolphin, that tumbler of the quiet calm. The intertwined ropes whistled with a shrill hiss, the forestays hummed in the freshening wind, the sail grew big-bellied, enforced by the forthright gale. The restless flood was cleft, then fell back to its place; the water swelled and foamed, the ship sped over the deep, while the keel struck the boisterous waves with a resounding splash, and the end of the steering-oar scored the white-crested billows where the ship's wake divided the curving back of the sea.

35 καὶ δεκάτης μετὰ νύσσαν ἀχείμονα κυκλάδος Ἡοῦς
Κάδμος ἀκυμάντοισι Διὸς πεφορημένος αὔραις,
Τρώιον ὕγρονόμοιο διασχίζων πόρον Ἑλλης,
ἄρπαγος ἔξ ἀνέμοιο μεμυκότι σύρετο πορθμῶ
εἰς Σάμον ἀντικέλευθον ἐγερσιμόθοιο Καμάνδρου,
40 γείτονα Σιθονίης, ὅθι παρθένος εἰσέτι Κάδμω
Ἄρμονιη πεφύλακτο: καὶ ὀλκάδα θέσπιδι Ρεῖη
Θρηκικὴν πόμπευον ἐς ἥονα μάντιες αὔραι.
καὶ Σαμῆς ὀρόωντες ἀκοιμήτου φλόγα πεύκης
ἀγχίγυοι στείλαντο γεγηθότες ἱστία ναῦται:
45 νῆα δὲ πορθμεύσαντες ἀκυμάντου σχεδὸν ὄρμου
νήνεμον ἀκροτάτοισιν ὕδωρ ἐχάρασσον ἐρετμοῖς,
καὶ λιμένος προσέκελσαν ὑπὸ σκέπας: ἀκλινέων δὲ
τρητὸς ὄνυξ πετραῖος ἐδέξατο πείσματα νηῶν,

καὶ διερῆς ψαμάθοιο βαθυνομένου διὰ κόλπου
50 ὀλκάδος ἀγκυλόδοντες ἐπεςφῆκωντο χαλινοὶ
δυομένου Φαέθοντος: ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖο δὲ ναῦται
ἄστορέας ψαμάθοισιν ἐπεστορέσαντο χαμεύνας
ἐσπερίην μετὰ δαῖτα: βαρυνόμενοισι δὲ φωτῶν
ὄμμασιν ἄψοφον ἵχνος ἐπήγαγεν Ὕπνος ἀλήτης.

[35] On the tenth circling Dawn after the peaceful turning-point of spring, Cadmos has been carried by winds from Zeus over a waveless sea; but as he cleft the Trojan channel of water-ranging Helle, a violent wind drove him over a roaring passage to Samos, over against battle-stirring Scamandros, not far from Sithonia, where Harmonia still a virgin awaited him safely. There the prophetic breezes escorted his vessel the Thracian coast, by divine Rheia's ordinance. The sailors rejoiced to see the sleepless flame of the Samian torch, and furled their sails as they came near the land; then rowing the ship towards the waveless anchorage they scored the smooth water with the tips of their oars and ran her up under shelter of the harbour. A hole drilled through a rocky claw received the hawsers of the ships, and held them immovable, and the curving teeth of the ship's bridles were wedged tight into the wet sand deep under the water, by the time that the sun went down. On shore, after the evening meal, the men spread their pallets on the sand without bedding; the poor fellows' eyes were heavy, and wandering sleep came on them with silent step.

55 ἄλλ' ὅτε πορφυρέοιο παρὰ πτερὸν αἴθοπος Εὐρου
ἄκρα χارασσομένην ὑπὸ ῥωγάδα Τευκρίδος Ἰδης
ὄρθρον ἀποπτύουσα φάνη λιμενοσκόπος Ἡώς,
ἀντιπόρου μέλαν οἶδμα καταυγάζουσα θαλάσσης,
Ἀρμονίην τότε Κύπρις ἵνα ζεύξειεν ἀκοίτῃ,
60 ἄπλοα σιγαλῆς ἐτανύσσετο νῶτα γαλήνης.
ἦδη δ' ἔκλαγεν ὄρνις ἐώιος ἡέρα τέμνων,
καὶ στίχες εὐπήληκες ἐρημονόμων Κορυβάντων
Κνώσσιον ἐκρούσαντο σακεσπάλον ἄλμα χορείης
ἵχνεσι μετρητοῖσιν: ἐρισμαράγου δὲ βοείης
65 τυπτομένης ἐλικηδὸν ἀμιλλητῆρι σιδήρῳ
δίκτυπος αὐλὸς ἔμελπε, καὶ ὀρχηστῆρας ἐπείγων
σύνθροον ἐσμαράγησε μέλος βητάρμονι παλμῷ.
καὶ δρῦες ἐψιθῦρίζον, ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ πέτραι,
καὶ νοερῷ σείοντο τινάγματι θυιάδες ὕλαι,
70 καὶ Δρυάδες κελάδησαν: ἐπεσσεύοντο δὲ πυκναὶ
εἰς χορὸν ἀντιπόρῳ σκιρτήματι κυκλάδες ἄρκτοι,
βρυχηθῶν δὲ λέοντες ὁμοζήλων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
μυστιπόλων ἀλαλαγμὸν ἐμιμήσαντο Καβείρων
ἔμφρονα λύσσαν ἔχοντα: φίλοσκύλακος δὲ θεαίνης

75 μελλομένης Ἑκάτης θιασώδεες ἔβρεμον αὐλοὶ
ἄζυγες, οὗς Κρονίη κεραοξόος εὖρατο τέχνη.

[55] But when along the wing of red fiery Euros, Dawn scraping the peaks of rugged Teucrian Ida from below spilled away the morning twilight, and showed herself to survey the harbour, illuminating the black swell of the opposite sea, then Cypris spread out a back of silent calm where no ship could sail, for she meant to unite Harmonia to her mate. Already the bird of morning was cutting the air with loud cries; already the helmeted bands of desert-haunting Corybants were beating on their shields in the Cnossian dance, and leaping with rhythmic steps, and the oxhides thudded under the blows of the iron as they whirled them about in rivalry, while the double pipe made music, and quickened the dancers with its rollicking tune in time to the bounding steps. Aye, and the trees whispered, the rocks boomed, the forests held jubilee with their intelligent movings and shakings, and the Dryads did sing. Packs of bears joined the dance, skipping and wheeling face to face; lions with a roar from emulous throats mimicked the triumphant cry of the priests of the Cabeiroi, sane in their madness; the revelling pipes rang out a tune in honour of Hecate, divine friend of dogs, those single pipes, which the horn-polisher's art invented in Cronos's days.

καὶ πατάγω κελάδοντι φιλοσμαράγων Κορυβάντων
πρώιος ἔγρετο Κάδμος, ὁμοπλεκέες δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ὀρθρινῆς αἰόντες ἀσιγήτοιο βοείης

80 Σιδόνιοι πλωτῆρες ἐυκροκάλων ἀπὸ λέκτρων
ἄκταις μεθέηκαν ἀλίκτυπα νῶτα χαμεύνης.

καὶ πόλιν ἰχνεύων ἐπλάζετο Κάδμος ὁδίτης
νῆα λιπῶν ἐτάροισιν ἀπόσσυτος· ἐρχομένῳ δὲ
εἰς δόμον Ἀρμονίης θαλαμηπόλος ἦντετο Πειθῷ

85 θνητῆς εἶδος ἔχουσα, καὶ ἀχθοφόρου διὰ κόλπου,
οἷα γυνὴ ταλαεργός, ἀφυσσαμένη πόμα πηγῆς
ἄργυρέην εὐκυκλον ἐκούφισε κάλπιν ἀγοστῶ,
ἄγγελος ἐσσομένων, ὅτι νυμφίον ἠθάδι θεσμῶ
ζωογόνοις πρὸ γάμοιο καθικμαίνουσι λοετροῖς.

90 καὶ σχεδὸν ἄστεος ἦεν, ὅθι γλαφυροῖς ἐνὶ βόθροις
συμπλεκέων ῥυπόωσαν ἐπασσυτέρων στίχα πέπλων
ποσοὶ πολυσκάρθοις ἐπιστεῖβουσι γυναιῖκες,
ποσὸν ὁμοζήλοισι. καὶ ἀκροτάτων ἀπὸ ταρσῶν
κυανέῃ νεφέλῃ κεκαλυμμένον ἄχρι καρήνου

95 Κάδμον ἀσημάντοιο δι' ἄστεος ἦγαγε Πειθῷ
ξεινοδόκου βασιλῆος ἐρευνητῆρα μελάθρου,
πομπὰς ὁδοῦ Παφίης ὑπὸ νεύμασιν· ἔνθα τις ὄρνις,
ἐξομένη γλαυκωπὸν ὑπὸ σκέπας ἀβρὸν ἐλαίης,
ὁμφαίῃ στόμα λάβρον ἀναπτύξασα κορώνῃ

100 ἦιθέω νεμέσιζεν, ἐς Ἀρμονίην ὅτι νύμφην
ἦιε φειδομένω γαμίῳ ποδὶ νωθρὸς ὁδίτης,
καὶ πτερὰ σεισαμένη φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν:

[77] The noisy Corybants with their ringing din awoke Cadmos early in the morning; the Sidonian seamen also with one accord, hearing the never-silent oxhide at dawn, rose from their rattling pebbly pallets and left the brine-beaten back of the shore, their bed. Cadmos left the ship to his companions, and set out on foot for a quick walk to find the city. As he was going towards Harmonia's house, he was met by Peitho, Lady of the bride-chamber. She had the form of a mortal woman, and like a household drudge, she carried a weight pressed against her bosom by her arm, a rounded silver jug which she had filled with drink from the spring: a presage of things to come, since they drench the bridegroom by time-honoured custom with life-giving water in the bath before the marriage. He was now close by the city, where in hollow pits bundles on bundles of soiled clothing are trodden by the women's bounding feet, trodden in emulation. Peitho covered Cadmos with a dark mist from heels to head, and led him through the unseeing city in search of the king's hospitable hall, guiding his way by the Paphian's command. There some bird, perched under the delicate shadow of a gray olive-tree, – it was a crow, she opened her loud beak inspired, and reproached the young man for a laggard, that the bridegroom walked to his bride Harmonia with dawdling foot. She flapt her wings and rallied him soundly:

‘Νήπιος ἔπλετο Κάδμος, ἦ ἔπλετο νῆις Ἑρώτων:
νυμφίον οὐ βραδὺν οἶδεν Ἔρωσ ταχύς: ἴλαθι, Πειθῶ,
105 δηθύνει σέο Κάδμος ἐπειγομένης Ἀφροδίτης.
θερμὸς Ἔρωσ καλέει σε: τί, νυμφίε, νωθρὸς ὁδεύεις;
ἦδὺς, ὃς ἱμερόεντος Ἀδώνιδος ἔπλεο γείτων,
ἦδὺς ὃ Βυβλιάδεσσιν ὁμῶλακα πατρίδα ναίων.
ἦλιτον, οὐ ῥόον εἶδες Ἀδώνιδος, οὐ χθόνα Βύβλου
110 ἔδρακες, ἦχι πέλει Χαρίτων δόμος, ἦχι χορεύει
Ἀσσυρίη Κυθέρεια καὶ οὐ φυγόμενος Ἀθήνη.
τερπομένην δὲ γάμοισι τιθηνήτειραν Ἑρώτων
πειθῶ πομπὸν ἔχεις, οὐκ Ἄρτεμιν: ἴσχεο μόχθων,
Ἀρμονίης ἀπόναιο καὶ Εὐρώπην λίπε ταύρῳ:
115 σπεῦδε, καὶ Ἥλέκτρη σε δεδέξεται, ἥς ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ναὶ δὴ καὶ γαμίων ἐμβάλλεο φόρτον Ἑρώτων
ἐμπορίην φιλότητος ἐπιτρέψας Ἀφροδίτῃ,
Κυπριδίην δὲ θυγάτρα φυλασσομένην σέο παστῶ
ἄλλην δέχνυσσο Κύπριν: ἐπαινῆσεις δὲ κορώνων,
120 καὶ γαμὶν καλέσεις με θεοπρόπον ὄρνιν Ἑρώτων.
ἦλιτον: ἀλλὰ με Κύπρις ἐπέπνεεν: ἐκ Παφίης γὰρ
θεσπίζω σέο λέκτρα, καὶ εἰ πέλον ὄρνις Ἀθήνης.’

[103] “So Cadmos is a baby, or only a novice in love! Eros is a quick one, and knows nothing of slow bridegrooms! Forgive me, Peitho – your Cadmos dallies, Aphrodite is in haste! Hot Eros calls you, bridegroom – you plod along like a laggard, and why? You are a nice neighbour for charming Adonis! You are a nice fellow-countryman for the girls of Byblos! No, I am wrong: you never saw the river of Adonis; you never set eyes on the soil of Byblos, where the Graces have their home, where Assyrian Cythereia dances, and an Athena who is not coy! Peitho is your guide, nor Artemis, Peitho the friend of marriage, the nurse of the baby Loves. Cease your toiling and moiling, enjoy Harmonia and leave Europa to her bull! Make haste, and Electra will welcome you; from her hands sure enough you will be laden with a cargo of wedded love, if you leave the business part of the delights to Aphrodite. She is the Cyprian’s daughter, guarded for your bride-chamber, another Cypris for you to receive. You will thank the crow, and you will call me the bird of marriage, the prophet of the Loves! No, I am wrong, Cypris inspired me; the Paphian made me foretell your nuptials, although I am Athena’s bird!”

ὥς φαμένη σφρήγισσε λάλον στόμα μάρτυρι σιγῇ.
ἀλλ’ ὅτε οἱ στεῖχοντι λεωφόρα κύκλα κελεύθου
125 τηλεφανῆς βασιλῆος ἔφαινετο πανδόκος αὐλῇ
κίοσιν ὑψωθείσα, τανυσσαμένη τότε Κάδμῳ
δάκτυλον ἀντιτύποιο νοήμονα μάρτυρα φωνῆς
σιγαλέῳ κήρυκι δόμον σημῆνατο Πειθῷ
ποικίλον ἀστράπτοντα: καὶ αἰθέρα δύσατο δαίμων
130 ἄλλοφανῆς πτερόεντι διαιθύσσουσα πεδίλῳ.

[123] With these words, she sealed up her talkative beak, a silent witness now. Cadmos walked along the winding highroad; and when the king’s allhospitable court came into view, far-seen upon its lofty pillars, Peitho pointed a finger to indicate the corresponding words in her mind, and by this voiceless herald showed the house of shining artistry: then the divinity in another shape rose into the sky, shooting through it with winged shoe.

καὶ δόμον ἔσκοπίαζεν ἀλήμονι Κάδμος ὀπωπῇ
Ἥφαιστου σοφὸν ἔργον, ὃν Ἥλεκτρη ποτὲ νύμφη
ἐργοπόνος Λήμνοιο Μυριναίῃ κάμε τέχνη,
δαίδαλα πολλὰ φέροντα. νεοσταθέος δὲ μελάθρου
135 χάλκεος οὐδὸς ἔην εὐήλατος: ἀμφίθυροι δὲ
σταθμοὶ ἐμηκύνοντο πολυγλυφῶν πυλεώνων,
καὶ λόφος ὀμφαλόεντι διεσφαίρωτο καρήνῳ
μεσσοφανῆς ὀρόφοιο: λιθοστρώτοιο δὲ τοίχου
νῦτα κατεστήρικτο πεπηγότα λευκάδι γύψῳ

¹⁴⁰ εἰς μυχὸν ἐξ οὐδοῖο. πέλας δέ τις ὄρχατος αὐλῆς
 ἀμφιλαφῆς δροσόεντι φυτῶν ἐβαρύνετο καρπῷ
 τετράγυος πρὸ δόμοιο: καὶ ἄρσενά φύλλα πετάσσας
 θηλυτέρῳ φοίνικι πόθον πιστώσατο φοῖνιξ:
 ὄγχνη τ' ἀγλαόκαρπος ὁμήλικι σύμφυτος ὄγχνη
¹⁴⁵ ὄρθριον ἐψιθύριζεν, ἐλισσομένη δὲ κορύμβοις
 γείτονα παλῆς ἐπεμάστιε θάμνον ἐλαίης:
 εἰαρινοῖς ἀνέμοισιν ἀναινομένη παρὰ δάφνη
 σείετο μύρσινα φύλλα, καὶ εὐπετάλου κυπαρίσσου
 ὄρθριον ἐρρίπιζε κόμην εὐοδμος ἀήτης:
¹⁵⁰ συκῆς θ' ἡδυτόκοιο καὶ ἱκμαλῆς ἀπὸ ροίης
 καρπὸς ἐρευθιῶν ἐπεθήλεεν οἶνοπι καρπῷ
 ἀγχιφύτῳ, καὶ μῆλον ἐπήνθεε γείτονι μῆλῳ:
 πολλὰ δὲ Φοιβείοισι σοφοῖς ποικίλλετο φύλλοις
 γράμματα δενδρῆεντα φιλοκλαύτων ὑακίνθων:
¹⁵⁵ καὶ Ζεφύρου πνειοντος ἀεξιφύτου διὰ κήπου
 ἄστατον ὄμμα τίταινε πόθων ἀκόρητος Ἀπόλλων,
 καί, φυτὸν ἡβητῆρος ἰδὼν δεδονημένον αὖραις,
 δίσκου μνηστὶν ἔχων ἐλελίζετο, μὴ ποτε κούρῳ
 ζηλήμων φθονέσειε καὶ ἐν πετάλοισιν ἀήτης,
¹⁶⁰ εἰ ἐτέον ποτε κεῖνον ἐπισπαίροντα κονίη
 ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ἰδὼν δάκρυσεν Ἀπόλλων,
 καὶ τύπος ἀνθεμόεις μορφώσατο δάκρυα Φοίβου
 αἶλινον αὐτοκέλευστον ἐπιγράψας ὑακίνθῳ.

[131] Then Cadmos surveyed the house with roving gaze: the masterly work of Hephaistos, which the industrious god once built for Electra as a bride, and embellished it with many ornaments in the fine Myrinaian art of Lemnos. The whole palace was new. A brazen threshold well-wrought was before it. Double doors with lofty pillars opened into a vestibule richly carven, and a dome spanned the roof with a rounded head seen in the middle. The walls were faced with tessellated stones set in white cement from threshold to inner end. Before the house near the courtyard was an enclosure, widespread, four acres of trees heavy with fresh fruit. Male palm stretched his leaves over female palm, pledging his love. Pear growing by pear, all of one age with glorious fruit, whispered in the morning breeze – and with its dangling clusters beat on the pollard growth of a luscious olive hard by. In the breezes of spring, the myrtle waves his leaves by the reluctant laurel, while the fragrant wind of morning fanned the foliage of the leafy cypress. On the fig-tree, mother of sweets, and the juicy pomegranate, red fruit grew rich over purple fruit beside it, and apple flourished near apple. On the learned leaves of Apollo's mournful iris was embroidered with many a plant-grown word; and when Zephyros breathed through the flowery garden, Apollo turned a quick eye upon his young darling, his yearning never satisfied; if he saw the plant

beaten by the breezes, he remembered the quoit, and trembled for fear the wind, so jealous once about the boy, might hate him even in a leaf: if it is true that Apollo once wept with those eyes that never wept, to see that boy writhing in the dust, and the pattern there on the flower traced its own “alas!” on the iris, and so figures the tears of Phoibos.

ὄρχατος ἔπλετο τοῖος ἐύσκιος· ἄγχι δὲ πηγῇ
165 δίστομος, ἔνθεν ἔην ναέταις ποτόν, ἔνθεν ἄλωεὺς
ἔξ ἀμάρης ὀχέτευε πολυσχιδὲς ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ
εἰς φυτὸν ἄλλο μετ’ ἄλλο· ῥόος δέ τις ὡς ἀπὸ Φοίβου
ἀβρὰ μελιζομένης ἐπεβόμβεε πυθμένι δάφνης.

[164] Such was the shady garden. Hard by, a brook divided in two runnels; from this the people drew their drinking, from that the gardener cut up the water into many curving channels and carried it from plant to plant: one stream chuckled at the root of a laurel, as if Phoibos were singing a delicate tune to his Daphne.

καὶ πολὺς εὐποίητος ἐρεισάμενος πόδα πέτρῳ
170 χρύσεος ἴστατο κοῦρος, ἐναντία δαιτυμονήων
λαμπάδος ἐσπερίης τανύων ἐπιδόρπιον αἶγλην·
πολλὰ δ’ ἴσοτύπων μελέων τεχνήμονι σιγῇ
χάσμασι ποιητοῖσι σεσηρότος ἀνθρεῶνος
ψευδαλέων σκυλάκων στίχες ἔμφρονες ἄγχι θυράων
175 ἔστασαν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, καὶ ἀργυρέῳ κυνὶ γείτων
χρύσεος οἰδαίνοντι κύων συνυλάκτεε λαιμῷ
σαίνων ἡθάδα φῶτα· παραστεῖχοντι δὲ Κάδμῳ
μιμηλῆς ἀπέπεμπε βοῆς ξεινοσσόον Ἥχῳ,
ποιητῆς δ’ ἐλέλιξε φιλοστόργου τύπον οὐρήs.

[169] Within, well-wrought boys of gold stood on many pillars of stone, holding out torches before the banqueters to give them light for their dessert in the evening. Before the gates rows of dogs stood on this side and that, not real yet intelligent, all modelled alike, silent works of art, snarling with gaping throats; then if a man came by whom they knew, golden dog by silver dog would bark with swelling throat and fawn upon him. So as Cadmos passed, Echo sent forth a sound like a welcome for a guest, and wagged the friendly shape of an artificial tail.

180 ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Κάδμος ἐυστρέπτοιο προσώπου
ὄμματα δινέων διεμέτρεε κῆπον ἀνάκτων
καὶ γλυφίδας καὶ κάλλος ὄλον γραπτοῖο μελάθρου,
λαϊνέων ὁρόων ἀμαρύγματα φαιδρὰ μετάλλων,

τόφρα δὲ καλλείψας ἀγορήν καὶ νείκεα λαῶν,
 185 φαίδρὸς ἄερσιλόφοιο περὶ ῥάχιν ἥμενος ἵππου,
 Ἥμαθίων Θρήισσαν ἔχων Σάμον, Ἄρεος ἔδρην,
 μητέρος Ἠλέκτρης Βασιλήιον εἰς δόμον ἔστη,
 ὃς τότε μοῦνος ἄνασσε κασιγνήτοιο νομεύων
 ἡνία κοιρανίης, ὅτι πάτριον οὕδας ἔασας
 190 Δάρδανος ἀντικέλευθον ἐνάσσατο πέζαν ἀρούρης,
 Δαρδανίην εὐπυργον ἐπώνυμον ἄστρῳ χαράξας,
 Ἰδαίην ἀροτῆρι διαγράψας κόνιν ὀλκῶ:
 καὶ ῥόον Ἑπταπόροιο πίων καὶ χεῦματα Ῥήσου
 γνωτῶ κληῖρον ἔλειπεν ἔχειν καὶ σκῆπτρα Καβείρων.

[180] While Cadmos has been moving his face about and turning his eyes to survey the royal garden, and saw the sculptures, and all the beauty of the hall with its paintings and bright sparkling precious stones, Emation had left the market-place and the disputes of his people, and sat splendid upon the back of a courser with arching neck. He was lord of Samothrace, the seat of Ares, having inherited the royal house of Electra his mother. At that time he was sole king, holding the reins of sovereignty which belonged to his brother Dardanos, who had left his native soil, and migrated to the soil of the continent opposite. There he had scored the dust of Ida with a plow-furrow, and marked the limits of Dardania, the fortified city which bore his name. So he drank the water of Sevenstreams and the flood of Rhesos, leaving the inheritance and the sceptre of the Cabeiroi to his brother.

195 Δάρδανος, Ἥμαθίωνος ἀδελφεός, ὃν Διὸς εὐναὶ
 ἥροσαν, ὃν κομέεσκε Δίκη τροφός, εὔτε λαβοῦσαι
 σκῆπτρα Διὸς καὶ πέπλα Χρόνου καὶ ῥάβδον Ὀλύμπου
 εἰς δόμον Ἠλέκτρης βασιληίδος ἔδραμον Ὠραι
 κοιρανίης ἀλύτοιο προμάντιες Αὐσονιῶν:
 200 καὶ βρέφος ἐθρέψαντο, καὶ ἀτρέπτω Διὸς ὄμφῃ
 κοῦρος ἀνασταχῶν παλινανξέος ἄνθεμον ἥβης
 Ἠλέκτρης λίπεν οἶκον, ὅτε τριτάτου χύσις ὄμβρου
 κύμασι πυργωθεῖσα κατέκλυσεν ἔδρανα κόσμου.
 πρώτου γὰρ κελάδοντος ἐπειρήθη νιφετοῖο

[195] This Dardanos, Emathion's brother, was one whom the bed of Zeus had begotten, whom Justice nursed and cared for at the time when the Seasons ran to the mansion of Queen Electra, bearing the sceptre of Zeus, and the robe of Time, and the staff of Olympos, to prophesy the indissoluble dominion of the Ausonian race. The Seasons brought up the baby; and by an irrevocable oracle of Zeus, the lad just sprouting the flower of recrescent youth left Electra's house, when for the third time a deluge of rain had flooded the world's

foundations with towering billows.

205 Ὠγυγος ἡλιβάτοιο δι' ὕδατος αἰθέρα τέμνων,
χθὼν ὅτε κεύθετο πᾶσα κατάρρυτος, ἄκρα δὲ πέτρης
Θεσσαλίδος κεκάλυπτο, καὶ ὑψόθι Πυθιάς ἄκρη
ἀγχινεφῆς νιφόντι ῥόω κυμαίνεται πέτρη.
δεύτερος ὄμβρος ἔην, ὅτε κυκλάδος ἄντυγα γαίης
210 χεῦματι λυσσῆεντι κατέκρυφε δύσνιφον ὕδωρ,
Δευκαλίων ὅτε μοῦνος ὁμόστολος ἦλίκι Πύρρη
ὄλλυμένων μερόπων ἐνὶ λάρνακι κοιλάδι τέμνων
χεῦμα παλινδίνητον ἀτεκμάρτου νιφετοῖο
ἥερος ὕδατόεντος ἔλιξ πορθμεύετο ναύτης.

[205] Ogygos made proof of the first roaring deluge, as he cut the air through the highclimbing waters, when all the earth was hidden under the flood, when the tops of the Thessalian rocks were covered, when the summit of the Pythian rock near the clouds on high was bathed in the snow-cooled flood. There was a second deluge, when tempestuous waters covered the circuit of the round earth in a furious flood, when all mortal men perished, and Deucalion alone with his mate Pyrrha in a hollow ark cutting the swirling flood of infinite deluge went on his eddying voyage through the air turned water.

215 καὶ τρίτατος Διὸς ὄμβρος ὅτε χθονὸς ἔκλυσεν ἔδρην
καὶ σκοπέλους ἔκρυψεν, Ἀθωιάδος δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
ἄβροχα Σιθονίης ἐκαλύπτετο νῶτα κολώνης,
ὑπιπόρου τότε χεῦμα διασχιζὼν νιφετοῖο
Δάρδανος ἀρχαίης ἐπεβήσατο γείτονος Ἰδης.

[215] When the third time rain from Zeus flooded the solid earth and covered the hills, and even the unwetted slopes of Sithonia with Mount Athos itself, then Dardanos, cutting through the stream of the uplifted flood, landed on the ancient mountain of Ida his neighbour.

220 τοῦ τότε Σιθονίης χιονώδεος ἀρχὸς ἀρούρης
σύγγονος Ἡμαθίων ἀγορὴν βαρύδουπον ἔασας
θάμβεεν ἀνέρος εἶδος, ἐπεὶ νῦ οἱ ἔμφυτος ἦβη
ἠγορέην καὶ κάλλος ἐμίγνυε σύζυγι μορφῇ,
θάμβεε τηλίκον εἶδος: ἀριφραδέων γὰρ ἀνάκτων
225 αὐτόματοι κήρυκες ἀναυδέες εἰσὶν ὅπωπαί.
καὶ μιν ἐλὼν ξεινίσσε, σὺν Ἠλέκτρῃ δὲ καμουσῇ
αἰόλα πιαλῆς ἐπεκόσμεε δεῖπνα τραπέζης,
ξεῖνον ὑποσσαιῶν φιλίῳ καὶ ἀμεμφεὶ μύθῳ,

πολλὰ τιθεῖς. ὁ δὲ κυφὸν ἐπ' οὐδέος ἀυχένα κάμψας
230 ἀμφιπόλων ἀπάνευθεν ἀθελγέας εἴλκεν ὀπωπᾶς,
καὶ μόλις εἰλαπίναζε· φιλοξείνοιο δὲ νύμφης
ἐξομένης ἀντωπὸς ὑποκλέπτοντι προσώπῳ
αἰδομένην ἐτίταινε σαόφρονα χεῖρα τραπέζῃ.

[220] It was his brother Emathion, ruler of the snowy Sithonian land, who left the noisy market-place, and stood amazed at the hero's looks; for the youthful grace inborn in him mingled manliness and beauty with a form to match. The prince was amazed at such noble looks; for the eyes of prudent kings are instinctive heralds, although the ear cannot hear them. He received the guest with a welcome; then while Electra toiled to help him, he provided a rich table of fine fare, flattering his guest with friendly address that left nothing to be desired: for it was a bounteous feast. But Cadmos bent his neck towards the ground, and hid looks of disquiet from the attendants, and hardly touched the banquet. He sat opposite the hospitable lady, but scarce stealing a glance at her served himself with a modest and timid hand.

τοῖσι δὲ δαινυμένοισιν ἐπήτριμος ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
235 ἔμπνοος ἐσμαράγησε δόναξ Κορυβαντίδος Ἰδης·
ἐκ δὲ πολυτρήτοιο πόρου σκιρτήματι χειρῶν
σύνθροον ἐκρούσαντο μέλος μυκήτορος αὐλοῦ
δάκτυλοι ὀρχηστῆρες ἐπιθλίβοντες αἰοιδῇν·
καὶ τροχαοῖς κροτέοντα τινάγμασι σύνθροον ἤχῳ
240 κύμβαλα βομβήεντα συνέκτυπε δίζυγι χαλκῷ
συμπερτοῖς δονάκεσσιν· ὑπὸ πλήκτρῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ
ὄρθιος ἐπατόνοιο λύρης ἐλελίζετο χορδῇ.

[234] As they feasted, the breathing reeds of Corybantic Ida resounded one after another in succession; the players' hands skipt along the riddling run of the tootling pipe, and the fingers beat out their tune in cadence, dancing and pressing the sound; the clanging cymbals in brazen pairs struck ringing blows running in cadence with the sets of reeds; the harp itself with its seven strings twanged aloud under the quill.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μετὰ δαῖτα κορέσσατο Βίστονος αὐλοῦ,
εἰρομένη πελάσας φιλοπευθεῖ θῶκον ἀνάσση
245 Κάδμος ἀλιπλάγκτοιο μεληδόνοιο οἷστρον ἐάσας,
φαιδρὸν ἔδον γένος εἶπε, καὶ ἀενάων στίχα μύθων
οἰγομένου κρουνηδὸν ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος·

[243] But after the banquet, when Cadmos had had enough of the Bistonian pipe, he drew his seat nearer to the queen, who questioned him with great

curiosity. He left aside the fever of his sorrowful sea-wanderings, and spoke of his illustrious lineage: the words poured in ceaseless flow like a fountain from his open lips.

‘Νύμφα φίλη, τί με τόσπον ἀνείρσαι αἷμα γενέθλης;

ὠκυμόρων μερόπων γενεὴν φύλλοισιν εἶσκω:

250 φύλλα τὰ μὲν κατέχευαν ἐπὶ χθονὶ θυιάδες αὔραι

ῥῆς ἱσταμένης φθινοπωρίδος, ἄλλα δὲ καιρῷ

εἰαρινῷ κομέουσι τεθελότα δενδράδες ὕλαι:

ὥς βροτὴ γενεὴ μινυώριος ἢ μὲν ὀλέθρῳ

δάμναται ἵππεύσασα βίου δρόμον, ἢ δ’ ἔτι θάλλει,

255 ἄλλῃ ὅπως εἴξειεν: ἐπεὶ παλινάγρετος ἔρπων

εἰς νέον ἐκ πολιοῖο ῥέει μορφούμενος αἰών.

[248] Beloved lady, why do you ask me thus of my blood and breeding? I liken the swift-passing generations of mortal man to the leaves. Some leaves the wild winds scatter over the earth when autumn season comes; others the woodland trees grow on their bushy heads in spring-time. Such are the generations of men, short-lived: one rides life’s course, until death brings it low; one still flourishes, only to give place to another: for time moves ever back upon itself, changing form as it flows from hoary age to youth.

ἀλλ’ ἐρέω περίπυστον ἐμὴν εὐπαιδα γενέθλην:

ἔστι πόλις, κλυτὸν Ἄργος, ἐδέθλιον ἵππιον Ἥρης,

νήσου Τανταλίδαι μεσόμφαλος: ἔνθα δὲ κούρην

260 θηλυτόκοις ἔσπειρε γοναῖς εὐπάρθενον ἀνὴρ

Ἴναχος, Ἴναχίης ὀνομάκλυτος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,

νηοπόλος, καὶ φρικτὰ πολιισοῦχοιο θεαίνης

ὄργια βυσοδόμειε θεηγόρα μύστιδι τέχνῃ

πρεσβυγενής: καὶ Ζῆνα, θεῶν πρόμον, ὄρχαμον ἄστρον,

265 γαμβρὸν ἔχειν ἀπέειπε, σέβας πεφυλαγμένος Ἥρης,...

ταυροφυῆς ὅτε πόρτις ἀμειβομένοιο προσώπου

εἰς ἀγέλην ἄγραυλον ἐλαύνετο σύννομος Ἴω,

καὶ δαμάλης ἄγρυπνον ἐθήκατο βουκόλον Ἥρη

ποικίλον, ἀπλανέεσσι κεκασμένον Ἄργον ὀπωπαῖς,

270 Ζηνὸς ὀπιπευτῆρα βοοκραίρων ὑμεναίων,

Ζηνὸς ἀθηήτοιο, καὶ εἰς νομὸν ἦιε κούρη

ὀφθαλμοὺς τρομέουσα πολυγλήνοιο νομῆος:

γυιοβόρῳ δὲ μύωπι χαρασσομένη δέμας Ἴω

Ἴονίης ἀλὸς οἶδμα κατέγραφε φοιτάδι χηλῇ:

275 ἦλθε καὶ εἰς Αἴγυπτον, ἐμὸν ῥόου, — ὃν πολιῖται

Νεῖλον ἐφημίζαντο φερώνυμον, οὕνεκα γαίῃ

εἰς ἔτος ἐξ ἔτεος πεφορημένος ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης

χεύματι πηλώεντι νέην περιβάλλεται ἰλύν, —
ἤλυθεν εἰς Αἴγυπτον, ὅπῃ βοέην μετὰ μορφὴν
280 δαιμονίης Ἰνδαλμα μεταλλάξασα κεραίης
ἔσκε θεὰ φερέκαρπος· ἀναπτομένοιο δὲ καρποῦ
Αἴγυπτίης Δήμητρος, ἐμῆς κεραελκέος Ἰοῦς,
εὐόδοις ὁμόφοιτος ἐλίσσεται ἀτμὸς ἀήταις.

[257] “But I will tell you my lineage with its noble sons. There is a city Argos, famous for horses, and Hera’s habitation, the midnipple of the island of Tantalides. There a man begat a daughter, and a beautiful daughter, – Inachos, famed burgher of the land Inachian. A templeman he was, and brooded over the awful rites that spoke the voice of the divine cityholder, he chief and eldest in practice of her mysteries: aye, he refused to wed his daughter to Zeus lord of the gods, leader of the stars, all for reverence of Hera . . . at the time when Io changed her face and became a cattleshaped heifer; when she was driven to pasture along with the herd of kine; when Hera made sleepless Argos her herdsman to that calf – spotted Argos, covered with unwavering eyes. He was to watch the horned bride of Zeus, Zeus whom eye may not see. To pasture went the girl Io, trembling at the eyes of her busy-peeping drover: then pierced by the limb-gnawing gadfly, she scored the gulf of the Ionian sea with travelling hoof. She came as far as Aigyptos, my own river, which my people have called Neilos by name because year by year that watery consort covers Earth with new slime by its muddy flood – she came as far as Aigyptos, where after her cow’s form, after putting off the horned image ordained by heaven, she became a goddess of fruitful crops! when the fruit starts up, the fruit of Egyptian Demeter my stronghorned Io, scented vapour is carried around by fragrant breezes.

ἐνθ’ Ἐπαφον Διὶ τίκτεν, ἀκηρασίῳ ὅτι κόλπῳ
285 Ἰναχίης δαμάλης ἐπαφήσατο θεῖος ἀκοίτης
χερσὶν ἑρωμανέεσσι: θεηγενέος δὲ τοκῆος
ἐξ Ἐπάφου Λιβύη: Λιβύης δ’ ἐπὶ παστὸν ὁδεύων
Μέμφιδος ἄχρῃς ἔκανε Ποσειδάων μετανάστης,
παρθένον ἰχνεύων Ἐπαφρίδα, καὶ τότε κούρη
290 δεξαμένη ναετῆρα βυθοῦ χερσαῖον ὁδίτην
Ζῆνα Λιβύν τέκε Βῆλον, ἐμῆς ἀροτῆρα γενέθλης.
καὶ Διὸς Ἀσβύσταο νέην ἀντίρροπον ὁμῆν
Χαονίη βοόωσι πελειάδι διψάδες ἄμμοι
μαντιπόλοι: πέμπτῳ δὲ πατὴρ ἰσόμετρον ἀριθμῷ
295 Βῆλος ἐπασσύτερην γενεὴν σπερμήνατο παίδων,
Φινέα καὶ Φοίνικα λιπόπτολιν, οἷς ἅμα θάλλων
ἄστὸς ἀμοιβαίων πολίων περίφοιτος Ἀγῆνωρ
ἄσταθέος βιότοιο, πατὴρ ἐμός, εἶχε πορεῖην
εἰς Θήβην μετὰ Μέμφιν, ἐς Ἀσσυρίην μετὰ Θήβην,

300 καὶ σοφὸς Αἰγυπτίης ναέτης Αἴγυπτος ἄρουρης
αἰνοτόκος πολύτεκνος, ὃς ἄρσενόπαιδι γενέθλη
ἥροσε τοσσατίων μινυῶρια πῶεα παίδων,
καὶ Δαναὸς λιπόπατρις, ὃς ὤπλισεν ἄρσενι φύτλη
θῆλυ γένος τανύων γάμιον ξίφος, ὅππότε παστοὶ
305 αἴματι φοινίσσοντο δαΐζομένων ὑμεναίων,
καὶ κρυφίοις ξιφέεσσι σιδηροφόρων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
ἄρσενά γυμνὸν Ἄρηα κατεύνασε θῆλυς Ἐνυώ:

[284] “There she brought forth Epaphos the Toucher to Zeus, so called because the divine bedfellow with love-mad hands touched the inviolate breasts of the heifer child of Inachos. Epaphos the god-begotten was father of Libya; to Libya’s bower came Poseidaon on his travels, migrating as far as Memphis in search of Epaphos’ maiden daughter. There the girl received the denizen of the deep, now a traveller by land, and brought forth Belos the Libyan Zeus, the husbandman of my family. And now the new voice of Zeus Asbystes which the thirsty sands give forth in soothsaying is equal to the Chaonian dove. Belos was father of a numerous family of children, as many as five: Phineus, and Phoinix who went abroad; with them grew up Agenor, who flitted from city to city and belonged to each in turn, a man of unstable life, my father – he travelled to Thebes after Memphis, to Assyria after Thebes. Then there was the wise Aigyptos, who lived on Egyptian soil, ill-fated father of many children, who begat all those flocks of short-lived sons; and Danaos who went abroad, who armed his daughters against that family of men, and drew a weddings-word, when the marriage-chambers were reddened with blood of the murdered bridegrooms, and with secret swords on armed beds, Enyo the female bedded Ares the male naked and helpless.

οὐ μὲν Ὑπερμνήστρη κακονύμφιον εὖαδεν ἔρυον,
ἀλλὰ παρωσαμένη δυσπένθερα θεσμὰ τοκῆος
310 ἥριη πατρῶον ἐπέτρεπε μῦθον ἀέλλη,
καὶ καθαρὴν ἐφύλαξεν ἀναιμόνα χεῖρα σιδήρου:
ἔπλετο δ’ ἀμφοτέρων ὄσιος γάμος. ἀρτιθαλῇ δὲ
γνωτὴν ἡμετέρεην θρασὺς ἥρπασε ταῦρος ἀλήτης,
εἰ ἔτεδον ταῦρος: ἐγὼ δ’ οὐκ οἶδα πιθέσθαι,
315 εἰ βόες ἱμείρουσι γυναικείων ὑμεναίων.
καὶ με κασιγνήτοισιν ὀμήλυδα πέμψεν Ἀγῆνωρ
σύγγονον ἰχνεύοντα καὶ ἄγριον ἄρπαγα νύμφης,
ταῦρον ἀκυμάντοιο νόθον πλωτῆρα θαλάσσης,
οὗ χάριν ἀστήρικτος ἀλώμενος ἐνθάδε βαίνω.

[308] “Nay, but Hypermnestra was displeased with this bridal crime. She thrust away her father’s commands, – that bad goodfather! she let the winds carry

his words away, and kept her hand clean from blood and steel: those two consummated a proper wedlock. But our sister in her youthful bloom was ravished away by a bold vagabond bull, if bull he really was; but I do not know how to believe it if bulls desire marriage with a woman. And Agenor sent me along with my brothers to track our sister and the girl's wild robber, that bull the bastard voyager over a waveless sea. That is why my random journeying brings me here."

320 τοῖα μὲν εὐσύριγγος ἔσω μυθεῖτο μελάθρου
Κάδμος ἐυγλώσσοιο χέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνος,
πατρῴης ἐνέπων τεκνοσσόν οἷστρον ἀπειλῆς
καὶ Τυρίων ῥοθίων ψευδήμονα ταῦρον ὀδίτην,
Σιδονίης ἀκίχητον ἀπευθέος ἄρπαγα νύμφης.

[320] Such was the tale of Cadmos in the cloistered palace; the words poured from his eloquent lips, as he told the sting of a father's threat when he would urge on his children, and the counterfeit bull travelling the Tyrian surf, the ravisher of the Sidonian bride, no catching the ravisher, no news of the bride.

325 Ἥλεκτρη δ' αἰούσα παρήγορον ἶαχε φωνήν:
Ἐεῖνε, κασιγνήτην καὶ πατρίδα καὶ γενετῆρα
Ληθαίῃ στροφάλιγγι καὶ ἀμνήστῳ πόρε σιγῇ:
οὕτω γὰρ μερόπων φέρεται βίος ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλω
μόχθον ἔχων, ὅτι πάντες, ὅσους βροτὴ τέκε γαστήρ,

330 Μοιριδίου κλωστήῃρος ἐδουλώθησαν ἀνάγκη:
μάρτυς ἐγὼ, βασιλεία καὶ εἰ πέλον, εἴ ποτε κείνων
πληιάδων γενόμην καὶ ἐγὼ μία, τῶν ποτε μήτηρ
θηλυτέρας ὠδῖνας ἔσω μαιώσατο κόλπου,
ἐπτάκις Εἰλείθυιαν ἐῖ καλέσασα λοχεῖη

335 κέντρον ἐλαφρίζουσαν ἀμοιβαίου τοκετοῖο
μάρτυς ἐγὼ: πατέρων γὰρ ἀπόπροθι δώματα ναίω,
οὐ Στεροπὴν, οὐ Μαῖαν ὁμόστολον, οὐδὲ Κελαινῶ
σύγγονον ἐγγὺς ἔχουσα συνέστιον: οὐδ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ
γνωτῆς Τηϋγέτης Λακεδαίμονα διζυγι παλμῶ

340 παιδοκόμῳ πῆχυνα γεγηθότα κοῦρον ἀγοσάτῃ:
οὐ σχεδὸν Ἀλκυόνης ὁρόω δόμον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
φθεγγομένης Μερόπης φρενοτερπέα μῦθον ἀκούω.
πρὸς δ' ἔτι καὶ τόδε μᾶλλον ὀδύρομαι: ἀρτιθαλῆς γὰρ
υἱὸς ἐμὸς λιπόπατρις, ὅτε χνόον ἔσχεν ἰούλων,

345 Δάρδανος Ἰδαίης μετανάσσατο κόλπον ἀρούρης,
καὶ φρυγίῳ Σιμόεντι θαλύσια δῶκε κομάων
Θυμβραίου ποταμοῖο πῶν ἁλλότριον ὕδωρ:
καὶ Λιβύης παρὰ τέρμα πατὴρ ἐμὸς εἰσέτι κάμνει

[325] When Electra heard, she answered in words of consolation: “My guest, let sister and country and father pass into the whirlpool of Forgetfulness and unremembering silence! For this is the way men’s life runs on, bringing trouble upon trouble; since all that are born of mortal womb are slaves by necessity to Fate the Spinner. I am witness, queen though I am, if I was ever born myself one of those Pleiads, seven girls whom our mother once carried under her heart in labour, seven times having called Eileithyia at her lying-in to lighten the pangs of birth after birth – I am witness! for my house is far from my father’s; no Sterope is near me, no Maia my companion, nor sister Celaino beside me at my hearth; I have not dandled up and down sister Taygete’s Lacedaimon at my breast nor held the merry boy on my cherishing arm; I do not see Alcyone’s house hard by, or hear Merope herself speak some heart-warming word! Here is something besides which I lament even more – in the bloom of his youth my own son has left his home, just when the down was on his cheek, my Dardanos has gone abroad to the bosom of the Idaian land; he has given the firstling crop of his hair to Phrygian Simoeis, and drunk the alien water of river Thymbrios. And away by the boundary of Libya my father still suffers hardship, old Atlas with chafing shoulders bowed, upholding the seven-zoned vault of the sky.

ἔμψης τόσσα παθοῦσα παρήγορον ἐλπίδα βόσκω
Ζηνὸς ὑποσχεσίησιν, ὅτι γνωτῆσι σὺν ἄλλαις
ἐκ χθονὸς Ἀτλάντειον ἐλεύσομαι εἰς πόλον ἄστρον
οὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχουσα, καὶ ἔσσομαι ἔβδομος ἀστήρ.

355 καὶ σὺ τεὰς πρήνυε μεληδόνας: ἀπροϊδῆς δὲ
εἰς σὲ βιοπλάγκτοιο τύχης στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων
φρικτὸς ἀκινήτοιο μίτος σφρηγίσσατο Μοίρης:
τλήθι φέρειν λιπόπατρις ἀκαμπέα δεσμὸν ἀνάγκης,
ἔσσομένων προκέλευθον ὑπέρτερον ἐλπίδα βόσκων,

360 εἰ γένος ἐρρίζωσε τεδὸν πρωτόσπορος Ἴω,
εἰ λάχες ἐκ Λιβύης Ποσιδήιον αἶμα γενέθλης:
μίμνε παρ’ ὀθνείοις, ἅτε Δάρδανος, οἰκία ναίων,
ναιετάων ξένον ἄστυ, πατήρ τεδὸς ὥς περ Ἀγῆνωρ,
ὥς Δαναὸς γενετῆρος ἀδελφεός: ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸς
365 ἄλλος ἀνὴρ φερέοικος ἔχων γένος ἔνθεον Ἴοῦς,
αἰθέριον βλάστημα Διιπετές, οὔνομα Βύζας,
αὐτογόνου Νείλοιο πίων ἐπτάστομον ὕδωρ
γείτονα γαῖαν ἔνειμεν, ὅπῃ παρὰ Βόσπορον ἀκτὴν
Ἰναχίῃ δαμάλῃ πεπερημένον ἔλκεται ὕδωρ,

370 πᾶσι περικτιόνεσσι τιθεὶς φάος, ὅππότε κείνου
ἀκλινέος δόχμωσε μεμηνότος αὐχένα ταύρου.’

[351] “Still and all with these great sufferings I feed a comfortable hope, by the promises of Zeus, that with my other sisters I shall pass from the earth to the stars’ Atlantean vault, and dwell in heaven myself a star with my sisters six. Then do you too calm your own sorrows. Unforeseen, for you also the terrible thread of Fate immovable is rolling the eddy of your wandering lot of life, and the seal is set. Have a heart to endure in exile the unbending shackle of necessity, and feed the prevailing hope which foreruns things to come, if Io with the first seed has rooted your race, if you have got from Libya Poseidon’s blood in your family. Abide among foreigners like Dardanos, there make your home; dwell in a city of strangers like your own father Agenor, like Danaos your father’s brother. For another man also who carried his home on his back, one of the divine stock of Io, a heavenly sprout dropt from Zeus, named Byzas, who had drunk the seven-mouth water of self-begotten Nile, inhabited the neighbouring land, where alone the Bosporos shore flows the water once traversed by the Inachian heifer. To all those who dwelt about he showed a light, when he had turned aside the neck of that mad bull unbending.”

εἶπεν Ἀγηνוריδαο κατευνάζουσα μερίμνας.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ προέηκε τανύπτερον υἷέα Μαιῆς
εἰς δόμον Ἥλέκτρης ταχὺν ἄγγελον, ὄφρα κε Κάδμῳ

375 Ἀρμονίην ὀπάσειεν ἐς Ἀρμονίην ὕμεναιων,
παρθένον οὐρανόθεν μετανάστιον, ἣν Ἀφροδίτης
λαθριδίῃ φιλότῃ γαμοκλόπος ἤροσεν Ἄρης·
καὶ βρέφος αἰδομένη κρυφίης αὐτάγγελον εὐνῆς
μήτηρ οὐκ ἀτίταλλεν, ἀπ’ αἰθερίοιο δὲ κόλπου

380 πῆχεϊ κεκλιμένην ἐπιμάζιον ἤγαγε κούρην
εἰς δόμον Ἥλέκτρης μαιήιον, ἥς τόκον ὦραι
ὕγρὸν ἐμαιώσαντο λεχωίδες, ἥς ἔτι πυκνοὶ
ἀργεννὴν σφριγώωντες ἀνέβλυον ἰκμάδα μαζοῖ·
δεξαμένη δὲ θύγατρα νόθην ἰσόζυγι θεσμῷ

385 σύγχρονον Ἡμαθίωνος ἐνὶ ξυνώσατο μαζῷ
κούρην ἀρτιλόχευτον, ὁμοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
διχθαδίην θρεπτῆρι γονὴν κούφιζεν ἀγοστῷ.
ὥς δὲ τις ἀγροτέρη διδυμητόκος ἔνδοθι λόχμης
λαχνήεσσα λέαινα γαλαξαίῃσιν ἐέρσαις

390 σκύμνοις ἀμφοτέροις διδυμάονας ἤρμοσε μαζοῦς
καὶ διδύμοις τεκέεσσι μεριζομένην πόρε θηλήν,
καὶ χροά λιχμάζουσα καὶ ἄτριχον εἰσέτι δειρὴν
ἰσοτύποις κομιδῇσιν ἀνέτρεφεν ἥλικα φύτλην·
ὥς τότε παιδοκόμῳ φιλῇ μαιώσατο θηλῇ

395 ἀρτιγόνων μεθέπουσα συνωρίδα δίζυγα τέκνων·
πολλάκι νήπιον υἷα συνέμπορον ἥλικι κούρῃ
πίονος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα μετάτροπον ἰκμάδι μαζοῦ
πεπταμένης πῆχυνε φιλήτορι χειρὸς ἀγοστῷ·

γούνασι δ' ἄρσενα παῖδα συνίδρυε θήλει κούρη,
 400 μηρὸν ἐφαπλώσασα κεχηνότα γείτονι μηρῷ,
 κόλπον ἀνευρύνουσα βαθυνομένοιο χιτῶνος·
 καὶ τεκῶν κλάζουσα μέλος θελκτῆριον ὕπνου
 ἀμφοτέρους εὖδοντας ἐκοίμισε μαιάδι τέχνη,
 πῆχυν ὑποστορέσασα συνήορον αὐχένι παιδῶν,
 405 καὶ σφισι λέκτρον ἔθηκεν ἐὸν γόνυ, διχθαδίῳ δὲ
 φάρεος ἄκρον ἔλισσε διαιθύσσουσα προσώπῳ,
 τέκνα καταψύχουσα, καὶ ἔσβεσε καύματος ὀρμὴν
 ἀντίτυπον φύσημα χέων ποιητὸς ἀήτης.

[372] So she spoke, lulling to sleep the anxieties of Cadmos. But Father Zeus sent his quick messenger Maia's son on outspread wings to Electra's house, that he might offer Harmonia to Cadmos for the harmony of wedlock – that maiden immigrant from heaven, whom Ares the wife-thief begat in secret love with Aphrodite. The mother did not nurse it – she was ashamed of the baby which told its own tale of the furtive bed; but away from the bosom of the sky she carried the suckling, lying in her arm, to the fostering house of Electra, when the childbed Seasons had just delivered her baby still wet, when her breasts were tight and swollen with the gushing white sap. Electra received the bastard daughter with equal rights, and joined the newborn girl on one breast with her newborn Emathion, held with equal love and care her two different nurslings in her arm. As a shaggy lioness of the wilds, mother of twin young suckling-cubs in the jungle, with her milky dew fits twin teats to the pair of cubs, and gives her twin young each a share of her teats, and licks their skin and the neck as yet hairless, nursing the young birthmates with equal care: so Electra then with loving breast foster-mothered her brace of newborn babes, the boy and girl, and cherished them with equal care. Often she pressed to her with open hand and loving arm her baby son and his age-mate girl, on this side and that taking turns of the sap from her rich breast; and she set on her knees the manly boy with the womanly girl, letting out the fold of her lowered gown so as to join thigh parted wide from neighbouring thigh; or singing songs for a sleep-charm, lulled both her babies to slumber with foster-mother's art, while she stretched her arm enclosing the children's necks, made her own knee their bed, fluttered the flap of her garment fanning the two faces, to keep the little ones cool, and quenched the waves of heat as the hand made wind poured out its breath against it.

ὄφρα μὲν ἔζετο Κάδμος ἐχέφρονος ἐγγυὺς ἀνάσσης,
 410 τόφρα λαθὼν πυλαωρὸν ἐῷ ληϊστορι ταρσῷ
 ἀπροϊδῆς ἀκίχητος ἐς οἶκion ἦιεν Ἑρμῆς
 εἵκελος ἠιθέω: ῥοδέω δὲ οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
 ἄσκεπέος κεχάλαστο παρήγορος ὀλκὸς ἐθείρης
 ἀμφιλαφῆς, στέψας δὲ νεότριχος ἄκρα παρειῆς

415 λεπτός ἀεζομένων ἐρυθαίνοτο κύλος ἰούλων
 ἄρτιφυῆς ἐκάτερθε περίδρομος· οἷα δὲ κῆρυξ
 ἡθάδα ῥάβδον ἄειρεν· ἀθηήτω δὲ προσώπῳ
 ἐκ κεφαλῆς νεφέεσσι κεκασμένος εἰς πόδας ἄκρους
 παλέης ἐκίχησε πεπαυμένα δεῖπνα τραπέζης·
 420 οὐδὲ μιν Ἥμαθίων σχεδὸν ἔδρακεν, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
 Ἀρμονίη καὶ Κάδμος ὁμέσπιος, οὐ χορὸς ἀνδρῶν
 δούλιος· Ἠλέκτρη δὲ θεουδέϊ φαίνοτο μούνη
 Ἑρμῆς ποικιλόμυθος· ἐλὼν δὲ μιν εἰς μυχὸν οἴκου
 ἀπροΐδης ὀάριζε καὶ ἀνδρομέῃ φάτο φωνῇ·

[409] While Cadmos sat near the prudent queen, into the house came Hermes in the shape of a young man, unforeseen, uncaught, eluding the doorkeeper with his robber's foot. About his rosy face on both sides locks of hair uncovered hung loose. A light bloom of ruddy down ran about the edge of his round cheeks on either side, fresh young hair newly grown. Like a herald, he held his rod as usual. Wrapt in cloud from head to toe, with face unseen he reached the rich table when the meal was at an end. Emathion saw him not though close at hand, nor did Harmonia herself and Cadmos at her board, nor the company of serving men; only god-fearing Electra perceived Hermes the eloquent. Into a corner of the house he led her in surprise to tell his secrets, and spoke in the language of men:

425 ‘Μητροकाσιυνήτη, Διὸς εὐνέτι, χαῖρε, γυναικῶν
 πασάων μετόπισθε μακαρτάτη, ὅττι Κρονίων
 κοιρανίην κόσμοιο τεοῖς τεκέεσσι φυλάσσει,
 καὶ χθονὸς ἄστεα πάντα κυβερνήσει σέο φύτλη,
 ἔδνα τεῆς φιλόττης, ἐμῇ δ’ ἅμα μητέρι Μαιῇ
 430 ἄστρασιν ἐπαπτόροισι συναστράψεας Ὀλύμπῳ
 σὺνδρομος Ἡελίοιο, συναντέλλουσα Σελήνῃ.
 εἰμὶ τεῆς, φιλότεκνε, γουῆς ἐμφύλιος Ἑρμῆς,
 ἄγγελος ἀθανάτων ταυναίπτερος, οὐρανόθεν δὲ
 ξείνιος ὑψιμέδων με τεὸς προέηκεν ἀκοίτης
 435 ἀμφὶ τεοῦ ξείνοιο θεουδέος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
 πείθεο σῶ Κρονίῳνι, καὶ Ἀρμονίῃν σέο κούρην
 πέμπε μολεῖν ἀνάεδνον ὁμόστολον ἥλικι Κάδμῳ,
 καὶ Διὶ μακάρεσσι χαρίζεο· τειρομένους γὰρ
 ἀθανάτους ὁ ξείνος ὅλους ἐσάωσεν αἰείδων·
 440 οὗτος ἀνὴρ μογέοντι τεῶι χραίσμησεν ἀκοίτην,
 οὗτος ἀνὴρ ἐπέτασεν ἐλεύθερον ἡμαρ Ὀλύμπῳ.
 μὴ σε τεῇ θέλξειε γόῳ φιλομήτορι κούρη·
 ἀλλὰ μιν εἰς ὑμένσιον ἀλεξικάκῳ πόρε Κάδμῳ
 πειθομένη Κρονίῳνι καὶ Ἀρεῖ καὶ Κυθερείῃ.’

[425] “Good be with you, my mother’s sister, bedfellow of Zeus! Most blessed of all women that shall be hereafter, because Cronion keeps the lordship of the world for your children, and your stock shall steer all the cities of the earth! This is the dower of your love. And along with Maia my mother you shall shine with the Seven Stars in the sky, running your course with Helios, rising with Selene. Children’s friend, I am Hermes, one of your own family, wing-spreading Messenger of the immortals. From heaven I have been sent by your bedfellow, the guests’ protector ruling in the heights, on behalf of your own god-fearing guest. Then do you also obey your Cronion, and let your daughter Harmonia go along with her yearsmate Cadmos as his bride, without asking for bridal gifts. Grant this grace to Zeus and the Blessed ones; for when the immortals were in distress, this stranger saved them all by his music. This man has helped your bedfellow in trouble, this man has opened the day of freedom for Olympus! Let not your girl bewitch you with mother-loving groans, but give her in marriage to Cadmos our Saviour, in obedience to Cronion and Ares and Cythereia.”

BOOK 4

ἰχνεύων δὲ τέταρτον ὑπὲρ πόντοιο νοήσεις
Ἀρμονίην πλώουσαν ὁμόστολον ἥλικι Κάδμῳ.
ὥς εἰπὼν ἔς Ὀλυμπον ἐύρραπς ἦεν Ἑρμῆς
αἰθύσσων πτερὰ κοῦφα, τιταινομένων δὲ πεδῖλων
σύνδρομος ἡερίοισιν ἐρέσσετο ταρσὸς ἀήταις.
οὐδὲ γυνὴ Θρήισσα, κυβερνήτειρα Καβείρων,...
5 ἀλλὰ Διὸς σέβας εἶχε, καὶ Ἄρεος ἄζυγι κούρη
ὄρθια δινεύουσα νοήμοι δάκτυλα παλμῷ
Ἀρμονίην ἐκάλεσσε τύπῳ τεχυήμονι φωνῆς:
ἢ δὲ τιταινομένη βλεφάρων ἀντώτιον αἶγλην
Ἥλέκτρης ἀγέλαστον ἐδέρκετο κύκλον ὥπωπῆς,
10 καὶ βαθὺν ἀφράστοιο νεόσσυτον ὄγκον ἀνίης
σιγαλέαι κήρθηκε ἐμκαντεύοντο παρειαί.

BOOK IV

*Tracking the fourth over the deep, you will see Harmonia sailing together
with her agemate Cadmos.*

With these words, Finerod Hermes departed, fanning his light wings, and the flat of his extended shoes oared him as quick as the winds of heaven in their course. Nor did the Thracian lady, the pilot of the Cabeiroi, <disobey his bidding>; but she had respect for Zeus, and curving her extended fingers with a significant movement towards Ares' unwedded daughter, she beckoned Harmonia by this clever imitation of speech. The other strained the answering gleam from her eyelids, and saw the round of Electra's face unsmiling, as he cheeks like silent heralds boded the heavy load of a new unspoken distress.

παρθενικὴ δ' ἀνέπαλτο καὶ ὠμάρτησε τεκούσῃ
εἰς δόμον αἰπύδητον: ἀναπτύξασα δὲ μήτηρ
ἐπταμύχου θαλάμοιο πολυσφρήτιστον ὄχλῃα
15 λάινον οὐδὸν ἄμειψε: φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
ἄστατα ταρβαλέης ἐλελίζετο γούνατα νύμφης:
καὶ παλάμην ῥοδόπηχυν ἐῆς ἀνεκούφινσε κούρης
δραξαμένη παλάμη χιονώδεϊ: καὶ τάχα φαίης
ἦβην χειρὸς ἔχουσιν ἰδεῖν λευκώλενον Ἥρην.

[12] The maiden leapt up and followed her mother into her high-built chamber. Her mother rolled back the bolt of a sevennookshotten chamber sealed with many seals, and crossed the doorstone: her knees trembled restlessly in loving anxiety and fear. She caught and lifted the girl's hand and rosy arm with her

own snow-white hand – you might almost say that you saw white-armed Hera holding Hebe’s hand.

20 ἄλλ’ ὅτε πορφυρέοισι πέδον στείβουσα πεδίλοις
λοισθία μαρμαίροντος ἐδύσατο κύκλα μελάθρου,
παρθένον ἀχνυμένην Ἀτλαντὶς ἴδρθε νύμφη
εἰς θρόνον εὐποίητον· ἀμοιβαίῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ
ἐξομένη στοιχηδὸν ἐπ’ ἀργυροφειγγέει δίφρῳ
25 ἀγγελίην Κρονίωνος ἀπειθεὶ πέφραδε κούρη,
καὶ μιν πάντα διδάξεν, ὅσα βροτοειδὲι μορφῇ
ἄλλοφανῆς ἅτε κοῦρος Ὀλύμπιος ἔννεπε κῆρυξ.
παρθενικῇ δ’ αἰούσα πολυπλάγκτους ὕμεναιούς
καὶ πόσιν ἀστήρικτον, ὑπωρόφιον μετανάστην,
30 ξεῖνον ἔχειν ἀπέειπε, καὶ ἐκ Διὸς ὅσσα τοκῆος
ξεινοδόκος Κάδμοιο βοοσσόος ἔννεπεν Ἑρμῆς·
καὶ πόσιν ἦθελε μᾶλλον ὁμόπτολιν, ὥς κεν ἀλύξῃ
συζυγίην φερέοκον ἄδωροδόκων ὕμεναιών·
καὶ παλάμῃ κρατέουσα κατηφεί χεῖρα τιθήνης
35 δάκρυα μυδαλέη πολυξυμμεφέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·

[20] But when treading the floor with her crimson shoes she reached the farthest curve of the resplendent room. Atlas’s daughter seated the sorrowful maiden upon a handsome chair; then she in her turn sank upon a silver-shining stool, and declared Cronion’s message to the incredulous girl, and explained everything which she had heard from the Olympian herald disguised as a land in human form. When the maiden heard of this marriage of much wandering and this unstable husband, this homeless man under their roof, she declared she would have no stranger, and refused all that Cadmos’s patron proposed on Zeus his father’s behalf, that cattle-drover Hermes! She would rather have one of her own city as husband, and away with a carryhouse mate and a wedding without wedding-gifts! Then clasping her foster-mother’s hand with her own sorrowing palm, bathed in tears she burst into reproachful speech:

‘Μῆτερ ἐμή, τί παθοῦσα τεῖν ἡρνήσαιο κούρην;
οὕτω σεῖο θύγατρα νεήλυδι φωτὶ συνάπτεις;
ποῖον ἐμοὶ ποτε δῶρον ὁ ναυτίλος ἐγγυαλίζει;
ἦ ῥά μοι ἔδνα γάμων πρυμνήσια νηὸς ὀπάσσει;
40 οὐκ ἐδάην, φιλότεκνε, τεῖν ὅτι παῖδα φυλάσσεις,
παρθενικὴν λιπόπατριν, ἀλήμονας εἰς ὕμεναιούς.
ἄλλοι ἐμοὶ μνηστῆρες ἀρειονές εἰσι πολῖται·
τί χρέος ἦν ἀνάεδνον ἔχειν τινὰ γυμνὸν ἀκοίτην
ἄλλοδαπὸν περίφοιτον, ἀλυσκάζοντα τοκῆα;

45 ἄλλ', ἔρέεις, Κρονίῳ τεῷ χραίσμησεν ἀκοίτη·
πῶς Διὸς οὐ γέρας ἔσχεν Ὀλύμπιον, εἴ περ Ὀλύμπου,
ὡς ἐνέπεις, προμάχιζε, καὶ οὐ Διὸς εὐνετις Ἥρη
Ζητὸς ἀοσσητῆρι συνήρμοσε παρθένον Ἥβην;
οὐ χατέει Κάδμονιο τεὸς πόσις ὕψιμέδων Ζεὺς:
50 ἰλήκοι Κρονίδης: ἐφεύσατο θέσκελος Ἑρμῆς
ἀμφὶ Διὸς γενετῆρος: ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα πιθέσθαι,
εἰ λίπε θοῦρον Ἄρηα, κυβερνητῆρα κυδοιμοῦ,
καὶ βροτὸν ἄνδρα κάλεσσαν ἐοῦ συνάεθλον ἀγῶνος
ὁ κρατέων κόσμοιο καὶ αἰθέρος. ἅ μέγα θαῦμα,
55 τοσσατίους Τιρῆνας ἐνεκλήισσε βερέθρῳ,
καὶ Κάδμου χατέεσκεν, ὅπως ἓνα μοῦνον ὀλέσση.
οἶδας ἐμῶν πατέρων διδυμάονα σύγγονον εὐνὴν:
Ζεὺς προπάτωρ ἐμὸς ἔσχε κασιγνήτης λέχος Ἥρης
θεσμὸν ἔχων θαλάμων ἐμφύλιον: ἀμφοτέροι δὲ
60 Ἄρης καὶ Κυθέρεια, μιῆς ἐπιβήτορες εὐνῆς,
Ἀρμονίης γενετῆρες, ἐνὸς γεγάσι τοκῆος,
δέμνιον ἀμφιέποντες ὁμόγνιον, ὥμοι ἀνάγκης:
γνωτὰ γνωτὸν ἔχουσιν, ἐγὼ λιτόπατριν ἀκοίτην.'

[36] "Mother mine, what has possessed you to cast off your own girl? Do you join your own daughter to some upstart fellow like this? What gift will this sailor man put into my hand? Will he give me the ship's hawser for bride-price? I did not know you were keeping your own child, the poor banished maiden, for marriage with a vagrant – you, my kind nurse! I have others to woo me, and better ones, of our own city: why must I have a bedfellow with empty hands, naked and bare, a foreign vagrant, a runaway from his father? But you will say he helped your husband Cronion. Why did not the man get from Zeus an Olympian gift of honour, if indeed he was defender of Olympos, as you say? Why did not Hera the consort of Zeus, betroth virgin Hebe to the champion of Zeus? Your husband Zeus who rules in the heights needs no Cadmos. Cronides forgive me – divine Hermes lied in what he said about Father Zeus. I don't know how I can believe that he neglected furious Ares the pilot of warfare, and called in a mortal man to be partner in the game – he the master of world and sky! Here is a great marvel – he locked up all those Titans in the pit, and then wanted Cadmos, to destroy only one! You know how my father's wedded – two had their sisters. Zeus my father's father possessed the bed of his sister Hera, by the family rule of marriage; both the parents of Harmonia, Ares and Cythereia, who mounted one bed, were of one father, another pair of blood-kindred. What miserable necessity! Sisters may have a brother for bedfellow, I must have a banished man!"

ὦς φαμένης ἀπένεψε γοήμονος ὄμβρον ὀπωπῆς
65 μήτηρ ἀσχαλώσα: διχοστασίῃ δὲ μενοινῆς

Ἀρμονίην ὤκτερπε, Διὸς δ' ἄλέεινεν ἀπειλήν.

[64] As she spoke, her mother in distress wiped the raindrops from that mourning face: torn between two, she pitied Harmonia and shrank from the threats of Zeus.

ἀλλὰ περισφίγξασα δέμας φρενοθελγεί κεστῷ
κερδαλέῳ ζωοτῆρι δολοφράδμων Ἀφροδίτῃ,
καὶ χροῖ δυσαμένη φιλοτήσια φάρεα Πειθοῦς
70 Ἀρμονίης εὖοδμον ἐδύσατο παρθενεῶνα:
καὶ τύπον οὐρανίοιο μεταλλάξασα προσώπου
Πεισινόῃ δέμας ἴσον εἰσκετο γεῖτονι κούρῃ,
Κάδμον ἅ περ ποθέουσα, καὶ ὥς κρυθίῃ τινὶ νοῦσῳ
λεπταλέον πέμπουσα σέλας χλοάοντι προσώπῳ
75 ἀμφιπόλους ἔσσευε: παρεδριώσασα δὲ μούνην,
οἷά περ αἰδομένη, δολίην ἀνενείκατο φωνήν:

[67] But now tricky-minded Aphrodite girt her body in the heart-bewitching cestus-belt, and clothing herself in the loverobe of Persuasion she entered Harmonia's fragrant chamber. She had doffed her heavenly countenance, and put on a form like Peisinoë, a girl of the neighbourhood. As though in love with Cadmos and suffering from some hidden sickness, with but little brightness in her pale face, she chased away the maids; and when Harmonia was alone she sat by her side and said as in shame with deceitful tongue:

Ὀλβίη, οἷον ἔχεις ἐνὶ δώμασι καλὸν ἀλήτην,
οἷον ἔχεις μνηστῆρα, μακαρτάτη: οἷον ἀκοίτην
ὄψαι ἱμερόεντα, τὸν οὐ λάχε παρθένος ἄλλη:
80 ἀτρεκές Ἀσσυρίης ἀπὸ πατρίδος αἶμα κομίζει,
ἦχι ῥόος χαρίεντος Ἀδώνιδος: ἱμερόεις γὰρ
ἐκ Λιβάνου νέος οὔτος, ὅπῃ Κυθήρεια χορεύει.
ἦλιτον: οὐ τάχα Κάδμον ἐπιχθονίῃ τέκε γαστήρ,
ἀλλὰ Διὸς γένος ἔσχεν, ἐὴν δ' ἐψεύσατο φύτλην.
85 οἶδα, πόθεν νέος οὔτος Ὀλύμπιος: εἴ ποτε Μαίῃ
σύγγονον Ἥλέκτρην Τιτήνιος ἥροσεν Ἄτλας,
Ἀρμονίῃ πόσις ἦλθεν ἀνεψιὸς ἄπτερος Ἑρμῆς,
οὐδὲ μάτην Καδμῖλος αἰεῖδεται: οὐρανίην γὰρ
μορφὴν μοῦνον ἄμειψε καὶ εἰσέτι Κάδμος ἀκούει.
90 εἰ δὲ πέλει θεὸς ἄλλος ἔχων βροτοειδέα μορφήν,
Ἥμαθίων τάχα Φοῖβον ἐῷ ξεινίσσε μελᾶθρῳ.

[77] "Happy girl! What a handsome stranger you have in the house! What a man to court you, most blessed of women! What a lovely bedfellow you will

see, that no other maiden has won! Surely his blood comes from Assyria! That must be his home, beside the river of that enchanting Adonis, for that lovely young man came from Libanos where Cythereia dances. No, I was wrong! I don't suppose any mortal womb bred Cadmos; no, he is sprung from Zeus and he has concealed his stock! I know where this young Olympian comes from. If Titan Atlas ever begat Electra as Maia's sister, here's cousin Herems without wings come as husband for Harmonia. Then that's why we sing hymns to Cadmilos! He has only changed his heavenly shape and still he is called Cadmos. Or if he is some other god in human shape, perhaps Apollo is Emathion's guest in this house.

παρθένε πασιμέλουσα, μακαρτέρη ἔσσι τεκούσης
εἰς πόθον, εἰς ὑμέναιον Ὀλύμπιον: ἃ μέγα θαῦμα,
λάθριος Ἥλεκτρην νυμφεύσατο μητίετα Ζεὺς,
95 ἀμφαδὸν Ἀρμονίην μνηστεύεται αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων:
ὀλβιη, ἣν ἐπόθησεν ἐκηβόλος: αἶθε καὶ αὐτῆς
Πεισινόης σπεύσειεν ἔχειν ὑμέναιον Ἀπόλλων:
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ ποτε Φοῖβον ἀναίνομαι, οἷά τε Δάφνῃ,
οὐ νόον Ἀρμονίης μιμήσομαι: ἀλλὰ λιποῦσα
100 κλῆρον ἐμὸν καὶ δῶμα καὶ οὓς ποθέω γενετῆρας,
ἵξομαι Ἀπόλλωνι συνέμπορος εἰς ὑμεναιούς.
μέμνημαί ποτε τοῖον ἐγὼ τύπον: ἡμετέρῳ γάρ
εἰς δόμον ὁμφήεντα συνεσπομένη γενετῆρι
Πύθιον εἶδον ἄγαλμα, καὶ ὥς τεδὼν εἶδον ἀλήτην,
105 ὠισάμην Φοῖβοιο πάλιν βρέτας ἐνθάδε λεύσσειν.

[92] “World-famed maiden, you are more blessed than your mother for Olympian desire and Olympian marriage! Here is a great marvel! Zeus Allwise wedded Electra in secret – Apollo himself woos Harmonia in the light! Happy girl, whom Far-shooter desired! I only wish Apollo would be as eager for marriage with Peisinoë too! I don't say no to Apollo, like Daphne, I can tell you! I will not feel like Harmonia! No, I will leave my inheritance and house and the parents whom I love – I will go on my travels to marriage with Apollo! I remember once a carving like him. For I once went with our father into the house of oracle, and there I saw the Pythian image; and when I saw your vagrant, I thought I saw the statue of Phoibos again in this place.

ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι Φοῖβος ἔχει χρυσαυγέα μίτρην:
χρῦσεος ἔπλετο Κάδμος ὅλον δέμας: ἦν δ' ἐθέλησης,
δμῶας ἐμοὺς ἔχε πάντας ἀπείρονας, ἀντὶ δὲ κείνου
χρυσὸν ἐμὸν ξυμπαντα καὶ ἄργυρον ἐγγυαλίζω,
110 καὶ Τυρίης ὁπάσω βασιλήϊα πέπλα θαλάσσης
καὶ δόμον, ἣν ἐθέλης, πατρώιον: εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,

δέχνησο καὶ γενέτην καὶ μητέρα, δέχνησο πάσας
ἀμφιπόλους, καὶ μοῦνον ἔμοι πόρε τοῦτον ἀκοίτην.

[106] “But you will say, Phoibos has a goldgleaming diadem. Cadmos is gold in all his body! If you like, take all my serfs innumerable – for him, I will put in your hands all my gold and silver, I will give royal robes of the Tyrian Sea, and the house of my fathers, if you like; accept, if I dare to say it, my father and mother too, accept all my waiting-women, and give me only this man for my bedfellow!

παρθένε, τί τρομέεις; σὺ μὲν εἴαρι ποντοπορήσεις
115 στεῖνδον ὕδωρ πλώουσα, σὺν ἱμερόεντι δὲ Κάδμῳ
ὠκεανὸν περιμέτρον ἐγὼ κατὰ χεῖμα περήσω.
μὴ τρομέοις ἀλὸς οἶδμα βαρύβρομον, ὅττι σαώσει
εἶν ἂν φόρτον Ἑρωτος ἀλὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη.
παρθένε, Κάδμον ἔχεις, μὴ διζέο θῶκον Ὀλύμπου.
120 οὐ ποθέω στίλβουσιν Ἑρυθραῖην λίθον Ἰνδῶν,
οὐ φυτὸν Ἑσπερίδων παγχρύσειον, οὐδὲ με τέρπει
Ἥλιάδων ἥλεκτρον, ὅσον μία νυκτὸς ὁμίχλη,
τῇ ἔνι Πεισινόῃν προσπτύζεται οὗτος ἀλήτης.
εἰ δὲ γένος μεθέπεις ἐξ Ἄρεος, ἐξ Ἀφροδίτης,
125 σοὶ γάμον ἄξιον εὔρε γάμων ταμίη σέο μήτηρ.
οὐ ποτε τηλικόν ἄνθος ἐσέδρακον: αὐτόματον γὰρ
εἰαρινὸν δώρημα φύσις δωρήσατο Κάδμῳ:
εἶδον ἐγὼ παλάμην ῥοδοδάκτυλον, εἶδον ὀπωπὴν
ἡδὺ μέλι στάζουσιν: ἐρωτοτόκου δὲ προσώπου
130 ὥς ῥόδα φοινίσσουσι παρηίδες, ἀκροφαῖ δὲ
δίχροα χιονέων ἀμαρύσσεται ἶχνια ταρσῶν
μεσσοῦσι πορφύροντα, καὶ ὥς κρίνον εἰσὶν ἀγοστοί.
καλλείψω πλοκαμίδας, ὅπως μὴ Φοῖβον ὀρίνω
χροῖῃ ὀνειδίζουσα Θεραπναίης ὑακίνθου.
135 εἴ ποτε δινεύων φρενοτερπέα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς
ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐλέλιζεν, ὅλη σελάγιζε Σελήνη
φέγγει μαρμαίροντι, καὶ εἴ ποτε βόστρυχα σείσας
αὐχένα γυμνὸν ἔθηκεν, ἐφαίνετο Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ.
χείλεα σιγήσαιμι: τὸ δὲ στόμα, πορθμὸν Ἑρώτων,
140 πειθῶ ναιετάουσα χέει μελιγδέα φωνήν,
καὶ Χάριτες μεθέπουσιν ὅλον δέμας: ἄκρα δὲ χειρῶν
αἰδέομαι κρίνειν, ἵνα μὴ γάλα λευκὸν ἐλέγξω:

[114] “Maiden, why do you tremble? You will sail the seas in the spring-time across the narrow water – but with lovely Cadmos I will traverse the infinite Ocean stream in winter! Tremble not at the heavyrumbling briny swell,

because love's cargo will be kept safe on the brine by Aphrodite daughter of the brine. Maiden, you have Cadmos, seek not the throne of Olympos! I desire not the shining Eyrthraean stone of the Indies, nor the all-golden tree of the Hesperides, I delight not in the amber of the Heliades, so much as one shadowy night in which this vagrant shall hold Peisinoë in his arms. If you fetch your lineage from Ares, from Aphrodite, your provident mother has found you a marriage well worthy of theirs. I have never beheld such a flower; spring itself blooms in Cadmos by nature's gift. I have seen his rosefinger hand, I have seen his glance distilling sweet honey; the cheeks of his lovebegetting face are red as roses; his feet go twinkling, ruddybrown in the middle, and changing colour at the ends into shining snow; his arms are lilywhite. I will pass the hair, or I may provoke Phoibos by blaming the hue of his Therapnaian iris. Whenever he moved his full eyes with their heartgladdening glance, there was the full moon shining with sparkling light; when he shook his hair and bared his neck, there appeared the morning star! I would not speak of his lips; but Persuasion dwells in his mouth, the ferry of the Loves, and pours out honey-sweet speech. Aye, the Graces manage his whole body: hands and fingers I shrink to judge, or I may find fault with the whiteness of milk.

δέχνυσο δειλαίην με συνέστιον· ἥϊθέου δὲ
δεξιτερῆς ψάουσα καὶ ἀμφοφώσα χιτῶνα
¹⁴⁵ κρυπταδῆς εὖροιμι παρήγορα φάρμακα νοῦσου·
αὔχένα γυμνὸν ἴδοιμι καὶ ἐζομένοιο πῆσσω
δάκτυλον ὥς ἀέκουσα, καὶ ἡμετέρου διὰ κόλπου
τεθναίνην ὅτε μοῦνον ἀφειδέα χεῖρα χαλάσας
ἀμφοτέρων θλίψειεν ἐλεύθερον ἄντυγα μαζῶν,
¹⁵⁰ χεῖλεσιν ἡμετέρουσι μεμυκότα χεῖλεα πῆξας,
τέρπων ἀκροτάτοισι φιλήμασιν· ἥϊθεον δὲ
εἰσέτι πηχύνουσα καὶ εἰς Ἀχέροντα περήσω
αὐτομάτη, γλυκερὸν δὲ πολυκλαύτῳ παρὰ Λήθῃ
λέξω καὶ φθιμένοισιν ἐμὸν μόρον, ὥς κεν ἐγείρω
¹⁵⁵ οἶκτον ὁμοῦ καὶ ζῆλον ἀθελγεί Περσεφονεῖη·
καὶ Χαρίτων πνείοντα φιλήματα κεῖνα διδάξω
θηλυτέρας δυσέρωτας, ὅσας κτάνεν ἱμερόεν πῦρ,
καὶ νέκυας τελέσω ζηλήμονας, εἰ παρὰ Λήθῃ
εἰς Παφίην μετὰ πότμον ἔτι φθονέουσι γυναῖκες.

[143] "Accept me for your companion, unhappy me! but if I touch the boy's right hand and stroke his tunic I may find comfortable physic for my secret sickness. I may see his neck bare, or press a finger as if unconsciously while he sits; I could gladly die, if he would only slip a willing hand into the orb of my bosom and press my two breasts, and hold his closed lips upon my lips to delight me with brushing kisses. But if I could still hold the boy in my arms, I

will pass even to Acheron the River of Pain of my own free will, and with rapture even amid the many lamentations of all-forgetting Lethe. I will tell the dead of my fate, to awaken pity and envy alike in merciless Persephoneia; I will teach those grace-breathing kisses to women unhappy in love who died of that lovely fire, I will make the dead jealous, if women still grudge at the Paphian in Lethe after their doom.

160 ἔσπομαι, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, καὶ ὁμόστολος, οὐ τρομέω δὲ
πλαγκτοσύνην ἀδίδακτον. ἀμείλιχε, γίνεο Κάδμου
κουριδίη παράκοιτις: ἐγὼ θαλαμηπόλος εἶην
ἀμφοτέροις θεράπαινα, καὶ Ἀρμονίῃ καὶ Ἀκοίτῃ.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν τρομέω σε, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις,
165 μὴ ποτέ σοι διὰ λέκτρα χόλον καὶ ζῆλον ἐγείρω,
ὅττι, θεὰ περ ἑοῦσα καὶ αἰθέρος ὄρχαμος, Ἥρῃ
Ζηνὸς ἐπιχθονίῃσι νόθαις ἀλόχοισι μεγαίρει:
Εὐρώπῃ κεχόλωτο καὶ ἤκαχεν ἄστατον Ἴω:
οὐδὲ θεὰς μεθέηκε: χολωομένης δὲ τεκούσης
170 ἦλασεν ὠδίνουσαν Ἄρης ἐγκύμονα Λητώ.
εἰ μὴ ζῆλος ἔχει σε, πόθων ἵνα φάρμακον εὖρω,
εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν ἐμοὶ πόρε τοῦτον ἀκοίτην,
ναί, λίτομαι, καὶ νυκτὸς ἕνα δρόμον: εἰ δὲ μεγαίρεις,
χειρὶ τεῇ με δάξον, ὅπως ἄμπαυμα νοήσω
175 τηλίκον ἀπρήνυτον αἰὲ κατὰ νύκτα καὶ ἡῶ
ἐνδόμυχον μεθέπουσα περὶ φρένα βοσκόμενον πῦρ.’

[160] “I will go with you if you wish, even as your companion, I tremble not before unfamiliar wanderings. Hard-hearted girl, become the lawful wife to Cadmos; I would be chambermaid to you both, Harmonia and husband. – But again I tremble before you, lest some time I awaken anger and jealousy for your bed tho’ you fain would hide it, since even Hera, goddess thou she is and queen of the heavens, grudges Zeus his bastard wives on earth. She was angry with Europa and tormented the wandering Io; she spared not even goddesses; because his mother was angry, Ares persecuted Leto with child in her birthpangs. If you are not jealous to find me a physic for my desire, give me this bedfellow for one dawn, yes I beseech you, for the course of one night too; if you grudge it, kill me with your own hand, that I may know rest from carrying this always night and day, fed on the secret places of my heart, this mighty implacable fire!”

εἶπε, καὶ Ἀρμονίην φυγοδέμνιον ἦλασε κεστῶ
εἰς πλόον οἰστρήσασα πόθῳ πειθήμονα κούρην.
ἡ δὲ μεταστρέψασα νόον διδυμάονι βουλῇ
180 ξεῖνον ἔχειν μενέαινε καὶ ἥθελε πατρίδα ναίειν,

καὶ τίνα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἱμασσομένη νόον οἴστρω:

[177] She said her say, and with her girdle drove bedshy Harmonia to her voyage, stung as with a gadfly, and now obedient to desire. She changed her mind, and with divided purpose wished both to have the stranger and to live in her own land. So smitted to the heart with the sting, she spoke:

“ὦμοι, τίς μετάμειψεν ἐμὴν φρένα; σῶζεο, πάτρη,
χαίροις, Ἥμαθίων καὶ πᾶς δόμος: ἄντρα Καβείρων,
χαίρετε, καὶ σκοπιαί Κορυβαντίδες: οὐκέτι λεύσσω
185 μητρώης Ἑκάτης νυχὶν θιασώδεα πεύκην.
σῶζεο, παρθενίη, νυμφεύομαι ἡδέϊ Κάδμῳ:
Ἄρτεμι, μὴ νεμέσα, χαροπῆς ἀλδὸς οἶδμα περήσω.
ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις, ὅτι πόντος ἀμείλιχος: οὐκ ἀλεγίζω
μαινομένου ῥοθίοιο, συνολλυμένους δὲ δεχέσθω
190 Ἀρμονίην καὶ Κάδμον ἐμὸν μητρώιον ὕδωρ.
ἔσπομαι ἡβητῆρι γάμους βοόωσα θεάων:
εἰ μὲν ἐς ἀντολίην με φέρει πλώουσιν ἀκοίτης,
ἵμερον Ὀρίωνος ἐς Ἥριγένειαν ἐνίψω,
καὶ Κεφάλου θαλάμων μιμνήσκομαι: εἰ δέ ποτ’ ἔλθω
195 εἰς δύσιν ἀχλυόεσσαν, ἐπ’ Ἐνδυμίωνι καὶ αὐτῇ
Λατμιάς Ἴσα παθοῦσα παρηγορεῖ με Σελήνη.”

[182] “Ah me, who ahs changed my heart? Save you, my country! Farewell, Emathion and all my house! Farewell grottoes of the Cabeiroi and Corybantian cliffs; never again shall I see the revelling companies of my mother’s Hecate with their torches in the night. Farewell, maidenhood, I wed my sweet Cadmos! Artemis, be not shocked, I am to cross the swell of the blue brine. But you will say, the deep is pitiless; I care nothing for the maddened surges – let Harmonia and Cadmos drown together, and my mother’s sea may receive us both. I follow my boy, calling upon the goddesses who have wedded theirs! If my bedfellow carries me to the sunrise this voyage, I will proclaim how Orion loved Dawn, and I will recall the match of Cephalos; if I go to the misty sunset, my comfort is Selene herself who felt the same for Endymion upon Latmos.”

τοῖα νοοπλανέεσσι μεληδόσιν ἦπυε κούρη
ἄσχετος ἱμερόεντι δαΐζομένη νόον οἴστρω:
καὶ κινυρῇ ῥαθάμιγγι διαινομένοιο προσώπου
200 Ἥλέκτρης κύσε χεῖρα καὶ ὄμματα καὶ πόδας ἄκρους
καὶ κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα, καὶ Ἥμαθίωνος ὀπωπὴν
χειλεσιν αἰδομένοισι, κασιγνήτου περ ἐόντος,
πάσας δ’ ἀμφιπόλους ἡγκάζετο: μυρομένη δὲ

τυκτὰ πολυγλυφῶν ἡσπάσσατο κύκλα θυράων
205 ἄπνοα καὶ κλιντῆρα καὶ ἔρκεα παρθενεῶνος·
πατρῶην δὲ λαβοῦσα κόνιν προοσπύξατο κούρη.

[197] Such words the girl uttered in mindwandering complaints, and could not be restrained, her mind ravaged with the sting of desire. With drops of grief her face was wet as she kissed Electra's hand and eyes, her feet and head and breast, and Emathion's eyes, with shamefast lips although he was her brother. She embraced all her handmaids, and caressed lamenting the rows of the lifeless carven doors all round, her bed and the walls of her maiden chamber. Last the girl took up and kissed the dust of her country's soil.

καὶ τότε χειρὸς ἔχουσα θεῶν ὑπὸ μάρτυρι πομπῇ
Ἀρμονίην ἀνάεδνον ὀφειλομένην φέρε Κάδμῳ
Ἥλέκτρῃ, χυτὸν ὄμβρον ἀποσμήξασα προσώπου.
210 Κυπριδίην δὲ θυγάτρα λαβὼν ἡῶος ὀδίτης
γρηῖ σὺν ἀμφιπόλῳ λίπε δῶματα, δῶρον ἀνάσσης
λάτρην ἔχων πομπῇα δι' ἄστεος ἄχρι θαλάσσης.

[207] And then Electra took Harmonia by the hand, under the witnessing escort of the gods, and took her undowered to Cadmos as his due, wiping the streaming shower from her face. Early in the morning the traveller received the Cyprian's daughter with an old waiting-woman, and left the house, having as the queen's gift a servant to guide him through the city to the sea.

παρθενικὴν δ' ὀρόωσα παρ' ἡόνας ὑψόθι πόντου
ξεῖνῳ ἐφεσπομένην, φλογερῇ ζεῖουσαν ἀνάγκῃ,
215 Κύπριδι μεμφομένη φιλοκέρτομος ἴαχε Μῆνην·
‘Κύπρι, καὶ εἰς σέο τέκνα κορύσσεαι, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
ὑμετέρης ὠδῖνος ἐφείσατο κέντρον Ἑρώτων;
ἦν τέκες, οὐκ ἐλέαιρες, ἀμείλιχε; καὶ τίνα κούρην
οἰκτεῖρεις ἑτέρην, ὅτε σὸν γένος εἰς πόθον ἔλκεις;
220 πλάζεο καὶ σὺ, φίλη: Παφίης τέκος εἶπε τεκούσῃ:
‘κερτομέει Φαέθων σε, καὶ αἰσχύνει με Σελήνη.’
Ἀρμονίη, λιπόπατρι δυσίμερε, κάλλιπε Μῆνη
νυμφίον Ἐνδυμίωνα, καὶ ἄμφεπε Κάδμον ἀλήτην,
τλῆθι φέρειν πόνον ἴσον, ἐρωτοτόκῳ δὲ μερίμνῃ
225 μνώεο καὶ σὺ καμοῦσα ποθοβλήτοιο Σελήνης.’

[213] When the Moon saw the girl following a stranger alone the shore above the sea, and boiling under fiery constraint, she reproached Cypris in mocking words: “So you make war even upon your children, Cypris! Not even the fruit of your womb is spared by the goad of love! Don't you pity the girl you bore,

hardheart? What other girl can you pity then, when you drag your own child into passion? – Then you must go wandering too, my darling. Say to your mother, Paphian’s child, ‘Phaëthon mocks you, and Selene puts me to shame.’ Harmonia, love-tormented exile, leave to Mene her bridegroom Endymion, and care for your vagrant Cadmos. Be ready to endure as much trouble as I have, and when you are wary with lovebegetting anxiety, remember lovewounded Selene.”

ὥς φαμένης ἐτάρους ὑπὲρ ἥονα Κάδμος ἐπείγων
ὀλκάδος ἰθυπόροιο παλίμπορα πείσματα λύσας
εἰαρινῷ κόλπωσεν ἀχείμονι λαῖφος ἀήτη:
διχθαδίους δὲ κάλως ἐφαφάμενός τινι γόμφῳ
230 δουροπαγές πόμπευε δι’ οἴδατος ἄρμα θαλάσσης,
ἰσάζων ἐκάτερθε νεῶς πόδας, οἷα δὲ Φοῖνιξ,
ναυτιλῆς νοέων πατρῶιον ἡθάδα τέχνην,
πηδαλίῳ παρέμεινεν: ἐπὶ πρύμνῃ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴν
Ἀρμονίην ἄψαυστον ὁμόπλοον ἵδρυε κούρην
235 νηὸς ἰδὼν ξεινός ἐπιβήτορας, οὓς τότε ναῦται
μισθοφόρους ἐδέχοντο. καὶ ἡρέμα σύμπλοος ἀνήρ
ἄμφοτέρους ὁρώων ἐκεράσσατο θαύματι φωνήν:
‘Αὐτὸς Ἔρωσ πέλεν οὗτος ὁ ναυτίλος: οὐ νέμεσις γὰρ
υῖα τεκεῖν πλωτῆρα θαλασσαίην Ἀφροδίτην:
240 ἀλλὰ βέλος καὶ τόξον ἔχει καὶ πυρσὸν ἀίρει
βαῖος Ἔρωσ περυγέσσι κεकाσμένος: εἰσορώω δὲ
ὀλκάδα Σιδονίην. Δολόεις τάχα φῶριος Ἄρης
ἔζεται ἐν πρύμνησιν ἔσω Λιβάνοιο κομίζων
ἔσπερίην πλῶουσαν ἀπὸ Θρήκης Ἀφροδίτην.
245 Ὑλαθι, μῆτερ Ἔρωτος, ἀκυμάντῳ δὲ γαλήνῃ
πέμπε μοι ἵκμενον οὔρον ἀχείμονι μητρὶ θαλάσσει.’

[226] While she was speaking, Cadmos hastened his companions over the shore. He released the back-running hawsers of the forthfaring ship, and shook out the sail to the mild spring breeze, and guided the timbered sea-car across the sea-swell, making the two ropes fast to a pin bracing the sheets equally shipshape and Phoinician fashion: for he knew from his fathers the traditional art of seamanship. He remained by the steering-oar, but he kept the girl Harmonia untouched sitting on the poop, his companion, when he saw strangers coming aboard as passengers whom the sailors were then taking in with the fare. One of the passengers seeing these two, mingled his voice with admiration as he said gently: “That sailor looks like Love himself! An no wonder that Aphrodite of the sea has a mariner son. But Eros carries bow and arrow and lifts a firebrand, he’s a little one with wings on him; and this I see is a Sidonian ketch. Perhaps that is the cunning old thief Ares sitting on the poop, and carrying Aphrodite into Libanos, from Thrace, whence he sailed

last night. Be gracious, mother of Love! Send me a following wind in a waveless calm over your mother sea stormless!”

τοῖον ἔπος λαθραῖον ὁμόπλοος ἔννεπεν ἀνὴρ
λοξὸς ἐς Ἀρμονίην ἀντὼπιον ὄμμα τιταίνων.

[247] Such was the sort of things the travellers said to himself, looking keenly at Harmonia out of the corner of his eye.

καὶ πλόον ἦνυσε Κάδμος ἐς Ἑλλάδα, Φοιβάδος ὁμφῆς
250 οἷστρον ἔχων πραπίδεςσι, Διὸς δέ οἱ αἰὲν ἐπείγων
ἔνθεος ἀπλανέεσσιν ἐπέτρεχε μῦθος ἀκουαῖς.
ἔνθα Πανελλήνεσσι νεώτερα δῶρα τιταίνων
ἀρχεκάκου Δαναοῖο φερέσβιον ἔκρυφε τέχνην,
ὑδροφόρου Δαναοῖο: τί γὰρ πλεόν εὔρεν Ἀχαιοῖς,
255 εἴ ποτε χαλκείησι πεδοσκαφέεσσιν μακέλλαις
χάσματος οὐδαίοιο χυτὸν κενεῶνα κολάψας
δίψιον Ἄργος ἔπαυσε, κονιομένοις δὲ πολίταις
ὕγρα ποδῶν ἐπίβαθρα πόρεν, ξεινήιον ὕδωρ,
ἐκ βυθίων λαγόνων ὀλίγον ῥόον; αὐτὰρ ὁ πάσῃ

[249] So Cadmos finished his voyage to Hellas, with the inspired voice in his mind stinging like a gadfly; and the inspired word of Zeus ever ran unerring in his ears and dove him on. There he was to present newer gifts to All Hellenes, and to make them forget the lifebringing art of Danaos the master-mischiefmaker, Danaos the waterbringer: for what good did he do for the Achaians, if once he had dug the ground with his brazen pickaxes, and pecking at the flooded hollow of the gaping earth quenched the thirst of Argos? if he made wet the steppings of their feet for his dusty people, and brought up a streamlet from the deep caves – the stranger’s gift of water?

260 Ἑλλάδι φωνήεντα καὶ ἔμφρονα δῶρα κομίζων
γλώσσης ὄργανα τεῦξεν ὁμόθροα, συμφυέος δὲ
ἀρμονίης στοιχηδὸν ἐς ἄζυγα σύζυγα μίξας
γραπτὸν ἀσιγήτοιο τύπον торνώσατο σιγῆς,
πάτρια θεσπεσίης δεδαημένος ὄργια τέχνης,
265 Αἰγυπτίης σοφίης μετανάστιος, ἦμος Ἀγῆνωρ
Μέμφιδος ἐνναέτης ἐκατόμπυλον ᾤκισε Θῆβην:
καί, ζαθέων ἄρρητον ἀμελγόμενος γάλα βιβλῶν,
χειρὸς ὀπισθοπόροιο χαράγματα λοξὰ χαράσσων
ἔγραφεν ἀγκύλα κύκλα: καὶ Αἰγυπτίου Διονύσου
270 εὖια φοιτητῆρος Ὀσίριδος ὄργια φαίνων
μῦστιδος ἐννυχίας τελετὰς ἐδίδασκετο τέχνης,

καὶ κρυφίῃ μάγον ὕμνον ἀνέκλαγε θυιάδι φωνῇ
λεπτὸν ἔχων ὀλόλυγμα· λιθοξόανοιο δὲ νηοῦ
γλυπτὰ βαθυνομένῳ κεχαραγμένα δαίδαλα τοίχῳ
275 κουρίζων δεδάηκε· πολυφράστῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
μετρήσας φλογόεσσαν ἀνηρίθμων ἴτυν ἄστρον
καὶ δρόμον Ἡελίοιο μαθὼν καὶ μέτρον ἀρούρης,
χειρὸς ἐυστροφάλιγγος ὁμόπλοκα δάκτυλα κάμψας,
ἄστατα κύκλα νόησε παλιννόστοιο Σελήνης,
280 πῶς τρισσαῖς ἐλίκεσσι μετὰτροπον εἶδος ἀμείβει,
ἀρτιφαής, διχόμηνις, ὅλῳ στίλβουσα προσώπῳ,
πῶς δὲ συναπτομένη καὶ ἀπόρρυτος ἄρσενι πυρσῷ
ἡελίου γενετῆρος ἀμήτορι τίκτεται αἴγλῃ,
πατρὸς ὑποκλέπτουσα παλιμφυνὲς αὐτόγονον πῦρ.

[260] But Cadmos brought gifts of voice and thought for all Hellas; he fashioned tools to echo the sounds of the tongue, he mingled sonant and consonant in one order of connected harmony. So he rounded off a graven model of speaking silence; for he had learnt the secrets of his country's sublime art, an outside intruder into the wisdom of Egypt, while Agenor dwelt nine years in Memphis and founded hundred-gated Thebes. There he pressed out the milk of the holy books ineffable, scratched their scratches across with backfaring hand and traced their rounded circles. And he showed forth the Euian secrets of Osiris the wanderer, the Egyptian Dionysos. He learned the nightly celebration of their mystic art, and declaimed the magic hymn in the wild secret language, intoning a shrill alleluia. While a boy in the temple full of stone images, he had come to know the inscriptions caved by artists deep into the walls. With much-pondering thought he had measured the flaming arch of the innumerable stars, and learnt the sun's course and the measure of the earth, turning the intertwined fingers of his flexible hand. He understood the changing circuits of the moon as he comes back and back again – how she changes her returning shape in three circles, new-shining, half-moon, and gleaming with full face; how her splendour now touching, now shrinking back, at the male furnace of father Helios is brought to birth without a mother, as she filches the father's selfbegotten fire ever lighted again.

285 τοῖος ἔην· καὶ κραίπνός Ἀχαιῖδος ἄστεα βαίνων
ναυτιλίην μεθέηκε· σὸν Ἀρμονίῃ δὲ κομίζων
ἔσμον ἀλιπλανέων ἐτάρων χερσαῖον ὁδίτην
ἄρμασιν ἵππειοισι καὶ ἀχθοφόροισιν ἀμάξαις
μαντώοις ἀδύτοισιν ἐπέστιχεν· ἔνθα κιχήσας
290 Δελφὸν ἀσιγήτοιο μεσόμφαλον ἄξονα Πυθοῦς
μαντοσύνην ἐρέεινε, καὶ ἔμφρονα Πύθιος ἄξων
κυκλόθεν αὐτοβόητος ἐθέσπισε κοιλάδι φωνῇ:

[285] Such was Cadmos. Quickly he set out for the Achaian cities, and left his seafaring. With Harmonia, he conveyed a swarm of seawandering companions turned travellers by land, in horsecarriages and laden wagons, on the way to the oracular sanctuaries. Then he reached Delphi, and asked an oracle from the midnipple axle of never-silent Pytho; and the Pythian axle speaking of himself uttered oracles of sense, resounding about in hollow tone:

‘Κάδμε, μάτην, περίφοιτε, πολυπλανὲς ἶχνος ἐλίσσεις:
μαστεύεις τινὰ ταῦρον, ὃν οὐ βοή τέκε γαστήρ,
295 μαστεύεις τινὰ ταῦρον, ὃν οὐ βροτὸς οἶδε κιχῆσαι:
Ἀσσυρίην ἀπόειπε, τεῆς δ’ ἡγήτορα πομπῆς
ἄμφεπε βοῦν χθονίην, μὴ διζέο ταῦρον Ὀλύμπου:
νυμφίον Εὐρώπης οὐ βουκόλος οἶδεν ἐλαύνειν:
οὐ νομόν, οὐ λειμῶνα μετέρχεται, οὐ τι κέντρῳ
300 πείθεται, οὐ μάστιγι κελεύεται: οἶδεν αἶρειν
Κύπριδος ἀβρὰ λέπαδνα καὶ οὐ ζυγόδεσμον ἀρότρων,
αὐχένα μοῦνον Ἔρωτι καὶ οὐ Δήμητρι τιταίνει.
ἀλλὰ πόθον Τυρίοιο τεοῦ γενετῆρος ἔασας
μίμνε παρ’ ἄλλοδαποῖσι, καὶ Αἰγυπτίης σέο Θήβης
305 πατρίδος ἄστν πόλισσον ἐπώνυμον, ἧχι πεσοῦσα
εὐνήσει βαρύγουνον ἐδὸν πόδα δαίμονι βούζ.’

[293] “Cadmos, in vain you travel round and round with wandering steps. You seek a bull which now cow ever calved; you seek a bull which no mortal knows how to find. Renounce Assyria, and take an earthly cow to guide your mission; search not for a bull of Olympos. Europa’s bridegroom no drover knows how to drive; he frequents no pasture, no meadow, obeys no goad, is ordered by no whip. He knows how to bear the dainty harness of Cypris, not the plow’s yokeband; he strains his neck for Love alone, and not for Demeter. No, let pass your regret for your Tyrian father, and abide among foreigners; found a city with the name of Egyptian Thebes your home, in the place where the cow of fortune shall sink and rest her heavyknee foot.”

ὥς φάμενος τριπόδων ἐπεκοίμισε θυιάδα φωνήν,
καὶ ῥία Παρνησσοῖο τινάσσετο Φοιβάδος ἡχοῦς
γείτονος εἰσαΐοντα, καὶ ὁμφῆεντι ῥέεθρῳ
310 Κασταλίνης ἀφλάξε νοήμονος ἔνθεον ὕδωρ.

[307] So speaking he lulled the tripods’ wild voice: the ridges of Parnassos quaked, when they heard the noise of their neighbour Phoibos; Castalia marked it, and her inspired water bubbled in oracular rills.

εἶπε θεός: καὶ Κάδμος ἐχάζετο καὶ παρὰ νηῶ

βοῦν ἶδε, νισσομένη δὲ συνέστιχεν· ἐσπόμενοι δὲ
 ἄνδρες ἀπλάγκτοιο βοὸς βραδυπειθεὶ χηλῇ
 φειδομένην ἰσόμετρον ἐποιήσαντο πορείην
 315 ὀτρηροὶ θεράποντες· ὅθεν τότε Κάδμος ὁδεύων
 ἱερὸν ἔδρακε χῶρον ἐπόψιον, ἧχι νοήσας
 Πύθιος ἐννεάκυκλον ὀρειάδος ὀλκὸν ἀκάνθης
 εὔνασε Κιρραίης θανατηφόρον ἰδὼν ἐχίδνης.
 Παρνησοῦ δὲ κάρηνα λιπῶν μετανάστιος ἀνὴρ
 320 Δαυλίδος ἔστιχεν οὔδας ὁμοῦριον, ἔνθεν ἀκούω
 σιγαλῆς λάλον εἶμα δυσηλακάτου Φιλομήλης,
 Τηρεὺς ἦν ἐμίαινε, ὅτε ζυγίη φύγεν Ἥρη
 συζυγίην ἀχόρευτον ὀρεσσαύλων ὑμεναίων,
 κούρη δ' ἄστορέεσσιν ἐπεστενάχιζε χαμεύναις
 325 εἰνοδίου θαλάμοιο, λιπογλώσσοιο δὲ κούρης
 μυρομένης Θρήισαν ἀναγκαίην Ἀφροδίτην
 δάκρυσι μιμηλοῖσι λιπόθροος ἔστενε νῆχῳ,
 παρθενικὴν φυγόμενον ὄδυρομένη Φιλομήλην,
 ὅππότε φοινίεντι μεμιγμένον αἵματος ὀλκῷ
 330 γλώσσης ἀρτιτόμοιο συνέβλυεν αἶμα κορείης·

[311] The god spoke: and Cadmos gave place. Near the temple he saw a cow, and went beside her as she walked. His men followed, and made sparing pace, equal to the slow-obeying hoof of the unerring cow, sedulous servants. On the way, Cadmos espied from the road a sacred place conspicuous; the place where the Pythian hand noticed on a hill the ninecircling coil of the dragon's back, and put to sleep the deadly poison of the Cirrhaian serpent. Then the wanderer left the heads of Parnassos and trod the neighbouring soil of Daulis, whence comes the tale I hear of the dumb woespinner Philomela and her talking dress, whom Tereus defiled, when Hera, queen of wedlock, turned her back on the wedding among the mountains with no wedding dances; how the girl mourned over the undecked pallet of the bridebed on the common road; how the girl tongue-shorn bewailed this Thracian rape; and how voiceless Echo copied her tears and groaned too, bewailing the bedshy maiden Philomela, as the blood of her maidenhood ran mingling with the red stream from her new-severed tongue.

καὶ Τιτυοῦ πόλιν εἶδεν, ὅπῃ θρασὺς υἱὸς Ἀροῦρης
 ἄλσεα καλλιπέτῃλα διαστείχων Πανοπῆος
 ἀγὰρ βιαζομένης ἀνεσεύρασε φάρεα Λητοῦς·
 καὶ ποδὸς ἶχνος ἔθηκε Ταναγραίῳ κενεῶνι,
 335 ἐκ δὲ Κορωνείης Ἀλιάρτιον οὔδας ἀμείβων
 Θεσπίων τε πόλῃα βαθυκνήμους τε Πλαταιᾶς
 Ἀοινῆς σχεδὸν ἦλθε πέδον Βοιωτὸν ὁδεύων,
 ἧχι ποτ' Ὠρίωνα, δυσίμερον υἱέα γαίης,

σκορπίος, ἀστόργοιο βοηθός ἰοχεαίρης,
340 τηλίκον ἐπρήνιξεν, ἀνυμφεύτοιο θεαίνης
ἀκροτάτην ἔτι πέζαν ἀναστείλαντα χιτῶνος,
ὁ βραδὺς ἐρπύζων, χθόνιον τέρας, ἀντιβίου δὲ
ταρσὰ χαλαζήεντι τυχῶν ἐχαράξατο κέντρω.

[331] He saw too the city of Tityos, where that bold son of Earth marching through the fair-leafy woods of Panopeus lifted the sacred robe of Leto and attempted violence. He set a footstep on Tanagra bottom; and passing from Coroneia to the soil of Haliartos, he came near to the city of Thespiiai, and Plataiai in its deep ravines, and Aonia on the Boitoian ground. This is the place where Orion the lovesick son of Earth was brought low, great as he was, by the Scorpion, who came to help the hard-hearted Archeress: he was in the act of lifting the lowest edge of the tunic of the unmated goddess, when crawling slow came that earthly horror, hit his adversary's heel and pierced it with freezing sting.

καὶ γαίης ἐπέβη Χαιρωνίδος, ἔνθα κονίην
345 ἀργυφὲν τέμνουσα βοδὺς λευκαίνεται χηλή,
καὶ κραναῆς μεθέπων πολυκαμπέα κύκλα πορείης
λευκὰ κονιομένων ἀπεσείσατο λύματα ταρσῶν.
καὶ βοδὺς ὀμφήεσσα χαμευνάδος ὤκλασε χηλὴ
ἄστεος ἔσσομένοιο προάγγελος. ἀλλ' ὅτε Κάδμω
350 Πυθιον οὐδαίης ἐτελείετο θέσφατον ἥχοϋς,
βοῦν ἱερὴν θυόεντι διαστήσας παρὰ βωμῷ
δίξετο πηγαίων ὕδάτων χύσιν, ὄφρα καθήρη
μαντιπόλους ἔο χειῖρας, ἐπισπείσῃ δὲ θυηλαῖς
ἀγνὸν ὕδωρ: οὐ πω γὰρ ἐν οἶνοφύτοισιν ἄλωαῖς
355 ἀβρὸς ἀεξομένης ἀνεφαίνετο καρπὸς ὀπώρης.

[344] He traversed the land of Chaironeia, where the cow's hoof was whitened in cutting the silvery dust, and following the many winding circuits of the rocky path it shook off the white dirt from its dusty feet. Then the oracular hoof of the cow gave way, and she sank to the ground foretelling the city to be. Now that the divine utterance out of the Pythian cave was fulfilled, Cadmos brought the sacred cow beside an altar smoking with incense, and sought for a rill of spring water, that he might cleanse his ministering hands and pour the pure water over the sacrifice; for as yet there were no wineplanted gardens to show the delicate fruit of their ripening crop.

καὶ πόδας ἐστήριξε δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ Δίρκῃ:
στῇ δὲ ταφῶν, ὅθι λοξὰ φανεῖς ὀφιώδεϊ δεσμῷ
Ἄρεος αἰολόνωτος ὄφρις μιτρώσατο πηγὴν,

καὶ στρατὸν ἐπτοίησεν, ὅσος πολὺς ἔσπετο Κάδμῳ:
 360 τὸν μὲν ὑπὸ στέρνοισι δακῶν χαροποῖσι γενείοις,
 τὸν δὲ δαφοινήεντι τυχῶν ἐχάραξεν ὀδόντι,
 ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο βιοσσόον ἦπαρ ἀμύξας
 θῆκε νέκυν· ψαφαρὴ δὲ κατ' αὐχένος ἔρρεε χαίτη
 365 αὐτομάτη, πλαδαροῖο διειλυαθεῖσα καρήνου:

[356] He stayed his feet beside dragonbreeding Dirce: and stood amazed when he saw the speckleback serpent, Ares' child, appear from one side and girdle the spring with snaky coil. The serpent scared away the great company who followed Cadmos, biting tone under the chest with his flashing jaws, rending another with a stroke of bloody tooth, tearing another's lifesaving liver when he showed fight and laying him dead: a rough mane slipping out of the dank head ran down disorderly over his neck. Another he scared leaping above the man's temples, ran up another's chin irresistible to strike his eye with poison-shooting dew, and darkened the sparkling gleam of the closing orb. One he caught by the foot and held it in his jaws, tearing it with his bite – spat out green foam from his teeth upon the lad's body, and the greenish poison froze the body livid like steel. Another panted under the strokes of the jaws, and the membranes of the brain billowed throbbing out of the head at the poisonous bite, while a stream of matter ran down through the drenched nostrils out of the melting brain.

ἄλλον ἀνεπτοίησε θορῶν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα κόρσης
 ἀνδρομέης, ἑτέρου δὲ διέτρεχεν ἀνθερεῶνος
 ἄσχετος, ἰοβόλῳ δὲ βαλὼν ὀφθαλμὸν ἐέρση
 370 μαρμαρέην ἥχλυσε μεμυκός· ὄμματος αἶγλην·
 ἄλλου ταρσὸν ἔμαρψε, χαρασσόμενον δὲ γενεῖῳ
 εἶχε δακῶν, καὶ χλωρὸν ἀνήρυγεν ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων
 εἰς δέμας ἠιθέοιο, πελιδναίῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
 ἰσοφυῆς χλοάοντι διεψύχθη δέμας ἰῶ:
 375 ἄλλου φυσιόωντος ὑπὸ πληγῇσι γενείων
 ἄσταθές μήνιγγες ἐκυμαίνοντο καρήνου
 δῆγματι φαρμακόμεντι, δι' ἐγκεφάλου δὲ χυθέντος
 μυδαλέῳ μυκτῆρι κατάσσυτος ἔρρεεν ἰχώρ.
 370 καὶ ταχὺς ἀμφιέλικτος ἐπὶ κνήμησιν ἀνέρωπων
 Κάδμον ἀπειλητῆρι δράκων ἐζώσατο δεσμῷ,
 καὶ δέμας ὀρθώσας μελέων ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
 ταυρεῖης περίκυκλον ἐς ὀμφαλὸν ἄλτο βοεῖης·
 καὶ σκολιαῖς ἐλίκεσσι πόδας μιτροῦμενος ἀνήρ
 380 ὀλκαῖη βαρὺδεσμος ἐχιδναίῃ κάμε σειρήν,
 φόρτον ἔχων δασπληῆτα, βαρυνόμενον δὲ φορῆα
 ὄρθιον ἐστηῶτα κατέσπασεν εἰς πέδον ἔλκων,
 καὶ στόμα πικρὸν ἔλυσε, δυσηλεγέος δὲ χανόντος

φοῖνιος ὤμοβόρου πυλεῶν εὐρύνετο λαιμοῦ,
385 καὶ κεφαλὴν δόχθωσε, τινασσομένου δὲ καρήνου
ὑπιδενῆς ἐλέλικτο μέσος κυρτοῦμενος αὐχίν.

[365] Then quickly the dragon curled round Cadmos, creeping up his legs, and bound him in dangerous bonds; then raising his body high above him with a mounting lurch of his limbs, darted at the round midnipple of his oxhide shield. The man with his legs enclosed by those slanting rings was exhausted by the heavy weight of the long trailing snake – a horrible burden! but the wearied bearer still stood upright, until the serpent dragged him to the ground and opened his cruel mouth – the monster gaped, and the bloody portal of his raw-ravaging throat yawned wide: he turned his head sideways, and with shaking hood curved his neck backwards stretched high over the middle of his coils.

ἀλλ' ὅτε Κάδμος ἔκαμνε, τότε σχεδὸν ἦλθεν Ἀθήνη
390 ἔσσομένης δονέουσα προάγγελον αἰγίδα νίκης
Γοργεῖω κομώσαν ἐχιδνήεντι καρήνω,
καὶ οἱ ἀτυζομένω λαοσσόος ἴαχε δαίμων:

[389] But when Cadmos was nearly exhausted, Athena came near, shaking the aegis-cape with the Gorgon's head and snaky hair, the forecast of coming victory; and the nation-mustering deity cried aloud to the dumbfounded man –

‘Κάδμε, Γιγαντοφόνοιο Διὸς συνάεθλε κυδοιμοῦ,
δαιμαίνεις ἓνα μοῦνον ἰδὼν ὄφιν; ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
395 σοὶ πίσυνος Τυφῶνα κατεπρήνιξε Κρονίων
τοσσατίοις κομώωντα δρακοντείοισι καρήνοις.
παῦεο θηρείων τρομέων συριγμὸν ὀδόντων:
Παλλὰς ἐποτρύνει σε, καὶ οὐ φονίη παρὰ Δίρκῃ
ῥύσεται ἐρπηστῆρα φυλάκτορα χάλκεος Ἄρης.
400 ἀλλὰ, καταφθιμένοιο λαβῶν δασπληῆτας ὀδόντας
θηρὸς, ἐχιδνήεντι περισπείρας χθόνα καρπῷ
κεῖρε Γιγαντεῖς ὀφιώδεα λήια χάρμης,
γηγενέων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐνὶ ξύνωσον ὀλέθρῳ
πέντε λιπῶν ζῶοντας: ἐπεσσομένησι δὲ Θήβαις
405 σπαρτῶν ἀγλαόκαρπος ἀνασταχύοιτο γενέθλη.’

[393] “Cadmos, helpmate and ally of Zeus Giantslayer in the battle! Are you afraid when you see only one snake? In those battles Cronion trusted in you, and brought low Typhon with all that shock of heads, and every one a snake! Tremble no more at the hiss from the creature's teeth. Pallas bids you on! Brazen Ares shall not save his reptile guardian beside murderous Dirce. But

when he is killed, take the creature's horrible teeth, sow the ground all about with the snaky corn, reap the viperous harvest of warrior giants, join the battalions of the Earthborn in one common destruction, and leave only five living: let the crop of the Sown sprout up to glorious fruitage for Thebes that shall be."

ὥς φαμένη θάρσυνε τεθηπότα Κάδμον Ἀθήνη,
καὶ βαθὺν ἡνεμόεντι κατέγραφεν ἡέρα ταρσῶ,
δυσασμένη Διὸς οἶκον. ὁ δὲ τραφερῇ παρὰ βῶλῳ
μάρμαρον εὐρύαλως ἐντροχον οὖρον ἀρούρης
410 ἴστατο κουφίζων κραναὸν βέλος, ἰθυπόρῳ δὲ
ἄκρα δρακοντείοιο καρήατος ἔθλασε πέτρῳ·
θηγαλέην δὲ μάχαιραν ἐρυσσάμενος παρὰ μηροῦ
αὐχένα θηρὸς ἔτεμνεν· ἀπαμηθεῖσα δὲ κόρη
σώματος ἐκτὸς ἔμιμνε, κυλινδομένη δὲ κονίῃ
415 ἠθάδα κύκλον ἔλισσε παλὶλλυτον ἄστατος οὐρή,
καὶ δαπέδῳ τετάνυστο δράκων νέκυς. ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
θοῦρος Ἄρης βαρὺμηνις ἀνέκραγε· χωομένου δὲ
Κάδμος ἀμειβομένων μελέων ἐλικῶδεϊ μορφῇ
ἄλλοφυῆς ἥμελλε παρ' Ἴλλυριδος σφυρὰ γαίης
420 ξεῖνον ἔχειν Ἰνδαλμα δρακοντείοιο προσώπου.

[406] With these words Athena encouraged the discomfited Cadmos, and then she cleft the aery deeps with windswift foot, until she entered the house of Zeus. But Cadmos where he stood on the dry earth lifted a well-rounded boundary-stone of the broad farm-land, a rocky missile! and with a straight cast of the stone smashed the top of the dragon's head; then drawing a whetted knife from his thigh he cut through the monster's neck. The hood severed from the body lay apart, but the tail still moved, rolling in the dust until it had uncoiled again its familiar rings. There lay the dragon stretched on the ground, dead, and over the corpse furious Ares shouted in heavy anger. By his wrath Cadmos was destined to change his limbs for a curling shape, and to have a strange aspect of dragon's countenance at the ends of the Illyrian country.

ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν πέπρωτο μετὰ χρόνον. αὐτὰρ ὁ μέσση
χαλκείῃ κυνέῃ συνελέξατο καρπὸν ὀλέθρου,
θηρείων γενύων βλοσυρὸν θέρος· ἐνδαπίης δὲ
Παλλάδος ὑβὸν ἄροτρον ἀπ' ὀργάδος εἰς χθόνα σὺρων
425 καὶ χαροπῆς ἀρόσας πολεμητόκον αὖλακα γαίης
ἰοβόλων ἔσπειρε πολύστιχον ὄγμου ὀδόντων.
καὶ στάχυσ αὐτολόχευτος ἀνηέξητο Γιγάντων,
ὦν ὁ μὲν ὑψικάρηνος ἀνέδραμεν ἄκρα τιταίνων

στήθεος εὐθώρηκος, ὃ δὲ προθορόντι καρήνω
 430 φρικτὸν ἀνοιγομένης ὑπερέσχεθεν ὦμον ἀρούρης·
 ἄλλος ἄνω προῦκυψεν ἐς ὀμφαλόν, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
 ἤμιτελῆς ἀνέτελλε πεδοτρεφὲς ὄπλον αἰείρων·
 ἄλλος ὑπερκύπτοντα λόφον προβλήτα τιταίνων
 οὐ πω στέρνον ἔφαινε, καὶ εἰσέτι μητρὸς ἀνέρπων
 435 ἐκ λαγόνων κατὰ βαιὸν ἀταρβεί μάρνατο Κάδμω
 τεύχεσιν αὐτοφύτοις κεκορυθμένος· ἃ μέγα θαῦμα,
 ὥπλισεν Εἰλείθυια, τὸν οὐ μαιώσατο μήτηρ·
 καὶ τις ἀνηκόντιζεν ὁμόγνιον ἔγχος ἀφάσσων
 ἡμιφανῆς, ὃ δὲ κοῦφος ὄλον δέμας εἰς φάος ἔλκων
 440 ἄκρα ποδῶν ἀτέλεστα πεπηγότα λεῖπεν ἀρούρη.

[421] But that was ordained for long after. Now he gathered the fruit of death inside a helmet of bronze, the grim harvest of the creature's jaws. Then he drew upon the land the humped plow of Pallas from her holy place in those parts, and plowed a battle-breeding furrow in the bright earth, and sowed long lines of the poison-casting teeth. There grew out the self-delivered crop of giants: one shot up with head high, shaking the top of a mailcoated breast; one with jutting head stretched a horrid shoulder over the opening earth; another bent forward above ground as far as the midnipple, one again rose on the ground half-finished and lifted a soil-grown shield; another shook a nodding plume before him and showed not yet his chest; while still creeping up slowly from his mother's flanks he showed fight against fearless Cadmos, clad in armour he was born in. O what a great miracle! Eileithyia armed him whom the mother had not yet spawned! And there was one who cast his brother-spear, fumbling and half-visible; one who lightly drew the whole body into the light, but left his toes unfinished sticking in the ground.

οὐ μὲν ἐφημοσύνης ἐπελήσατο Κάδμος Ἀθήνης,
 ἀλλὰ παλιμφυέων καλάμην ἤμησε Γιγάντων·
 τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο βαλὼν ἀνεμώδεϊ λόγχῃ,
 τὸν δὲ κατὰ κληῖδα παρὰ πλατὺν αὐχένα τύψας
 445 ὅστέα λαχνήεντος ἀνέσχισεν ἀνθρεωῶνος·
 ἄλλον ἀκοντιστῆρι βαλὼν ἐχαράξατο πέτρῳ
 γαστέρος ἄχρι φανέντα· καὶ αἵματος αἰνογιγάντων
 ἐκχυμένου ποταμηδὸν Ἄρης ὠλίσθανε λύθρῳ
 φοινίξας ἐὰ γυῖα, παρισταμένης δὲ κυδοιμῷ
 450 πορφυρέῃ ραθάμιγγι χιτῶν ἐρυθαίνετο Νίκης.
 ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο παρ' ἰσχίον ἄορι τύψας
 συμφυέος διέκερσε σὺν ἱξυὶ νῶτα βοείης.
 καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἔσκε· δαΐζομένων δὲ Γιγάντων
 λοίγιος αἰμαλῆς ἀνεκήκιεν αὐλὸς ἐέρης

[441] Cadmos for all that did not neglect Athena's injunction. He reaped the stubble of giants springing up ever anew. One he struck with windswift spear over the breast, hit one on the broad neck by the collarbone shearing the bones of the hairy throat: another he tore with hurtling stone while he sowed as far as the belly. The blood of the dreadful giants flowed in rivers; Ares slipt in the gore staining his limbs with crimson, and Victory's robe was reddened with purple drops while she stood beside the battle. Another showed fight, and Cadmos ran his sword through his cognate shield of oxhide, into the hipjoint and out at the small of his back. The slaughter stayed not: as the giants were cut and smitten with the sword, a deadly spout of bloody dew bubbled up.

455 ἄορι θεινομένων. ὁ δὲ Παλλάδος ἔμφροσι βουλῇ
γηγενέων τινὰ πέτρον ἐπηώρησε καρήνων:
οἱ δὲ δαφροινήεντι πόθῳ μεθύοντες Ἑννοῦς
Ἄρεϊ βακχεύθησαν, ὁμογνήτῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἀλλήλων ὀλετῆρες ἐτυμβεύοντο κονίῃ.

460 ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ἔριζεν: ἐρευθιόωντι δὲ λύθρῳ
στικτὰ διαινομένης ἐμελαίνετο νῶτα βοείης
γηγενέος κταμένοιο: κατουδαίης δὲ μαχαίρης
γνωτοφόνῳ γλωχῖνι δαΐζετο καρπὸς ἀρούρης.

[455] Then by the wise counsel of Pallas he lifted a stone high above the giants' heads; and they drunken with gory lust for Enyo, went wild with warlike fury and destroyed each other with the steel of their cousin, and found burial in the dust. One fought with another: with ruddy gore the surface of the shield was drenched and spotted and darkened, as a giant died; the crop of that field was shorn by the brother-murdering blade of an earthgrown knife.

BOOK 5

πέμπτον ἔτι σκοπίαζε καὶ Ἀκταίωνα νοήσεις,
τὸν κεμᾶς οὐκ ᾔδινε, κυνοσπάδα νεβρὸν ἀλήτην.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολέμων ὀφιώδεα λήια κείρων
Κάδμος ὀδοντοφύτων καλάμην ἤμησε Γιγάντων,
σπένδων λύθρον Ἄρηι θαλύσια δημοτῆτος,
φαιδρύνας ἐὰ γυῖα δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ Δίρκῃ
5 Δελφίδα βοῦν ἱέρευσε θεοδμήτων ἐπὶ βωμῶν,
Παλλάδι καλὸν ἄγαλμα. Καταρχομένῳ δὲ θυηλὰς
δίζυγες ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περιρραίνοντο κεραῖαι
οὐλοχύταις: ὁ δὲ γυμνὸν ἐλὼν παρὰ γείτονι μηρῷ
φάσγανον Ἀσσυρίοιο παρήγορον ἐκ τελαμῶνος
10 ἄκροτάτην τρίχα τάμνε τανυρρίοιο καρῆνον
ἄορι κωπήεντι: Θεοκλύμενος δὲ κεραίης
δραξάμενος μόσχοιο παλίντονον εἴρυσε δειρήν,
αὐχενίους δὲ τένοντας ἀπηλοίησε Θυέστης
ἀμφιτόμῳ βουπλῆγι, καὶ αἵμαλέῳ βοδὸς ὀλκῷ
15 λάινος Ὀγκαίης ἐρυθαίνετο βωμὸς Ἀθήνης,
καὶ βοέου κερόεντος ἄρασσομένοιο μετώπου
πρηνῆς μόσχος ἔπιπτε: δαΐζομένης δὲ σιδήρῳ
πλευρὰ διατμήξαντες ἐμιστύλαντο μαχαίρῃ,
καὶ βοέην τρηχεῖαν ἐγυμνώσαντο καλύπτρην

BOOK V

*Look into the fifth next, and you will see Actaion also, whom no pricket
brought forth, torn by dogs as a fleeing fawn.*

As soon as Cadmos had reaped the snaky crop of toothplanted battles, and shorn the stubble of the giants, pouring the bloodlibation to Ares as the firstling feast of harvestslaughter, he cleansed his body in dragonbreeding Circe, and sacrificed the Delphian cow on the godbuilt altar as fair offering for Pallas. As the first rite in the sacrifice, he sprinkled the two horns on both sides with barleygrains; he drew out and bared the falchion knife which hung at his thigh alongside by an Assyrian strap, and cut the top hairs of the longhorned head with the hilted blade. Theoclymenos grasped the heifer's horn and drew back the throat, Thyestes cut through the sinews of the neck with a double-edged axe; the stone altar of Athena Onca was reddened with the smear of the creature's blood. Then the cow's horned front was struck, and prone the creature fell. They brittled her with the steel, they cut through the sides and carved her up with the knife, they strips the hard covering of hide and stretched it out.

20 ἔκταδῖην· ὁ δὲ φαιδρὸν ἐπὶ χθονὶ φᾶρος ἐλίξας
αὐτὸς ἄναξ πεπόνητο, καὶ εὐφυέων κρέα μηρῶν
ὠμὰ διατμήξας ἐκαλύψατο διξυγι δημῷ
μιστύλλων κατὰ βαιόν, ἐπ' ἀνθρακιῇ δὲ τανύσσας
σπλάγχνα σιδηρείοισι πεπαρμένα μακρὰ κορύμβοις
25 εἵρυσεν, ὀπτήσας ἀπαλῷ πυρὶ· μεσσοπαγῇ δὲ
ἄκροπόρῳ στοιχηδὸν ἄγων τετορημένα χαλκῷ
ἀνθοκόμου κατέθηκε χαμαιζήλοιο τραπέζης
δαιτρός, ἐπασσυντέρους ὀβελοὺς ζείοντας ἀείρας.
καὶ θυόεις ἐλέλικτο δι' ἥερος ἀτμός ἀλήτης
30 Ἀσσυρίας λιβάνοιο. τελειομένης δὲ θυηλῆς
δεῖπνον ἔην, καὶ Κάδμος ἐλὼν ἐπένειμεν ἐκάστῳ
κεκριμένης ὀρέγων ἰσοελκέα μοῖραν ἐδωδῆς.
δαιτυμόνων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπ' εὐκύκλιοιο τραπέζης
εἰλαπίνης ἀπέθεντο πόθον κεκορηότι θυμῷ.

[20] The prince himself was busy, after folding his bright mantle and laying it on the ground. He cut out raw slices of the sturdy thighs, chopt them small and set them between two layers of fat; he pierced the long tripes with iron spits and stretched them over the embers, grilling them with gentle heat; then he brought them, pierced on the pointed bronze, and lifting the glowing spits one by one, laid them in a row on the grass amid the flowers – steward of a lowly table! The fragrant smoke of Assyrian incense scattered curling through the air. The sacrifice ended, there was a feast: and Cadmos took and held out and served to each an equal portion of choice food. The rows of banqueters at the round table soon had enough and wanted no more.

35 οὐδὲ δρακοντοφόνῳ καμάτων τέλος ἔπλετο Κάδμῳ,
ἀλλὰ μεθ' ἔρπηστῆρα, μετ' ἄγρια φύλα Γιγάντων,
Ἑκτήνων προμάχοισι καὶ Ἄονι μάρνατο λαῷ
βάρβαρον ἀμῶν στάχυν Ἄρεος, ἀγχιπόροις δὲ
ἔχραε Τεμμίκεσσι· καλεσσαμένῳ δὲ μαχητᾷ
40 ποικίλος ἔσμός ἴκανε περικτιόνων ἐπικούρων.
καὶ διδύμαις στρατιῇσιν Ἔρις ξύνωσεν Ἐνυῷ
φύλοπιν ὠδίνουσα· συνερχομένων δὲ κυδοιμῷ
τόξον ἐκυκλώθη, δόρυ πάλλετο, σείετο πῆληξ,
καὶ βέλος ἐρροίζησεν, ἐπ' ὀμφαλόεντι δὲ κύκλῳ
45 βαλλομένη μυλόεντι λίθῳ σμαράγγησε βοείη.
καὶ κταμένων ῥέεν αἶμα· πολὺς δ' ἐπὶ φορβάδι γαίῃ
ἡμιθανὴς προκάρηνος ἀνὴρ κεκύλιστο κονίῃ.
καὶ στρατὸς ἀντιβίων ἱκέτης ἐκλίνετο Κάδμῳ:
λῦτο δ' ἄγων. Φονίην δὲ μετὰ στροφάλιγγα κυδοιμοῦ
50 Κάδμος ἀπυργώτοιο θεμείλια πῆγνυε Θήβης.

[35] The dragon's death was not the end of the labours of Cadmos; but after the Serpent, and after the savage tribes of giants, he fought the champions of the Ectenes and the Aonian people, reaping a barbarian harvest of Ares, and fell on the neighbouring Temmicans: when he called for soldiers, a motley swarm of neighbours came to his help. To both armies alike Strife joined Enyo and brought forth Tumult: when they met in battle bows were bent, spears hurled, helmets shook, shots whizzed, oxhides rattled struck on the bossy round with chunks like millstones. The blood of the fallen ran in streams; many a man fell headlong half-dead on the fruitful earth, and rolled in the dust. Then the army of his adversaries bowed suppliant before Cadmos, and the conflict ceased. After the bloody whirl of battle Cadmos laid the foundation of Thebes yet unfortified.

πολλαὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα μεριζομένων κενεώνων
αὐλακες ἐτμήγοντο, πολυσχιδῶν δὲ κελεύθων
ἔδρανα καρχαρόδοντι βοῶν κεχάρακτο σιδήρῳ:
πολλαὶ δ' ἀντιπόρων ἀνέμων τετράζυγι κόσμῳ
55 ἔμμοροι ἐν χόρτοισιν ἐμετρήθησαν ἀγυαί.
καὶ πόλις Ἀοιῆς Τυρίας ποικίλλετο τέχνης
κάλλει λαϊνέῳ: καὶ ἐποίησεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
γαιοτόμῳ γλῶχ' ἰνι ταμῶν ἑτερόχροα πέτρην
ἐργατίνης Βοιωτὸν ὑπὸ κλέτας, ἣν παρὰ λόχμῃ
60 Τευμησσοῦ δρυόεντος ἐμαιώσαντο κολῶναι,
ἣν Ἑλικῶν βλάστησε καὶ ἣν ὤδινε Κιθαιρῶν.
καὶ νηοὺς ἐτέλεσσε θεῶν καὶ δώματα φωτῶν
τορνώσας κανόνεσσιν: ἐπ' ἀρρήκτοις δὲ δομαίοις
ἐπταπόρῳ πυλεῶνι περιδρομον ἄστρ' ἰσχυρὰ
65 οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνον ἔῃ μιμήσατο τέχνῃ,
ἑσσομένον ναέταις Ἀμφίονι τεῖχος ἐάσας

[51] He divided the spaces, and many furrows were cut this way and that, the beds of many branching roads were cut by the sharp-footed iron of the oxplow; many streets were measured at right angles to the four opposing winds to take their share of the grasslands. Then the Aonian city was embellished with the stony beauty of Tyrian art: all were busy, one workman with another, cutting under the Boiotian slopes with earthcleaving pick the variegated rock, which the hills near the thick forest of tree-clad Teumessos brought forth, which Helicon grew and Cithairon brought to birth. He completed temples for the gods and houses for the people, planning with his builder's rules. He scored the shape of a city surrounded by walls upon impregnable foundation-stones, with seven entries, imitating in his art heaven with its seven zones, but he left the walls for Amphion to build for the future inhabitants, and to protect, with towerbuilding harp.

πυργοδόμῳ κιθάρῃ πεφυλαγμένον. οὐρανίοις δὲ
 ἑπτὰ πύλας ἀνέθηκεν ἰσηριθμοῖσιν ἀλήταις
 ἰσοτύπους: πρῶτον μὲν ἐς ἑσπέριον κλίμα πήξας
 70 Ὀγκαῖην ἐπένειμε πύλην γλαυκώπιδι Μῆνῃ
 ἐκ βοῶς ὀγκηθμοῖο φερώνυμον, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὴ
 ταυροφυῆς κερόεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνῃ
 τριπλόον εἶδος ἔχουσα πέλει Τριτωνὶς Ἀθήνῃ:
 δευτέρον Ἑρμάωνι διαυγεί γείτονι Μήνῃς
 75 δῶκε γέρας πυλεῶνα: διαγράψας δὲ τετάρτην
 Ἥλεκτρην Φαέθοντος ἐπώνυμον, ὅτι φανέντος
 σύγχροος Ἥλεκτρης ἀμαρύσσεται ὄρθριος αἴγλη,
 ἥελίῳ πυρόεντι πύλην ἀντώπιον Ἥοϋς
 μεσσατινὴν ἀνέθηκεν, ἐπεὶ μέσος ἐστὶ πλανήτων:
 80 πέμπτην δ' Ἄρεϊ δῶκε, πόρε τριτάτην Ἀφροδίτῃ,
 ἀμφοτέρων ἐκάτερθεν ὅπως Φαέθων μέσος εἶη,
 γείτονα θοῦρον Ἄρηα διατμήγων Ἀφροδίτης:
 ἔκτην Ζηνὸς ἄγαλμα φαεινότερῳ κάμε κόσμῳ
 ὑψιφανῇ: πυμάτην δὲ Κρόνου λάχεν ἔβδομος ἀστήρ.

[67] He dedicated seven gates, equal in number to the seven planets. First towards the western clime he allotted the Oncaian Gate to Mene Brighteyes, taking the name from the honk of cattle, because the Moon herself, bullshaped, horned, driver of cattle, being triform is Tritonis Athene. The second gate he gave in honour to Hermaon, the shining neighbour of Mene. The fourth he traced out and named for Electra Phaëthon's daughter, because when he appears, Electra's morning gleam sparkles with like colour; and the midmost gate opposite the Dawn he dedicated to fiery Helios, since he is in the middle of the planets. The fifth he gave to Ares, the third to Aphrodite, in order that Phaëthon might be between them both on either side, and cut off his neighbour the furious Ares from Aphrodite. The sixth he made an image of Zeus, shining high with more glorious craftsmanship. The last fell to the lot of Cronos the seventh planet.

85 τοῖον ἔδος ποιήσε: καὶ ἱερὸν ἄστῳ πολιίσσας
 Αἰγυπτίης ἐκάλεσεν ὁμώνυμον ἄστεϊ Θήβης,
 ποικίλον ἀσκήσας χθόνιον τύπον, ἶσον Ὀλύμπῳ.

[85] Such he made this seat; and having founded the sacred city, he called it by the name of Thebes in Egypt, decking out an earthly image like to Olympus with all its adornments.

Ἀονίων δὲ θυγατρὲς ἀνεκρούσαντο χορεΐας
 Ἀρμονίης ὑμέναιον: ἐπ' εὐθαλάμῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ

90 Ὀρηκίης φθέγγαντο χορίτιδες οὔνομα νύμφης.
 καὶ Παφίη νεότευκτον ἑκόσμεε παστάδα Κάδμῳ
 παιδὸς ἑῆς μέλπουσα θεοκλήτους ὕμεναιους
 μήτηρ ἱμερόεσσα: πατὴρ δ' ὑπὸ χάρματι κούρης
 γυμνὸς ἄτερ σακέων ὠρχήσατο μείλιχος Ἄρης
 95 δεξιτερὴν ἀσιδήρον ἐπικλίνων Ἀφροδίτῃ,
 καὶ γαμίῃ σάλπιγγι μελιζέτο θυμὸν ἐρώτων
 ἀντίτυπον σύριγγι, σιδηροφόρου δὲ καρήνου
 ἡθάδας εὐπολέμοιο λόφους ἀπεσείσατο χαίτης,
 μιτρώσας πλοκαμῖδας ἀναιμάκτοισι κορὺμβοις,
 100 πλέξας κῶμον Ἑρωτι: σὺν ἀθανάτοις δὲ χορεύων
 εἰς γάμον Ἀρμονίης Ἰσμῆνιος ἦλθεν Ἀπόλλων
 ἑπτατόνῳ κιθάρῃ φιλοτήσιον ὕμνον ἀράσων:
 καὶ μέλος ἐκρούσαντο βιοσσόον ἑννέα Μοῦσαι,
 καὶ παλάμας ἐλέλιζε Πολύμνια, μαῖα χορείης,
 105 μιμηλὴν δ' ἐχάραξεν ἀνανδῆος εἰκόνα φωνῆς,
 φθεγγομένη παλάμῃσι σοφὸν τύπον ἔμφρονι σιγῇ,
 ὄμματα δινεύουσα: πολυστρέπτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ,
 Ζηνὶ χαριζομένη, θαλαμηπόλος ἴστατο Νίκη,
 Κάδμον ἀνευάζουσα, Διὸς πρόμον, ἀμφὶ δὲ παστῶ
 110 παρθενίοις στομάτεσσι γαμήλιον ἔπλεκε μολπὴν,
 καὶ ποδὸς ἶχνος ἔλισσεν, ἐπ' εὐκύκλῳ δὲ χορεῖῃ
 αἰδομένη περὰ πάλλε παρὰ περυγέσσιν Ἑρώτων.

[88] The daughters of the Aonians struck up Harmonia's marriage-hymn with dances: the dancing girls sang the name of the Thracian bride, in that palace and its fine bridal chamber. The Paphian also, her lovely mother, decorated her daughter's newbuilt bower for Cadmos, while she sang of the god-ordained marriage; her father danced with joy for his girl, bare and stript of his armour, a tame Ares! and laid his right arm unweaponed about Aphrodite, while he sounded the spirit of the Loves on his wedding-trumpet answering the panspipes: he had shaken off from his helmet head the plumes of horsehair so familiar in the battlefield, and wreathed bloodless garlands about his hair, weaving a merry song for Love. Dancing with the immortals came Ismenian Apollo to Harmonia's wedding, while he twangled a hymn of love on his sevenstring harp. The nine Muses too struck up a lifestirring melody: Polymnia nursingmother of the dance waved her arms, and sketched in the air an image of a soundless voice, speaking with hands and moving eyes in a graphic picture of silence full of meaning. Victory turned a tripling foot for the pleasure of Zeus, and stood by as bridesmaid crying triumph for Cadmos the god's champion; about the bridebed she wove the wedding song with her virgin voice, and moved her gliding steps in the pretty circles of the dance, while she fluttered her wings, shamefast beside the wings of the Loves.

ἐκ δὲ πολυσπερέων δαΐδων ὁμοφεγγέος αἴγλης
 ἔσπερης ἀνέτελλε φάος ψευδήμονος Ἡοῦς.
 115 καὶ λιγυροῖς στομάτεσσι φιλοσκάρθμῳ παρὰ παστῶ
 πάννουχος ἔπλετο κῶμος ἀκοιμήτοιο χορείης
 μελπομένων:
 σπεύδων γὰρ ἐς ἀγρύπνους ὕμεναιους ...
 ἡθάδα ῥάβδον ἔλειπεν, ἐπεὶ ταμίη πέλεν ὕπνου.
 καὶ Θήβη χορὸς ἦεν Ὀλύμπιος: ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
 120 Κάδμον ὁμοῦ καὶ Ζῆνα μιῆς ψαύοντα τραπέζης.

[113] A light arose, like a misnamed dawn in the evening, from the splendour
 no less brilliant of those gleaming torches scattered everywhere. All night
 long, the merry rout of untiring dancers were singing with clear voices beside
 the bridal chamber in happy romps; since <Hermes> anxious for a sleepless
 wedding night had left his familiar wand behind, because that was the rationer
 of sleep. So Thebes was the Olympian dancing-place; and one might see
 Cadmos and Zeus touching the same table!

καὶ γαμίοις θαλάμοισι φέρων νυμφοστόλον ὥρην
 Ἀρκτώης ἀνέτελλε Δράκων ὁμόφοιτος Ἀμάξης,
 ἄγγελος ἔσσομένων, ὅτι σύννομος ἥλικι νύμφῃ
 ἐκ βροτέης ἤμελλεν ἔχειν ὀφιώδεα μορφήν
 125 νυμφίος Ἀρμονίης. μακάρων δὲ τις ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
 εἰς θαλάμους σπεύδοντι γέρας δωρήσατο Κάδμῳ:
 Ζεὺς μὲν πάντα τέλεια: κασιγνήτην δὲ γεραίρων
 Ἥρην πασιμέλουσαν, ἐπεὶ πέλεν Ἀρεῖ μήτηρ,
 ἵππος ὥπασε δῶρα θαλάσσια κυανοχαίτης:
 130 Ἑρμῆς σκῆπτρον ἔδωκεν, Ἄρης δόρυ, τόξον Ἀπόλλων,
 καὶ στέφανον κομώντα λίθων ἑτερόχροϊ κόσμῳ
 Ἀρμονίης Ἥφαιστος ἐπηώρησε καρήνῳ,
 χρυσεῖν κροτάφοισιν ἐπικρεμάσας ἀναδέσμην:
 καὶ θρόνον εὐλαίγῃ πόρε χρυσόθρονος Ἥρῃ:
 135 Ἄρεα κυδαίνουσα πολυφράδμων Ἀφροδίτη
 χρύσειον ὀρμὸν ἔχοντα λίθων πολυδαίδαλον αἴγλην
 λευκὸν ἐρευθιόωντι συνήρμοσεν αὐχένι κούρης,
 Ἥφαιστου σοφὸν ἔργον, ὃ περ κάμε Κυπρογενεῖη,
 τοξευτῆρος Ἑρωτος ὅπως ὀπτήριον εἶη:
 140 ἔπλετο γὰρ Κυθήρειαν ἀεὶ βαρύγουνος ἀκοίτης
 υἷα τεκεῖν σκάζοντα, ποδῶν μίμημα τοκῆος:
 ἀλλὰ μάτην ἐδόκησε, καὶ ἄρτίπον υἷα νοήσας
 λαμπόμενον πετρύγεσσι ὁμοῖον υἱεὶ Μαίης

[121] And now rose the Serpent, companion of the northern Waggon, bringing

the bride-adorning season to the marriage halls, a messenger with news of things to come: for Harmonia's bridegroom along with his agemate bride was destined to change his human shape for a serpent's. The Blessed, one after another, brought their gifts of honour to Cadmos as he hastened to his chamber. Zeus gave success in all things. Horsemaster Seabluehair proffered the gifts of the sea, in honour to his sister Hera the renowned, for she was Ares' mother. Hermes gave a sceptre, Ares a spear, Apollo a bow. Hephaistos lifted upon Harmonia's head a crown plumed with precious stones of many colours, a golden circlet hung over her temples. Goldenthroned Hera provided a jewel-set throne. Aphrodite wishing to delight Ares in the deep shrewdness of her mind, clasped a golden necklace showing pale about the girl's blushing neck, a clever work of Hephaistos set with sparkling gems in masterly refinement. This he had made for his Cyprian bride, a gift for his first glimpse of Archer Eros. For the heavyknee bridegroom always expected that Cythereia would bear him a hobbling son, having the image of his father in his feet. But his thought was mistaken; and when he beheld a whole-footed son brilliant with wings like Maia's son Hermes, he made this magnificent necklace.

ποικίλον ὄρμον ἔτευξεν, ὃς ἀστεροφεγγεῖ νώτῳ
¹⁴⁵ ὡς ὄφης ἦν ἐλικῶδες ἔχων δέμας· οἷα γὰρ αὐτῇ
 διστομος ἀμφισβαινα μέσῳ μηρύεται ὀλκῷ
 ἰὸν ἀποπτύουσα δι' ἀμφοτέροιο καρήνου,
 ἀμφελιζομένη μελέων ἑτερόζυγι παλμῷ,
 εἰς κεφαλὴν δὲ κάρηνον ἐφερπύζουσα συνάπτει,
¹⁵⁰ λοξῇ καμπύλῳ νῶτα περισκαίρουσα πορεῖη·
 ὡς ὃ γε ποικίλος ὄρμος ἐαγόντα νῶτα τιταίνων
 κάμπτετο, κυρτωθεῖσαν ἔχων διδυμάονα δειρήν,
 ἀμφιλαφὴς φολιδεσσιν ἐς ὀμφαλὸν ἄχρις ἰκάνων
 πλεκτὸς ὄφης δικάρηνος· ὑπὸ στροφάλλιγγι δὲ τέχνης
¹⁵⁵ χρύσεος ὀλκαῖης ἐλελίζετο κύκλος ἀκάνθης,
 καὶ οἱ ἐλισσομένη κεφαλὴ πολυδινεῖ παλμῷ
 ψευδαλέον σύριγμα διήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος.

[144] It was like a serpent with starspangled back and coiling shape. For as the twoheaded amphisbaina in very sooth winds the coils between and spits her poison from either mouth, rolling along and along with double-gliding motion, and head crawling joins with head while she jumps twirling waves of her back sideways: so that magnificent necklace twisted shaking its crooked back, with its pair of curving necks, which came to meet at the midnipple, a flexible twoheaded serpent thick with scales; and by the curving joints of the work the golden circle of the moving spine bent round, until the head slid about with undulating movement and belched a mimic hissing through the jaws.

καὶ στομάτων ἑκάτερθεν ὄπη τέλος ἐστὶ καὶ ἀρχή,
αἰετὸς ἦν χρύσειος, ἅτε πλατὺν ἤερα τέμνων,
¹⁶⁰ ὀρθὸς ἐχιδναίων διδύμων μεσσηγὺ καρήνων,
ὑψιφανῆς πτερύγων πισύρων τετράζυγι κημῶ:
τῇ μὲν ξανθὸς ἱασπις ἐπέτρεχε, τῇ δὲ Σελήνης
εἶχε λίθον πάνλευκον, ὃς εὐκεράοιο θεαίνης
λειπομένης μινύθει καὶ ἀέξεται, ὁππότε Μήνη
¹⁶⁵ ἀρτιφαῆς σέλας ὑγρὸν ἀποστιλβουσα κεραίης
ἡελίου γενετῆρος ἀμέλγεται αὐτόγονον πῦρ:
ἄλλη μάργαρον εἶχε φαεσφόρον, οὗ χάριν αἶγλης
γλαυκὸν Ἐρυθραίης ἀμαρύσσεται οἶδμα θαλάσσης
λαμπομένης: ἑτέρης δὲ μεσόμφαλος αἶθοπι κόσμῳ
¹⁷⁰ λεπτοφαῆς σέλας ὑγρὸν ἀπέπτυνεν Ἴνδὸς ἀχάτης.

[158] With the two mouths on each side, where is the beginning and the end, was a golden eagle that seemed to be cutting the open air, upright between the serpent's heads, high-shining with fourfold nozzle of the four wings. One wing was covered with yellow jasper, one had the allwhite stone of Selene, which fades as the horned goddess wanes, and waxes when Mene newkindled distils her horn's liquid light and milks out the self-gotten fire of Father Helios. A third had the gleaming pearl, which by its gleam makes the gray swell of the Erythraian Sea sparkle shining. Right in the middle of the other, the Indian agate spat out its liquid light, gently shining in bright beauty.

ἀλλήλαις δ' ἑκάτερθε συναπτομένων κεφαλάων
χάσματα δισσὰ δράκοντος ἀνευρύνοντο καρήνων,
αἰετὸν ἀμφοτέροισι περικλείοντα γενείοις
σύμπλοκον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα: δι' εὐφαέος δὲ προσώπου
¹⁷⁵ λυχνίδες ἠκόντιζον ἐν ὄμμασι σύμφυτον αἶγλην
ὄξυ σέλας πέμπουσαν, ὁμοῖον αἶθοπι λύχνῳ
ἀπτομένῳ: κομόων δὲ λίθων πολυειδέι μορφῇ
πόντος ἔην, γλαυκῆς δὲ λίθος χλοάουσα μαράγδου
δεξαμένη κρύσταλλον ὁμόζυγον εἴκελον ἀφρῶ
¹⁸⁰ εἶχε φαληριόωντα μελαιομένης τύπον ἄλμης:
τῷ ἔνι δαίδαλα πάντα τετεύχατο, τῷ ἔνι πάντα
χρυσοφαῖ μάρμαιρεν ἀλίτροφα πῶεα λίμνης,
οἷα περισκαίροντα: πολὺς δὲ τις ὑγρὸς ὀδίτης
μεσσοφανῆς ἐχόρευεν ἐπιζῶν ἄλα δελφίς —
¹⁸⁵ ψευδαλέην δ' ἐλέλιζεν ἐὴν αὐτόσσυτον οὐρήν —
καὶ χορὸς ὀρνίθων ἑτερόχροος, ὧν τάχα φαίης
ἵπταμένων πτερύγων ἀνεμῶδεα δοῦπον ἀκούειν,
ὄρμὸν ἐπεὶ Κυθήρεια γέρας δωρήσατο κούρη
χρύσειον, εὐλάιγγα, παρήγορον αὐχένι νύμφης.

[171] Where the two heads of the serpent came together from both sides, the mouths gaped wide and enclosed the eagle with both their jaws, enfolding it from this side and that. Over the shining front, rubies in the eyes shot their native brilliancy, which sent forth a sharp gleam, like a fiery lamp being kindled. Proud with the manifold shapes of stones was a sea, and an emerald stone grass-green welcomed the crystal adjoining like the foam, and showed the image of the white-crested brine becoming dark; here all clever work was fashioned, here all the brinebred herds of the deep sparkled in shining gold as though leaping about, and many a supple traveller danced halfseen, the dolphin skimming the brine which waggled its mimic tail selfmoved; flocks of many-coloured birds – you might almost think you heard the windy beat of their flapping wings, when Cythereia gave the glorious necklace to her girl, golden, bejewelled, to hang by the bride's neck.

190 καὶ γαμίων ζευθεῖσα πόθων ἰθύντορι κεστῷ
Ἄρμονιη πολὺπαιδα γονὴν μαιώσατο κόλπω
τικτομένην κατὰ βαιόν: ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ λοχείῃ
ἔγκυον ὄγκον ἔλυσε θυγατρογόνου τοκετοῖο,
195 πρώτη δ' Αὐτονόη γονίμων ἀνεπήλατο κόλπων
μητέρος ἔννεάμηνον ἀναπτύξασα λοχείην
πρωτοτόκοις ὠδίῃσιν: ὁμογνήτῳ δὲ γενέθλι
καλλιφυῆς Ἀθάμαντος ἀέξετο σύγγαμος Ἰνώ,
μήτηρ δισσοτόκος: τρίτάτῃ δ' ἀνέτελλεν Ἀγαυή,
200 ἥ ποτε νυμφευθεῖσα Γιγαντεῖοις ὕμεναιοις
εἵκελον ὕλα λόχευσεν ὀδοντοφύτῳ παρακοίτῃ:
καὶ Χαρίτων Ἰνδαλμα ποθοβλήτοιο προσώπου
Ζηνὶ φυλασσομένη Σεμέλῃ βλάστησε τετάρτῃ
θυγατέρων, μούνη δὲ καὶ ὀπλοτέρῃ περ εὐούσῃ
205 δῶκεν ἀνικήτοιο φύσις πρεσβήια μορφῆς.
ἄρσενά δ' ὀπιτέλεστον ὁμόζυγα θήλει φύτλῃ
Ἄρμονιη νέον ὕλα γεγηθότι γείνατο Κάδμω,
Ἄονιης Πολύδωρον ἑωσφόρον ἀστέρα πάτρης,
ὀπλοτέρον Σεμέλῃς ῥοδοειδέος, ὃν παρὰ Θήβαις
210 σκῆπτρα λαβὼν ἀθέμιστος ἄναξ ἀπενόσφισε Πενθεύς.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ἤμελλε γέρων χρόνος ὅψ' ἐτελέσσαι.

[190] Soon Harmonia yoked by the cestus-girdle that guides wedded desire, carried in her womb the seed of many children whom she brought forth soon one by one: turn by turn she was delivered of her teeming burden by the birth of daughters, after four times nine circuits of the Moon had been fulfilled. First Autoñoë leapt from her mother's fruitful womb, her first birthpangs after nine months' course with child. Then came Ino to be her sister, the beautiful consort of Athamas who bore him two children. Third appeared Agauë, who

afterwards married with the giant stock and bore a son like to her fangborn husband. Then Semele fourth of the daughters grew up, the image of the Graces in her lovestriking looks, preserved for Zeus; although youngest of the sisters, she alone was given by nature the prerogative of unconquerable beauty. Last of all Harmonia added a little son to the brood of sisters, and made Cadmos happy – Polydoros, the morning star of the Aonian nation, younger than rosycheek Semele; but Pentheus a lawless prince pushed him aside and took the sceptre in Thebes. All this old Time was to bring to pass by and by.

Κεκριμένας δὲ θύγατρας ἐπεκλήισεν ἀκοίταις
Κάδμος ἀμοιβαίοιο γάμου τετράζυγι παστῶ,
καὶ λέχος ἄλλο μετ' ἄλλο συνήρμοσε: δωροφόρος γάρ
215 πρῶτος Ἀρισταῖος, Νόμιος καὶ ἐπώνυμος Ἀγρεύς,
αἶμα σοφοῦ Φοῖβοιο καὶ εὐπαλάμοιο Κυρήνης,
Αὐτόνοη ζυγίων ἁρότων νυμφεύσατο θεσμῶ:
οὐ μὲν Ἀγηνορίδης πολυφερβέος Ἴδμονα τέχνης
γαμβρὸν ἔχειν ἀπέειπε, βιοσσόον νιέα Φοῖβου,
220 ἀλλὰ Διιπετέων ἀνέμων ζωαρκέσιν αὔραις
λοιγίον εὐνήσαντι πυρώπιδος ἀστέρα Μαιρῆς
παῖδα συνεκλήισε περισσονόῳ παρακοίτῃ.
καὶ γάμος ἦν πολὺολβος, ἐπεὶ γέρας ἄζυγι κούρῃ
δῶκε βόας, πόρεν αἶγας, ὀρίτροφον ὥπασε ποιμήνῃ:
225 καὶ πολὺς ἀχθοφόρῳ βεβαρημένος ὄγμος ἀνάγκῃ
φόρτον ἐλαίηεντος ἐκούφισεν ἀμφιφορῆος,
ἔδνα γάμων, πολλήν δὲ σοφῆς ἐκόμισσε μελίσσης
δαίδαλεην ὠδῖνα πολυτρήτοιο λοχείης.

[121] Cadmos now chose husbands for his daughters, and gave them over in four successive bridals, settling their weddings one by one. First Aristaios laden with gifts, he of the herds and he of the wilds, as he was named, the blood of allwise Apollo and Cyrene so ready with her hands, wedded Autonoë according to the rules of lawful marriage. Agenorides did not refuse his daughter to a goodson well acquainted with the art of feeding many; nay, he gave her to a very clever husband, a lifesaving son of Apollo, after he had calmed the pestilential star of fiery Maira by the life-preserving breezes of heaven-sent winds. The wedding-feast also was very rich, since he gave the unyoked maid oxen for her treasure, he gave goats, he gave mountain-bred flocks; many a line of burden-bearers was forced to lift the load of great jars full of olive-oil, his marriage gifts, much travail of the clever honeybee he brought, in the riddled comb her masterpiece.

κεῖνος ἀνὴρ πρῶτιστος ὀρίδρομος ἄλματι ταρσῶν

230 εὖρε φιλοσκοπέλοιο πόνον κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρης,
 πῶς νοερεῶ μυκτῆρι παρὰ σφυρὰ φορβάδος ὕλης
 θηρὸς ἀσημάντοιο κύων μαντεύεται ὁδμήν,
 ὄρθια λοξοκέλευθον ἐπὶ δρόμον οὔατα τείνων,
 καὶ δολίης δεδάηκε πολὺπλοκα δίκτυα τέχνης
 235 καὶ σταλίκων τύπον ὀρθόν, ὑπὲρ ψαμάθοιο δὲ θηρῶν
 πρῶιον ἀτρίπτῳ κεχαραγμένον ἶχνος ἀρούρη...
 καὶ ποσὶν ἐνδρομίδας θηρήτορα φῶτα διδάξας
 ἄσχετον αἰσσοντα κυνοσσόον εἰς δρόμον ἄγρης
 πέπλα φαεινομένης ἐπιγουνίδος ἄχρι φορῆσαι,
 240 μὴ ποτε θηρητῆρος ἐπειγομένου ποδὸς ὀρμῇ
 ἄψ ἀνασειράζοιτο καθιεμένοιο χιτῶνος.

[229] That man ranging the mountains on his springing feet, first found out the business of hunting the prickets among the rocks they love: how the dog divines the scent of the unseen prey with intelligent nostril on the ankles of the hills, pricking up his ears on the crookpath course; he learnt the many-twining meshes of his cunning art, and the shape of the standing stakenet, and the morning track of animals over the sand and the spoor impressed in the untrodden earth. He taught also the huntsman those high boots for his feet, when he speeds on, steadily pressing the hounds in chase of their prey, and made him wear a short shirt with the thigh showing, lest the tunic hanging low should hinder the speed of the hunter's hurrying foot.

κεῖνος ἀνὴρ ἐνόησε πολυτρήτων στίχα σίμβλων,
 πλαζομένης δ' ἔστησεν ἐρημάδος ἔργα μελίσσης,
 ἥ τις ἔσω λειμῶνος ἀπ' ἀνθεος ἄνθος ἀμειβεῖ
 245 εἰς φυτὸν ἀγλαόκαρπον, ἐφιπταμένη δὲ κορὺμβοις
 χεῖλεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν ἀμέλγεται ἄκρον ἐέρσης:
 καὶ λινέαις ἀψῖσι πολυπλέκτοιο χιτῶνος
 γυῖα περισφιγῆς ὀνύχων ἄπο μέχρι κομῶων
 255 φρικτὰ κορυσσομένης ἐφυλάσσετο κέντρα μελίσσης,
 καὶ δολίῳ πνιγόνεντι πυρὸς τεχνήμονι καπνῷ
 σινομένην πρήυνεν, ὑπηνέμιον δὲ τινάσσων
 πυρσὸν ἀπειλητῆρα φιλοσμῆνοιο μελίσσης
 δίζυγα χαλκὸν ἄειρεν, ὑπωροφίῃ δὲ λοχείῃ
 βομβηδὸν κλονέοντος ἀσιγήτοιο κυδοιμοῦ
 χειρὶ πολυκροτάλῳ διδυμάονα δοῦπον ἀράσσων
 καὶ προταμῶν κηροῖο πολυγλώχινῃ καλύπτρην
 ἐβλίσεν αἰόλα δῶρα μελισταγέος τοκετοῖο.

[242] That man invented the riddled hive with its rows of cells, and made a settled place for the labours of the wandering bees, which flit from flower to

flower over the meadows and flutter on clusters of finefruiting plants, sucking dew from the top with the tips of their lips. He covered every limb from toenails to hair with a closewoven wrap of linen, to defend him from the formidable stings of the battling bees, and with the cunning trick of smothering smoke he tamed their malice. He shook in the air a torch to threaten the hive-loving bee, and lifting a pair of metal plates, he clapt the two together with rattling hands over the brood in the skep, while they buzzed and humblebumbled in ceaseless din; then cutting off the covering of wax with its manypointed cells, he emptied from the comb its gleaming treasure of honeydripping increase.

πρῶτος ἔνρραθάμιγγος ἀλείφατος εὔρεν ἔέρσην,
καρπὸν ὅτε βρίθοντι ταμῶν μυλοειδέι πέτρῳ
260 πίονας ὕγροτόκοιο γονᾶς ἔθλιψεν ἐλαίης.
καὶ σκιερῆς πολὺδενδρον ὑπὸ κλέτας εὐβοτον ὕλης
εἰς ἔλος, εἰς λειμῶνα φέρων ἐδίδαξε βοτῆρας
ἡελίου φαίνοντος ἔς ἔσπερον ἄχρι νομεύειν.
πλαζομένων δ' ἀκίχητον ἀπειθέα φοιτάδι χηλῇ
265 ἔσπομένων βραδὺν οἷμον ὀπισθοπόρων στίχα μῆλων
εἰς νομὸν ἀνθεμόεντα μιῇ ξύνωσε κελεύθῳ
αἶγα λαβὼν προκέλευθον ὁμοζήλοιο πορείης.
καὶ νομίην ἐνόησεν ὀρειάδα Πανὸς ἀοιδήν.
καὶ πυρὶ σειριάοντα κατεύνασεν ἀστέρα Μαιρης,
270 καὶ Διὸς Ἴκμαίοιο θυώδεα βωμὸν ἀνάψας
αἷματι ταυρείῳ γλυκερὴν ἐπεχεύατο λοιβὴν
ποικίλα φοιταλέης ἐπιβώμια δῶρα μελίσσης,
πλήσας ἄβρ' ἀ κύπελλα μελικρήτου κυκεῶνος:
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ ἦκουσε καὶ νιόος υἱά γεραίρων
275 πέμψεν ἀλεξικάκων ἀνέμων ἀντίπνοον αὖρην,
Σεῖριον αἰθαλόεντος ἀναστέλλων πυρετοῖο.
εἰσέτι νῦν κήρυκες Ἀρισταίοιο θυηλῆς
γαῖαν ἀναψύχουσιν Ἑτήσιαι ἐκ Διὸς αὔραι,
ὅπποτε ποικιλόβοτρυς ἀέξεται οἶν' ἀς ὀπώρη.

[258] He first found out the dew of the slicktrickling oil, when he cut into the fruit of the juicy olive with the press's heavy stone and scrouged out the rich feason. From the wellwooded pasture of the shady forestslopes he brought the herdsmen to meadows and ealings, and taught them to feed their flocks from sunrise to eventide. When the sheep strayed in strings with wandering hoof, lagging behind on ways they could not find or trust, to the flowery pasture, he joined them on one path sending a goat ahead to lead the concerted march. He invented Pan's pastoral tune on the mountains. He lulled asleep the scorching dogstar of Maira. He kindled the fragrant altar of Zeus Icmaios; he poured the bull's blood over the sweet libation, and the curious gifts of the gadabout bee

which lay on the altar, filling his dainty cups with a posset mixt with honey. Father Zeus heard him; and honouring his son's son, he sent a counterblast of pestaverting winds to restrain Seirios with his fiery fevers. Still to this day the etesian winds from Zeus herald the sacrifice of Aristaios, and cool the land when the ripening vine grows in mottled clusters.

280 τὸν μὲν Ἔρωσ πόμπευεν ἐς Ἀονίους ὕμεναιους,
Φοίβου Κήιον υἱᾶ· βοοστικτοῦ δὲ θυγλῆς
πᾶσα πόλις στεφθεῖσα, καὶ ἰθυτμῆτες ἀγνιαὶ
ὄρχηθμῷ μεμέληντο, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ παστοῦ
εἰλιπόδην ὕμέναιον ἐπερρώσαντο πολῖται,
285 καὶ μέλος ἱμερόφωνον ἀνεκρούσαντο γυναῖκες,
καὶ γαμῖη σύριγγι συνέκλαγον Ἄονες αὐλοί.

[280] This was he, the Ceian son of Phoibos, whom Eros escorted to the Aonian wedding. All the city wreathed in garlands was busy about the cattle-sacrifice, and the straightcut streets were all busy dancing. Before the gates of the bridal chamber the people twirled their reeling legs for the wedding; the women struck up a lovelysounding noise of melody, the Aonian hobboys tootled with the bridal pipes.

ἔνθεν Ἀρισταίιο καὶ Αὐτονόῃς ἀπὸ λέκτρων
Ἀκταίων ἀνέτελλε· φιλοσκοπέλῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
Ἀγρέος αἶμα φέρων ἀπεμάξατο πάτριον ἄγρην,
290 Ἀρτέμιδος θεράπων ὄρεσίδρομος — οὐ νέμεσις δὲ
δύσμορον Ἀκταίωνα μαθεῖν μελεδήματα θήρης
υἱὼνδὸν γεγαῶτα λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης — :
οὐ ποτέ μιν φύγεν ἄρκτος ὄρεστιάς, οὐδὲ μιν αὐτῆς
λοιγίον ἐπτοίησε λεχωίδος ὄμμα λεαίνης:
295 πολλάκι δ' ὑψιπότητον ἐπιθρώσκοντα δοκεῦων
πόρδαλιν ἐπρήνιξεν· αἰεὶ δὲ μιν ὑπόθι λόχμης
ὄμμασι θαμβάλεοισιν ἐδέρκετο μηλονόμος Πᾶν
ώκειης ἐλάφοιο παραῖσσοντα πορεῖην.
ἀλλὰ οἱ οὐ χραίσμησε ποδῶν δρόμος, οὐδὲ φαρέτρη
300 ἦρκεσεν, οὐ βελέων σκοπὸς ὄρθιος, οὐ δόλος ἄγρης:
ἀλλὰ μιν ὤλεσε Μοῖρα, κυνοσπάδα νεβρὸν ἀλήτην,
Ἴνδῶν μετὰ δῆριν ἔτι πνεῖοντα κυδοιμοῦ,
εὔτε τανυπρέμοιο καθήμενος ὑπόθι θηγοῦ
λουομένης ἐνόησεν ὅλον δέμας ἰοχεαίρης,
305 θηητῆρ δ' ἀκόρητος ἀθηήτοιο θεαίνης
ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτοιο δέμας διεμέτρεε κούρης
ἀγχιφανής· καὶ τὸν μὲν ἀνείμονος εἶδος ἀνάσσης
ὄμματι λαθριδίῳ δεδοκημένον ὄμματι λοξῷ

νηϊὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀπόπροθεν ἔδρακε Νύμφη,
 310 παρβαλέη δ' ὀλόλυξεν, ἔῃ δ' ἥγγειλεν ἀνάσση
 ἄνδρὸς ἔρωμανέος θράσος ἄγριον· ἡμιφανῆς δὲ
 Ἄρτεμις ἀρπάξασα σὺν εἵματι κυκλάδα μίτρην
 παρθενίῳ ζωστήρι σαόφρονας ἔσκεπε μαζοῦς,
 καὶ διεροῖς μελέεσσιν ἔσω δύνουσα ῥέεθρων
 315 αἰδμένη κατὰ βαιὸν ὄλον δέμας ἔκρυφε κούρη.

[287] Afterwards from the bed of Aristaios and Autonoë, arose Actaion. His passion was for the rocks; and having in him the blood of the Hunter, he took the mould of his huntsman father, and became a mountainranging servant of Artemis – no wonder that illfated Actaion learnt the practice of the chase, when he was born grandson to lionslaying Cyrene! Never a bear escaped him on the hills; not even the baneful eye of the lioness with young could make his heart flutter. Many a time he lay in wait for the panther, and laid low as she leapt on him high in air. Shepherd Pan would ever gaze at him over the bushes with wondering eyes, while he outstripped the running of the swift stag. But his running feet availed him nothing, his quiver helped him not, nor the straight shot, the cunning of the chase; but the Portioner (Moirā) destroyed him, a scampering fawn worried by dogs, while still breathing battle after the Indian war. For as he sat up in a tall oak tree amid the spreading boughs, he had seen the whole body of the Archeress bathing; and gazing greedily on the goddess that none may see, he surveyed inch by inch the holy body of the unwedded virgin close at hand. A Naiad nymph unveiled espied him from afar with a sidelong look, as he stared with stolen glances on the unclothed shape of her queen, and shrieked in horror, telling her queen the wild daring of a lovesick man. Artemis half revealed caught up her dress and encircling shawl, and covered her modest breasts with the maiden zone in shame, and sank with gliding limbs into the water, until by little and little all her form was hidden.

Ἀκταίων βαρύποτμε, δὲ μὲν λίπεν αὐτίκα μορφὴ
 ἀνδρομέη, πυσύρων δὲ ποδῶν ἐδίχάζεταιο χηλῇ,
 καὶ ταναοὶ γναθοῖν ἐμηκύνοντο παρειαί,
 κνημαὶ ἐλεπτύνοντο, καὶ ἀγκύλα δοιὰ μετώπῳ
 320 φύετο μακρὰ κόρυμβά ταυυπτόρθοιο κεραίης,
 καὶ στικτοῖς μελέεσσι νόθη ποικίλλετο μορφὴ,
 καὶ λάσιον δέμας εἶχεν· ἀελλήεντι δὲ νεβρῶ
 εἰσέτι μοῦνος ἔην νόος ἔμπεδος· ὠκυπόρῳ δὲ
 ἔτρεχεν ἀξείνοιο δι' οὖρεος ἄλματι χηλῆς,
 325 θηρητῆρ τρομέων θηρήτορας. ἄλλοφθῇ δὲ
 οὐκέτι τὸν πρὶν ἄνακτα κύνες μάθον· ἀχνυμένης γὰρ
 νεύμασιν ἀτρέπτοισι βαρύφρονος ἰοχεαίρης
 φοιτάδος οἰστρήεντι μεμηνότες ἄσθματι λύσσης
 νεβροφόνων ἐχάραξαν ὁμόζυγον ὄγμον ὀδόντων,

330 ψευδομένη δ' ἑλάφοιο παραπλαγχθέντες ὅπωπῃ
στικτὸν ἐθοιήσαντο νόθον δέμας ἄφρονι λύσση.
καὶ θεὸς ἄλλο νόησε, κύνας βραδέεσσι γενείοις
ἔμπνοον Ἀκταίωνα κεκασμένον ἔμφρονι θυμῷ
δαρδάπτειν κατὰ βαιόν, ἵνα φρένα μᾶλλον ἀμύξῃ
335 ὀξυτέραις ὀδύνησιν: ὑπὸ βροτῇ δὲ μενοινῇ
πότμον ἔδν στενάχων κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ:

[316] Actaion heavy-fated! At once your manly shape was gone – four feet had cloven hooves – long cheeks drew out on your jawbones – your legs became thinner – two long bunches of widebranching antlers curved over your forehead – a borrowed shape, its body all covered with hair, dappled every limb with motley spots – a windswift fawn had nothing of you left but the mind! With quickfaring leap of the hoof he ran through the unfriendly forest, a hunter in terror of hunters. But in this new shape his dogs no longer knew their former master. The angry Archeress in resentment maddened them with a nod – there was no escape; panting infuriated with wild frenzy, they sharpened the double row of their fawnkilling teeth, and deceived by the false appearance of a stag they devoured the dappled changeling body in senseless fury. But that was not all the goddess meant: the dogs were to tear Actaion slowly to pieces with their jaws little by little, while breathing still and in his right mind, that she might torment his mind even more with sharper pains. So he with a man's feeling groaned for his own fate, while he cried aloud in a lamentable voice:

‘Ὀλβιε Τειρεσία, σὺ γὰρ ἔδρακες ἐκτὸς ὀλέθρου
γυμνὸν ἀναινομένης οἰκτίρμονος εἶδος Ἀθήνης:
οὐ θάνες, οὐκ ἑλάφοιο δέμας λάχες, οὐδὲ μετώπῳ
340 ὑμετέρῳ προβλῶτες ἐπηώρηντο κεραῖαι:
ζῶεις σῶν βλεφάρων ὀλέσας φάος: ὑμετέρων δὲ
ὀφθαλμῶν ἀμάρυγμα νόῳ μετέθηκεν Ἀθήνη:
χῶεται ἰοχέαιρα κακώτερα Τριτογενείης.
αἷθε μοι ἄλγος ὅπασσεν ὁμοίον, αἷθε καὶ αὐτῇ
345 ὄμμασιν ἡμετέροισιν ἐπέχραεν ὥς περ Ἀθήνη,
αἷθε νόον μετὰμειψεν, ἃ περ δέμας: ἄλλοφυῆς γὰρ
μορφῇ θηρὸς ἔχει με, καὶ ἀνέρος ἦθος ἀέξω.
σφωιτέρῳ πότε θῆρες ἐπιστενάχουσιν ὀλέθρῳ;
ἀφραδέες ζῶουσι καὶ οὐ νοέουσι τελευτήν.
350 μοῦνος ἐγὼ μεθέπω πινυτὸν νόον: ὀλλύμενος δὲ
ὀφρύσι θηρεῖησιν ἐχέφρονα δάκρυα λείβω.
ἄγριοι ἄρτι γένεσθε κύνες πλέον: οὐ ποτε τόσπον
ἄλματι λυσσήεντι κατεσσεύεσθε λεόντων.

[337] “Happy Teiresias! You saw without destruction the naked body of Athena, reluctant but pitiful. You did not die! you did not get the shape of a stag, no poking horns raised themselves on your brow. You lost the light of your eyes, but you live! and the brilliancy of the eyes Athena transplanted to your mind. Archeress is more deadly in anger than Tritogeneia. O that she had given me a pain like that! O that she also had attacked the eyes, as Athena did! O that she had transformed my mind with my form – for I have the alien shape of a beast, yet a man’s feeling is in me! Do beasts ever lament their own death? They live without thought, and know not their end. I alone keep a sensible mind perishing: I drop intelligent tears, under the brows of a beast! Now for the first time, my hounds, you are really wild; when before have you hunted a lion with frenzied leap like this!

αἴλινον Ἀκταίωνι, φίλαι, φθέγγασθε, κολῶναι,
355 ναί, λίτομαι, καὶ θῆρες ὁμοίον: εἰπέ, Κιθαιρῶν,
Αὐτόνῳ, τὰ περ εἶδες, Ἀρισταίῳ δὲ τοκῇ
δάκρυσι πετραίοισιν ἐμὴν ἀγόρευε τελευτῇ
καὶ κύνας οἰσטרηθέντας ἀφειδέας. ὦμοι ἀνάγκης,
αὐτὸς ἐμαῖς παλάμησιν ἐμοὺς ἔθρεψα φονῆας.
360 αἶθε λέων με δάμασσεν ὀρίδρομος, αἶθε με σύρων
πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἀνέσχισεν, αἶθε με πικροῖς
ἀμφιπαγεῖς ὀνύχεσσιν ἀφειδέσι λυσσάδες ἄρκτοι
νεβροφανῇ χαροποῖσιν ἐδαιτρεύσαντο γενεῖοις,
μηδὲ κύνες με δάμασσαν ὀμήθεες: οὐκέτι μορφῇν,
365 οὐκέτι γινώσκουσιν ἐμὴν ἑτερόθορον ἡχώ.’

[354] “Sing a dirge for Actaion, my beloved hills! Yes I beseech you, and the beasts do the like! Cithairon, tell Autonoe what you know; with stony tears describe to Aristaios my father, my end and the maddened hounds unmerciful. O dreaded fate! With my own hands I fed my murderers! If only a hillranging lion had brought me low, if only a dappleback panther had dragged me and torn me, if only furious bears had pierced me about with sharp merciless claws, and feasted on the seeming fawn with flashing jaws, not my own familiar hounds had brought me down: no longer they know my shape, no longer the voice with a sound so strange!”

ἡμιθανὴς τὰδ’ ἔλεξε, καὶ οὐκ αἰοντα λιτῶν
θηρεῖη κύνα μάργον ἐλίσσετο πενθάδι φωνῇ:
μύθους μὲν προέηκεν ἐχέφρονας, ἀντὶ δὲ φωνῆς
ἀνδρομέης κελάδησεν ἀσημάντου θρόος ἡχοῦς.

[366] Half dead he spoke, and as he prayed, the cruel hound did not understand the prayers poured out in sorrow with the voice of a beast; the stories he told

had meaning, but instead of a human voice, only a noise of unmeaning sound rang out.

370 ἤδη δ' αὐτοτέλεστος ὄρεστιάς ἵπτατο Φήμη
Αὐτονόῃ βοόωσα κυνοσπάδα παιδὸς ἀνάγκην,
οὐ μὲν ὅπως ἐλάφοιο δασύτριχα δύσατο μορφήν,
ἀλλ' ὅτι μοῦνον ὄλωλε. φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῆ
νήλιπος ἀκρήδεμνος ἰμάσσετο πένθεϊ μήτηρ:
375 καὶ πλοκάμους ἐδάϊξεν, ὅλον δ' ἔρρηξε χιτῶνα,
πενθαλέοις δ' ὀνύχεσσιν ἐὰς ἐχάραξε παρειὰς
αἵματι φοινίξασα, κατὰ στέρνοιο δὲ γυμνοῦ
παιδοκόμων ἐρύθηγε φερέσβιον ἄντυγα μαζῶν
μνησαμένη τοκετοῖο: φιλοθρήνου δὲ προσώπου
380 δάκρυσιν ἀενάοισιν ἐλούσατο φάρεα νύμφη.
καὶ κύνες Ἀκταίωνος ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο μολόντες
μῦθον ἐπιστώσαντο δυσάγγελον: ἡιθέου γὰρ
δάκρυσι σιγαλέοισιν ἐμαντεύοντο τελευτήν.
μυρομένους δ' ὀρώσα πολὺ πλεόν ἔστενε μήτηρ:
385 καὶ πολίην πλοκαμίδα λέρων ἀπεκείρατο Κάδμος,
Ἄρμονι δ' ἰάχησε: φιλοκλαυάυτων δὲ γυναικῶν
συμφορτὴ βαρύδουπος ὅλον δόμον ἔβπεμεν ἡχώ.

[370] Already Rumour self born had flown from the hills to Autonoë, proclaiming her son's fate torn to pieces by his dogs: not indeed that he had donned the thickhaired shape of a stag, only that he was dead. His mother in her passionate love, unshot, unveiled, was scourged by grief. She tore her hair, she rent all her smock, she scored her cheeks with her nails in sorrow till they were red with blood; baring her bosom, she reddened the lifegiving round of the breasts which had nursed her children, in memory of her son; over her sorrowing face the tears ran in a ceaseless flood and drenched her robes. Actaion's hounds returning from the mountain confirmed the tidings of woe, for they revealed the young man's end by their silent tears. When the mother saw their mourning she wailed louder still. Old Cadmos shore off his hoary hair, Harmonia cried aloud; the whole house resounded heavybooming with the noise of women wailing in concert.

Αὐτονόῃ δ' ὁμόφοιτος Ἀρισταίῳ παρακοίτη
ἦε μαστεύουσα πολὺπλανα λείψανα νεκροῦ:
390 εἶδε καὶ οὐ γίνωσκεν ἐὼν γόνον, ἔδρακε μορφὴν
δαϊδαλέης ἐλάφοιο καὶ οὐκ ἶδεν ἀνδρὸς ὅπωπῃν,
πολλάκι δ' ἀγνώστοιο παρέστιχεν ὅστέα νεβροῦ
ἐν χθονὶ κεκλιμένοιο καὶ οὐ μάθεν: ὀλλυμένου γὰρ
παιδὸς ἐοῦ δοκέεσκεν ἰδεῖν βροτοειδέα μορφὴν.

395 δῦσμορον Αὐτονόην οὐ μέμφομαι: ἄλλοφρῆ γὰρ
 λείψανα παιδὸς ὅπως πεν, ἀτεκμάρτου δὲ προσώπου
 γαμφηλὰς ἐνόησε καὶ οὐκ ἶδε κύκλον ὅπως ᾤη,
 καὶ κεράων ἔψαυσε καὶ υἱέος οὐ μάθε κόσην:
 λεπταλέους πόδας εὔρε καὶ οὐκ ἐφράσσατο ταρσοῦς,
 400 λεπταλέους πόδας εἶδε καὶ οὐκ ἶδε κύκλα πεδίων.
 δῦσμορον Αὐτονόην οὐ μέμφομαι: οἰχομένου γὰρ
 ὀφθαλμοὺς βροτέους οὐκ ἔδρακεν, οὐκ ἶδε μορφῆς
 ἀνδρομέης Ἰνδαλμα, καὶ οὐκ ἐνόηδεν ἰούλων
 ἄνθει πορφυρέῳ κεχαραγμένον ἀνθερεῶνα.
 405 φοιταλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι διερχομένη ῥάχιν ὕλης
 τρηχαλέης ἐπάτησε δυσέμβατα νῶτα κολώνης:
 λυσιχίτων ἀπέδιλος: ὀριπλανέων δ' ἀπὸ μόχθων
 νόστιμος εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν: ἐπ' ἀπρήκτω δὲ μενοινῇ
 ἀχνημένη μόγις εὔδε σὺν αἰνοτόκῳ παρακοίτῃ.
 410 ἄμφω δὲ σκιεροῖσιν ἐφωμίλησαν ὄνειροις,
 ὄμμασιν ἀρπάζαντες ἀηδονίου πτερὸν Ὕπνου.

[388] Autonoë along with Aristaios her husband went in search of the scattered remains of the dead. She saw her son, but knew him not; she beheld the shape of a dappled deer and saw no aspect of a man. Often she passed the bones of a fawn unrecognized, lying on the ground, and did not understand; for her boy was dead, and she looked to find a human shape. I blame not unhappy Autonoë. The relics of her son which met her eyes were of alien shape; she noticed the jaws of a face unrecognized and did not see the circle of his countenance, touched horns and did not know a son's temples, found slim legs and did not trace his feet, saw slim legs and saw not the rounded boots. I blame not unhappy Autonoë; she saw not the human eyes of him that was gone, she saw no image of a manly shape, she saw not the well-known chin marked with the dark flower of bloom. Passing over the forest ridges with wandering feet, she trod the rough back of the rugged hill, unshod, with loosened robe, and returned home from the mountain-ranging task; grieving for her unsuccessful cares she fell asleep at last beside her husband, unhappy father! Both were haunted by shadowy dreams, their eyes glimpsing the wing of a nightingale sleep.

ψυχὴ δ' ἠιθέοιο κατηφεί πατρὶ παρέστη
 στικτὸν ἔχων ἐλάφου σκίοεν δέμας, ἐκ βλεφάρων δὲ
 ἔμφρονα δάκρυα χεῦε, καὶ ἀνδρομέη φάτο φωνῇ:
 415 ‘ὦ πάτερ, ὑπνώεις, καὶ ἐμὴν οὐκ οἶδας ἀνάγκην:
 ἔγρεο καὶ γίνωσκε νόθην ἄγνωστον ὅπως πεν,
 ἔγρεο καὶ πῆχυνε φίλης ἐλάφοιο κεραίην,
 καὶ κύσον ἔμφρονα θῆρα, τὸν Αὐτονόης τέκε γαστήρ.
 αὐτὸν ὅπιπτεύεις με, τὸν ἔτρεφες: ἀμφοτέρων γὰρ

420 δέρκεται Ἀκταίωνα καὶ Ἀκταίωνος ἀκοῦεις.
 εἰ παλάμην ποθέεις καὶ δάκτυλα παιδὸς ἀφάσσειν,
 προσθιδίους σκοπίαζε πόδας, καὶ χεῖρα νοήσεις:
 εἰ κεφαλὴν ποθέεις, κεφαλὴν ἐλάφοιο δοκεῖς:
 εἰ βροτέους κροτάφους, δολιχὰς σκοπίαζε κεραίας:
 425 εἰ πόδας Ἀκταίωνος, ὀπισθιδίην ἴδε χηλὴν:
 εἰ μελέων τρίχας εἶδες, ἐμοὶ γεγάασι χιτῶνες.
 υἷα, πάτερ, γίνωσκε, τὸν οὐκ ἐσάωσεν Ἀπόλλων:
 υἷα, πάτερ, στενάχιζε, τὸν οὐκ ἐφύλαξε Κιθαιρῶν.
 ἄλλοφυῆ σέο παῖδα κατηφεί κεῖθε κονίη:
 μή σε παραπλάγξειε νόθη καὶ ἄπιστος ὁπωπή:
 430 μὴ τεὸν ἀκτερέιστον ὀλωλότα νεβρὸν ἐάσης.
 αἶθε, πάτερ, με φύλαξας ἀήθεα θηροσυνάων:

[412] The young man's ghost stood by his disconsolate father, wearing the shadowy form of a dappled stag; but from his eyelids he poured tears of understanding and spoke with a human voice: "You sleep, my father, and you know not my fate. Wake, and recognize my unknown changeling looks; wake, and embrace the horn of a stag you love, kiss a wild beast with understanding, one born of Autonoe's womb! I whom you behold am that very one you brought up; you both see Actaion and hear Actaion's voice. If you desire to clasp your boy's hand and fingers, look at my forefeet and you shall know my hands. If you want my head, behold the head of a stag; if human temples, look at the long horns; if Actaion's feet, see the hindhoof. If you have seen my hairy coat, it was my clothing. Know your son, my father, whom Apollo did not save! Mourn your son, my father, whom Cithairon did not protect! Cover in the sad dust your boy in disguise, and be not misled by this changeling incredible aspect, that you may not leave your dead fawn unburied and unhonoured.

οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ πόθον εἶχον ἐρημάδος ἰοχεαίρης,
 οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ δέμας εἶδον Ὀλύμπιον. αἶθε δὲ κούρης
 435 θνητῆς εἶχον ἔρωτα: χαμαιγενέας δὲ γυναῖκας
 καλλείψας ἐτέροισι καὶ ὠκυμόρους ὕμεναιους
 ἀθανάτην ἐπόθησα: χολωομένης δὲ θεαίνης
 δεῖπνον ἐμῶν σκυλάκων γενόμην, πάτερ: εἰσὶ κολῶνα
 μάρτυρες: εἰ σκοπέλοις οὐ πείθεαι, εἴρεο Νύμφας
 440 Νηιάδας: δεδάσσι δ' ἐμαὶ δρῦες: ἰσοτύπους δὲ
 θῆρας ἐμοὺς ἐρέεινε, καὶ οὖς ἐκάλεσσα νομῆας.

[432] "Father, if you had only kept me unversed in hunting! I should never have desired the Archeress of the wilds, I should never have seen the Olympian shape. If only I had loved a mortal girl! But I left earthborn women and

quickfated wedlock to others, and I desired an immortal: the goddess was angry, and I became a dinner for my dogs, father – the hills are my witnesses, or if you do not believe rocks, ask the Naiad nymphs – my trees know all, ask my wild beasts (with forms like mine) and the shepherds whom I summoned.

ἀλλά, πάτερ, πυμάτην πόρε μοι χάριν, ἀφραδέας δὲ
πένθος ἔχων φιλότεκνον ἔμοῦς μὴ κτεῖνε φονῆας,
παιδοφόνους οἴκτειρον ἀμεμφέας: ἡμετέραις γάρ
445 θηρείαις ἀέκοντες ἀπεπλάγχθησαν ὅπως αἶψα.
τίς δὲ κύων ἐλάθου ποτὲ φεῖδεται; ἢ τίς ἀνὴρ
νεβροφόνους σκυλάκεσσι χολώεται; ἄ πόσα δειλοὶ
κυκλάδας ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περιτροχόωσι κολώνας,
καὶ νέκυν ἰχνεύουσι, τὸν ἔκτανον: ἐκ βλεφάρων δὲ
450 δάκρυα μὲν προχέουσιν ἐχέφρονα, καὶ ποσὶν ἄκροις
δίκτυα πηχύνουσι φιλοστόργῳ τινὶ δεσμῷ
ἀνδράσιν ἀχνυμένοισιν ἐοικότες, ἡμετέρῃ δὲ
πενθαλέαις ὕλακῆσιν ἐπικλαίουσι χαμεύνη.
ναί, λίτομαι, μὴ κτεῖνε γοήμονας: ἡμέτερου γάρ
455 δέρματα λαχνήεντος ἐθήησαντο προσώπου,
οὐδὲ λιταῖς πείθοντο, καὶ οὐκ ἀνέκοψαν ὀδόντας
ἄλλοις αἰόντες ἐμῆς μυκήματα φωνῆς,
καὶ κινυροῖς στομάτεσσιν ἐμὴν ἐρέεινον ἐρίπνην:
ἴσημερον Ἀκταίωνά τις ἦρπασεν, εἴπατε, πέτραι,
460 πῇ δρόμον ἀμφιέπει κεμαδοσσόον, εἴπατε, Νύμφαι.
τοῖα κύνες φθέγγαντο: καὶ ἀντιάχθησε κολώνη:
ἴ τις κεμὰς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἔχει κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρην;
οὐκ ἔλαφον πυθόμην ἐλαφηβόλον: ἄλλοφυῆς δὲ
Ἀκταίων μετὰμειπτο καὶ ἔπλετο νεβρὸς ἐχέφρων,
465 ὃς ποτε θῆρας ἔπεφνεν: ὑπ' ἀνδροφόνῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
Ἀγρέος αἶμα φέρων ἀγρεύεται ἰοχαίρη·
τοῖα μὲν ἀχνυμένων σκυλάκων ἐβόησαν ἐρίπναι.
πολλάκι δ' Ἄρτεμις εἶπεν ἐμῷ μαστῆρι φονῆι:
ἄλῃγε, κύων βαρύμοχθε, πολυπλανὲς ἶχνος ἐλίσσων:
470 διζεαι Ἀκταίωνα, τὸν ἔνδοθι γαστρὸς αἰεῖρεις,
διζεαι Ἀκταίωνα, τὸν ἔκτανες: ἦν ἐθελήσης,
ὄψεαι ὅστέα μοῦνα τεῆς ἔτι λείψανα φορβῆς·

[442] “I do beg, my father, for one last grace: they knew not what they did, so do not kill my slayers, in your love and sorrow for your child; pity those who slew your son, for they are not to blame – they did not mean it, they were misled by my beastlike looks to take me for a beast. What hound ever spares a stag? What man is angry with dogs for killing a fawn? How the poor creatures scamper about the hills all round, this way and that way, searching for the thing they have killed! They drop understanding tears from their eyes, and

throw their forepaws round the nets with what might be an affectionate embrace, like sorrowing men, and weep over the place where I lie with mournful bellings. Yes, I pray you, do not kill the mourners! It was my face, but they saw only a hairy skin; they did not obey my prayers, they did not stay their teeth, because they heard only the bellow of my changeling voice, and in whimpering tones questioned my cliff – ‘To-day someone has stolen Actaion: tell us, Rocks, whither he plies his pricketchasing course? Tell us, Nymphs!’ So the gods; and the hill made answer, ‘What hillranging pricket hunts the pricket himself? I never heard of a stag turned stagshooter! but Acation has changed into another shape and become a fawn with a mind, he who once killed the wild beasts – he who has the blood of the Hunter in him is hunted by a manslayer himself, by Archeress!’ So shouted the cliffs to the sorrowful hounds. Often Artemis said to my hunting murderer, ‘Down, heavilylabouring hound! trace no more the wandering slot. Do you seek Actaion whom you carry in your belly? Do you seek Actaion whom you have killed? If you like, you shall see the orts of your meal, nothing but bones.’

ἀλλὰ, πάτερ, κατὰ κόσμον ἐμὸν μόρον εἰς σέ βοήσω.

θάμνος ἔην τανύφυλλος, ὃ μὲν φυλῆς, ὃ δ’ ἐλαίης:

475 δειλὸς ἐγὼ: φυλῆς γὰρ ἐπώνυμον ἔρνος ἔασας

πρέμνον ἐς ἀγκικέλευθον ἀνέδραμον ἀγνὸν ἐλαίης

Ἀρτέμιδος χροά γυμνὸν ἀθηήτοιο δοκεύων.

ἄσάμην: διδύμην γὰρ ἀτάσθαλον ὕβριν ἀέξων

Παλλάδος εἰς φυτὸν ἦλθον, ἰδεῖν δέμας ἰοχεαίρης

480 τολμηροῖς βλεφάροισιν, ὅθεν βαρὺμηνις ἀπειλῇ

ἔχραεν Ἀκταίῳ καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος καὶ Ἀθήνης.

ἄρτι γὰρ ἰδρώουσα πυραυγεί καύματος ἀτμῷ

Ἄρτεμις εὐκαμάτοιο μετὰ δρόμον ἡθάδος ἄγρης

λούετο μὲν καθαροῖσιν ἐν ὕδασι, λουομένης δέ

485 ὀφθαλμοὺς ἀμάρυσσεν ἐμοὺς ἀντῷπιος αἰγλῇ

χιονέας ἀκτῖνας ἀκοντίζουσα ῥέεθροις:

φαίης δ’, ὥς παρὰ χεῦμα παλίμπορον Ὠκεανοῖο

ἐσπερὶν σελάγιζε δι’ ὕδατος ὄμπνια Μῆνην.

νηιάδες δ’ ὀλόλυξαν ὀμήλυδες: ἴαχε Λοξῷ

490 σύνθροον Οὐῖπιν ἔχουσα, γαληναίῳ δέ ῥέεθρῳ

νηχομένην ἀνέκοψε κασιγνήτην Ἐκαέργην.

καὶ ζόφος ἡερόφοιτος ἐμὰς ἐκάλυπεν ὀπωπᾶς:

ἐκ δὲ φυτοῦ προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησα κονίη,

καὶ λάχον ἐξαπίνης δέμας αἰόλον, ἀντὶ δὲ μορφῆς

495 ἀνδρομέης ἄγνωστον ἐμὸν δέμας ἔσκεπε λάχνην,

καὶ κύνες ἀγρευτῆρες ὁμῶς ἐχάραξαν ὀδόντας.

[473] “But I will tell you my fate, father, in due order. There was longleafy thicket, part of wild-olive, part of orchard olive. Like a fool I left Phylia’s

namesfellow growth and scrambled up a handy branch of the pure olive, to spy out the naked skin of Artemis – forbidden sight! I was mad – I committed two outrageous sins, when I climbed Pallas’s tree to look on the Archeress’s body with bold eyes; from which the danger of heavy resentment attacked Actaion, both from Artemis and from Athena. For Artemis newly sweating in the vapour of the oppressive fiery heat, after coursing her familiar game, was bathing in the pure water; and as she bathed, her brilliance shooting snowy gleams on the waters against my eyes dazzled me. You might have said the full moon of evening was flashing through the water near the reflux stream of Oceanos. The Naiads all shrieked together; Loxo cried aloud with Upis in concert, and checked her sister Hecaerge who was swimming in the calm stream. Darkness pervaded the air and covered my eyes; I slipt down from the tree headlong into the dust, and suddenly got me a dappled shape. Instead of human form I had a shape unknown, covered all over with hair, and the hunting-dogs all at once drove their fangs into me.

σιγήσω τόδε πάντα: τί δεύτερον ἄλγος ἐνίψω;
μή σε καὶ ὑπνῶντα πάλιν στοναχῇσι πελάσσω.
πολλάκι δένδρον ἔκεινο παρέστιχες, ὅππῃθι κεῖται
500 λείψανον Ἀκταίωνος, ὑπὲρ δαπέδου δὲ λυθέντα
πολλάκι δαιδαλέοιο παρήλυθες ὅστέα νεβροῦ
οἰκτρὰ πολυβρώτων μελέων, μεμερισμένα γαίῃ,
ἀλλήλων ἀπάνευθεν. ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἄλλο βοήσω
πιστὸν ἐμοῦ θανάτου σημήιον: ἀρχεκάκου γὰρ
505 ὄψεαι ἰοδόκην καὶ ἐμὸν βέλος ἐγγύθι δένδρου,
εἰ μή καὶ περόεντες ἐμορφώθησαν ὀιστοί,
εἰ μή χωομένη πάλιν Ἄρτεμις εἰς φυτὸν ὕλην
τόξον ἐμὸν μετὰμειψεν, ἐμήν δ’ ἥλλαξε φαρέτρην.
Ὀλβιος Ὡτος ἔην, ὅτι μὴ πέλε νεβρὸς ἀλήτης:
510 οὐ κύνες Ὠρίωνα κυνοσσοόν... αἶθε καὶ αὐτὸν
σκορπίος Ἀκταίωνα κατέκτανεν ὀξεί κέντρῳ.
δειλὸς ἐγὼ: κενεὴ γὰρ ἐμὸν νόον ἥπαφε φήμη:
εἰσαῖων δ’, ὅτι Φοῖβος, ἀδελφεὸς ἰοχεαίρης,
Κυρήνην παρίαυεν, ἐμὸν δ’ ἔσπειρε τοκῆα,
515 Ἀρτεμιν ὠισάμην ἐμφύλιον εἰς γάμον ἔλκειν.
καὶ πάλιν εἰσαῖων, ὅτι νυμφίον ἀργέτις Ἥως
ἥρπασεν Ὠρίωνα καὶ Ἐνδυμίωνα Σελήνην,
καὶ βροτὸν Ἰασίωνα πόσιν προσπτύξατο Δηῶ,
ὠισάμην, ὅτι τοῖος ἔην νόος ἰοχεαίρης.

[497] “But I will not speak of all that – why should I inflict a second pain? or I may cause you to groan again even in sleep. Often you passed that tree where lies what is left of Actaion; often you went by those pitiable bones of a dappled fawn, disjointed, scattered on the ground far apart, torn from the flesh

by many eaters. But I will tell you another sign of my death which you will believe. You will see my quiver and bow near the tree where the trouble began, unless the winged arrows have been transformed also, unless Artemis in her anger has changed my bow back to its native wood and transformed the quiver. Otos was happy, that he became no wandering fawn. The dogs did not rend Orion the dogmaster. Would that a scorpion had killed Actaion also with a sharp sting! I was a fool – empty rumour deceived my mind. I heard that Phoibos, the Archeress's brother, slept with Cyrene and begat my father, and I thought to draw Artemis to marriage in the family. I heard again that shining Dawn carried off Orion for a bridegroom, and Selene Endymion, and Deo embraced a mortal husband Iasion, and I thought the Archeress's mind the same.

520 ἀλλὰ, πάτερ, κτερείζε νόθην κεραελκέα μορφήν,
μηδὲ λίπης ἑτέροισι κυσὶν μέλπηθρα γενέσθαι.
ἦν δὲ κατακρύψης ἐμὰ λείψανα κοιλάδι γαίῃ,
δῶρον ἔμοι καὶ τοῦτο χαρίζεο, τόξα καὶ ἰοὺς
πῆξον ἐμὸν παρὰ τύμβον, ὃ περ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων.
525 ἀλλὰ βέλος καὶ τόξον ἔα, πάτερ, ὅττι βελέμοις
τέρπεται ἰοχέαιρα καὶ ἀγκύλα τόξα τιταίνει.
ζωότυπον δ' ἱκέτευε πολύτροπον, ὄφρα χαράξῃ
στικτὸν ἐμὸν νόθον εἶδος ἀπ' αὐχένος εἰς πόδας ἄκρους:
μοῦνον ἐμοῦ βροτέοιο τύπον τεύξειε προσώπου,
530 πάντες ἵνα γνῶωσιν ἐμὴν ψευδήμονα μορφήν.
μὴ δέ, πάτερ, γράψειας ἐμὸν μόρον: οὐ δύναται γάρ
δακρυχέειν ἐμὸν εἶδος ὁμοῦ καὶ πότμον ὁδίτης.'

[520] "I beg you, father, give burial to the changeling stronghorned shape, let it not be a toy for other dogs! And if you cover what is left of me in the hollowed earth, grant me this boon also: fix my bow and arrows beside my tomb, which is the honour due to the dead. But no, father, never mind bow and arrows, because the Archeress delights in shafts and bends a curving bow. And ask a skilful artist to carve my changeling dappled shape from neck to feet, but let him make only my face of human form, that all may recognize my shape as false. But do not inscribe my fate, father; for the wayfarer cannot shed a tear for fate and shape together."

εἶπεν ὄνειρεϊν νοερὴ κεμάς, ἀπροϊδὴς δὲ
ᾤχετο πωτήεσσα: καὶ Αὐτονόης παρακοίτης
535 ἄνθορεν ὁμψήεντος ἀπορρίψας περὶ ὄνυχον.
ἐκ λεχέων δὲ δάμαρτα πολυπτοίητον ἐγείρας
πέφραδε θηρεῖην κεραελκέα παιδὸς ὀπωπὴν,
καὶ μύθους ἀγόρευεν, ὅσους φάτο νεβρὸς ἐχέφρων.

καὶ γόος ἔπλετο μᾶλλον· Ἀρισταίῳ δὲ νύμφη
 540 ἦιε μαστεύουσα τὸ δεῦτερον, ἄχνυμένη δὲ
 πυκνὰ τανυπρέμνοιο διέστιχεν ἔνδια λόχμης·
 καὶ κραναῶν στείβουσα δυσέμβατα κύκλα κελεύθων
 κεῖνο μόγισ φυτὸν εὔρε μαιφόνον, εὔρε καὶ αὐτὴν
 ἰοδόκην καὶ τόξον ἔρημαίῳ παρὰ δένδρῳ.
 545 ὅστέα δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χυτῇ μεμερισμένα γαίῃ,
 λείψανα πεπτηῶτα, μόγισ συνελέξατο μήτηρ,
 καὶ φιλίῃ παλάμῃ γλυκερὴν πήχυνε κεραίην,
 καὶ κύσεν αἰνομόροιο δασύτριχα χεῖλεα νεβροῦ.
 ὄξυ δὲ κωκύουσα νέκυν τυμβεύσατο μήτηρ,
 550 πάντα δὲ οἱ παρὰ τύμβον ἐπέγραφεν, ὅσσα τοκῆι
 ἔννυχος Ἀκταίωνος ὀνειρεῖται φάτο φωνή.

[533] So spoke in the dream the intelligent pricket, and without warning it was flown and gone. Autonoe's husband leapt up, and threw off the wing of this revealing sleep. He aroused his wife much disturbed, and described her boy's stronghorned animal form, and recounted the story which the intelligent fawn had told. Then there was more lamentation. The bride of Aristaios went on the search again, and passed often through the heart of the longbranching bush; sadly treading the difficult circuits of the rocky ways, she found with pains that fatal growth, she found even the quiver and bow beside a lonely trunk. With much trouble the mother gathered the fallen relics, bones scattered here and there over the strewn earth. She clasped the sweet horn with loving hand, and kissed the hairy lips of the bloodstained fawn. Wailing loudly the mother entombed the dead, and carved along the tomb all that the voice in a dream of the night had told Actaion's father.

ὄφρα μὲν ἔβρεμε πένθος Ἀρισταίῳ μελᾶθρῳ,
 τόφρα δὲ καλλίστερνος Ἐχίονι τίκτεν Ἀγαυή
 γηγενέος θρασὺν υἷα θεημάχον· ἀρτιφάτου δὲ
 555 πένθεος ἰσταμένοιο φερώννυμος ἔπλετο Πενθεύς.

[552] At the time when mourning resounded in the hall of Aristaios, fairbosomed Agauë brought forth to Echion the Earthborn a bold god-assaulting son: he was named Pentheus, the man of sorrows, from the sorrow arising for the newly slain.

καὶ Νεφέλης μετὰ λέκτρα, μετὰ προτέρους ὕμεναιους
 εἰς θαλάμους Ἀθάμαντος ἐκώμασε παρθένος Ἰνώ·
 αἰνοπαθῇ δὲ Λέαρχον ἐγείνατο καὶ Μελικέρτην
 ποντιάς ἐσσομένη μετανάστιος, οἷα τιθήνη
 560 παιδοκόμος Βρομίῳ φερέσβιος· ἀμφοτέροις γὰρ

μαζὸν ἓνα ξύνωσε Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ.

[556] After the bridals of Nephele of the earlier marriages, maiden Ino went with revels to the bridal chamber of Athamas. She bore Learchos destined to woe, and Melicertes. She was afterwards to find a home in the sea, as cherishing nurse for the childhood of Bromios: to both she gave one common breast, Palaimon and Dionysos.

καὶ Σεμέλη πεφύλακτο φαεινότεροις ὕμεναιοις:
ἦδη γάρ μενέαινε νέον Διόνυσον ἀέξειν,
ταυροφυῆς μίμημα παλαιγενέος Διονύσου,
565 αἰνομόρου Ζαγρῆος ἔχων πόθον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς,
ὃν τέκε Περσεφόνεια δρακοντείῃ Διδὺς εὐνή
σύγγαμος οὐδαίιο μελαγχλαίνου ψευδήμονα μορφήν,
Ζεὺς ὅτε πουλυέλικτος, ἔχων ψευδήμονα μορφήν,
μείλιχος ἱμερόεντι δράκων κυκλούμενος ὀλκῷ
570 Περσεφόνης σύλησεν ἀνυμφεύτοιο κορείην
κευθομένης, ὅτε πάντες, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
παιδὶ μιῇ θέλγοντο καὶ ἀγχιγάμου περὶ κούρης
Κυπριδίην ἔριν εἶχον ἀσυλήτων ὕμεναιων
δωροφόροι: μὴ πω δὲ μολῶν ἐπὶ δέμνια Πειθοῦς
575 ῥάβδον ἔην ἐτίτανε γέρας θαλαμηπόλον Ἑρμῆς,
ὥρεγε δ' ἔδνα γάμοιο λύρην εὐνυμνον Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ δόρυ καὶ θώρηκα γαμήλιον ὥπασεν Ἄρης
ἀσπίδα δῶρον ἄγων νυμφήιον, εὐκελάδου δὲ
Λήμνιος ἀρπιτέλεστον ἔτι πνείοντα καμίνου
580 ποικίλον ὄρμῶν ἔτεινε πολύχροον ἀμφιγυήεις:
ἦδη γὰρ προτέρην ἀέκων ἡρνήσατο νύμφην
Ἄρεϊ βακχευθεῖσαν ὀπιπεύων Ἀφροδίτην:
δείκνυε καὶ μακάρεσσι γαμοκλόπον ἄρπαγα λέκτρων,
ἀγγελίῃ Φαέθοντος ἀραχναίῳ τινὶ δεσμῷ
585 γυμνῇ γυμνὸν Ἄρῃα περισφιγξας Ἀφροδίτῃ.

[562] Semele was kept for a more brilliant union, for already Zeus ruling on high intended to make a new Dionysos grow up, a bullshaped copy of the older Dionysos; since he thought with regret of the illfated Zagreus. This was a son born to Zeus in the dragonbed by Persephoneia, the consort of the blackrobed king of the underworld; when Zeus put on a deceiving shape of many coils, as a gentle dragon twining around her in lovely curves, and ravished the maidenhood of unwedded Persephoneia; though she was hidden when all that dwelt in Olympos were bewitched by this one girl, rivals in love for the marriageable maid, and offered their dowers for an unsmirched bridal. Hermes had not yet gone to the bed of Peitho, and he offered his rod as a gift

to adorn her chamber. Apollo produced his melodious harp as a marriage-gift. Ares brought spear and cuirass for the wedding, and shield as a bride-gift. Lemnian Hephaistos held out a curious necklace of many colours, newmade and breathing still of the furnace, poor hobbler! for he had already, though unwilling, rejected his former bride Aphrodite, when he spied her rioting with Ares; he displayed her to the Blessed and the womanthief who had robbed his bed, when by information from Phaëthon he had entangled them in a spider's net, naked Ares with naked Aphrodite.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐθέλγετο Περσεφονείῃ:

καὶ Διὶ παπταίνοντι φυῆς εὐπάρθενον ἦβην
ὀφθαλμὸς προκέλευθος ἐγένετο πομπὸς Ἑρώτων,
Περσεφόνης ἀκόρητος: ὑπὸ κραδίῃν δέ οἱ αἰεὶ
590 λαίλαπτες ἐρροίζησαν ἀκοιμήτοιο μερίμνης:
καὶ Παφίης κατὰ βαιὸν ἀνήπττο μείζονι πυρσῷ
ἐξ ὀλίγου σπινθῆρος: ἐπ' εὐκόλῳ δὲ θεαίνῃ
Ζηγὸς ἐρωμανέοντος ἐδουλώθησαν ὀπωπαί.
καὶ ποτε χαλκὸν ἔχουσα διαυγέα τέρπετο κούρη
595 κάλλεος ἀντιτύποιο δικασπόλον, αὐτομάτῳ δὲ
σιγαλέῳ κήρυκι τύπον πιστώσατο μορφῆς
ψευδαλέον σκιοέντι δέμας κρίνουσα κατόπτρῳ,
μιμηλὴν δ' ἐγέλασεν ἐς εἰκόνα: Περσεφόνῃ δὲ
αὐτοχάρακτον ἄγαλμα διοπτεῖουσα προσώπου
600 ψευδομένης νόθον εἶδος ἐδέρκετο Περσεφονείης:
καὶ ποτε διψαλέοιο πυραυγεί καύματος ἄτμῳ
καρφαλέης φεύγουσα μεσημβρινὸν ἵχνιον Ὠρης
κερκίδος ἱστοπόνων καμάτων ἀμπαύετο κούρη,
καὶ διερὺς ἰδρῶτας ἀποσμήξασα προσώπου,
605 σφιγγομένην στέρνοισι σάοφρονα λύσατο μίτρην,
καὶ χρῶα λυσιπύνοισι καθικμαίνουσα λοετροῖς
πηγαίῳ πεφόρητο καταψύχοντι ῥέεθρῳ,
νήματα καλλεῖψασα πεπαρμένα Παλλάδος ἰσχύϊ.

[586] And Father Zeus was much more bewitched by Persephoneia. When Zeus spied the virgin beauty of her shape, his eye ran ahead of him to guide all the Loes, and could not have enough of Persephone; in his heart storms of unsleeping passion raged without ceasing, and gradually a greater furnace of the Paphian was kindled from a small spark; the gaze of lovemaddened Zeus was enslaved by the lovely breast of the goddess. Once she was amusing herself with a resplendent bronze plate, which reflected her face like a judge of beauty; and she confirmed the image of her shape by this free voiceless herald, testing the unreal form in the shadow of the mirror, and smiling at the mimic likeness. Thus Persephone gazed in the selfgraved portrait of her face, and beheld the selfimpressed aspect of a false Persephoneia. Once in the

scorching steam of thirsty heat, the girl would cease the loomtoiling labours of her shuttle at midday to shun the tread of the parching season, and wipe the running sweat from her face; she loosed the modest bodice which held her breast so tight, and moistened her skin with a refreshing bath, floating in the cool running stream, and left behind her threads fixt on the loom of Pallas.

οὐδὲ Διὸς λάθεν ὄμμα πανόψιον: ἀσκεπέος δὲ
610 λουομένης ὄλον εἶδος ἐδέρκετο Περσεφονείης:
οὐτόσον ἱμείρων ἐπεμήνατο Κυπρογενεῖη,
ἦν ποθέων ἀκίχητα γονὴν ἔσπειρεν ἄρουρῃ
θερμὸν ἀκοντίζων αὐτόσσυτον ἄφρον Ἐρώτων,
ἐνθεν ἀξιτόκοιο κεραστίδος ἔνδοθι Κύπρου
615 Φηρῶν εὐκεράων διδυμόχροος ἦνθεε φύτλη.
καὶ μεδέων κόσμοιο καὶ οὐρανὸν ἠνιοχεύων
εἰς πόθον αὐχένα κάμψεν ὁ τηλικός: οὐδὲ κεραυνοί,
οὐ στεροπὴ χραίσμησε κορυσσομένης Ἀφροδίτης:
Ἥρης δ' οἶκον ἔλειπε, λέχος δ' ἀπέειπε Διώνης,
620 Διοῦς ῥίψεν ἔρωτα, Θέμιν φύγε, κάλλιπε Λητώ,
μούνης δ' εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐθέλγετο Περσεφονείης.

[609] But she could not escape the allseeing eye of Zeus. He gazed at the whole body of Persephoneia, uncovered in her bath. Not so wild his desire had been for the Cyprian, when craving but not attaining he scattered his seed on the ground, and shot out the hot foam of love self-sown, where in the fruitful land of horned Cyprus flourished the two-coloured generation of wild creatures with horns. He – so mighty! the ruler of the universe, the charioteer of heaven, bowed his neck to desire – for all his greatness no thunderbolts, no lightnings helped him against Aphrodite in arms: he left the house of Hera, he refused the bed of Dione, he threw away the love of Deo, he fled from Themis, he deserted Leto – no charm was left for him but only in union with Persephoneia.

BOOK 6

Δίξεο θέσκελον ἔκτον, ὅπη Ζαγρῆα γεραίρων
γαίης ἔδρανα πάντα κατέκλυσεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς.
οὐδὲ πατὴρ τότε μοῦνος ἔχεν πόθον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἐν βέλος ἴσον ἔχοντες, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
Δηῶης ὑμέναιον ἐεδνώσαντο θεαίνης.
ἐνθα σέλας ῥοδέοιο διαλλάξασα προσώπου
5 ἄλγεσι κυμαίνοντα νόον μαστίζετο Δηῶ:
καὶ κεφαλῆς γονόεσσαν ἀπεσφήκωσε καλὺπτην,
αὔχενίης λύσασα καθειμένα βόστρυχα χαίτης,
παιδὶ περιφρίσσουσα· βαρυνομένης δὲ θεαίνης
δάκρυσιν αὐτοχῦτοισι καθικμαίνοντο παρειαί,
10 ὅττι τόσους μνηστῆρας ἐνὶ φλογόεντι βελέμνω
εἰς ἔριν οἰστρηθέντας ὁμοζήλων ὑμεναίων
ξυνὸς Ἔρωσ βάκχευεν, ἀμιλλητῆρας Ἑρώτων·
πάντας μὲν τρομέεσκε, τὸ δὲ πλεόν ὄμπνια μήτηρ
παιδὸς ἔχειν Ἥφαιστον ἐδείδιδε χωλὸν ἀκοίτην.

BOOK VI

*Look for marvels in the sixth, where in honouring Zagreus, all the settlements
on the earth were drowned by Rainy Zeus.*

Not the Father alone felt desire; but all that dwelt in Olympus had the same, struck by one bolt, and wooed for a union with Deo's divine daughter. Then Deo lost the brightness of her rosy face, her swelling heart was lashed by sorrows. She untied the fruitful frontlet from her head, and shook loose the long locks of hair over her neck, trembling for her girl; the cheeks of the goddess were moistened with self-running tears, in her sorrow that so many wooers had been stung with one fiery shot for a struggle of rival wooing, by maddening Eros, all contending together for their loves. From all the bounteous mother shrank, but specially she feared Hephaistos to be her daughter's lame bedfellow.

15 καὶ δόμον Ἀστραίοιο μετέστιχεν εὖποδι ταρσῶ,
δαίμονος ὁμφήντος· ὀπισθοπόρων δὲ κομᾶων
ἄπλοκον ἀσταθέεσσιν ἐσειετο βόστρυχον αὖραις.
τὴν μὲν ἰδὼν ἠγγειλεν Ἑωσφόρος· εἰσαῖων δὲ
ῶρτο γέρων Ἀστραῖος· ὁ μὲν γραμμῆσι χαράσσω
20 κυανέην ἐνέπασσε κόνιν περὶ νῶτα τραπέζης,
καὶ τυπόων ἐλικηδὸν ὑπ' ἀγκυλόδοντι σιδήρῳ
πυθμένα τετράπλευρον ἐπέγραφεν αἶθοπι τέφρῃ,

καὶ τύπον ἄλλον ἔτευξεν ἰσογλώχινι τριγώνῳ.
 ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν μεθέηκε καὶ ἦλυθεν ἄγχι θυράων
 25 ἀντιῶν Δήμητρι: διεσσυμένων δὲ μελάθρου
 ἔσπερος ἡγεμόνευε, καὶ εἰς θρόνον ἵδρυε Δηῷ
 πατρὸς ἐοῦ παρὰ θῶκον: ὁμοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
 νεκταρέου κεράσαντες ἀπὸ κρητῆρος Ἀῖται
 δαίμονα λυσιπόνοισιν ἐδεικνάνωντο κυπέλλοις
 30 υἱέες Ἀστραίοιο: πειλὶν δ' ἡρνήσατο Δηῷ
 Περσεφόνης μεθύουσα μεληδόνι: μουντοκοί γὰρ
 τηλυγέτους διὰ παῖδας ἀεὶ τρομέουσι τοκῆες:

[15] She hastened with quick foot to the house of Astraios the god of prophecy; her hair flowed behind her unbraided and the clusters were shaking in the fitful winds. Eosphoros saw her and brought the news. Old Astraios heard it and arose; he had covered the surface of a table with dark dust, where he was describing in traced lines a circle with the tooth of his rounding tool, within which he inscribed a square in the dark ashes, and another figure with three equal sides and angles. He left all this, and rose and came towards the door to meet Demeter. As they hastened through the hall, Hesperos led Deo to a chair beside his father's seat; with equal affection the Winds, the sons of Astraios, welcomed the goddess with refreshing cups of nectar which was ready mixt in the bowl. But Deo refused to drink, being tipsy with Persephone's trouble: parents of an only child ever tremble for their beloved children.

ἀλλὰ μόγις παρέπεισεν ἀναινομένην ἔτι Δηῷ
 ἥδυεπῆς Ἀστραῖος ἔχων θελξιφρονα Πειθῷ.
 35 ἔνθα γέρων μέγα δεῖπνον ἐπήρτυεν, ὄφρα μερίμνας
 θυμοδακεῖς Δήμητρος ἀποσκεδάσειε τραπέζῃ.
 καὶ πίσυρες λαγόνεσσι καθαψάμενοι τελαμῶνας
 πατρὸς ὑποδρηστήρες ἐμιτρώθησαν Ἀῖται:
 νεκταρέῳ δὲ κύπελλα παρὰ κρητῆρι τιταίνων
 40 εὖρος ἐωνοχόει, προχόῳ δ' ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ
 εἶχε Νότος, Βορέης δὲ φέρων ἐπέθηκε τραπέζῃ
 ἄμβροσιν, Ζέφυρος δὲ περιθλίβων θρόον αὐλοῦ
 εἰαρινοῖς δονάκεσσι μελιζέτο θῆλυς Ἀήτης:
 καὶ στεφάνους ἔπλεξεν Ἐωσφόρος ἄνθεα δῆσας
 45 ὀρθινοῖς κομόωντα δροσιζόμενοισι κορύμβοις:
 καὶ νυχίου λαμπτήρος ἐθήμονα πυρσὸν αἰείρας
 ἔσπερος ὀρχηστῆρι ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο ταρσῶ
 πάλλων καμπύλον ἵχνος, ἐπεὶ πέλε πομπὸς Ἑρώτων,
 καὶ σκαρθμῶ μεμέλητο χοροπλεκέων ὕμεναίων.

[33] But Astraios was one of sweet words, who possessed mind-bewitching Persuasion, and with great pains he persuaded Deo to consent while still denying. Then the ancient prepared a great spread, that he might dispel Demeter's heart-piercing cares by his tables. The four Winds fitted aprons round their waists as their father's waiters. Euros held out the cups by the mixing-bowl and poured in the nectar, Notos had the water ready in his jug for the meal, Boreas brought the ambrosia and set it on the table, Zephyros fingering the notes of the hoboy made a tune on his reeds of spring-time – a womanish Wind this! Eosphoros plaited garlands of flowers in posies yet proud with the morning dew; Hesperos held aloft the torch which is wont to give light in the night, and spun about with dancing leg while he tossed high his curving foot – for he is the escort of the Loves, well practised in the skipping tracery of the bridal dance.

50 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μετὰ δαῖτα θεὰ κεκόρητο χορείης
σεισαμένη βαρὺ κέντρον ἀμερσινόοιο μερίμνης,
μαντοσύνην ἐρέεινε, φιλοστόργου δὲ γεραιοῦ
λαιῇ μὲν παλάμῃ γονάτων θίγε, λισσομένη δὲ
δεξιτερῇ ψαύεσκε βαθυσμήριγγος ὑπῆνης:
55 καὶ πολέας μνηστῆρας ἔῃς μυθήσατο κούρης
θέσφατα μαστεύουσα παρήγορα: μαντοσύναι γὰρ
ἐλπῖσιν ἔσσομένησιν ὑποκλέπτουσιν ἀνίας.

[50] After the banquet, as soon as the goddess had had enough of the dance, she threw off the heavy goad of mindmaddening care and inquired of the seer's art. She laid her left hand on the knees of the kindly ancient, and with her right touched his deepflowing beard in supplication. She recounted all her daughter's wooers and craved a comfortable oracle; for divinations can steal away anxieties by means of hopes to come.

οὐδὲ γέρων Ἀστραῖος ἀναίνετο: μουντοκόου δὲ
κούρης ἀρτιλόχευτα γενέθλια μέτρα νοήσας
60 καὶ χρόνον οὐ πταίοντα καὶ ἀπλανέος δρόμον Ὠρης
ἀρχεγόνου, κάμψας δὲ μετὰτροπα δάκτυλα χειρῶν
ἀμφὶ παλιννόστοιο μετήλυδα κύκλον ἀριθμοῦ
ἐκ παλάμης παλάμῃ διεμέτρεε διζυγί παλμῶ:
καὶ οἱ κεκλομένῳ θεράπων εὐκυκλον αἶερας
65 σφαῖραν ἐλισσομένην, τύπον αἰθέρος, εἰκόνα κόσμου,
Ἀστερίων παρέθηκε λαβὼν ἐπὶ πώματι χηλοῦ.
ἔνθα γέρων πεπόνητο, καὶ ἄξονος ἄκρον ἐλίσσων
ζωδιακὸν περὶ κύκλον ἐὴν ἐτίταιεν ὀπωπῆν
λεύσσων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα καὶ ἀπλανέας καὶ ἀλήτας:
70 καὶ πόλον ἀμφελέλιζε: πολυστροφάλιγγι δὲ ῥιπῇ

εἷς δρόμον ἀστήρικτον ἀτέρμονι κάμπτετο νύσση
 ἄστρασι ποιητοῖσι νόθος κυκλοῦμενος αἰθήρ,
 ἄξονι μεσσατίῳ τετορημένος: εὗρε δὲ δαίμων
 σφαῖραν ἰδὼν στεφανηδόν, ὅτι πλήθοντι προσώπω
 75 ἀγκύλα συνδέσμοιο διέτρεχε νῶτα Σελήνη,
 καὶ Φαέθων ἰσόμοιρος ἔην ἀντώπιδι Μήνη
 κέντρῳ ὑποχθονίῳ πεφορημένος, ἀχλύεις δὲ
 κῶνος ἀερσιπότητος ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὄξυς ἀνέρπων
 ἀντίτυπον Φαέθοντος ὄλην ἐκάλυψε Σελήνην:
 80 καὶ γαμῖης φιλότητος ἀμιλλητῆρας ἀκούων
 Ἄρεα διέζετο μᾶλλον, ὑπὲρ δυτικοῦ δὲ μελάθρου
 φῶρα γάμων ἐνόησε σὺν ἀστέρι Κυπρογενεῖης
 ἐσπερίῳ: καὶ κλῆρον ἐπώνυμον εὗρε τοκήων
 παρθενικῆς ἀστραῖον ὑπὸ στάχυν: ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ
 85 ὀμβροτόκου Κρονίδαο Φαεσφόρος ἔτρεχεν ἀστήρ.

[58] Nor did old Astraios refuse. He learnt the details of the day when her only child was new born, and the exact time and veritable course of the season which gave her birth; then he bent the turning fingers of his hands and measured the moving circle of the ever-recurring number counting from hand to hand in double exchange. He called a servant, and Asterion lifted a round revolving sphere, the shape of the sky, the image of the universe, and laid it upon the lid of a chest. Here the ancient got to work. He turned it upon its pivot, and directed his gaze round the circle of the Zodiac, scanning in this place and that planets and fixed stars. He rolled the pole about with push, and the counterfeit sky went rapidly round and round in mobile course with a perpetual movement, carrying the artificial stars about the axle set through the middle. Observing the sphere with a glance all round, the deity found that the Moon at the full was crossing the curved line of her conjunction, and the Sun was half through his course opposite the Moon moving at his central point under the earth; a pointed cone of darkness creeping from the earth into the air opposite to the Sun hid the whole Moon. Then when he heard the rivals for wedded love, he looked especially for Ares, and espied the wife-robber over the sunset house along with the evening star of the Cyprian. He found the portion called the Portion of the Parents under the Virgin's starry corn-ear; and round the Ear ran the light-bearing star of Cronides, father of rain.

ἀλλ' ὅτε πάντα νόησεν ἀριθμήσας ἔτιν ἄστρον,
 σφαῖραν ἀειδίνητον ἀνέκρυφε κοιλάδι κίστη,
 σφαῖραν ποικιλόντων: ἀνειρομένη δὲ θεαίνῃ
 τριπλόον ὀμφαίης ἀνερεύγετο θέσφατον ἥχοϋς:
 90 'Δημῆτερ φιλότεκνος, ὑπὸ σκιοειδέι κώνῳ
 κλεπτομένης ἀκτῖνος ἀφωτίστοιο Σελήνης
 νυμφίον ἀρπακτῆρα φυλάσσειο Περσεφονείης

κρυπτόν ἀσυλήτοιο τεῆς λήϊστορα κούρης,
εἰ λῖνα Μοιράων ἐπιπείθεται: ἀπροιῶν δὲ
95 ἀθρήσεις πρὸ γάμοιο νόθον λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην
θηρομιγῇ δολόμητιν, ἐπεὶ δυτικῶ παρὰ κέντρῳ
σὺν Παφίῃ στείχοντα γαμοκλόπον Ἄρεα λεύσσω,
ἀμφοτέροις δὲ Δράκοντα παραντέλλοντα δοκεύω.
ὀλβίστην ἐνέπω σε: σὺ γὰρ τετράζυγι κόσμῳ
100 ἔσσεαι ἀγλαόκαρπος, ὅτι χθονὶ καρπὸν ὀπάσσεις
ἀτρυγέτω: κούρης γὰρ ὑπὲρ κλήροιο τοκῆων
παρθένος Ἀστραίῃ σταχυώδεα χεῖρα τιταίνει.’

[86] When he had noticed everything and reckoned the circuit of the stars, he put away the ever-revolving sphere in its roomy box, the sphere with its curious surface; and in answer to the goddess he mouthed out a triple oracle of prophetic sound: “Fond mother Demeter, when the rays of the Moon are stolen under a shady cone and her light is gone, guard against a robber-bridegroom for Persephoneia, a secret ravisher of your unsmirched girl, if the threads of the Fates can be persuaded. You will see before marriage a false and secret bedfellow come unforeseen, a half-monster cunning-minded: since I perceive by the western point Ares the wife-stealer walking with the Paphian, and I notice the Dragon rising beside them both. But I proclaim you most happy: for you will be known for glorious fruits in the four quarters of the universe, because you shall bestow fruit on the barren soil; since the Virgin Astraia holds out her hand full of corn for the destined lot of your girl’s parents.”

ὥς φάμενος μαντῶν ὑπὸ στόμα κοίμισεν ὄμφην.
ἀλλ’ ὅτε Δημήτηρ δρεπανηφόρος ἑλπίδα καρπῶν
105 ἔσσομένων ἤκουσε καὶ αὐτοκέλευστον ἀκοίτην
τηλυγέτης ἀδμήτος ἀνέγγυνον ἄρπαγα κούρης,
ἔστενε μειδιῶσα: δι’ ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
οἶκον εὐν σπεύδουσα κατηφεί δύσατο ταρσῶ
καὶ ζυγὸν εὐδίνητον ἐχιδναίῃ παρὰ φάτνῃ
110 ἀμφιταλαντεύσασα λόφῳ διδυμάωνι θηρῶν
ἄζυγας ἐρπηστήρας ἐπεσφῆκωσε λεπάδνῳ:
καὶ γένυν ἀγκυλόδοντι περισφίγγουσα χαλινῶ
ξανθοφυῆς βλοσυροῖο δι’ ἄρματος ἤγαγε Διῶν
παῖδα καλυπτομένην νεφέλης κυανάμπυκι μίτρῃ,
115 καὶ κτύπον ἀντικέλευθον ἐπιβρομέοντος ἀπήνῃ
θηρονόμῳ μᾶστιγι κατερροίζησε Βορήος,
ἥερις ἱππηδὸν ἐπεσσυμένων δρόμον αὖρης
ἀσταθέων πτερὰ κοῦφα περιστέλλουσα δρακόντων
ἀμφὶ κέρας Λιβυκοῖο παλίσσυστον Ὠκεανοῖο.
120 Δικταίης δ’ αἰούσα μέλος κορυθαίολον ἤχοϋς

Κρήτα χορὸν παράμειβε βαρυσμαράγοιο βοείης
 νῶτα περισκαίροντα κυβιστητῆρι σιδήρῳ.
 καὶ τινα λάινον οἶκον ἔποπτεῦνουςα θεαίνῃ
 Σικελίης τριλόφοιο Πελωρίδα δύσατο πέτρην
 125 Ἀδριάδας παρὰ θῖνας, ὅπῃ χύσις ἄστατος ἄλμης
 εἰς δύσιν ἐλκομένη περικάμπτεται εἵκελος ἄρπῃ,
 εἰς Λίβα πομπεῦνουςα Βορειόθεν ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ:
 καί, Κυανῇν ὅθι πυκνὰ ῥόος χυτλώσατο κούρην
 κρηναίῳ στροφάλιγγι χέων ὀπτήριον ὕδωρ,
 130 γείτονα κόλπον ὅπωπεν ἰσοσταθέοντα μελάθρῳ,
 λαϊνέης ὀρόφοιο περιστεφθέντα καλύπτρῃ,
 ὦν φύσις ἐθρίγκωσε χαραδραίῳ πυλεῶνι

[103] This said, he let the oracular voice sleep in his mouth. But when Demeter Sickbearer heard the hope of coming fruits, and how one uninvited and unbetrothed was to ravish her beloved maiden girl, she groaned and smiled at once, and hastening by the paths of high heaven she entered her own house with despondent step. Then beside the dragon-manger she balanced the curved yoke over the two necks of the monsters, and fastened the untamed crawlers with the yokestrap, pressing their jaws about the crooktooth bit. So goldenbrown Deo in that grim car conveyed her girl hidden in a black veil of cloud. Boreas roared like thunder against the passage of the wagon, but she whistled him down with her monster-driving whip, guiding the light wings of the quick dragons as they sped horselike along the course of the wind, through the sky and round the back-reaching cape of the Libyan Ocean. She heard the music of the helmeted Cretan troop resounding in Dicte, as they danced about with the tumbling steel thundering heavy upon their oxhide shields. The goddess passed them by, looking for a stony harbourage; and she alighted among the Pelorian cliffs of Threepeak Sicily near the Adriatic shores, where the restless briny flood is driven towards the west and bends round like a sickle, bringing the current in a curve to southwest from the north. And in the place where that River had often bathed the maiden Cyane, pouring his water in fountain-showers as a bridegift, she saw a neighbouring grotto like a lofty hall crowned and concealed by a roof of stone, which nature had completed with a rocky gateway and a loom of stone tended by the neighbouring Nymphs.

λάινον ἰστὸν ἔχοντα μεμηλὸτα γείτοσι Νύμφαις.
 καὶ θεὸς ὀρφναίοιο διερπύζουσα μελάθρου
 135 παῖδα πολυσφρήγιστον ἐνέκρυφε φωλάδι πέτρῃ:
 λυσαμένη δὲ δράκοντας ἑυπτερύγων ἀπὸ δίφρων
 τὸν μὲν δεξιτεροῖο παρὰ πρηῶνα θυρέτρου,
 τὸν δὲ λιθογλώχινᾳ πύλης παρὰ λαιὸν ὀχῆα
 στήσεν ἀθηήτοιο φυλάκτορα Περσεφονείης:

140 κεῖθι δὲ Καλλιγένειαν, ἔην εὖπαιδα τιθήνην,
κάλλιπε σὺν ταλάροισι, καὶ ὀππόσα θήλει φύτλῃ
Παλλάδος εὐπαλάμοιο νέμει ταλασῆιος ἰδρώς·
καὶ ποσὶν ἥερα τέμνεν, ἔρημονόμοις δὲ φυλάξαι
καμπύλα πετραίῃσιν ἐπέτρεπεν ἄρματα Νύμφαις.

[134] The goddess passed through the dark hall, and concealed her daughter well-secured in this hollow rock. Then she loosed the dragons from the winged car; one she placed by the jutting rock on the right of the door, one on the left beside the stone-pointed barrier of the entry, to protect Persephoneia unseen. There also she left Calligeneia, her own fond nurse, with her baskets, and all that cleverhand Pallas gives to make womankind sweat over their woolspinning. Then she left her rounded chariot for the Nymphs to watch, in their lonely home among the rocks, and cut the air with her feet.

145 ἀμφὶ δὲ καρχαρόδοντα γένυν πεπόνητο σιδήρου
εἰροκόμῳ ξαίνουσα περὶ κτενὶ λήνεα κούρη,
ἤλακάτῃ δ' ἐνέλισσε: πολυστροφάδεσσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
εἰλυφῶν ἄτρακτος ἔλιξ βητάρμονι παλμῷ
νηθομένων ἐχόρευε μίτων κυκλούμενος ὀλκῷ:
150 καὶ ποσὶ φοιταλέοισι παλίνδρομος ἄκρον ἅπ' ἄκρου
πρωτοπαγῇ ποίησε διάσματα, φάρεος ἀρχήν,
ἰστῷ δ' ἀμφὶς ἔλισσεν: ὕφαινε δὲ κερκίδι κούρη
πηνίον ἐξέλκουσα παρὲκ μίτον, ἀμφὶ δὲ πέπλῳ
γυνωτὴν ἰστοτέλειαν ἔην ἐλίγαινεν Ἀθήνην.

[145] The girl busied herself in carding fleeces of wool under the sharp teeth of the iron comb. She packed the wool on the distaff, and the twirling spindle with many a twist and jerk ran round and round in dancing step, as the threads were spun and drawn through the fingers. She fixed the first threads of the warp which begins the cloth, and gave them a turn round the beam, moving from end to end to and fro with unrelaxing feet. She wove away, plying the rod and pulling the bobbin along through the threads, while she sang over the cloth to her cousin Athena the clever Webster.

155 παρθένε Περσεφόνεια, σὺ δ' οὐ γάμον εὖρες ἀλύξαι,
ἀλλὰ δρακοντείοισιν ἐνυμφεῦθης ὕμεναιοις,
Ζεὺς ὅτε πολυέλικτος ἀμειβομένοιο προσώπου
νυμφίος ἱμερόεντι δράκων κυκλούμενος ὀλκῷ
εἰς μυχὸν ὄρφναίοιο διέστιχε παρθενεῶνος,
160 σείων δαυλὰ γένεια: παρισταμένων δὲ θυρέτρῳ
εὐνάσεν ἰσοτύπων πεφορημένος ὄμμα δρακόντων...
καὶ γαμίαις γενύεσσι δέμας λιχμάζετο κούρη

μείλιχος. αἰθερίων δὲ δρακοντείων ὕμεναιῶν
Περσεφόνης γονόεντι τόκῳ κυμαίνεται γαστήρ,
165 Ζαγρέα γειναμένη, κερόεν βρέφος, ὃς Διὸς ἔδρης
μοῦνος ἐπουρανίης ἐπεβήσατο, χειρὶ δὲ βαιῖ
ἀστεροπὴν ἐλέλιξε νεηγενέος δὲ φορῆος
νηπιάχοις παλάμησιν ἐλαφρίζοντο κεραυνοί.

[155] Ah, maiden Persephoneia! You could not find how to escape your mating!
No, a dragon was your mate, when Zeus changed his face and came, rolling in
many a loving coil through the dark to the corner of the maiden's chamber,
and shaking his hairy chaps: he lulled to sleep as he crept the eyes of those
creatures of his own shape who guarded the door. He licked the girl's form
gently with wooing lips. By this marriage with the heavenly dragon, the
womb of Persephone swelled with living fruit, and she bore Zagreus the
horned baby, who by himself climbed upon the heavenly throne of Zeus and
brandished lightning in his little hand, and newly born, lifted and carried the
thunderbolts in his tender fingers.

οὐδὲ Διὸς θρόνον εἶχεν ἐπὶ χρόνον: ἀλλὰ ἐ γύψῳ
170 κερδαλέῃ χρισθέντες ἐπὶ κλοπα κύκλα προσώπου
δαίμονος ἀστόργοιο χόλῳ βαρυμήνιος Ἥρης
Ταρταρίῃ Τιτῆνες ἐδηλήσαντο μαχαίρῃ
ἀντιτύπῳ νόθον εἶδος ὀπιπεύοντα κατόπτρῳ.
ἔνθα διχαζομένων μελέων Τιτῆνι σιδήρῳ
175 τέρμα βίου Διόνυσος ἔχων παλινάγρετον ἀρχὴν
ἄλλοφυῆς μορφοῦτο πολυσπερὲς εἶδος ἁμείβων,
πῆ μὲν ἄτε Κρονίδης δόλιος νέος αἰγίδα σείων,
πῆ δὲ γέρων βαρύγουνος ἄτε Κρόνος ὄμβρον ἰάλλων:
ἄλλοτε ποικιλόμορφον ἔην βρέφος, ἄλλοτε κούρῳ
180 εἵκελος οἴστρηθέντι, νέον δὲ οἱ ἄνθος ἰούλων
ἄκροκελαινιόωντα κατέγραφε κύκλα προσώπου:
πῆ δὲ χόλῳ δασπλῆτι λέων μιμηλὸς ἰάλλων
φρικαλέον βρύχημα σεσηρότι μαίνεται λαμῶ,
ὀρθώσας πυκινῇσι κατάσκιον αὐχένα χαίταις,
185 ἁμφελελιζομένης λασιότριχος ὑπόθι νώτου
αὐτομάτῃ μᾶστιγι περιστίζων δέμας οὐρῆς:
ἔνθα λεοντείοιο λιπῶν Ἰνδαλμα προσώπου
ὑψιλόφῳ χρεμετισμὸν ὁμοῖον ἔβρεμεν ἵππῳ
ἄζυγι, γαῦρον ὀδόντα μετοχμάζοντι χαλινοῦ,
190 καὶ πολὺ λεύκαινε περιτρίβων γένυν ἀφρῶ:
ἄλλοτε ῥοιζήεντα χέων συριγμὸν ὑπῆνης
ἁμφιλαφῆς φολίδεσσι δράκων ἐλέλικτο κεράσσης,
γλῶσσαν ἔχων προβλήτα κεχηνότος ἀνθερεῶνος,
καὶ βλοσυρῶ Τιτῆνος ἐπεσκίρτησε καρήνῳ

195 ὄρμον ἔχιδνήεντα περίπλοκον αὐχένι δῆσας:
καὶ δέμας ἐρπηστήρος ἀειδίνητον ἑάσας
τιγρίς ἔην, στίξας δέμας αἰόλον: ἄλλοτε ταῦρῳ
ἰσοφύης, στομάτων δὲ νόθον μυκηθμὸν ἰάλλων
θηγαλέῃ Τιτῆνας ἀνεστυφέλιξε κεραίῃ.
200 καὶ ψυχῆς προμάχιζεν, ἕως ζηλήμονι λαίμῳ
τρηχαλέον μύκημα δι' ἥερος ἔβρεμεν Ἥρη,
μητρυνὴ βαρύμηνης, ἰσοφθόγγῳ δὲ θεαίνῃ
αἰθέριον κελάδημα πύλαι κανάχιζον Ὀλύμπου,
καὶ θρασὺς ὤκλασε ταῦρος: ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ φονῆς
205 ταυροφυῇ Διόνυσον ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ.

[169] But he did not hold the throne of Zeus for long. By the fierce resentment of implacable Hera, the Titans cunningly smeared their round faces with disguising chalk, and while he contemplated his changeling countenance reflected in a mirror they destroyed him with an infernal knife. There where his limbs had been cut piecemeal by the Titan steel, the end of his life was the beginning of a new life as Dionysos. He appeared in another shape, and changed into many forms: now young like crafty Cronides shaking the aegis-cape, now as ancient Cronos heavy-kneed, pouring rain. Sometimes he was a curiously formed baby, sometimes like a mad youth with the flower of the first down marking his rounded chin with black. Again, a mimic lion he uttered a horrible roar in furious rage form a wild snarling throat, as he lifted a neck shadowed by a thick mane, marking his body on both sides with the self-striking whip of a tail which flickered about over his hairy back. Next, he left the shape of a lion's looks and let out a ringing neigh, now like an unbroken horse that lifts his neck on high to shake out the imperious tooth of the bit, and rubbing, whitened his cheek with hoary foam. Sometimes he poured out a whistling hiss from his mouth, a curling horned serpent covered with scales, darting out his tongue from his gaping throat, and leaping upon the grim head of some Titan encircled his neck in snaky spiral coils. Then he left the shape of the restless crawler and became a tiger with gay stripes on his body; or again like a bull emitting a counterfeit roar from his mouth he butted the Titans with sharp horn. So he fought for his life, until Hera with jealous throat bellowed harshly through the air – that heavy-resentful stepmother! and the gates of Olympus rattled in echo to her jealous throat from high heaven. Then the bold bull collapsed: the murderers each eager for his turn with the knife chopt piecemeal the bull-shaped Dionysos.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ, προτέροιο δαΐζομένου Διονύσου
γινώσκων σκιδόντα τύπον δοδίοιο κατόπτρου,
μητέρα Τιτῆνων ἑλάσας ποινήτορι πυρσῷ
Ζαγρέος εὐκεράοιο κατεκλήσισε φονῆας
210 Ταρταρίῳ πυλεῶνι: καὶ αἰθομένων ἀπὸ δένδρων

θερμὰ βαρυνομένης ἔμαραινετο βόστρυχα γαίης.
 ἀντολὴν δ' ἔφλεξε καὶ αἰθαλόεντι βελέμνῳ
 αἶθετο Βάκτριον οὔδας ἑώιον, ἀγχιπόροις δὲ
 κύμασιν Ἀσσυρίοισιν ἑδαίετο Κάσπιον ὕδωρ,
 215 Ἰνδῶοι τε τένοντες: Ἐρυθραίοιο δὲ κόλπου
 ἔμπυρα κυμαίνοντος Ἄραψ θερμαίνεται Νηρεὺς.
 καὶ δύσιν ἀντικέλευθον ἑῷ πρήνιξε κεραυνῷ
 Ζεὺς πυρόεις φιλότεκνος: ὑπὸ Ζεφύροιο δὲ ταρσῷ
 ἡμιδαῆς σέδας ὕγρον ἀπέπτυνεν ἔσπερὶς ἄλμη,
 220 Ἀρκτῶοι τε τένοντες: ὁμοφλεγέος δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
 πηγνυμένης πάφλαξε Βορῆια νῶτα θαλάσσης:
 καὶ Νοτίου νιφόεσσαν ὑπὸ κλίσιν Αἰγοκερῆος
 θερμότερῳ σπινθῆρι μεσημβρινὸς ἔξεν ἀγκών.

[206] After the first Dionysos had been slaughtered, Father Zeus learnt the trick of the mirror with its reflected image. He attacked the mother of the Titans with avenging brand, and shut up the murderers of horned Dionysos within the gate of Tartaros: the trees blazed, the hair of suffering Earth was scorched with heat. He kindled the East: the dawnlands of Bactria blazed under blazing bolts, the Assyrian waves set afire the neighbouring Caspian Sea and the Indian mountains, the Red Sea rolled billows of flame and warmed Arabian Nereus. The opposite West also fiery Zeus blasted with his thunderbolt in love for his child; and under the foot of Zephyros the western brine half-burnt spat out a shining stream; the Northern ridges – even the surface of the frozen Northern Sea bubbled and burned: under the clime of snowy Aigoceros the Southern corner boiled with hotter sparks.

καὶ διεροῖς βλεφάροις ποταμῆια δάκρυα λείβων
 225 Ὠκεανὸς λιτάνευε χέων ἱκετήσιον ὕδωρ:
 Ζεὺς δὲ χόλον πρήνυε, μαραινομένην δὲ καραυνῷ
 γαῖαν ἰδὼν ἐλέαιρε, καὶ ἦθελεν ὕδατι νίψαι
 λύματα τεφρήεντα καὶ ἔμπυρον ἔλκος ἀρούρης.

[224] Now Oceanos poured rivers of tears from his watery eyes, a libation of suppliant prayer. Then Zeus calmed his wrath at the sight of the scorched earth; he pitied her, and wished to wash with water the ashes of ruin and the fiery wounds of the land.

καὶ τότε γαῖαν ἅπασαν ἐπέκλυσεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς
 230 πυκνώσας νεφέεσσιν ὅλον πόλον, οὐρανὴν δὲ
 βρονταίοις πατάγοισι Διὸς μυκήσατο σάλπιγξ,
 ἀστέρες ὅππότε πάντες ἐνὶ σφετέροισι μελάνθοις
 κερκίμενοι δρόμον εἶχον, ἐπεὶ τετράζυγι δίφρῳ

ἥελιος σελάγιζε λεοντείων ἐπὶ νώτων
 235 ἱππεύων ἐὼν οἶκον: ἐπιτροχώωσα δὲ δίφρῳ
 καρκίνον ὀκταπόδην τριφυῆς κυκλοῦτο Σελήνη,
 καὶ δροσερὴν ὑπὸ πέζαν ἰσημερίῳ παρὰ κύκλῳ
 Κύπρις ἀπὸ Κριοῖο μεταστήσασα κεραίης
 εἰαρινὸν δόμον εἶχεν, ἀχείμονα Ταῦρον Ὀλύμπου,
 240 γείτων δ' Ἡελίοιο προάγγελον Ἰστοβοῆος
 σκορπίον εἶχεν Ἄρης, μιτρούενον αἰῖθοπι Ταύρῳ,
 δόχμιος ἀντικέλευθον ὀππεύων Ἀφροδίτην,
 καὶ τελέων λυκάβαντα δυωδεκάμηνος ὁδίτης
 ἰχθύας ἀστερόεντας ἐπέτρεχεν ἀκρόνυχος Ζεὺς,
 245 δεξιτερὴν τρίπλευρον ἔχων ἐλικῶδεα Μήνην,
 καὶ Κρόνος ὄμβρια νῶτα διέστιχεν Αἰγοκερῆος
 φέγγει παχνήεντι διάβροχος, ἀμφὶ δὲ φαιδρῇ
 παρθενικῇ πτερύγεσσιν ἔην ὑψούμενος Ἑρμῆς,

[229] The Rainy Zeus covered the whole sky with clouds and flooded all the earth. Zeus's heavenly trumpet bellowed with its thunderclaps, while all the stars moved in their appointed houses: when the Sun in his four-horse chariot drove shining over the Lion's back, his own house; the Moon of threefold form rolled in her onrunning car over the eightfoot Crab; Cypris in her equinoctial course under the dewy region had left the Ram's horn behind, and held her spring-time house in the heavenly Bull which knows no winter; the Sun's neighbour Ares possessed the Scorpion, harbinger of the Plow, encircled by the blazing Bull, and ogled Aphrodite opposite with a sidelong glance; Zeus of nightfall, the twelvemonth traveller who completes the lichtgang, was treading on the starry Fishes, having on his right he round-faced Moon in trine; Cronos passed through the showery back of Aigoceros drenched in the frosty light; round the bright Maiden, Hermes was poised on his pinions, because as a dispenser of justice he had Justice for his house.

ὅττι Δίκην δόμον εἶχε δικασπὸλος, ἐπταπόρου δὲ
 250 αἰθέρος ὑδατόεντες ἀνωίχθησαν ὀχῆες
 Ζηνὸς ἐπομβρήσαντος: ἐριφλοίσβοιο δὲ κόλπου
 κρουνοῖς πλειοτέροισιν ἐμυκήσαντο χαράδραι,
 ὕδρηλαὶ δὲ θυγάτρες ἀποσπάδες Ὠκεανοῖο
 λίμναι ἐκουφίζοντο, καὶ ἡέρι νέρτερον ὕδωρ
 255 κρουνοὶ ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀνέβλυον Ὠκεανοῖο,
 καὶ σκοπιαὶ ραθάμιζον, ὀρεσσιχύτῳ δὲ ῥέεθρῳ
 δοψαλέαι ποταμηδὼν ἐμορμύροντο κολῶναι:
 ὑψώθη δὲ θάλασσα, καὶ εἰς ὄρος ὑψόθι λόχμης
 Νηρεῖδες γεγάσιν Ὀρειάδες, ἃ μέγα δειλὴ,
 260 χερσὶν ἀπειρήτοισιν ἐνήχετο παρθένος Ἥχῳ
 ἀρχαίης φόβον ἄλλον ἀμειβομένη περὶ μίτρης,

μή ποτε Πᾶνα φυγοῦσα Ποσειδάωνι μιγείη.
 ποντοπόροι δὲ λέοντες ἀήθεος ἔνδοθι πέτρης
 χερσαίων ἐχόρευον ἐνὶ σπήλυγγι λεόντων
 265 μυδαλέοις μελέεσσι: χαραδραῖω δ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ
 εἰναλίῳ δελφῖνι συνήντετο κάπρος ἀλήτης:
 καὶ ξυνοῖς ῥοθίοισιν ὀρεσσιχύτου νιφετοῖο
 θῆρες ἐναυτίλλοντο σὺν ἰχθύσιν: εἰλικόεις δὲ
 πούλυπος οὖρεσίφοιτος ἐπεσκίρτησε λαγωῷ.
 270 καὶ διεροὶ Τρίτωνες ὑπὸ σφυρὰ φωλάδος ὕλης
 ἔγχλοον αἰθύσσοντες ἐπ' ἔξυι δίπτυχον οὐρήν
 Πανὸς ὀρεσσαύλοισιν ἐνεκρύπτοντο μελᾶθροι,
 σύμπλοον ἡερίοισιν ἐπτιρέψαντες ἀήταις
 στικτὴν ἠθάδα κόχλον: ἐν εὐύδρῳ δὲ κολώνῃ
 275 Πανὶ φιλοσκοπέλῳ μετανάστιος ἦντετο Νηρεὺς,
 καὶ ναέτης πετραῖος ὄρος μετὰ πόντον ἀμείβων
 μυδαλέην σύριγγα διαπλώουσαν ἑάσας:
 ἱκμαλέον σπέος εἶχεν ὑπωροφίης δόμον Ἥχοῦς.

[249] Now the barriers of the sevenzoned watery sky were opened, when Zeus poured down his showers. The mountain-torrents roared with fuller fountains of the loudsplashing gulf. The lakes, liquid daughters cut off from Oceanos, raised their surface. The fountains shot spouts of the lower water of Oceanos into the air. The cliffs were besprinkled, the dry thirsty hills were drenched as with rivers streaming over the heights: the sea rose until Nereïds became Oreads on the hills over the woodland. O poor thing! Maid Echo had to swim with unpractised hands, and felt a new fear for that old maiden zone – Pan she had escaped, but she might be cause by Poseidon! Sea-lions now leaped with dripping limbs in the land-lions' cave among rocks they knew not, and in the depths of a mountain-torrent a stray boar met with a dolphin of the sea. Wild beasts and fishes navigated in common stormy floods that poured from the mountains. The many-footed squid dragged his many coils into the hills, and pounced on the hare. The dripping Tritons at the edge of a secret wood wagged their green forked tails against their flanks, and hid in the mountain vaults where Pan had his habitation, leaving their familiar speckled conchs to sail about with the winds. Nereus on his travels met rock-loving Pan on a submerged hill, the rock-dweller left his sea and changed it for the hill, leaving the waterlogged pan's-pipes that floated; while he took to the watery cave where Echo had sheltered.

καὶ διερῶ τότε φῶτες ἀνοιδαίνοντες ὀλέθρῳ
 280 ὕδασι τυμβεύοντο, πολὺς δὲ τις ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
 πλώετο κυματόεντι νέκυς πεφορημένος ὀκῶ:
 καὶ νιφετῷ κελᾶδοντι κεχηνότος ἀνθερεῶνος
 χανδὸν ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο πίων ὀρεσιδρομον ὕδωρ

πίπτε λέων, πέσε κάπρος, ὁμοζεύκτῳ δὲ ῥέεθρῳ
285 λίμναι ὁμοῦ ποταμοῖσι, Διὸς ῥόος, ὕδατα πόντου
ἀλλήλοισ κεκέραστο, καὶ εἰν ἐνὶ τέσσαρες αὔραι
συμμιγέων ἀνέμων ἐπεμάστιον ἄκριτον ὕδωρ.

[279] Then the bodies of poor fellows swollen in their watery death were buried in the waters. Heaps of corpses were floating one upon another carried along by the rolling currents; there fell the lion, there fell the boar into the roaring torrent, with open throat gulping draughts of the cascades that poured from rocks and mountains. With mingling streams, lakes and rivers, torrents of rain, waters of the sea were all combined together, and the four winds united their blasts in one, to flog the universal inundation.

καὶ διερὴν χθόνα πᾶσαν ἰδὼν ὑπὸ μείζονι παλμῷ
μοῦνον ἀπειλητῆρι τινασσομένην Διὸς ὄμβρῳ
290 πόντιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἔην ἔρριπεν ἄκωκῆν
ἀσχαλόων, τίνα γαῖαν ἀνοχλίσσειε τριαινῇ.
Νηρεΐδων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέπλεον ἄβροχον ὕδωρ:
καὶ χλοερῆς Θέτιν εἶχεν ἐπ' ἰξύος ὑγρὸς ὀδίτης,
τρίτων εὐρυγένειος, ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντι δὲ νώτῳ
295 πομπίλον ἠγιόχευεν ἐν ἡέρι φοιτὰς Ἀγαυή,
καὶ λόφον ὕδατόεντι φέρων κυκλοῦμενον ὀλκῷ,
Δωριδα κουφίζων, μετανάστιος ἔτρεχε δελφίς.
καὶ βυθίη φάλλαينا περισκαίρουσα κολώναις
πλάζετο, μαστεύουσα χαμευνάδος ἄντρα λεαίνης.

[288] Earthshaker saw from the deep the earth all flooded, while Zeus alone with stronger push made it quake under his threatening torrents: he threw away his prongs, wondering in his anger what earth now he could heave with a trident! Nereids in battalions swam over the flooding waves; Thestis travelled over the water riding on the green hip of a Triton with broad beard; Agauë on a fish's back drove her pilotfish in the open air, and an exile dolphin with the water swirling round his neck lifted Doris and carried her along. A whale of the deep sea leaped about the hills and sought the cave of the earthbedded lioness.

300 καὶ τότε κυματόεσσαν ἰδὼν ὑπὸ γείτονα πέτρην
νηχομένην Γαλάτειαν ἀνίαχε μυδαλέος Πάν:
'Πῇ φέρεαι, Γαλάτεια, δι' οὔρεος ἀντὶ θαλάσσης;
μὴ τάχα μαστεύεις ἑρατὴν Κύκλωπος αἰοιδήν;
πρὸς Παφίης λίτομαι σε καὶ ὑμετέρου Πολυφήμου,
305 μὴ κρύψης δεδαυῖα βαρὺν πόθον, εἰ παρὰ πέτραις
νηχομένην ἐνόησας ἐμὴν ὀρεσιδρομον Ἥχῳ.

ἦ ῥά σοι ἶσον ἔχει διεπὸν δρόμον; ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὴ
 ἐζοθένη δελφῖνι θαλασσαιῆς Ἀφροδίτης,
 ὡς Θέτις ἀκρήδεμνος, ἐμὴ ναυτίλλεται Ἥχῳ;
 310 δεῖδια, μὴ μιν ὄρινε δυσάντεα κύματα πόντου:
 δεῖδια, μὴ μιν ἔκευθε μέγας ῥόος: ὡς ἄρα δειλὴ
 ἄστατος ἐν πελάγεσσι μετ' οὖρεα κύματα βαίνει:
 ἦ ποτε πετρήεσσα φανήσεται ὕδριās Ἥχῳ.
 ἀλλὰ τεὸν Πολύφημον ἔα βραδύν: ἦν ἐθελήσης,
 315 αὐτὸς ἐμοῖς ὥμοισιν ἀερτάζων σε σαώσω:
 οὐ με κατακλύζει κελάδων ῥόος: ἦν ἐθελήσω,
 ἴχνεσιν αἰγείοισιν ἐλεύσομαι εἰς πόλον ἄστρον.'

[300] Then Pan well soaked saw Galateia swimming under a neighbouring wavebeaten rock, and sang out: "Where are you going, Galateia? Have you given up sea for hills? Perhaps you are looking for the love-song of Cyclops? I pray you by the Paphian, and by your Polyphemos – you know the weight of desire, do not hide from me if you have noticed my mountainranging Echo swimming by you? Does she also sit on a dolphin of Aphrodite the sea-goddess, my own Echo navigating like Thetis unveiled? I fear the dangerous waves of the deep may have startled her! I fear the great flood may have covered her! How cruel for her, poor thing! She has left the hills and moves restless over the waves. Echo once the maid of the rocks will show herself as the maid of the waters. Come, leave your Polyphemos, the laggard! If you like, I will lift you upon my own back and save you. The roaring flood does not overwhelm me; if I like I can mount to the starry sky on my goatish feet!"

ὥς φαμένῳ Γαλάτεια τόσην ἀντίαχε φωνήν:
 'Πάν φίλε, σὴν ἀνάειρε δι' οἷδατος ἄπλοον Ἥχῳ:
 320 μὴ με μάτην ἐρέεινε, τί σήμερον ἐνθάδε βαίνω:
 ἄλλον ἐμοῖ πλόον εὗρεν ὑπέρτερον ὑέτιος Ζεὺς.
 καὶ γλυκερὴν περ ἐοῦσαν ἔα Κύκλωπος αἰοιδήν.
 οὐκέτι μαστεύω Σικελὴν ἄλλα: τοσσατίου γὰρ
 τάρβος ἔχω νιφετοῖο καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγω Πολυφήμου.'

[318] He spoke, and Galateia said in reply: "My dear Pan, carry your own Echo through the waves – she knows nothing of the sea. Don't waste your time in asking me why I am going here this day. I have another and higher voyage which Rainy Zeus has found me. Let be the song of Cyclops, though it is sweet. I seek no more the Sicilian sea; I am terrified at this tremendous flood, and I care nothing for Polyphemos."

325 εἴπε, καὶ ὑγροπόροιο παρήλυθε Πανὸς ἐναύλους.

πυκνά δὲ κυμαίνοντος ἀμαιμακέτου νιφετοῖο
 πᾶσα πόλις, πᾶς δῆμος ἔην ῥόος· οὐδέ τις ἀγκῶν
 ἄβροχος ἦν, οὐ γυμνὸς ἔην λόφος, οὐ ῥίον Ὀσσης,
 οὐ τότε Πήλιον ἄκρον· ὑπὸ τριλόφῳ δὲ κολώνῃ
 330 Τυρσηνὸς κελάδησεν· ἱμασσομένοιο δὲ πόντου
 Ἀδριάδες Σικελοῖσιν ἐρόχθεον ὕδασι πέτραι
 ὀμβρηροῖς ῥοθίοισιν. ἐν ἡερίῃ δὲ κελεύθῳ
 μαρμαρυγαὶ Φαέθοντος ἐθελύοντο ῥεέθροις·
 ζώνῃ δ' ἐβδομάτῃ χθαμαλῆς ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα πέζης
 335 κύμασιν ἡλιβάτοισι σέλας ψύξασα Σελήνῃ
 μυδαλέων ἀνέκοψε λελουμένον αὐχένα ταύρων·
 ἀστραῖη δὲ φάλαγγι μεμιγμένον ὄμβριον ὕδωρ
 λευκοτέρην ποιήσε Γαλαξαῖην Ἴτυν ἀφρῶ.

[326] As the irresistible torrent swelled on and on, every city, every nation was a flood; not one corner was undrenched, not one hill was then bare – not the peak of Ossa, not the top of Pelion. Under the three peaks roared the Tyrrhenian Sea; the Adriatic rocks rebounded with Sicilian waters in showers of foam from the flogging sea. The sparkling rays of Phaëthon in his airy course became soft and womanish in the torrents. Selene in her seventh zone over the low rim of the earth cooled her light in the mounting waves, and checked her cattle with drenched and soaking necks. The rainwater mixed with the starry battalions, and made the Milky Way whiter with foam.

καὶ ῥοθίῳ γονόεντι χέων ἐπτάστομον ὕδωρ
 340 Ἀλφειῷ δυσέρωπι συνήντετο Νεῖλος ἀλήτης,
 ὦν ὁ μὲν εὐκάρπιο δι' αὐλάκος ἤθελεν ἔρπειν
 τέρπων ἱκμαλέοισι φιλήμασι διψάδα νύμφην,
 ὅς δὲ παραΐξας προτέρην ὁδὸν ἠθάδος ἄγρης
 ἀχνύμενος πεφόρητο· συνερπύζοντα δὲ λεύσσω
 345 Πύραμον ἱμερόεντα τόσῃν ἀνενεῖκατο φωνήν·
 ‘Νεῖλε, τί κεν ῥέξαιμι καλυπτομένης Ἀρεθούσης;
 Πύραμε, τί σπεύδεις; τίιν κάλλιπες ἠθάδα Θισβην;
 ὄλβιος Εὐφρήτης, ὅτι μὴ λάχε κέντρον Ἐρώτων.
 ζῆλον ἔχω καὶ δεῖμα μεμιγμένον· ὕδατόεις γάρ
 350 ἱμερτῇ παρίαυε τάχα Κρονίδης Ἀρεθούση·
 δεῖδια, μὴ προχοῇσι τεῖν νυμφεύσατο Θισβην.
 Πύραμος, Ἀλφειοῖο παραΐφασις, ἡμέας ἄμφω
 οὐ Διὸς ὄμβρος ὄρινεν, ὅσον βέλος ἀφρογενεῖς.
 ἔσπεό μοι φιλέοντι, Συρηκοσίης δ' Ἀρεθούσης
 355 ἴχνια μαστεύσω, σὺ δέ, Πύραμε, δίξεο Θισβην.

[339] The Nile, pouring his lifegiving stream through his seven mouths, went astray and met love-sick Alpheios. His wish was to creep through the fruitful soil, and delight his thirsty bride with watery kisses; but the other had lost the familiar road of his old-time hunt, and rolled along in sorrow, until seeing Pyramos the lover moving by his side he cried out and said – “Nile, what am I to do? Arethusa is hidden! Pryamos, why this haste? You have left your companion Thisbe – to whom? Happy Euphrates! He has not felt the sting of love. Jealousy and fear possess me together. Perhaps Cronos’s watery son has slept with lovely Arethusa! I fear he may have wooed your Thisbe in his flowings! Pyramos is a consolation of Alpheios. The rain of Zeus has not stirred us so much as the arrow of the Foamborn. Follow me the lover, I will seek the tracks of Syracusan Arethusa, and do you, Pramos, hunt for Thisbe.

ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις, ὅτι γαῖα τινάσσεται, ὅτι χαλέπτει
οὐρανός, ὅτι θάλασσα βιάζεται, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸς
ἄπλοος ἀφριόωντι ῥόω κυμαίνεται αἰθήρ:
οὐκ ἀλέγω νιφετοῖο μεμνηνός. ἃ μέγα θαῦμα:
360 αἰθομένην Διὸς ὄμβρος ὅλην χθόνα καὶ φλόγα πόντου
καὶ ποταμοὺς ἐκάθηρεν, ἀπ’ Ἀλφειοῖο δὲ μούνου
οὐτιδανὸν Παφίης οὐκ ἔσβεσεν ἀπτόμενον πῦρ.
ἔμπης, εἰ κλονέει με τόσος ῥόος, εἰ πυρὶ κάμνω,
βαῖδ’ ἐμῆς ὀδύνης πέλε φάρμακον, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸς
365 πλάζεται ἄβροχ’ Ἀδωνις ἀνιάζων Ἀφροδίτην.’

[356] “But you will say – the earth quakes, the sky attacks us, the sea compels us, the unnavigable upper air itself swells in a foaming flood! I care not for the wild deluge. See what a great miracle! The blazing earth, the flaming sea, the rivers – all have been swept clean by the downpour of Zeus, only one trifle it has not quenched, the Paphian fire of Alpheios! However, if the great flood confounds me, if I suffer from fire, there is one small medicine for my pain, that tender Adonis is wandering too and vexing Aphrodite.”

οὐ πω μῦθος ἔλγηε, φόβος δ’ ἐβιήσατο φωνήν.
καὶ τότε Δευκαλίων περὶ ὕψου μένον ὕδωρ
ναυτίλος ἦν ἀκίχητος, ἔχων πλόον ἡεροφοίτην,
καὶ στόλος αὐτοκέλευθος ἄτερ ποδός, ἄμμορος ὄρμου,
370 λάρνακος αὐτοπόροιο κατέγραφε δύσνιφον ὕδωρ.

[366] His tale was not yet ended, when fear conquered his voice. Then also Deucalion passed over the mounting flood, to navigate far out of reach on a sky-traversing voyage; and the course of his ark selfguided selfmoving, without sheet and without harbour, scored the stormy waters.

καὶ νῦν κε κόσμος ἄκοσμος ἐγίνετο, καὶ νῦν κεν ἀνδρῶν
ἄσπορον ἁρμονίην ἀνελύσατο πάντροφος Αἰὼν·
ἀλλὰ Διὸς ζαθέοις ὑπὸ νεύμασι κυανοχαίτης
Θεσσαλικοῦ σκοπέλοιο μεσόμφαλον ἄκρον ὀρύξας
375 γειοτόμῳ τριόδοντι διέσχισε, καὶ διὰ μέσσου
ῥηγνυμένου πρηῶνος ἐχάζετο μάρμαρον ὕδωρ·
καὶ χύσιν ὑψικέλευθον ἀπωσαμένη νιφετοτοῖο
γαῖα φάνη παλινόρσος· ἔλαυνομένων δὲ ῥέεθρων
εἰς βυθίους κευθμῶνας ἐγυμνώθησαν ἐρίπναι.
380 καὶ χθονὸς ὕγρὰ μέτωπα χέων πολυδίψιον αἶγλην
ἥελιος ξήραινε· παχυνομένων δὲ ῥοάων
θερμοτέραις ἀκτῖσιν ἐχερσώθη πάλιν ἰλὺς
οἷα πάρος· βροτὴ δὲ τετυγμένα μείζονι τέχνῃ
ἄστεα λαϊνέοισιν ἐνεστήρικτο θεμέθλοις,
385 δωμήθῃ δὲ μέλαθρα, νεοκτίστων δὲ πολήων
ἀρτιγόνοις μερόπεσιν ἐρυμνώθησαν ἀγνυαί.
καὶ φύσις ἄψ' ἐγέλασσε· συνιπταμένων δὲ θυέλλαις
ὀρνίθων πτερύγεσσιν ἐρετμώθη πάλιν ἡήρ.

[371] Then the whole frame of the universe would have been unframed, then all-breeding Time would have dissolved the whole structure of the unsown generations of mankind: but by the divine ordination of Zeus, Poseidon Seabluehair with earthsplitting trident split the midmost peak of the Thessalian mountain, and dug a cleft through it by which the water ran sparkling down. Earth shook off the stormy flood which travelled so high, and showed herself risen again; the streams were driven into the deep hollows and the cliffs were laid bare. The sun poured his thirsty rays on the wet face of earth, and dried it; the water grew thick under the hotter beams, and he mud was dried again as before. Cities were fashioned by men with better skill and established upon stone foundations, palaces were built, and the streets of the new-founded cities were made strong for later generations of men. Nature laughed once more; the air once more was paddled by the wings of birds that flew in the winds.

BOOK 7

ἔβδομον ἱκεσίην πολιὴν Αἰῶνος αἰίδει
καὶ Σεμέλην καὶ ἔρωτα Διδὸς καὶ φώριον εὐνήν.
ἦδη δ' ἀενάοιο βίου παλιναυξέει καρπῷ
ἄρσενά θηλυτέρῃ γόνιμον σπόρον αὖλακι μιξας
ἄσπορον ἤροσε κόσμον Ἔρωσ, φιλόητος ἀροτρεὺς·
καὶ φύσις ἐρρίζωτο, τιθηνήτειρα γενέθλης,
5 καὶ χθονὶ πῦρ κεράσασα καὶ ἥερι σύμπλοκον ὕδωρ
ἀνδρομέην μόρφωσε γονὴν τετράζυγι δεσμῷ.

BOOK VII

The seventh sings of the hoary supplication of Time, and Semele, and the love of Zeus, and the furtive bed.

Already Eros, love's plowman, had plowed the seedless world, and mixt the man's seed of generation in the woman's furrow, with the fruit of everflowing life again renewed. Nature the nurse of the offspring took root again; earth mingling with fire and water interwoven with air shaped the human race with its fourfold bonds.

ἀλλὰ βίον μερόπων ἑτερότροπος εἶχεν ἀνίη
ἀρχόμενον καμάτοιο καὶ οὐ λήγοντα μερίμνης.
καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι δυηπαθέων γένος ἀνδρῶν
10 ἄμμορον εὐφροσύνης ἐπεδείκνυε σύντροφος Αἰών·
οὐ πω γὰρ τοκετοῖο λεχώια νήματα λύσας
Βάκχον ἀνηκόντιζε πατήρ ἐγκύμονι μηρῷ,
ἀνδρομέης ἄμπαυμα μεληδόνοσ· οὐ τότε λοιβῇ
ἡερίους ἐμέθυσε πόρους εὐώδεϊ καπνῷ
15 οἶνοβαφής, στεφάνους δὲ θεῶν λειμωνίδι ποίη
θυγατέρες λυκάβαντος ἀτερπέες ἔπλεκον ὦραι·
οἷνου γὰρ χρέος ἦεν· ἀβακχεύτου δὲ χορείης
ἡμιτελῆς ἀνόνητος ἔην χάρις· ἀγρομένων γὰρ
ὄμματα μοῦνον ἔθελγεν, ὅτε στροφάδεσσιν ἐρωαῖς
20 ὄρχιστήρ πολὺκυκλος ἐλίσσετο λαίλαπι ταρσῶν,
νεύματα μῦθον ἔχων, παλάμην στόμα, δάκτυλα φωνήν.

[7] But sorrow in many forms possessed he life of men, which begins with labour and never sees the end of care: and Time his everlasting companion showed to Zeus Almighty mankind, afflicted with suffering and having no portion in happiness of heart. For the Father had not yet cut the threads of childbirth and shot forth Bacchos from his pregnant thigh, to give mankind

rest from their tribulations; not yet did the libation of wine soak the pathways of the air and make them drunken with sweetsmelling exhalations. The Seasons, those daughters of the lichtgang, still joyless, plaited garlands for the gods only of meadow-grass. For Wine was lacking. Without Bacchos to inspire the dance, its grace was only half complete and quite without profit; it charmed only the eyes of the company, when the circling dancer moved in twists and turns with a tumult of footsteps, having only nods for words, hand for mouth, fingers for voice.

ἀλλὰ Διὸς πετάσας ἐπὶ γούνασι λευκάδα χαίτην
αἰῶν ποικιλόμορφος, ἔχων κληῖδα γενέθλης,
ἱκεσίης ὀρέγεν κεχαλασμένον ὀλκὸν ὑπῆνης,
25 εἶχε λιτάς: δαπέδῳ δὲ καθελκομένοιο καρήνου
ἐκταδίην ἔθλιψε ῥάχιν κυρτούμενος αὐχὴν:
καὶ ποδὸς ὀκλάζοντος ἀτέρμονα χεῖρα τιταίνων
ἀενάου βιότοιο γέρων ἐφθέγγατο ποιμήν:

[22] But Time the manifold, holding the key of generation, spread his white shock of hair over the knees of Zeus, let fall the flowing mass of his beard in supplication, and made his prayer, bowing his head to the ground, bending his neck, straining the whole length of his back; and as he knelt, the ancient of days, the shepherd of life ever-flowing, reached out his infinite hand and spoke:

‘Ζεῦ ἄνα, καὶ σὺ δόκευε κατηφέος ἄλγεα κόσμου.
30 οὐχ ὀράας, ὅτι γαῖαν ὅλην οἴσטרησεν Ἐνυῶ
ῶριον ἀμώουσα ταχυφθιμένης στάχυν ἥβης;
οὐ πω λείψανα κεῖνα παρήλυθεν, ἐξ ὅτε φωτῶν
ἐκλυσας ἔθνεα πάντα, καὶ ἡερίου ῥόος ὄμβρου
ἡέρα κυμαίνων ἐπεπάφλασε γείτονι Μῆνι.
35 χαιρέτω ὠκυμόρων μερόπων βίος, ὣν ἐπὶ πότμῳ
οὐρανίους οἴηκας ἀναίνομαι οὐκέτι κόσμου
πῆδάλιον βιότοιο παλιννόστοιο δεχέσθω:
ἄλλος ἐμῶν ἐτέων ἐχέτω δρόμον: αἰνοπαθὲς γὰρ
40 οἰκτεῖρων ἐμόγησα πολυτλήτων γένος ἀνδρῶν.
ἄρκιον οὐ πέλε γῆρας, ὃ περ νεότητα μαραίνει
καὶ βραδὺν ἄνδρα τίθησι κάτω νεύοντι καρήνῳ,
κυφὸς ὅτε τρομερῆσι περισσοπόδεσσι πορείαις
γηροκόμῳ βαρὺγουνος ἐρείδεται ἡθάδι βάκτρῳ:
45 ἄρκιος οὐ πέλε πότμος, ὃς ἔκρυφε πολλάκι Λήθη
νυμφίον ἀρτιχόρευτον ὁμόστολον ἥλικι νύμφῃ,
συζυγίης ἀλύτοιο φερέσβια πείσματα λύσας.

οἶδα μὲν, ὡς ἑρόεις πέλεται γάμος, ἥχι λιγαίνει
Πανιάδος σύριγγος ὁμόθροος αὐλὸς Ἀθήνης:
50 ἔμπης, πόλον ὄνειαρ, ὅτε ζυγίῳ παρὰ παστῶ
ἔπτατόνου φόρμιγγος ἀράσσεται ὄρθιος ἥχῳ;
πηκτίδες οὐ λύουσι μεληδόνας: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
νυμφιδίην ἀχόρευτος Ἔρωσ ἀπεσείσατο πεύκην
τερπωλῆς χατέοντας ὀπιπεύων ὑμεναίους.

[29] “Lord Zeus! behold yourself the sorrows of a despairing world! Do you not see that Enyo has made the whole earth mad, mowing season by season her harvest of quick-perishing youth? We can yet see traces of that deluge which you brought upon all nations, when the streams of airy floods billowed in the air and boiled against the neighbouring Moon. Farewell to the life of men, since they perish so soon! I renounce the divine helm at their fate, I will no longer handle the world’s cable. Let some other of the Blessed, one better than I am, receive the rudder of life ever renewed; let another have the course of my years – for I am weary of pitying the luckless race of suffering mankind. Is not old age enough, which blights youth, and makes a man go slow with bowed head, when bent and trembling he goes on his way with a foot too many, heavy of knee and leaning upon a staff, the faithful servant of age! Is not fate enough, who often hides in Lethe the young bridegroom, companion of an agemate bride lately wed, and breaks the life-bringing cables of a union that cannot be broken! I know how delightful a marriage is when Athena’s hoboy sounds along with the panspipes: nevertheless, what boots it, when the loud sound of the sevenchord harp is heard twanging near the bridal chamber? Lutes cannot comfort a heavy heart: but Eros himself stops the dance and throws away the bridal torch, if he sees a wedding without joy.

55 ἀλλὰ πολυκμήτων μερόπων ἐπὶ ληθον ἀνίης
φάρμακον ἐρρίζωτο βιοσσόον: οὐράνιον γὰρ
οὐκ ὄφελέν ποτε κεῖνο πίθου κρήδεμνον ἀνοῖξαι
ἀνδράσι Πανδῶρη γλυκερὸν κακόν. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
ἀνδρομέης κακότητος ἐπαίτιός ἐστι Προμηθεύς,
60 ὃς μογερῶν μερόπων ἐπικηδεταί: ἀρχεκάκου γὰρ
ἀντὶ πυρὸς γλυκὺ νέκταρ, ὃ περ μακάρων φρένα τέρπει,
κλέψαι μᾶλλον ὄφελλε καὶ ἀνδράσι δῶρον ὁπάσσαι,
ὄφρα τεῶ σκεδάσειε ποτῶ μελεδήματα κόσμου.
ἀλλὰ λιπῶν βιότοιο πολυφλοίσβοιο μερίμνας
65 σὰς τελετὰς σκοπίαζε κατηφέας: ἦ ῥά σε θέλγει
ἀσπὸνδων θυέων ἀνεμῶλιος ἀτμός ἀλήτης;’

[55] “But (some may say) a medicine has been planted to make long-suffering mortals forget their troubles, to save their lives. Would that Pandora had never

opened the heavenly cover of that jar – she the sweet bane of mankind! Nay, Prometheus himself is the cause of man’s misery – Prometheus who cares for poor mortals! Instead of fire which is the beginning of all evil he ought rather to have stolen sweet nectar, which rejoices the heart of the gods, and given that to men, that he might have scattered the sorrows of the world with your own drink. But never mind the cares of the tempest-tossed life, just consider your own ceremonials brought to sadness. Are you pleased at the empty vapour of the burnt-offering that strays without libation?”

ὥς φαμένοιο γέροντος ἐπὶ χρόνον ἔμφρονι σιγῇ
μῆτιν ἔην ἐλέλιζεν ἀτέρμονα μητίετα Ζεὺς:
καὶ φρενὸς ἡνία λῦσεν: ἐπασσύτερησι δὲ βουλαῖς
70 ἔγκεφάλου γονόεντος ἐδινεύοντο μενοιναί.
καὶ Κρονίδης Αἰῶνι θεηγόρον ἴαχε φωνήν
ἄξονος ὁμφήεντος ὑπέρτερα θεσφατα φαίνων:

[67] When the ancient had ended, Zeus Allwise for a time turned over his infinite wisdom in thoughtful silence, and gave rein to his mind; one after another the meditations of that creative brain revolved before him; and at last Cronides addressed his divine voice to Time, and revealed oracles higher than the prophetic centre:

᾿Ω πάτερ, ἀενάων ἐτέων αὐτόσπορε ποιμήν,
μὴ νεμέσσα: βροτὴ γὰρ ἄωριος οὐ ποτε λήγει
75 πληθομένη μινύθουσα φύσις, μίμημα σελήνης.
νέκταρ ἔα μακάρεσσι, καὶ ἀνδράσιν ἄλκαρ ἀνιῆς
αὐτοχύτῳ γλυκὺν οἶνον ἑοικότα νέκταρι δώσω:
ἄλλο ποτὶν μερόπεσσιν ἐφάρμενον: ἀρχέγονος δὲ
ἄχυνται εἰσέτι κόσμος, ἕως ἑνα παῖδα λοχεύσω.
80 τίκτω ἐγὼ γενέτης, καὶ τλήσομαι ἄρσενι μηρῷ
θηλυτέρας ὠδῖνας, ὅπως ὠδῖνα σαώσω.
χθιζὰ μὲν εὐρυάλωος ἐμῆς ὑπὸ νεύματι Διοῦς
γαῖα χαρασσομένη σταχῶν μνηστῆρι σιδήρῳ
ξηρὸν ἀμαλλοτόκοιο λοχεύσατο καρπὸν ἀρούρης.
85 ἦδη δ’ ἀγλαόδωρος ἐμὸς πάϊς ἐν χθονὶ πῆξει
ὕγρὸν ἄκεσσιπόνιο θυώδεα καρπὸν ὀπώρης,
νηπενθὴς Διόνυσος, ἀπενθέα βότρυν ἀέξων,
ἀντίπαλος Δήμητρι: καὶ αἰνήσεις με δοκεῦν
ἄμπελον οἶνοτόκοισιν ἐρευθιώσαν ἐέρσαις
90 εὐφροσύνης κήρυκα, καὶ ἀγρονόμους παρὰ ληνῶν
ποσσὶ βαρυνόμενοισιν ἐπιθλίβοντας ὀπώρην,
Βασσαρίδων τε φάλαγγα φιλέυιον ὑψόθεν ὤμων
ἄπλοκον αἰθύσσουσιν ἐς ἥερα λυσσάδα χαίτην:

καὶ φρένα βακχεύσαντες ἄμοιβαίοισι κυπέλλοις
 95 πάντες ἀνευάζουσιν ἐπ' εὐκελάδοιο τραπέζης
 ἀνδρομέης Διόνυσον ἀλεξητῆρα γενέθλης·
 τοῦτον ἀεθλεύσαντα μετὰ χθόνα σύνδρομον ἄστρον,
 γηγενέων μετὰ δῆριν, ὁμοῦ μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
 Ζηνὶ συναστράπτοντα δεδέξεται αἰόλος αἰθήρ.
 100 καὶ θεὸς ἡμερίδων ἐπικείμενον οἶνοπι κισσῷ
 ὥς στέφος ἐρπησθῆρα περὶ πλοκάμοισιν ἐλίξας...
 σῆμα νέης θεότητος ἔχων ὀφιώδεα μίτρην·
 καὶ μακάρων ὁμότιμος ἐπώνυμος ἀνδράσιν ἔσται
 ἄμπελόεις Διόνυσος, ἅτε χρυσόρραπτις Ἑρμῆς,
 105 χάλκεος ὥς περ Ἄρης, ἑκατηβόλος ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων.'

[73] "Ο Father self-begotten, shepherd of the ever-flowing years! be not angry; the human race waxes and wanes like the moon, and never fails or forgets its season. Leave nectar to the Blessed; and I will give mankind to heal their sorrows delicious wine, another drink like nectar self-distilled, and one suited to mortals. The primeval world will sorrow still, until I be delivered of one child. I am father and mother both; I shall suffer the woman's pangs in my man's thigh, that I may save the fruit of my pangs. Yesterday at the nod of my Deo, lady of wide threshingfloors, the earth dug by the iron wooer of corn was delivered of the dry fruit of the sheafbearing soil. Now also my son, bringer of a glorious gift, shall plant in the earth the moist fragrant fruit of vintage the Allheal – my son Dionysos Alljoy will cherish the no-sorrow grape, and rival Demeter. Then you will commend me when you watch the vine reddening with wineteeming dew, herald of the merry heart; and the countrymen at the winepress treading the fruit with heavy feet; and the revelling company of Bassarids shaking their mad hair unkempt into the wind over their shoulders. Then all in wild jubilation will cry Euoi over the echoing table with mutual toasts, in honour of Dionysos the protector of the human race. This my son after struggles on earth, after the battle with the giants, after the Indian War, will be received by the bright upper air to shine beside Zeus and to share the courses of the stars. So the god shall wind a tendril of garden vines laid upon the bright ivy round his locks for his garland . . . having a serpent-coronet as a sign of new godhead. He shall have equal honour with the gods, and among men he shall be named Dionysos of the Vine, as Hermes is called Goldenrod, Ares Brazen, Apollo Farshooter."

εἶπε πατήρ· Μοῖραι δὲ συνήνεον· ἀμφὶ δὲ μύθῳ
 ἔσσομένων κήρυκες ἐπέπταρον εὐποδες Ὠραι.
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς εἰπόντε διέτμαγεν, ὃς μὲν ἰκάνων
 οἶκον ἐς Ἀρμονίης, ὃ δὲ ποικίλον εἰς δόμον Ἥρης.

[106] The Father spoke, the Portioners applauded; at his words the lightfoot Seasons sneezed, as a presage of things to come. Their parley done they separated, Time to Harmonia's house, the other to the fine-wrought chamber of Hera.

110 καὶ σοφὸς αὐτοδίδακτος Ἔρως αἰῶνα νομεύων
πρωτογόνου Χάος ζοφεροῦς πυλεῶνας ἀράξας
ἰοδόκην ἐκόμισσε θεήλατον, ἧ ἔνι μούνη
εἰς πόθον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἐπιχθονίων ὕμεναιων
Ζηνὶ πυριτρεφές πεφυλαγμένοι ἦσαν ὀιστοὶ
115 δώδεκα, καὶ χρύσειον ἔπος μετρηδὸν ἐκάστω
ἔγραφεν εἰς μέσα νῶτα ποθοβλήτοιο φαρέτρης:
‘πρῶτος ἄγει Κρονίωνα βοώπιδος εἰς λέχος Ἰοῦς’:
‘δεύτερος Εὐρώπην μνηστεύεται ἄρπαγι ταύρῳ’:
‘Πλουτοῦς εἰς ὕμεναιον ἄγει τρίτος ἀρχὸν Ὀλύμπου’:
120 ‘τέτρατος εἰς Δανάην καλέει χρύσειον ἀκοίτην’:
‘πέμπτος ἐπεντύνει Σεμέλῃ φλογεροῦς ὕμεναιούς’:
‘αἰετὸν Αἰγίνῃ πρόμον αἰθέρος ἔκτος ὀπάξει’:
‘ἔβδομος Ἀντιόπην Σατύρῳ δολόοντι συνάπτει’:
‘ὄγδοος ἔμφρονα κύκνον ἄγει γυμνόχροϊ Λήδῃ’:
125 ‘εἵνατος ἵππια λέκτρα φέρει Περραιβίδι Διῇ’:
‘θέλγεται Ἀλκμήνης δεκάτῳ τρισέληνος ἀκοίτης’:
‘ἐνδέκατος μεθέπει νυμφεύματα Λαοδαμείης’:
‘δωδέκατος τρισέλικτον Ὀλυμπιάδος πόσιν ἔλκει.’

[110] Now Eros the wise, the self-taught, the manager of the ages, knocked at the gloomy gates of primeval Chaos. He took out the divine quiver, in which were kept apart twelve firefed arrows for Zeus, when his desire turned towards one or another of mortal women for a bride. Right on the back of his quiver of lovebolts he had engraved with letters of gold a sentence in verse for each:

“The first takes Cronion to the bend of heifer-fronted Io.”
“The second shall Europa woo for the bold bull abducting.”
“The third to Pluto's bridal brings the lord of high Olympus.”
“The fourth shall call to Danaë a golden bed-companion.”
“The fifth shall offer Semele a burning fiery wedding.”
“The sixth shall bring the King of heaven an eagle to Aigina.”
“The seventh joins Antiope to a pretended Satyr.”
“The eighth, a swan endowed with mind shall bring to naked Leda.”
“The ninth a noble stallion gives unto Perrhaibid Dia.”
“The tenth three fullmoon nights of bliss gives to Alcmena's bedmate.”
“The eleventh goes to carry out Laodameia's bridal.”
“The twelfth draws to Olympias her thrice-encircling husband.”

ἀλλ' ὅτε πάντας ὅπωπεν Ἔρως στοιχηδὸν ἀφάσσων,
 130 ἄλλους μὲν μεθέηκε πυριγλώχινας ὀιστοὺς,
 χειρὶ δὲ πέμπτον ἄειρε καὶ ἥρμοσεν αἶθιοι νευρῇ
 κισσὸν ἐπὶ γλαγχῖνι βαλὼν πτερόεντος ὀιστοῦ,
 δαίμονος ἀμπελόεντος ἵνα στέφος ἄρμενον εἴη,
 νεκταρέου κρητῆρος ὅλον βέλος ἱκμάδι βάψας,
 135 νεκταρέην ἵνα Βάκχος ἀεξήσειεν ὀπώρην.

[129] When Eros had seen and handled each in turn, he put back the other fire-barbed shafts, and taking the fifth he fitted it to the shining bowstring; but first he put a sprig of ivy on the barb of the winged arrow, to be a fitting chaplet for the god of the vine, and dipt the whole shaft in a bowl of nectar, that Bacchos might grow a nectareal vintage.

ὄφρα μὲν εἰς Διὸς οἶκον Ἔρως κουφίζετο παλμῷ,
 τόφρα δὲ καὶ Σεμέλη ροδοειδεῖ σὺνδρομος ὄρθρῳ
 ἀργυρέης ἐτίταινε δι' ἄστεος ἦχον ἱμάσθλης
 ἡμιόνους ἐλάουσα, καὶ ὄρθιος ἄκρα κονίης
 140 λεπτὸς ἐυκνήμιδος ἐπέγραφεν ὀλκὸς ἀπήνης:
 ὄμμασι γὰρ Ληθαῖον ἀμεργομένη πτερὸν Ὕπνου
 ἀντιτύπῳ πόμπευεν ἀλήμονα θυμὸν ὀνειρῷ
 θέσφατα ποικίλλοντι, καὶ ἀρτιγόνοισι κορυμβοῖς
 ἔλπετο καλλιπέτηλον ἰδεῖν φυτὸν ἔνδοθι κήπου
 145 ἔγχλοον, οἶδαλέῳ βεβαρημένον ὄμφακι καρπῷ,
 νιφόμενον Κρονίωνος ἀεξιφύτοισιν ἐέρσαις:
 ἐξαπίνης δὲ πεσοῦσα δι' αἰθέρος οὐράνιη φλόξ
 δένδρον ὅλον πρήνιζεν, ἐοῦ δ' οὐχ ἥπτετο καρποῦ:
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἀρπόξας τανυσίπτερος ὄρνις ἀλήτης
 150 ἡμιτελῇ χατέοντα τελεσσιγόνιοιο λοχείης
 ὤρεγε μὲν Κρονίῳ: πατήρ δὲ μιν ἡδὲ κόλπῳ
 δέκτο λαβὼν, μηρῷ δὲ συνέρραφεν: ἀντὶ δὲ καρποῦ
 ταυροφυῆς κερόεντι τύπῳ μορφούμενος ἀνὴρ
 αὐτοτελὴς βλάστησεν ὑπὲρ βουβῶνα τοκῆος:

[136] While Eros was fluttering along to the house of Zeus, Semele also was out with the rosy morning, shaking the cracks of her silver whip while she drove her mules through the city; and the light straight track of her cartwheels only scratched the very top of the dust. She had brushed away from her eyes the oblivious wing of sleep, and sent her mind wandering after the image of a dream with riddling oracles. She thought she saw in a garden a tree with fair green leaves, laden with newgrown clusters of swelling fruit yet unripe, and drenched in the fostering dews of Zeus. Suddenly a flame fell through the air from heaven, and laid the whole tree flat, but did not touch its fruit; then a bird

flying with outspread wings caught up the fruit half-grown, and carried it yet lacking full maturity to Cronion. The Father received it in his kindly bosom, and sewed it up in his thigh; then instead of the fruit, a bull-shaped figure of a man came forth complete over his loins. Semele was the tree!

155 καὶ Σεμέλη φυτὸν ἦεν, ὑπερφρίσσουσα δὲ κούρη
ἐκ λεχέων ἀνέπαλτο καὶ ἐπτοίησε τοκῆα
εὐπετάλων ἐνέπουσα σελασφόρον ἄτμον ἀνείρων.
καὶ Σεμέλης δεδόνητο φυτὸν πυρίκαυτον ἀκούων
Κάδμος ἄναξ: καλέσας δὲ θεηγόρον υἷα Χαρίκλοῦς
160 πρῶιος αἰθαλόεντας ἐπέφραδε παιδὸς ὀνείρους.
καὶ τότε Τειρεσίαο δεδεγμένος ἔνθεον ὄμφῃν
παῖδα πατὴρ προέηκεν ἐς ἡθάδα νηὸν Ἀθήνης
Ζηνὶ θυηπολέουσιν ἀκοντιστῆρι κεραυνοῦ
ταῦρον ὁμοκραίριοι φυῆς Ἰνδαλμα Λυαίου,
165 καὶ τράγον ἐσσομένης σταφυλητόμον ἐχθρὸν ὀπώρης.

[155] The girl leapt from her couch trembling, and told her father the terrifying tale of leafy dreams and fiery blast. King Cadmos was shaken when he heard of Semele's fireburnt tree, and that same morning he summoned the divine seer Teiresias son of Chariclo, and told him his daughter's fiery dreams. As soon as he heard the seer's inspired interpretation, the father sent his daughter to their familiar temple of Athena, and bade her sacrifice to thunderhurling Zeus a bull, the image of likehorned Lyaïos, and a boar, vine-ravaging enemy of the vintage to come.

ἐνθεν ἔβη πρὸ πόλης, ὅπως Διὶ βωμὸν ἀνάψῃ,
ἀστεροπῆς μεδέοντι: παρισταμένη δὲ θυηλαῖς
αἷματι κόλπῳ ἔδευσε, φόνῳ δ' ἔρραϊνέτο κούρη:
καὶ πλοκάμους ἐδίηναν ἀφειδέες αἵματος ὅλκοι,
170 καὶ βοέαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐπορφύροντο χιτῶνες:
καὶ δρόμον ἰθύνουσα βαθυσχοίνῳ παρὰ ποιῇ
γείτονος Ἀσωποῖο μετέστιχε πάτριον ὕδωρ
παρθένος αἰολόπεπλος, ἵνα σμήξειε ῥεέθροις
στικτὰ πολυρραθάμιγγι δεδευμένα φάρεα λύθρῳ.

[166] Now the maiden went forth from the city to kindle the altar of Zeus Lord of Lightning. She stood by the victims and sprinkled her bosom with the blood; her body was drenched with blood, plentiful streams of blood soaked her hair, her clothes were crimsoned with drops from the bull. Then with robes discoloured she made her way along the meadow deep in rushes, beside Asopos the river of her birthplace, and plunged in his waters to wash clean the garments which had been drenched and marked by the showers of blood.

180 καὶ Σεμέλην ὁρώσα παρ' Ἀσωποῖο ῥέεθροις
λουομένην ἐγέλασσαν ἐν ἡέρι φοιτὰς Ἐρινὺς
μνησαμένη Κρονίῳνος, ὅτι ξυνήονι πότμῳ
ἀμφοτέρους ἤμελλε βαλεῖν φλογόεντι κεραυνῷ.

[180] Erinys the Avenger flying by in the air saw Semele bathing in the waters of Asopos, and laughed as she thought how Zeus was to strike both with his fiery thunderbolt in one common fate.

κεῖθι δέμας φαίδρυνε, σὺν ἀμφιπόλοισι δὲ γυμνῇ
185 χεῖρας ἐρετμώσασα δι' ὕδατος ἔτρεχε κούρη:
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἀδιάντον ἐκούφισεν ἰδμονι τέχνη
ὑψι τιτανομένην ὑπὲρ οἴδματος, ἄχρι κομῶν
ὕγροβαφής, καὶ στέρνον ἐπιστορέσασα ῥέεθρῳ
ποσσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ὀπίστερον ὥθεεν ὕδωρ.

[184] There the maiden cleansed her body, and naked with her attendants moved through the water with paddling hands; she kept her head stretched well above the stream unwetted, by the art she knew so well, under water to the hair and no farther, breasting the current and treading the water back with alternate feet.

175 καὶ φόρον ἄλλον ἔδεκτο, καὶ ὑψόθι γείτονος ὄχθης
ἠώην παρὰ πέζαν ἀλεξικάκου Διονύσου
εἰς ῥόον, εἰς ἀνέμους ἀπεσεύσατο τάρβος ὄνειων.
οὐκ ἄθεε δὲ ῥέεθρα μετήιεν, ἀλλὰ ἐ κείνου
εἰς προχοᾶς ποταμοῖο προμάντιες ἤγαγον ὦραι

[175] There she received a new dress, and mounting upon the neighbouring river-bank, by the eastern strand which belonged to Dionysos the Guardian Spirit, she shook off into the winds and waters all the terror of her dreams. Now without God she plunged into the water, but she was led to that river's flow by the prophetic Seasons.

190 οὐδὲ Διὸς λάθεν ὄμμα πανόψιον: ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρη
ὑψιφανῆς ἐλέλιζεν ἀτέρμονα κύκλον ὅπωπῃς.
καὶ βιοτῆς ἐπίκουρον ἐν ἡέρι τόξον ἀνέλκων
πατρὸς ὀπιπευτῆρος Ἴερος ἀντῶπιος ἔστη,
τοξευτὴρ ἀκίχητος: ἐπ' ἀνθοκόμῳ δὲ βελέμνῳ
195 νευρὴ μὲν σελάγιζεν, ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ τόξου
ἐλκομένου ῥοίζησε σοφὸν βέλος Εὖιον ἡχώ.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ σκοπὸς ἦεν ὁ τηλίκος: οὐτιδανῶ δὲ
αὐχένα κάμψεν Ἴερωτι: καὶ εἵκελος ἀστέρος ὀλκῶ

συριγμῷ γαμῖω δεδονημένος ἰὸς Ἑρώτων
 200 εἰς κραδίην Διὸς ἦλθε παράτροπος ἔμφρονι παλμῷ,
 ἄκροτάταις γλυφίδεσσιν ἐπιγράφας πτύχα μηροῦ,
 ἔσσομένου τοκετοῖο προάγγελος. ἔνθα Κρονίῳ
 ἄστατον ὄμμα φέρων γαίης ὀχετηγὸν ἀνάγκης
 παρθενικῆς ἐς ἔρωτα πόθου μαστίζετο κεστῷ:
 205 καὶ Σεμέλην ὀρώων ἀνεπάλλετο, μὴ σχεδὸν ὄχθης
 Εὐρώπην ἐνόησε τὸ δεῦτερον: ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
 κάμνε πάλιν Φοῖνικα φέρων πόθον: ἀγλαΐης γὰρ
 τῆς αὐτῆς τύπον εἶχεν, αἰὲ δέ οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
 πατροκασιγνήτης ἀμαρύσσετο σύγγονος αἴγλη.

[190] Nor did the allseeing eye of Zeus fail to see her: from the heights he turned the infinite circle of his vision upon the girl. At this moment Eros stood before the father, who watched her, and the inexorable archer drew in the air that bow which fosters life. The bowstring sparkled over the flower-decked shaft, and as the bow as drawn stretched back the poet-missile sounded the Bacchis strain. Zeus was the butt – for all his greatness he bowed his neck to Eros the nobody! And like a shooting star the shaft of love flew spinning into the heart of Zeus, with a bridal whistle, but swerving with a calculated twist it had just scratched his rounded thigh with its grooves– a foretaste of the birth to come. Then Cronion quickly turned the ye which was the channel of desire, and the love-charm flogged him into passion for the girl. At the sight of Semele, he leapt up, in wonder if it were Europa whom he saw on that bank a second time, his heart was troubled as if he felt again his Phoinician passion; for she had the same radiant shape, and on her face gleamed as born in her the brightness of her father's sister.

210 Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ δολόεσσαν ἐὴν ἠλλάξατο μορφήν,
 καὶ Σεμέλης δι' ἔρωτα προῶριος αἰετὸς ἔπτη
 ὑπόθεν Ἀσωποῖο, θυγατρογόνου ποταμοῖο,
 Αἰγίνης ἄτε μάντις ἐυπτερύγων ὕμεναιων
 ὄξυφαῆς μίμημα φέρων ὄρνιθος ὀπωπῆς:
 215 αἰθέρα δὲ προλέλοιπε καὶ ἀγχιπόρου σχεδὸν ὄχθης
 γυμνὸν ἐυπλοκάμοιο δέμας διεμέτρεε κούρης:
 οὐ γὰρ ἰδεῖν μενέαινεν ἀπόπροθεν, ἀλλὰ δοκεύειν
 ἀγχιφανῆς πάνλευκον ὄλον δέμας ἥθελε νύμφης,
 ὅττι τόσον καὶ τοῖον ἀτέρμονα πάντοθι πέμπων

[210] Father Zeus now deceitfully changed his form, and in his love, before the due season, he flew above River Asopos, the father of a daughter, as an eagle with eye sharp-shining like the bird, as he were now presaging the winged bridal of Aigina. He left the sky, and approaching the bank of the near-

flowing river he scanned the naked body of the girl with her lovely hair. For he was not content to see from afar; he wished to come near and examine all the pure white body of the maiden, though he could send that eye so great – such an eye! ranging to infinity all round about, surveying all the universe, yet he thought it not enough to look at one unwedded girl.

220 ὀφθαλμὸν περίμετρον, ὅλου θηήτορα κόσμου,
ἄρκιον οὐ δοκέεσκεν ἰδεῖν μίαν ἄζυγα κούρην.
καὶ ῥοδέοις μελέεσσιν ἐφοινίχθη μέλαν ὕδωρ,
καὶ ῥόος ἱμερόεις ποταμήιος ἔπλετο λειμῶν
ἀστράπτων Χαρίτεσσιν: ὀπιτεύουσα διὰ νύμφην
225 νηϊὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀνήρυγε θαύματι φωνήν:
‘Μὴ προτέρην μετὰ Κύπριν ἀμερσιγάμῳ Κρόνος ἄρπῃ
μήδεα πατρὸς ἔτεμνεν, ἕως πάλιν ἀφρὸς ἐχέφρων
εἰς τόκον αὐτοτέλεστον ἄγων μορφούμενον ὕδωρ
ὀπλοτέρην ὥδινε θαλασσαιήν Ἀφροδίτην;
230 μὴ ποταμὸς μετὰ πόντον ὁμοζήλοισι λοχείαις
κύματος αὐτογόνοιο λεχώιον ὀλκὸν ἐλίσσων
ἄλλην Κύπριν ἔτικτε, καὶ οὐχ ὑπόειξε θαλάσση;
μὴ μία Μουσάων τις ἐμὸν πατρώιον ὕδωρ
γείτονος ἐξ Ἑλικῶνος ἐδύσατο, καὶ τινη πηγῆς
235 Πηγασιδὸς προλέλοιπε μελισταγῆς ἵππιον ὕδωρ
ἢ ῥόον Ὀλμειοῖο; τιταινομένην δὲ ῥεέθοις
παρθένον ἀργυρόπεζαν ἔσω ποταμοῖο δοκεῦν:
πείθομαι, ὥς ἐθέλουσα μολεῖν ἐπὶ Λάτμιον εὐνήν
εἰς λέχος Ἐνδυμίωνος, ἀκοιμήτοιο νομῆος,
240 λούεται Ἀονίησιν ἐνὶ προχοῇσι Σελήνῃ:
εἰ δὲ δέμας φαίδρυνε χάριν γλυκεροῖο νομῆος,
τί χρέος Ἀσωποῖο μετὰ ῥόον Ὠκεανοῖο;
εἰ δὲ καὶ αἰθερίην μεθέπει χιονώδεα μορφήν,
μήνης ποῖον ἔχει σημήιον; ἀστομίω γὰρ
245 οὐρήων ζυγόδεσμα καὶ ἀργυρόκυκλος ἀπήνη
αἰγιαλῷ παρέασιν, ὑποζεῦξαι δὲ λεπάδων
ἡμιόνους οὐκ οἶδε βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνῃ.
εἰ δὲ τις οὐρανίη θεὸς ἦλυθε — παρθενικῆς γὰρ
γλαυκὰ γαληναίων βλεφάρων ἀμαρύγματα λεύσσω — ,
250 καὶ τάχα Τειρεσίαο παλαιότερην μετὰ νείκην
λούσατο δέρμα βαλοῦσα πάλιν γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνῃ.
κούρη μὲν ῥοδόπηχυσ ἔχει θεοειδέα μορφήν:
εἰ δὲ μιν ἀγλαόφορτος ἐπιχθονίη τέκε γαστήρ,
αἰθερίων Κρονίωνος ἐπάξιος ἔπλετο λέκτρων.’

[222] Her rosy limbs made the dark water glow red; the stream became a lovely meadow gleaming with such graces. An unveiled Naiad espying the nymph in

wonder, cried out these words: “Can it be that Cronos, after the first Cypris, again cut his father’s loins with unmanning sickle, until the foam got a mind and made the water shape itself into a selfperfected birth, delivered a younger Aphrodite from the sea? Can it be that the river has rivalled the deep with a childbirth, and rolled a torrent of self-pregnant waves to bring forth another Cypris, not to be outdone by the sea? Can it be that one of the Muses has dived from neighbouring Helicon into my native water, and left another to take the honeydripping water of Pegasos the horse, or the stream of Olmeios! I spy a silverfooted maiden stretched under the streams of my river! I believe Selene bathes in the Aonian waves on her way to Endymion’s bed on Latmos, the bed of a sleepless shepherd; but if she has prinked herself out for her sweet shepherd, what’s the use of Asopos after the Ocean stream? And if she has a body white as the snows of heaven, what mark of the Moon has she? A team of mules unbridled and a mule-cart with silver wheels are there on the beach, but Selene knows not how to put mules to her yokestrap – she drives a team of bulls! Or if it is a goddess come down from heaven – I see a maiden’s bright eyes sparkling under the quiet eyelids, and it must be Athena Brighteyes bathing, when she threw the skin back at him after the old victory over Teiresias. This girl looks like a divine being with her rosy arms; but if she was the glorious burden of a mortal womb, she is worthy of the heavenly bed of Cronion.”

255 τοῖα μὲν ἐν ῥοθίοισιν ὑποβρυχίη φάτο φωνή
Ζεὺς δὲ πυριγλώχινι πόθου δεδονημένος οἷστρον
νηχομένης πάπταινε ῥοδόχροα δάκτυλα κούρη;
ἄσταθός δ’ ἐλέλιξεν ἀλήμονα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
πῇ μὲν ὀπιπεύων ῥοδέου σπινθῆρα προσώπου,
260 πῇ δὲ βοογλήνων βλεφάρων σέλας, ἄλλοτε χαίτην
πλαζομένην ἀνέμοισι, παρελκομένων δὲ κομάτων
ἄσκεπτος σκοπιάζεν ἐλεύθερον αὐχένα κούρη;
στέρνα δὲ μᾶλλον ὅπως, κατὰ Κρονίδαο δὲ γυμνοὶ
μαζοὶ ἐθωρήχθησαν ἀκοντιστῆρες Ἑρώτων:
265 καὶ χροὰ πάντα δόκευεν: ἀθηήτοιο δὲ μούνου
ὄμμασιν αἰδομένοισι παρήλυθεν ὄργια κόλπου.
καὶ Διὸς αἰθερίοιο νόος μετανάστιος ἔρπων
νηχομένη Σεμέλῃ συνενήχετο: θελγομένῳ δὲ
ἡδυμανῇ σπινθῆρα δεδεγμένος ἠθάδι θυμῷ
270 παιδὶ πατὴρ ὑπόειξεν: ἀκιδνοτάτῳ δὲ βελέμνῳ
βαιὸς Ἔρως ἔφλεξεν οἷστευτῆρα κεραυνοῦ:
οὐδὲ χύσις νιφετοῖο, καὶ οὐ φλογόεντι φορῇ
ἄστεροπὴ χραίσμησεν, ἐνικήθη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀπτολέμου Παφίης ὀλίγῳ πυρὶ τοσσατῇ φλόξ
275 οὐρανή: καὶ βαιὸς Ἔρως λασιότρηι ῥίνῳ,
αἰγίδι κεστός ἔριζεν, ἐρωτοτόκῳ δὲ φαρέτρῃ

βρονταίης βαρύδουπος ἔδουλώθη κτύπος ἤχοϋς.
καὶ Σεμέλης δεδόνητο πόθου φρενοθελγεί κέντρῳ
θάμβος ἔχων: φιλίῳ γὰρ ἔρωσ πέλε θάυματι γείτων.

[255] So spoke the voice from under the swirling waters. But Zeus shaken by the firebarbed sting of desire watched the rosy fingers of the swimming girl. Unrestingly he moved his wandering glance, now gazing at the sparkling rosy face, now bright eyes as full as a cow's under the eyelids, now the hair floating on the breeze, and as the hair blew away he scanned the free neck of the unclad maid; but the bosom most of all and the naked breasts seemed to be armed against Cronides, volleying shafts of love. All her flesh he surveyed, only passed by the secrets of her lap unseen by his modest eyes. The mind of Zeus left the skies and crept down to swim beside swimming Semele. Enchanted he received the sweet maddening spark in a heart which knew it well. All father was worsted by a child: little Eros with his feeble shot set afire this Archer of Thunderbolts. Not the deluge of the flood, not the fiery lightning could help its possessor: that huge heavenly flame itself was vanquished by the small fire of unwarlike Paphia; little Eros faced the shaggy skin, his magical girdle faced the aegis; the heavy-booming din of the thunderclap was the slave of his lovebreeding quiver. The god was shaken by the heartbewitching sting of desire for Semele, in amazement: for love is near neighbour to admiration.

280 καὶ μόγις εἰς πόλον ἦλθε δολοπλόκος ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
ἔνθεον ἀμφιέπων παλινάγρετον εἶδος ὅπωπῆς.
καὶ νυχίης ἐθέλων Σεμέλης ἐπιβήμεναι εὖνῃς
εἰς δύσιν ὅμμα τίταινε, πότε γλυκὺς Ἑσπερος ἔλθῃ:
καὶ δολιχὴν Φαέθοντος ἐμέμφετο δειέλων ὥρην,
285 καὶ φιλίοις στομάτεσσι δυσίμερον ἴαχε φωνήν:

[280] Zeus could hardly get back to his imperial heaven, thinking over his plans, having now resumed his divine shape once more. He resolved to mount Semele's nightly couch, and turned his eye to the west, to see when sweet Hesperos would come. He blamed Phaëthon that he should make the afternoon season so long, and uttered an impatient appeal with passionate lips:

‘Ἐννεπε, Νύξ χρονίη, φθονερὴ πότε δύεται Ἥως;
ἀλλὰ σὺ δαλὸν ἄειρε Διὸς προκέλευθον Ἑρώτων,
λαμπάδα νυκτιπόλοιο προθεσπιζουσα Λυαίου
ζηλήμων Φαέθων με βιάζεται: ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὸς
290 ἱμείρει Σεμέλης καὶ ἐμοὶ ποθέοντι μεγαίρει;
ἦέλιε, κλονέεις με καὶ εἰ μάθες οἷστρον Ἑρώτων:
φειδομένη μάλιστα πόθεν βραδὺν ἵππον ἱμάσσεις;

οἶδα καὶ ὄξυτάτην ἑτέρην δύσιν· ἦν ἐθελήσω,
καὶ σὲ καὶ ἡριγένειαν ἔμοῖς νεφέεσσι καλύψω,
295 καὶ σέο κευθομένοιο φανήσεται ἡματιῇ Νύξ
Ζηνὸς ἐπειγομένοιο γαμοστόλος, ὄφρα φαίνηι
ἄστρα μεσημβρίζοντα, καὶ ἡθάδα πομπὸν Ἐρώτων
ἔσπερον ἀντέλλοντα καὶ οὐ δύνοντα τελέσω.
ἀλλὰ τεὸν προκέλευθον Ἐωσφόρον εἰς δύσιν ἔλκων
300 σοὶ καὶ ἔμοι ποθέοντι χαρίζεο, παννύχιος δὲ
σῆς Κλυμένης ἀπόναιο, καὶ εἰς Σεμέλην ταχὺς ἔλθω.
ζεῦξον ἔμοι τεὸν ἄρμα, φαεσφόρε καὶ σὺ Σελήνη,
μαρμαρυγὴν πέμπουσα φυτηκόμον, ὅττι γενέθλην
θεσπίζει γάμος οὗτος ἀεξιφύτου Διονύσου,
305 καὶ Σεμέλης ἐρατοῖσιν ἐπαντέλλουσα μελάθροισι
λάμφον ἔμοι ποθέοντι σὺν ἀστέρι Κυπρογενεῖς,
καὶ γλυκερὴν μήκυνε Διὸς θαλαμηπόλον ὄρφνην·

[286] “Tell me, laggard Night, when is envious Eos to set? It is time now for you to lift your torch and lead Zeus to his love – come now, foreshow the illumination of night-ranging Lyaioi! Phaëthon is jealous, he constrains me! Is he in love with Semele himself and grudges my desire? Helios, you plague me, though you know the madness of love. Why do you spare the whip when you touch up your slow team? I know another nightfall that came very quickly! If I like, I will hide you and the daughter of the mists together in my clouds, and when you are covered Night will appear in the daytime, to speed the marriage of Zeus in haste; the stars will shine at midday, and I will make rising Hesperos, instead of setting Hesperos, the regular usher of the loves. Coem now, draw your own forerunner Phosphoros to his setting, and o grace to your desire and mine; enjoy your Clymene all night long, and let me go quick to Semele. Yoke your own car, I pray, bright Moon, send forth your rays which make the trees and plants to grow, because this marriage foretells the birth of plant-cherishing Dionysos; rise over the lovely roof of Semele, give light to my desire with the star of the Cyprian, make long the sweet darkness for the wooing of Zeus!”

τοῖα πατήρ ἀγόρευε, τὰ περ πόθος οἶδε κελεῦσαι.
ἀλλ’ ὅτε οἱ σπεύδοντι χαμαιγενὲς ἄλμα πιταίνων
310 ἀκροτενὴς περιμέτρος ἀνέδραμε κῶνος ὁμίχλης,
δυομένης ζόφον ὑγρὸν ἄγων ἀντίσκιον Ἥοῦς,
ἀστερόεν τότε δῶμα παρέστιχεν ἡέριος Ζεὺς
εἰς Σεμέλης ὑμέναιον, ἀτεκμάρτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
ἄλμα θορῶν πρῶτιστον ὅλην ἀρεμέτρεε ταρσῶ
315 ἀτραπὸν ἡερίην· τὸ δὲ δεῦτερον ἵκετο Θήβην
ὥς πετρὸν ἢ ἐνόημα· διεσσυμένῳ δὲ μελάθρου
αὐτόματοι πυλεῶνος ἀνωίχθησαν ὀχῆες.

καὶ Σεμέλην φιλίῳ παλάμῃς ἡγκάσσατο δεαμῶ,

[308] Such was the speech of Zeus, even such commands as desire knows. But when in answer to his eagerness, a huge cone of darkness sprang up from the earth and ran stretching into the heights, bringing a shadow of darkness opposite to setting Eos, Zeus passed along the starry dome of the sky to Semele's bridal. Without leaving a trace of his footsteps, he traversed at his first bound the whole path of the air. With a second, like a wing or a thought, he reached Thebes; the bars of the palace door opened of themselves to let him through, and Semele was held fast in the loving bond of his arms.

πῇ μὲν ὑπὲρ λεχέων βοέην μυκώμενος ἤχῳ,
320 ἀνδρομέοις μελέεσσιν ἔχων κερόεσσιν ὀπωπῇν,
ἰσοφυῆς μίμημα βοοκραίρου Διονύσου,
πῇ δὲ λεοντείην πυκινότριχα δύσατο μορφήν,
ἄλλοτε πόρδαλις ἦεν, ἄτε θρασὺν υἷα φυτεύων,
πορδαλίων ἐλατῆρα καὶ ἡνιοχῆα λεόντων:
325 ἄλλοτε μιτρωεῖσαν ὑπὸ σπειρήσι δρακόντων
νυμφίος ἀμπελόεντι κόμην ἐσφίγγετο δεσμῶ,
οἶνοπα δινεύων ἐλικώδεα κισσὸν ἐθείρης,
Βάκχου πλεκτὸν ἄγαλμα: δράκων δέ τις ἀγκύλος ἔρπων
ταρβαλέης λιχμᾶτο ῥοδόχροον αὐχένα νύμφης
330 χεῖλεσι μειλίχοισι, κατὰ στέρνοιο δὲ βαίνων
ἀκλινέων τροχόεσσαν ἵτον μιτρώσατο μαζῶν,
συρίζων ὑμέναιον, ἐνσμήνοιο μελίσσης
ἥδ' ὃ μέλι προχέων, οὐ λοίγιον ἰὸν ἐχίδνης.
Ζεὺς δὲ γάμῳ δῆθυνε, καὶ ὥς παρὰ γείτονι ληνῶ
335 εὖιον ἐσμαράγῃσε, φιλεῦιον υἷα φυτεύων:
καὶ στόματι στόμα πῆξεν ἐρωμανές, ἱμερόεν δὲ
νέκταρ ἀναβλύζων Σεμέλην ἐμέθυσσεν ἀκοίτης,
νεκταρέης ἵνα παῖδα τέκῃ σκηπτοῦχον ὀπώρας,
ἄγγελον ἐσσομένων λαθικηδέα βότρυν αἰείρων,
340 πυρσοφόρῳ νάρθηκι καταχθέα πῆχυν ἐρείσας:
ἄλλοτε θύρσον ἄειρε πολὺπλοκον οἶντι κισσῶ,
δέπμα φέρων ἐλάφοιο: γυναιμανέος δὲ φορῆος
λαίῳ ποικιλόνωτος ἐσεῖετο νεβρὶς ἀγοστῶ.

[319] Now he leaned over the bed, with a horned head on human limbs, lowing with the voice of a bull, the very likeness of bullhorned Dionysos. Again, he put on a shaggy lion's form; or he was a panther, as one who begets a bold son, driver of panthers and charioteer of lions. Again, as a young bridegroom he bound his hair with coiling snakes and vine-leaves intertwined, and twisted purple ivy about his locks, the plaited ornament of Bacchos. A writhing

serpent crawled over the trembling bride and licked her rosy neck with gentle lips, then slipping into her bosom girdled the circuit of her firm breasts, hissing a wedding tune, and sprinkled her with sweet honey of the swarming bees instead of the viper's deadly poison. Zeus made long wooing, and shouted "Euoi!" as if the winepress were near, as he begat his son who would love the cry. He pressed love-mad mouth to mouth, and beaded up delicious nectar, an intoxicating bedfellow for Semele, that she might bring forth a son to hold the sceptre of nectareal vintage. As a presage of things to come, he lifted the careforgetting grapes resting his laden arm on the firebringing fennel; or again, he lifted a thyrsus twined about with purple ivy, wearing a deerskin on his back – the lovesick wearer shook the dappled fawnskin with his left arm.

γαῖα δὲ πᾶσα γέλασσε, καὶ αὐτοφύτοισι πετῆλοις
345 ὄρχατος ἀμπελόεις Σεμέλης περιδέδρομεν εὐνὴν,
καὶ δροσεροῦ λειμῶνος ἀνέβρυον ἄνθεα τοῖχοι
ἀμφὶ γονῇ Βρομίοιο, καὶ ἀννεφέλων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἐπέκτυπεν ἐνδόμυχος Ζεὺς
τύμπανα νυκτελίοιο προθεσπίζων Διονύσου.
350 καὶ Σεμέλην μετὰ λέκτρα φίλῳ προσπτύξατο μύθῳ
ἐλπίσιν ἔσσομένησι παρηγορέων ἔο νύμφην:

[344] All the earth laughed: a viny growth with self-sprouting leaves ran round Semele's bed; the walls budded with flowers like a dewy meadow, at the begetting of Bromios; Zeus lurking inside rattled his thunderclaps over the unclouded bed, foretelling the drums of Dionysos in the night. And after the bed, he saluted Semele with loving words, consoling his bride with hopes of things to come:

‘Εἰμί, γύναι, Κρονίδης σέο νυμφίος: αἰθερίῳ μὲν
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε συναπτομένη παρακοίτη,
μειζονα δὲ βροτέης μὴ διζέο μέτρα γενέθλης.
355 οὐ σοι ἐριδμαίνει Δανάης γάμος: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῆς
πατροκασιγνήτης βοέων ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων
ἔκρυφες: Εὐρώπη γὰρ ἀγαλλομένη Διὸς εὐνῇ
ἦλυθεν εἰς Κρήτην, Σεμέλη δ' ἔς Ὀλυμπον ἰκάνει.
τί πλέον ἤθελες ἄλλο μετ' αἰθέρα καὶ πόλον ἄστρον;
360 καὶ ποτέ τις λέξειεν, ὅτι Κρονίδης πόρε τιμὴν
νερπερίῳ Μίνῳ καὶ οὐρανώῳ Διονύσῳ.
ἀλλὰ μετ' Αὐτονόης βροτὸν υἷα καὶ τόκον Ἴνοῦς,
τὸν μὲν ἐοῖς σκυλάκεσσι δεδουπότα, τὸν δὲ τοκῆος
παιδοφόνου μέλλοντα θανεῖν πτερόεντι βελέμνῳ,
365 καὶ μετὶ λυσσαλέης μινυώριον υἷὸν Ἀγαυῆς

ἄφθιτον νῖα λόχευε, καὶ ἀθανάτην σε καλέσω:
ὀλβιη, ὅττι θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνδράσι χάρμα λοχεύσεις
νῖέα κυσαμένη βροτῆς ἐπίληθον ἀνιης.’

[352] “My wife, I your bridegroom am Cronides. Lift up your neck in pride at this union with a heavenly bedfellow; and look not among mankind for any child higher than yours. Danaë’s wedding does not rival you. You have thrown into the shade even the union of your father’s sister with her Bull; for Europa glorified by Zeus’s bed went to Crete, Semele goes to Olympos. What more do you want after heaven and the starry sky? People will say in the future, Zeus gave honour to Minos in the underworld, and to Dionysos in the heavens! Then after Autonoë’s mortal son and Ino’s child – one downed by his dogs, one to be killed by a sonslaying father’s winged arrow – after the shortlived son of mad Agauë, you bring forth a son who shall not die, and you I will call immortal. Happy woman! you have conceived a son who will make mortals forget their troubles, you shall bring forth joy for gods and men.”

BOOK 8

ὄγδοον αἰολόμυθον ἔχει φθόνον ἄγριον Ἥρης
καὶ Σεμέλης πυρόνεντα γάμον καὶ Ζῆνα φονῆα.
ὥς εἰπὼν ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἔβη θεός· ἐν δὲ μελάθρῳ
ὑπορόφῳ νόον εἶχεν ἀλώμενον ἐγγύθι νύμφης,
Θήβης οἷστρον ἔχων πλέον αἰθέρος· ἱμερόεις γὰρ
οὐρανὸς ἦν Κρονίδῃ Σεμέλης δόμος, ἀμφὶ δὲ παστῶ
5 ἀμφίπολοι Κάδμοιο Διὸς πέλον εὐποδες ὦραι.

BOOK VIII

The eight has a changeful tale, the fierce jealousy of Hera, and Semele's fiery nuptials, and Zeus the slayer.

With these words Zeus returned to Olympos; but in the highroofed hall his mind still wandered near his bride, empassioned for Thebes more than for heaven. For to Cronides Semele's house was lovely heaven, and the quickfoot Seasons of Zeus became the attendants in the palace of Cadmos.

καὶ γαμῖη ῥαθάμιγγι Διιπετέων ὕμεναίων
ὄγκῳ θλιβομένη Σεμέλης κυμαίνεται γαστήρ·
μαρτυρίῃ δὲ τόκοιο φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου
στέμματι θυμὸν ἔτερπεν, ἐπ' ἀνθοκόμῳ δὲ καρήνῳ
10 θυιάδος αὐτοέλικτον ἀνέπλεκε κισσὸν ἐθείρης
Βασσαρίδων ἄτε μάντις, ἐπεσσομένησι δὲ νύμφαις
ὄψιμον ἀγχιτόκοισιν ἐπωνυμίην πόρε κισσοῦ.
καὶ βαρὺν ὄγκον ἔχουσα θεηγενέος τοκετοῖο,
εἴ ποτέ τις σύριγγι γέρων ἐμελίζετο ποιμήν,
15 γείτονος εἰσαΐουσα φιλαγραύλου μέλος Ἥχοϋς,
οἰοχίτων θαλάμοιο διέστιχε θυιάδι ῥίπῃ·
εἰ κτύπος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀκούετο διζυγος αὐλοῦ,
ὑπορόφων ἀπέδιλος ἀναθρώσκουσα μελάθρων
εἰς ῥάχιν αὐτοκέλευστος ἐρημάδος ἔστιχεν ὕλης·
20 κύμβαλον εἰ πλατάγησε, ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῶ,
λοξῶ καμπύλον ἶχνος ὑποσκαίρουσα πεδίλῳ·
εἰ δὲ τανυκράιοιο μεμυκός ἐκλυε ταύρου,
ἀντίτυπον μίμημα βοῶς μυκήσατο λαιμῶ·
πολάκι ποιμενίην ὑπὸ δειράδα θυιάδι φωνῇ
25 Πανὶ μέλος συνάειδε καὶ ἔπλετο σύνθροος Ἥχῳ,
καὶ νόμιον κερόεντος ἀμειβομένη κτύπον αὐλοῦ
εἰς χορὸν ἶχνος ἔκαμψε· πάϊς δ' ἀλόχευτος ἐχέφρων
ἄλμασιν ἐνδομύχοισι συνεσκήρτησε τεκούσῃ

αὐλομανὲς μίμημα, καὶ αὐτοδιδασκτον αἰοιδῆν
30 ἡμιτελὴς κελάδησε χέων ὑποκόλπιον ἤχῳ.
ὥς ὁ μὲν ἄρσενόπαιδος ἀέξετο γαστέρος ὄγκῳ
ἄγγελος εὐφροσύνης, νοερὸν βρέφος: ἀμφὲ δὲ κούρῳ
ἀμφίπολοι Κρονίωνος ἐπέστεφον οὐρανὸν ὦραι.

[6] By the espousal drop of the divine union Semele's body swelled laden with a heavy burden. In witness of the birth of garlandloving Dionysos she took delight in wreaths. She plaited into her flowerdecked hair the natural tendrils of the maddening ivy like a prophetess of the Bassarids, and provided for the nymphs who were soon to be born, the later title of the ivy. As she carried the heavy burden of the divinely conceived child, if some old shepherd made melody with his panspipes, and she heard the tune repeated by countryloving Echo near, clad in tunic alone she went rushing wildly out of the house. If the mountainranging tones of the double pipe was to be heard, she leapt up, and out of the lofty halls went shoeless, uncalled, to the lonely woods on the hills. If there was clashing of cymbals, she tripled with dancing foot and shuffled a sidelong shoe in winding paces. If she heard the bellow of a broadhorned bull, her throat bellowed mimicry of the creature in reply. Oft on some hillside pasture she sang with Pan in maddened voice, and played harmonious Echo to him; she answered the tones of the herdsman's pipe of horn by bending her steps to the dance, and the fruit of her womb (sensible, though yet unborn!) joined in his mother's dance as if he also were maddened by the pipes, and although only half-made sounded a self-taught echo of tune from within her. So in the burden of the manchilding womb grew the messenger of merryhearted cheer, that understanding baby; and round about the boy, Cronion's attendants the Seasons went their rounds about the sky.

καὶ Φθόνος ὑψιμέδοντος ὀπιπεύων Διὸς εὐνὴν
35 καὶ Σεμέλης ὠδῖνα θεηγενέος τοκετοῖο
Βάκου ζῆλον ἔδεκτο καὶ ἔνδοθι γαστρὸς ἐόντος,
αὐτοπαθὴς ἄστοργος ἐῷ βεβολημένος ἰῷ.
καὶ φρενὶ κερδαλέῃ δκολιὴν ἐφράσσατο βουλὴν
Ἄρεος ἀντιτύποιο φέρων ψευδήμονα μορφὴν
40 ἔντεσι μιμηλοῖσι, καὶ οἷα περ αἵματος ὀλκῷ
ἄνθεϊ φαρμακόνεντι κατέγραφε νῶτα βοείης
ποιητῇ ραθάμιγγι, καὶ ὥς κταμένων ἀπὸ φωτῶν
βάψας ἰσοτύπῳ δεδολωμένα δάκτυλα μίλτῳ
χεῖρας ἐρευθιόωντι νόθῳ φοινίσσετο λύθρῳ:
45 καὶ κτύπον ἐννεάχιλον ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος
σμερδαλέοις στομάτεσσι χέων ῥηξήνορα φωαάν:
κλεψινόοις δ' ὀάροισιν ἀνεπτοίησεν Ἀθήνην,
καὶ φθονερὴν οἷστροησεν ἔτι πλέον εἰς χόλον Ἥρην:
ἀμφοτέρας δ' ἐρέθιζε: τόσῳ δ' ἠνίπαπε μύθῳ:

[34] Now Envy, surveying the bed of lofty Zeus and Semele's labour in the divine birth, was jealous of Bacchos while yet in the womb, Envy self-tormenting, loveless, stung with his own poison. In that crafty heart he conceived a crooked plan. He put on the false image of a counterfeit Ares, with armour like his; he scored the front of the shield with a liquid of his own made from a poisonous flower, to imitate smears of blood. He dipt his deceitful fingers in vermilion dye, staining his hands with red stuff which pretended to be gore (which it resembled) from his slain enemies. He belched out from his throat through his horrible mouth a nine-thousand power roar, a man-breaking voice indeed! He provoked Athena with seductive whispers, and goaded jealous Hera yet more to wrath, and irritated them both; and these are the words he said:

50 'Δίξεό σοι νέον ἄλλον ἐν αἰθέρι νυμθιον, Ἥρη,
ἄλλον, ἐπεὶ Σεμέλη τεδὸν ἤρπασεν, ἧς χάριν εὖνῃς
Θήβης ἐπαπύλοιο γαμήλιον οὔδας ἀμείβων
οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνον ἀναινεται: ἀντὶ σέθεν δὲ
τέρπεται ἀγκᾶς ἔχων χθονίην ἐγκύμονα νύμφην.
55 πῇ μοι ζῆλος ἔβη μητρώιος; ἧ ῥα καὶ αὐτῇς
εἰς Σεμέλης ὑμέναιον ἐθελύνθη χόλος Ἥρης;
πῇ σέο κέντρα μύωπος ἀφειδέος; οὐκέτι πόντω
πόρτις ἀλιπτοίητος ἐλαύνεται; οὐκέτι βούτης
Ἄργος ἀκοιμήτοισι πολυσπερέεσσιν ὀπωπαῖς
60 κλεψιγάμου Κρονίδαο νεώτερα λέκτρα φυλάσσει;

[50] "Find another bridegroom in the sky, Hera, yes another! for Semele has stolen yours! For her sake he renounces the sevenzoned sky and treads the bridal floor of sevensgated Thebes! In your place he holds in his arms an earthly bride with child, and is happy! What has become of my mother's jealousy! Has even Hera's wrath become unmanned for this marriage with Semele? Where are the stings of your merciless gadfly? No heifer is now driven in seapanic over the deep – no herdsman Argos with a thick crop of eyes watches the latest bed of lecher Cronides?

ἀλλὰ τί μοι δίμος οὗτος Ὀλύμπιος; εἰς χθόνα βαίνων
αἰθέρα καλλείψω πατρώιον, ἡμετέρην δὲ
Θρήκην ναιετάων οὐ μητέρος ἄλγεα λεύσσω
ἀχνυμένης, οὐ Ζῆνα γαμοκλόπον: εἰ δέ ποτ' ἔλθῃ
65 γαῖαν ἐς ἡμετέρην ποθέων Βιστωνίδα κούρην,
γνώσεται, οἷος Ἄρης, ὅτε χῶεται: ἡμετέρην γάρ
Τιτήνων ὀλέτειραν ἔχων θανατηφόρον αἰχμὴν
ἐκ Θρήκης Κρονίωνα γυναιμανέοντα διώξω:
καὶ πρόφασιν μεφέπων, ὅτι παρθένον εἰς λέχος ἔλκει,

70 ἔσσομαι αὐτοκέλευστος ἐμῆς τιμήορος εὐνῆς,
ὅττι χαμαιγενέεσσιν ὀμιλήσας ὕμναισις
αἰθέρα ποικιλόνωντον ἔῶν ἔπλησεν ἐρώτων.

[61] “But what is this palace of Olympus to me? I will go down to earth, I will leave my father’s heaven and live in my own Thrace, I will no longer look on at my unhappy mother’s wrongs and Zeus the wife-spoiler! If he ever comes to my country because he wants a Bistonian girl, he shall know what Ares is like when he is angry. I will take my Titan-destroying deathdealing spear and chase womanmad Cronion out of Thrace! I will use the excuse that he drags this maiden to his bed, I will be avenger selfappointed of the bed where I was born, because he has frequented earthborn brides and filled the bespangled heavens with his loves!

οὐρανὸς ἰλήκοι, μερόπων δόμος: ἄξονα βαίνω;
Καλλιστῶ κατ’ Ὀλυμπον ἐλίσσεται, ἧχι φαίνειι
75 κύκλος ἀερσιλόφοιο φερώνυμος Ἀρκάδος Ἄρκτου.
Πλειάδος ἐπαπτόρου στυγέω δρόμον: ἐν γὰρ Ὀλύμπῳ
Ἥλέκτρη κλονέει με συναστράπτουσα Σελήῃ.
νῦν πόθεν ἡρεμέεις; ὑποκόλπιον νιέα Λητοῦς
ἦκαχες Ἀπόλλωνα, καὶ οὐ Διόνυσον ὀρίνεις;
80 τικτομένη, Ἥφαιστε, μογοστόκε Τριτογενεῖς,
νῖα νόθης ἀλόχοιο λοχεύσεται αὐτοτόκος Ζεὺς
ὠδίνων τόκον ἄλλον ὑπέρτερον ἄρσενι μηρῷ,
οὐδὲ τεοῦ βουπλήγος ἔτι χρέος. εἴξον, Ἀθήνη,
λῆγε Διὸς βοόωσα λεχώιον ἄντυγα κόρης,
85 ὅττι σοφὴν ὠδῖνα τελεσσιγόνοιο καρήνου
αἰσχύνει Διόνυσος, ὅτι χθονίης ἀπὸ φύτλης
ἔσσεται αὐτολόχευτος Ὀλύμπιος, ὥς περ Ἀθήνη,

[73] “Goodbye Heaven – where mortals are at home! Shall I climb the pole? But Callisto circles about Olympus, and there shines the ring named after the highcrested Arcadian Bear. I hate the seven Pleiads in their courses – for in Olympus it irks me that Electra shows her light with Selene. Now why are you quiet? You persecuted Apollo in the womb of his mother Leto, and you leave Dionysos in peace? Hephaistos, you helped in the painful birth of Tritogeneia, and Zeus shall be his own midwife for the bastard son of a drab, more mighty still than Athena, and he shall produce him from his manly thigh – no need now for the pole-axe! Give place, Athena! Cease to cry up that rounded forehead as your birthbed! Dionysos puts into the shade the clever delivery of that teeming head! Sprung from a mortal stock, he shall be an Olympian like Athena, but self-delivered, and eclipsing the boast of Pallas the motherless.

κρύπτων Παλλάδος εὖχος ἀμήτορος. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
αἰδέομαι πολὺ μᾶλλον, ὅταν μερόπων τις ἐνίψη:

90 Ζεὺς πόρε δῆριν Ἄρηι καὶ εὐφροσύνην Διονύσῳ.’

ἀλλὰ πόλον Κρονίδαο νόθοις τεκέεσσιν ἔασας

ἴξομαι οὐρανόθεν μετανάστιος: ὕγροπαγῆς δὲ

Ἴστρος ἐὼν σκηπτοῦχον ἀλητεύοντα δεχέσθω,

πρὶν Διὸς οἶνοχόον Γανυμήδεα δεῦρο νοήσω,

95 βουκόλον εὐχαιτήν, μετὰ Πέργαμον ἀστὸν Ὀλύμπου,

οὐρανίης ἄψαυστον ἀμειβόμενον δέπας Ἥβης,

πρὶν Σεμέλην καὶ Βάκχον ἴδω ναετῆρας Ὀλύμπου,

καὶ στέφος ἀστερόφοιτον ἐπιχθονίης Ἀριάδνης

σύνδρομον Ἡελίοιο, συνέμπορον ἠριγενεῖς.

100 κεῖθι μένω, μὴ Κῆτος ἴδω, μὴ Περσέος ἄρπην,

μὴ τύπον Ἀνδρομέδης, μὴ Γοργόνος ὄμμα Μεδούσης

οὕς Κρονίδης μετόπισθεν ἐνιστήσειεν Ὀλύμπῳ.’

[88] “But I am ashamed myself far more, when some mortal man shall say: ‘Zeus granted battles to Ares, and merry-hearted cheer to Dionysos.’ Well, I will leave the sky to the bastard brats of Cronides, and quit the heavens a banished god. Let Istros with his frozen flood receive its homeless monarch, before I see Ganymedes come here to pour the wine, that long-haired crows, first in Pergamos then domiciled in Olympos, usurping the untouched cup of heavenly Hebe; before I can see Semele and Bacchos denizens of Olympos, and Ariadne’s crown translated to the stars to run its course with Helios, to travel with misty Dawn. There I will stay, that I may never behold the sea-monster, the sickle of Perseus, the figure of Andromeda, the glare of Gorgon Medusa, whom Cronides will establish in Olympos by and by.”

εἶπε, καὶ αὐτογόνοιο νόον συνέχευεν Ἀθήνης,

καὶ πλέον ἠέξησε βαρυζήλου χόλον Ἥρης.

105 καὶ Φθόνος ὀξὺς ὄρουσε, καὶ ἀγκύλα γούνατα πάλλων

ἦτε λοξὰ κέλευθα δι’ ἠέρος: ἀνδρομέοις δὲ

ὄμμασι καὶ πραπίδεσσιν ὁμοῖος ἔσσυτο καπνῷ,

[103] He spoke, and disquieted the mind of selfborn Athena, and the more increased the wrath of jealous Hera. Swift leapt up envy, and wagging his crooked knees passed on his sidelong roads through the lower air: he moved like smoke to human eyes and thoughts, arming his boggart’s mind for deceit and mischief.

εἰς δόλον, εἰς κακότητα νόον τελχῖνα κορύσσων.

οὐδὲ Διὸς βαρύμηνης ἐλώφεεν εὐνέτις Ἥρη:

110 ἄλλὰ θυελλήεντι παραΐξασα πεδίλῳ
 ποικίλον εὐφαέεσσι κεκασμένον οὐρανὸν ἄστροις
 ἄσπετα φοιτητῆρι διέδραμεν ἄστεα ταρσῶ,
 κερδαλέην Ἀπάτην διζημένη, εἴ που ἐφεύροι.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε Δικταίης Κορυβαντίδος ὑπόθι πέτρης
 115 γείτονος Ἀμνισοῖο λεχώιον ἔδρακεν ὕδωρ,
 ἔνθ' οἱ ἄλλοπρόσαλλος ὄρεστιάς ἦντετο δαίμων:
 καὶ γὰρ αἰὲ παρέμιμνε Διὸς ψευδήμονι τύμβῳ
 τερπομένη Κρήτεσσιν, ἐπεὶ πέλον ἠπεροπῆες.
 ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ λαγόνεσσι Κυδωνιάς ἔρρεε μήτηρ,
 120 τῇ ἐνὶ δαίδαλα πάντα βροτῶν θελκτήρια κεῖται:
 ἐν μὲν ἐπικλοπῇ πολυμήχανος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς
 πάρφασις, ἐν δὲ δόλοι πολυειδέες, ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
 σὺνδρομος ἠερίοις ἀπατήλιος ὄρκος ἀήταις.

[109] Nor did the consort of Zeus abate her heavy anger. She stormed with flying shoe through the heaven bespangled with its pattern of shining stars, she coursed through innumerable cities with travelling foot, seeking if anywhere she could find Deceit the crafty one. But when high above Corybantian Dicte she beheld the childbed water of neighbouring Amnisos, the fickle deity met her there on the hills; for she was fond of the Cretans because they are always liars, and she used to stay by the false tomb of Zeus. About her hips was a Cydonian cincture, which contains all the cunning bewitchments of mankind: trickery with its many shifts, cajoling seduction, all the shapes of guile, perjury itself which flies on the winds of heaven.

καὶ δολίην Ἀπάτην δολίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ
 125 Ἥρη ποικιλόμητις, ἀμυνομένη παρακοίτην:
 'χαῖρε, θεὰ δολόμητι δολοπλανές: οὐ σε καὶ αὐτὸς
 κλεψινόοις ὄαροισι παρέρχεται αἰμύλος Ἑρμῆς:
 δὸς καὶ ἐμοὶ ζωστήρα παναίολον, ὃν ποτε Ῥεῖη
 δῆσεν ἑαῖς λαγόνεσσιν, ἕως ἀπάφησεν ἀκοίτην.
 130 οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ Κρονίῳ φέρω πετρώδεα μορφήν,
 οὐδὲ λίθῳ δολόεντι παρακλέπτω παρακοίτην,
 ἀλλὰ γυνὴ χθονίη με βιάζεται, ἥς χάριν εὐνῆς
 θοῦρος Ἄρης βαρὺμηνις ἀναίνεται αἰθέρα ναίειν.
 τί πλέον, εἰ γενόμην θεὸς ἄμβροτος; οὐτιδανὴ γὰρ
 135 θνητὴ ἐμὸν πόσιν ἔσχε, τὸν οὐ θεὸς ἥρπασε Λητώ:
 οὐ Δανάη παρίαυε τὸ δεύτερον ὑέτιος Ζεὺς,
 ἀλλὰ σιδηροφόροιο μετὰ σφρηγῖδα μελάθρου
 μεμφομένη χρυσεόισι γάμοις ναυτίλλετο νύμφη,
 καὶ λάχεν ἔδνον Ἑρωτος ὕδωρ ἄλός: ἐν δὲ θαλάσῃ
 140 σύμπλοος ἀσταθέεσσιν ἐνήχετο χηλὸς ἀήταις.
 οὐδὲ μετὰ Κρήτην πάλιν ἔπλεε ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,

οὐκ ἶδεν Εὐρώπην μετὰ δέμνιον: ὕγροβαφῆς δὲ
οἰστροθεῖσα μύωπι κερασφόρος ἔπλεεν Ἴω.

[124] Then subtle-minded Hera began to coax wily Deceit with wily words, hoping to have revenge on her husband: “Good greeting, lady of wily mind and wily snares! Not Hermes Hoaxthewits himself can outdo you with his plausible prattle-prattle! Lend me also that girdle of many colours, which Rheia once bound about her flanks when she deceived her husband! I bring no petrified shape for my Cronion, I do not trick my husband with a wily stone. No! a woman of the earth compels me – whose bed makes furious Ares declare that he will house in heaven no more! What do I profit by being a goddess immortal? A worthless mortal woman has taken my husband, whom Leto a goddess could not steal. Zeus and his rain did not sleep a second time with Danaë; after the seals of the ironbound prison the bride went a-sailing and had to blame her golden wedding for her lovegift of the brine – her hutch sailing with her on the sea floated where the shifting winds did blow! After Crete the Olympian bull did not swim again, he did not see Europa after the bed; but Io was soaked in the wet, and swam with horns on her head plagued by the gadfly!

οὐδὲ θεὰ γάμον εἶχεν ἐλεύθερον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
145 γαστέρι φόρτον ἔχουσα πολύστροφος ἔτρεχε Λητώ,
ᾗστατα παπταίνουσα πολυπλανέων σφυρὰ νήσων
καὶ ῥόον οὐ μίμνοντα κακοξείνοιο θαλάσσης,
καὶ λοχίης μόγις εἶδεν ἐλεύθερον ἔρνος ἐλαίης.
Λητῷ τόσσα μόγησε, καὶ οὐ χραίσμησεν ἀκοίτης:
150 θνητῆς δ’ ὠκυμόροιο μιῆς διὰ δέμνια νύμφης
οὐρανίης ἀπέειπε κασιγνήτης λέχος Ἥρης.

[144] “Even the goddess did not have a smooth course for her wedding; she also, Leto herself, carried the unborn babe by many a turn and twist, while she gazed at the shifting slopes of many a floating island, and the flood of the inhospitable sea that never stood still. Hardly at last she espied the wild olive-tree which harboured her childbed. All that Leto suffered, and her mate could not help her; but for the bed of one shortlived mortal woman he has renounced the couch of Hera his heavenly sister.

δεῖδια, μὴ Κρονίδης με πόσις καὶ γνωτὸς ἀκούων
αἰθέρος ἐξελάσειε γυναικείης χάριν εὐνῆς,
μὴ Σεμέλην τελέσειεν ἐοῦ βασιλείαν Ὀλύμπου.
155 εἰ δὲ Διὶ Κρονίῳ χαρίζεαι, ἥ ἐπερ Ἥρη,
μηδὲ τελὴν ὀπάσειας ἐμοὶ πανθελγέα μήτηρ,
ὄφρα μὸλῃ πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἐμὸς πάλιν υἱὸς ἀλήτης,

ὕστατιν ἐπὶ πέζαν ἐλεύσομαι Ὠκεανοῖο
αἰθέρα καλλιψασα χάριν βροτέων ὕμεναιών
160 Τηθύος ἀρχηγόνοιο συνέστιος· ἔνθεν ἱκάνω
εἰς δόμον Ἀρμονίης, καὶ Ὀφίονος ἐγγύθι μίμνω.
ἀλλὰ σὺ, κυδαίνουσα Διὸς παμμήτορα νύμφην,
δὸς μοι ἔχειν ζωστήρα βοηθόον, ὄφρα φυγόντα
θέλξω θοῦρον Ἄρηα τὸ δεύτερον αἰθέρα ναίειν.’

[152] “I am afraid Cronides, who is called my husband and brother, will banish me from heaven for a woman’s bed, afraid he may make Semele queen of his Olympus! If you favour Zeus Cronion more than Hera, if you will not give me your all-bewitching girdle to bring back again to Olympus my wandering son, I will leave heaven because of their earthly marriage, I will go to the uttermost bounds of Oceanos and share the hearth of primeval Tethys; thence I will pass to the house of Harmonia and abide with Ophion. Come then, honour the mother of all, the bride of Zeus, and lend me the help of your girdle, that I may charm my runaway son furious Ares, to make heaven once more his home.”

165 ὥς φαμένης ἀπάμειπτο θεὰ πειθήμονι μύθῳ
‘Μῆτερ Ἐνυαλίοιο, Διὸς πρωτόθρονε νύμφη,
δώσω ἐμὸν ζωστήρα, καὶ εἰ πλέον ἄλλο κελεύεις
πειθομαι, ὅττι θεοῖσι μετὰ Κρονίωνος ἀνάσσεις.
δέχνυσο τοῦτον ἱμάντα· περισφιγξασα δὲ κόλπῳ
170 Ἄρεα μὲν κομίσειας ἐς οὐρανόν· ἦν δ’ ἐθέλησης,
θέλγε νόον Κρονίδαο καὶ, εἰ χρέος, Ὠκεανοῖο
χωομένου· χθονίων δὲ λιπὼν ὕμεναιον Ἐρώτων
ἵξεται αὐτοκέλευστος ἐς οὐρανὸν ὕψιμέδων Ζεὺς
ἡμετέρῳ δολόεντι περιγνάμψας φρένα κεστῶ·
175 οὗτος ἐμῆς Παφίης φρενοθελγέα κεστὸν ἐλέγχει.’

[165] When she had finished, the goddess replied with obedient words: “Mother of Enyalios, bride first enthroned of Zeus! I will give my girdle and anything else you ask me; I obey, since you reign over the gods with Cronion. Receive this sash; bind it about your bosom, and you may bring back Ares to heaven. If you like, charm the mind of Zeus, and if it is necessary, charm Oceanos also from his anger. Zeus sovereign in the heights will leave his earthly loves and return selfbidden to heaven – he will change his mind by my guileful girdle. This one puts to shame the heartbewitching girdle of my Paphian!”

ὥς φαμένη δολόμητις ὕπηνέμιος φύγε δαίμων
ἥερα πωτήεντι διαστείχουσα πεδίλῳ.

[176] This said, the wily-minded deity was off under the wind, cleaving the air with flying shoe.

Δικταίης δὲ λιποῦσα σακέσπαλον ἄντρον ἐρίπνης
καὶ λοχίην σπήλυγγα τελεσσιγόνοιο θεαίνης
180 εἰς θάλαμον Σεμέλης ἀπατήλιος ἦλυθεν Ἥρη,
ζήλῳ φυσιώσασα: μελιγλώσσῳ δὲ γεραιῇ
ἰσοφανῆς φιλόπαιδι δέμας μορφοῦτο τιθήνῃ
παιδοκόμῳ, τὴν αὐτὸς ἀνηέξησεν Ἀγὴνῳρ,
καὶ οἱ κλῆρον ἔδωκε, καὶ ὤπασεν ἀνδρὶ γυναιῖκα
185 οἷα πατήρ: κομιδῆς δὲ χάριν τίνουσα καὶ αὐτὴ
νήπιον εἰσέτι Κάδμον ἔῃ μαιώσατο μαζῷ
καὶ βρέφος Εὐρώπην φιλίῳ πῆχυνεν ἀγοστῷ.
τῇ δέμας ἴσον ἔχουσα διέστιχεν εἰς δόμον Ἥρη
χωομένη Σεμέλῃ καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ
190 μὴ πῶ φέγγος ἰδόντι, καὶ ἄρτιγάμῳ παρὰ παστῷ
τοῖχον ἐς ἀντικέλευθον ἐὴν ἔκλινεν ὀπωπῇν
ὄμμα παρατρέψασα, Διδὸς μὴ λέκτρα νοήσῃ.
τὴν μὲν Πεισιάνασσα καθίζανεν ὑπόθι διφρου
ἀμφίπολος Σεμέλης, Τυρίης βλάστημα γενέθλης,
195 Θελξινόη δὲ τάπητας ἐνήρμοσεν ἥνοπι δίφρῳ.
ἐνθα θεὰ σχεδὸν ἦστο δολοπλόκος: εὖρε δὲ κούρην
βριθομένην ὠδῖνι πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο:
καὶ τόκον, οὐ ψαύοντα τελεσσιγόνοιο Σελήνης,
γαστρὸς ἀσημάντου χλοερῇ κήρυξε παρειῇ
200 καὶ χλόος οἰνώπων μελέων πάρος: ἐξομένης δὲ
Ἥρης ψευδομένης δολόεν δέμας ἔτρεμε παλμῷ
ἀντιτύπῳ, καὶ νέρθεν ἐπὶ χθόνα κάμπτετο νεύων
ὥμοις θλιβομένοισι γέρων κυρτούμενος αὐχὴν.
καὶ πρόφασιν μόγις εὔρεν: ἐπεστεναχίζε δὲ μῦθῳ
205 δάκρυον εὐποίητον ἀποψήσασα προσώπου,
καὶ δολόεν κατέλεξεν ἔπος φρενοθελγεί φωνῇ:

[178] Now Hera left the shieldbeswingled cave of the Dictaeon rock and the cavern where the goddess of childbirth was born, and came full of guile to Semele's chamber, puffing with jealousy. She made herself like a honeyvoiced old dame, like the loving nurse whom Agenor himself had chosen to care for his children, and made much of her – gave her a holding, found her a husband as if she had been his daughter; and she paid him back for his care, nursed Cadmos at her own breast and dandled baby Europa in her loving arms. This was what Hera looked like when she passed into the house, hating Semele and Cypris, and Dionysos who had not yet seen the light; and as she came to the chamber of the recent bridal, she turned face and eyes away to the opposite wall, that she might not see the bed of Zeus. She was led and

seated on a chair by Semele's attendant Peisianassa, a maid of Tyrian race, and Thelxinoë spread the rugs over the gleaming seat. There sat the goddess close beside her, weaving her plot. She noticed how the girl carried a burden of ripening fruit; a birth which touched not yet the moon of delivery, but a pale cheek and the pallor of limbs once rosy told of a womb no longer sealed. As treacherous Hera sat, a simulated palsy passed over her false body, and the old neck bowed downwards, nodding over the bent shoulders. Scarce finding an excuse, she groaned aloud and wiped the well-feigned tear from her face, as she spoke her false words in heart-enchanting tone:

Εἰπέ, πόθεν, βασιλεια, τεὰ χλοάουσι παρειαί;
πῇ σέο κάλλος ἐκεῖνο; τίς εἶδεῖ σεῖο μεγαίρων
πορφυρέους σπινθῆρας ἀπημάλδυνε προσώπου;
210 καὶ ῥόδα τίς μετὰμειψεν ἐς ὠκυμόρους ἀνεμώνας;
καὶ σὺ κατηφίωσα τί τήκεαι; ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὴ
ἐκλυες αἷσχεα κεῖνα, τὰ περ βοόωσι πολλῖται;
ἐρρέτω ἀρχεκάκων ὅλοδ' ὀνόμα' ἠλυτεράων.
εἰπέ δέ μοι, μὴ κρύπτε τεῆς συλήτορα μίτρης;
215 τίς σε θεῶν ἐμίηνε; τίς ἥρπασε σεῖο κορείην;

[207] "Tell me, my queen, why are your cheeks so pale? where is your beauty? Who has grudged that loveliness and dimmed the red sparkling colours of your face, changed the roses to quickfading anemones? Why are you downcast and languishing? Have you heard yourself those insults which the people are shouting? Curse the tongue of women, from which all troubles come! Tell me who laid rough hands on your girdle – hide it not! Which of the gods has besmirched you, which has ravished your maidenhood?

εἰ μὲν Ἄρης λαθραῖος ἐμὴν νυμφεύσατο κούρην
καὶ Σεμέλῃ παρίαυεν ἀφειδήσας Ἀφροδίτης,
ἐλθέτω εἰς σέο λέκτρα γαμήλιον ἔγχος ἀφάσων:
γινώσκει μενέχαρμον ἔδ' ὀνόμα' ἠλυτεράων.
220 εἰ δέ σοι ὠκυπέδιλος ἐκώμασε νυμφίος Ἑρμῆς
καὶ Σεμέλῃ διὰ κάλλος ἐὴν ἠρνήσατο Πειθώ,
ῥάβδον ἐὴν ὀπάσειε τεῆς αὐτάγγελον εὐνῆς,
ἢ σε κοσμήσειεν ἑοῖς χρυσέοις πεδίλοις
δῶρον ἄγων λεχέων σέθεν ἄξιον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴ
225 εἰς χρυσοπέδιλος, ἃ περ Διὸς εὐνέτις Ἥρη.
εἰ δέ σοι οὐρανόθεν πόσις ἦλυθε καλὸς Ἀπόλλων
καὶ Σεμέλῃς ὕπ' ἔρωτι λελασμένος ἔπλετο Δάφνης,
νόσφι δόλου κρυφίῳ δι' ἠέρος εἰς σὲ χορεύσῃ
ἄβρ' ὀνόμα' ἠλυτεράων.
230 ἔδνα τεῆς φιλότῃτος ἐὴν φόρμιγγα κομίζων,

πιστὸν ἔῶν θαλάμων σημήιον· εἰσορόων γὰρ
Κάδμος ἐπουρανίην κιθάρην Θοῖβοιο νοήσει,
ἦν ἴδεν αἰολόφωνον ἔῃς παρὰ δειῖνα τραπέζης
Ἀρμονίης μέλπουσαν ἐπιχθονίους ὕμεναιους.

[216] “If Ares has wedded my girl in secret, if he has slept with Semele and neglected Aphrodite, let him come to your bed grasping his spear as a marriage-gift – your mother knows her begetter, the terrible warrior! If quickshoe Hermes has made merry bridal with you, if he has forgotten his own Peitho for Semele’s beauty, let him bring you his rod to herald your wedding, or let him fit you with his own golden shoes as a gift worthy of your bed, that you too may be goldshod like Hera the bedfellow of Zeus! If handsome Apollo has come from heaven to be your husband, if he has forgotten Daphne because of his love for Semele, let him away with furtive guile, and come to you through the air drawn in his car by singing swans, and dancing delicately let him offer his harp as a gift for your favours, to show a trusty proof of the wedding! Cadmos will know that heavenly harp at sight, for he saw it, and heard the melodious tones, when it made music at his festal board for the wedding of Harmonia with a mortal.

235 εἰ δὲ γυναιμανέων σε βιήσατο κυανοχαίτης,
καὶ σε σοφῆς προβέβουλεν ἀειδομένης Μελανίππης,
ἀμφαδὰ κωμάσσειε, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ Κάδμου
νυμφιδίης πῆξειεν ἔῃς γλωχίνα τριαίνης,
ξυνώσας γέρας ἴσον ἐχιδνοκόμῳ παρὰ Δίρκῃ,
240 οἷα παρ’ Ἀργείοισι λεοντοβότῳ παρὰ Λέρνη,
σῆμα γάμων ἔστησεν Ἀμυμώνης, ὅθι νύμφης
Λερναίης ἔτι χῶρος ἐπώνυμός ἐστι τριαίνης.
ἀλλὰ τί κικλήσκω σε παρευνέτιν ἐννοσιγαίου;
ποῖα Ποσειδάωνος ἔχεις σημήια λέκτρων;
245 ὕδρηλαῖς παλάμῃσι χυθεῖς ἡγκάσσατο Τυρῶ
παφλάζων δολόεντι ῥόῳ μιμηλὸς Ἐνιπεύς.

[235] “If Seabluehair went womanmad and forced you, preferring you to Melanippe the sage, sung by the poet, let him make merry in full view, and plant the prongs of his trident as a bridal gift before the gates of Cadmos; so let him bestow the same honour beside snakecherishing Dirce, as he gave to lionbreeding Lerna in the Argive country as a mark of his marriage with Amymone, where the place of the Lernaian nymph still bears the trident’s name. But why do I call you the bedfellow of Earthshaker? What tokens have you of Poseidon’s bed? Tyro was embraced in a flood by watery hands, when counterfeit Enipeus came with his deceitful bubbling stream.

εἰ δὲ καί, ὥς ἐνέπεις, σέο νυμφίος ἐστὶ Κρονίων,
 ἐλθέτω εἰς σέο λέκτρα σὺν ἱμερόεντι κεραυνῷ,
 ἄστεροπῇ γαμίῃ κεκορυθμένος, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ:
 250 “Ἦρης καὶ Σεμέλης νυμφοστόλοι εἰσὶ κεραυνοί.”
 ζηλήμων περ ἐοῦσα Διδὸς δάμαρ οὐ σε χαλέψει:
 οὐ γὰρ ἐπιτρέψειε τεὸς μητρώϊος Ἄρης.
 ὀλβίῃ Εὐρώπῃ Σεμέλης πλέον, ἦν ὑπὲρ ὤμων
 Ζεὺς κερόεις ἀνάειρε: ποθοβλήτοιο δὲ ταύρου
 255 ἄβροχος ἀκροτάτοιο δι’ ὕδατος ἔτρεχε χηλή,
 καὶ σκάφος ἦεν Ἑρωτος ὁ τηλικός. ἅ μέγα θαῦμα,
 παρθένος ἡνιόχευε τὸν αἰθέρος ἡνιοχῆα.
 ὀλβίζω Δανάην Σεμέλης πλέον, ἥς διὰ κόλπου
 χρύσεος ἐξ ὀρόφοιο κατέρρεεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς
 260 ἀφνειῇ ῥαθάμιγγι γυναιμανέος νιφετοῖο:
 οὐ μὲν χρύσεια δῶρα μακαρτάτῃ ἦτεε νύμφη:
 εἶχε γὰρ ἔδνον Ἑρωτος ὅλον πόσιν. ἀλλὰ τις εἶη
 σιγὴ ἐφ’ ἡμείων, γενέτης μὴ Κάδμος ἀκούσῃ.’

[247] “Or if as you say, Cronion is your bridegroom, let him come to your bed with amorous thunders, armed with bridal lightning, that people may say - ‘Hera and Semele both have thunders in waiting for the bedchamber!’ The consort of Zeus may be jealous, but she will not hurt you, for Ares your mother’s father will not allow it. Europa is more happy than Semele, for a horned Zeus carried her on his back; the hoof of the lovestricken bull ran unwetted on the top of the water, and one so mighty was Love’s boat. O what a great miracle! A maiden held the reins of him who holds the reins of heaven! I call Danaë happier than Semele, for into her bosom Zeus poured a shower of gold from the roof, torrents of mad love in abundant showers! But that most blessed bride asked no gifts of gold; her lovegift was her whole husband. But let us be quiet, or your father Cadmos will hear.”

ὥς φαμένη λίπε δῶμα καὶ ἀχνυμένην ἔτι νύμφην,
 265 Ἦρης ζῆλον ἔχουσιν ἀμιμήτων ὕμεναιων,
 μεμφομένην Κρονίῳ: παλιννόστω δὲ κελεύθῳ
 αἰθέρος ἔνδον ἵκανε, καὶ οὐρανίῳ παρὰ θώκῳ
 κείμενα δερκομένη Διδὸς ἔντεα νόσφι φορῆος,
 οἷα περ εἰσαΐοντα, φίλῳ μειλιξάτο μύθῳ:
 270 ‘Βροντή, καὶ σὲ λέλοιπεν ἐμὸς νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς;
 τίς πάλιν ἀρπάξας σε τεὸν γύμνωσε φορῆα;
 βροντή, ἐσυλήθης — οὐκ αἰτίος ἐστὶ Τυφωεύς —
 Ἦρης ξυνὰ παθοῦσα παρήγορε: νυμφοκόμος γὰρ
 ἡμέας ἀμφοτέρους ἀπαναίνεται ὑέτιος Ζεὺς.
 275 οὐ νιφετοῖο ἔτι γαῖα παλύνεται, ὑγροχύτου δὲ
 ὄμβρου λειπομένου περιβόσκειται ἀύχμὸς ἀρούρης

αὐλακα, καρπὸν ἔχων ἀχρήιον: ἀγρονόμοις δὲ
ἀντὶ κελαινεφέος κικλήσκεται ἀννέφελος Ζεὺς.
ἄστεροπαί, Κρονίῳ πυρῶδεα ῥήξατε φωνήν,
280 Ζηνὶ γυναιμανέοντι, φίλοι, φθέγξασθε, κεραυνοί.
ἀλλὰ βαρυζήλων ἀχέων ποινήτορες Ἥρης
εἰς Σεμέλην ἔρχεσθε γαμοστόλοι, ἔδνα δὲ μίτρης
λίσσομένη φλογόντας ἐοὺς δέξαιτο φονῆας.’

[264] With these words Hera left the house, and the girl still in her grief, jealous of the inimitable state of Hera’s marriage and unsatisfied with Cronion. Hera returned to heaven and went indoors. There beside the heavenly throne she saw the weapons of Zeus lying without their owner; and as if they could hear, she addressed them in friendly cajoling words: “Dear Thunder, has Zeus my cloudgatherer deserted you too then? Who has stolen you again and left your owner naked? Thunder, you have been plundered! But Typhoeus has nothing to do with it. The same has happened to Hera, my comforter: Rainy Zeus ahs a bride to look after and neglects us both. The earth is no more sprinkled with showers: the downfall of rain has ceased, drought feeds on the plowland furrows and makes the crops worthless, the countryman speaks not more of Cloudy Zeus but Zeus Cloudless. My dear Lightnings, utter your fiery appeal to Cronion, call upon womanmad Zeus, my thunderbolts! Avenge the jealous pain of Hera, attend upon Semele’s wedding! Let her pray for a wedding-gift and receive her own fiery destroyers!”

τοῖα μὲν ἀφθόγγοις Διὸς ἔντεσιν ἴαχεν Ἥρη
285 ἀχνυμένη, φθονερῶ δὲ χόλῳ κυμαίνεται δαίμων.

[284] Such was the appeal of sorrowing Hera to the voiceless weapons, while the goddess was boiling with jealousy and fury.

καὶ Σεμέλῃ βαρύδεσμος ἑὼ νεοπενθέι θυμῷ
ἄστεροπὴν ποθέουσα, πυραυγέα πομπὸν Ἑρώτων,
μεμφομένοις στομάτεσσιν ἐὼν λιτάνευεν ἀκοίτην,
Ἥραις ἐθέλουσα πυριστεφέος τύπον εὐνῆς:
290 Ἐπρὸς Δανάης λίτομαι σε ῥυηφενέων ὕμεναιων,
δὸς χάριν, Εὐρώπης κερόεις πόσις: αἰδέομαι γὰρ
κικλήσκειν Σεμέλῃς σε, τὸν ὥς ὄναρ εἶδον, ἀκοίτην.
Ἀκρίσιος Κάδμοιο μακάρτερος: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
ἤθελον, εἰ χρύσειον ἶδον γάμον, ὕετιε Ζεῦ,
295 εἰ μὴ τοῦτο γέρας σέο Περσέος ἦρπασε μήτηρ:
ἤθελον, εἴ με κόμισσας ἐν ὕδασι ταῦρος ὁδίτης
ὥμοις ὑμετέροισιν, ἵνα πλάζοιτο καὶ αὐτὸς
γνωτὸς ἐμὸς Πολύδωρος, ἀλήμονος ἄρπαγα νύμφης

μαστεύων, ἅτε Κάδμος, ἔμδν Κρονίωνα φορῆα.
300 ἄλλὰ τί μοι βοέοιο γάμου τύπος ἦ νιφετοῖο;
οὐκ ἐθέλω γέρας Ἴσον, ὃ περ χθονίη λάχε νύμφη.
Εὐρώπη λιπε ταῦρον, ἔα Δανάη χύσιν ὄμβρου:
Ἥρης μοῦνος ἔχει με γάμων φθόνος. εἴ με γεραίρεις,
παστὸν ἔμδν κόσμησον ἐπουρανίῳ σέο πυρσῷ
305 αἰθύσσων νεφέων ἐρόεν σέλας, ἄστεροπῆν δὲ
ἔδνον ἐμῆς φιλότητος ἀπειθεί δειῖξον Ἀγαυῆ:
Αὐτονόη φρίξειεν ἐμῷ παρὰ γείτονι παστῷ
νυμφοκόμων αἰουσα μέλος βρονταῖον Ἑρώτων,
σύμβολον αὐτοβόητον ἀκηρύκτων σέο λέκτρων.

[286] But Semele heavily fettered with this new distress for her temper, longed for the lightning to be the fiery escort of their loves; and she complained to Zeus, as the prayed for a show of fires about her bed like Hera: “By Danaë’s opulent wooing I pray, grant me this grace, horned husband of Europa! for I dare not call you Semele’s husband, when I have seen you only like a dream! Acrisios was more blessed than Cadmos; but I too should have been glad to see a wedding of gold, Zeus of the Rain, if the mother of Perseus had not first stolen that honour from thee. I should have been glad if you had carried me on your shoulders in the waters as a travelling bull, and my brother Polydoros like Cadmos could have hunted the robber of the wandering bride, Cronion who carried me. But what have I to do with wedlock in shape of a bull or a shower? I want no honour equal to some earthly bride. Leave Europa her bull, leave Danaë her shower of gold: Hera’s state is the only one I envy. If you hold me worthy of honour, deck out my chamber with your heavenly fire! Kindle a lovelight in the clouds, show incredulous Agauë the lightning as my lovegift. Let Autonoë in her room close by hear the thunderous tune of our attendant Loves, and tremble at the selfannouncing token of our unpublished marriage.

310 δὸς δέ, περιπτύξαιμι φίλην φλόγα καὶ φρένα τέρψω
ἄστεροπῆς ψάφουσα καὶ ἀμφαφώσα κεραυνούς.
δὸς μοι σὼν θαλάμων ζυγίην φλόγα: πᾶσα δὲ νύμφη
πυρσὸν ἔχει πομπῆα τελεσσιγάμων ὕμεναίων.
ἦ ῥα τεῶν γαμέων οὐκ ἄξιός εἰμι κεραυνῶν
315 Ἄρεος αἶμα φέρουσα καὶ ὕμετέρης Ἀφροδίτης;
δειλὴ ἐγώ: Σεμέλης μὲν ἔχει γάμος ὠκύμορον πῦρ
καὶ χθονίους λαμπτήρας, ἐφαπτομένη δὲ κεραυνοῦ
καὶ στεροπῆς ψάφουσα τεῇ νυμφεύεται Ἥρη.
νυμφίε τερπικέραυνε, σὺ μὲν πολυφεγγεῖ παστῷ
320 ἔνθεον εἶδος ἔχων ἐπὶ δέμνιον ἔρχεται Ἥρης
ἄστεροπαῖς γαμίησι καταυγάζων σέο νύμφην
Ζεὺς πυρόεις, Σεμέλη δὲ δράκων ἢ ταῦρος ἰκάνεις:

κείνη μὲν βαρύδουπον Ὀλύμπιον ἦχον Ἐρώτων
 εἰσαίει, Σεμέλη δὲ τύπῳ σκιοειδὲι μορφῇς
 325 ταύρου ψευδαλέοιο νόθον μυκηθμὸν ἀκούει:
 ἄσφορος εἰς ἑμὰ λέκτρα κατέρχεται ἀννέφελος Ζεὺς,
 καὶ νεφεληγερέτης ὑφαύχενι μίγνυται Ἥρη.
 κούρης δ' αἰνογάμοιο πατὴρ ἐμὸς αἴσχεα φεύγων
 ἐνδόμυχος σέο Κάδμος ἀλυσκάζει πάτον ἀνδρῶν,
 330 αἰδόμενος ναέτῃσι φανήμεναι, ὅττι πολῖται
 πάντες ἐφυβρίζουσι τεοῖς κρυφίοις ὕμεναιοις
 μεμφόμενοι Σεμέλην, ὅτι φῶριον ἔσχεν ἀκοίτην.

[310] “Give it – let me embrace the dear flame and rejoice my heart, touching the lightning and handling the thunderbolts! Give me the bridal flame of your own chamber; every bride has torches to escort her in the marriage procession. Am I not worthy of your bridal thunderbolts, when I have the blood of Ares and your Aphrodite? How wretched I am! Semele’s wedding has quickfading fire and earthly torches, – your Hera is a bride who grasps the thunderbolt and touches the lightning! Thunderhurling bridegroom! You go to Hera’s bed in divine shape, illuminating your bride with bridal lightnings until the chamber shines with many lights – fiery Zeus! but to Semele you come as dragon or a bull. She hears for her love the heavy Olympian rolling boom – Semele hears the sham bellow of a false bull under a vague shadowy shape. Soundless, cloudless, Zeus comes to my bed: Cloudgatherer he mingles with Hera. Well may she hold up her head! My father shrinks from insults for a daughter unhappily married, hides in the corners of the house – your Cadmos! avoids the place where men tread, ashamed to show himself to his people, because all the people deride this secret union with you, and blame Semele for having a furtive bedmate.

καλὸν ἐμοὶ πόρες ἔδνον ὀνειδεα θελυτεράων:
 καὶ χορὸς ἀμφιπόλων ἐμὲ μέμφεται, ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
 335 δειμαίνω στόμα λάβρον ἀσιγήτοιο τιθήνης.
 μνώεο, τίς Τυφῶνι δολόφρονα πότμον ὑφαίνων
 σοὶ πόρεν ἀρπαμένοιο πάλιν σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ:
 δεῖξον ἐμῷ γενετῆρι, τὰ περ πόρε: γηραλέος γὰρ
 Κάδμος ἀπαιτίζει με τεῆς σημῆιον εὐνῆς.
 340 οὐ πῶ ἐγὼ Κρονίωνος ἀληθέος εἶδον ὅπωπῃν,
 οὐ βλεφάρων ἀκτῖνα σελασφόρον, οὐδὲ προσώπου
 μαρμαρυγὰς ἐνόησα καὶ ἀστράπτουσιν ὑπὲρ ἡν:
 οὐ πῶ ἶδον τεὸν εἶδος Ὀλύμπιον, ἀλλὰ δοκεῖω
 πόρδαλιν ἡὲ λέοντα, θεὸν δ' οὐκ εἶδον ἀκοίτην.
 345 ὥς βροτὸν εἰσορόω σε θεὸν μέλλουσα λοχεύειν.
 ἄλλον ἐγὼ πυθόμην φλογερὸν γάμον: ἥελιος γὰρ
 δὺν πυρὶ νυμφιδίῳ Κλυμένην ἡγκάσσατο νύμφην.’

[333] “A fine wedding-fit you have found me – the sneers of women! The attendants about me slander me, and far above the rest I fear the rough tongue of this garrulous nurse. Remember who wove the wilywitted fate for Typhon, and brought back to you the stolen spark of your thunder! Show it to my father, who got it back, for old Cadmos demands of me a proof of your bed. Never yet have I seen the countenance of the true Cronion, never beheld the flashing gleam from his eyelids, or the rays from his face, or the lustrous beard! Your Olympian shape I have never seen, but I expect a panther or lion – I have seen no god as a husband. I see you something mortal, and I am to bring forth a god! Yet I have heard of another fiery wedding: did not Helios embrace his bride Clymene with fiery nuptials?”

ἐννεπεν αἰτίζουσα φίλον μόρον: ἴσα γὰρ Ἥρῃ
εἰς γάμον ἀθρῆσαι μινυῶριος ἔλπετο νύμφη
350 μείλιχιον σπινθῆρα γαληναίοιο κεραυνοῦ.

[348] Thus Semele prayed for her own fate: the shortlived bride hoped to be equal to Hera, and to see at her nuptials the spark of the thunderbolt gentle and peaceful.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ αἰὼν φθονεραῖς ἐπεμέμφετο Μοῖραις,
καὶ Σεμέλην ἐλέαιρεν ἄωριον: ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ
κερδαλέον γίνωσκεν ἀμειλίκτου χόλον Ἥρης.
Ἑρμείη δὲ κέλευεν ἀπὸ φλογεροῖο κεραυνοῦ
355 ἀρπάξαι νέον υἷα πυριβλήτοιο Θυώνης.
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔλεξε πατὴρ ὑψαύχενι κούρῃ:
‘ὦ γύναι, ἣ σε δόλοις φθονερός νόος ἥπαφεν Ἥρης:
ἦ ῥα, γύναι, δοκέεις, ὅτι μείλιχοι εἰσι κεραυνοί;
τλήθι μένειν χρόνον ἄλλον, ἔως ἔτι φόρτον αἰεῖρεις,
360 τλήθι μένειν χρόνον ἄλλον, ἔως ἐμὸν υἷα λοχεύεις:
μὴ πρὸ τόκου πυρόεντας ἀπαιτίζης με φονῆας:
οὐ στεροπὴν μεθέπων Δανάης σὺλησα κορείην,
οὐ βροντῆς κελάδημα, καὶ οὐ Τυρίης σέο νύμφης
Εὐρώπης ὑμέναιον ἐνυμφεύσαντο κεραυνοί,
365 οὐκ ἴδεν Ἰναχίη δαμάλη σέλας: ἀλλὰ σὺ μούνη
θνητὴ ἀπαιτίζεις με, τὰ μὴ θεὸς ἦτεε Λητώ.’

[351] Father Zeus heard, and blamed the jealous Portioners, and pities Semele so soon to die; but he understood the scheming resentment of implacable Hera against Bacchos. Then he ordered Hermes to catch up his newborn son out of the thunderfire when it should strike Thyone. He spoke thus in answer to the highheaded girl: “Wife, the jealous mind of Hera has deceived you by a trick. Do you really think, wife, that my thunders are gentle? Be patient until

another time, for now you carry a child. Be patient until next time, and first bring forth my son. Do not demand from me the murderous fire before that birth. I had no lightning in my hand when I took Danaë's maidenhood; no booming thunder, no thunderbolts celebrated my union with your Europa, the Tyrian bride; the Inachian heifer saw no flames: you alone, a mortal, demand from me what a goddess Leto did not ask."

τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε καὶ οὐ μενέαιεν ἐρίζειν
νήμασι Μοιριδίοισι: δι' αἰθερίοιο δὲ κόλπου
ἄστράπτων πεφόρητο καὶ ἱκεσίην ἔο νύμφης
370 οὐκ ἐθέλων ἐτέλεσσε πόσις στεροπηγερέτα Ζεὺς,
εἰς Σεμέλην δ' ἐχόρευε κατηφεί χειρὶ τιταίνων
νυμφιδίους σπινθῆρας ἀμερσιγάμοιο κεραυνοῦ:
καὶ θάλαμος στεροπῆσιν ἐλάμπετο, καὶ πυρὸς ἀτμῶ
Ἰσμηνὸς σελάγιζεν, ὅλη δ' ἀμαρύσσετο Θήβη.

[367] So he spoke, but he had no thought of fighting against the threads of Fate. He passed from the bosom of the sky shooting fire, and Flashlightning Zeus the husband unwillingly fulfilled the prayer of his young wife. He danced into Semele's chamber, shaking in a reluctant hand the bridegift, those fires of thunder which were to destroy his bride. The chamber was lit up with the lightning, the fiery breath made Ismenos to glitter and all Thebes to twinkle.

375 καὶ Σεμέλη φλογόεντας ἐοὺς ὀρώσα φονῆας
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ ὑψινόῳ φάτο φωνῇ:
‘Πηκτίδος οὐ χατέω λιγυηχέος, οὐ χρέος αὐλοῦ:
βρονταὶ ἔμοι γεγάσι Διδὸς σύριγγες Ἑρώτων,
αὐλὸς ἔμοι κτύπος οὗτος Ὀλύμπιος, αἰθερίης δὲ
380 δαλὸς ἐμῶν θαλάμων στεροπῆς σέλας: οὐτιδανῶν δὲ
οὐκ ἄλέγω δαΐδων: δαΐδες δὲ μοὶ εἰσι κεραυνοί.
εἰμὶ δάμαρ Κρονίωνος, Ἐχίωνός ἐστιν Ἀγαυή,
Αὐτονόην καλέσωσιν Ἀρισταίοιο γυναῖκα:
Ἰνῶ ἔχει Νεφέλην, Σεμέλη λάχε σύγγαμον Ἥρην.
385 οὐ γενόμην Ἀθάμαντος ἐγὼ δάμαρ, ὠκύμορον δὲ
οὐ τέκον Ἀκταίωνα κυνοσπάδα, σύννομον ὕλης.
οὐ χατέω φόρμιγγος ὀλίζονος: οὐρανίη γὰρ
ἄστραϊή Κιθάρη Σεμέλης ὑμέναιον αἰεῖει.’

[375] When Semele saw her fiery murderers, she held up a proud neck and said with lofty arrogance: "I want no clearsounding cithern, I need no hoboy! Thunders are here for my panspipes of Zeus's love, this boom is my Olympian hoboy, the firebrands of my bridal are the flashes of heavenly lightning! I care not for common torches, my torches are thunderbolts! I am

the consort of Cronion, Agauë is only Echion's. Let them call Autoonë Aristaios's wife. Ino's rival is only Nephele – Semele's is Hera! I was not the wife of Athamas, I was not the mother of Actaion the forester, so quickly killed and torn by dogs. I want no lesser harp, for Cithara the heavenly harp makes music for Semele's wedding!"

ἔννεπε κυδιόωσα καὶ ἤθελε χερσὶν ἀφάσσειν
390 ἄστεροπὴν ὀλέτειραν, ἀφειδήσασα δὲ Μοίρης
τολμηρῇ παλάμῃ φονίων ἔψαυσε κεραυνῶν:
καὶ γάμος ἦν Σεμέλης θανατηφόρος, ἥς ἐνὶ θεσμῷ
πυρκαϊὴν καὶ τύμβον ἐθήκατο παστὸν Ἑρινύς:
καὶ λοχίαις ἀκτίσι γαμήλιον ἄσθμα κεραυνοῦ
395 Ζηνὸς ἀφειδήσαντος ὅλην τεφρώσατο νύμφην:

[389] So she spoke in her pride, and would have grasped the deadly lightning in her own hands – she touched the destroying thunderbolts with daring palm, careless of Fate. Then Semele's wedding was her death, and in its celebration the Avenging Spirit made her bower serve for pyre and tomb. Zeus had no mercy; the breath of the bridal thunder with its fires of delivery burnt her all to ashes.

καὶ στεροπὴ πέλε μαῖα, καὶ Εἰλείθυια κεραυνοί:
κόλπου δ' αἰθομένοιο διαθρώσκοντα τεκούσης
Βάκχον ἐπουρανίη μαιώσατο φειδομένη φλόξ,
μητροφόνῳ σπινθῆρι μαραινομένων ὕμεναιων:
400 καὶ βρέφος ἡλιτόμνηνον ἀδηλήτου τοκετοῖο
ἄσθμασι φειδομένοισιν ἐχτυλώσαντο κεραυνοί:
καὶ Σεμέλη πυρόεσσαν ἐσαθρήσασα τελευτὴν
ὤλετο τερπομένη λόχιον μόρον: ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
ἕμερον, Εἰλείθυιαν, Ἑρινύας εἰν ἐνὶ παστῶ.
405 καὶ βρέφος ἡμιτέλεστον ἐῷ γενετῆρι λοχεῦσθαι
οὐρανίῳ πυρὶ γυῖα λελουμένον ἤγαγεν Ἑρμῆς.

[396] Lightning was the midwife, thunder our Lady of childbed; the heavenly flames had mercy, and delivered Bacchos struggling from the mother's burning lap when the married life was withered by the mothermurdering flash; the thunders tempered their breath to bathe the babe, untimely born but unhurt. Semele saw her fiery end, and perished rejoicing in a childbearing death. In one bridal chamber could be seen Love, Eileithyia, and the Avengers together. So the babe half-grown, and his limbs washed with heavenly fire, was carried by Hermes to his father for the lying-in.

Ζεὺς δὲ βαρυζήλοιο μετατρέφας νόον Ἥρης

ἄγριον ἐπρήυνε παλῖλλυτον ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς,
καὶ φλογερὴν Σεμέλην μετανάστιον εἰς πόλον ἄστρον
410 οὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχουσιν ἀνήγαγε μητέρα Βάκχου
αἰθερίοις ναέτησιν ὁμέστιον, ὡς γένος Ἥρης,
ὡς τόκον Ἀρμονίης ἐξ Ἄρεος, ἐξ Ἀφροδίτης:
καὶ καθαρῷ λούσασα νέον δέμας αἶθοπι πυρσῷ...
καὶ βίον ἄφθιτον ἔσχεν Ὀλύμπιον: ἀντὶ δὲ Κάδμου
415 καὶ χθονίου δαπέδοιο καὶ Αὐτονόης καὶ Ἀγαυῆς
σύνθρονον Ἄρτεμιν εὔρε καὶ ὠμίλησεν Ἀθήνη
καὶ πόλον ἔδνον ἔδεκτο, μιῆς ψαύουσα τραπέζης
Ζηνὶ καὶ Ἑρμῶνι καὶ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Κυthereiῃ.

[407] Zeus was able to change the mind of jealous Hera, to calm and undo the savage threatening resentment which burdened her. Semele consumed by the fire he translated into the starry vault; he gave the mother of Bacchos a home in the sky among the heavenly inhabitants, as one of Hera's family, as daughter of Harmonia sprung from both Ares and Aphrodite. So her new body bathed in the purifying fire . . . she received the immortal life of the Olympians. Instead of Cadmos and the soil of earth, instead of Autonoë and Agauë, she found Artemis by her side, she had converse with Athena, she received the heavens as her wedding-gift, sitting at one table with Zeus and Hermaon and Ares and Cythereia.

BOOK 9

εἷς ἕνατον σκοπιάζε καὶ ὄψεαι υἱέα Μαιῆς
θυγατέρας τε Λάμου καὶ Μύστιδα καὶ δρόμον Ἴνου.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Σεμέλης φλογερῶν νωμήτορα κόλπων
ἡμιτελῆ λοχίοιο διαθρώσκοντα κερανοῦ
δεξάμενος Διόνυσον ἐπέρραφεν ἄρσενι μηρῶ,
μαρμαρυγὴν δ' ἀνέμιμνε τελεσσιγόνοιο Σελήνης:
5 καὶ παλάμη Κρονίδαο κυβερνήτειρα λοχείης
αὐτομάτη πέλε μαῖα πολυρραφῆος τοκετοῖο,
παιδοτόκου λύσασα μογοστόκα νήματα μηροῦ.
καὶ Διὸς ὠδίνοντος ἔτυς θηλύνετο μηροῦ,
καὶ πάις ἡλιτόμηρος ἀμήτορι τίκτετο θεσμῶ
10 ἄρσενα θηλυτέρην μετὰ γαστέρα γαστέρα βαίνων.
τὸν μὲν ὑπερκύψαντα θεηγενέος τοκετοῖο
στέμματι κισσῇεντι λεχωίδες ἔστεφον ὦραι
ἔσσομένων κήρυκες, ἐπ' ἀνθοκόμῳ δὲ καρήνῳ
εὐκεράων σκολιῇσιν ὑπὸ σπείρησι δρακόντων
15 ταυροφυῇ Διόνυσον ἐμιτρώσαντο κεράστην.

BOOK IX

*Look into the ninth, and you will see the son of Maia, and the daughters of
Lamos, and Mystis, and the flight of Ino.*

Zeus the Father received Dionysos after he had broken out of his mother's fiery lap and leapt through the delivering thunders half-formed; he sewed him in his manly thigh, while he waited upon the light of the moon which was to bring him to birth. Then the hand of Cronides guiding the birth was his own midwife to the sewn-up child, by cutting the labouring threads in his pregnant thigh. So the rounded thigh in labour became female, and the boy too soon born was brought forth, but not in a mother's way, having passed from a mother's womb to a father's. No sooner had he peeped out by this divine delivery, than the childbed Seasons crowned him with an ivy-garland in presage of things to come; they wreathed the horned head of a bullshaped Dionysos with twining horned snakes under the flowers.

καὶ μιν ἔσω Δρακάνοιο λεχώιον ἀμφὶ κολώνην
πήχεϊ κολπωθέντι λαβὼν Μαιήιος Ἑρμῆς
ἡερόθεν πεπότητο: λοχευομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
πατρῶν ἐπέθηκεν ἐπωνυμίην τοκετοῖο
20 κικλήσκων Διόνυσον, ἐπεὶ ποδὶ φόρτον αἶιρων
ἦτε χολαίων Κρονίδης βεβριθότι μηρῶ,

νῦσος ὅτι γλώσση Συρακοσσίδι χωλὸς ἀκούει:
καὶ θεὸν ἀρτιλόχευτον ἐφήμισαν Εἰραφιῶτην,
ὅττι μιν εὐώδινι πατὴρ ἐρράψατο μηρῷ.

[16] Hermes Maia's son received him near the birthplace hill of Dracanon, and holding him in the crook of his arm flew through the air. He gave the newborn Lyaïos a surname to suit his birth, and called him Dionysos, or Zeus-limp, because while he carried his burden lifted his foot with a limp from the weight of his thigh, and *nysos* in the Syracusan language means limping. So he dubbed Zeus newly delivered Eiraphiotes, or Father Botcher, because he had sewed up the baby in his breeding thigh.

25 καὶ μιν ἀχυτλώτοιο διαΐσσοντα λοχείης
πήχεϊ κοῦρον ἄδακρυν ἐκούφισε σύγγονος Ἑρμῆς,
καὶ βρέφος εὐκεράοιο φυῆς Ἴνδαλμα Σελήνης
ῶπασε θυγατέρεσσι Λάμου ποταμηῖσι Νύμφαις,
παῖδα Διὸς κομέειν σταφυλικόμον· αἱ δὲ λαβοῦσαι
30 Βάκχον ἐπηχύναντο, καὶ εἰς στόμα παιδὸς ἐκάστη
ἀθλιβέων γλαγόεσσαν ἀνέβλυνεν ἱκμάδα μαζῶν.
καὶ πάις ἀντικέλευθον ἐς οὐρανὸν ὄμμα τιταίνων
ὑπτιος ἦεν ἄυπνος, ἀμοιβαίῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
ἤερα λακτίζων διδυμάονι τέρπετο παλμῷ,
35 καὶ πόλον ἐσκοπίαζεν ἀήθεα, θαμβαλέος δὲ
πατρῶην ἐγέλασεν ἴτυν δεδοκμημένος ἄστρων.

[25] Thus Hermes carried upon his arm the little brother who had passed through one birth without a bath, and lay now without a tear, a baby with a good pair of horns like the Moon. He gave him in charge of the daughters of Lamos, river nymphs – the son of Zeus, the vineplanter. They received Bacchos into their arms; and each of them dropt the milky juice of her breast without pressing into his mouth. And the boy lay on his back unsleeping, and fixt his eye on the heaven above, or kicked at the air with his two feet one after the other in delight; he stared at the unfamiliar sky, and laughed in wonder to see his father's vault of stars.

καὶ βρέφος ἀθρήσασα Διὸς μαστίζετο νύμφη:
θυγατέρες δὲ Λάμοιο χόλῳ βαρυμήνιος Ἥρης
δαιμονίης κακότητος ἐβακχεύθησαν ἱμάσθλῃ:
40 ἐν δὲ δόμῳ δμῶησιν ἐπέχραον, ἐν τριόδοις δὲ
ξεινοφόνῳ δαίτρευνον ὁδοιπόρον ἄνδρα μαχαίρῃ:
φρικαλέαι δ' ἀλάλαζον, ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι δὲ ῥιπῇ
ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐλέλιζον ἀκοσμήτοιο προσώπου:
πάντῃ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα νοοπλανέεσσι μενοιναῖς

45 ἔτρεχον ἄσταθέων τροχαλῶ σκιρτήματι ταρσῶν:
 καὶ πλοκάμους βάκχευον ἐς ἡέρα θυιάδες αὔραι
 πλαζομένους: κροκόεις δὲ περὶ στέρνοισιν ἐκάστης
 ἀφροκόμῳ ῥαθάμιγγι χιτῶν λευκαίνετο κούρης.
 καὶ νῦ κε φοιταλέης ἑτερόφρονι κύματι λύσσης
 50 νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ,
 εἰ μὴ ἀσημάντοιο ποδὸς ληϊστορι ταρσῶ
 Βάκχον ὑποκλέψας πτερόεις πάλιν ἥρπασεν Ἑρμῆς,
 καὶ βρέφος ἀρτικόμιστον ἔχων ζωαρκεί κόλπῳ
 εἰς δόμον ἀρτιτόκοιο λεχώιον ἦγαγεν Ἴνοῦς.

[37] The consort of Zeus beheld the babe, and suffered torments. Through the wrath of resentful Hera, the daughters of Lamos were maddened by the lash of that divine mischiefmaker. In the house they attacked the servants, in the threeways they carved up the wayfaring man with alienslaying knife; they howled horribly, with violent convulsions they rolled the eyes in their disfigured faces; they scampered about this way and that way at the mercy of their wandering wits, running and skipping with restless feet, and the mad breezes made their wandering locks dance wildly into the air; the yellow shift round the bosom of each was whitened with drops of foam from the lips of the girls. Indeed they would have chopt up little Bacchos a baby still piecemeal in the distracted flood of their vagabond madness, had not Hermes come on the wing and stolen Bacchos again with a robber's untracked footsteps: the babe lately brought he caught up, and carried in his lifeprotecting bosom, until he brought him to the house where Ino had lately brought forth a son.

55 ἡ μὲν ἀνῆέρταζεν ἔῃς προθορόντα λοχεῖης
 νήπιον εἰσεέτι κοῦρον, ἐπωλόνιον Μελικέρτην,
 παιδοκόμοις παλάμησιν: ἀνοιδαίνοντο δὲ μαζοῖ
 θλιβομένοιο γάλακτος ἀναβλύζοντες ἔερσην.
 καὶ φιλίοις στομάτεσσι θεὸς μειλιξατο νύμφην
 60 θέσκελον ὁμφήντι χέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι:

[55] She was nursing her boy Melicertes, lately born and a baby still, and held him in her arms with caressing hands; her swelling breasts dropt the dew of the bursting milk. The god spoke to her in friendly coaxing tones, and let pass a divine message from his prophetic throat:

‘Δέξο, γύναι, νέον υἷα, τεῶ δ’ ἐνικάτθεο κόλπῳ
 παῖδα κασιγνήτης Σεμέλης σέεν, ὃν παρὰ παστῶ
 οὐ στεροπῆς ἀμάθυνεν ὅλον σέλας, οὐδέ μιν αὐτοὶ
 μητροφόνοι σπινθῆρες ἐδηλήσαντο κεραυνοῦ.
 65 καὶ βρέφος ἀχλύοντι δόμῳ πεφυλαγμένον ἔστω,

μηδὲ μιν ἄθρήσειεν ἔσω γλαφυροῖο μελάθρου
 ἡμάτιον Φαέθοντος ἢ ἔννυχου ὄμμα Σελήνης,
 μηδὲ ἐ κουρίζοντα, καὶ εἰ ταυρῶπις ἀκούει,
 ζηλήμων βαρύνηις ἴδῃ κεκαλυμμένον Ἥρη.
 70 δέξο κασιγνήτης σέθεν υἷα: σοὶ δὲ Κρονίων
 ἄξια σῶν καμάτων ὀπάσει θρεπτήρια κείνου.
 ὀλβίη ἐν πάσῃσι θυγατράνσιν ἔπλεο Κάδμου:
 ἦδη γὰρ Σεμέλῃ φλογερῷ δέδμητο βελέμνῳ,
 Αὐτονόν δὲ θανόντι σὺν υἷϊ γαῖα καλύψει,
 75 ἀμφοτέροις δ' ἓνα τὺμβον ἀναστήσειε Κιθαιρών,
 καὶ μόρον οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐσαθρήσειεν Ἀγαυή
 Πενθέος ὀλλυμένοιο, νόθης ψαύσασα κονίης,
 παιδοφόνος γεγαυῖα λιπόπτολις: ἀλλὰ σὺ μούνη
 ἔσσαι αὐχέσσαι, τόσης ναέτειρα θαλάσσης,
 80 οἶκον ἀμειβομένη Ποσιδήιον, εἰναλίη δὲ
 ὥς Θέτις, ὥς Ταλάτεια φατίζεται Ὑδριᾶς Ἴνω:
 οὐ χθονίῳ κενεῶνι κατακρύψει σε Κιθαιρών,
 ἀλλὰ σὺ Νηρείδων μία γίνεαι: ἀντὶ δὲ Κάδμου
 ἐλπιδι λωιτέρῃ καλέσης Νηρῆα τοκῆα
 85 παιδὶ τεῷ ζώουσα σὺν ἀθανάτῳ Μελικέρτῃ,
 Λευκοθέῃ, κρατέουσα χυτῆς κληῖδα γαλήνης,
 εὐπλοίης μεδέουσα μετ' Αἰόλον: εὐδιόων δὲ
 σοὶ πίσυνος πλεύσειε φιλέμπορος εἶν ἄλλ' ναύτης
 βωμόν ἓνα στήσας ἐνοσίχθονι καὶ Μελικέρτῃ,
 90 ῥέζων ἀμφοτέροισι: θαλασσαίοιο δὲ δίφρου
 δέξεται ἠνιοχῆα Παλαίμονα κυανοχαίτης.'

[61] "Madam, receive a new son; lay in your bosom the child of Semele your sister. Not the full blaze of the lightning destroyed him in her chamber; even the sparks of the thunderbolt which killed his mother did him no harm. Let the child be kept safe in a gloomy room, and let neither the Sun's eye by day nor the Moon's eye by night see him in your roofed hall. Cover him up, that jealous resentful Hera may never see him playing, though she is said to have eyes to see a bull. Receive your sister's boy, and you shall have from Cronion a reward for his nurture worthy of your pains. Happy are you among all the daughters of Cadmos! for already Semele has been brought low by a fiery bolt; Autonoë shall lie under the earth with her dead son, and Cithairon will set up one tomb for both; Agauë shall see the fate of Pentheus among the hills, and she shall touch his ashes all deceived. A sonslayer she shall be, and a banished woman, but you alone shall be proud; you shall inhabit the mighty sea and settle in Poseidon's house; in the brine like Thetis, like Galateia, your name shall be Ino of the Waters. Cithairon shall not hide you in the hollow earth, but you shall be one of the Nereïds. Instead of Cadmos, you shall call Nereus father, with happier hopes. You shall ever live with Melicertes your

immortal son as Leucothea, holding the key of clam waters, mistress of good voyaging next to Aiolos. The merchant seaman trusting in you shall have a fineweather voyage over the brine; he shall set up one altar for the Earthshaker and Melicertes, and do sacrifice to both together; Seabluehair shall accept Palaimon as guide for his coach of the sea.”

ὥς εἰπὼν ἀκίχητος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἔδραμεν Ἑρμῆς
ἥερι δινεύων ἀνεμώδεα ταρσὰ πεδίλων.
Ἴνῳ δ' οὐκ ἀπίθησε, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
95 παιδοκόμῳ πῆχυνεν ἀμήτορα Βάκχον ἀγοστῶ,
πῆχεϊ δ' ἀπλώσασα συνωρίδα δίζυγα παιδῶν
δίζυγα μαζὸν ὄρεξε Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ:
καὶ βρέφος ἀμφιπόλῳ παρεθήκατο Μύστιδι νύμφῃ,
Μύστιδι καλλικόμῳ Σιδωνίδι, τὴν ἔτι κούρην
100 Κάδμος ἀνήεξε πατὴρ θαλαμηπόλον Ἴνοῦς:
ἦ τότε Βάκχον ἐλοῦσα θεοτρεφῶν ἀπὸ μαζῶν
ἄρροϊδῇ ζοφόνει κατεκῆισσε βερέθρῳ:
καὶ Διὸς αὐτοβόητος ἀπαγγέλλουσα λοχεῖην
μαρμαρυγὴν σελάγιζε, καταυγάζουσα προσώπου:
105 τοῖχοι δ' ἀχλύοντες ἐλευκαίνοντο μελάρθρου
καὶ ζόφον ἔκρυφε φέγγος ἀθηήτου Διονύσου.
καὶ Βρομίῳ παίζοντι παρέζετο πάννυχος Ἴνω:
πολλάκι δ' ἀστήρικτος ἀναθρώσκων Μελικέρτης
χειρῆσιν ἀντιτύποισιν ἀνέσπασε γείτονα θηλήν
110 εὖ ἱα παππάζοντι παρερπύζων Διονύσῳ.

[92] With these words Hermes was off into the sky unapproachable, twirling in the air the windswift soles of his shoes. And Ino was not disobedient. With loving care she held the motherless Bacchos in her nursing arm, and laying out the pair, the two children, upon it offered her two breasts to Palaimon and Dionysos. She gave the baby in charge to Mystis her attendant maid, Mystis the finehaired Sidonian, whom Cadmos had brought up from a girl to attend in Ino's chamber. She then took Bacchos away from those godfeeding breasts, and hid him from all eyes in a dark pit. But a brilliant light shone from his face, which declared of itself the offspring of Zeus: the gloomy walls of the house grew bright, and the light of unseen Dionysos hid the darkness. All night long Ino sat beside Bromios as he played. Often Melicertes jumped up with wavering steps and pressed his lips to pull at the other breast as he crawled close to Bacchos babbling “Euoi!”

καὶ θεὸν ἔτρεφε Μύστις ἔης μετὰ μαζὸν ἀνάσσης
ὄμμασιν ἀγρύπνοισι παρεδρήσουςα Λυαίῳ:
καὶ πινυτὴ θεράπεινα φερώνυμα Μύστιδι τέχνῃ

ὄρηια νυκτελίοιο διδασκομένη Διονύσου

115 καὶ τελετὴν ἄγρυπνον ἐπεντύνουσα Λυαίῳ
πρώτῃ ρόπτρον ἔσεισεν, ἐπεπλάταγῃσε δὲ Βάκχῳ
κὺμβαλα δινεύουσα περίκροτα δίζυγι χαλκῷ,
πρώτῃ νυκτιχόρευτον ἀναψαμένη φλόγα πεύκης
εὖιον ἐσμαράγησεν ἀκοιμήτῳ Διονύσῳ,

120 πρώτη καμπύλον ἄνθος ἀναδέψασα κορύμβῳ
ἄπλοκον ἀμπελόεντι κόμην μιτρώσατο δεσμῷ,
αὐτὴ δ' ἔπλεκε θύρσον ἐμόζυγον οἶνοπι κισσῷ,
ἀκροτάτῳ δὲ σίδηρον ἐπεσφήκωσε κορύμβῳ
κευθόμενον πετάλοισιν, ὅπως μὴ Βάκχον ἀμύξῃ:

125 καὶ φιάλας γυμνοῖσιν ἐπὶ στέρνοισι καθάψαι
χαλκείας ἐνόνσε καὶ ἱξυὶ δέρματα νεβρῶν:

καὶ τελετῆς ζαθέης ἐγκύμονα μῦστιδα κίστην

παίγνια κουρίζοντι διδασκομένη Διονύσῳ

πρώτῃ ἐχιδνήεντα κατὰ χροὸς ἦψεν ἱμάντα

130 σύμπλοκον, εἰλικόεις δὲ δράκων περὶ δίπλακα μίτρην

ἄμματα κυκλώσας ὀφιώδεϊ κάμπτετο δεσμῷ.

[111] Mystis also nursed the god after her mistress's breast, watching by the side of Lyaaios with sleepless eyes. The clever handmaid taught him the art that bears her name, the mystic rites of Dionysos in the night. She prepared the unsleeping worship for Lyaaios, she first shook the rattle, and clanged the swinging cymbals with the resounding double bronze; she first kindled the nightdancing torch to a flame, and cried Euion to sleepless Dionysos; she first plucked the curving growth of ivy-clusters, and tied her flowing hair with a wreath of vine; she alone entwined the thyrsus with purple ivy, and wedged on the top of the clusters an iron spike, covered with leaves that it might not scratch Bacchos. She thought of fitting plates of bronze over the naked breast, and fawnskins over the hips. She taught Dionysos to play with the mystical casket teeming with sacred things of worship, and to use them as his childish toys. She first fastened about her body a belt of braided vipers, where a serpent coiling round the belt on both sides with encircling bonds was twisted into a snaky not.

τὸν δὲ πολυκλήιστον ὑπὸ σφρηγῖδα μελάθρου

ὄμμασιν ἀπλανέεσσιν ἶδεν πανεπόπιος Ἥρῃ

μῦστιδος ἀφράστοιο μυχῷ πεφυλαγμένον οἶκου:

135 καὶ Στυγὸς ὕστερόποινον ἐπώμνε νερτερον ὕδωρ

παντοίῃ κακότητι κατακλύζειν δόμον Ἴνοϋς.

καὶ νῦ κεν ἡμάλδυνε Διὸς γόνον: ἀλλὰ μιν Ἑρμῆς

ἄρπάξας ἐκόμισσε Κυβηλίδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης:

Ἥρῃ δ' ὠκυπέδιλος ἐπέδραμεν εὐποδι ταρσῷ

140 ὑψόθεν ἀστήρικτος: ὁ δὲ δρόμον ἔφθασεν Ἥρης,

πρωτογόνου δὲ Φάνητος ἀτέρμονα δύσατο μορφήν
καὶ θεὸν ἄζομένη πρωτόσπορον εἵκαθεν Ἥρη
ψευδομένας ἀκτῖνας ὑποπτήσσουσα προσώπου,
οὐδὲ νόθης ἐνόησε δολοπλόκον εἰκόνα μορφῆς:

145 κουφοτέροις δὲ πόδεσσιν ὀρειάδα πέζαν ἀμείβων,
χερσὶ περιπλεκέεσσι κερασφόρον υἷα κομίζων,
μητρὶ Διὸς γενέταο λεοντοβότῳ πόρε Ῥεῖη,
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἀριστώδινι θεαίνῃ:

[132] Here behind the many keys and seals of the palace allseeing Hera spied him with her infallible eyes, guarded by Mystis in that hidden corner of the house. Then she swore by the infernal water of afteravenging Styx, that she would drown the house of Ino in a flood of innumerable woes. Indeed she would have destroyed the son of Zeus; but Hermes caught him up and carried him to the wooded ridge where Cybele dwelt. Moving fast, Hera ran swiftshoe on quick feet from high heaven; but he was before her, and assumed the eternal shape of firstborn Phanes. Hera in respect for the most ancient of the gods, gave him place and bowed before the radiance of the deceiving face, not knowing the borrowed shape for a fraud. So Hermes passed over the mountain tract with quicker step than hers, carrying the horned child folded in his arms, and gave it to Rheia, nurse of lions, mother of Father Zeus, and said these few words to the goddess mother of the greatest:

‘Δέξο, θεά, νέον υἷα τεοῦ Διός, ὃς μόθον Ἴνδῶν
150 ἄθλεύσας μετὰ γαῖαν ἐλεύσεται εἰς πόλον ἄστρον,
Ἥρη χωομένη μεγάλη χάρις: οὐ γὰρ ἔωκει,
ὃν Κρονίδης ὠδινεν, ἔχειν κουροτρόφον Ἴνῳ:
μαῖα Διωνύσοιο Διὸς γενέτειρα γενέσθω,
μήτηρ Ζηνὸς ἐοῦσα καὶ υἱωνοῖο τιθήνη.’

[149] “Receive, goddess, a new son of your Zeus! He is to fight with the Indians, and when he has done with earth he will come into the starry sky, to the great joy of resentful Hera! Indeed it is not proper that Ino should be nurse to one whom Zeus brought forth. Let the mother of Zeus be nanny to Dionysos – mother of Zeus and nurse of her grandson!”

155 ὥς εἰπὼν ταχύγουνος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἦλυθεν Ἑρμῆς
κυκλώσας βαλίῃσιν ὑπηνέμιον περὸν αὔραις:
αὐτογόνου δὲ Φάνητος ὑπέρτερον εἶδος ἀμείψας
ἀρχαίην παλινόρσος ἔην ἀνεδύσατο μορφήν
μητέρι παιδοκόμῳ παλινανξέα Βάκχον ἔασας.

[155] This said, Hermes rose quicknee to the sky, rounding his wings under the

rushing breezes. There he put off the higher shape of selfborn Phanes and put on his own form again, leaving Bacchos to grow a second time in the Mother's nurture.

160 τὸν δὲ θεὰ κομέεσκε καὶ εἰσέτι κοῦρον ἔοντα
ἄρματος ὠμοβόμων ἐπιβήτορα θῆκε λεόντων:
καὶ τροχαλοὶ Κορύβαντες ἔσω θεοδέγμονος αὐλῆς
παιδοκόμῳ Διόνυσον ἐμιτρώσαντο χορείῃ,
καὶ ξίφεα κτυπέεσκον, ἁμοιβαίησι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
165 ἄσπιδας ἐκρούσαντο κυβιστητῇρι σιδήρῳ
κουροσύνην κλέπτοντες ἀεζομένου Διονύσου:
καὶ πᾶσι εἰσαΐων σακέων μαιήιον ἦχῳ
πατρῴαις κομιδιῇσιν ἀεξήθη Κορυβάντων.

[160] The goddess took care of him; and while he was yet a boy, she set him to drive a car drawn by ravening lions. Within that godwelcoming courtyard, the tripping Corybants would surround Dionysos with their childcherishing dance, and clash their swords, and strike their shields with revounding steel in alternate movements, to conceal the growing boyhood of Dionysos; and as the boy listened to the fostering noise of the shields he grew up under the care of the Corybants like his father.

καὶ νέος ἐνναέτηρος ἔχων θηροκτόνον ἄγρην
170 ποσὶ μὲν ὠκυτέροισι παρέστιχεν ἴθμα λαγωῦ,
χειρὶ δὲ νηπιᾶχῳ μεθέπων κεμαδοσσόον ἀλκῇν
ποικίλον ἠώρησεν ἐπ' αὐχένι ωεβρόν ἀείρων,
καὶ θρασὺν αἰολόνωτον ἔχων τετανυσμένον ὦμῳ
τίγριν ἄνω κούφιζε μετάρσιον ἔκτοθι δεσμοῦ ...
175 σκύμνους χερσὶν ἔχων ἐπεδείκνυε μητέρι Πρῆι,
ἀρπάξας νέα τέκνα πολυλλαγέων ἀπὸ μαζῶν,
σμερδαλέους δὲ λέοντας ἔτι ζῶοντας ἐρύσσας
μητέρι δῶρα τίττειν, ἵνα ζεύξειεν ἀπῆνῃ
δίζυγας ἀμφοτέρησι πόδας παλάμησι πιέζων.
180 θαμβαλέῃ δὲ γέλῳτι γεγηθότι δέρκετο Πρῆι
ἡγορέην καὶ ἄεθλα νεηγενέος Διονύσου:
καὶ βλοσυρῶν Ἰόβακχον ἰδὼν ἐλατῆρα λεόντων
ὄμμασι τερπομένοισι πατὴρ ἐγέλασσε Κρονίων.

[169] At nine years old the youngster went a-hunting his game to the kill. He passed the coursing hare with feet quicker still; following after the strong pricket's speed, he would lift with childish hand the dappled fawn and carry it over his neck; he would hold lightly aloft stretched on his shoulders a bold fellstriped tiger unshackled, and brought in hand to show Rheia the cubs he

had torn newborn from the dam's milky teats. He dragged horrible lions all alive, and clutching a couple of feet in each hand presented them to the Mother that she might yoke them to her car. Rheia looked on laughing with joy, and admired the manliness and doughty feats of young Dionysos; his father Cronion laughed when he saw with delighted eyes Iobacchos driving the grim lions.

καὶ χροὶ λαχνήεντας ἀνεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνας
185 Εὐϊος ἄρτιτέλεστον ἔκων παιδῆιον ἥβην,
δαιδαλέην ἐλάφοιο φέρων ὦμοισι καλύπτρην,
αἰθερίων μιμηλὸν ἔχων τύπον αἰόλον ἄστρων·
καὶ Φρυγίης ὑπὸ πέζαν ἐς αὖλικας ἐλάσσας
στικτοῖς πορδαλίσσιν ἐὴν ἔξευξεν ἀπήνην,
190 οἷά τε πατρῶων δαπέδων Ἴνδαλμα γεραίρων·
πολλάκι δ' ἀθανάτης ἐποχημένος ἄρματι Ῥείης,
βαίῃ χειρὶ φέρων ἀπαλόχροϊ κύκλα χαλινού,
κραιπνὸν ἐπειγομένων ἀνεσεύρασεν ἄρμα λεόντων·
καὶ Διὸς ὕψιμέδοντος ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θάρσος ἀέξων
195 δεξιτερὴν ἐτίταινεν ἐπὶ στόμα λυσσάδος ἄρκτου,
σμερδαλέαις γενύεσσιν ἀταρβέα δάκτυλα βάλλων,
δάκτυλα κουρίζοντα· καὶ ἴστατο μειλιχίῃ θῆρ
νηπιάχῳ στόμα δοῦλον ἐπιτρέψασα Λυαίῳ,
καὶ κύσε καρχαλέοισι φιλήμασι δίκτυλα Βάκχου.

[184] The time of boyhood just come, Euios draped furry tunics upon his body, and carried to cover his shoulders the dappled skin of a stag, imitating the sky spotted with stars. He drove lynxes to his stables in the Phrygian plain, and yoked speckled panthers to his cart as if to make it look the place where his father dwelt. Often he stood in the chariot of immortal Rheia, and held the flowing reins in his tenderskin hand, and checked the nimble team of galloping lions. The boldness of Zeus high and mighty grew in his heart, until he stretched his right hand to the snout of a mad she-bear and laid fearless fingers on the terrible jaws, playful fingers: gentle stood the beast, and left her mouth a slave of youthful Lyaïos, and kissed Bacchos's fingers with rough kisses.

200 ὥς ὁ μὲν ἠέξετο φιλοσκοπέλῳ παρὰ Ῥεῖῃ
ἄρτιθαλῆς ἔτι κοῦρος ὀρίτροφος. ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτραις
Πᾶνες ἐκυκλώσαντο χοροῖτυπον ὑῖα Θυῶνης,
ποσὶ δασυκνήμοισι περισκαίροντες ἐρίπναις,
Βάκχον ἀνευάζοντες· ἐλισσομένων δὲ χορεῖῃ
205 αἰγείῃ κροτάλιζε ποδῶν σκιρτήματι χηλῇ.

[200] Thus he grew up beside cliffloving Rheia, yet a boy in healthy youth, mountainbred. Circles of Pans among the rocks came about the dancebeating son of Thyone, skipping around the crags on shaggyknee legs and crying “Euoi!” to Bacchos; and the goatfoot hooves rattled in their capers, as they went round and round in the dance.

καὶ Σεμέλη κατ’ Ὀλυμπον ἔτι πνείουσα κεραυνοῦ
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ ὑψινόῳ φάτο φωνῇ:
“Ἥρη, ἐσυλήθης: Σεμέλης τόκος ἐστὶν ἀρείων:
Ζεὺς ἐμὸν νῖα λόχευσε καὶ ἀντ’ ἐμέθεν πέλε μήτηρ,
210 σπεῖρε πατήρ καὶ ἔτικτε, τὸν ἥροσεν, αὐτοτόκῳ δὲ
γαστρὶ νόθῃ τέκε παῖδα, φύσιν δ’ ἥλλαξεν ἀνάγκῃ.
Βάκχος Ἐνυαλίου πέλε φέρτερος: ὑμέτερον γὰρ
ἥροσε μῶνον Ἄρηα καὶ οὐ τεκνώσατο μηρῶ.
Θήβη δ’ Ὀρτυγίης κλέος ἔκρυφεν: οὐρανίη γὰρ
215 λάθριον Ἀπόλλωνα διωκομένη τέκε Λητώ:
Λητὼ Φοῖβον ἔτικτε, καὶ οὐκ ὤδινε Κρονίων:
Ἑρμείαν τέκε Μαῖα, καὶ οὐκ ἐλόχευσεν ἀκοίτης:
ἀμφαδίην δ’ ἐμὸν νῖα πατήρ τέκεν. Ἄ μέγα θαῦμα,
δέρκεο σῆς Διόνυσσον ἐν ἀγκαλίδεσσι τεκούσης
220 πῆχέϊ παιδοκόμῳ περικείμενον: ἀνάου δὲ
ἢ ταμίη κόσμοιο, θεῶν πρωτόσπορος ἀρχή,
παμμήτωρ, Βρομίου τροφὸς ἔπλετο: νηπιᾶχῳ γὰρ
Βάκχῳ μαζὸν ὄρεξε, τὸν ἔσπασεν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς.
τίς Κρονίδης ὤδινε, τίς ἔτρεφεν Ἄρεα Ῥεῖη
225 παῖδα τεόν; Κυβέλη δὲ φατιζομένη σέο μήτηρ
Ζῆνα τέκεν καὶ Βάκχον ἀνέτρεφεν εἰν ἐνὶ κόλπῳ:
ἀμφοτέρους ἦειρε καὶ νιέα καὶ γενετῆρα.
οὐδὲ τόκῳ Σεμέλης ἀπάτωρ Ἥφαιστος ἐρίζοι
ἄσπορος ἐκ γενετῆρος, ὃν αὐτόγονος τέκεν Ἥρη
230 λεπταλέων σκάζοντα ποδῶν ἑτεραλκέι ταρσῶ,
μητρῶν ἀτέλεστον ὑποκλέπτοντα λοχείην.
οὐ Σεμέλῃ πέλε Μαῖα πανεῖκελος, ἥς πάις Ἑρμῆς
ἰσοφανὴς δολόεις, κεκορυθμένος οἶα περ Ἄρης,
Ἥρην ἡπερόπευσεν, ἔως γλάγος ἔσπασε μαζῶν.
235 εἰζατέ μοι: Σεμέλῃ γὰρ ἐὼν πόσιν ἔλλαχε μούνην
τὴν αὐτὴν ἀρόωντα καὶ ὠδίνοντα γενέθλην.
ὀλβίστη Σεμέλῃ χάριν νιέος: ἡμέτερος γὰρ
νόσφι δόλου Διόνυσσος ἐλεύσεται εἰς χορὸν ἄστρον
αἰθέρα ναιετάων πατρώιον, ὅττι θεαίνης
240 τοσσατίης ὑπέδεκτο θεοτρεφὸς γάλα θηλῆς:
ἵζεται αὐτοκέλευστος ἐς οὐρανόν, οὐδὲ χατίζει
Ἥραιιο γάλακτος ἀρείονα μαζὸν ἀμέλξας.’

[206] And Semele in Olympos, with a breath of the thunderbolts still about her, lifted a proud neck and cried with haughty voice – “Hera, you are ruined! Semele’s son has beaten you! Zeus brought forth my son, he was the mother in my place! The father begot, the father brought forth his begotten. He brought forth a child from a makeshift womb of his own, and forced nature to change. Bacchos was stronger than Enyalios; your Ares he only begot, and never childed with his thigh! Thebes ahs eclipsed the glory of Ortygia! For Leto the divine was chased about, and brought forth Apollo on the sly; Leto brought forth Phoibos, Cronion had no labour for him; Maia brought forth Hermes, her husband did not deliver him; but my son was brought forth openly by his father. Here’s a great miracle! See Dionysos in the arms of your own mother, he lies on that cherishing arm! The Dispenser of the eternal universe, the first sown Beginning of the gods, the Allmother, became a nurse for Bromios; she offered to infant Bacchos the breast which Zeus High and Mighty has sucked! What Cronides was ever in labour, what Rheia was ever nurse for your boy? But this Cybele who is called your mother brought forth Zeus and suckled Bacchos in the same lap! She dandled them both, the son and the father. No fatherless Hephaistos could rival Semele’s child, none unbegotten of a father whom Hera brought forth by her own begettomg – and now he limps about on an illmatched pair of feeble legs to hid his mother’s bungling skill in childbirth! Maia was not quite like Semele; for her son, crafty, armed himself like Ares, and looking like him, deluded Hera until he sucked the milk of her breast. Give place to me all! for Semele alone had a husband, who got and groaned for the same child. Semele is happiest, because of her son: for my Dionysos will come without scheming into the company of the stars; he will dwell in his father’s heaven, because he drew milk from the godnursing teat of that mighty goddess. He will come selfsummoned into the heavens; he needs not Hera’s milk, for he has milked a nobler breast.”

εἶπεν ἀγαλλομένη καὶ ἐν αἰθέρι: χωομένη δὲ
Ζηνὸς ἀνεπτοίησε δάμαρ μετανάστιον Ἴνώ,
245 ἀπροϊδῆς Ἀθάμαντος ἐπιβρίσασα μελάρω
εἰσέτι κουρίζοντι χολωομένη Διονύσω.

[243] She spoke exulting even in the sky; but the angry consort of Zeus fell heavily in surprise upon the house of Athamas and scared Ino into flight. She still resented the childhood of Dionysos.

ἐκ θαλάμου δὲ φυγοῦσα διέδραμε δύσγαμος Ἴνώ,
τρηχαλέας ἀπέδιλος ἐπισκαίρουσα κολώνας,
ἶχνος ἀκηρύκτοιο μετεσσυμένη Διονύσου:
250 φοιταλέη δὲ βέβηκε δι’ οὔρεος οὔρεα νύμφη,
ἄχρι χαράδρηεσαν ἐδύσατο Δελφίδα Πυθῶ:

καὶ μόγις ἶχνος ἔκαμψε δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ λόχμη
 ἄσχετα παιφάσσουσα: κατὰ στέρνοιο δὲ γυμνοῦ
 πενθαλέον κήρυκα διαρρήξασα χιτῶνα
 255 αἶνομανῆς πεφόρητο: νοσπλάγκτοιο δὲ νύμφης
 οἰμωγὴν αἰών ἑτερόθορον ἔτρεμε ποιμήν.
 πολλάκι θεσπεσίῃ τριποδηίδι σύμπλοκον ἔδρη
 αὐχμηραῖς τριέλικτον ὄφιν σπειρηδὸν ἐθείραις
 ἥρμοσε, λεπταλέῳ δὲ περισφίγξασα καρήνω
 260 μηκεδανὴν μίτρωσε δρακοντεῖω τρίχα δεσμῷ:
 παρθενικὰς δ' ἐδίωκε θεωρίδας. οὐ τότε λοιβή,
 οὐδὲ θυηπολίη μεταδήμιος, οὐ παρὰ νηῶ
 Δελφὸς ἀνὴρ ἐχόρευε: τανυπλέκτοιο δὲ κισσοῦ
 γυιοβόροις ἐλίκεσσιν ἐμαστιζοντο γυναῖκες.
 265 θηρητήρ δ' ἀλέεινεν ἰδὼν ὀρεσιδρομον Ἴνώ,
 καλλείψας σταλίκων λίνεον δόλον: ὑπὶ λόφου δὲ
 αἰπόλος ἤλασεν αἴγας ὑπὸ πτύχα φωλάδα πέτρης
 καὶ βόας ἰδρώνοντας ὑπὸ ζυγόδεσμον ἐλαύνων
 ἄλμασιν Ἰνώοισι γέρων ἔφριξεν ἀροτρεὺς.
 270 καὶ χθονίης σφίγξασα βοῆς ἀλλόθορον ἠχώ
 Πυθιάς ὁμφῆεσσα δι' οὔρεος ἔτρεχε κούρη,
 ἠθάδα σεισασμένη κεφαλῇ Πανοπηίδα δάφνην:
 δυσασμένη δὲ κάρηνα βαθυκνήμιδος ἐρίπτης
 Δελφικὸν ἄντρον ἔναιε φόβῳ λυσσώδεος Ἰνοῦς.

[247] Ino, unhappy wife, escaped from her chamber and fled, rushing unshod over the rough mountains and searching for a trace of Dionysos, but without tidings. The nymph wandered passing from hill to hill, until she entered the ravine of Delphian Pytho. At last after intolerable wanderings she turned her step into the dragonbreeding copse. She tore the shift from her naked breast in token of mourning, and roamed madly about: the shepherd trembled to hear her distracted lamentation in a language he did not know. Often she seized the serpent which coiled thrice around the divine tripod-seat, and wreathed it in spirals on her squalid hair, fastening the long tresses about the delicate head with a snaky ribbon. She drove away the maidens of the temple service: nor more libations, nor more public worship, no man of Delphoi danced near the temple – the women were scourged with limbscoring tangles of longplaited ivy. The huntsmen who saw Ino running on the hills left the traps of string on their stakes and fled. The goatherd drove his goats under cover of a hole in the towering rocks; the old plowman as he drove the sweating oxen under the yoke shivered at Ino's leaps. The Pythian prophetess herself choked down the foreign sounds of the underworld voice and ran into the mountains, with her customary Panopeian laurel shaking upon her head: she plunged between the deepkneed peaks of the ravine, and took refuge in the Delphic cavern, in her fear of maddened Ino.

275 ἄλλὰ διεσσυμένη πολυκαμπέος ἔνδιον ὕλης
οὐ λάθεν Ἀπόλλωνα πανόφιον· ἄγχι δὲ λόχμης
οἰκτεῖρων ταχὺς ἦλθε, καὶ εἰς βροτὸν εἶδος ἀμείψας
νύμφης ἐγγὺς ἵκανε, καὶ ἀκρότατον δέμας Ἴνου
φειδομέναις παλάμῃσι σοφῆς ἐπλέξατο Δάφνης,
280 καὶ οἱ νήδυμον ὕπνον ἐπήγαγεν· ἀμβροσίῃ δὲ
ὑπναλέης ἔχρισεν ὅλον χροῶ πενθάδος Ἴνου
λυσιπόνῳ ῥαθάμιγγι μεμνηνότα γυῖα διαίνων.
καὶ χρόνον αὐτόθι μίμνεν ἔσω Παρνησίδος ὕλης
τέτρατον εἰς λυκάβαντα, καὶ ὁμφαίῃ παρὰ πέτρῃ
285 εἰσέτι νηπιάχοιο χοροὺς ἰδρύσατο Βάκχου
Φοῖβου μαντοσύνησι· σὺν ἀγρύπνοισι δὲ πεύκαις
Κωρυκίδες θυόεντα μετέστιχον ὄργια Βάκχαι,
καὶ ζαθέαις παλάμῃσιν ἀλεξητήρια λύσσης
φάρμακα συλλέξαντο καὶ ἰήσαντο γυναιῖκα.

[275] But Apollo Allseeing did not miss the woman, as she went through the twinings and twistings of the open forest where she sojourned. He pitied her, and came quickly near the grove. Taking the shape of a man he approached Ino, and with gentle hands wreathed her head with leaves of clever laurel, and brought sleep upon her. Then he anointed with ambrosia the whole body of mourning Ino in her sleep, bathing her maddened limbs in the grief-assuaging drops. Long she remained there in the Parnassian wood, until the fourth lichtgang. Then she founded dances for Bacchos yet a young boy, hard by the rock of prophecy, by the oracle of Phoibos; with unsleeping torches the Corycian Bacchantes followed their fragrant rites, and gathered healing drugs with their divine hands, and healed the woman of her madness.

290 Κεκλομένου δ' Ἀθάμαντος ὁπάονες ἦσαν ἀλῆται
πάντοθι μαστεύοντες· ὀριπλανέες δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ
δμῳίδες ἐστιχόωντο πολυστρέπτοισι πορείαις
διζόμεναι περίφοιτον ἀπευθέος ἵχνος ἀνάσσης
πλαζομένης ἀκίχητα· φιλοθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
295 στυγνὸς ἐρευθιώσαν ὄνυξ ἤμυσσε παρειήν,
καὶ ῥοδέοις ἐκόρυσσαν ἐκούσια δάκτυλα μαζοῖς·
καὶ πολὺν οἰμωγῇσι δι' ἄστεος ἦχον ἰάλλων
πενθαλέης ὀλόλυξε βεβυσμένος οἶκος ἀνιης·
καὶ πλεόν αἰολόμητις ἐδέχνυτο Μύστις ἀνάγκην,
300 εἶχε δὲ διπλόον ἄλγος ἀλωομένης ἔτι δειλῆς
Ἴνου τλησιπόνοιο καὶ ἀρπαμένου Διονύσου.

[290] Meanwhile at the call of Athamas the servants had been scattered, hunting everywhere for Ino. The women wandered over the hills like her, passing by

many a winding path in search of any footstep of their missing lady, who moved leaving neither trace nor tidings. The women wept and wailed, cruel nails tore the reddened cheeks, willing fingers attacked the rosy breasts. The house plunged in mourning and sorrow cried aloud, and sent the loud sound of lamentation through the city. Most of all the inventive mind of Mystis felt the hard oppression, for she had a double grief, when unhappy Ino was still lost with all her troubles to bear, and Dionysos was stolen away.

οὐ μὲν ἄναξ Ἀθάμας κινυρὴν ὠδύρετο νύμφην,
ἀλλὰ λιπῶν ἄμνηστον ἀκηρύκτου πόθον Ἴνου
δισσοτόκου Νεφέλης προτέρης μετὰ δέμνια νύμφης
305 ἄβρὰ βαθυζώνοιο μετέστιχε λέκτρα Θεμιστοῦς,
καὶ τρίτον εἰς ὑμέναιον ἄγων Ὑψηίδα κούρην
Ἴνου ρῖπεν ἔρωτα· καὶ ὡς τροφὸς ἄβρὸν ἀθύρων,
ὑσιπόρῳ στροφάλιγγι μετάρσιον ἥερι πέμπων,
κούφισε παππάζοντα παρηγορέων Μελικέρτην·
310 καὶ οἱ δακρυχέοντι γαλακτοφόρου περὶ θηλῆς
ἄρσενά μαζὸν ὄρεξε, πόθον δ' ἀνέκοψε τεκούσης.

[302] However, Athamas did not mourn his afflicted bride. He forgot his fickle passion for untraced Ino, and after the bed of his first wife Nephele had given him two children, he sought the luxurious couch of deepbosomed Themisto, and took as a third wife the daughter of Hypseus – and thus threw off Ino's love. Once as he played prettily nurse-like to comfort Melicertes calling for papa, lifting and throwing him up and up in the air with high somersaults, when the boy cried for the milky teat, he offered his man's breast and made him forget his mother.

ἐκ λεχέων δ' Ἀθάμαντος ἀνήεξεσε Θεμιστῶ
υἱέας εὐθώρηκας, ἀλεξητῆρας Ἐννοῦς,
Σχοινέα καὶ Λεύκωνα, νέην εὐήνορα φύτλην,
315 πρωτοτόκοις ὠδῖσιν· ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι δὲ μήτηρ
ξυνῆς δισσά γενέθλα μιῆς βλάστημα λοχείης
γεῖνατο Πορφυρέωνα καὶ ἔτρεφε πίονι μαζῷ
Πτοῖον, ἀλεξικάκοιο θάλος παιδήιον ἥβης,
ἄμφω τηλυγέτους καὶ ὁμήλικας, οὓς ποτε μήτηρ
320 μητρυιῆς ἄτε παῖδας ἀπηλοίησε Θεμιστῶ,
δίπτυχον ἀγλαόπαιδος ὀιομένη γένος Ἴνου.

[312] From the bed of Athamas, Themisto bred two warrior sons, a sure defence against battle, Schoineus and Leucon, a fine new manly breed, the fruit of her first births. After these two, the mother bore twin offspring of one common birth, and nursed at her rich breast Porphyryion and Ptoios, boyish blossoms of

foe-defying youth both beloved and of one gage: these boys Themisto herself destroyed in later days, like stepmother's children, believing them to be the twin offspring of Ino the glorious mother.

BOOK 10

καὶ δεκάτῳ μανίην Ἀθαμαντίδα καὶ δρόμον Ἰνοῦς,
πῶς φύγεν εἰς ἄλδς οἶδμα σὺν ἄρτιτόκῳ Μελικέρτῃ.
ὥς ἢ μὲν φονίη παιδοκτόνος ἔπλετο μήτηρ
μαινομένη: τεκέων δὲ πατήρ ὑπὸ μάρτυρι ποινῇ,
ὅττι γονῆς ὀλέτειραν ὁμέστιον εἶχε Θεμιστώ,
οἰστροθεὶς Ἀθάμας μανιώδει Πανὸς ἱμάσθλῃ
5 ποίμνης εἰς μέσον ἦλθε, καὶ ὡς θεράποντας ἱμάσσω
εἰροπόκων ἐδίωκεν ἀναίτια πῶεα μῆλων:
καὶ μίαν ἤέρταζεν, ἐὴν ἄτε σύζυγα νύμφην,
σὺν διδύμοις βρεφέεσσι νεογλαγέων ἐπὶ μαζῶν
αἶγα λαβών: λασίους δὲ πόδας σφηκώσατο δεσμῶ
10 διχθαδίῳ: λύσας δὲ παρ' ἱξὺ κυκλάδα μίτρην
σφιγγομένης μάστιζε δέμας ψευδήμονος Ἰνοῦς,
μὴ νοέων νόθον εἶδος. αἰὲ δὲ οἱ ἔνδον ἀκουῆς
Πανιάδος Κρονίης ἐπεβόμβεε δοῦπος ἱμάσθλης:
πολλάκι δ' ἀστήρικτος ἔῶν ἀνεπάλλετο θώκων
15 οὔασι тарβαλέοισι δεδεγμένος ἄσθμα δρακόντων.
πυκνὰ δὲ τόξα τίταινε, βέλος δ' ἐπὶ κυκλάδι νευρῇ
εἰς κενεὸν σκοπὸν εἶλκεν ἀνούτατον ἡέρα βάλλων.
Ταρταρίης δ' ὀφιῶδες ἰδὼν Ἰνδαλμα θεαίνης
πάλλετο δειμαίνων ἑτερόχροα φάσματα μορφῆς,
20 ἄφρὸν ἀκοντίζων χιονώδεα, μάρτυρα λύσσης,
ὀφθαλμοὺς μεθύοντας ἀπειλητῆρας ἐλίσσων.
καὶ οἱ ὀπιπεύοντι πολυπλανέεσσιν ἔρωαῖς
ὄμματα φοινίσσοντο: διὰ κροτάφοιο δὲ λεπταὶ
ἄσταθέος μήνιγγες ἐδινεύοντο καρήνου.

BOOK X

In the tenth also, you will see the madness of Athamas and Ino's flight, how she fled into the swell of the sea with newborn Melicertes.

So the murderous mother killed her sons in madness. Athamas their father, under the punishment which attested that he had beside his hearth Themisto the destroyer of her own offspring, was tormented by the maddening lash of Pan; he rushed among his flocks, and harried the innocent troops of woolly bleaters while he believed himself to be flogging his servants. One he lifted, thinking her to be his wedded wife – it was a nannygoat he found, with a pair of newborn kids at her milky udder. He tied her hairy legs tight with two ropes; and undoing the belt that ran round his loins, he flogged the body of the false Ino there held fast, without noticing the changeling form, for always in his ear sounded the thuds of the lash of Cronian Pan. Often he leapt from his

seat restless, hearing with terrified ears the hiss of serpents. Many a time he bent his bow, and setting an arrow to the drawn string, he drew at an imaginary mark and struck the unwounded air. He would see the serpentine image of the goddess of Tartaros, and leap up scared at the many-coloured vision of the spectre, spitting snowy foam to witness his frenzy, rolling eyes drunken and full of threats. His eyes grew bloodshot as he stared about under vagrant impulses; inside his wagging head the flimsy brains rolled about behind his brows.

25 ὥλετο δὲ ψυχῆς τρίτατον λάχος: ἀπλανέες γὰρ
ἄφρονος ἐγκεφάλῳιο μετατρωπῶντο μενοιναί,
καὶ σφαλεραῖς ἐλίκεσσιν ἐβακχεύθησαν ὅπωπαί
ἄνερὸς οἰστρηθέντος: ἀπεπλάζοντο δὲ χαῖται
σειόμεναι περὶ νῶτον ἄκερσικόμοιο καρήνου.
30 καὶ στόμα οἱ βάμβαινε, καὶ ἡέρι χεῖλεα λύσας
πέμπεν ἀσημάντων ἐπέων ἑτερόθροον ἡχώ.
καὶ βροτέας βιότοιο μεληδόνας ἥρπασαν αὔραι
Εὐμενίδων, καὶ γλῶσσα βαρύνετο θυιάδι φωνῇ:
παπταίνων δ' ἐλικηδὸν ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι προσώπου
35 ἄλλοφυνὲς νόθον εἶδος ἀθηήτοιο Μεγαίρης
οἰστρομανῆς Ἀθάμας ἑτερόφρονι σείετο παλμῷ:
καὶ βλοσυρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἀμερσινόοιο θεαίνης
ἄρπάξαι μενέαιεν ἐχιδνήεσσαν ἱμάσθλην:
γυμνώσας δὲ μάχαιραν Ἐρινύος ἀντία κόρης
40 ἦθελε Τισιφόνης ὀφιώδεα βόστρυχα τέμνειν.
καὶ κενεοῖς ὁάροισιν ὁμίλεε γείτονι τοίχῳ
παπταίνων σκιόεσσαν ἐπικλοπον εἰκόνα μορφῆς
Ἀρτέμιδος, καὶ κοῦφον ἰδὼν εἶδωλον ὅπωπαῖς
φάσμασιν ἀντιτύποισιν ἐς ἱμερον ἤλυθεν ἄγρης.

[25] A third part of his soul was lost; steady thoughts were gone from his crazy brain; the glances of the maddened man went wildly round with flickering movements; the hair of his untended head shook disordered over his back. His mouth moved stammering; when he opened his lips he sent out into the air meaningless words of strange outlandish sound. The blasts of the Eumenides had carried away the troubles of mortal life, and his tongue was laden with the cries of madness. When he moved his face about he saw as his forehead turned a false transformed shape of the unseen Megaira. So the madman shook with a distracted spasm, and tried to tear the whip of snakes from the grim hand of the reason-destroying goddess; he bared his sword in the face of the Avenger, and tried to cut the viper-curles of Tisiphone. And he babbled nonsense to the wall before him, for he saw a shadow-shape, a deceitful phantom of the shape of Artemis; this empty form his eyes beheld and the imitated shapes made him want to go hunting.

45 ὄψε δὲ ποικιλόδακρυς ἔτος μέτα τέτρατον Ἴνω
 νόστιμος εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν: ὀπιπεύουσα δὲ νύμφη
 καὶ πόσιν οἰσטרηθέντα καὶ ἄρσενόπαιδα Θεμιστῷ
 διπλόον ἄλγος ἔδεκτο. καὶ οὐ γίνωσκεν ἀκοίτης
 εὐνέτιν ἀθρήσας χρονίην παλινάγρετον Ἴνω:
 50 ἀλλὰ πόθον ταχύγουνος ἔχων κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρης
 εἰς σκοπιὰς ἦξε θυελλήεντι πεδίλῳ,
 υἷὸν ἰδὼν ἄτε θῆρα κερασφόρον: ἰθυτενὲς δὲ
 τόξον ἔχων ἀκίχητος ἐπεσκίρτησε Λεάρχῳ,
 ὑπικερων ἔλαφον δοκέων ψευδήμονι μορφῇ,
 55 θηρείοις μελέεσσιν ὁμοίον: αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων
 ταρβήεις πεπόνητο θοώτερα γούνατα πάλλων.
 χερσὶ δὲ λυσσαλέῃσιν ὑπηνέμιον βέλος ἔλκων
 παιδοφόνῳ νέον υἷα πατὴρ ἐπέδρησε βελέμνῳ:
 καὶ κεφαλὴν ἄγνωστον ἀπηλοίησε μαχαίρῃ
 60 φάσματι νεβρωθεῖσαν: ἀσημάντου δὲ προσώπου
 αἰμαλέης ἐγέλασσε γενειάδος ἄκρον ἀφάσπων,
 ἀμφαφῶν ἄτε θῆρα, καὶ ἔδραμεν ἄλματι λύσσης,
 παιδὸς ἔτι σπαίροντος ἀτυμβεύτοιο Λεάρχου,
 μητέρα μαστεύων, στροφάδας δ' ἐλέλιζεν ὀπωπᾶς.
 65 οὐδὲ τις ἀμφιπόλων σχεδὸν ἦι: φοιταλέος δὲ
 ἐπταμύχου θαλάμοιο διέστιχεν ὠκέϊ ταρσῷ
 κικλήσκων ἐὼν υἷα, τὸν ἔκτανεν. ἐν δὲ μελάθρῳ
 νήπιον ἀρतिकόμιστον ἐσαθρήσας Μελικέρτην,
 στηριξας δὲ λέβητα πυρίπνοον ἐσχαρεῶνι,
 70 εἰς μέσον υἷα θῆκεν: ἀναπτομένοιο δὲ πυρσοῦ,
 φοίνιος ὕδατόεντι λέβης ἐπεπάφλασεν ἀτμῷ.

[45] At last after the fourth year, after many tears, Ino returned to her home; but when the wife saw husband mad, and Themisto mother of men children, she received a double shock. The husband did not know his wife when he saw Ino, recovered after so long a time; but in his passion for the stag hunting chase, he was off to the heights nimble knee with storm swift boot. He saw his son as if he were an antlered beast; holding the bow ready bent he leapt unchecked on Learchos, whom he saw in the false form of a stag with lofty antlers, his limbs like a wild beast. The boy fled in fear running with quicker knees; the father with frenzied hands drew and shot through the air, and stopt his young son with childslaying bolt. He cut off the head with his knife and knew it not, turned stag by his fancy; laughing he felt the hair at the top of the bloodstained cheek of the face unmarked, and pawed over his game, as he thought, then rushed with mad leaps and rolling eyes to find the mother, while the boy Learchos was gasping still, and still unburied. None of the servants came near him; with quick foot he went wandering through the seven chambers of his house, calling aloud for the son whom he had killed. In the

hall he espied little Melicertes who had just been brought in, and setting a cauldron over the hearth, a steaming cauldron, he laid his son in it: the fire blazed up, the murderous cauldron bubbled with boiling water.

Παππάζων δ' ἰάχισεν ἔδος πάις, οὐδέ τις αὐτῷ
ἀμφιπόλων χραίσμησεν: ἀελλήεσσα δὲ μήτηρ
ἡμιδαῖ πυρίκαυτον ἀφαρπάξασα λεβήτων
75 ἄλμασι φοιταλέοισι ποδὴννεμος ἔτρεχεν Ἴνω:
καὶ Λευκοῦ πεδίοιο διατμήγουσα κονίην

[72] His son called out for “papa!” but none of the servants could help. Ino his mother came in like a stormwind, and snatched him from the cauldron parboiled and half consumed. Then she ran out bounding with wild-roaming feet swift as the wind; she traversed the dust of the White Plain, and for that reason she was named after it Leucothea, the White Goddess.

Λευκοθέη πεφάτιστο φερώνυμος: ἐκ δὲ μελάθρου
αἰνομανῆς Ἀθάμας ἀνεμώδεα γούνατα πάλλων
ώκυτέρην ἐδίωκε μάτην ὀρεσιδρομον Ἴνώ.
80 ἀλλ' ὅτε οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθε πολυπτοίητος ἀκοίτης
ἄστατον ἶχνος ἔχων σφαλερῷ ποδί, δὴ τότε δειλὴ
ἀγχιπόρῳ στήσασα διαινόμενον πόδα πόντῳ
παιδί φιλοθρήνῳ κινυρὴν βρυχήσατο φωνήν,
μεμφομένη Κρονίωνα καὶ ἄγγελον υἱέα Μαιῆς:

[77] Athamas mad was out of the hall, stirring his knees like the wind and pursuing Ino over the hills in vain, – she was too quick for him. But when the raving husband with restless staggering foot caught her up, at that moment the unhappy woman had halted by the sea which washed her foot, moaning in plaintive tones over her crying child, while she upbraided Cronion and Maia's son his messenger:

85 ‘Καλὰ μοι, ἀργικέραυνε, πόρες θρεπτήρια Βάκχου:
ἡμιδαῖ σκοπίαζε συνήλικα παῖδα Λυαίῳ:
ἦν ἐθέλης, πρήνιζον ἀφειδέι σεῖο κεραυνῷ
μητέρα καὶ νέον υἱά, τὸν ἔτρεφον εἶν ἐνὶ κόλπῳ
σύντροφον ὑμετέροιο θεηγενέος Διονύσου.
90 τέκνον, Ἀναγκαίη μεγάλη θεός: εἰς τίνα φεύγεις;
ποῖον ὄρος δέχεται σε πεφυγμένον ἐγγύθι πόντου;
τίς σκοτίῳ κενεῶνι κατακρύψει σε Κιθαιρών;
τίς βροτὸς οἰκτεῖρει σε, τὸν οὐ γενέτης ἐλεαίρει;
ἦ ξίφος ἢ σε θάλασσα δεδέξεται: εἴ περ ἀνάγκη,
95 λῶιον ἐν πελάγεσσι δαμήμεναι ἢ ἐμὰ μαχαίρῃ.

[85] “A fine reward you have given me, Flashthunderbolt, for the care of Bacchos! See this boy, Lyaïos’ agemate, half burnt to death! If it please you, strike down with your merciless bolt mother and son together, the little one I nursed in one bosom with your divine Dionysos! Child, Necessity is a great god! – where will you flee? What mountain will receive you, now you have fled to the sea? What Cithairon will hide you in a dark hollow? What mortal man will pity you, when your father has no mercy? Either sword or water shall receive you: if needs must, better to perish in the sea than by the sword.

οἶδα, πόθεν τόδε πῆμα τεῇ κεκύλιστο τεκούσῃ,
οἶδα, πόθεν: νεφέλῃ γὰρ Ἑρινύας εἰς ἐμὲ πέμπει,
ὄφρα θάνω κατὰ πόντον, ὅπῃ πέσε παρθένος Ἑλλή.
ἔκλυον ἡερόθεν πεφορημένον εἰς χθόνα Κόλχων
100 ἄρπαγος ἀρνειοῖο μετήορον ἠνιοχῆα
Φριξὸν ἔτι ζῶειν μετανάστιον: αἶθε καὶ αὐτὸς
χρυσοπόκου κριοῖο μετάρσιον οἶμον ὁδεῦοι
υἱὸς ἐμὸς λιπόπατρις ἀλυσκάζων Μελικέρτης:
αἶθε δὲ καὶ μετὰ Φοῖβον ἐποικτεῖρων σέθεν Ἴνῳ
105 ξεινοδόκος Γλαύκοιο Ποσειδάων σε σάωσῃ.
δεῖδια, μὴ μετὰ πότμον ἀτυμβεύτοιο Λεάρχου
νεκρὸν ἄθαπτον ἄδακρυν ὀλωλότα καὶ σὲ νοήσω
αἵμαλέῃ γενετῆρος ἐπισπαίροντα μαχαίρῃ.
σπεῦδε φυγεῖν Ἀθάμαντα μεμνηνότα, μηδὲ νοήσης
110 παιδοφόνον γενετῆρα τεῆς ὀλετῆρα τεκούσης.

[96] “I know where this disaster came from, rolling upon your mother: I know! It is Nephele sends the Erinyes after me, that I may die in this sea where maiden Helle fell. I have heard that Phrixos was carried through the air to the Colchian country, guiding aloft the Ram who took him off, and he still lives in a distant land. O that my son Melicertes too might escape to another country, and travel the high path of the goldfleece ram! O that Poseidon, the hospitable friend of Glaucos, might save you, pitying your Ino as once he pitied Phoibos! I fear that after the fate of unburied Learchos I may see you also dead, unburied, unwept, undone, panting under the bloody knife of your father. Make haste! escape from mad Athamas, and then you will not see the father who murdered his child, murder the mother.

δέξο με καὶ σὺ, θάλασσα, μετὰ χθόνα: δέχνυσο, Νηρεῦ,
χειρὶ φιλοξείνῳ μετὰ Περσέα καὶ Μελικέρτην:
δέχνυσο καὶ Δανάης μετὰ λάρνακα σύμπλοον Ἴνῳ.
ἄξια δυσσεβίης καὶ ἐγὼ πάθον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴν
115 ἄσπορον ἡμετέρην γενεὴν ποίησε Κρονίων,
ἄσπορον ὥς ἐτέλεσσα φερέσβιον αὐλακα γαίης:

μητρυιή τις ἐοῦσα νόθην Ἀθαμαντίδα φύτλην
ἀμῆσαι προβέβουλα, καὶ εἰς ἐμὲ χῶεται Ἥρη
μητρυιή γεγαυῖα νεοτρεφέος Διονύσου.’

[111] “Receive me you too, O sea! I have done with earth. Receive Melicertes also with hospitable hand, O Nereus, as you received Perseus! Receive Ino, as once Danaë in her floating hutch! I have been justly punished for my impiety. As I made seedless the earth’s lifegiving furrow, so Cronion has made my family seedless. A kind of stepmother, I planned to mow down the bastard plants of Athamas, and Hera, the real stepmother of newly nurtured Dionysos, is angry with me.”

120 ὥς φαμένη τρομεροῖσιν ὑπ’ ἵχνεσιν ἥλατο πόντῳ
κραιπνὰ κυβιστήσασα σὺν υἱέι: Λευκοθέην δὲ
πεπταμέναις παλάμῃσιν ἐδέξατο κυανοχαίτης
δαίμοσιν ὑγροπόροις ὁμέστιον: ἔνθεν ἀρήγει
ναύταις πλαζομένοισι, καὶ ἔπλετο ποντίας Ἰνώ
125 Νηρεῖς ἀφλοίσβοιο κυβερνήτειρα γαλήνης.

[120] She spoke, and with trembling feet sprang into the sea, swiftly diving with her son. Seabluehair opened his arms to receive Leucothea, and took her into the divine company in the deep waters. She helps ever since the seamen who lose their way, and now she is Ino of the Sea, a Nereïd who has charge of untumultuous calm.

τὴν μὲν ἄναξ Κρονίδης ἐπεδείκνυε μητρὶ Λυαίου,
ὅττι χάριν Βρομίῳ θεὰ πέλεν: ἡ δὲ χαρεῖσα
γνωτῇ ποντοπόρῳ φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν:
“Ἰνώ, πόντον ἔχεις, Σεμέλῃ λάχε κύκλον Ὀλύμπου:
130 εἶξον ἐμοί: Κρονίδην γὰρ ἐμῆς ἀροτῆρα γενέθλης
ἀθάνατον πόσιν ἔσχον, ἐμῆς ὠδῖνα λοχείης
ἀντ’ ἐμέθεν τικτοντα, σὺ δὲ χθονίῳ παρακοίτῃ
νυμφεύθης Ἀθάμαντι, τεῆς ὀλετῆρι γενέθλης.
σὸς πάις ἔλλαχε πόντον, ἐμὸς τόκος αἰθέρα ναιεῖν
135 ἴξεται εἰς Διὸς οἶκον ὑπέρτερον: οὐ γὰρ εἰσκῶ
οὐράνιον Διόνυσον ὑποβρυχίῳ Μελικέρτῃ.’

[126] So Cronides pointed her out to the mother of Lyaïos, because she owed it to Bromios that she was a goddess. Semele in her joy addressed her seafaring sister in mockery: “Ino, you have the sea, Semele has gained the round heavens! Give me place! I had an immortal husband in Cronides the plower of my field, who brought forth the fruit of my birth instead of me; but you were wedded to a mortal mate Athamas, the murderer of your family. Your son’s

lot is the sea, but my son will come to the house of Zeus to dwell in the sky. I will not compass heavenly Dionysos with Melicertes down in the water!”

τοῖα μὲν αἰθερῇ Σεμέλῃ μυκήσατο νύμφη
γνωτῆς κερτομέουσα θαλασσονόμου βίον Ἴνοϋς.

[137] That is how Semele the heavenly bride yelled out in mockery of her sister Ino’s life who dwelt in the sea.

τόφρα δὲ καὶ Διόνυσος ὑπὸ κλίμα Λυδὸν ἀρούρης,

140 εὖϊα δινεύων Κυβελήϊδος ὄργανα Πείης,
ἦνθεε μῆκος ἔχων, ὅσον ἤθελεν: ὑψιπόρου δὲ
φεύγων Ἥελιοιο μεσημβρίζουσιν ἰμάσθλην
ἦσυχά παφλάζοντι δέμας φαίδρυνε λοετρῷ
Μηονίου ποταμοῖο, χαρίζομενος δὲ Λυαίῳ

145 Πакτωλὸς κελάρυζε, χέων χρυσόσπορον ὕδωρ
πορφυρέαις ψαμάθοισι, βαθυπλούτων δὲ μετάλλων
ἀφνειῷ κεκύλιστο βυθῷ χρυσούμενος ἰχθύς:
καὶ Σάτυροι παίζοντες, ἐν ἥερι ταρσὰ μεθέντες,
εἰς ποταμὸν προχέοντο κυβιστητῆρι καρήνω,

150 ὦν ὁ μὲν αὐτοφόρητος ἐνήχετο χερσὶν ἐρέσσω,
πρηνὴς δ’ ἐν ῥοθίοισι καὶ οἷσμασιν ἰχνος ἐρείσας
ποσσὶν ὀπισθοτόνοισι ῥυηφενὲς ἔσχισεν ὕδωρ:
καὶ τις ὑποβρυχίων κατεδύσατο βένθος ἐναύλων
νειόθι μαστεύων νεπόδων ἑτερόχροον ἄγρην,

155 τυφλὴν νηχομένοισιν ἐπ’ ἰχθύσι χεῖρα τιταίνων,
καὶ βυθὸν αὖτις ἔλειπε, καὶ ἰχθύας ὠρεγε Βάκχῳ
ἰλύι φοινίσσοντας ἔχεκτεάνου ποταμοῖο :
συμπλέγδην δὲ πόδεσσιν ἀρηρότα ταρσὰ συνάπτων
κυφὸς ἐριδμαίνων Σατύρῳ Σειληνὸς ἀλήτης

160 κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπεσκίρτησε ῥέεθρῳ
ὑπόθεν εἰς βαθὺ λαῖτμα, καὶ ἰλύος ἦπτετο χαίτη,
καὶ διδύμους στίλβοντι πόδας στηριζατο πλῶ
ὄλβον ἐνψήφίδα μεταλλεύων ποταμοῖο:

καὶ τις ἐνὶ προχοῇσι μετάφρενον ἥερι φαίνων

165 ἄβροχον ὦμον ἔλειπε δι’ ὕδατος, ἰσχία βάπτων
ἀγχιβαθὴς ἀτίνακτος: ὁ δ’ οὐατα γυμνὰ τιταίνων
χεύματι μαρμαρέῳ λασίους ἐδιήνατο μηρούς,
καὶ ῥόον αὐτοέλικτος ἐμάστιε σὺμφυτος οὐρή.

[139] Meanwhile Dionysos, in the latitude of Lydia’s fields, grew into a youthful bloom as tall as he wished, shaking the Euian gear of Cybeleïd Rheia. To escape the midday lash of Helios moving on high, he cleansed his

body in the stream of the Meionian River bubbling gently; Pactolos glad to gratify Lyaïos murmured as he poured the goldsowing water upon the purple sands, and the gilded fish went swimming in wealthy soundings where the rich ore lay deep. Playful Satyrs lifted their heels in air, and tumbled plunging headover into the river; one selfpropelled swam with paddling hands prone on the waves, and imprinted a footstep on the swell, as he pushed with backstretching legs and cut the water rolling in riches; one dived deep down in to the underwater caves and hunted for speckled fishy prey down below, stretching a groping hand over the swimming fry – left the deeps again and offered to Bacchos the fish purpled with the slime of the opulent river. Seilenos the old vagabond, challenging a Satyr, entwined hands and feet together, and rolling himself into a ball stooped and dived head first into the stream, from the heights into the deeps, till his hair stuck in the slime; then he trod his two feet firmly into the glittering sand hunting for good nuggets of ore in the river. Another left shoulder unwetted and showed his back out of the water in the air as he stood in the deep stream over the hips, immovable. Another lifted the ears bare and plunged the shaggy thighs in the transparent flood, while the tail flogged the water in circles of its own.

καὶ θεὸς ὀρθώσας κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα πετάσας,
170 χεῖρας ἐρετμώσας, χρυσέην ἐχάραξε γαλήνην:
καὶ ῥόδον αὐτοτέλεστον ἀκύμονες ἔπτυν ὄχθαι,
καὶ κρίνον ἐβλάστησε, καὶ ἥϊονα ἔστεφον ὦραι
Βάκχου λουομένοιο, καὶ ἀστράπτοντι ῥέεθρῳ
ἄπλοκα κυανέης ἐρυθαίνετο βόστρυχα χαίτης.

[169] The god lifting his head and spreading his chest, paddled his hand and cut the golden calm. The banks free of waves spirted up self-growing roses, the lily sprouted, the Seasons crowned the shores while Bacchos bathed, and the flowing locks of his dark hair were reddened in the sparkling stream.

175 καὶ ποτε θηρεύων ὑπὸ φωλάδα δάσκιον ὕλην
ἤλικος ἠιθέοιο ῥοδῶπιδι θέλγετο μορφῇ.
ἦδη γὰρ Φρυγίης ὑπὸ δειράδα κοῦρος ἀθύρων
ἄμπελος ἠέξετο, νεοτρεφὲς ἔρνος Ἑρώτων:
οὐδὲ οἱ ἀβρὸς ἱουλος ἐρευθομένοιο γενείου
180 ἄχνοα χιονέης ἐχαράσσετο κύκλα παρειῆς,
ἦβης χρύσειον ἄνθος: ὀπισθοπόροιο δὲ χαίτης
βότρυες εἰλικόδοντες ἐπ' ἀργυρέων θεὸν ὤμων
ἀπλεκέες, λιγυρῷ δὲ συναιθύσσοντες ἀήτη
ἄσθηματι κουφίζοντο: παρελκομένων δὲ κομάνων
185 ἀκροφανῆς ἀνέτελλε μέσος γυμνούμενος αὐχὴν
καὶ σέλας ἠκόντιζε λιπόσκιος, οἷά τε λάμπει

μεσσοφανῆς νέφος ὑγρὸν ἀνασχιζουσα Σελήνη:
καὶ στόματος ῥοδέοιο μελίπνοος ἔρρεε φωνή:
ἐκ μελέων δ' ὅλον εἶαρ ἐφαίνετο: νισσομένου δὲ
190 ἐκ ποδὸς ἀργυφέοιο ῥόδων ἐρυθαίνετο λειμῶν:
εἰ δὲ βοογλήνων φαέων εὐφεγγεὶ κύκλῳ
ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐλέλιζεν, ὅλη σελάγιζε Σελήνη.

[175] Once while hunting in the shady lurking wood he was delighted by the rosy form of a young comrade. For Ampelos was a merry boy who had grown up already on the Phrygian hills, a new sprout of the Loves. No dainty bloom was yet on a reddening chin, no down yet marked the snowy circles of his cheeks, the golden flower of youth: curling clusters of hair ran loose behind over his silvery-glistening shoulders, and floated in the whispering wind that lifted them with its breath. As the hair blew aside the neck showed above rising bare in the middle. Unshadowed light flashed from him, like the shining moon when she pierces a damp cloud and shows within it. From his rosy lips escaped a voice breathing honey. Spring itself shone from his limbs; where his silvery foot stepped the meadow blushed with roses; if he turned his eyes, the gleam of the bright eyeballs as soft as a cow's eye was like the light of the full moon.

τὸν μὲν ἔχων Διόνυσος ὀμέψιον, ἄβρὸν ἀθύρων,
εἶρετο θαμβалέην προχέων ἐπὶ κάλλει φωνήν
195 ὥς βροτός, ἀθανάτην δὲ δολοπλόκος ἔκρυφε μορφήν:
‘Τίς σε πατήρ ἐφύτευσε; τίς οὐρανή τέκε γαστήρ;
τίς Χαρίτων σε λόχευσε; τίς ἤροσε καλὸς Ἀπόλλων;
εἶπέ, φίλος, μὴ κρύπτε τεδὸν γένος: εἰ μὲν ἱκάνεις
ἄπτερος ἄλλος Ἴερως βελέων διχα, νόσφι φαρέτρης,
200 τίς μακάρων σε φύτευσε παρευνάζων Ἀφροδίτῃ;
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τρομέω σέο μητέρα Κύπριν ἐνίψαι,
μὴ γενέτην Ἥφαιστον ἢ Ἄρεα σεῖο καλέσσω.
εἰ δὲ σὺ, τὸν καλέουσιν, ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἦλυθες Ἑρμῆς,
δεῖξον ἐμοὶ πτερὰ κοῦφα καὶ ἔμπνοα ταρσὰ πεδίλων.
205 πῶς μεθέπεις ἄτμητον ἐπήορον αὐχένι χαίτην;
μὴ σὺ μοι αὐτὸς ἱκανες ἄτερ κιθάρης, διχα τόξου,
Φοῖβος ἀκερσικόμης κεχαλασμένα βόστρυχα σείων;
εἰ Κρονίδης με φύτευσε, σὺ δὲ χθονίης ἀπὸ φύτλης
βουκεράων Σατύρων μινυώριον αἶμα κομίζεις,
210 ἴσον ἐμοὶ βασίλευε, θεῷ βροτός: οὐ γὰρ ἐλέγξει
οὐράνιον τεδὸν εἶδος Ὀλύμπιον αἶμα Λυαίου.
ἀλλὰ τί κικλήσκω σε μινυνθαδῆς ἀπὸ φύτλης;
γινώσκω τεδὸν αἶμα, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις:
ἡελίῳ σε λόχευσε παρευνηθεῖσα Σελήνη
215 Ναρκίσσῳ χαρίεντι πανεῖκελον: αἰθέριον γὰρ

εἶκελον εἶδος ἔχεις, κεραῆς Ἰνδαλμα Σελήνης.’

[193] Dionysos took him as playmate in his dainty sports. Then in admiration of his beauty he spoke to him as a man, artfully concealing his divine nature, and asked him: “What father begat you? What immortal womb brought you forth? Which of the Graces gave you birth? What handsome Apollo made you? Tell me, my friend, do not hide your kin. If you come another Eros, unwinged, without arrows, without quiver, which of the Blessed slept with Aphrodite and bred you? But indeed I Tremble to name Cypri as your mother, for I would not call Hephaistos or Ares your father. Of if you are the one they call Hermes come from the sky, show me your light wings, and the lively soles of your shoes. How is it you wear the hair uncut falling along your neck? Can you be Phoibos himself come to me without harp, without bow, Phoibos shaking the locks of his unshorn hair unbound! If Cronides begat me, and you are from a mortal stock, if you have the shortliving blood of the horned Satyrs, be king at my side, a mortal with a god; for your looks will not disgrace the heavenly blood of Lyaïos. But why do I call you one of the creatures of a day? I recognize your blood even if you wish to hide it; Selene slept with Helios and brought you to birth wholly like the gracious Narcissos; for you have a like heavenly beauty, the image of horned Selene.”

τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε: νέος δ’ ἠγάλλετο μῦθος
κυδιῶν, ὅτι κάλλος ὑπέρβαλεν ἡλικός ἦβης
εἶδεῖ φαιδροτέρῳ. καὶ ὀρειάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης
220 εἰ μέλος ἔπλεκε κοῦρος, ἐτέρπετο Βάκχος ἀκούων:
εἰ νέος ἐκτὸς ἔμιμνεν, ἀμειδέας ἔσχε παρειάς:
εἰ Σάτυρος παρὰ δαῖτα φιλοσκάρθμοιο τραπέζης
τύμπανα χερσὶν ἔτυπτε περίκροτον ἦχον ἀράσσω,
καὶ νέος ἐκτὸς ἔην μεθέπων ἐλαφιβόλον ἄγρην,
225 κούρου μὴ παρεόντος ἀναίνετο δίκτυπον ἦχώ:
εἴ ποτε Πακτωλοῖο παρ’ ἀνθεμόεντι ῥεέθρῳ
δηθύνων ἀνέμιμνεν, ὅπως ἐπιδόρπιον εἴη
αὐτὸς ἐὼ βασιλῆϊ φέρων γλυκερώτερον ὕδωρ,
κούρου νόσφι μένοντος ἱμάσσετο Βάκχος ἀνίη.

[217] So he spoke, and the youth was delighted with his words, and proud that he surpassed the beauty of his young agemates by a more brilliant display. And in the mountain coppice if the boy made melody Bacchos listened with pleasure; no smile was on his face if the boy stayed away. If at his caper-loving board a Satyr beat the drums with his hands and struck out his rattling tune, while they boy was away on stag-hunting quest, Bacchos refused the doubled sound so long as he was not there. If ever he lingered by the flowery stream of Pactolos, that he might bring himself sweeter water for the supper of his king,

Bacchos was lashed with trouble so long as the boy stayed away.

230 εἰ θρασὺν αὐλὸν ἄειρε, Λιβυστίδος ὄργανον Ἥχοϋς,
οἰδαλέῃ φύσημα παρηίδι λεπτὸν ἰάλλων,
Μυγδόνος αὐλητῆρος οἶετο Βάκχος ἀκούειν,
ὃν τέκε θεῖος Ὑαγνίς, ὃς εἰς κακὸν ἤρισε Φοῖβω
τρητὸν ἐπιθλίβων διδυμόθορον αὐλὸν Ἀθῆνης:
235 εἰ δὲ σὺν ἡβητῆρι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης,
κούρου φθεγγομένου πολυτερπέας εἶχεν ἀκουάς,
παυομένου δὲ νέοιο κατηφέας εἶχε παρειάς:
εἰ δὲ βαθυσκάρθοιο πόθου πεφορημένος οἷστρω
ἄμπελος ὄρχηστῆρι ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῶ,
240 καὶ Σατύρῳ παίζοντι συνέπλεκε χεῖρα χορεύων,
δόχμιον ἐκ ταρσοῖο μετήλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,
Βάκχος ὀπιπεύων φθονερῇ δεδόνητο μερίμνῃ.
εἴ ποτε Σειληνοῖσιν ὀμίλεεν, εἴ τιτι κούρω
ἡλικίῳ θηρητῆρι συνέτρεχεν εἰς δρόμον ἄγρης,
245 ζηλήμων Διόνυσος ἐρήτυε, μὴ τις οἷστῳ
βλήμενος ἱσοτύπῳ φρενοθελγεί λάτρει Ἐρώτων
παιδὸς ἐλαφρονόοιο παραπλάγγξει μενοινήν,
καὶ νέον ἱμερόνεντα μεταστήσειε Λυαίου,
ἀρτιθαλῆς ἄτε κοῦρος ὁμόχρονον ἥλικα τέρπων.

[230] If he took up the bold hoboy, the instrument of Libyan Echo, and blew a light breath with swollen cheek, Bacchos thought he heard the Mygdonian flotist whom divine Hyagnis begat, who to his cost challenged Phoibos as he pressed the fingerholes on Athena's double pipe. If he sat with the young man at one table, when the boy spoke he lent delighted ear, when he ceased, melancholy spread over his cheeks. If Ampelos, carried away by wild passion for high capers, twirled with dancing paces and joined hands with a sporting Satyr in the round, stepping across foot over foot, Bacchos looked on shaken with envious feeling. If he ever conversed with the Satyrs, if he joined with a yearsmate hunter to follow chase, Dionysos jealous held him back, lest another be struck like himself with a heartbewitching shaft, and now enslaved by love should seduce the fickle boy's fancy and estrange the lovely youth from Lyaaios, as a freshblooming boy might well charm a comrade of his own age.

250 ἀλλ' ὅτε θύρσον ἄειρε καταντία λυσσάδος ἄρκτου
ἥ βριαρῶ νάρθηκα κατηκόντιζε λεαίνης,
εἰς δύσιν ὄμμα τίταινε ἐς ἡέρα λοξὰ δοκεύων,
μὴ Ζεφύρου πνεύσειε πάλιν θανατηφόρος αὔρη,
ὥς πάρος ἡβητῆρα κατέκτανε πικρὸς ἀήτης

255 δίσκον ἀκοντιστῆρα καταστρέψας Ὑακίνθου·
 δεῖδιδε, μὴ Κρονίδης ἐρασίπτερος ὄρνις Ἐρώτων
 ἀπροιδῆς ἀκίχητος ὑπὲρ Τμῶλοιο φανείη
 φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐς ἡέρα παῖδα κομίζων,
 Τρώιον οἷά τε κοῦρον ἐὼν δρηστηῆρα κυπέλλων·
 260 ἔτρεμε καὶ δυσέρωτα κυβερνητῆρα θαλάσσης,
 μὴ μετὰ Τανταλίδην χρυσέων ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων
 εἰς δρόμον ἡερόφοιτον ἄγων πτερόεσσαν ἀπήνην
 ἄμπελον ἀρπάξειεν ἐρωμανέων ἐνοσίχθων.

[250] When Bacchos lifted his thyrsus against a maddened bear, or cast his stout fennel javelin-like at a lioness, he looked aside watchfully toward the west; for fear the deathbringing breath of Zephyros might blow again, as it did once before when the bitter blast killed a young man while it turned the hurtling quoit against Hyacinthos. He feared Cronides might suddenly appear over Tmolos as a love-bird on amorous wing unapproachable, carrying off the boy with harmless talons into the air, as once he did the Trojan boy to serve his cups. He feared also the lovestricken ruler of the sea, that as once he took up Tantalides in his golden car, so now he might drive a winged wagon coursing through the air and ravish Ampelos – the Earthshaker mad with love!

καὶ γλυκὺν εἶχεν ὄνειρον ὄνειροτόκων ἐπὶ λέκτρων,
 265 καὶ φιλίους ὀάριζε νέω ψευδήμονι μύθους
 μιμηλῆς ὁρώων σκιοειδέα φάσματα μορφῆς.
 εἰ δέ τί οἱ δύσμορφον ἐπήρατος εἶχεν ὀπωπῆ,
 ἱμερόεν πέλε τοῦτο ποθοβλήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
 φίλτερον ἡβητῆρος ὅλου χρόος· εἰ δέ οἱ ἄκρη
 270 συμφερτὴ κεχάλαστο δι' ἱξύος ὄρθιος οὐρή,
 καὶ μέλιτος γλυκεροῖο μελιχροτέρη πέλε Βάκχῳ·
 καὶ πλόκαμοι ῥυπόωντες ἀκηδέστοιο καρήνου
 αὐτοὶ μᾶλλον ἔτερπον ἐρωμανέοντος ὀπωπῆν.
 ἦματι μὲν κεχάρητο συνέμπορος· ἄχυντο δ' αἰεὶ
 275 νυκτὸς ἐπερχομένης, ὅτε μηκέτι παιδὸς ἀκούων
 οὕασι θελγομένοισιν ἐθήμονα δέχυντο φωνήν,
 Πρεῖς ὀβριμόπαιδος ἐνὶ σπῆεσσιν ἰαύων.

[264] He had a sweet dream on his dreambreeding bed, beheld the shadowy phantom of a counterfeit shape and whispered loving words to the mocking vision of the boy. If his passionate gaze saw any blemish, this appeared lovely to lovesick Dionysos, even more dear than the whole young body; if the end of the tail which grew on him hung slack by his loins, this was sweeter than honey to Bacchos. Matted hair on an unkempt head even so gave more pleasure to his impassioned gaze. By day he was charmed to be with him;

when night came he was troubled to part from him, when he no longer heard the familiar voice enchanting his hears, as he slept in the grotto of Rheia mother of mighty sons.

καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Σατύρων τις ἐθέλγετο θέσπιδι μορφῇ,
καὶ κρυφίην ἐρόεσσαν ὑποκλέπτων φάτο φωνήν:
280 ‘ Ἄνδρομέης κραδίης ταμίη, φιλοτήσιε Πειθῶ,
μοῦνος ἐμοὶ νέος οὔτος ἐπήρατος Ἰλαος εἶη:
καὶ μιν ἔχων, ἅτε Βάκχος, ὁμέσιον οὐ μενεαίνω
αἰθέρα ναιετάειν μετανάστιος, οὐ θεδὸς εἶναι
ἦθελον, οὐ Φαέθων φαεσίμβροτος, οὐ πόθον ἔλκω
285 νέκταρος, ἄμβροσις δ’ οὐ δεύομαι: οὐκ ἀλεγιζω,
ἄμπελος εἰ φιλέει με καὶ ἐχθαίρει με Κρονίων.’

[278] A Satyr saw the boy, and enchanted with his divine beauty he whispered, concealing his words – “Allfriendly Persuasion, manager of the human heart! Grant only that this lovely boy be gracious to me! If I can have him to play with me like Bacchos, I wish not to be translated into the sky, I would not be a god – not Phaëthon the light of mankind, I covert not the nectar, I want no ambrosia! I care nothing, if Ampelos loves me, even if Cronion hates me!”

ὥς ὁ μὲν ἀμφιέπων ὑποκάρδιον ἰὼν Ἑρώτων
κρυπτὸν ἀνηύτησεν ἔπος ζηλήμονι φωνῇ,
θαύματι φίλτρον ἔχων κεκερασμένον. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
290 Εὐϊος, ἠϊθέου βεβολημένος ἠδέει κέντρῳ,
ἶαχε μειδιῶν Κρονίδῃ, δυσέρῳτι τοκῇ:

[287] So much he said to himself in envious tone, hugging the lovepoison in his heart, drunk with the magic potion of adoration. But Euïos himself, periced by the sting of the young man’s sweetness, smiled as he cried out to Cronides his father, another unhappy lover:

‘Νεῦσον ἐμοὶ φιλέοντι μίαν χάριν, ὦ Φρύγιε Ζεῦ:
νηπιάχῳ μὲν ἔειπεν ἐμῇ τροφὸς εἰσέτι Ῥεῖη,
ὥς στεροπὴν Ζαγρῇ πόρες, προτέρῳ Διονύσῳ
295 εἰσέτι παππάζοντι, τὴν πυρόεσσαν ἀκωκὴν,
καὶ βροντῆς κελάδημα καὶ ἡερίου χύσιν ὄμβρου,
καὶ πέλε δεύτερος ἄλλος ἔτι βρέφος ὑέτιος Ζεὺς:
σεῖο δ’ ἐγὼ πρηστῆρος ἀναίνομαι αἰθέριον πῦρ,
οὐ νέφος, οὐ βροντῆς ἐθέλω κτύπον: ἦν δ’ ἐθέλησης,
300 Ἥφαιστῳ πυρόεντι δίδου σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ,
Ἄρης σὼν νεφέων ἐχέτω θώρηκα καλύπτρην,
δὸς χάριν Ἑρμάωνι Διιπετέος χύσιν ὄμβρου,

καὶ στεροπὴν γενετῆρος ἀεργάχοι καὶ Ἀπόλλων:
 μεῖον ἔμοι, φίλε, λῆμα, φιλοσκάρθμῳ Διονύσῳ:
 305 καλὸν ἔμοι Σεμέλης στεροπὴν ἐλάχειαν αἰρεῖν,
 μητροφόνοι σπινθῆρες ἀτερπέες εἰσὶ κερανοῦ.
 ναῖω Μαιονίην: τί γὰρ αἰθέρι καὶ Διονύσῳ;
 κάλλος ἔμοῦ Σατύροιο φιλαίτερόν ἐστιν Ὀλύμπου.
 εἶπέ, πάτερ, μὴ κρύπτε: τεὸς νέος ὄρκιος ἔστω:
 310 αἰετὸς ὅπποτε κοῦρον ὑπὸ σφυρὰ Τευκρίδος Ἰσῆς
 φειδομένῳ κούφιζες ἐς οὐρανὸν ἄρπαγι ταρσῶ,
 τηλίκον ἔλλαχε κάλλος ὁ βουκόλος, ὃν σὺ τραπέζῃ
 αἰθερίῃ ξύνωσας ἔτι πνείοντα βοαύλων;
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἰλήκοις, τανυσίπτερε: μὴ μοι ἐνίψῃς
 315 Τρώιον οἶνοχοῖα τεῶν δρηστῆρα κυπέλλων,
 ὅττι φαεινότεροιο φέρων ἀμάρυγμα προσώπου
 ἄμπελος ἱμερόεις Γανυμήδεος εἶδος ἐλέγχει:
 Τμῶλιος Ἰδαίου πέλε φέρτερος. εἰσὶ δὲ πολλαὶ
 ἄλλων ἡιθέων ἐραταὶ στίχες, οὕς ἅμα πάντας,
 320 ἦν ἐθέλης, ἀγάπαζε λιπῶν ἓνα παῖδα Λυαίῳ.'

[292] "Grant one grace to me the lover, O Phrygian Zeus! When I was a little one, Rheia who is still my nurse told me that you gave lightning to Zagreus, the first Dionysos, before he could speak plain – gave him your fiery lance and rattling thunder and showers of rain out of the sky, and he was another Rainy Zeus while yet a babbling baby! But I do not ask the heavenly fire of your lightning, nor the cloud, nor the thunderclap. If it please you, give fiery Hephaistos the spark of your thunderbolt; let Ares have a corselet of your clouds to cover his chest with; give the pouring rainshower of Zeus as largess to Hermaon; let Apollo, if you will, wield his father's lightning. My ambition is not so high, dear father! I am springheel Dionysos! A fine thing it would be for me to wield Semele's manikin lightning! The sparks of thunderbolt that killed my mother are no pleasure to me. Maionia is my dwelling-place; what is the sky to Dionysos? My Satyr's beauty is dearer to me than Olympos. Tell me, father, do not hide it, swear by your own young friend – when you were an Eagle, when you picked up the boy on the slopes of Teucrian Ida with greedy gentle claw, and brought him to heaven, had the clown such beauty as this, when you made him one of the heavenly table still smelling of the byre? Forgive me, Father Longwing! Don't talk to me of your Trojan winepours, the servant of your cups. Lovely Ampelos outshines Ganymedes, he has a brilliancy in his countenance more radiant – the Tmolian beats the Idaian! There are plenty more beautiful lads in troops – court them all if you like, and leave one boy to Lyaios!"

τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε πόθου δεδονημένος οἷστρω:
 οὐχ οὕτω λαοίης Μαγνησιίδος ἔνδοθεν ὕλης

βουκόλος Ἀδμήτοιο βόας ποιμαίνειν Ἀπόλλων,
 παίδος ἔρωτοτόκου βεβολημένος ἡδέϊ κέντρῳ,
 325 ὅσπον ἐπ' ἠιθέῳ φρένα τέρπετο Βάκχος ἀθύρων.
 ἄμφω δ' ἐψιόωντο συνήλυδες ἔνδοθι λόχμης,
 πῆ μὲν ἀκοντίζοντες ἐς ἡέρα θύρσον ἀλήτην,
 πῆ δὲ παρὰ πλαταμῶνα λιπόσκιον, ἄλλοτε πέτραις
 ἔστιχον ἀγρώσσοντες ὀρίτροφα τέκνα λεόντων:
 330 καὶ ποτε μουνωθέντες ἐρημάδος ὑψόθεν ὄχθης,
 ἐν φαμάθοις παίζοντες ἐυκροκάλου ποταμοῖο,
 ἀμφὶ παλαισμοσύνης φιλοπαιγμονος εἶχον ἀγῶνα:
 τοῖσι μὲν οὐ τρίπος ἦεν ἀέθλιον, οὐδ' ἐπὶ νικῇ
 ἀνθεμόεις παρέκειτο λέβης, οὐ φορβάσες ἵπποι,
 335 ἀλλὰ λιγυφθόγγων διδυμόθροος αὐλὸς Ἑρώτων.
 ἀμφοτέροις δ' ἔρις ἦεν ἐπήρατος: ἐν δ' ἄρα μέσσω
 ἴστατο μάργος Ἔρως, πτερόεις ἐναγώνιος Ἑρμῆς,
 στέμμα πόθου νάρκισσον ἐπιπλέξας ὑακίνθῳ.

[321] So he spoke, shaken by the sting of desire. Not Apollo in the thick
 Magnesian woods, when he was herdsman to Admetos and tended his cattle,
 was pierced by the sweet sting of love for a winsome boy, as Bacchos rejoiced
 in heart sporting with the youth. Both played in the woods together, now
 throwing the thyrsus to travel through the air, now on some unshaded flat, or
 again they tramped the rocks hunting the hillbred lion's cubs. Sometimes
 alone on a deserted bank, they played on the sands of a pebbly river and had a
 wrestling-bout in friendly sport; no tripod was their prize, no flowergraven
 cauldron lay ready for the victory, no horses from the grass, but a double pipe
 of love with clearsounding notes. It was a delightful strife for both, for mad
 Love stood between them, a winged Hermes in the Ring, wreathing a
 lovegarland of daffodil and iris.

ἄμφω δ' εἰς μέσον ἦλθον ἀθλητῆρες Ἑρώτων,
 340 καὶ παλάμας στεφανηδὸν ἐλιζάμενοι διὰ νώτου,
 ἀμφοτέρων σφιγξαντες ἐπ' ἱξυὶ δεσμὸν ἀγοστῶν,
 πλευρὰ διεσφήκωσαν ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ὀλκῷ,
 καὶ δέμας ἀλλήλων ἀνεκούφισαν ὑψόθι γαίης
 χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίησι: καὶ ἦπτετο Βάκχος Ὀλύμπου
 345 ἀμφὶ παλαισμοσύνης μελιιδέος, εἶχε δὲ δισσην
 τερπωλὴν ἐρόεσσαν, ἀειρόμενος καὶ ἀείρων...
 καὶ παλάμην Βρομίου παλάμης περὶ καρπὸν ἐλίξας,
 χερσὶ συναπτομέναις ἐτερόζυγον ἄμμα πιέζων,
 διχθαδίῳ συνέεργεν ἀρηρότα δάκτυλα δεσμῷ,
 350 δεξιτερὴν ἐθέλοντος ἐπισφιγγων Διονύσου.
 ἔνθα μὲν ἡβητῆρος ἐπ' ἱξυὶ χεῖρας ἐλίσσων,
 Βάκχος ἔρωμανέεσσι δέμας παλάμησι πιέζων,

ἄμπελον ἡέρταζεν, ὃ δὲ Βρομίῳ τυχῆσας
 κόψε ποδὸς κώληπα: καὶ Εὖιος ἡδὺ γελάσσας,
 355 ἥλικος ἡιθέῳ τυπεῖς ἀπαλόχροϊ ταρσῶ,
 ὕπιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίη:
 καὶ χθονὶ κεκλιμένοιο θελήμονος ὑψόθι Βάκχου
 γυμνῇ νηδύι κοῦρος ἐφίζανεν: αὐτὰρ ὁ χαίρων
 ἐκταδὸν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χυθεῖς ἐπεκέκλιτο γαίῃ
 360 γαστέρι κουφίζων γλυκερὸν βάρος: ἰθυτενὲς δὲ
 ἄκρον ὑπὲρ ψαμάθοιο πεδοτριβὲς ἵχνος ἐρείσας
 νῶτον ἀνηώρησε μετάρροπον, ἡγορέην δὲ
 φειδομένην ἀνέφηνεν, ἀμιλλητῆρι δὲ παλμῶ
 χειρὸς ἀναινομένης ἀπεσείσαστο φόρτον Ἑρώτων:
 365 πλευρὰ δὲ δοχώσας, πελάσας δ' ἀγκῶνα κονίῃ,
 ἡβητῆρ πολὺιδρις ἐπ' ἀντιπάλου θόρε νῶτον
 λοξὸς ἐπὶ πλευρῆσιν, ὑπὲρ λαγόνων δὲ καθάψας
 ἄκρα ποδὸς κώληπι, παρὰ σφυρὸν ἵχνος ἐρείσας,
 γαστέρα διχθαδίῳ μεσάτην μιτρώσατο δεσμῶ,
 370 πλευρὰ περιθλίβων, ὑπὸ γούνατι ταρσὸν ἐλίξας
 ὄρθιον ἀπλωθέντα: κυλινδομένων δὲ κονίῃ
 ἀμφοτέρων καμάτοιο προάγγελος ἔρρεεν ἰδρώς.

[339] Both stood forward as love's athletes. They joined their palms garlandwise over each other's back, packed at the waist with a knot of the hands, squeezed the ribs tight with the muscles of their two forearms, lifted each other from the ground alternately. Bacchos was in heaven amid this honeysweet wrestling, and love gave him a double joy, lifting and lifted . . . Ampelos enclosed the wrist of Bromios in his palm, then joining hands and tightening that intruding grip interlaced his fingers and brought them together in a double knot, squeezing the right hand of willing Dionysos. Next Bacchos ran his two hands round the young man's waist squeezing his body with a loving grip, and lifted Ampelos high; but the other kicked Bromios neatly behind the knee; and Euios laughing merrily at the blow from his young comrade's tender foot, let himself fall on his back in the dust. Thus while Bacchos lay willingly on the ground the boy sat across his naked belly, and Bacchos in delight lay stretched at full length on the ground sustaining the sweet burden on his paunch. Now raising one of his legs he set the sole of the foot firmly upon the sand and raised his overturned back; but he showed mercy in his strength, as with a rival movement of a reluctant hand he dislodged the beloved burden. The young man, no novice at the game, turned sideways and rested his elbow on the ground, then jumped across on his adversary's back, then over his flanks with a foot behind one knee and another set on the other ankle he encircled the waist with a double bond and squeezed the ribs and pressed flat and straight out the lifted leg under his knee. Both rolled in the dust, and the sweat poured out to tell that they were tired.

ὄψ' δὲ νικηθέντος, ἀνικήτου περ ἔοντος,
Ζηνὸς ἀθλητῆρος ἔχων μίμημα τοκῆος
375 νικήθη Διόνυσος ἑκούσιος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
Ζεὺς μέγας αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπ' Ἀλφειοῖο παλαίων
ᾠκλασεν, Ἡρακλῆϊ θελήμονα γούνατα κάμψας.

[373] Thus Dionysos was conquered with his own consent, like his father as an athlete, who was conquered at last though invincible: for mighty Zeus himself, wrestling with Heracles beside the Alpheios, bent willing knees and fell of his own accord.

τοῖος ἀγῶν τετέλεστο φιλέψιος· ἡθέου δὲ
διθροον αὐλὸν ἄεθλον ἑκούφισε τερπομένη χεῖρ.
380 καὶ νέος ἰδρώων φαιδρύνετο γυῖα ῥέεθρῳ
καὶ κόνιν ἱκμαλέην ἀπενίψατο· λουομένου δὲ
ἐκ χροῶς ἰδρώνοντος ἐπήρατος ἔρρεεν αἴγλη.

[378] Se ended the playful bout: the young man held out a happy hand and lifted his prize, the double pipes. He cleansed the sweat from his limbs in the river and washed off the damp dust; as he bathed, a pleasant brightness shone from the sweating skin.

οὐδὲ παλαισμοσύνης τελέσας γυιαλκέα νικῆν
σύννομος ἡβητῆρος ἐπαύετο Βάκχος ἀθύρων,
385 ἀλλὰ ποδωκείης ἀνεμῶδεα θῆκεν ἀγῶνα.
καὶ βαλίους ἐς ἔρωτα φέρων μνηστῆρας ἀγῶνος
πρώτῳ μὲν θέτο δῶρα Κυβηλίδος ὄργανα Πείρης,
κὺμβαλα χαλκεόνωτα καὶ αἰόλα δέρματα νεβρῶν:
νίκης δ' ἦεν ἄεθλα τὰ δεύτερα Πανὸς ἑταίρη,
390 σύριγξ ἡδυέπεια καὶ ἡχήεσσα βοεῖη
χαλκοβαρῆς· τριτάτῳ δὲ τίθει Διόνυσος ἀθύρων
ψάμμον ἐρευθιόωσαν ἐτοιμοτάτου ποταμοῖο.

[383] After the victory in wrestling strongi'thelimb, Bacchos did not cease his games with his young comrade, but proposed a windswift contest of footrunning. To bring in other fleet wooers of the game for love, he offered for the first, Cybelid Rheia's instruments as a prize, bronzeplated cymbals and the speckled skins of fawns. The second prize for victory was Pan's comrade, – panspipes sweet utterance, and a resounding tomtom in a heavy bronze frame. For the third in his games, Dionysos offered ruddy sand from the river so ready and willing.

καὶ Βρόμιος σταδίῳ μεμερισμένον οὔδας ὀρίζων

δισσὰ τιτανομένης διεμέτρεεν ἄκρα κελεύθου,
395 ὀρθώσας δεκάδωρον ἐπὶ χθονὶ σῆμα πορείης,
στήσας τέρμα δρόμου ταναὸν ξύλον: ἀντιπόρου δὲ
πῆξε τύπον βαλβίδος ἐπ' ἥονι θύρσον ἀείρας:
καὶ Σατύρους ὥτρυνεν ἀεθλεύειν περὶ νίκης.

[393] Then Bromios measured the ground for the furlong race. He measured the stretch between the two ends of the course, and set up a tall stake in the ground, ten palms high, to make the finish of the race; at the other end he raised and planted a thysus on the river-bank to show the turning-point. Then he urged the Satyrs to go in and win.

ὄξυ δὲ κεκλομένοιο φιλοσκάρθμοιο Λυαίου
400 Ληνεὺς πρῶτος ὄρουσε ποδῆνεμος, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ
κισσὸς ἀερσιπόδης καὶ ἐπήρατος Ἄμπελος ἔστη:
καὶ ποδὸς ἰθυπόροιο πεποιθότες ὠκέϊ ταρσῷ
κεκριμένοι στοιχηδὸν ἐφέστασαν: ἐκ δαπέδου δὲ
ἄκρα χαρασσομένοιο μετάρσιον ἵχνος ἀείρας
405 κισσὸς ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν κουφίζετο παλμῷ:
τοῦ μὲν ἐπειγομένοιο μετάφρενον ἄσθματι θάλλων
Ληνεὺς ἡερίησιν ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομος αὖραις,
ἀγχιφανῆς προθέοντος, ὀπισθοπόροιο δὲ ταρσοῦ
ἵχνεσιν ἵχνια τύψε χυτῆς ψαύοντα κονίης:
410 καὶ τόσος ἀμφοτέρων ἀπελείπετο μέσσον ὀρίζων,
ὀππόσον ἱστοπόνοιο κανὼν πρὸς στήθει κούρης
μεσσοφανῆς λάχε χῶρον ἀκαμπεῖ γείτονα μαζῷ.
καὶ τρίτος Ἄμπελος ἦεν ὀπίστερος: εἰσορόων δὲ
ζηλήμων Διόνυσος ἐτήκετο λοξὰ δοκεῦν
415 διχθαδίους προθέοντας ἀεθλητῆρας ἀγώνων,
μὴ ποτε νικήσωσι καὶ Ἄμπελος ὕστερος ἔλθῃ:
ἀλλὰ θεὸς χραίσμησεν, ἐνιπνεύσας δὲ ὃ ἀλκῇν
κοῦρον ἐντροχάλοιο ταχίονα θῆκεν ἀέλλης:
καὶ διδύμων πρῶτιστος ἀεθλοφόρων ἐν ἀγῶνι
420 σπερχομένων, διερῇ μὲν ἐπ' ἥονι γούνατα πάλλων,
κισσὸς ἐπωλίσθησε πεσῶν ψαμαθώσεϊ πηλῷ,
καὶ σφαλερῇ Ληνῆος ἐσύρετο γούνατος ὀρμῇ
ἅψ ἀνασειράζουσα ποδῶν δρόμον: ἀθλοφόροι δὲ
ἀμφοτέροι λείποντο, καὶ Ἄμπελος ἥρπασε νίκην.

[399] Springheel Lyaïos cried his summons aloud, and first up leapt windfoot Leneus, then on either side of him highstepping Cissos and charming Ampelos stood up. They stood in a row, confident in the quick soles of their straightfaring feet. Cissos flew with stormy movement of his feet just

skimming the top of the ground as he touched it. Leneus was running behind him quick as the winds of heaven and warming the back of the sprinter with his breath, close behind the leader, and he touched footstep with footstep on the dust as it dropped, with following feet: the space between them both was no more than the rod leaves open before the bosom of a girl working at the loom, close to the firm breast. Ampelos came third and last. Dionysos saw them out of the corner of his eye, and melted with jealousy that the two competitors should be in front, afraid they might win and Ampelos come in behind them; so the god helped him, breathed strength into him, and made the boy swifter than the spinning gale. Then Cissos, first of the two in the race, striving so hard for the prize, stumbled over a wet place on the shore, slipped and fell in the sandy slush; Leneus had to check the course of his feet, and his knees lost their swing: so both competitors were passed and Ampelos carried off the victory.

425 Σειληνοὶ δὲ γέροντες ἀνίαχον Εὐϊὸν ἤχῳ
νίκην ἡιθέοιο τεθηπότες: ἄβροκόμης δὲ
δέκτο νέος τὰ πρῶτα, τὰ δεύτερα δέχνυτο Ληνεὺς
ζῆλον ἔχων, φθονερὸν δὲ δόλον γίνωσκε Λυαίου
καὶ πόθον: αἰδομένη δὲ συνήλικας εἶδεν ὅπως
430 λοίσθια Κισσὸς ἄεθλα κατηφεί χειρὶ κομίζων.

[425] The old Seilenoi shouted Euoi! amazed at the victory of the youth. He received the first prize with soft hair flowing, Leneus took the second full of envy, for he understood the jealous trick of Lyaïos and his passion; Cissos eyed his comrades with look abashed, as he held out his hand for the last prize discontented.

BOOK 11

ἐνδέκατον δὲ δόκευε καὶ ἱμερόεντα νοήσεις
ἄμπελον ἀνδροφόνῳ πεφορημένον ἄρπαγι ταύρῳ.
λῦτο δ' ἄγων: ἑρόεις δὲ νέος φιλοπαίγμωνι νίκη
κυδιόων σκίρτησεν ὀμέσιος ἥλικι Βάκχῳ
εἰλιπόδην περὶ κύκλον ἀλήμονα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,
δεξιτερὴν πάνλευκον ἐπικλίνων Διονύσῳ:
5 καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Ἰόβακχος ἀγήνορα δίζυγι νίκη
ποσσί περισκαίροντα φίλῳ μειλιξατο μῦθῳ:

BOOK XI

*See the eleventh, and you will find lovely Ampelos carried off by the
manslaying robber bull.*

The contest was done. The lovely lad exulting in his sportloving victory, skipt about with Bacchos his yearsmate playfellow, and moved his circling legs in gambolling turns. He threw his white right arm about Dionysos; and when Iobacchos saw him jumping about so proud of his two victories, he said to him affectionately:

‘Σπεῦδε πάλιν, φίλε κοῦε, ποδωκείης μετὰ νίκην
καὶ μετὰ πεζὸν ἄεθλον ἔχειν τρίτον ἄλλον ἀγῶνα,
νηχομένῳ δ' ἀκίχητος ὀμήλικι νήχεο Βάκχῳ.

10 Ἄμπελε, νικήσας με παρὰ ψαμάθοισι παλαίων,
ἔσσο καὶ ἐν προχοῇσιν ἐλαφρότερος Διονόσου,
καὶ Σατύρους παίζοντας ἔτι σκαρθμοῖσιν ἑάσας
εἰς τρίτατον πάλιν ἄλλον ἐπείγγο μοῦνος ἀγῶνα:
ἐν χθονὶ νικήσας καὶ ἐν ὕδασι, καὶ μετὰ νίκην

15 σοὺς ἑρατοὺς πλοκάμους διδύμοις στέψαιμι κορύμβοις
διπλόα νικηθέντος ἀνικήτοιο Λυαίου.

[7] “Hurry now – have another try, dear boy, after winning that race and after your land action; try a third match, swim against your comrade Bacchos and see if you can beat him! You had the best of it, Ampelos, in wrestling with me on the sands; now show yourself more agile than Dionysos in the rivers! Leave the playful Satyrs to their skippings and come quick again by yourself to a third match. If you win both by land and water, I will crown your lovely hair with a double garland for two victories over Dionysos the unconquerable.

ἔπρεπέ σοι ῥόος οὗτος ἐπήρατος, ἔπρεπε μούνῳ
κάλλει σῶν μελέων, ἵνα διπλόος Ἄμπελος εἴῃ

χρυσεῖη παλάμη χρυσαυγέα βεῦματα τέμνων:

20 καὶ γυμνοῖς μελέεσσι τιταινομένου περὶ νίκης

κοσμήσει σέο κάλλος ὅλον Πακτώλιον ὕδωρ.

δὸς ποταμῷ γέρας ἶσον Ὀλύμπιον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς

ὠκεανῷ Φαέθων ῥοδέας ἀκτῖνας ἰάλλει:

Πακτωλῷ πόρε καὶ σὺ τεδὸν σέλας, ὄφρα φανεῖη

25 ἄμπελος ἀντέλλων ἄτε Φωσφόρος: ἀμφοτέρων γὰρ

ἀστράπτει ῥόος οὗτος ἐρευθιόνωντι μετάλλω

ὥς σὺ τεοῖς μελέεσσι: βαθυπλούτῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ

σύγχροον εἶδος ἔχοντα καὶ ἡβητῆρα δεχέσθω

μίξας κάλλει κάλλος, ὅπως Σατύροισι βοήσω:

30 ᾧ ῥόδον εἰς ῥόδον ἦλθε; πόθεν μία κίρναται αἴγλη

καὶ χροῖ φοινίσσοντι καὶ ἀστράπτοντι ῥεέθρῳ;

[17] “This lovely stream suits you, suits the beauty of your limbs alone, that there may be a double Ampelos cutting the goldgleaming flood with golden palm; while you stretch naked limbs for victory, all the Pactolian water shall adorn your beauty. Phaëthon himself shoots his rosy beams on Oceanos; grant an equal Olympian glory to this river: you too give your brightness to Pactolos, that Ampelos may be seen rising like Phosphoros. Both are radiant, this river with its red metal, and you with your limbs; in the deep riches of his flood let him receive this youth also with the same colour on his skin; let him mix beauty with beauty, that I may cry to the Satyrs - ‘How came rose to rose? How is ruddy flesh and sparkling water mingled into one radiant light?’

αἶθε καὶ ἐνθάδε, κοῦρε, πέλεν ῥόος Ἑριδανοῖο,

Ἥλιάδων ὅθι δάκρυ ῥυηφενές, ὄφρα κεν ἄμφω

καὶ χρυσῷ σέο γυῖα καὶ ἡλέκτροισι λοέσσω.

35 ἀλλ’ ἐπεὶ Ἑσπερίου ποταμοῦ μάλα τηλόθι ναίω,

ἵξομαι εἰς Ἀλύβην ἀγχίπτολιν, ὀππόθι γείτων

Γεῦδις ἐχεκτεάνων ὑδάτων λευκαίνεται ὀλκῷ,

ὄφρα σε Πακτωλοῖο λελουμένον ἐκ ποταμοῖο,

Ἄμπελε, φαιδρύνοιμι καὶ ἀργυρέοισι ῥεέθροις.

40 Ἑρμος ἐυρρεΐτης ἐτέροις Σατύροισι μελέσθω:

οὐ γὰρ ἀπὸ χρυσοῖο φέρει ῥόον: ἀλλὰ σὺ μοῦνος

χρύσεος ἔπλεο κοῦρος, ἔχοις καὶ χρύσειον ὕδωρ.’

[32] “Would that the river Eridanos were here also, dear boy, where are the richrolling tears of the Heliades: then I would wash your limbs with amber and gold together. But since I live very far from the western river, I will visit the city of Alybe close at hand, where the Geudis has a white stream of precious water, that when you come bathed out of river Pactolos, Ampelos, I may make you shine with silvery water too. Let the other Satyrs see to

wideflowing Hermos, for he has no golden springs. But you are the only golden boy, and you shall have the golden water.”

ὥς εἰπὼν πεφόρητο δτ' ὕδατος: ἔκ δαπέδου δὲ
ἄμπελος ἤώρητο καὶ ὠμάρτησε Λυαίῳ:

45 καὶ γλυκὺς ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔην δρόμος ἄκρον ἀπ' ἄκρου
νηχομένοις ἑλικηδὸν ἑρικτεάνου ποταμοῖο.

καὶ θεὸς ὕδατόεντα φέρων ταχυτῆτος ἀγῶνα
ἔτρεχεν ἀστήρικτος ἐν ὕδασι, γυμνὰ ῥέεθροις
στέρνα βαλὼν, δονέων δὲ πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἐρέσσω

50 ἀφνειῆς ἀτίνακτα κατέγραφε νῶτα γαλήνης,
πῆ μὲν ἔχων ὁμόφοιτον ἐὼν δρόμον ἥλικι κούρῳ,
πῆ δὲ παραίσσω πεφυλαγμένος, ὅσσον ἑάσῃ
ἄμπελον ἀγκικέλευθον ὁμήλυδα γείτονι Βάκχῳ:

ἄλλοτε κυκλώσας παλάμας, ἅτε κύματι κάμνων,
55 ὑγροπόρῳ ταχύγουνος ἐκούσιος ὥπασε νίκην.

[43] Thus speaking, he plunged into the water; Ampelos rose from the ground and joined Lyaïos, and a jolly course the two had, zigzag from point to point of the opulent river. The god winning this watery race swam steadily through the water, pushing his bare breast against the stream, moving his feet and paddling with his hands, and so scored the undisturbed surface of the smooth treasury of riches. Now his boy-comrade's course ran beside his own, now he shot past him carefully, just so much as to leave Ampelos still a near neighbour to Bacchos in the way; sometimes he let his hands go round and round as if tired by the water, and willingly yielded quicknee the victory to the other swimmer.

καὶ ποταμοῦ μετὰ χεῦμα μετήιεν ἔνδια λόχμης
ἄμπελος αὐχένα γαῦρον ἔχων ποταμηίδι νίκη.

καὶ πλοκάμους μίτρωσεν ἐχιδνήεντι κορύμβῳ
φρικτὸν ἔχων μίμημα δρακοντοκόμοιο Λυαίου:

60 πολλάκι δ' αἰολόνωντον ἰδὼν Βρομίῳ χιτῶνα,
δαιδαλέην μελέεσσι νόθην ἐσθῆτα καθάψας,
πορφυρέῳ πόδα κοῦφον ἐπεσφήκωσε κοθόρνῳ,
στικτὸν ἔχων χροῖ πέπλον: ὀρεσσαύλῳ δ' ἐνὶ δίφρῳ
πορδαλίων Ἰόβακχον ὀπιπεύων ἐλατῆρα

65 γαῦρα φιλοσκοπέλων ἐπεδείκνυε παίγνια θηρῶν:
πῆ μὲν ὀρεστιάδος λοφιῆς ἐπιβήμενος ἄρκτου
θηρὸς ἐπειγομένης βλοσυρὴν ἀνσεύρασε χαίτην,

πῆ δὲ λεοντεῖην λασίην ἐπεμάστιε δειρήν,
ἄλλοτε, δαιδαλέων ἐποχημένος ὑπόθι νώτων,

70 ἀστεμφῆς ἀχάλινον ἐτέρπετο τίγριν ἐλαύνων.

[56] Leaving the river stream, Ampelos repaired to the shelter of the woods, lifting a proud neck for his victory in the river. He bound his head with a cluster of vipers, like Lyaïos's terrible wreath of snakes. Often seeing the dappleback tunic of Bromios, he put over his limbs a spotted dress in imitation, and pushed his light foot into a purple buskin, and threw a speckled robe on his body. When he saw Iobacchos in a car driving panthers about the hills, he showed off exultantly his gambols with rockloving beasts; now mounting the shaggy back of woodland bear, he pulled back the ruff of the grim hurrying beast; now on the hairy neck of a lion he gave it the whip; now he drove an unbridled tiger with delight, seated immovable high on the striped back.

καί μιν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος, ἔχων πρηεῖαν ἀπειλήν,
εἶπε παρηγορέων φιλίῳ μαντώδεϊ μύθῳ,
μεμφομένοις στομάτεσσι χέων οἰκτίρμονα φωνήν:
‘Πῇ φέρεαι, φίλε κοῦρε; τί σοι τόσον εὖαδεν ὕλη;
75 μίμνέ μοι ἀγρώσσοντι συναγρώσσων Διονύσῳ:
εἰλαπίνης ψαύοντι συνειλαπίναζε Λυαίῳ
κωμάζων, ὅτε κῶμον ἐγὼ Σατύροισιν ἐγείρω.
πόρδαλις οὐ κλονέει με καὶ ἀγροτέρης γένυς ἄρκτου,
μὴ τρομέοις στόμα λάβρον ὄρεσσινόμοιο λεαινῆς:
80 μοῦνον ἀμειλίκτοιο κεράατα δείδιθι ταύρου.’

[71] When Dionysos saw him, he warned him gently, adding friendly prophetic words to console him as the voice of pity issued from reproving lips: “Where are your riding, dear boy? Why so fond of the forest? Stay by me when I hunt, and hunt with Dionysos; when Lyaïos touches the feast, join in his feasting, and share my revels when I stir the Satyrs to revel. I am not troubled about the panther or the jaws of the wild bear; you need not fear the wild mouth of the mountainranging lioness – fear only the horns of the pitiless bull.”

ἔννεπεν οἰκτεῖρων θρασὺν Ἄμπελον: ἡίθεος δὲ
οὐάσι μῦθον ἄκουε, νόος δὲ οἱ ἔνδοθι παῖζεν.

[81] So he warned bold Ampelos in compassion: the youth heard the words with his ears, but the mind within him was still at play.

ἔνθα φάνη μέγα σῆμα φιλοστόργῳ Διονύσῳ
ἄμπελον ἀγγέλλον μινυῶριον: ἐκ σκοπέλου γάρ
85 ἀρτιθαλῇ τινα νεβρὸν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο κομίζων
ἀμφιλαφῆς φολίδεσσι δράκων ἀνέτελλε κεράστης,
καί μιν ὑπὲρ βωμοῖο φέρων ἐφύπερθε θεμέθλων
σμερδαλέῃ πρήνιξεν ἀλοιηθέντα κεραίῃ

κῦμβαχον αὐτοκύλιστον, ὄρεσσινόμοιο δὲ νεβροῦ
90 ὅξυ μέλος κλάγξαντος ἀπέπτατο θυμὸς ἀλήτης·
σπονδῆς δ' ἔσσομένης αὐτάγγελος αἵματος ὀλκῶ
λάινος αἰμαλείας ἐρυθαίνετο βωμὸς ἐέρσαις,
οἴνου λειβομένοιο φέρων τύπον. εἰσορόων δὲ
Εὖιος ἐρπηστίῃρα, κερασφόρον ἄρπαγα νεβροῦ.
95 ἄφρονος ἠιθέοιο μαθὼν ὀλετῆρα κεράστην
πένθει μῖξε γέλωτα, καὶ ἄστατον εἶχε μενοινῆν
διχθαδίην, κραδίῃ δὲ μερίζετο, γείτονα πότμου
ἡβητήν στενάχων, γελῶν χάριν ἡδέος οἴνου.

[83] Then came a great portent to doting Dionysos, showing that Ampelos had not logn to live: for a horned dragon covered with scales rose from the rocks, carrying across his back a tender young fawn; he crept over the steps, and threw it upon the altar tumbling and rolling helpless and gored with his horrible horn. The hillranging fawn screamed a shrill note as its wandering spirit flew away. A stream of blood reddened the stone altar with bloody dew like so much trickling wine, harbinger of the libation that should follow. When Euois saw the crawling horned robber with the fawn, he knew that a horned creature would destroy the thoughtless youth. He mingled a laugh with his mourning; his thought was uncertain and divided in two, his heart cleft in halves, as he groaned for the youth so near to death, and laughed for the delectable wine.

ἔμπης δ' ἱμερόεντι συνέμπορος ἦιε κούρω
100 εἰς ὄρος, εἰς πλαταμῶνα, καὶ εἰς δρόμον ἠθάδος ἄγρης.
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν ἔτι Βάκχος ἐτέρπετο: καὶ γὰρ ὅπως αἶ
οὐ ποτε δερκομένοισι κόρον τίκτουσιν ἐρώτων.
πολλάκι καὶ βρομίοιο παρεζομένοιο τραπέζῃ
ἠίθεος σύριζεν ἀήθεα Μοῦσαν ἀμείβων,
105 καὶ δονάκων συνέχευεν ὅλον μέλος: οἷα δὲ κούρου
καλὰ μελιζομένοιο, καὶ εἰ τόνον ἔκλασε μολπῆς,
Βάκχος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο θορῶν ἀνεμώδει παλμῶ
χερσὶ συνεπλατάγησε πολὺκροτος, ἠιθέου δὲ
εἰσέτι μελπομένοιο περὶ στόμα χεῖλος ἐρείσας
110 ἄρμονιῃς πρόφασιν φιλίῳ προσπτύξατο δεσμῶ:
ᾧμοσε καὶ Κρονίδην, ὅτι τηλίκον ὕμνοπόλος Πᾶν
οὐ ποτε ῥυθμὸν ἄεισε, καὶ οὐ λιγύφωνος Ἀπόλλων.

[99] None the less he went with the lovely boy to the mountains, to the flats, to the course of their familiar hunting. Bacchos still delighted to look at him; for loving eyes are never sated with looking. Often as Bromios sat with him at table, the youth would pipe a new strange music, and confused all the notes of

his reeds. Even if he broke the tune of his melody, Bacchos made as if the boy were playing well, and sprang from the ground with airy leaps, clapped and clattered with hands together, as the boy yet sang pressed his own lips to his mouth, embraced him lovingly for his beautiful song, as he said, and swore by Zeus that melodious Pan had never sung such another tune nor the clear voice of Apollo.

καὶ θρασὺν εἰσορώωσα νέον θανατηφόρος Ἄτη
οὔρεσιν ἀγρώσσοντος ἀποπλαγχθέντα Λυαίου,
115 ἡιθέου χαρίεντος ὁμοίος ἥλικι κούρῳ
Ἀμπελον ἡπεροπῇι τόσῳ μειλίζατο μύθῳ,
μητρυιῇ Φρυγίῳιο χαριζομένη Διονύσου:

[113] But Ate, the deathbringing spirit of Delusion, saw the bold youth straying on the mountains away from Lyaïos during the hunt; and taking the charming form of one of his agemate boys, she addressed Ampelos with a coaxing deceitful speech – all to gratify the stepmother of Phrygian Dionysos.

‘Σὸς φίλος, ἄτρομε κοῦρε, μάτην Διόνυσος ἀκούει:
ποῖον ἔταιρεις γέρας ἔλλαχες; οὐ σὺ Λυαίου
120 θέσκελον ἄρμα φέρεις, οὐ πόρδαλιν ἡνιοχεύεις.
δίφρα τεοῦ Βρομίῳιο Μάρων λάχε, χεῖρα τιταίνων
θηρονόμῳ μάστιγι καὶ εὐλαίγγι χαλινῷ:
ποῖον ἔχεις τόδε δῶρον ἀπ’ εὐθύρσοιο Λυαίου;
πηκτιδα Πᾶνες ἔχουσι καὶ εὐκελάδων θρόον αὐλῶν,
125 καὶ Σατύροις πόρε κύκλον ἐρισμαράγοιο βοείης
σὸς ταμίης Διόνυσος, ὀρεστιάδες δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ
Βασσαρίδες ῥαχίησιν ἐφεδρήσσουσι λεόντων.
ποῖα τεῆς φιλότητος ἐπάξια δῶρα κομίζεις,
πορδαλίων ἐλατῆρι μάτην πεφιλημένε Βάκχῳ;
130 πολλάκι Φοιβείῳιο καθήμενος ὑπόθι δίφρου
ὑψιφανῆς ἤλαυνεν Ἀτύμνιος ἥερα τέμνων:
ἐκλυες αὐτὸν Ἀβαριν, ὃν εἰς δρόμον ἡεροφοίτην
ἵπταμένῳ πόμπευεν ἀλήμονι Φοῖβος ὀιστῷ
αἰετὸν ἡνιόχευεν ἐν αἰθέρι καὶ Γανυμήδης
135 Ζῆνα νόθον πτερόεντα, τεοῦ γενετῆρα Λυαίου:
ἄμπελον οὐ ποτε Βάκχος ἐκούφισεν, ὄρνις Ἐρώτων,
σὸν δέμας ἀδρὺπτοισιν ἐοῖς ὀνύχεσιν αἰείρων.
Τρώιος οἶνοχόος πέλε φέρτερος, ὃς Διὸς αὐλήν
οἶκον ἔχει. σὺ δέ, κοῦρε, φέρων πόθον εἰσέτι δίφρου
140 εἰς δρόμον ἀστήρικτον ἀναίνεο πῶλον ἐλαύνειν,
ὅττι ταχυστροφάλλγγι ποδῶν δεδονημένος ὀλκῷ
ἵππος ἀελλήεις ἀποσειεται ἡνιοχῆα:

Γλαῦκον ἀπεστυφέλιξαν ἐπὶ χθόνα λυσσάδες ἵπποι,
καὶ ξυνῆς μεθέπων Ποσιδῆιον αἶμα γενέθλης
145 ἥερόθεν προκάρηνον ἀπόσπορον ἐννοσιγαίου

[118] “Your friend, fearless boy, is called Dionysos for nothing! What honour have you got from your friendship? You do not guide the divine car of Lyaïos, you do not drive a panther! Your Bromios’s chariot has fallen to Maron’s lot, his hand manages the beast-ruling whip and the jewelstudded reins. What gift like that have you gotten from Lyaïos of the thyrsus? The Pans have their cithern and their melodious tootling pipes; the Satyrs have the round loudrattling tomtom from your patron Dionysos; even the mountainranging Bassarids ride on the backs of lions. What gifts have you received worthy of your love, you, loved for nothing by Bacchos the driver of panthers? Atymnios has often been seen on high in the chariot of Phoibos cutting the air; Abaris also you have heard of, whom Phoibos through the air perched on his winged roving arrow. Ganymedes also rode an eagle in the sky, a changeling Zeus with wings, the begetter of your Lyaïos. But Bacchos never became a lovebird or carried Ampelos, lifting your body with talons that would not tear. The Trojan winepouurer had the better of you – he is at home in the court of Zeus. Now my boy, look here: but you are still kept waiting for the chariot, so just refuse to drive a nervous colt on the road – a horse goes rattling along like a tempest on a whirlwind of legs, and shakes out the driver. Glaucos’s horses went mad and threw him out on the ground. Quickwing Pegasos threw Bellerophontes and sent him headlong down from the sky, although he was of the seed of the Earthshaker and the horse himself shared the kindred blood of Poseidon.

Πήγασος ὠκυπέτης ἀπεσεῖσατο Βελλεροφόντην.

δεῦρό μοι εἰς ἀγέλην, λιγυηχέες ἦχι νομῆες
καὶ βόες ἱμερόεντες, ἐφεδρήσσοντα δὲ ταύρω
ὑψιφανῇ τελέσω σε βοοσσόον ἡνιοχῆα:

150 σὸς γὰρ ἄναξ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐπαινῆσει σε δοκεύων,
ταυροφυῆς Διόνυσος, ἐφήμενον ἰξὺ ταύρου.
νόσφι φόβου δρόμος οὔτος, ἐπεὶ καὶ θῆλυς ἐοῦσα
παρθένος Εὐρώπη βοέων ἐπεβήσατο νώτων,
χερσὶ κέρας κρατέουσα καὶ οὐ χατέουσα χαλινοῦ.’

[146] “Come this way, do, to the herd, where are the clear-piping drovers and lovely cattle – get on a bull, and I will make you conspicuous on his back as the man who can ride a wild bull! Then your bullbody king Dionysos will applaud you more loudly, if he sees you with a bull between your knees! There is nothing to fear in such a run; Europa was a female, a young girl, and she had a ride on bullback, held tight to the horn and asked for no reins.”

155 ὥς φασμένη παρέπεισε, καὶ ἡέρα δύσατο δαίμων.
 καὶ τις ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο κατέδραμε ταῦρος ἀλήτης
 ἀπροιδής, καὶ γλῶσσαν, ἔῃς ἐπιμάρτυρα, διψης,
 χεῖλεσιν οἴγομένοισι προΐσχανεν ἀνθρεῶνος,
 καὶ πῖεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ κοῦρον, ἃ περ παρεόντα νομῆα,
 160 ἴστατο γινώσκοντι πανεῖκελος· οὐδὲ μετώπου
 λοξὸν ἐὸν κέρας εἶχεν· ἀμαιμακέτοιο δὲ ταύρου
 πυκνὸν ἐρευγομένοιο ποτὸν πολυχανδέϊ λαιμῷ
 ἡβητὴν ἐδίηνε κατάρρυτος ἱκμάς ἐέρσης,
 ἔσσομένων ἄτε μάντις, ὅτι χθονίῳ βόες ὀλκῷ
 165 ἀμφὶ μιῇ μογέοντες ἀτέρμονι κυκλάδι νύσση
 ὕδασιν ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐπαρδεύουσιν ὁπώρην.

[155] This appeal persuaded him, and the goddess flew up into the air. And there was a stray bull suddenly running down from the rocks! His lips were open, and the tongue hung out over his jaws to show his thirst. He drank, then stood looking at the boy just as if he knew him, as if his own keeper were by. He did not hold his horn sideways, but as the mighty bull again and again belched up the drink into his roomy mouth a shower of drops sprinkled the youth, as prophetic of what was to come: for oxen trudging round and round on the ground in everlasting circumambulation about one capstan, irrigate the vinestock with their water.

καὶ θρασὺς ἴστατο κοῦρος ὑπὲρ βοέοιο μετώπου
 ἀμφάφρων ἐπικυρτον ἀταρβέϊ χειρὶ κεραῖην·
 καὶ βοὸς ὕλονόμοιο τεθηγμένος ἡδέϊ κέντρῳ
 170 ἤθελεν ἄζυγα ταῦρον ὀρίδρομον ἡνιοχεύειν.
 δρεψάμενος δὲ πέτηλα βαθυσχοίνῳ παρὰ ποίῃ
 ψευδαλέην χλοεροῖσι λύγοις ἔπλεξεν ἱμάσθλην
 μόσχοις ὀξυτέροισι, πολυστρέπτῳ δὲ κορυμβῷ
 γνάμψας ἀγκύλα κύκλα τύπον ποίησε χαλινού·
 175 καὶ δροσεροῖς πετάλοισι δέμας διεκόσμεε ταύρου,
 καὶ ῥόδα φοινίσσοντα πέριξ ἐπεδήσατο νώτῳ,
 καὶ κρίνα καὶ νάρκισσον ἐπηώρησε μετώπῳ,
 αὐχένι πορφύρουσαν ἐπικρεμάσας ἀνεμώνην·
 καὶ διδύμην ἐκάτερθε κατεχρύσωσε κεραῖην
 180 χερσὶ βαθυνομέναις ξανθόχροα πηλὸν ἀφύσσων
 γείτονος ἐκ ποταμοῖο. καὶ αἰόλον ὑπόθι νώτου
 δέρμα περιστορέσας ῥαχίης ἐπεβήσατο ταύρου·
 καὶ βοέαις πλευρῆσι νόθην μάστιγα τιταίνων,
 εὐχαίτην ἄτε πῶλον, ἐὸν μάστιζε φορῆα.

[167] The bold boy stood over the bull's brow stroking the curved horns with

fearless hand; and excited by a sweet sting of desire for the woodland creature, he longed to ride the mountainranging bull untamed. He pulled up long leafy shoots by a meadow deepset with rushes, and plaited a sort of whip from the fresh withies with sharper twigs, then bent and twisted some bundles into something like a bridle. He decked out the bull's body with fresh dewy leaves, wreathed red roses about his back, lifted lilies and daffodils over his brow and hung a ring of purple anemone on his neck; he dipt his hands deep in the neighbouring river and brought up handfuls of yellow mud, to gild the two horns on either side. He laid a dappled skin over his backbone, and mounted the bull. He swung his makebelieve whip on the bull's flanks and flogged his mount as if he were a longmaned colt.

185 καὶ θρασὺς ἠύτησεν ἔπος ταυρώπιδι Μῆνι:

‘Εἴξον ἐμοί, κερόεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη:

ἄμφω γὰρ κερόεις γενόμεν καὶ ταῦρον ἐλαύνω.’

[185] Then he shouted boldly to the bullfaced Moon – “Give me best, Selene, horned driver of cattle! Now I am both – I have horns and I ride a bull!”

τοῖον ἐπαυχήσας ἔπος ἴαχε κυκλάδι Μῆνι.

καὶ φθονερῆς σκοπίαζε δι’ ἡέρος ὄμμα Σελήνης

190 Ἀμπελον ἀνδροφόνῳ πεφορημένον ἄρπαγι ταύρῳ,

καὶ οἱ πέμπε μύωπα βοοσσόον· αὐτὰρ ὁ πικρῷ

ἄστατα φοιτητῇρι δέμας κεχαραγμένος οἷστρῳ

δύσβατον ἀμφὶ τένοντα κατέτρεχεν εἵκελος ἵππῳ.

[188] So he called out boasting to the round Moon. Selene looked with a jealous eye through the air, to see how Ampelos rode on the murderous marauding bull. She sent him a cattlechasing gadfly; and the bull, pricked continually all over by the sharp sting, galloped away like a horse through pathless tracts.

καὶ νέος ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἰδὼν λυσσώδεϊ κέντρῳ

195 ἶχνος ἀερσιλόφοισιν ἐπιρρήσσοντα κολώναις,

ταρβαλέος πρὸ μόροιο γοήμονι λίσσετο φωνῇ:

‘Σήμερον ἴστασο, ταῦρε, καὶ αὔριον ὠκύς ὁδεύσεις:

μὴ με κατακτείνεις ἐρημάδος ὑψόθι πέτρης,

πότμον ἐμὸν νήπυστον ὅπως μὴ Βάκχος ἀκούσῃ.

200 μὴ κοτέῃς, ὅτι, ταῦρε, τήν χρύσωσα κεραῖην:

μὴ φθονέῃς, ὅτι Βάκχος ἐμὴν φιλότητα φυλάσσει.

εἰ δὲ κατακτείνεις με καὶ οὐκ ἄλέγεις Διονύσου,

οὐδέ τις οἶκτος ἔχει σε γοήμονος ἡνιοχῆος,

ὅττι νέος γενόμεν, ὅτι καὶ φίλος εἰμὶ Λυαίου,

205 εἰς Σατύρους με κόμιζε καὶ αὐτόθι, ταῦρε, δαμάσσεις,

ὄφρα τύχω μετὰ πότμον ἐρικλαύτοιο κονίης:
ναί, λίτομαι, φίλε ταῦρε: παραιφασίην δὲ νοήσω,
πότμον ἐμὸν στενάζοντος ἄδακρύτου Διονύσου.
εἰ τεὸν ἡνιοχῆα κερασφόρον ἡπεροπεύεις
210 εἴκελον εἶδος ἔχοντα τεῇ ταυρώπιδι μορφῇ,
γίνεο φωνήεις καὶ ἐμὸν μόρον εἰπέ Λυαίῳ:
ταῦρε, τεῆς Δήμητρος ἀνάρσιε καὶ Διονύσου,
ἄχνημένου Βρομίοιο συνάχνηται ὄμπνια Δηῶ.’

[194] The youth when he saw the untamed bull driven by these maddening stings to dash on and on over the highcrested hills, afraid of impending fate, made his prayer in mournful tones: “Stop for to-day, my bull, you shall have a quick run to-morrow! Don’t kill me high on these deserted rocks, or let me die so that Bacchos never hears of my fate! Don’t be angry that I gilded your horns, dear bull; do not grudge that Bacchos keeps my love. But if you must kill me and flout Dionysos, if you have no pity for your sorrowful rider because I am young, because I am friend to Lyaaios, take me back to the Satyrs and you shall destroy me there, that when I am dead there I may have many tears on my ashes. Yes I beseech you, dearest Bull! I shall feel consolation if unweeping Dionysos laments my death. If you are traitor to your horned rider, who has a shape like your bullfaced form, get a voice and tell my death to Lyaaios. O Bull – enemy of your Demeter and Dionysos both – when Bromios is grieved, bounteous Deo is grieved with him!”

τοῖον ἔπος ῥοδόεις νέος ἔννεπεν Ἄϊδι γείτων
215 δῦσμορος: αἰσῶν δὲ ποδῶν διδυμάωνι χηλῇ
οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα δυσέμβατα λυσσαλέος βοῦς
ἡβητὴν προκάρηνον ἑὼν ἀπεσεῖσατο νώτων:
ἦριπε δ’ αὐτοκύλιστος: ἐπ’ ἀστραγάλου δὲ πεσόντος
λεπτὸν ὑποτριζῶν ἐδιχάζετο δόχμιος αὐχὴν:
220 καὶ μιν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο παλινδίνητον ἐλίξας
θηγαλέη γλωχῖνι κατεπρήνιξε κεραίης.
καὶ νέκυς ἦν ἀκάρηνος: ἀτυμβεύτοιο δὲ νεκροῦ
λευκὸν ἐρευθιόωντι δέμας φοινίσσετο λύθρῳ.

[214] So spoke the rosy boy, so near to Hades, unhappy one! Up to the pathless tops of the mountain leapt the infuriated bull on his cloven hooves, and threw the youth headlong off his back. He fell on his head rolling in a hunched-up heap, and broke his bent neck with a little crack; the bull bowled him over and over on the ground, and pinned him to the earth with the sharp point of his horn. He lay there a headless corpse; his white body unburied was stained with ruddy gore.

καὶ τις, ἰδὼν Σατύρων κεκονιμένον ὑπόθι γαίης
 225 ἄμπελον ἱμερόεντα, δυσάγγελος ἦλυθε Βάκχῳ.
 καὶ θεὸς εἰσαίων ταχὺς ἔδραμεν εἵκελος αὔραις:
 οὐτόσον Ἡρακλῆς δρόμον ἦνυσεν, ὅπποτε Νύμφαι
 ἄβρῶν ὕλαν φθονεροῖσι κατεκρύψαντο ῥέεθροις
 νυμφίον ἱκμαλέῃ πεφυλαγμένον ἄρπαγι κούρῃ,
 230 ὥς τότε Βάκχος ὄρουσεν ὀρίδρομος: ἐν δὲ κονίῃ
 κείμενον ἔστνε κοῦρον ἄτε ζῶντα δοκεύων.
 καὶ μιν ἀνεχλαίνωσε τὸν ἄπνοον, ὑπόθεν ὦμον
 νεβρίδα καὶ ψυχροῖσιν ἐπὶ στέρνοισι καθάψας,
 καί, νέκυός περ ἔοντος, ἐδήσατο ταρσὰ κοθόρνοις:
 235 καὶ ῥόδα καὶ κρίνα πάσσε κατὰ χροός, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίταις,
 οἷα μινυνθαδίῳ δεδοπότης ὀξεί κέντρῳ,
 ἄνθος ἀνηώρησε ταχυφθιμένης ἀνεμώνης:
 καὶ παλάμῃ πόρε θύρσον, ἔῳ δὲ μιν ἔσκεπε πέπλῳ
 πορφυρέῳ: καὶ δῶρον ἀκερσικόμοιο καρήνου
 240 πλοχμόν ἔνα τμήξας ἐπεθήκατο μάρτυρι νεκρῷ
 λοίσθιον: ἀμβροσίην δὲ λαβὼν παρὰ μητέρι Ῥεῖῃ
 ὠτειλαῖς ἐπέχευεν, ὅθεν νέος εἶδος ἀμείψας
 ἀμβροσίην εὐοδμον ἐῖ μετέθηκεν ὁπῶρῃ.

[224] One of the Satyrs caught sight of lovely Ampelos lying in the dust on the ground, and brought the bad news to Bacchos. The god on hearing it ran there swift as the wind. Heracles made no such running, when the Nymphs had hidden dainty Hylas in their envious waters, a bridegroom kept safely for the greedy watersprite, as Bacchos did then while he bounded over the mountain roads; he groaned when he saw the boy lying in the dust as if alive. He clothed the breathless body, laid a fawnskin over his shoulder and cold chest, put buskins on his feet though he was dead; he sprinkled roses and lilies upon his body, and hung a garland on his hair of the soonperishing anemone flowers, as for one fallen too early by a cruel blow. In his hand he placed a thyrsus, and covered him with his own purple robe; from his own uncut head he took one lock, and laid it on the body as a last gift and token. He brought ambrosia from Mother Rheia and poured it into the wounds, whence Ampelos when he took his new shape passed the fragrant ambrosia to his fruit.

καὶ νέκυος χαρίεντος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο ταθέντος
 245 οὐ χλόος ἀμφεχύθη ῥοδόεν δέμας: ὠκυμόρου δὲ
 καὶ πλόκαμοι χαρίεντες ἐρωτοτόκοιο καρήνου
 αὔραις φειδομένησιν ἐπαιθύσσοντο προσώπῳ:
 ἦν δὲ τις ἱμερόεις κεκονιμένος. ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
 Σειληνοὶ στενάχιζον, ἐπωδύροντο δὲ Βάκχῳ.
 250 οὐδὲ ἐκάλλος ἔλειπε, καὶ εἰ θάνεν: ὥς Σάτυρος δὲ
 κεῖτο νέκυς, γελόωντι πανεῖκελος, οἷα περ αἰεὶ

χειλεσιν ἀφθόγοισι χέων μελιηδέα φωνήν.

[244] No pallor spread on the rosy skin of the charming body which lay there stretched on the ground. The charming curls of that head so lovely, of one who had died so young, strayed over his face as the gentle breezes blew. He was a ravishing sight even in the dust. Around the body Seilenoi lamented, the Bacchoi mourned. His beauty left him not although he was dead. But like a Satyr the body lay, with a lifelike smile on his face, as if for ever he were pouring his honey-sweet voice from those silent lips.

καὶ νέκυν εἰσορόων κινυρὴν ἀνενεῖκατο φωνὴν
νηπενθῆς Διόνυσος, ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπὴν:
255 ‘Μοιρῶν πεσέτω φθονερὸν λῖνον: ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτοὶ
ταῦροι ἐπ’ ἡιθέοις ζηλήμονες ὥς περ ἄηται;
τίς Ζέφυρος μετὰ Φοῖβον ἐπέχραε καὶ Διονύσω;
Ὀλβιος ἔπλετο Φοῖβος Ἀτὺμνιος: ἡιθέου γὰρ
ἔλλαχεν οὖνομα τοῦτο: Θεραπναίου δὲ καὶ αὐτοῦ
260 φάρμακον ἡβητῆρος ἐπώνυμον ἄνθος ἀείρει,
αἴλινον ἐν πετάλοισιν ἐπιγράψας ὑακίνθου:
ποῖον ἔχω πλοκάμοις καὶ ἐγὼ στέφος, ἦ τίνα πάλλω
ἄνθεα φωνήεντα, παρήγορα παιδὸς ἀνιης;
ἀλλὰ τεοῦ θανάτου τιμήορος εἰς φόνον ἔλκων
265 ἄξομαι εἰς σέο τύμβον, ἄωριε, ταῦρον ἀλήτην.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ βουπλῆγι τεδὸν κτείνοιμι φονῆα,
ὄφρα λάχῃ μόρον ἴσον ἀρασσομένοιο μετώπου
ταύροις σφαζομένοισιν, ἀναρρήξαιμι δὲ πικρὴν
ταύρου γαστέρα πᾶσαν ἐμῆς γλωχῖνι κεραίης,
270 ὅττι τανυκραίρῳ σε κατεπρήνιξεν ἀκωκῆ.
Ὀλβιος Ἐννοσίγαιος, ἐπεὶ τίνα γείτονα πάτρης
παιδὸς ἐμοῦ Φρύγα κοῦρον ἐφίλατο, τὸν δὲ κομίζων
χρῦσεον εἰς Διὸς οἶκον ἀνήγαγεν ἀστὸν Ὀλύμπου,
καὶ οἶ, ὅτε σπεῦδεσκεν ἐς ἱπποσύνην Ἀφροδίτης,
275 ὥπασεν ἄβροχον ἄρμα γαμοστόλον Ἴπποδαμείης.

[253] Dionysos also uttered a voice of sorrow when he saw the body, nevermourning Dionysos with no smile now on his face: “Let the Fates drop their envious thread! Are even bulls jealous of boys as the breezes are? What Zephyros is this who has attacked Dionysos too after Apollo? Happy is Phoibos Atymnios!— for he took that name from the boy. He consoles himself by making to rise the flower named after his Therapnaian youth, and scoring upon the iris-leaves the word Alas! What garland have I on my hair? What speaking petals do I also wave to comfort me in my sorrow for the boy? But I will avenge your death, untimely dead, and drag to slaughter over your tomb

that runaway bull. I will not fell your murderer with an axe, to let him share the lot of bulls killed with shattered skull; but I will tear open all the bull's hateful belly with the point of my horn, because he mangled you with that long horny spike of his. Happy is Earthshaker! He loved a Phrygian boy, a neighbour to my own boy's country, and he carried him to the golden house of Zeus and gave him a home in Olympos; and when the boy was eager for the loverace with chariots, he lent his own unsinking car to honour Hippodameia's wedding.

μοῦνος ἐγὼ νέον ἔσχον ἄωριον: ἱμερόεις γὰρ
ἄμπελος οὐ γάμον εἶδε βιοσσόν, οὐδ' ἐπὶ παστῶ
νυμφιδίην νέος οὔτος ἐμήν ἔζευξεν ἀπήνην,
ἀλλὰ θανὼν λίπε πένθος ἀπενθήτω Διονύσῳ.

280 οὐ πῶ μοι, φίλε κοῦρε, τεὸν στόμα κάλλιπε Πειθῶ,
ἀλλὰ σέθεν φθιμένοιο καὶ ἄπνοα χεῖλεα ναίει:
καὶ νέκυός περ ἐόντος ἔτι στίλβουσι παρειαί,
ὀφθαλμοὶ γελώσι καὶ εἰσέτι, διχθαδῆς δὲ
εἰσέτι σῆς παλάμης χιονώδεές εἰσιν ἀγοστοί,
285 σοὺς δ' ἐρατοὺς πλοκάμους λιγυροὶ δονέουσιν ἄῃται:
οὐ ρόδα σῶν μελέων θανατηφόρος ἔσβησεν ὥρη,

[276] "I only have had a boy who died untimely. For lovely Ampelos knew no life-refreshing marriage; this youth never yoked my car for his ride to the bridal chamber: no, he died, and left grief for Dionysos who cannot grieve. Persuasion has not yet left your tongue, my well-loved boy, but although you are dead she abides on those breathless lips. Although you are dead, those cheeks are still bright with bloom, those eyes are laughing still, your arms and two hands are snowy-white, your lovely curls move in the whistling wind; the hour of death has not blanched the roses of your limbs – all these are preserved untouched.

ἀλλ' ἔτι σοι τάδε πάντα φυλάσσεται. ὦμοι Ἐρώτων,
τί χρέος ἦν, ἵνα ταῦρον ἀμείλιχον ἥνιοχέυσης;
εἴ σε διεπτοίησεν ἀελλοπόδων πόθος ἵππων,
290 τίπτέ μοι οὐκ ἀγόρευες, ὅπως ἀπὸ γείτονος Ἴδης
ἐνθάδε δίφρον ἄγοιμι, καὶ ἀρχαίης ἀπὸ φύτλης
Τρώιον εἰς σὲ κόμιζον ἐπουρανίων γένος ἵππων
πατριδα συλήσας Γανυμήδεος, ὃν τρέφεν Ἴδη
σοὶ δέμας ἴσον ἔχοντα, τὸν ἀνδροφόνων ἀπὸ ταύρων
295 φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐκούφισεν ὑπιδέτης Ζεὺς:
εἰ ἔτεδον μενέαινες ἐν οὔρεσι θῆρας ἐναίρειν,
τίπτέ μοι οὐ κατέλεξας, ὅτι χρέος ἔπλετο δίφρου;
καὶ κεν ἐμῆς ἥλανες ἀπήμονα κύκλον ἀπήνην,

καὶ κεν ἔμῃς ἄφανστα δεδεγμένος ἦν ἰα Πρῆις
300 μιλίχιων ἁδόνητος ἑμάστιες ἄρμα δρᾶκόντων.

[287] “Woe’s me for Love! What need was there for you to ride on a cruel bull? If some passion for stormfoot horses excited you, why did you not tell me? I could have brought you here a chariot from neighbouring Ida, and got your horses of the ancient heavenly breed of Tros: I could have robbed the country of Ganymedes, who was bred on Ida and had beauty like yours – but Zeus saved him from man-murdering bulls, and flew into the heights carrying him with gentle claws. If you really wanted to kill wild beasts in the mountains, why did not you tell me that you had need of a car? You might have driven my rolling wagon without hurt; you might have held the untouchable reins of my Rheia, and flogged a team of tame dragons unstaggering!

οὐκέτι σὺν Σατύροισιν ἑποίνιον ὕμνον αἰεῖεις,
οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδεσσι φιλοκροτάλοισι κελεύεις,
οὐκέτι θηρεύοντι συναγρώσσεις Διονύσῳ.
ὦμοι, ὅτ’ οὐκ Ἀΐδης πέλεν ἦπιος, οὐδ’ ἐπὶ νεκρῷ
305 δέχνυται ἀγλαὰ δῶρα βαθυπλούτοιο μετάλλου,
ἄμπελον ὄφρα θανόντα πάλιν ζῶοντα τελέσσω:
ὦμοι, ὅτ’ οὐκ Ἀΐδης ποτὲ πείθεται: ἦν δ’ ἐθέλησῃ,
ὄλβον ὅλον στίλβοντα χαρίζομαι Ἑριδανοῖο
δένδρεα συλήσας ποταμῆια, μαρμαρέην δὲ
310 ἄξομαι ἀστράπτουσιν Ἑρυθραίην λίθον Ἰνδῶν
ἀφνειῆς τ’ Ἀλύβης ὅλον ἄργυρον, ἀντὶ δὲ νεκροῦ
παιδὸς ἐμοῦ χρύσειον ὅλον Πάκτωλόν ὅπασσω.’

[301] “You sing no longer your song with Satyrs over the wine; no longer you marshal the love-rattle Bassarids; no longer you go a-hunting with Dionysos on the chase. Alas, that Hades is never kind! and does not for a corpse accept any glorious gifts of rich metals, that I may make dead Ampelos alive once more. Alas, that Hades is inexorable! If he will consent, I rob the trees by river Eridanos and present him with all their gleaming wealth; I will bring him the flashing Erythraian stone of the Indies, and all the silver of rich Alybe– I will give him all golden Pactolos for my dead boy.”

ὦς εἰπὼν στενάχιζε νέκυν γλυκύν: ἐν δὲ κοινῇ
κειμένον εἰσορόων πάλιν ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ:
315 ‘Ζεῦ πάτερ, εἰ φιλέεις με, καὶ εἰ πόνον οἶδας ἐρώτων,
ἄμπελον αὐδήεντα τίθει πάλιν εἰς μίαν ὥρην,
ὑστάτιον καὶ μοῦνον ὅπως ἓνα μῦθον ἐνίψῃ:
‘τί στενάχεις, Διόνυσε, τὸν οὐ στοναχῆσιν ἐγείρεις;
οὐατά μοι παρέασι, καὶ οὐ βοόωντος ἀκούω,

320 ὄμματά μοι παρέασι, καὶ οὐ στενάχοντα δοκεῦω:
νηπενθῆς Διόνυσος, ἔμοι μὴ δάκρυα λείβῃς,
ἀλλὰ τεὸν λίπε πένθος, ἐπεὶ φονίη παρὰ πηγῇ
νηιάδες στενάχουσι καὶ οὐ Νάρκισσος ἀκούει,
Ἥλιάδων Φαέθων κινυρῆν οὐκ οἶδεν ἀνίην.’

[313] So he lamented his beloved dead; and looking again upon him as he lay in the dust he cried again to Zeus with mournful voice: “Father Zeus! If you love me, and if you know the trouble of love, give speech again to Ampelos only for one hour, that he may only speak once more to me for the last time and say - ‘Why do you sigh for me, Dionysos, when no sighing will wake me? Ears I have, but I hear not the caller; eyes I have, but I see not him that sighs. Dionysos nevermourning, shed no tears over me. Nay, leave your mourning; the Naiads may sigh by that fountain of death, but Narcissus hears not; Phaëthon knows not the sorrowful pains of the Heliads.’

325 ὦμοι, ὅτ’ οὐ με φύτευσε πατὴρ βροτὸν, ὄφρα κεν εἶην
σύννομος ἡιθέω καὶ ἐν Ἄιδι, μηδ’ ἐνὶ Λήθῃ
ἄμπελον ἱμερόεντα δεδουπότα μοῦνον ἔασω.
εἰς πόθον ἡιθέοιο μακάρτερός ἐστιν Ἀπόλλων
οὔνομα παιδὸς ἔχων πεφιλημένον: αἶθε καὶ αὐτὸς
330 εἶην Ἀμπελόεις, Ὑακίνθιος ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων.
ὑπνώεις τέο μέχρι, καὶ οὐκέτι, κοῦρε, χορεύεις;
εἰς προχοᾶς ποταμοῖο τί σήμερον οὐκέτι βαίνεις
κάλπιν ἔχων εὐδρον; ὀρεσσαύλω δ’ ἐνὶ λόχμῃ
ἡθάδος ὀρηγθμοῖο τεῇ πάλιν ἤλυθεν ὥρη.
335 εἰ κοτέεις, φίλε κοῦρε, ποθοβλήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
φθέγγεο Σειληνοῖσιν, ὅπως σέο μῦθον ἀκούσω.

[325] “Alas, that my father begat me not a mortal, that I might be playfellow with my boy even in Hades, that I might not leave Ampelos my darling to fall in Lethe alone! Apollo is more blest in the youth he loved that he bears the boy’s beloved name; O that also I might be Ampeloian, as Apollo is Hyacinthian! How long will you sleep, my dear? Not dancing any longer? Why do not you go to-day to the river stream with a fine pitcher to fill with water? The time has come round again for your familiar dance in the woodland glade. If you are angry with lovestricken Dionysos, darling boy, speak to the Seilenoi that I may just hear your voice.

εἴ σε λέων ἐδάμασσεν, ἐγὼ ξύμπαντας ὀλέσσω,
πάντας, ὅσους Τμῶλοιο φέρει λέπας, οὐδὲ λεόντων
Ῥεῖης ἡμετέρης ποτὲ φείσομαι, ἀλλὰ δαμάσσω,
340 εἰ βλοσυραῖς γενῦεσσι τεοὶ γεγάσι φονῆες:

πορδαλις εἰ πρήνιξε τεὸν δέμας, ἄνθος Ἑρώτων,
 οὐκέτι πορδαλίων δέμας αἰόλον ἥνιοχεύσω:
 ἄλλοι θῆρες ἔασιν, ὅλης δ' ἐπιήρανος ἄγρης
 Ἀρτεμις ἐξ ἐλάφων κεραελκέα δίφρον ἐλαύνει:
 345 νεβρίδα πέπλον ἔχων ἐποχήσομαι ἄρματι νεβρῶν:
 εἴ σε σὺες κατέπεφνον ἀναιδέες, εἰν ἐνὶ μάρψας
 πάντας ἐγὼ κτείνοιμι, καὶ οὐχ ἓνα μοῦνον ἐάσω
 κάπτρον ἔτι ζῶοντα λελειμμένον ἰοχεαίρη:
 εἰ δέ σε ταῦρος ἔπεφεν ἀτάσθαλος, ὅξεϊ θύρσω
 350 ταυρείην προθέλυμνον ἀιστώσασαι γενέθλην.'

[337] "If a lion killed you, I will destroy them all, yes all that the slopes of Tmolos hold; I will not spare the lions of my own Rheia, but I will kill them, if they were your murderers with their grim jaws. If a panther brought you down, you flower of love! I will no longer drive my speckled team of panthers; there are other wild beasts, and Artemis Sovran of all creatures drives an antlered car drawn by stags. I will wear a fawnskin and drive a team of fawns. If merciless boars have killed you, I will grasp all together and kill them, and no one boar will I leave alive for the Archeress. If a presumptuous bull killed you, with the point of my thyrsus I will annihilate the whole generation of bulls root and branch."

ὥς ὁ μὲν ἐστενάχιζεν. ἔρως δέ οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἔσθη
 Σειληνοῦ λασιόιο φέρων κεραελκέα μορφήν,
 θύρσον ἔχων, καὶ στικτὸν ἐπὶ χροῖ δέρμα καθάψας
 γηροκόμῳ νάρθηκι δέμας στηρίζετο βάκτρῳ:
 355 καὶ Βρομίῳ γοῶντι παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν:
 'Ἄλλω λῦσον ἔρωτι τεῶν σπινθῆρας ἐρώτων
 εἰς νέον ἡβητῆρα μετὰτροπον οἷστρον ἀμείψας,
 λησάμενος φθιμένοιο: παλαιοτέροιο γὰρ αἰεὶ
 φάρμακόν ἐστιν ἔρωτος ἔρως νέος: οὐ γὰρ ὀλέσσαι
 360 ὁ χρόνος οἶδεν ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ μάθε πάντα καλύπτειν.
 εἰ δέ τεῆς ἐθέλεις ὀδυνήφατον ἄλκαρ ἀνίης,
 φέρτερον ἄμφεπε παῖδα: πόθος πόθον οἶδε μαραίνειν.
 καὶ Ζέφυρον κλονέεσκε Λάκων νέος: ἀλλὰ θανόντος
 ἡβητῆν Κυπάρισσον ἰδὼν ἐρατεινὸς Ἀήτης
 365 εὔρεν Ἀμυκλαίοιο παραιφασίην Ὑακίνθου.
 ἦν ἐθέλης, ἐρέεινε φυτηκόμον: ἐν δαπέδῳ γὰρ
 κείμενον ἀθρήσας κεκοιμένον ἄνθος ἀροτρεύς
 φάρμακον ὀλλυμένοιο νεώτερον ἄλλο φυτεύει.

[351] So he lamented. But Eros came near in the horned shape of a shaggy Seilenos, holding a thyrsus, with a dappled skin draped upon him, as he

supported his frame on a fennel stalk, for a staff the old man's friend; and he spoke comfortable words to groaning Bacchos: "Let loose on another love the sparks of this love of yours; turn the sting upon another youth in exchange, and forget the dead. For new love is ever the physic for older love, since old time knows not how to destroy love even if he has learnt to hide all things. If you need a painhealing medicine for your trouble, court a better boy: fancy can wither fancy. A young Laconian shook Zephyros; but he died, and the amorous Wind found young Cyparissos a consolation for Amyclaiian Hyacinthos. Ask the gardener, if you like; when a countryman sees a flower on the ground lying in the dust, he plants another new one to comfort him for the dead one.

κλῦθι, παλαιγενέων μερόπων ἵνα μῦθον ἐνίψω:
370 ἄβρὸς ἔην ποτὲ κοῦρος, ὑπέρτερος ἥλικος ἥβης,
Μαϊάνδρου παρὰ χεῦμα πολυσχιδέος ποταμοῖο,
εἶδεῖ λεπταλέῳ ταναός, πόδας ὄξυς, ἐθείρας
ἰθυτενής, ἀνίουλος: ἐπ' ἀμφοτέραις δὲ παρειαῖς
αὐτοφυῆς Χάρις ἦεν ἐπισκαίρουσα προσώπῳ
375 ὄμμασιν αἰδομένοισιν, ἀπὸ βλεφάρων δέ οἱ αἰεὶ
κάλλος οἷστεύοντος ἐκηβόλος ἔρρεεν αἶγλη:
καὶ δέμας εἶχε γάλακτι πανεῖκελον, ἀμφὶ δὲ λευκῷ
ἄκροφανὲς πόρφυρε ῥόδον διδυμόχροϊ πυρσῷ.
τὸν Κάλαμον καλέεσκε πατήρ φίλος, ὃς διὰ γαίης
380 νεϊόθι κυμαίνων σκολιὸν ῥόον εἰς φάος ἔλκων,
ἐρπύζων δ' αἰδηλος, ὑπὸ χθόνα λοξὸς ὀδίτης,
ὄξυς ἀναθρώσκων ὑπερίσχεται αὐχένα γαίης,
ἐνδόμυχος Μαϊάνδρος ἄγων ὑποκόλπιον ὕδωρ.

[369] "Listen while I tell you a story of the men of old. There was a dainty boy, superior to all his yearsmates, who lived beside the stream of Maiandros, that manybranching river. Tall and delicate he was, swift of foot, with long straight hair, no down on his chin; on both cheeks was a natural grace playing over his face with its modest eyes; a farshooting radiance ever flowed from his eyelids and his arrows of beauty. He had skin all like milk, but over the white the rose showed upon the surface, two glowing colours together. His own father called him Calamos: his father Maiandros, lurking in the secret places with his water in the lap of earth – who rolls deep through the earth and drags his crooked stream toward the light, crawling unseen and travelling slantwise underground, until he leaps up quickly and lifts his neck above the ground.

τοῖος ἔην ἐρόεις Κάλαμος ταχύς. ἡίθεος δὲ
385 ἱμερτῷ ῥοδοπηχὺς ὀμήλικι τέρπετο Καρπῷ,

ὃς τόσον ἔλλαχε κάλλος, ὃ μὴ βροτὸς ἔλλαχεν ἀνὴρ:
εἰ γὰρ ἔην νέος οὗτος ἐπὶ προτέρων ποτὲ φωτῶν,
καὶ κεν ἔνυσμῆριγγος ἐγίνετο νυμφίος Ἥοϋς,
φέρτερον εἶδος ἔχων, ῥοδέω χροῖ μοῦνος ἐλέγξας
390 ἀγλαΐην Κεφάλαιο καὶ Ὠρίωνος ὀπωπὴν:
οὐδὲ κεν εὐκάρπῳ παλάμῃ πηχύνατο Δηῶ
νυμφίον Ἰασίωνα, καὶ Ἐνδυμίωνα Σελήνῃ:
ἀλλὰ νέος τάχα κεῖνος ἀρείονος εἵνεκα μορφῆς
εἷς πόσις ἀμφοτέρων νυμφεύσατο λέκτρα θεάων,
395 Διοῦς ξανθοκόμου μεθέπων πολυλήιον εὐνὴν,
καὶ ξυνὴν ὁμόλεκτρον ἔχων ζηλήμονα Μήνην.
τοῖος ἔην ἐρόεις Καλάμῳ φίλος, Ἄνθος Ἐρώτων,
κάλλος ἔχων: ἄμφω δὲ συνήλικες ὑπόθεν ὄχθης
γείτονος ἐψιόωντο πολυγνάμπτου ποταμοῖο.

[384] “Such was lovely Calamos, the quick one. The rosy-armed youth was fond of a charming playfellow Carpos, who had such beauty for his lot as mortal man never had. For if this youth had lived in the older generations, he would have been bridegroom of Eos Fairtress; since he shone lovelier than Cephalos, was handsomer of face than Orion, he alone outdid them with his rosy skin. Deo would not have embraced Iasion as bridegroom with her fruitful arm, nor Selene Endymion. No – this youth with his nobler beauty would soon have espoused both goddesses, one husband for two: he would have taken on the couch of Goldilocks Deo rich in harvests, he would have had beside him also the jealous Mene. Such was the charming friend of Calamos, the flower of love, a real beauty: both comrades of one age were playfellows on the bank of that river of many windings hard by.

400 τοῖσι μὲν ἔσκε διαυλος ἔλιξ δρόμος, ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
ἦεν ἔρις: κάλαμος μὲν ἐπέτρεχεν εἵκελος αὖραις,
καὶ πτελέην βαλβίδα φέρων καὶ νύσσαν ἐλαίην
ἡίονας ποταμοῖο διέδραμεν ἄκρον ἀπ’ ἄκρου ...
καὶ Κάλαμος ταχύγουνος ἐκούσιος ἦριπε γαίῃ,
405 καὶ Καρπῷ χαρίεντι θελήμονα κάλλιπε νίκην.
παιδί δὲ λουομένῳ συνελοῦετο κοῦρος ἀθύρων,
καὶ πάλιν εἵκελον ἄλλον ἐν ὕδασι νύσσαν εἶχον ἀγῶνα,
καὶ βραδὺς ἐν προχοῇσιν ἐνήχετο Καρπὸν ἐάσας
πρόσθε μολεῖν, ἵνα χερσὶν ὀπίστερος οἴδματα τέμνων
410 καρποῦ νηχομένοιο παρὰ σφυρὰ δεύτερος ἔλθῃ
ἡιθέου προθέοντος ἐλευθέρα νῶτα δοκεύων.
καὶ διερχὴς βαλβίδος ἔην δρόμος: ἦρισαν ἄμφω,
τίς τίνα νικήσειεν, ὅπως παλινόστιμος ἔλθῃ
ὄχθης ἀμφοτέρης διδυμάονα νύσσαν ἀμείβων
415 γαῖαν ἐς ἀντιπέραιαν ἐρεσσομένων παλαμάων:

καὶ προχοῇν ὁδὸν εἶχεν· αἰεὶ δέ οἱ ἐγγὺς ἱκάνων
κοῦρος ἐπείγομένης παλάμης πεφιδημένος ὁρμῆς
νηχομένων σκοπίαζε ῥοδόχροα δάκτυλα χειρῶν·
καὶ Κάλαμος προκέλευθος ἐὴν ἀνεσείρασεν ὁρμήν,
420 ἥϊθέω δ' ὑπόειξε· καὶ ἔδραμε χεῖρας ἐρέσσω
κοῦρος ἀελλήεις, ὑπὲρ οἴδατος αὐχένα τείνων·
καὶ νῦ κεν ἐκ ῥοθίων ἐπεβήσατο Καρπὸς ἀρουρῆς,
καὶ μετὰ χερσαίην ποταμηίδα δύσατο νίκην,
ἀλλὰ μιν ἀντικέλευθος ἀνεστυφέλιξεν Ἀήτης,
425 καὶ γλυκὺν ἔκτανε κοῦρον ἀμείλιχος· ἥϊθέου γάρ
οἰγομένω νήριθμον ὕδωρ ἐπεσῦρετο λαιμῷ.

[400] “They had a double racecourse, winding out and back, and there they held races. Calamos ran like the wind. He set an elm for starting-point and an olive-tree for turning-point, and ran from point to point on the edges of the river – but nimbleknee Calamos fell on purpose, and left the victory to charming Carpos of his own will. When the boy bathed, the lad bathed and played with him. Again they had another race in the water like the first; Calamos swam slowly in the current and let Carpos go ahead, that he might cut the flood paddling behind and come in second beside the ankles of swimming Carpos, while he watched the free shoulders of the lad in front. The race began from its watery starting-point; the match was, which could beat which to swim there and back while their hands paddled them, passing round at the turning-points on each bank, first one, then crossing to the other side. The flowing water was their way; Calamos kept close beside his brined as they swam, watching his rosy fingers and sparing the vigour of his own moving hand. Calamos again in the lead checked his speed and gave way to his young friend; the boy handpaddled storming along, and lifting his neck above the water. And now Carpos would have got out of the waves, and safe on the shore would have won the river-race as he won the land-race, but a wind beat full in his face and drove a great wave into his open mouth, and drowned the dear boy without pity.

καὶ Κάλαμος φθονεροῖο φυγῶν ἀνέμοιο θυέλλας
ἔκτοθεν ἡβητῆρος ἐδύσατο γείτονας ἄκτας·
καὶ φίλον οὐ παρεόντα καὶ οὐκ αἰόντα νοήσας
430 ἱμερόεν στενάχων κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ·
Νηιάδες, φθέγξασθε, τίς ἥρπασε Καρπὸν Ἀήτης;
ναί, λίτομαι, πυμάτην δότε μοι χάριν, ἔλθετε πηγὴν
εἰς ἑτέρην, καὶ πατρὸς ἐμοῦ θανατηφόρον ὕδωρ
φεύγετε, μηδὲ πῖητε ῥοὸν Καρποῖο φονῆα.
435 οὐ μὲν ἐμὸς γενέτης νέον ἔκτανεν· ἀλλὰ μεγαιρῶν
καὶ Καλάμω μετὰ Φοῖβον ἀπώλεσε Καρπὸν Ἀήτης,
καὶ τάχα μιν ποθέων ζηλήμονι τύψεν ἀέλλη,

ἦιθέω μετὰ δίσκον ἄγων ἀντίπνοον αὖρην.
οὐ πω ἐμὸς προχοῇσι λελουμένος ἄνθορεν ἀστήρ,
440 οὐ πω ἐμὸς σελάγιζεν Ἐωσφόρος· ἀλλὰ ῥεέθροις
καρποῦ δυομένοιο, τί μοι φάος εἰσέτι λεύσσειν;

[427] “Calamos avoided the blasts of the jealous wind, and made the nearest shore without his friend. He could neither see him nor get any answer to his cries, so full of love he called out in a lamentable voice: ‘Speak, Naiads! What Wind has caught up Carpos? Yes, I pray, grant me this last grace – go to another fountain, leave my father’s fatal water, drink not of the stream which murdered Carpos! My father never killed the boy! That wind had a grudge against Calamos after Phoibos, and he killed Carpos; no doubt he desired him and struck him with a jealous gale – first the quoit, then for this youth the counterblast! My star sank in the stream and has not yet risen, my Phosphoros has not yet shone again! Carpos is drowned in the river, and what care I to see the light any longer?

νηιάδες, φθέγξασθε, τίς ἔσβεσε φέγγος Ἑρώτων;
δηθύνεις ἔτι, κοῦρε; τί σοι τόσον εὖαδεν ὕδωρ;
κρείσσονα μὴ φίλον εὔρες ἐν ὕδασι, τῷ παραμίνων
δειλαιου Καλάμοιο πόθους ἔρριψας ἀήταις;
εἰ μία Νηιάδων σε δυσίμερος ἤρπασε Νύμφη,
450 ἔννεπε, καὶ πάσῃσι κορύσσομαι· εἰ δέ σε τέρπει
γνωτῆς ἡμετέρης γαμίων ὑμέναιος Ἑρώτων,
εἰπέ, καὶ ἐν προχοῇσιν ἐγὼ σέο παστὸν ἀνάψω.
Καρπέ, παραπλώεις με λελασμένος ἡθάδος ὄχθης;
κάμνον ἐγὼ καλέων σε, καὶ οὐ βοόωντος ἀκούεις.
455 εἰ Νότος, εἰ θρασὺς Εὖρος ἐπέπνεεν, αὐτὸς ἀλάσθω
νηλειῆς ἀχόρευτος, ἀτάσθαλος ἐχθρὸς Ἑρώτων:
εἰ βορέης σε δάμασσε, ἐς Ὠρεῖθυιαν ἰκάνω.
εἰ δέ σε κύμα κάλυψε καὶ οὐκ ἠδέσσατο μορφήν,
καὶ σε πατήρ ἐμὸς εἶλεν ἀφειδέι κύματος ὀλκῷ,
460 ὕδασιν ἀνδροφόνοισιν ἐδὸν καὶ παῖδα δεχέσθω,
καὶ Κάλαμον κρύψειεν ὀλωλότος ἐγγύθι Καρποῦ.
ἀλλὰ πεσὼν προκάρηνος, ὅπῃ θάνε Καρπὸς ἀλήτης,

[442] “‘Speak, Naiads! Who has quenched the light of love? How long you are, my boy! Why do you like the water so much? Can you have found a better friend in the water, have you thrown to the winds the love of poor Calamos that you may stay with him? If one nymph of the Naiads enamoured has carried you off, tell me, and I will make war on them all! If wedded love is your pleasure, and you want my sister for a wife, do but say so and I will build you a bridechamber in the stream. Have you passed me, Carpos,

forgetting the familiar shore? I have shouted till I am tired, and you do not hear my call. If Notos blew on you, if bold Euros, let him go off wandering without dances by himself, the barbarous enemy of love! If Boreas overwhelmed you, I will go to Oreithyia. If the wave covered you and had no pity for your beauty, if my father carried you off in the merciless rush of his wave, let him receive his son also in those manslaying waters, let him hide Calamos near to dead Carpos. Where Carpos wandered and died, I will fall headlong, I will quench my burning love with a draught of water from Acheron.'

σβέσσω θερμὸν ἔρωτα πῶν Ἀχεροῦσιον ὕδωρ.
εἶπεν ἀναβλύζων βλεφάρων ῥόον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
465 κυανέην πλοκαμῖδα κατηφεί τάμνε σιδήρῳ,
ἣν τρέφεν, ἣν κομέεσκε, καὶ ὥρεγε πενθάδα χαίτην
Μαιάνδρῳ γενετῆρι, καὶ ὕστατιν φάτο φωνήν:
'δέξο μετὰ πλοκάμους καὶ ἐμὸν δέμας· οὐ δύναμαι γὰρ
εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν ἰδεῖν φάος ἔκτοθι Καρποῦ:
470 καρπῷ καὶ Καλάμῳ βιοτὴ μία, καὶ λάχον ἄμφω
εἵκελον οἶστρον Ἑρωτος ἐπὶ χθονός· ὕδατόεις δὲ
εἷς μόρος ἀμφοτέροισι καὶ ἐν προχοῇσι γενέσθω.
τεύξατε, Νηιάδες, ποταμηίδος ὑπόθεν ὄχθης
ἄκριτον ἀμφοτέροισι κενήριον, ἀμφὶ δὲ τύμβῳ
475 γράμμασι πενθαλέοισιν ἔπος κεχαραγμένον ἔστω:
'Καρποῦ καὶ Καλάμοιο πέλω τάφος, οὓς πάρος ἄμφω
ἀλλήλους ποθέοντας ἀμείλιχον ἔκτανεν ὕδωρ.'
καὶ Καλάμῳ δυσέρωτι, κασιγνήτῳ περ ἐόντι,

[463] "So he spoke, with streams bubbling from his eyes. To honour the dead he cut with sorrowful steel a dark lock of his hair, long cherished and kept, and holding out this mourning tress to Maiandros his father, he said these last words: 'Accept this hair, and then my body; for I cannot see the light for one later dawn without Carpos. Carpos and Calamos had one life, and both one watery death for both together in the same stream. Build on the river bank, ye Naiads, one empty barrow for both, and on the tombstone let this verse be engraved in letters of mourning: "I am the grave of Carpos and Calamos, a pair of lovers, whom the pitiless water slew in days of yore." Cut off just one small tress of your hair for Calamos too, your own dying brother so unhappy in love, and for Carpos cut all the hair of your heads.'

βαῖον ἓνα θνήσκοντι δαΐξατε βότρυν ἐθείρης,
καὶ πλοκάμους ξύμπαντας ὀλωλότι κείρατε Καρπῷ.
εἶπε, καὶ αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησε ῥέεθρῳ
πατρὸς ἀναινομένοιο πῶν παιδοκτόνον ὕδωρ.

480 καὶ Κάλαμος καλὰμοισιν ἐπώνυμον ὥπασε μορφὴν
ἰσοφυῆ, καὶ Καρπὸς ἀέξετο καρπὸς ἀρούρης.’

[478] “With these words, he threw himself into the river and sank, as he swallowed the sonslaying water of an unwilling father. Then Calamos gave his form to the reeds which took his name and like substance; and Carpos grew up as the fruit of the earth.”

τοῖα παρηγορέων φιλίῳ μειλίζατο μύθῳ
θοῦρος Ἔρως, γλυκὺ κέντρον ἐλαφρίζων Διονύσῳ.

[482] So stormy Eros comforted Dionysos with gentle friendly words, and softened the sweet pangs.

καὶ κινυρῇ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἱμάσσετο θυμὸν ἀνίη
485 ἡιθέου διὰ πότμον ἄωριον. — ἄσταθέος δὲ
θυγατέρες Λυκάβαντος, ἀελλοπόδοιο τοκῆος,
εἰς δόμον Ἥελιοιο ῥοδῶπιδες ἦιον ὦραι:
ὦν ἢ μὲν νιφόμεντι κατάσκιον ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
λεπταλέον πέμπουσα κελαινεφέος σέλας αἴγλης
490 ψυχρὰ χαλαζήεντι συνήρμοσε ταρσὰ πεδίλῳ,
καὶ διερῶ πλοκαμῖδας ἐπισφίγξασα καρήνῳ
ὄμβροτόκον κρήδεμνον ἐπεσφήκωσε μετώπῳ,
καὶ χλοερὸν στέφος εἶχε καρήατι, χιονέῃ δὲ
στήθεα παχνήεντα κατέσκεπε λευκάδι μίτρῃ:

[484] But the spirit of Bacchos was scourged yet more with sorrowful care for he lad's untimely death. – And the rosycheek Seasons, daughters of the restless lichtgang their stormfoot father, made haste to the house of Helios. One wore a snowy veil shadowing her face, and sent forth a gleam of subtle light through black clouds; her feet were fitted with chilly hailstone shoes. She had bound her braids about her watery head, and fastened across her brow a rain-producing veil, with an evergreen garland on her head and a white circlet of snow covering her frost-rimed breast.

495 ἡ δὲ χελιδονίων ἀνέμων τερψίμβροτον αὔρην
ἔπτυε φυσιώσα, φιλοξεφύρου δὲ καρήνου
εἰαρινὴν δροσόεντι κόμην μιτρώσατο δεσμῷ,
ἀνθεμόεν γελώσα, διαιθύσσουσα δὲ πέπλου
ὄρθριον οἶγομένοιο ῥόδου δολιχόσκιον ὁδμήν
500 διπλόον ἔπλεκε κῶμον Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ:

[495] Another puffed out from her lips the swallow-wind's breath which gives joy to mortal men, having banded the spring-time tresses of her zephyr-loving head with a fresh dewy coronet, while she laughed like a flower, and fanned through her robe far abroad the fragrance of the opening rose at dawn. So she wove the merry dance for Adonis and Cythereia together.

ἄλλη ἅμα γνωτῆσι θαλυσιας ἔστιχεν Ὠρη,
καὶ στάχυν ἀκροκόμοισι περιφρίσσοντα κορύμβοις
δεξιτερῇ κούφιζε καὶ ὀξύτομου γένυν ἄρπης
ἄγγελον ἀμητοῖο, δέμας δ' ἐσφίγγετο κούρη
505 ἄργενναῖς ὀθόνησιν, ἐλισσομένης δὲ χορείῃ
φαίνεται λεπταλέοιο δι' εἵματος ὄργια μηρῶν,
καὶ νοτεροὺς ἰδρώτας ἀνιεμένοιο προσώπου
θερμοτέρῳ Φαέθοντι καθικμαίνοντο παρειαί:

[501] Another, harvest-home Season, came with her Sisters. In her right hand she held a head of corn with grains clustering on the top, and a sickle with sharp-cutting blade, forecrier of harvest; her maiden form was wrapt in linen shining white, and as she wheeled in the dance the fine texture showed the secrets of her thighs, while in a hotter sun the cheeks of her drooping face were damp with dewy sweat.

ἄλλη δ' εὐαρότοιο προηγῆται χορείης
510 θαλλὸν ἐλαιοῖεντα λιπὸτριχι δῆσατο κόρη
ἐπταπόρου ποταμοῖο διάβροχον ὕδασι Νείλου,
καὶ ψεδνὴν μεθέπουσα μαραιομένην τρίχα κόρης
καρφαλέον δέμας εἶχεν, ἐπεὶ φθινοπωρὶς ἐοῦσα
φυλλοχόοις ἀνέμοις ἀπεκείρατο δενδράδα χαίτην:
515 οὐ πῶ γὰρ χρυσεῶν ἐλίκων πλεκτοῖσι κορύμβοις
βότρυες ἀμπελόεντες ἐπέρρεον αὐχένι νύμφης,
οὐδὲ μιν οἶνωθεῖσα φιλακρήτῳ παρὰ ληνῶ
πορφυρέης ἐμέθυσε Μαρωνίδος ἱκμὰς ἐέρσης,
οὐδὲ παλινδίνητος ἀνέδραμε κισσὸς ἀλήτης:
520 ἀλλὰ τότε χρόνος ἦλθε μεμορμένος, οὗ χάριν αὐταὶ
εἰς δόμον Ἥελιοιο συνήλυδες ἔδραμον ὦραι.

[509] Another leading the dance for an easy plowing, had bound about her hairless temple shoots of olive drenched with the waters of seven-stream Nile. Scanty and withering was the hair by her temples, dry was her body; for she is fruit-pining Autumn, who shears off the foliage from the trees with scatterleaf winds. For there were no vine-branches yet, trailing about the nymph's neck with tangled clusters of golden curls; not yet was she drunken with purple Maronian juice beside the neatswilling winepress; not yet had the ivy run up

with wild intertwining tendrils. But then she fated time had come, which had brought the Seasons running together to the house of Helios.

BOOK 12

δωδεκάτω φρένα τέρπον, ὅπη νέον ἄνθος Ἐρώτων
ἄμπελος εἶδος ἀνῆκεν ἐς ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην.
ὥς αἱ μὲν δυτικοῖο παρ' ὀφρύσιν Ὠκεανοῖο
ἡελίου γονόνεντος ἐναυτίλλοντο μελάθροις.
τῇσι δὲ νισσομένησι συνήντεεν Ἑσπερος ἀστήρ
θρώσκων ἐκ μεγάροιο: διεσσυμένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
5 ἄρτιφανῆς ἀνέτελλε βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη.

BOOK XII

*With the twelfth, delight your heart, where Ampelos has shot up his own
shape, a new flower of love, into the fruit of the vine.*

So these by the brows of western Oceanos took ship for the mansion of Helios
their father. As they approached, Hesperos the Evening Star leapt up and went
out of the hall to meet them. Selene herself also darted out newrisen, showing
her light as she drove her cattle.

αἱ δὲ φερεζώοιο παρ' ὄμμασιν Ἥνιοχῆος
κάρπιμον ἶχνος ἔκαμψαν. ὁ μὲν δρόμον ἄρτι τελέσσας
ἡερόθεν νόστησε: πυριγλήνου δ' ἐλατῆρος
φωσφόρος αἰγλήεις τετράζυγος ἐγγῦθι δίφρου
10 θήκατο θερμὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀστερόεσσαν ἱμάσθλην,
γείτονος Ὠκεανοῖο παρὰ προχοῇσι καθήρας
μυδαλέων ἰδρῶτι πυριτρεφένων δέμας ἵππων:
πῶλοι δ' αὐχενίας νοτερὰς δονέοντες ἐθείρας
μαρμαρείς ὀνύχεσσιν ἐπέκτυπον αἶθοπι φάτνῃ.
15 θυγατέρες δὲ Χρόνοιο πέριξ φλογεροῖο θοώκου
ἵπτάμεναι στεφανηδὸν ἀτειρέος Ἥνιοχῆος
τέσσαρας ἡσπάζοντο δώδεκα κυκλάδες ὧραι,
δμῳίδες Ἥελιοιο, συνήλυδες αἶθοπι δίφρῳ,
μυστιπόλοι Λυκάβαντος ἀμοιβάδες: ὠγυγίῳ γὰρ
20 αὐχένα δοῦλον ἔκαμψαν ὅλου νωμήτορι κόσμου.

[6] The Sisters at the sight of the lifegiving Charioteer stayed their fruitful step.
He had just finished his course and come down from the sky. Bright
Phosphoros was ready for the fire-eyed driver, near his chariot and four. He
put away the hot yokestraps and starry whip, and washed in the neighbouring
Ocean stream the bodies of the firefed horses wet with sweat. The colts shook
the dripping manes on their necks, and stamped with sparkling hooves the
shining mangertrough. The four were greeted by the twelve circling Hours,

daughters of Time, tripling round the fiery throne of the untiring Charioteer in a ring, servants of Helios that attend on his shining car, priestesses of the lichtgang each in her turn: for they bend a servile neck to the ancient manager of the universe.

καὶ οἱ ἀνηύτησεν ἔπος σταφυληκόμος Ὡρη
μάρτυρον ἱκεσίης σχομένη φθινοπωρίδος ἄρπην:
‘ Ἥελιε ζειδωρε, φυτηκόμε, κοίρανε καρπῶν,
οἶνοτόκον πότε βότρυν ἀεξήσουσιν ἄλωαι;
25 καὶ μακάρων τίνι τοῦτο γέρας μνηστεύεται Αἰών;
ναί, λίτομαι, μὴ κρύπτε, κασιγνήτων ὅτι μούνη
πασάων ἀγέραςτος ἐγὼ πέλον: οὐ γὰρ ὁπώρην,
οὐ στάχυν, οὐ λειμῶνα, καὶ οὐ Διὸς ὄμβρον ἀέξω.’

[21] Then up and spoke the grapetending Season, holding out her hook of the fruitpinning autumn as witness to her prayer: “Helios, giver of feason, plantdresser, lord of fruits! When will the soil make winemother grapes to grow? Which of the blessed will have this honour betrothed him by Time? Hide it not, I adjure you, because of all the Sisters I alone have no privilege of honour! I provide no fruit, nor corn, no meadow-hay, no rain from Zeus.”

ἔννεπεν: ἔσσομένης δὲ τιθηνήτειραν ὁπώρης
30 Ἥελιος θάρσυνε, καὶ ἀντιπόρῳ παρὰ τοίχῳ
δάκτυλον ὀρθώσας ἐπέδεικνυε κυκλάδι κούρῃ
κύρβιας Ἀρμονίης ἐτερόζυγας, αἷς ἔνι κεῖται
εἰν ἐνὶ θέσφατα πάντα, τὰ περ πεπρωμένα κόσμῳ
πρωτογόνοιο Φάνητος ἐπέγραφε μαντιπόλος χεῖρ,
35 καὶ γραφίδων ποικίλλεν ἐφάρμενον οἶκον ἐκάστη.
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπε πυρὸς ταμίης Ὑπερίων:
‘Κύρβιδι μὲν τριτάτῃ, πόθεν ἔσσεται οἶνᾶς ὁπώρη,
γνώσσει, ἦχι Λέων καὶ Παρθένος: ἐν δὲ τετάρτῃ,
τίς σταφυλῆς σκηπτοῦχος, ὅπῃ γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀφύσσω
40 γραπτῇ χειρὶ κύπελλον ἀερτάζει Γανυμήδης.’

[29] She spoke, and Helios cheered the nurse of the fruitage to come. He raised finger, and pointed out to his circling daughter close to a wall opposite the separated tablets of Harmonia. In these are recorded in one group all the oracles which the prophetic hand of Phanes first born engraved as ordained for the world, and drew with his pencil the house proper for each. And Hyperion, dispenser of fire, added these words: “In the third tablet, you shall know whence the fruitage of wine shall come – where is the Lion and the Virgin: in the fourth, who is the Prince of grapes – that is where Ganymedes draws the delicious nectar, and lifts cup in hand in the picture.”

τοῖα θεοῦ φαμένοιο, φιλάμπελος ἔτρεχε κούρη
 ὄμματα δινεύουσα, καὶ ὀμφαίῳ παρὰ τοίχῳ
 πρώτην κύρβιν ὅπωπεν ἀτέρμονος ἥλικα κόσμου
 εἰν ἐνὶ πάντα φέρουσας, ὅσα σκηπτοῦχος Ὀφίων
 45 ἦνυσεν, ὅσα τέλεσσε γέρων Κρόνος, ὅππότε τέμνων
 ἄρσενά πατρὸς ἄροτρα λεχώιον ἤροσεν ὕδωρ,
 σπείρων ἄσπορα νῶτα θυγατρογόνιοι θαλάσσης,
 ὅς ποτε λάινον υἷα κεχηνότι δέξατο λαίμῳ
 Ζητὸς ψευδομένοιο νόθον δέμας εἰλαπινάζων:
 50 καὶ λίθος ἐνδομύχων τεκέων μαιώσατο φύτλην
 φόρτον ἀκοντίζων ἐγκύμονος ἀνθερεῶνος.

[41] When the god had spoken, the wineloving maiden turned her eyes about,
 and ran to the place. Beside the oracular wall she saw the first tablet, old as
 the infinite past, containing all things in one: upon it was all that Ophion lord
 paramount had done, all that ancient Cronos accomplished: when he cut off
 his father's male plowshare, and sowed the teeming deep with seed on the
 unsown back of the daughterbegetting sea; how he opened a gaping throat to
 receive a stony son, when he made a meal of the counterfeit body of a
 pretended Zeus; how the stone played midwife to the brood of imprisoned
 children, and shot out the burden of the parturient gullet.

ἀλλ' ὅτε μαρναμένοιο Διὸς πυριλαμπέα νίκην
 καὶ Κρονίου νιφετοῖο χαλαζήεσσαν Ἐνυῶ
 ἀμφίπολος Φαέθοντος ἀελλόπος ἔδρακεν Ὀρη,
 55 γείτονα δέρκετο κύρβιν ἀμοιβαδίς: εἶχε δὲ κεινή,
 πῶς βροτέην ὥδινε γονὴν πίτυς, ἣ πόθεν ἄφνω
 δενδρεῖην γονόεσσαν ἀναπτύξασα λοχείην
 ἄσπορον αὐτοτέλεστον ἀνήρυγεν υἷα πεύκη,
 καὶ πόθεν ἄστεα πάντα κατέκλυσεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς
 60 ἡλιβάτοις πελάγεσσιν ἄγων ὑφούμενον ὕδωρ,
 πῶς Νότος ἐκ Βορέας, καὶ ἐκ Λιβὸς Εὐρὸς ἱμάσσων
 λάρνακα Δευκαλίωνος ἀλήμονα, γείτονα Μήνης,
 εἰς πλόον ἠερόφοιτον ἐκούφισεν ἄμμορον ὄρμου.

[52] But when the stormfoot Season, Phaëthon's handmaid, had seen the fiery
 shining victory of Zeus at war and the hailstorm snowstorm conflict of
 Cronos, she looked at the next tablet in its turn. There was shown how the
 pine was in labour of the human race— how the tree suddenly burst its tree-
 birth and disgorged a son unbegotten self-completed; how Raincloud Zeus
 brought the waters up in mountainous seas on high and flooded all cities, how
 Notos and Boreas, Euros and Lips in turn lashed Deucalion's wandering
 hutch, lifted it castaway on waves in the air and left it harbourless near the

καὶ τριτάτην ὅτε κύρβιν ἐπέδραμεν εὖποδι ταρσῶ
 65 μυστιπόλος Λυκάβαντος, ἔλιξ στηρίζετο κούρη,
 μόρσιμα παπταίνουσα πολύτροπα θέσφατα κόσμου,
 γράμματα φοινίσσοντα, σοφῇ κεχαραγμένα μίλτῳ,
 ὅπποσα ποικιλόμυθος ἐπέγραφεν ἀρχέγονος φρήν,
 τοῖα προθεσπίζοντα, καὶ ἐν πινάκεσσιν ἀνέγγνω:

[64] When the priestess of the lichtgang passed with nimble foot to the third tablet, the circling maiden stood gazing at the manifold oracles of the world's fate, in letters of glowing colour engraved with the artist's vermilion, all that elaborate story which the primeval mind had inscribed; and this was the prophecy that she read in the tablets:

70 ‘Ἦρης βουκόλος Ἄργος ἐς ὄρνεον εἶδος ἀμειψει
 φαιδρὸν ἔχων βλοσυρῶν βλεφάρων τύπον ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῇ
 Ἄρπαλύκη μετὰ λέκτρον ἀλιτροβίων ὕμεναιων
 υἱέα δαιτρεύσασα θυγατρογάμῳ γενετῇρι
 ἡερίην πτερόεσσαν ἐρετμώσσειε πορείην
 75 ὄρνις ἀελλήεσσα: καὶ ἱστοπόνος φιλομήλη
 ἔσσεται αἰολόδειρος ὑποτρύζουσα χελιδών,
 μαρτυρίην βοῶσα λιπογλώσσοιο σιωπῆς,
 δαίδαλα φωνήεντα σοφῶ γράψασα χιτῶνι:
 καὶ Νιόβη Σιπύλοιο παρὰ σφυρὰ πέτρος ἐχέφρων
 80 δάκρυσι λαϊνέοισιν ὀδυρομένη στίχα παίδων
 στήσεται οἰκτρὸν ἄγαλμα. καὶ ἔσσεται αὐτόθι γείτων
 Πύρρος ἐρωμανέων Φρύγιος λίθος, εἰσέτι Πείρης
 οἷστρον ἔχων ἀθέμιστον ἀνυμφεύτων ὕμεναιων,
 Θίσβη δ’ ὕγρὸν ὕδωρ καὶ Πύραμος, ἡλικες ἄμφω,
 85 ἀλλήλους ποθέοντες: ἐν στεφάνοιο δὲ κούρης
 μίλακος ἱμείρων Κρόκος ἔσσεται ἄνθος Ἐρώτων:
 καὶ γαμῖην μετὰ νύσσαν ἀελλοπόδων Ὑμεναιων
 καὶ Παφίης μετὰ μῆλα λεοντείων ἐπὶ μορφῇν
 Ἄρτεμις οἰστρήσειεν ἀμειβομένην Ἀταλάντην.’

[70] “Hera’s herdsman Argos shall change form to a bird, with the appearance of his grim eyes made bright. Harpalyce after the bed of criminal nuptials shall carve up her son for her incestuous father, and paddle a winged course through the air as a stormswift bird. Philomela the busy weaver shall be a twittering swallow with tuneful throat, and cry abroad the witness of her tongueless silence which once she skilfully inscribed like talking words upon a robe. Niobe shall remain a monument of sorrow on the slopes of Sipylos, a

rock endowed with sense, and mourning the line of her children with stony tears. Near her shall be Pyrrhos, a Phrygian stone enamoured, still feeling the lawless lust for impossible union with Rheia. Thisbe shall be running water along with Pyramos, both of an age, each desiring the other. Crocos, in love with Smilax, that fairgarlanded girl, shall be the flower of love. And after the goal of the stormy marriage-race, after the Paphian's apples, Artemis shall change Atalanta into a lioness and drive her mad."

90 καὶ τὰ μὲν εἰν ἐνὶ πάντα παρέστιχεν ἄστατος Ὠρη,
εἰσόκε χῶρον ἵκανεν, ὅπῃ πυρόεις Ὑπερίων
σύμβολα μαντοσύνης ἀνεμῶδεϊ πέφραδε κούρη,
ἦχι Λέων ἐτέυκτο σελασφόρος, ἦχι καὶ αὐτῇ
παρθένος ἀστερόεσσα νόθῃ ποικίλλετο μορφῇ
95 οἶνοπα βότρυν ἔχουσα, θερειγενὲς ἄνθος ὀπώρας:
κεῖθι Χρόνου θυγάτηρ πόδας εὕνασε, ταῦτα δ' ἀνέγνω:

[90] The Season passed restless over all these on one tablet, until she came to the place where fiery Hyperion indicated the signs of prophecy to the wind-swept maiden. There was drawn the shining Lion, there the starry Virgin was depicted in mimic shape, holding a bunch of grapes, the summergrown flower of fruitage: there the daughter of Time stayed her feet, and this is what she read:

Ἴκισσος ἀερσιπότης, ἐρόεις νέος, εἰς φυτὸν ἔρπων
ἔσται κισσὸς ἔλιξ καὶ ἐν ἔρνεσιν: ἡ θεοῦ δὲ
ὄρθιος ἐκ Καλάμοιο δόναξ κυρτούμενος αὖραις
100 λεπτὸν ἀξιφύτοιο φανήσεται ἔρνος ἀρούρης,
ἡμερίδων στήριγμα: καὶ εἰς φυτὸν εἶδος ἀμείψας
ἄμπελος ἀμπελόεντι χαρίζεται οὖνομα καρπῷ.'

[97] "Cissos, the lovely youth, shall creep into a plant, and he shall be the highflying ivy that entwines about the branches. From young Calamos will spring a reed rising straight and bending to the breeze, a delicate sprout of the fruitful soil, to support the tame vine. Ampelos shall change form into a plant and give his name to the fruit of the vine."

ἀλλ' ὅτε θέσφατα ταῦτα θαλυσιάς ἔδρακε κούρη,
δίξετο χῶρον ἐκεῖνον, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι τοίχῳ
105 ποιητῇ κεχάρακτο τύπῳ Γανυμήδεος εἰκῶν
ἱκμάδα νεκταρέην χρυσέῳ στάζουσα κυπέλλῳ,
ἦχι χαρασσομένων ἐπέων τετράζυγος ὁμή:
κεῖθι θεὰ φιλόβοτρυς ἐκώμασεν, εὔρε δὲ νύμφη
θέσφατα κισσοφόρῳ πεφυλαγμένα ταῦτα Λυαίῳ:

110 ‘Φοίβῳ Ζεὺς ἐπένευσεν ἔχειν μαντώδεα δάφνην,
καὶ ῥόδα φοινίσσοντα ῥοδόχροϊ Κυπρογενεΐῃ,
γλαυκὸν Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκώπιδι θαλλὸν ἑλαίης,
καὶ στάχυν Δήμητρι, καὶ ἡμερίδας Διονύσῳ.’

[103] But when the harvest-home maiden had seen all these prophecies, she sought the place where hard by on the neighbouring wall was engraved the figure of Ganymedes pouring the nectar-juice into a golden cup. There was an oracle engraved in four lines of verse. There the grape-loving goddess revelled, for she found this prophecy, kept for Lyaïos Ivy-bearer, Zeus gave to Phoibos the prophetic laurel, Red roses to the rosy Aphrodite, The grayleaf olive to Athena Greyeyes, Corn to Demeter, vine to Dionysos.

τοῖα μὲν ἐν γραφίδεσσι φιλεῦσιος ἔδρακε κούρη:
115 τερπομένη δ’ ἤϊξε, κασιγνήτας δὲ λαβοῦσα
εἰς ῥόον ἥωιο διέστιχεν Ὠκεανοῖο

[114] That is what the Euain maiden saw on the tablets. She departed joyful, and with her Sisters was away to the stream of the eastern Ocean, moving along with Phaëthon’s team.

ἵπποσύνη Φαέθοντος ὁμόδρομος. — οὐ δὲ Λυαίῳ
φάρμακον ἦν ἐτάριοι δεδοπότης, οὐδὲ χορεῖς
μνηστὶς ἔην· φιλίῳ δὲ νόον δεδονημένος οἷστρω
120 αἴλινα πικρὰ λίγαινε, ἀκηδέστῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
χάλκεα νῶτα λέλαιπεν ἀδουπήτοιο βοεῖης:
οὐδὲ ἐπηκτὶς ἔτερπεν. ἀμειδίτῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
οἰκτρὰ κινυρομένοιο φιλοστόργου Διονύσου,
ἔσχετο μὲν Λυδοῖο ῥόος δονακώδεος Ἑρμοῦ
125 κραιπνὰ κυλινδομένου προχοῆς ἀνεμώδεϊ παλμῷ,
οὐδὲ ῥέειν μενέαινε· βαθυκτεάνῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
Πακτωλὸς κροκόεις ἀνεσεύρασε πένθιμον ὕδωρ
ἀνδρὸς ἔχων μίμημα κατηφέος· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
πηγαίων ἀνέκοψε παλίσσυστον ὀλκὸν ἐναύλων
130 Σαγγάριος προχέων Φρύγιον ῥόον· αἰνότητος δὲ
Τανταλίδος στοναχῇσι διάβροχος ἄπνοος εἰκὼν
διπλὰ δάκρυα χεῦεν, ὀδυρομένου Διονύσου:
καὶ πίτυς αἰάζουσα συνέμπορος ἥλικι πεύκῃ
λεπταλέον ψιθύριζεν· ἀκερσικόμου δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ
135 Φοίβου δένδρον ἐοῦσα κόμην ἀπεσεύσατο δάφνη
πενθαλέοις ἀνέμοις· λιπαρὴ δ’ ἄτμητος ἑλαίῃ

φύλλα χαμαὶ κατέχευε, καὶ εἰ φυτὸν ἦεν Ἀθήνης.

[117] But Dionysos had no healing physic for his comrade fallen, of dancing he thought no more. Shaken to the heart by his loving passion, he sounded bitter laments; he left to uncaring silence the bronze back of the timbrel unbeaten, and had no joy in the cithern. Before the unsmiling countenance of Dionysos, full of love and piteous pining, the reedy Lydian Hermos held up his course, and his fastrolling waves which poured on with weatherbeaten throb – he cared no more to flow; Pactolos yellow as saffron with the wealth deep under his flood, stayed his water in mourning, like the image of a sorrowful man; Sangarios the Phrygian stream, in honour of the dead, checked back the course of his banked fountains; the unbreathing image of Tantalos's daughter, the unhappy mother drowned in sighs, wept double tears for mourning Dionysos. The fir whispered softly, moaning to its young friend the pine; even the tree of unshorn Phoibos himself, the laurel, shook her foliage to sorrowful winds; the glossy olive never felled shed her leaves on the ground, for all that she was Athena's tree.

τοῖα πόθῳ στενάχοντος ἀδακρύτου Διονύσου
φρικτὰ μετετρέψαντο παλὶλλυτα νήματα Μοίρης:
140 καὶ γόον ἄχνυμένοιο παραιφαμένη Διονύσου
Ἄτροπος ἐμπεδόμυθος ἀνήρυγεν ἔνθεον ὁμήν:

[138] Since then Dionysos, who never wept, lamented thus in his love, the awful threads of Fate were unloosened and turned back; and Atropos Neverturnback, whose word stands fast, uttered a voice divine to console Dionysos in sorrow:

‘Ζῶει τοι, Διόνυσε, τεὸς νέος, οὐδὲ περήσει
πικρὸν ὕδωρ Ἀχέροντος: ἀκαμπέα δ’ εὖρεν ὀλέσσαι
σὸς γόος ἀτρέπτου παλινάγρετα νήματα Μοίρης:
145 ἄμπελος οὐ τέθηκε, καὶ εἰ θάνεν: ἱμερόεν γάρ
εἰς ποτόν, εἰς γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἐγὼ σέο κοῦρον ἀμείψω:
τὸν μὲν ἐντροχάλου παλάμης βητάρμονι παλμῷ
δόρπιον ἁρμονίην διδυμόθροος αὐλὸς ἀράσσω
ὑμνήσει, Φρύγα ρυθμὸν ἔχων ἢ Δωρίδα μολπήν:
150 ἦέ μιν ἐν θυμέλῃσιν ἀνήρ εὐρυθμος αἰεῖσει
Ἄονιου καλάμοιο χέων Ἰσμήνιον ἠχῶ
ἦ ναέταις Μαραθῶνος: ἀνευάζουσι δὲ Μῦσαι
ἄμπελον ἱμερόεντα σὺν ἀμπελόεντι Λυαίῳ.
καὶ σκολιήν πλοκάμοιο λιπῶν ὀφιώδεα μίτρη
155 στέμματα βοτρύοντα περιπλέξεις σέο χαίτη,
Φοίβῳ ζῆλον ἄγων, ὅτι πένθιμα χειρὶ τιταίνει

αἴλινα δενδρήεντα φιλοκλαύτων ὑακίνθων,
 καὶ σὺ ποτὸν μεθέπεις, βροτέης ἄμπαυμα γενέθλης,
 νέκταρος οὐρανοῦ χθόνιον τύπον, ἀνθεμόεν δὲ
 160 παιδὸς Ἀμυκλαίου τεδὸς νεὸς εὖχος ἐλέγξει:
 εἰ δὲ πόλις κείνοιο μαχήμονα χαλκὸν αἶρει,
 καὶ σέθεν ἡιθέοιο φεραυγέα πατρὶς ἀέξει
 ὕγρον ἐρευθομένης ποταμηίδος ὄμβρον ἐέρσης,
 χρυσῷ ὅλη κομόωσα, καὶ οὐ χαίρουσα σιδήρῳ:
 165 εἰ ποταμοῦ κελάδοντος ἀγάλλεται ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρῳ,
 φέρτερον Εὐρώταο πέλει Πακτώλιον ὕδωρ.
 Ἄμπελε, πένθος ὅπασσας ἀπενθήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
 ὄφρα μελιρραθάμιγγος ἀεζομένου σέθεν οἴνου
 τερπωλὴν ὀπάσειας ὅλῳ τετράζυγι κόσμῳ
 170 καὶ σπονδὴν μακάρεσσι καὶ εὐφροσύνην Διονύσῳ:
 Βάκχος ἄναξ δάκρυσε, βροτῶν ἵνα δάκρυα λύσῃ.

[142] “He lives, I declare, Dionysos; your boy lives, and shall not pass the bitter water of Acheron. Your lamentation has found out how to undo the inflexible threads of unturning Fate, it has turned back the irrevocable. Ampelos is not dead, even if he died; for I will change your boy to a lovely drink, a delicious nectar. He shall be worshipt with dancing beat of tripling fingers, when the double-sounding pipe shall strike up harmony over the feast, be it in Phrygian rhythm of Dorian tune; or on the boards a musical man shall sing him, pouring out the voice of Aonian reeds for Ismenians or the burghers of Marathon. The Muses shall cry triumph for Ampelos the lovely with Lyaïos of the Vine. You shall throw off the twisting coronal of snakes from your head, and entwine your hair with tendrils of the vine; you shall make Phoibos jealous, that he holds out his melancholy iris with its leafy dirge. You too dispense a drink, the earthly image of heavenly nectar, the comfort of the human race, and your young friend shall eclipse the flowery glory of the Amyclæian boy: if his country produces the bronze of battle, your boy’s country too increases the shining torrent of red juice like a river – she is all proud of her gold, and she likes not steel. If one boasts of a roaring river, Pactolos has better water than Eurotas. Ampelos, you have brought mourning to Dionysos who never mourns – yes, that when your honeydropping wine shall grow, you may bring its delight to all the four quarters of the world, a libation for the Blessed, and for Dionysos a heart of merry cheer. Lord Bacchos has wept tears, that he may wipe away man’s tears!”

ὥς φαμένη γνωτῆσι συνέμπορος ἔστιχε δαίμων.

[172] Having spoken thus, the divinity departed with her sisters.

καὶ κινυρῷ μέγα θάμβος ἔφαινετο μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ·
καὶ γὰρ ἀναΐξας ἐρόεις νέκυς ὥς ὄφιν ἔρπων
175 ἄμπελος αὐτοτέλεστος ἔην ἡλλάξατο μορφήν,
καὶ πέλε νήδυμον ἄνθος· ἀμειβομένοιῳ δὲ νεκροῦ
γαστήρ θάμνος ἔην περιμήκετος, ἄκρα δὲ χειρῶν
ἄκρεμόνες βλάστησαν, ἐνερρίζωντο δὲ ταρσοί,
180 νεβρίς ἀεξομένης πολυδαίδαλον ἄνθος ὁπώρας,
ἄμπελόεις δὲ κόρυμβος ἔην δολιχόσκιος αὐχὴν,
ἰσοφυῆς δ' ἀγκῶνι τιταίνεται καμπύλος ὄρπηξ
οἰδαίων σταφυλῆσιν, ἀμειβομένου δὲ καρήνου
γναμπτῆς κυρτὰ κόρυμβα τύπον μιμεῖτο κεραίης.
185 κεῖθι φυτῶν στίχες ἦσαν ἀπείρονες· αὐτοτελῆς δὲ
ὄρχατος ἄμπελόεις χλοεροὺς ὄρπηκας ἐλίσσων
οἴνοπι γείτονα δένδρα νέῳ μιτρώσατο καρπῷ.

[173] Then a great miracle was shown to sorrowful Bacchos witnessing. For Ampelos the lovely dead rose of himself and took the form of a creeping snake, and became the healtrouble flower. As the body changed, his belly was a long long stalk, his fingers grew into toptendrils, his feet took root, his curlclusters were grapeclusters, his very fawnskin changed into the manycoloured bloom of the growing fruit, his long neck became a bunch of grapes, his elbow gave place to a bending twig swollen with berries, his head changed until the horns took the shape of twisted clumps of drupes. There grew rows of plants without end; there selfmade was an orchard of vines, twining green twigs round the neighbouring trees, with garlands of the unknown wineblushing fruit.

καὶ νέον ἔπλετο θάμβος, ἐπεὶ τότε κοῦρος ἀθύρων,
εἰς φυτὸν ὑψιπέτηλον ἐὼν πόδα λοξὸν ἐλίσσων,
190 κισσὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἔην δενδρώσατο μορφήν,
καὶ πέλεν ἀγκύλον ἔρνος ἐπώνυμον, ἀρτιφυῆ δὲ
ὄρχατον ἡμερίδων σκολιῷ μιτρώσατο δεσμῷ.

[188] And a new miracle was then seen! since young Cissos in his play, climbing with legs across the branches high in a leafy tree, changed his form and took the air as another plant; he became the twining ivy plant which bears his name, and encircled the newgrown orchard of tame vines with slanting knots.

καὶ φιλίῳις πετάλοισι κατάσκιον ἔσκεπε κόρσιν,
καὶ πλοκάμους ἐμέθυσε φιλακρήτων ἀπὸ φύλλων
195 κυδιόων Διόνυσος· ἀεξифύτοιο δὲ κούρου

ἄρτι πεπαινομένης ἑδρέψατο καρπὸν ὀπώρας.
καὶ θεὸς αὐτοδιδάκτος ἄτερ ποδὸς ἔκτοθι ληνοῦ,
βότρυν ἐπισφίγγων παλάμης βεβριθότι καρπῷ,
χεροὶ περιπλεκέσσι μέθης ὠδῖνα πιέζων
200 πορφυρέης ἀνέφηγε νεόρρυτον ὄγκον ὀπώρας,
καὶ γλυκερὸν ποτὸν εὔρε· οἶνοχύτου Διονύσου
λευκὰ διαινομένων ἐρυθαίνετο δάκτυλα χειρῶν.
καὶ δέπας ἀγκύλον εἶχε βοδὸς κέρας· ἡδυπότου δὲ
χειλεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν ἐγεύσατο Βάκχος ἐέρσης,
205 γεύσατο καὶ καρποῖο, καὶ ἀμφοτέροις φρένα τέρπων
μῦθον ἀγνορόεντος ἀνήρυσεν ἀνθερεῶνος:

[193] Then Dionysos triumphant covered his temples with the friendly shady foliage, and made his tresses drunken with the toper's leaves. Now the boy grown plant was quickly ripening, and he plucked a fruit of the vintage. The god untaught, without winepress and without treading, squeezed the grapes firmly with hand against wrist, interlacing his fingers until he pressed out the inebriating issue, and disclosed the newflowing load of the purple fruitage, and discovered the sweet potation: Dionysos Tapster found his white fingers drenched in red! For goblet he held a curved oxhorn. Then Bacchos tasted the sweet sap with sipping lips, tasted also the fruit; and both so delighted his heart, that he broke out into speech with proud throat:

‘ Ἀμβροσίην καὶ νέκταρ ἔμοῦ Διός, Ἄμπελε, τίκτεις:
ἔρνεα δισσὰ φέρων πεφιλημένα καρπὸν Ἀπόλλων
οὐ φάγε δαφνήεντα καὶ οὐ πῖεν ἐξ ὑακίνθου:
210 οὐ στάχys ὠδίνει γλυκερὸν ποτόν· Ἰλαθι, Δηῶ:
εἶδαρ ἐγὼ μερόπεσσι καὶ οὐ πόμα μοῦνον ὀπάσσω.
Ἄμπελε, καὶ σέο πότμος ἐπήρατος· ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτῆς
εἰς σὲ καὶ εἰς σέο κάλλος ἐθελύνθη λίνα Μοίρης,
εἰς σὲ καὶ οἰκτίρμων Αἰδης πέλεν, εἰς σὲ καὶ αὐτῇ
215 Περσεφὸνῃ τρηχεῖαν ἐὴν ἤμειψε μενοινήν,
καὶ σὲ νέκυν ζώγρησε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
οὐ θάνες, ὡς τέθνηκεν Ἀτύμνιος· οὐ Στυγὸς ὕδωρ,
οὐ φλόγα Τισιφόνης, οὐκ ἔδρακες ὄμμα Μεγαίρης:
ζῶεις δ' εἰσέτι, κοῦρε, καὶ εἰ θάνες· οὐδέ σε Λήθης
220 κρύψεν ὕδωρ, οὐ ξυνὸς ἔχει τάφος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῇ
μορφὴν ὑμετέρην ἡδέεσσατο γαῖα καλύψαι:
ἀλλὰ φυτόν σε τέλεσσε πατήρ ἐμὸς υἷα γεραίρων,
σὸν δέμας εἰς γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀναξ ἤμειψε Κρονίων.
οὐ φύσις, ὡς γραπτοῖσι Θεραπναίοισι κορυμβοῖς,
225 αἴλινον ἀκλαῦτοισι τεοῖς ἐχάραξε πετῆλοις:
χροιὴν δ' ὑμετέρην καὶ ἐν ἔρνεσι, κοῦρε, φυλάσσεις:
σῶν μελέων ἀκτῖνα τετὴ κήρυξε τελευτή:

οὐ πῶ σε προλέλοιπεν ἔρευθαλέη σέο μορφή.
 ἀλλὰ τεοῦ θανάτου τιμήορος οὐ ποτε λήξω
 230 θυομένῳ τεδὸν οἶνον ἐπισπένδων ὀλετῆρι
 ἀνδροφόνῳ. σὺ δὲ μῶμον Ἀμαδρυάδεσσιν ἀνάπτεις
 σοῖς ἐρατοῖς πετάλοισιν: ἀπ' εὐόδμων δὲ κορύμβων
 ἱκμάδες ὑμετέρων με περιπνεῖουσιν Ἑρώτων.
 καρπὸν ἐγὼ μήλοιο πότε κρητῆρι κεράσω;
 235 νεκταρέῳ πότε σῦκον ἐπιστάξαιμι κυπέλλῳ;
 σῦκον ὁμοῦ καὶ μῆλον ἔχει χάριν ἄχρῃς ὀδόντων.
 οὐ δύναται φυτὸν ἄλλο τεαῖς σταφυλῆσιν ἐρίζειν:
 οὐ ῥόδον, οὐ νάρκισσος ἐύχροος, οὐκ ἀνεμώνη,
 οὐ κρίνον, οὐχ ὑάκινθος ἰσάζεται ἔρνει Βάκχου,
 240 ὅτι πολυτρίπτοιο νέαις λιβάδεσσιν ὁπώρης
 σὸν ποτὸν ἄνθεα πάντα δεδέξεται: ἔν ποτὸν ἔσται
 μιγνύμενον πάντεσσι, καὶ εἰς μίαν ἴξεται ὁδμήν
 ἄνθεσι παντοίοις κεκερασμένον: εἰαρινὴν γὰρ
 κοσμήσει τεδὸν ἄνθος ὅλην λειμωνίδα ποιήν.

[207] “O Ampelos! this is the nectar and ambrosia of my Zeus which you have made! Apollo wears two favourite plants, but he never ate laurel fruit or drank of the iris! Corn brings forth no sweet potation, by your leave, Deo! I will provide not only drink but food for mortal men! Your fate also is enviable, O Ampelos! Verily even Moira’s threads have been turned womanish for you and your beauty; for you Hades himself has become merciful, for you Persephone herself has changed her hard temper, and saved you alive in death for brother Bacchos. You did not die as Atymnios is dead; you saw not the water of Styx, the fire of Tisiphone, the eye of Megaira! You are still alive, my boy, even if you died. The water of Lethe did not cover you, nor the tomb which is common to all, but earth herself shrank from covering your form! No, my father made you a plant in honour of his son; Lord Cronion changed your body into sweet nectar. Nature has not graven Alas upon your tearless leaves, as on the inscribed clusters of Therapne. You keep your colour, my boy, even on your shoots. Your end proclaims the radiance of your limbs; your blushing body has not left you yet. But I will never cease avenging your death; I will pour your wine in libation to your murderous destroyer, the wine of his victim! Your lovely petals put the Hamadryads to shame; the juice of your fragrant bunches brings round me a breath of your love. Can I ever mix the applefruit in the bowl? Can I drop figjuice in the cup of nectar? Fig and apple have their grace as far as the teeth; but no other plant can rival your grapes – not the rose, not the tinted daffodil, not anemone, not lily, not iris is equal to the plant of Bacchos! For with the newfound streams of your crushed fruitage your drink will contain all flowers: that one drink will be a mixture of all, it will combine in one the scent of all the flowers that blow, your flowers will embellish all the spring-time herbs and grass of the meadow!

245 εἶξον ἔμοι, κλυτότοξε, πολυθρήνων ὅτι φύλλων
πενθαλέω μίτρωσας ἀπενθέα βόστρυχα δεσμῷ:
αἶλινα σοῖς πετάλοισι χαράσσεται: εἰ δ' ἐνὶ κήπῳ
στέμμα φέρει κλυτότοξος, ἐγὼ γλυκὺν οἶνον ἀφύσσω,
καὶ στέφος ἱμερόεν περιβάλλομαι, ἡδυπότην δὲ
250 ἔνδον ἐμῆς κραδῆς ὅλον Ἄμπελον αὐτὸν ἀείρω.
εἶξον ἐρισταφύλῳ, κορυθαίολος: αἱματόεις γὰρ
σπένδει λύθρον Ἄρηι, καὶ ἀμπελόεις Διονύσῳ
βότρυος οἴνωθέντος ἐρευθιόωσαν ἐέρσην.

[245] “Give me best, Lord of Archery, because you wreathed your unmourning hair with your mourning chaplet of dolorous petals! Alas alas is graven on those leaves of yours; and if the Lord of Archery wears his wreath in the garden, I ladle my sweet wine, I put on a lovely wreath, I absorb Ampelos to be at home in my heart by that delicious draught. Brighthelm, give place to Finegrapes! The bloody pours out gore to Ares, the Viny pours to Dionysos the ruddy dew of the winesoaked grape!

Δηῶ, ἐσυλήθης μετὰ Παλλάδος: οὐ γὰρ ἐλαῖαι
255 εὐφροσύνην τίκτουσι, καὶ οὐ στάχυς ἀνέρα θέλγει,
ὄγχνη καρπὸν ἔχει μελιιδέα, μύρτος ἀέξει
ἄνθεα κηῶεντα, καὶ οὐ φρενοθελγεί καρπῷ
ἀνδρομέας ἀνέμοισιν ἀκοντίζουσι μερίμνας:
ὕμειων γενόμην πολὺ φέρτερος: ἡμετέρου γὰρ
260 οἶνου μὴ παρεόντος ἀτερπέα δέλτινα τραπέξης,
οἶνου μὴ παρεόντος ἀθελγέες εἰσὶ χορεῖαι.
εἰ δύνασαι, γλαυκῶπι, τεῆς πίε καρπὸν ἐλαίης:
σὸν φυτὸν ἀγλαόδωρος ἐμὴ νίκησεν ὀπῶρη,
ὅττι τεῶ λιπόωντι δέμας χρίουσιν ἐλαίῳ
265 ἄνδρες ἀεθλητῆρες ἀτερπέες, αἰνοπαθῆς δὲ
εὐνέτιν ἢ ἐ θυγάτρα βαλῶν ξυνήονι πότμῳ,
ἢ τεκέων φθιμένων ἢ μητέρος ἢ γενετῆρος
ἀνὴρ πένθος ἔχων, ὅτε γεύσεται ἡδέος οἶνου,
στυγνὸν ἀεξομένης ἀποσεισεται ὄγκον ἀνίης.

[254] “Deo, you are defeated with Pallas! For olives do not bring forth merry cheer of heart, corn does not bewitch a man! The pear has a honeysweet fruit, the myrtle grows fragrant flowers, but they have no heart-bewitching fruit to shoot man’s cares to the winds! I am better than you all; for without my wine there is no pleasure in the tablefeast, without my wine the dance has no bewitchment. Brighteyes, drink the fruit of your olive if you can! My fruitage with its glorious gifts has beaten your tree. With your oily olive athletes rub their bodies, without delight; but the sadly afflicted who has given a wife or a

daughter to the common fate, the man who mourns children dead, a mother or a father, when he shall taste of delicious wine will shake of the hateful burden of ever-increasing pain.

270 Ἄμπελε, καὶ μετὰ πότμον εὐφραίνεις φρένα Βάκχου:

πᾶσιν ἔμοῖς μελέεσσιν ἐγὼ σέο πῶμα κεράσσω.

ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρεα πάντα κάτω νεύοντι καρήνων
εἵκελα λισσομένῳ κυρτούμενον αὐχένα κάμπτει,
ὑπιτενῇ δὲ πέτηλα γέρων ἐκλίνατο φοῖνιξ:

275 ἀμφὶ δὲ μηλείῃ τανύεις πόδας, ἀμφὶ δὲ συκῇ

χεῖρας ἐφαπλώσας ἐπερείδεται, ὑμετέρην δέ,

δμῳίδες ὥς δέσποιναν, ἐλαφρίζουσιν ὀπώρην,

εὔτε τιταινομένων πετάλων ἐλικῶδεϊ παλμῷ

ἀμφιπόλων ὑπὲρ ὤμον ἀνέρχεται: ἀγχιφύτων δὲ

280 ἀβρὰ πολυσπερέων ἐτερόχροα φύλλα κορύμβων,

οἷα σέθεν κνώσσοντος, ἐπαιθύσσουσι προσώπῳ

αὔραις φειδομένησι καταψύχοντες ἄηται,

λεπταλέην ἅτε λάτρις ἐθήμονα ῥιπίδα σείει,

ψυχρὸν ἐῷ βασιλῇ φέρων ποιητὸν ἀήτην.

285 εἰ δὲ μεσημβρίζουσας ἄγεις Φαέθοντος ἀπειλὴν,

σῆς σταφυλῆς προκέλευθος ἐτησιᾶς ἔρχεται αὔρη

δίψιον εὐνάζουσα πυρώδεος ἀστέρα Μαίρης,

ὅπποτε θερμαίνει σε θεριγενέος δρόμος Ὠρῆς

θάλπων Σεiriόεντι πεπαινομένην δρόσον ἄτμῳ.'

[270] "O Ampelos, you rejoice the heart of Bacchos even after death! I will soak your drink through all my limbs. All the trees of the forest bow their heads around, as one in prayer bends low the neck. The ancient palmtree inclines his soaring leaves, you stretch your feet round the apple-tree, you clasp your hands about the figtree and hold fast; they support your fruitage as slavewomen their mistress, while you climb over the shoulder of your maids with your tendrils pushing and winding and quivering, while the winds blow in your face the delicate many-coloured leaves of so many neighbouring trees with their widespread clusters, as if you slept and they cooled you with gentle breath. So the servingwoman waves a light fan as in duty bound, and makes a cool wind for her king. If you bring with you Phaëthon's midday threats, yet the Etesian wind comes before your grapes, lulling the thirsty star of burning Maira, when the course of the summer season warms your ripening juice with the steam of Seirios."

290 ἔννεπε κυδιὼν, προτέρας δ' ἔρριψε μερίμνας

φάρμακον ἡβητῆρος ἔχων εὐοδμον ὀπώρην.

[290] So he spoke in his pride, and threw off his earlier cares, now he had found the fragrant fruitage as allheal for the youth.

καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀμπελόεντος αἰδεται ἀμφὶ κορύμβου,
πῶς πέλεν ἡβητῆρος ἐπώνυμος. ὕμνοπόλων δὲ
ἄλλη πρεσβυτέρη πέλεται φάτις, ὥς ποτε γαίῃ
295 οὐρανόθεν φερέκαρπος Ὀλύμπιος ἔρρεεν ἰχώρ
καὶ τέκε Βακχιάδος σταφυλῆς ποτόν, ἐν σκοπέλοις δὲ
αὐτοφυῆς ἀκόμιστος ἀέξετο καρπὸς ὀπώρης:
οὐ πω δ' ἡμερὶς ἦεν ἐπώνυμος, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ λόχμαϊς
ἀγριᾶς ἡβώουσα πολυγνάμπτοισι σελίνοις
300 οἶνοτόκων βλάστησε φυτῶν εὐάμπελος ὕλη,
ὑγρὸν ἀναβλύζουσα βεβυσμένον ὄγκον ἐέρσης:
καὶ πολὺς ὄρχατος ἦεν, ὅπῃ, στοιχηδὸν ἀνέρπων,
σειέτο φοινίσσων ἐπὶ βότρυϊ βότρυς ἀλήτης:
ὦν ὁ μὲν ἡμιτέλεστος ἐὰς ὠδῖνας ἀέξων,
305 αἰόλα πορφύρων, ἑτερόχροϊ φαίνεται καρπῷ
ὃς δὲ φαληριῶν ἐπεπαίνεται σύγχροος ἀφρῷ,
καὶ πολὺς ὥθεεν ἄλλος ὁμόζυγα γείτονα γείτων
ξανθοφυῆς, ἕτερος δὲ φυὴν ἰνδάλλετο πίσση
περκάζων ὅλον ἄνθος, ἀπ' οἶνοτόκων δὲ πετῆλων
310 σύμφυτον ἀγλαόκαρπον ὅλην ἐμέθυσσεν ἐλαίην:
ἄλλου δ' ἄρτιχάρακτος ἐπέτρεχεν ὄμφακι καρπῷ
βότρυος ἀργυφέοιο μέλας αὐτόσσυτος ἀήρ,
ὄγκῳ βοτρυνόεντι φέρων σφριγώωσαν ὀπώρην
καὶ πίτυν ἀντικέλευθον ἔλιξ ἔστεψεν ὀπώρης
315 συμφερτοῖς σκιδώσα περισκεπὲς ἔρνος ἱάμνοις,
καὶ φρένα Πανὸς ἔτερπε: τινασσομένους δὲ Βορῆι
ἀκρεμόνας πελάσασα παρ' ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ
αἱμοβαφῆς ἐλέλιξε κόμην εὐώδεα πεύκη.
ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν σκολιῇσι δράκων δινωτὸς ἀκάνθαις
320 λαρὸν ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἀμέλγετο νέκταρ ὀπώρης,
καὶ βλοσυραῖς γενύεσσι ποτόν Βακχεῖον ἀμέλξας,
βότρυος οἰνωθέντος ἐπιστάζων πόμα λαιμῷ,
πορφυρέῃ ῥαθάμιγγι δράκων φοίνιξεν ὑπήνην.

[292] That is the song they sing about he grapecluster, how it got its name from the young man. But the poets have another and older legend, how once upon a time fruitful Olympian ichor fell down from heaven and produced the potion of Bacchic wine, when the fruit of its vintage grew among the rocks selfgrown, untended. It was not yet named grapevine; but among the bushes, wild and luxuriant with many-twining parsleyclusters, a plant grew which had in it good winestuff to make wine, being full to bursting with its burden of dewy juice. There was a great orchard of it springing up in rows, where bunch

by bunch the grapes swung swaying and reddening in disorder. They ripened together, one letting its halfgrown nursery increase with different shades of purple upon the fruit, one spotted with white, in colour like foam; some of golden hue crowded thick neighbour on neighbour, others with dark bloom all over like pitch – and the wineteeming foliage intoxicated all the olives with their glorious fruit which grew beside them. Others were silvery white, but a dark mist newly made and selfsped seemed to be penetrating the unripe berries, bringing plump fruitage to the laden clusters. The twining growth of the fruit crowned the opposite pine, shading its own sheltered growth by its mass of twigs, and delighted the heart of Pan; the pine swayed by Boreas brought her branches near the bunches of grapes, and shook her fragrant leafage soaked in the blood. A serpent twisted his curving backbone about the tree, and sucked a strong draught of nectar trickling from the fruit; when he had milked the Bacchic potation with his ugly jaws, the draught of the vine turned and trickled out of his throat, reddening the creature's beard with purple drops.

καὶ θεὸς οὐρεσίφοιτος ὄφιν θάμβησε δοκεύων
325 οἶνωπῇ ῥαθάμιγγι πεφυρμένον ἀνθρεῶνα:
καὶ στικταῖς φολιδεσσι μετὰτροπον ὀλκὸν ἐλίξας
πετραῖην βαθύκολπον ἐδύσατο γείτονα χεῖρην,
εὖιον ἀθρήσας, ὄφιν αἰόλος. εἰσορόων δὲ
Βάκχος ἐρευθαλέης ἐγκύμονα βότρυν ἐέρσης
330 ὀμφαίης ἐνόησε παλαιτέρα θέσφατα Ῥεῖης.
καὶ σκοπέλους ἐλάχνηε, πεδοσκαφέος δὲ σιδήρου
θηγαλέῃ γλωχῖνι μυχὸν κοιλήνατο πέτρης:
λειήνας δὲ μέτωπα βαθυνομένων κενεώνων
τάφρον ἐυσταφύλοιο τύπον ποιήσατο ληνοῦ,
335 βότρυνας ἀμῶων νεοθηλέας ὀξεί θυρσῶ,
τεύχων ὀπιγόνοιο τύπον γαμφώνυχος ἄρτης.

[324] The hillranging god marvelled, as he saw the snake and his chin dabbled with trickling wine; the speckled snake saw Euios, and went coiling away with his spotty scales and plunged into a deep hole in the rock hard by. When Bacchos saw the grapes with a bellyful of red juice, he bethought him of an oracle which prophetic Rheia had spoken long ago. He dug into the rock, he hollowed out a pit in the stone with the sharp prongs of his earth-burrowing pick, he smoothed the sides of the deepening hole and made an excavation like a winepress; then he made his sharp thyrsus into the cunning shape of the later sickle with curved edge, and reaped the newgrown grapes.

καὶ Σατύρων χορὸς ἦεν ὁμόστολος: ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
λοξὸς ἔην τρυγῶν, ὁ δὲ βότρυνας ἄγγεϊ κοίλῳ

δέχυντο τεμνομένους, ὁ δὲ σύμπλοκα φύλλα δαΐζων
 340 χλωρὰ φιλακρήτων ἀπεσεύσατο λύματα καρπῶν:
 ἄλλος ἄτερ θύρσοιο καὶ εὐθήκτοιο σιδήρου
 δεξιτερὴν ἀσιδήρον ἐπ' ἄκρεμόνεσσι τιταίνων
 βότρυος εἰλικόεντος ἀπέκλασεν ἄκρα κορύμβου,
 ὀκλάζων ἐπικυρτον, ἐς ἄμπελον ὄμμα τιταίνων:
 345 καὶ γλαφυρῷ κενεῶνι χυτὴν ἔστρωσεν ὀπώρην
 ὀγκώσας σταφυλῆσι μεσόμφαλα νῶτα χαράδρης...
 βότρυας εἰλικόεντας ἐπασσυντέρους θέτο κόλπω
 ἐκταδὸν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, καὶ ὥς θημῶνας ἄλωϊς
 πλήσας κόλπον ἅπαντα συνήγαγε κοιλάδι πέτρῃ,
 350 καὶ σταφυλὴν ἐπάτησε ποδῶν βητάρμονι παλμῷ.
 καὶ Σάτυροι σείοντες ἐς ἡέρα θυιάδα χαιτήν,
 ἴσοφρὲς μίμημα διδασκόμενοι Διονύσου,
 στικτὰ περισφίγξαντες ἐπωμίδι δέρματα νεβρῶν,
 Βακχείης ἀλάλαζον ὁμογλώσσου μέλος ἤχοϋς,
 355 ποσὶ πολυσκάρθοισι περιθλίβοντες ὀπώρην,
 εὖιον αἰείδοντες: ἐρισταφύλοιο δὲ κόλπου
 οἴνου ἀναβλύζοντος ἐπορφύροντο χαράδρα:
 στεينوμένη δὲ πόδεσσιν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ὀπώρῃ
 λευκὸν ἐρευθαλέης ἀνεκῆκιν ἀφρὸν ἐέρσης.
 360 καὶ βοέοις ἀρύοντο κεράσιν ἀντὶ κυπέλλων
 μὴ πω φαινομένων, ὅθεν ὕστερον ἐξέτι κείνου
 θέσκελον οὔνομα τοῦτο κεραννυμένῳ πέλεν οἶνω.

[337] A band of Satyrs was with him: one stooped to gather the clusters, one received them into an empty vessel as they were cut, one pulled off the masses of green leaves from the bibulous fruit and threw away the rubbish. Another without thyrsus or sharpened steel crouched bending forwards and spying for grapes, and put out his right hand towards the branches to pluck the fruit at the ends of the tangled vine, then Bacchos spread the fruitage in the pit he had dug, first heaping the grapes in the middle of the excavation, then arranging them in layers side by side like cornheaps on the threshingfloor, spread out the whole length of the hole. When he had got all into the hollowed place and filled it up to the brim, he trod the grapes with dancing steps. The Satyrs also, shaking their hair madly in the wind, learnt from Dionysos how to do the like. They pulled tight the dappled skins of fawns over the shoulder, they shouted the song of Bacchos sounding tongue with tongue, crushing the fruit with many a skip of the foot, crying "Euoi!" The wine spurted up in the grapefilled hollow, the runlets were empurpled; pressed by the alternating tread the fruit bubbled out red juice with white foam. They scooped it up with oxhorns, instead of cups which had not yet been seen, so that ever after the cup of mixed wine took this divine name of Winehorn.

καί τις ἀναβλύζων φρενοθελγέος ἱκμάδα Βάκχου
καμπύλον ἶχνος ἔκαμψε ποδῶν ἐλικῶδεϊ παλμῷ,
³⁶⁵ δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο μετῆλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,
καὶ λασίας ἐδίηνε γενειάδας ἱκμάδι Βάκχου:
ἄλλος ἀνεσκίρτησε, μέθης δεδονημένος οἷστρω,
φρικτὸν ἄρασσομένης αἰῶν μύκημα βοείης:
καί τις ἀκεσσιπόνιοιο πίων ῥόον ἄσχετον οἴνου
³⁷⁰ κυανέην ῥοδόεντι ποτῷ πόρφυρεν ὑπήνην:
ἄλλος ἄνω τανύων σφαλερὴν ἐπὶ δένδρον ὀπωπὴν
ἡμιφανῇ σκοπιάζεν ἀνάμπυκα γείτονα Νύμφην,
καὶ νύ κεν ὑψιπέτηλον ὀρειάδος εἰς φυτὸν ὕλης
εἴρπεν ὀλισθηροῖο ποδὸς γαμψώνυχι ταρσῷ,
³⁷⁵ εἰ μὴ μιν Διόνυσος ἐρήτυεν: ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγὰς
ἄλλος ἐγερσινόοιο μέθης ἑτερόφρονι παλμῷ
ὑδρηλὴν ἐδίωκεν ἀνείμονα Νηίδα κούρην,
καὶ νύ κε νηχομένην λασίῳ πήχυνεν ἀγοστῷ,
εἰ μὴ μιν φθαμένη βυθίῳ κεκάλυπτο ῥεέθρῳ.
³⁸⁰ μούνῳ δ' οἶνοποτῆρι Διωνύσῳ πόρε Ῥεῖη
λυσσαλέης ἀμέθυστον ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκης.

[363] And one went bubbling the mindcharming drops of Bacchos as he turned his wobbling feet in zigzag jerks, crossing right over left in confusion as he wetted his hairy cheeks with Bacchos's drops. Another skipt up struck with a tippler's madness when he heard the horrid boom of the beaten drumskin. One again who had drunk too deeply of caredispelling wine purpled his dark beard with the rosy liquor. Another, turning his unsteady look towards a tree espied a Nymph half-hidden ,unveiled, close at hand; and he would have crawled up the highest tree in the forest, feet slipping, hanging on by his toenails, had not Dionysos held him back. Near the fountains, another driven by the insane impulse of drunken excitement, chased a naked Naiad of the waters; he would have seized her with hairy hand as she swam, but she gave him the slip and dived into deep water. To Dionysos alone had Rheia given the amethyst, which preserves the winedrinker from the tyranny of madness.

πολλοὶ δ' εὐκεράων Σατύρων φιλοπαιγμονι ταρσῷ
εἰς χορὸν οἰσטרηθέντες ἐκώμασαν: ὦν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
θερμὸν ἔχων νέον οἷστρον ὑπὸ φρένα, πομπὸν Ἐρώτων,
³⁸⁵ πῆχῃ λαχνήεντι μέσῃν ἡγκάσσατο Βάκχην:
ὃς δὲ νοσπλάγκτοιο μέθης δεδονημένος οἷστρω
παρθενικῆς ἀγάμοιο σαόφρονος ἦψατο μίτρης,
αὖ ἐρύων ἐπὶ Κύπριν ἀπειθέος εἴματα νύμφης,
χειρὶ δ' ὀπισθοβόλῳ ῥοδέων ἐπαφήσατο μηρῶν:
³⁹⁰ καὶ τις ἀναινομένην ἀνεσεύρασε μύστιδα κούρην
λαμπάδα νυκτιχόρευτον ἀναπτομένην Διωνύσῳ:

ὃς δὲ περὶ στέρνοις πεφιδημένα δάκτυλα βάλλων
οἶδαλέην ἔθλιψεν ἄκαμπέος ἄντυγα μαζοῦ.

[382] Many of the horned Satyrs joined furiously in the festive dancing with sportive steps. One felt within him a new hot madness, the guide to love, and threw a hairy arm round a Bacchanal girl's waist. One shaken by the madness of mindcrazing drink laid hold of the girdle of a modest unwedded maid, and as she would have no lovemaking pulled her back by the dress and touched her rosy thighs from behind. Another dragged back a struggling mystic maiden while kindling the torch for the god's nightly dances, laid timid fingers upon her bosom and pressed the swelling circle of her firm breast.

καὶ γλυκερῆς Διόνυσος ἔῃς μετὰ κῶμον ὀπώρας
395 δύσατο κυδιόων Κυβελήδος ἄντρα θεαίνης,
κλήματα βοτρύοντα φιλανθεί χειρὶ τιταίνων,
Μαιονίην δ' ἐδίδαξεν ἐὴν ἄγρυπνον ἑορτήν.

[394] After the revels over his sweet fruit, Dionysos proudly entered the cave of Cybeleïd goddess Rheia, waving bunches of grapes in his flowerloving hand, and taught Maionia the vigil of his feast.

BOOK 13

ἐν τρισκαίδεκάτῳ στρατιὴν νήριθμον ἐνίφω
καὶ προμάχους ἥρωας ἀγειρομένους Διονύσῳ.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ προέηκεν ἐς αὖλια θέσκελα Ῥείης
Ἴριν ἀπαγγέλλουσαν ἐγερσιμόθῳ Διονύσῳ,
ὄφρα δίκης ἀδίδακτον ὑπερφιάλων γένος Ἴνδῶν
Ἀσίδος ἐξελάσειεν ἐῷ ποινήτορι θύρσῳ,
5 ναύμαχον ἀμήσας ποταμήιον ὕλα κεράστην,
Δηριάδην βασιλῆα, καὶ ἔθνεα πάντα διδάξῃ
ὄργια νυκτιχόρευτα καὶ οἶνοπα καρπὸν ὀπώρης.

BOOK XIII

*In the thirteenth, I will tell of a host innumerable, and champion heroes
gathering for Dionysos.*

Father Zeus sent Iris to the divine halls of Rheia, to inform wakethefray Dionysos, that he must drive out of Asia with his avenging thyrsus the proud race of Indians untaught of justice: he was to sweep from the sea the horned son of a river, Deriades the king, and teach all nations the sacred dances of the vigil and the purple fruit of the vintage.

ἥ μὲν ἐρεσσομένων πτερύγων ἀνεμώδεϊ ῥιπῇ
δυσασμένη κελάδοντα λεοντοκόμου μυχὸν ἄντρου
10 ἄσφοφον ἴχνος ἔπηξεν, ἀφωνήτῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
σφιγξαμένη στόμα δοῦλον ὀρειάδος ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης
ἴστατο κυρτωθεῖσα, καθελκομένου δὲ καρήνου
χειλεσιν ἱκεσίοισι πόδας προσπτύξατο Ῥείης.
καὶ τὴν μὲν Κορύβαντες ἀμειδέϊ νεύματι Ῥείης
15 θεσπεσίης ἀρέσαντο παρὰ κρητῆρι τραπέζης:
θαμβалέῃ δὲ πιόῤυσα νεηγενέος χύσιν οἶνου
τέρπετο βακχευθεῖσα: καρηβαρέουσα δὲ δαίμων
παιδὶ Διὸς παρεόντι Διὸς μυκήσατο βουλὴν:

[8] She paddled her way with windswift beat of wings, and entered the echoing den of stabled lions. Noiseless her step she stayed, in silence voiceless pressed her lips, a slave before the forest queen. She stood bowing low, and bent down her head to kiss Rheia's feet with suppliant lips. Rheia unsmiling beckoned, and the Corybants served her beside the bowl of the divine table. Wondering she drank a sop of the newfound wine, delighted and excited; then with heavy head the spirit told the will of Zeus to the son of Zeus:

Ἄλκῃεις Διόνυσε, τεὸς γενέτης σε κελεύει
 20 εὐσεβίης ἀδίδακτον αἰσθῶσαι γένος Ἴνδῶν·
 ἀλλὰ τεαῖς παλάμῃσι μαχήμονα θύρσον ἀείρων
 αἰθέρος ἄξια ῥέξον, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἄμβροτος αὐλὴ
 οὐ σε πόνων ἀπάνευθε δεδέξεται, οὐδὲ σοι ὦραι
 μὴ πω ἀεθλεύσαντι πύλας πετάσωσιν Ὀλύμπου·
 25 Ἑρμείας μόγῃς ἦλθεν ἐς οὐρανόν, ὅππότε ῥάβδῳ
 ὄμμασιν ἀστράπτοντα ποδῶν ἄπο μέχρι κομάτων
 βουκόλον Ἄργον ἔπεφνε, καὶ Ἄρεα λύσατο δεσμῶν·
 Δελφύνην δ' ἐδάμασσε καὶ αἰθέρα ναῖεν Ἀπόλλων·
 οὐδὲ τεὸς γενέτης, μακάρων πρόμος, ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
 30 νόσφι πόνων ἀνέβαινεν ἐς οὐρανόν, ὄρχαμος ἄστρων,
 εἰ μὴ πρῶτον ἔδησεν ἀπειλητῆρας Ὀλύμπου
 Ταρταρίῳ Τιτῆνας ὑποκρύψας κενεῶνι.
 καὶ σὺ μετ' Ἀπόλλωνα, μεθ' Ἑρμῶνα, μογῆσας
 μισθὸν ἔχεις καμάτων πατρώιον αἰθέρα ναίειν.

[19] “O mighty Dionysos! Your father bids you destroy the race of Indians, untaught of piety. Come, lift the thyrsus of battle in your hands, and earn heaven by your deeds. For the immortal court of Zeus will not receive you without hard work, and the Seasons will not open the gates of Olympus to you unless you have struggled for the prize. Hermeias hardly could win his way to heaven, and only when he killed with his rod Argos the cowherd, sparkling with eyes from his feet to the hair of his head, and when he had set Ares free from prison. Apollo mastered Delphyne, and then he came to live in the sky. Even your own father, chief of the Blessed, Zeus Lord in the Highest, did not rise to heaven without hard work, he the sovereign of the stars: first he must bind fast those threatenders of Olympus, the Titans, and hide them deep in the pit of Tartaros. You also do your work, after Apollo, after Hermaon, and your prize for your labours will be a home in your father’s heaven.”

35 ὥς φαμένη πρὸς Ὀλύμπον ἔβη θεός· αἴψα δὲ Ῥεῖη
 παμμήτωρ προέηκεν ἀγέστρατον ἀγγελιώτην
 Πύρριχον, ὄρχηστῆρα φιλοσμαράγιοιο βοείης,
 φύλοπιν ἀγγέλλοντα κορυσσομένοιο Λυαίου.
 καὶ στρατιῇν πολύμορφον ἀολλίζων Διονύσῳ
 40 Πύρριχος ἀενάοιο διέδραμεν ἔδρανα κόσμου·
 Εὐρώπης δὲ γένεθλα καὶ Ἀσίδος ἔθνεα γαίης
 πάντας ἄγων νόστησεν ἐς ἀβροβίων χθόνα Λυδῶν.

[35] With these words the goddess returned to Olympus. At once Rheia Allmother sent out her messenger to gather the host, Pyrrichos, the dancer before her loverattle timbrel, to proclaim the warfare of Lyaaios under arms.

Pyrrhichos, gathering a varied army for Dionysos, scoured all the settlements of the eternal world; all the races of Europe and the nations of the Asiatic land he brought to rendezvous in the land of the livedainty Lydians.

ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέων προμάχων ἥρωϊδα φύτλην
καὶ λασίων Σατύρων, Κενταυρίδος αἶμα γενέθλης,
45 Σειληνῶν τε φάλαγγα δασυκνήμοιο γεραιοῦ
καὶ στίχα Βασσαρίδων Κορυβαντίδες εἵπατε Μοῦσαι:
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόσα φύλα δέκα γλώσσησιν ἀείσω
οὐδὲ δέκα στομάτεσσι χέων χαλκόθορον ἥχῳ,
ὅπποσα Βάκχος ἄγειρε δορυσσόος, ἀλλὰ λιγαίνων
50 ἡγεμόνας καὶ Ὅμηρον ἀοσητήρα καλέσσω
εὐεπίης ὅλον ὄρμον, ἐπεὶ πλωτῆρες ἀλῆται
πλαγκτοσύνης καλέουσιν ἀρηγόνα κυανοχαίτην.

[43] But the heroic breed of farscattered champions, the hairy Satyrs, the blood of the Centaur tribe, the bushyknee ancient and his phalanx of the Seilenoi, the regiment of Bassarids – do you sing me these, O Corybantic Muses! For I could not tell so many peoples with ten tongues, not if I had ten mouths pouring a voice of brass, all those which Bacchos gathered for his spearchasing. Yet I will loudly name their leaders, and I will call to my aid Homer, the one great harbour of language undefiled, since mariners lost astray call on Seabluehair to save them from their wandering ways.

πρῶτα μὲν, εὐθύρσοιο καλεσσαμένου Διονύσου,
Ἀκταίων ταχὺς ἦλθεν ὁμόγνιον αἶμα γεραίρων,
55 πατρίδος Ἀοίνης ἐπτάστομον οὔδας ἑάσας:
Βοιωτῶν δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον οἱ χθόνα Θήβης
ῥκεον εὐπύργοιο καὶ ἔνδιον ἐννοσιγαίου
Ὀγχηστόν, Πετεῶνα καὶ Ὠκαλέην καὶ Ἐρύθρας,
Ἄρην βοτρυόεσσαν, ἀγαλλομένην Διονύσω,
60 οἱ τε Μίδειαν ἔναιον, ἀειδομένας τε πολίχνας
Εἰλέσιον καὶ Σκῶλον ἀλικρήπιδά τε Θίσβην,
ὄρμον ἐντρήρωνα θαλασσαιῆς Ἀφροδίτης,
καὶ δάπεδον Σχοίνοιο καὶ εὐχαίτην Ἐλεῶνα
κώπας τ', ἀγλαὸν οὔδας, ὅπῃ περίπυστον ἀκούω
65 ἐγγελῶν θρέπτειραν ἐπώνυμον εἰσέτι λιμνῇ,
καὶ λάσιον Μεδεῶνα, καὶ οἱ λάχον εὐβοτον Ὑλῇ,
σκυτοτόμου Τυχίοιο τανυκνήμιδα τιθήνην,
καὶ πέδον εὐρυάλω, χθονίῃ πεφυλαγμένον ὁμφῇ,
ἄρματος ὀψιγόνιοι φερώνυμον Ἀμφιαράου,
70 Θεσπιέων τε πόλῃα βαθυκνήμους τε Πλαταιαῖς
ὑδρὴλῇν θ' Ἀλῖαρτον, ὀρεσσιχύτου ποταμοῖο

χεῦμασι μεσσαιίοισι μεριζομένην Ἑλικῶνος,
 οἳ τ' εἶχον πυμάτην Ἀνθηδόνα, γείτονα πόντου,
 Βαιὴν ἰχθυβολῆος ἀειζῶοιο πολίχνην
 75 ὕγροβίου Γλαύκοιο, καὶ οἱ δυσπέμφελοι Ἄσκλην,
 πατρίδα δαφνήεσσαν ἀσιγήτοιο νομῆος,
 γραιοῖς θ' ἱερὸν ἄστυ καὶ εὐρυχόρου Μυκαλησσοῦ,
 Εὐρυάλης μίμημα φερώνυμον ἀνθερεῶνος,
 καὶ χθόνα Νισαίην καὶ ἐπώνυμον ἄστυ Κορώνου:
 80 τοῖσι μὲν ἐρχομένοισιν Ἑώϊον εἰς κλίμα γαίης
 Ἀκταίων πρόμος ἦεν, ἐπ' ἡιθέοιο δὲ νίκη
 πατροπάτωρ δαφναῖος ἐπέπταρε μάντις Ἀπόλλων

[53] First of all, to obey the summons of Dionysos with his fine thyrsus, Actaion quickly came, in respect for their kindred blood, and left the sevenmouth soil of his native Aonia. Boiotia's battalions came in a flood: those who dwelt in wellwalled Thebes and Onchestos, Earthshaker's place of sojourn, Peteon and Ocalae, and Erythrai, vineclad Arne so proud of Dionysos; and those who inhabited Mideia had the celebrated towns of Eileision and Scolon and Thisbe based upon the brine, dovehaunted harbour of Aphrodite our Lady of the Sea, and the levels of Schoinos, and leafy Eleon; and the glorious soil of Copai, where I hear still remains the famous lake of that name, the nurse of eels; and shaggy Medeon, and those that held the fine pastures of Hyle, long-stretching fostermother of Tychios the leathercraftsman; and the land of broad threshing-floors kept for the underworld oracle, to bear the name of Amphiaraios and his chariot in later days; and the city of Thespieae and deepsloping Plataiai and moist Haliartos, separated from Helicon by the stream of a mountain river between; and they who possessed Anthedon, the last place down by the sea, the little town of Glaucos the immortal fisherman who lives in the waters; and those of inclement Ascrea, the laureate home of the farmer whose name is on every tongue; and the sacred citadel of Graia, and Mycalessos with broad dancing-lawns, named to remind us of Euryale's throat; and the land of Nisa, and the city named after Coronos – all these were led by Actaion to the eastern clime, and laurelled Apollo the Seer, his father's father, sneezed victory for the young man.

Βοιωτῶν δ' ἑτέροιο προηγεμόνευεν ὁμίλου
 εὐχαιτῆς Ὑμέναιος ἔχων ἀχάρακτον ἥπνην,
 85 ἀρτιθαλῆς Βρομίῳ πεφιλημένος: ἐρχομένῳ δὲ
 κοῦρῳ παιδοκόμος πολιὸς πρόμος οὖνομα Φοῖνιξ,
 εἶπετο, Λαοκῶντι πανεικελός, ὃς πάρος Ἀργοῦς,
 νηὸς Ἰησονίης, ἐπιβήμενος εἰς χθόνα Κόλχων
 σύμπλοος ὠμάρτησε κορυσσομένῳ Μελεάγρῳ.
 90 τοῖος ἐὼν ἔτι κοῦρος, ἔχων παιδήιον ἦβην,

ἄβροκόμης Ὑμέναιος ἐδύσατο φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν,
 δινεύων ἐκάτερθε παρῆιδος ἥλικα χαίτην·
 καὶ οἱ ἐφωμάρτησαν ὁμήλυδες ἀσπιδιῶται,
 οἳ τ' Ἀσπληδόνοσ' ἄστυ, καὶ ὃν Χάρις οὐ ποτε λείπει
 95 Ὅρχομενὸν Μινύαο, χοροῖτυπον ἄλσος Ἐρώτων,
 οἳ θ' Ὑρίην ἐνέμοντο, θεηδόχον οὔδας ἀρούρης,
 ξεινοδόκου μεθέπουσαν ἐπωνυμίην Ὑριῆος,
 ἥχι Γίγας ἀπέλεθρος ἀπειρογάμων ἀπὸ λέκτρων
 Ὠρίων τριπάτωρ ἀπὸ μητέρος ἄνθορε Γαίης,
 100 εὔτε θεῶν τριγόνοισιν ἀεξηθεῖσα γενέθλαις
 εἰς τόκον αὐτοτέλεστον ἐμορφώθη χύσις οὔρων,
 αὔλακα νυμφεύσασα τελεσσιγόνοιο βοείης,
 καὶ χθονὸς ἄσπορον νῆα λαγῶν μαιώσατο Γαίης,
 οἳ τ' ἔχον ἀγρομένων ξεινηδόκον οὔδας Ἀχαιῶν,
 105 Αὐλίδα πετρήεσαν, ἐδέθλιον ἰοχεαίρης,
 ἥχι θεὰ βαρύμηνης ὀρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ βωμῷ
 δέκτο θυηπολίην ψευδήμονος Ἴφιγενείης,
 καὶ κεμὰς οὔρεσίφοιτος ἀμεμφεῖ καίετο πυρσῷ
 ἀρπαμένης νόθον εἶδος ἀληθέος Ἴφιγενείης,
 110 ἦν Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐκόμισσε δολοπλόκος ὥς Ἀχιλῆος
 ἔσσομένην πρὸ μόθοιο παρευνέτιν, ἔνθεν ἀκοῦει
 Αὐλὶς ἀνυμφεύτοιο γαμοστόλος Ἴφιγενείης,
 ὀλκάσι δ' Ἀργείων ἐπεσύρισε πομπὸς ἀήτης
 ἄσφοφα μαστίζων ἐχενηίδος ἄκρα γαλήνης,
 115 νεβροφόνῳ βασιλῆϊ φέρων παλινάγρετον αὔρην,
 κοῦρην δ' ὅψε μολοῦσα μετάρσιος εἰς χθόνα Ταύρων
 φρικτὰ κακοξείνων ἐδιδάσκετο θεσμὰ λεβήτων,
 ἀνέρα δαιτρεύουσα, καὶ ἀνδροφόνῳ παρὰ βωμῷ
 γνωτὸν ἀλιπτοίητον ἀνεζώγρησεν Ὀρέστην.

[83] A second host of Boiotians was led by finehair Hymenaios with unmarked chin, young and fresh, beloved by Bromios. As Guardian for the boy came a hoary chieftain named Phoinix; like Laocoön who long ago embarked in the Argo, Iason's ship, and sailed with Meleagros to the Colchian land, his comrade in the battlefield. Such another boy was this in the prime of youth, Hymenaios, with his luxuriant hair curving round either cheek, never cut since he was born, on the way to the Indian War. Shieldmen bare him company, who dwelt in the stronghold of Aspledon, and the dancebeaten precinct of the loves, Orchomenos city of Minyas, which the Graces never leave; those who dwelt in Hyria, that hospitable land which entertained the gods named after hospitable Hyrieus; where that huge giant born of no marriage-bed, threefather Orion, sprang up from his mother earth, after a shower of piss from three gods grew in generative fruitfulness to the selfmade shape of a child, having impregnated a wrinkle of a fruitful oxhide. Then a hollow of the

earth was midwife to earth's unbegotten son. Those also came who possessed the place where the assembling Achaeans found refuge, rocky Aulis, pavement of the Archeress: where the goddess in heavy resentment received at her altar in the mountains the offering of a pretended Iphigeneia, and a wild pricket of the hills was burnt in a blameless fire, changeling shape of the true Iphigeneia who had been carried away. She it was that cunning Odysseus brought to be Achilles' bride before the trouble, and hence Aulis has the name of matchmaker for Iphigeneia who never married at all; for a guiding wind whistled over the Argive ships, and brought a rescuing breeze for the fawnslayer king. But the girl passed at last on high to the Taurian land, and there she was taught the inhospitable law of their horrible kettles, in cutting up men for meat; but beside the murderous altar she saved the life of her seabeaten brother Orestes.

120 Βοιωτῶν τόσος ἦλθεν ἀμετρήτων στόλος ἀνδρῶν
Ἰνδῶν ἐπὶ δῆριν ὁμαρτήσας Ὑμεναίω.

[120] Such was the infinite host of Boiotian men who went with Hymenaios to the Indian War.

τοῖσι συνεστρατώντο σοφῇ παρὰ Δελφίδι πέτρῃ
ἀγχίποροι Φωκῆες ὁμήλυδες, οἱ Κυπαρίσσου
εἶχον ἔδος καὶ γαῖαν Ὑάμπολιν, ἣν περ ἄκούω
125 Ἀονίης ὕδς οὔδας ἐπώνυμον, ἣ περὶ μορφῆς
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ ἤρισε Τριτογενεΐη:
οἳ τ' ἔλαχον Πυθῶνα καὶ ἀμφίκριμνον ἀλώην,
Κρῖσαν ἀειδομένην καὶ Δαυλίδα καὶ Πανοπῆα,
γείτονα Βάκχον ἔχοντες, ἐπεὶ δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων
130 κλῆρον ἔδν ξύνωσε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
Παρνησσὸν δικάρηνον: ἀγειρομένοισι δὲ λαοῖς
Πυθιάς ὁμφῆεσσα θεηγόρος ἔκλαγε πέτρῃ
καὶ τρίπος αὐτοβόητος, ἀσιγῆτοιο δὲ πηγῆς
Κασταλίας ἄλλον οἶδμα σοφῷ πάφλαζε ῥέεθρῳ.

[122] These were joined by comrades marching from Phocis near the wise Delphian rock: those who held the settlement of Cyparissos and the land of Hyampolis, taking its name as I hear from the Aonian Sow, which lifted a proud neck and challenged Tritogeneia to a beautymatch. There were also those who had Python and the gardens among the precipices, famous Crisa, and Daulis, and Panopeus, neighbour of Bacchos, for laurelled Apollo had made common with his brother Dionysos twopeak Parnassos his domain; as the peoples gathered, the Pythian rock uttered the inspired voice of God, and the tripod spoke of itself, and the babbling rill of Castalia that never silent

spring, bubbled with wisdom in its waters.

135 Εὐβοέων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεον ἀσπιδιῶται
παιδοκόμοι Κορύβαντες ἀεζομένου Διονύσου,
οἳ Φρύγα κόλπον ἔχοντες ὄρεσιπόλῳ παρὰ Πρείη
νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐκυκλώσαντο βοεῖαις,
τόν ποτε πορφυρέῳ κεκαλυμμένον οἶνοπι πέπλῳ
140 εὖρον ἐνὶ σκοπέλοις, κερόεν βρέφος, ἔνθα μιν Ἴνώ
Μύστιδι παιδοκόμῳ παρακάτθετο μητρί Κορύμβου:
οἳ τότε πάντες ἴκανον ἀειδομένης ἀπὸ νήσου,
Πρυμνεὺς εἰλιπόδης τε Μίμας καὶ ὀρίδρομος Ἄκμων
Δαμνεὺς τ' Ὠκύθοός τε σακεσπάλος, οἷς ἅμα βαιῶν
145 σύνδρομος Ἰδαίῳ κορυθαίολος ἦλθε Μελισσεύς,
οὓς ποτε δυσσεβίης κεκορυθμένος ἄφρονι κέντρῳ
Σῶκος ἀλιζώνοιο πατήρ νοσφίσσατο πάτρης
Κόμβης ἐπτατόκου μετὰ μητέρος: οἳ δὲ φυγόντες
Κνώσσιον οὔδας ἴκοντο, καὶ ἔμπαλιν ἦσαν ἀλῆται
150 εἰς Φρυγίην Κρήτηθεν, ἀπὸ Φρυγίης ἐς Ἀθήνας,
ἄλλοδαποὶ ναετῆρες ὁμέστοι, εἰσόκε Κέκροφ
Σῶκον ἀπηλοίησε Δίκης ποινήτορι χαλκῷ,
καὶ χθόνα καλλεῖφαντες ἀλικύστου Μαραθῶνος
νόστιμον ἶχνος ἔκαμψαν ἐς ἱερὸν οὔδας Ἀβάντων,
155 Κουρήτων προτέρων χθόνιον γένος, οἷς μέλος αὐλῶν,
οἷς βίος εὐκελάδων ξιφῶν κτύπος, οἷς τινι ῥυθμῷ
κύκλα ποδῶν μεμέλητο καὶ ἀσπιδόεσσα χορεῖη.
τοῖσι συνεστρατώνοντο μαχήμονες υἱες Ἀβάντων,
οἳ λάχον ὄφρυόεσσαν Ἑρέτριαν, οἳ λάχον ἄμφω,
160 καὶ Στύρα καὶ Κήρινθον, ἀειδομένης τε Καρύστου
ἔδρανα καὶ Δίου κραναὸν πέδον, οἳ τ' ἔχον ἀκτὴν,
ἀκτὴν κυματόεσσαν ἀσιγήτοιο Γεραιστοῦ,
καὶ Στύγα καὶ Κοτυλαῖον ἔδος καὶ Σιρίδος ἔδρην
Μαρμαρίου τε τένοντα καὶ Ὠγυγίης πέδον Αἰγῆς:
165 τοῖς ἅμα λαὸς ἴκανεν ὁμόστολος, οἷς πέλε πάτρη
Χαλκίς, ὀπισθοκόμων μητρόπολις Ἑλλοπιῶν.
ἐπτα μὲν ἡγεμόνες στρατὸν ὥπλισαν, ἀλλ' ἓνα πάντες
θυμὸν ἔχον κατ' Ἄρηα: καὶ ἀστέρας αἶθοπι βωμῷ
Ζωδιακῆς ναετῆρας ἐμειλίξαντο κελεύθου,
170 δῆριν ἰσηρίθμοισιν ἐπιτρέψαντες ἀλήταις.

[135] The Euboian battalions were ruled by shieldbearing Corybants, guardians of Dionysos in his growing days: who in the Phrygian gulf beside mountainranging Rheia surrounded Bacchos still a child with their drumskins. They found him once, a horned baby, covered with a cloak the colour of purple wine, lying among the rocks where Ino had left him in charge of

Mystis the mother of Corymbos. All these came then from the famous island: Prymneus, and Mimas Waddlefoot, and Acmon the forester, Damneus and Ocythoös the shieldman; and with them came flash-helm Melisseus as comrade to Idaios, whom their father Socos under the insane goad of impiety had once cast out of their brinegirt country along with Combe the mother of seven. They escaped and passed to Cnossian soil, and again went on their travels from Crete to Phrygia, and foreign settlers and hearthguests until Cecrops destroyed Socos with avenging blade of justice; then leaving the land of brineflooded Marathon turned their steps homewards to the sacred soil of the Abantes, the earthborn stock of the ancient Curetes, whose life is the tune of pipes, whose life is the goodly noise of beaten swords, whose heart is set upon rhythmic circling of the feet and the shieldwise dancing. To the army came also warrior sons of the Abantes, whose lot was in the beetling brows of Eretria, whose lot was both Styra and Cerinthos, and the settlements of farfamed Carystos, and the barren land of Dion, those who held the shore, that boisterous shore of Geraistos never silent, and Styx and the Cotylaian fort and the habitation of Siris, the stretches of Marmarion and the domain of ancient Aige. With these ranged themselves those whose country was Chalcis, mother city of the Ellopians with backflowing hair. Seven captains armed this host, but all of one temper for war: with blazing altar they propitiated the tenants of the Zodiac path, committing their campaign to the planets of equal number.

Κεκροπίδας δ' ἐκόρυσσε μόθων ἀκόρητος Ἐρεχθεύς —

χρῦσεον ἀγλαόπαιδος Ἐρεχθέος αἶμα κομίζων,
τὸν ποτε πυρσοφόροιο κατὰ πτύχα παρθενεῶνος
παρθένος αὐτολόχευτος ἀνέτρεφεν ἄρσενι μαζῷ

¹⁷⁵ παιδοκόμος γλαυκῶπις ἀνήροτος, αἰδομένη δὲ
παρθενίῳ πῆχυνεν ἀήθεϊ κοῦρον ἀγοστῷ
Ἥφαιστιάδην, ὅτε δύσγαμος ἀμφιγυήεις
ἄλλοιῃ φιλότῃτι γονὴν ἔσπειρεν ἀρουρή,
θερμὸν ἀκοντίζων αὐτόσσυτον ἀφρὸν Ἐρώτων:

¹⁸⁰ τοῖος Ἀθηναίων στρατιῆς πρόμος ἦλθεν Ἐρεχθεύς,

Σίφνον ἔχων συνάεθλον, ὁμόπτολιν ἡγεμονῆα — ,
οἷ λάχον Οἰνῶης γόνιμον πέδον, οἷ τε καρήνων
γεῖτονος Ὑμήττοιο μελισσήεντας ἐναύλους

καὶ τέμενος βαθύδενδρον ἐλαιοκόμου Μαραθῶνος,

¹⁸⁵ οἷ τε πόλιν Κελεοῖο, καὶ οἷ λάχον ὄρμον Ἀθήνης,

ἄγχιαλον Βραυρῶνα, κενήριον Ἰφιγενείης,

καὶ δάπεδον Θορίκοιο καὶ εὐώδινος Ἀφίδνης,

οἷ τ' ἔχον ἀγλαόπαιδος Ἐλευσινίην χθόνα Δηοῦς,

μυστιπόλοι ταλάροιο καὶ εὐκάρποιο θεαίνης,

¹⁹⁰ Τριπτολέμου γεγαῶτες ἀφ' αἵματος, ὅς ποτε Δηοῦς

δίφρον ἐχιδνήεντα δι' ἡέρος ἥνιοχεύων

στικτὰ φερεσταχύων ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα δρακόντων:

καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα σιδήρεα τεύχεα πάλλων
 παῖσι κορυσσομένοισι γέρων ὤρεξεν Ἀχαρνεὺς:
 195 καὶ στίχες Ἀτθίδος ἦλθον ἐπὶ ἡλυδες, ἐγρεμόθων δὲ
 σὺν δορί, σὺν ξιφέεσσιν ἐπειγομένων ναιετῆρων
 εἰς μόθον εὐπήληκες ἐβακχεύθησαν Ἀθῆναι,
 ἔσσυμένων δ' ἔς Ἀρρα λιμὴν ἤχρησε Φαληρεὺς:
 καὶ πολὺς ἀγγέλλων προτέρην αὐτόχθονα φύτλην
 200 χρύσεος εὐπλέκτοισι κόμαις ἐσφίγγετο τέττιξ.

[171] The Cecropides were mustered by Erechtheus, the glutton of battle. – He had in him the golden blood of Erechtheus father of glorious sons, whom once the Virgin selfborn nursed at her manly breast in the recess of her torchlit maiden chamber, Brighteyes unwedded turned nursemaid, and shamefast clasped with her inexperienced maiden arm that son of Hephaistos, when Crookshank unhappy in his wife split his seed in unnatural love, and the hot foam of love fell of itself on the earth. – This was the Erechtheus who came as captain of the Athenians, with Siphnos to share his task, chief of that same city: those whose lot was in the fertile land of Oinoë, and the bee-frequented vales on the heights of neighbouring Hymettos, and the deep woody borders of oliveplanted Marathon, and the city of Celeos; and those from the harbour of Athens, Brauron near the sea, the empty barrow of Iphigeneia, and the ground of Thoricos, and teeming Aphidna; and those who hold the Eleusinian land of daughterproud Deo, initiates of the Basket and the goodfruit goddess, those born of the blood of Triptolemos: who once on a time drove Deo's chariot and serpents through the air, with their load of cornears, and lashed the serpents' backs. Many an old man of Acharnai came, flourishing his armour of steel about and holding it out to his sons equipping themselves. The ranks of Attica came to join; with spears and with sword the burghers hastened to make the fray, on to the fray fine helmet on head came Athens ranging along, the harbour of Phaleron resounded with men hurrying to war; many a golden cicada was made fast in the plaited hair to proclaim their ancient indigenous race.

πατριδα γαῖαν ἔλειπε καὶ Αἰακός, ὃν νόθος ὄρνις
 ἀρπαμένῃ σπέρμηνε μιγείς Ἀσωπίδι νύμφῃ,
 αἰετὸς Αἰγίνης πτερόεις πόσις ὕψιπέτης Ζεὺς:
 ἐκ δὲ γάμου πεφάτιστο καὶ Αἰακός: ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
 205 χραισμήσαι μενέαινε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ:
 Μυρμιδόνων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεεν ἰδμονι τέχνῃ,
 οἳ πρὶν ἔσαν μύρμηκες ἐφερπύζοντες ἀρούρη,
 ποσσὶ πολυσπερέεσσι μεμηλότες, εἰσόκεν αὐτῶν
 ἐκ χροδὸς οὐτιδανοῖο χαμαιγενὲς εἶδος ἀμείψας
 210 φέρτερον εἰς δέμας ἄλλο μετέπλασεν ὕψιμέδων Ζεὺς,
 καὶ στρατὸς ἐβλάστησεν ἐνόπλιος: ἐξαπίνης γὰρ

ἄλλοφυής, ἄφθογγος, ἀπόσπορος ἔσμδος ἀρούρης
 εἰς βροτὸν αὐδῆεντα δέμας μορφώσατο μύρμηξ·
 τῶν πρόμος Αἰακὸς ἦρχεν, ἐν εὐτύκτῳ δὲ βοεῖη
 215 Ζῆνα νόθον σοφὸν ὄρνιν ἐπέγραφε, σῆμα γενέθλης,
 φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσιν ἐλαφρίζοντα γυναῖκα,
 καὶ ποταμὸς πυρίκαυτος ἔην σχεδόν, ἄγχι δὲ κούρη
 οἰκτρὰ κατηφίωσα, καὶ εἰ πέλεν ἄπνοος εἰκὼν,
 δόχμιον ὄμμα τίταινεν, ἄτε στενάχουσα τοκῆα
 220 Ἀσωπὸν βαρύνουνον, ἔοικε δὲ τοῦτο βοῆσαι.
 ‘καλὸν ἐμοὶ πόρες ἔδνον ἐμὸν γενετῆρα δαμάσας.’

[201] Aiacos also left his native land, whom the sham bird begot, mingling with the daughter of Asopos whom he carried off, the eagle, highsoaring of Zeus the feathered husband of Aigina. He was named Aiacos from this marriage; and most of all he was eager to help his brother Dionysos. He mustered his companies of Myrmidons with competent skill. These once were ants crawling over the earth with their many busy feet, until Zeus in the Highest changed them from their insignificant clayborn shape to a better body, and up grew an armed host: for in a moment a speechless swarm of ants bred in the clay changed their shape and nature into mortals with speech. These were the host that Aiacos led as captain, and he graved on his wellwrought shield, as a token of their origin, Zeus the sham bird with a mind, carrying a woman in gentle talons. Near it was a river god on fire, and a girl beside him sad and downcast, even if she was a lifeless image; she turned her eye aside as if mourning for her father stiffknee Asopos, and she seemed to be crying – “A fine bridegift you have brought me, in destroying my father!”

Κρήτης δ' ἡγεμόνευε πολυγλώσσω νηπιῶν
 Ἀστέριος φαιδρωπὸν ἔχων δέμας, ἀμφοτέρων δὲ
 ὅσσον ἔην ἐρόεις, τόσον ἄλκιμος, ὃν ποτε νύμφη
 225 λυσαμένη Μίνωι σαόφρονος ἄμμα κορείης
 Φαιστιᾶς Ἀνδρογένεια Κυδωναίῃ τέκεν εὐνῇ·
 ὃς τότε λαὸν ἄγων ἐκατόμπολιν οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ
 ἵκετο κυδαίνων ἐμφύλιον αἵμα γενέθλης
 πατρὸς ἐοῦ· Σεμέλης γὰρ ἀνεψιὸς ἔπλετο Μίνως,
 230 Κάδμου ξυνὰ γένεθλα: πολυσπερέες δὲ μαχηταὶ
 πάντες ἐνὶ σπεύδοντι συνέρρεον ἡγεμονῆϊ,
 οἳ μὲν ἀπὸ Κνωσσοῖο μαχήμονες, οἳ δ' ἀπὸ Λύκτου
 Μιλήτου στρατιῇσι συνήλυδες: οἷς ἅμα πολλοὶ
 ὑπὸ Φοῖβου Γόρτυνος ἐθωρήσσοντο πολῖται
 235 καὶ ναέται Ῥυτίοιο καὶ εὐκάρποιο Λυκάστου...
 καὶ χθόνα Νωδαίοιο Διὸς καὶ ἐδέθλια Βοιβῆς
 καὶ δάπεδον Κισάμοιο, καὶ ἄστεα καλὰ Κυταίου.
 τοῖος ἀπὸ Κρήτης πρόμος ἦλυθεν: ἐρχομένῳ δὲ

θερμότεραις ἄκτισι χέων μαντήιον αἶγλην
240 Ἀστερίῳ σελάγιζεν ὁμώνυμος Ἄρεος ἄστηρ,
νίκης ἔσσομένης πρωτάγγελος· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
νικήσας νόθον οἷστρον ἀήθεος ἔσχεν ἀρούρης
νηλῆς· οὐ γὰρ ἔμελλεν ἰδεῖν μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἴνδῶν
245 ἄλλὰ βίον προβέβουλε λιπόπτολιν, ἀντὶ δὲ Δίκτης
Κνώσσιος ἐν Σκυθίῃ μετανάστιος ἔσκε πολίτης,
καὶ πολὶὸν Μίνωα καὶ Ἀνδρογένειαν ἔασας
ξεινοφόνων σοφὸς ἦλθεν ἐς ἔθνεα βάρβαρα Κόλχων,
Ἀστερίους δ' ἐκάλεσσε καὶ ὤπασεν οὖνομα Κόλχοις
250 Κρητικόν, οἷς ξένα θεσμὰ φύσις πόρε, παιδοκόμου δὲ
πάτριον Ἀμνισοῖο ῥόον Κρηταῖον ἔασας
αἰδομένοις στομάτεσσι νόθον πίε Φάσιδος ὕδωρ.

[222] Crete with its peoples of many tongues was commanded by Asterios, one of brilliant beauty, one as lovely as he was strong, both together; his mother was Phaistian Androgeneia, who loosed the girdle of maiden modesty for Minos, and bore her son in a Cydonian bed. He came bringing the people of the hundred cities for wineface Bacchos to honour the blood of his own father's family; for Minos was cousin of Semele and of Cadmos's kin. All the farscattered warriors gathered to one stirring leader; men of war from Cnossos, other from Lyctos joined with troops from Miletos. With them was a large body of armed burghers from hilly Gortyn, and others from Rhytion and fertile Lycastos, and the country of Nodaian Zeus and the habitations of Boibe and the lands of Cisamos and the fair cities of Cytaios. Such was the captain from Crete; and as he came the star of Ares shone upon his starry namesake Asterios, first harbinger of victory to come, pouring forth a prophetic radiance with hotter beams. But after victory in battle he conceived a bastard passion for the strange country, being hard of heart. For after the Indian War he was not to see his native land the cave of the Idaian mount shimmering with helmets; he preferred a life of exile, and instead of Dicte he became a Cnossian settler in Scythia. He left greyheaded Minos and Androgeneia; the civilized man joined the barbaric tribes of guest-murdering Colchians, called them Asterians and gave a Cretan name to Colchians whose nature provided them with outlandish customs. He left his own country and the Cretan river of Amnisos which nourished his childhood, and with shamefast lips drank the foreign water of Phasis.

μοῦνος Ἀρισταῖος βραδὺς ἦιε λοίσθιος ἄλλων,
ὅσσοι γαῖαν ἔναιον ὁμόურიον Ἑλλάδι γαίῃ,
255 ὃς μέλιτος γλυκεροῖο πολυτρήτων ἀπὸ σίμβλων
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε, καὶ οἶνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ
ἥρισεν ἀπρήκτῳ μελιηδέος ἐλπίδι νίκης:

ἄμφοτέροις δ' ἐδίκαζον, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου:
 ἀλλὰ πάις Φοίβοιο νεόρρυτα χεῦματα σίμβλων
 260 ἄθανάτοις ὀρέγων μελιηδέος ἥμβροτε νίκης,
 ὅττι θεοὶ παχὺ χεῦμα φιλοπτόρθοιο μελίσσης
 δεξάμενοι κόρον ὅξυν ἄτερπέος εἶχον ἐέρησης:
 καὶ κόρος ἦν μακάρων τρίτατον δέπας, οὐ δὲ τετάρτου
 κίρναμένου γεύσαντο παλιννόστοιο κυπέλλου,
 265 καὶ μάλα διψῶντες: ἄρνομένοιο δὲ Βάκχου
 ὄμβρω ἔυρραθάμιγχι νόον τέρποντες ἐέρησης
 εἰς ὅλον ἦμαρ ἔπινον ἀλωφήτου χύσιν οἶνου:
 καὶ μεθύων γλυκὺν οἶνον ἐθάμβεεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω
 ἐξ ἐτέρου ποθέων ἔτερον δέπας ἡδέι θυμῷ,
 270 εὐφροσύνην ἀκόρητον ἔχων θελξίφρονος οἶνου:
 Ζεὺς δὲ μελιρραθάμιγγος ἐθάμβεεν ἔργα μελίσσης,
 δαιδαλέην δ' ὠδῖνα φιλοσμήνου τοκετοῖο,
 δῶρον Ἀρισταίοιο, καὶ οἶνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ
 ὥπασε λυσιπόνιοιο φέρειν πρωτάγρια νίκης.
 275 ἔνθεν Ἀρισταῖος βραδὺς ἦεν εἰς μόθον Ἴνδῶν,
 ὄψιμος εὐνήσας πρότερον χόλον ἄρπαγος ἥβης,
 ἔνδιον Ἑρμείαιο λιπὼν Κυλλήνιον ἔδρην:
 οὐ πω γὰρ προτέρῃ Μεροπηίδι νάσσατο νήσῳ,
 οὐ πω δ' ἀτμὸν ἔπαυσε πυρῶδεα διψάδος ὥρης
 280 Ζηνὸς ἀλεξικάκοιο φέρων φυσίζοον αὔρην,
 οὐδὲ σιδηροχίτων δεδοκμημένος ἀστέρος αἴγλην
 Σείριον αἰθαλόεντος ἀναστέλλων πυρετοῖο
 ἐννύχιον πρήυνε, τὸν εἰσέτι διψαλέον πῦρ
 θερμὸν ἀκοντίζοντα δι' αἰθέρος αἴθοπι λαιμῷ
 285 ἄσθμασι λεπταλέοισι καταψύχουσι ἀῖται:

[253] Aristaios came slow by himself, last of all those who dwelt in the regions round about the Hellenic land. He lifted high his neck, proud of the sweet honey from his riddled hives. He had challenged Dionysos with his wine, and vainly hoped for the victory of his sweet honey. All the denizens of Olympos judged between them. Phoibos's son offered the new-flowing juice from his hives to the immortals; but he failed to win the victory, because when the gods took the thick juice from the plantloving bee, they soon had enough and tired of the liquid. A third rummer was more than enough for the Blessed; when the cup came round with the fourth brew they would not taste it, thirsty though they were. But when Bacchos ladled out his glorious dewy drops, they were delighted, and drank his flowing wine all day long unceasing. Even drunken they admired the sweet wine, and called for cup after cup one after another with jolly glee, full of hearty good cheer for the bewitching stuff. Zeus admired Aristaios's gift, the product of the honeydropping bee and the curious artwork of the hiveloving brood, but he gave the first prize for

troublesoothing victory to Dionysos and his wine. That is why Aristaios came slow to the Indian War. After so long he had only just quieted his old grudge of his greedy youth, and left Hermeias's cave in Cyllene; for he had not yet migrated to the island formerly called Meropis: he had not yet brought there the lifebreathing wind of Zeus the Defender, and checked the fiery vapour of the parched season; he had not stood steelclad to receive the glare of Seirios, and all night long repelled and calmed the star's fiery heat – and even now the winds cool him with light puffs, as he lances his hot parching fire through the air from glowing throat. But he still dwelt in the land of Parrhasia.

ἀλλ' ἔτι Παρρασίης πέδον ὤκεεν. ἐρχομένω δὲ
λαὸς ἐθωρήθη βαλανηφάγος Ἀρκὰς ἀλήτης,
οἳ τ' εἶχον Λασιῶνα καὶ ἄλσεα καλὰ Λυκαίου
καὶ κранаῖν Στύμφηλον, ἀειδομένην τε πολίχνην
290 Ῥίπην καὶ Στρατίην καὶ Μαντινέην καὶ Ἐνίσπην
Παρρασίην τ' εὐδενδρον, ὅπῃ πέδον ἐστὶ θεαίνης
ἀστιβὲς ἀρχεγόνοιο λεχώιον εἰσέτι Ῥεῖης,
καὶ δάπεδον Φενεοῖο καὶ ὄρχηθμοῖο τοκῆα,
Ὀρχομενὸν πολύμηλον, ἐδέθλιον Ἀπιδανήων,
295 οἳ τ' ἔχον Ἀρκαδίην πόλιν Ἀρκάδος, ὃν ποτε μήτηρ
Καλλιστῶ Διὶ τίκτε, πατὴρ δέ μιν εἰς πόλον ἄστρον
στηρίξας ἐκάλεσσε χαλαζήεντα Βοώτην:
τόσσον Ἀρισταῖος στρατὸν ὥπλισεν Ἀρκάδι λόγχῃ
ἀνδράσι μαρναμένοις νομάδας κύνας εἰς μόθον ἔλκων,
300 τὸν ποτε Κυρήνη, κεμαδοσσόος Ἄρτεμις ἄλλη,
Φοιβείῃ φιλότῃτι λεοντοφόνος τέκε νύμφη,
ὅππότε μιν Λιβύῃ ψαμαθῶδεϊ καλὸς Ἀπόλλων
ἤγαγε νυμφοκόμῳ μετανάστιον ἄρπαγι δίφρῳ.
καὶ μιν ἐπισπεύδοντα λιπῶν μαντώδεα δάφνην
305 αὐτὸς ἑαῖς παλάμῃσι πατὴρ θώρηξεν Ἀπόλλων:
παιδὶ δὲ τόξον ἔδωκε, καὶ ἥρμοσε χειρὶ βοείην
δαίδαλεν, γλαφυρὴν δὲ καθιεμένην διὰ νώτου
ῶμαδιῷ τελαμῶνι κατεκλήισσε φαρέτρην.

[286] He was followed by the vagabond acornfed Arcadians under arms, those that held Lasion, and the fine glades of Lycaios, and rocky Stymphalos, and Rhipe famous town; Stratia and Mantinea and Enispe, and woodland Parrhasia, where is still to be found the place untrodden in which primeval goddess Rheia was brought to bed; the region of Pheneos, and Orchomenos rich in sheep, only begetter of the dance, seat of Apidaneans. There were there also those of Arcadia, city of Arcas son of Callisto and Zeus, whose father fixed him in the starry firmament and called him Boötes Hailbringer. Such was the host which Aristaios armed with the Arcadian lance, and led sheepdogs to battle with warring men. He was the son of Cyrene, that

deerchasing second Artemis, the girl lionkiller, who bore him to the love of Phoibos; when handsome Apollo carried her abroad to sandy Libya in a robber's car for a bridal equipage. And as he came in haste, Apollo his father left the prophetic laurel and armed him with his own hands, gave his son a bow, and fitted his arm with a curiously wrought shield, and fastened the hollow quiver by a strap over the shoulder to hang down his back.

τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Σικελίηθεν ἐκηβόλος ἦλθεν Ἀχάτης,
310 καὶ οἱ ἐφωμάρτησαν ὁμήλυδες ἀσπιδιῶται,
Κιλλυριῶν τ' Ἐλύμων τε πολὺς στρατός, οἳ τε Παλίκων
ἔδρανον ἀμφενέμοντο, καὶ οἱ Κατάνην πᾶρα λίμνην
γεῖτονα Σειρήνων πόλιν ὤκεον, ἃς Ἀχελῷω
Τερψιχόρη ῥοδόεσσα βοοκραίρων ἀπὸ λέκτρων
315 τίκτεν ἀελλήεντι συναπτομένη παρακοίτῃ:
οἳ τ' εἶχον Καμάριναν, ὅπη κελάδοντι ῥέεθρῳ
Ἴππαρις ἀστήρικτος ἐρεῦγεται ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ,
Ὑβλης θ' ἱερὸν ἄστν, καὶ οἱ σχεδὸν ὤκεον Αἴτνης,
ἦχι πυρὸς κρητῆρες ἀναπτομένης ἀπὸ πέτρης
320 θερμὸν ἀναβλύζουσι Τυφαονίης σέλας εὐνῆς,
οἳ τε δόμους ἐδάσαντο παρ' ὄφρυόεντι Πελώρῳ,
καὶ δάπεδον νησαῖον ἀλιρροῖζοιο Παχύνου,
καὶ Σικελὴν Ἀρέθουσαν, ὅπη μετανάστιος ἔρπει
στέμματι Πισαίῳ κομῶν Ἀλφειὸς ἀλήτης,
325 πορθμεύων βατὸν οἶδμα, καὶ ἀκροτάτου διὰ πόντου
ἔλκει δοῦλον Ἔρωτος ὑπέρτερον ἄβροχον ὕδωρ,
θερμὸν ἔχων ψυχροῖο δι' ὕδατος ἀπτόμενον πῦρ.
τοῖς ἔπι Φαῦνος ἵκανε πυρισφρήγιστον ἑάσας
Σικελίης τριλόφοιο Πελωρίδα πέζαν ἐρίπνης,
330 τὸν βυθίῳ Κρονίῳ συναπτομένη τέκε Κίρκη,
σύγγονος Αἰήταο πολύθρονος, ἥ παρὰ λόχημ
ὥκεε πετραῖοιο βαθύσκια κύκλα μελάθρου.

[309] To him came from Sicily longshot Achates, and shieldbearing comrades with him, a great host of Cillyrioi and Elymoi, and those who lived round the seat of the Palicoi; those who had a city by the lake Catana near the Sirens, whom rosy Terpsichore brought forth by the stormy embraces of her bull-horned husband Acheloös; those who possessed Camarina, where the wild Hipparis disgorges his winding water in a roaring flood; those form the sacred citadel of Hybla, and those dwelling near Aitna, where the rock is alight and kettles of fire boil up the hot flare of Typhaon's bed; those who scattered their houses along the beetling brow of Peloros and the island ground of sea-resounding Pachynos; and Sicilian Arethusa, where after his wandering travels Alpheios creeps proud of his Pisan chaplet – he crosses the deep like a highway, and draws his water, the slave of love, unwetted, over the surface of

the sea, for he carries a burning fire warm through the cold water. After these Phaunos came, leaving the firesealed Pelorian plain of threepeak Sicily the rocky, whom Circe bore embraced by Cronion of the Deep, Circe the witch of many poisons, Aietas's sister, who dwelt in the deepshadowed cells of a rocky palace.

καὶ Λίβυες στρατόωντο παρ' Ἑσπέριον κλίμα γαίης
ἀγχινεφῇ ναίοντες ἀλήμονος ἄστεα Κάδμου:
335 κεῖθι γὰρ ἀντιπόρων ἀνέμων πεφορημένος αὖραις
εἰς χρόνον ὥκεε Κάδμος, ἔχων Σιθωνίδα νύμφην
σύμπλοον, Ἀρμονίην ἔτι παρθένον, ἥς διὰ μορφὴν
γείτονας ἀντιβίους πολεμητόκος ὤπλισε φήμη,
ἣν Χάριν ἀντονόμηνε Λίβυς στρατός — ἀβροτέρη γὰρ
340 Βιστονὶς ἐβλάστησεν ἐπιχθονίη χάρις ἄλλη,
τῆς ἅπο καὶ Λιβύης Χαρίτων λόφος — , ἥς ἐπὶ μορφῇ
ἄρπαγος ὑσμίνης δεδονημένος ἄφρονι κέντρῳ
φρικτὸς ἐρωμανέων ἐκορύσσετο βάρβαρος Ἄρης,
λαδὸς ἐρημονόμος Μαυρούσιος: ἀλλὰ τινάσσω
345 χερσὶ γυναιμανέεσσι Λιβυστιδὸς ἔγχος Ἀθήνης
Ἀρμονίης πολέμιζε προασπιζὼν παρακοίτης,
ἐσπερίων δ' ἐφόβησεν ὅλον γένος Αἰθιοπῶν
σὺν Διὶ θωρηχθέντι, σὺν Ἀρεΐ καὶ Κυθερείῃ:
κεῖθι καί, ὥς ἐνέπουσι, παρὰ Τριτωνίδι λίμνῃ
350 Ἀρμονίῃ παρέλεκτο ῥοδῶπιδι Κάδμος ἀλήτης,
νύμφαι δ' Ἑσπερίδες μέλος ἔπλεκον, ὧν ἀπὸ κήπου
Κύπρις ὁμοῦ καὶ Ἔρωτες ἐκόσμεον εὐγάμον εὐνήν,
χρυσεῖν θαλάμοισιν ἐπικρεμάσαντες ὀπώρην,
νύμφης ἔδνον ἔρωτος ἐπάξιον, ἥς ἀπὸ φύλλων
355 Ἀρμονίῃ καὶ Κάδμος ἐχεκτεάνῳ παρὰ πασῶ
βόστρυχον ἀφνειοῖσιν ἐμιτρώσαντο κορύμβοις
ἀντὶ ῥόδου γαμίοιο: καὶ ἀβροτέρη πέλε νύμφη
χρύσεια δῶρα φέρουσα, γέρας χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης:
καὶ μέλος ἀστραίνης κιθάρης ἐπίκωμον ἐγείρας
360 μητροπάτῳ σφαιρηδὸν ἐῷ βητάρμονι ταρσῶ
οὐρανὸν ἀμφελέλιζε Λίβυς κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας,
καὶ μέλος Ἀρμονίης ἐμελίζετο γείτοني φωνῇ:
καὶ ζυγίης φιλότητος ἔῃς μνημήια νύμφης
δῶκε ποδῶν ἐπίβαθρα Λιβυστίδι Κάδμος ἀρούρη,
365 δωμήσας πολίων ἑκατοντάδα, δῶκε δ' ἐκάστη
δύσβατα λαϊνέοις ὑψούμενα τείχεα πύργοις.
κείνου μνηστὶν ἔχοντες ἐπεστρατόωντο μαχηταὶ
μαρναμένου βρομίοιο προασπιστῆρες Ἐνυοῦς,
τικτομένης ναίοντες ἐδέθλια γείτονα Μήνης
370 καὶ Διὸς Ἀσβύσταο μεσημβρίζοντας ἐναύλους,

μαντιπόλου κερόεντος, ὅπῃ ποτὲ πολλάκις Ἄμμων
 ἀρνειοῦ τριέλικτον ἔχων Ἴνδαλμα κεραίης
 ὀμφαίοις στομάτεσσιν ἐθέσπισεν Ἑσπέριος Ζεὺς·
 οἳ τε ῥόνον Χρεμέταο καὶ οἳ παρὰ Κίνυφος ὕδωρ
 375 ὤκεον ἀζαλέης ψαμαθῶδεα πέζαν ἀρούρης,
 Αὐσχίσαι Βάκαλές τε συνήλυδες, οὓς πλεόν ἄλλων
 Ἀρεῖ τερπομένους Ζεφυρήιος ἔτρεφεν ἀγκῶν.

[333] Libyans also joined the host, whose home was in the western clime, the cities of wandering Cadmos near the clouds. For there on a time dwelt Cadmos carried by contrary winds, on the voyage with his Sithonian bride Harmonia still a maiden. The rumour of her beauty bred war and armed hostile neighbours. The Libyan army named her Charis, for the Bistonian girl bloomed like another Charis of this world and even more dainty, and the Graces' Hill of Libya had its name from her. So the Maurusian people of the desert because of her beauty were stung with mad lust of robber warfare, and took arms, a horrible barbarian Ares wild with passion. But Harmonia's mate held his shield before her, grasping in hand the spear of Libyan Athena to defend his beloved wife, and put to flight the whole nation of western Ethiopians, with armed Zeus as ally, with Ares and Cythereia. And there as they say, by the Tritonian lake, Cadmos the wanderer lay with rosycheek Harmonia, and the Nymphs Hesperides made a song for them, and Cypris together with the Loves decked out a fine bed for the wedding, hanging in the bridal chamber golden fruit from the Nymphs' garden, a worthy lovegift for the bride; rich clusters of their leaves Harmonia and Cadmos twined through their hair, amid the abundance of their bridechamber, in place of the wedding-roses. Still more dainty the bride appeared wearing these golden gifts, the boon of golden Aphrodite. Her mother's father the stooping Libyan Atlas awoke a tune of the heavenly harp to join the revels, and with tripping foot he twirled the heavens round like a ball, while he sang a stave of harmony himself not far away. Cadmos too, in memory of the love of his wedded bride, paid his footing in the Libyan land by building a hundred cities, and he gave to each lofty walls inaccessible, with towers of stone. With his memory in mind, came warriors to the host, forefighters of Enyo when Bromios went to war: those who dwell in settlements near the Moon's birthplace, and the southern shelters of Zeus Asbystes the horned prophet, where Ammon the Western Zeus has often uttered oracles in the shape of a ram with three spiral horns; those whose home was on the sandy plain of parched land beside the stream of Chremetes and the water of Cinyps; Auschisai and Bacales together, bred in a corner of the West, and more than others devoted to Ares.

τόσσοι λαὸς ἔην ἑκατόμπολις· ἐρχομένης δὲ
 πληθὺς ἡγεμόνευε Κραταιγόνος, ὃν ποτε κούρη
 380 Ἀγχιρόη Χρεμέταο παρὰ πλάταμῶνα τοκῆος

Ψύλλου κουφονόοιο μινυνθαδίη τέκεν εὐνή
νυμφίον ἀγκὰς ἔχουσα θεημάχον, οὗ ποτε καρποῦς
ἄσθματι διψαλέω Νότος ἔφλεγε θερμὸς ἀήτης·
αὐτὰρ ὁ θωρήσσων κορυθαιόλον Ἄρεα νηῶν
385 ναύμαχον ἐσμὸν ἄγειρεν, ὅπως ποινήτορι θεσμῷ
ἠερίοις ἀνέμοισιν ἀναστήσειεν Ἐνυώ,
ἰέμενος κτεῖναι φλογερὸν Νότον· ἄγχι δὲ νήσου
Αἰολίης στόλος ἦλθε σακέσπαλος, ἀλλὰ μανέντος
ἀνδρὸς ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀελλήεντι κυδοιμῷ
390 ὀλκάδα μαστιζόντες ἐθωρήχθησαν ἄηται,
συμπερτὴν δονέοντες ἀρηγόνα σύμπνοον αὖρην,
καὶ στρατιὴν καὶ Ψύλλον ἐτυμβεύσαντο θαλάσση.

[378] So great was the people of the hundred cities; and their masses came led by Crataigonos, whom Anchiroë daughter of Chremetes brought forth on her father's riverbank in that shortlasting union with Psyllos the harebrained; the bridegroom she held in her arms was the gods' enemy. Notos, that hot wind, once burnt his crops with parching breath; whereupon he fitted out a fleet and gathered a naval swarm of helmeted warriors, to stir up strife against the winds of the south with avenging doom, eager to kill fiery Notos. To the island of Aiolos sailed the shieldbearing fleet; but the Winds armed themselves and flogged the madman's vessel, volleying with tempestuous tumult in a whirlwind throng of converted confederate blasts, and sank Psyllos and armament in a watery grave.

Θρηκίης δὲ Σάμοιο συνέρρεον ἀσπιδιῶται,
κοίρανος οὗς προΐαλλε βαθυσημήριγγος ὑπῆνης,
395 Ἡμαθίων βαρύγουνος, ἔχων χιονώδεα χαίτην,
Τιτήνων μελέεσσιν ἐοικότας, οἳ τ' ἔχον ἄμφω,
ἀγχίαλον Μύρμηκα καὶ ἀνθεμόεντα Σαώκην,
καὶ χθόνα Τευμερίοιο καὶ εὐλείμωνος ἀρούρης
ἄλσεα Φησιάδαο κατάσκια δενδράδι λόχμῃ,
400 καὶ ζαθέην Ζήρυνθον ἀκοιμήτων Κορυβάντων
κτίσμα φατιζομένης Περσηίδος, ὀππόθι κούρης
μυστιπόλων δαΐδων θιασώδεές εἰσιν ἐρίπναι,
οἳ τε πολυγλώχινος ὑπὸ κρηπῖδος ἀρούρης
Βρόντιον ἀμφενέμοντο, καὶ ἅς ἐπὶ γείτονι πόντῳ
405 Ἀτραπτοῦς βυθίοιο Ποσειδάωνος ἀκούω.
τόσσαι μὲν στίχες ἦλθον ὁμήλυδες, ἀρχηγόνου δὲ
Ἥλεκτρης, ὁμόφυλον ἐπιστώσαντο γενέθλην·
κεῖθι γὰρ Ἀρμονίην γένος αἰθέρος, αἶμα θαλάσσης,
Ἄρης, Ζεὺς, Κυθήρεια θεῶν χραισμήτορι Κάδμῳ
410 κουριδίην ἀνάεδνον ἐδωρήσαντο γυναιῖκα.

[393] From Samothrace came a stream of shieldmen, sent by their prince Emathion of the long flowing beard, himself heavy of knee, with snow-white hair, men limbed like Titans. They possessed both Myrmex on the sea and flower Saoce, aye and the land of Teumerios, and the glades and meadows of Phesiades' land shaded with woodland copses, and divine Zerynthos of the unresting Corybants, the foundation of renowned Perseïs, where the rocks are thronged with torchbearing mystics of the Maid. There were others who lived under the manycraggy wall of the land about Brontion, and in Atrapittoi which I hear of on the neighbouring shore of deepsea Poseidon. All these companies came together, who were loyal to their sib, the ancient family of Electra; for there Ares, Zeus and Cythereia gave to Cadmos, the god's ally, Harmonia heaven's kin and sea's blood, to be his lawful wife without brideprice.

τοῖσι κορυσσομένοισι σὺν εὐθύρσῳ Διονύσῳ
Ἥλεκτρης ἀνέτελλε δι' αἰθέρος ἔβδομος ἀστήρ
δεξιὸν ὑσμίνης σημῆιον, ἀμφὶ δὲ νίκη
πληιάδων κελάδησε βοῆς ἀντίθροος ἡχώ
415 γνωτῆς αἷμα φέροντι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,
καὶ στρατιῇ πόρε θάρσος ὁμοίον: ἐρχομένων δὲ
Ὠγυρος ἡγεμόνευεν ἐς Ἄρεα δεῦτερος Ἄρης,
Ὠγυρος ὑψικάρηνος, ἔχων Ἰνδαλμα Γιγάντων:
τοῦ μὲν ἔην ἄγναμπτον ὅλον δέμας, ἐκ δὲ καρήνου
420 αὐχενίου τε τένονοτος ὀπισθοκόμων ἐπὶ νώτων
ἰσοφανεῖς πλοκαμῖδες ἀκανθοφόροισιν ἔχινους
ἔρρεον ἰξὺς ἄχρι κατήλυδες: εἶχε δὲ δειρὴν
μηκεδανὴν, περίμετρον, ὁμοίον αὐχένι πέτρης,
βάρβαρον ἦθος ἔχων πατρώιον: οὐδέ τις αὐτοῦ
425 φέρτερος ἄλλος ἵκανε Ἑώιον εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν
νόσφι Διωνύσοιο: καὶ ὄρκιον ὤμοσε Νίκην
Ἰνδῶν χθόνα παῖσαν ἐῷ δορὶ μοῦνος ὀλέσσαι.

[411] As the armed host gathered to Dionysos with his thyrsus, Electra's star rose with her six sisters in the sky in happy augury of the conflict; and the echoing voice of the Pleiads resounded for victory, doing grace to Dionysos who shared their sister's blood, giving equal confidence to the host. Ogygros led their march to war, Ogygros himself a second war-god, his head towering high like one of the giants. Nothing could bend that great body. From his head and muscular neck, waves of hair fell to his loins, covering his back and shoulders, bristling like the spines of hedgehog. He had a throat of immense length and thickness, like a neck of rock. Barbarian and son of a barbarian was he; no other came to the Indian War in the east stronger than he was, except Dionysos. He had sworn an oath to Victory, that he would destroy the whole land of India with his own spear alone.

καὶ θρασὺς υἱὸς Ἄρης ἔην Πίμπλειαν ἑάσας
Βιστονίης Οἶαγρος ἐκώμασεν ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
430 Ὀρφέα καλλείφας ἐπὶ γούνασι Καλλιопείης
νήπιον ἀρτιχύτῳ μεμελημένον εἰσέτι μαζῶ.

[428] The bold son of Ares, Oiagros, quitted his city of Pimpleia on the Bistonian plain, and joined the rout. He left Orpheus on Calliopeia's knees, a little one interested in his mother's milk, still a new thing.

Κυπριάδας δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεε Λίτρος ἀγῆνωρ
εὐχαίτης τε Λάπηθος: ἐθωρήσσοντο δὲ πολλοί,
οἳ τ' ἔλαχον Σφήκειαν, ἀλίκτυπον ἄντυγα νήσου.
435 Κύπρον εὐπτερύγων θεοδέγμονα νῆσον Ἐρώτων,
Κύπριδος αὐτογόνοιο φερώνυμον, ἧς ποτε Κύπρου
ἄκρα περιγράψας βυθίῃ γλαγχῆνι τριαίνης
ἰσοφυῇ δελφίνι τύπον τορνώσατο Νηρεὺς —
ὅππότε γὰρ γονόεσσα κατάρρυτος ἄρσενι λύθρῳ
440 Οὐρανίη μόρφωσε λεχώιον ἄφρὸν ἔερση
καὶ Παφίην ὤδινε, Κερασιτίδος εἰς χθόνα Κύπρου
ἔμφρονα θυμὸν ἔχων ὑπὲρ οἴδματος ἔτρεχε δελφίς,
ἐζομένην λοφίησιν ἐλαφρίζων Ἀφροδίτην — ,
οἳ τ' ἔχον Ὑλάταο πέδον καὶ ἐδέθλια Σηστοῦ
445 καὶ Τάμασον καὶ Τέμβρον Ἐρυθραίην τε πολίχνην
καὶ τέμενος βαθύδενδρον ὀρεσσαύλοιο Πανάκρου:
ἐκ δὲ Σόλων κεκόρυστο πολὺς στρατός, ἐκ δὲ Λαπήθου,
ὕστερον ἦν ἐκάλεσαν ὁμώνυμον ἡγεμονῆος,
ὃς τότε λαὸν ἀγειρεν, ἐν εὐθύρσῳ δὲ κυδοιμῶ
450 κάτθανε καὶ κτερέιστο καὶ οὔνομα λείπε πολίταις.
οἳ τε πόλιν Κινύρειαν ἐπώνυμον εἰσέτι πέτρην
ἀρχεγόνου Κινύραο, καὶ Οὐρανίης πέδον ἔδρης
αἰθερίου κενεῶνος ἐπώνυμον, ὅτι πολίτας
ἔτρεφεν ἀστράπτοντας ἐπουρανίων τύπον ἄστρον,
455 οἳ τ' εἶχον Κραπάσειαν, ἀλιστεφὲς οὔδας ἀρούρης,
καὶ Πάφον, ἄβροκόμων στεφανηφόρον ὄρμον Ἐρώτων,
ἐξ ὕδατων ἐπίβαθρον ἀνερχομένης Ἀφροδίτης,
ἧχι θαλασσογόνου Παφίης νυμφήιον ὕδωρ,
Σέτραχος ἡμερόεις, ὅθι πολλάκις εἴμα λαβοῦσα
460 Κύπρις ἀνεχλαίνωσε λελουμένον υἱέα Μύρρης,
καὶ πόλιν ἀρχεγόνου ποτὲ Περσέος, ᾧ ποτε Τεῦκρος,
καλλείφας Σαλαμῖνα χολωομένου Τελαμῶνος,
ὀπλοτέρην πύργωσεν ἀειδομένην Σαλαμῖνα.

[432] The Cyprian companies were under command of proud Litros and finehair

Lapethos. Many took up arms: those whose lot was in Spheceia, the round brinebeaten isle; others from Cypros, godwelcoming island of the finefeathered Loves, which bears the name of Cypris selfborn. Nereus had traced the boundaries of this Cypros with the deepsea prong, and shaped it like a dolphin. For when the fertile drops from Uranos, spilt with a mess of male gore, had given infant shape to the fertile foam and brought forth the Paphian, to the land of horned Cypros came a dolphin over the deep, which with intelligent mind carried Aphrodite perched on his mane. – Those also were there who held the land of Hylates, and the settlement of Sestos, Tamasos and Tembros, the town of Erythrai, the woody precincts of Panacros in the mountains. From Soloi also came many men-at-arms, and from Lapethos; this place was named afterwards from the leader who assembled them, who fell in the thyrsus-war and was honourable buried and left his name for his citizens. There were those also who had the city Cinyreia, that rock-island which still bears the name of ancient Cinyras; and those from the place where Urania lies, named after the heavenly vault, because it was full of men brilliant as the stars; and those who held Crapaseia, a land surrounded by sea; and those of Paphos, garlanded harbour of the softhaired Loves, landingplace of Aphrodite when she came up out of the waves, where is the bridebath of the seaborne goddess, lovely Setrachos: here Cypris often took a garment and draped the son of Myrrha after his bath. Last is the city of ancient Perseus, for whom Teucros, fleeing from Salamis before the wrath of Telamon, fortified the younger Salamis so renowned.

Λυδῶν δ' ἄβρὸς ὄμιλος ἐπέρρεεν, οἳ τ' ἔχον ἄμφω,

465 Κίμψον ἐυψήφίδα καὶ ὄφρυόεσσαν Ἰτώνην,
οἳ τε Τορήβιον εὐρύ, καὶ οἳ πλούτοιο τιθήνας
Σάρδιας; εὐώδινας, ὁμήλικας ἡριγενεῖης,
καὶ χθόνα Βακχεῖην σταφυληκόμον, ἧχι τεκούσῃ
ἀμπελόεις Διόνυσος ἔχων δέπας ἔμπλεον οἴνου

470 Ῥεῖη πρῶτα κέρασσε, πόλιν δ' ὀνόμηνε Κεράσσας,
καὶ σκοπιάς Ὅανοιο, καὶ οἳ ῥόον ἔλλαχον Ἔρμου
ὑδατόεν τε Μέταλλον, ὅπη Πακτώλιον ἰλὺν
ξανθὸς ἀποπτύων ἀμαρύσσεται ὄλβος ἐέρεσης;
καὶ Στατάλων κεκόρυστο πολὺς στρατός, ἧχι Τυφωεὺς

475 θερμὸν ἀναβλύζων πυριθαλπέος ἄσθμα κερανοῦ
ἔφλεγε γείτονα χῶρον, ἀελλήεντι δὲ καπνῷ
αἰθομένου Τυφῶνος ἐτεφρώθησαν ἐρίπναι,
γυιοβόρῳ σπινθῆρι μαραινομένων κεφαλάων:
ἀλλὰ Διὸς Λυδοῖο θυώδεα νηδὺν ἐάσας

480 ἀρητῆρ Ἀσίδηρος ἐμάρνατο κέντορι μύθῳ,
μύθῳ ἀκοντιστῆρι, καὶ οὐ τημητῆρι σιδήρῳ,
γλώσση ἐρητύων πειθήνιον υἷὸν ἀρούρης,
ἔγχος ἔχων στόμα θυῦρον, ἔπος ξίφος, ἀσπίδα φωνήν,

τοῦτο θεοκλήτῳ προχέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι:

485 ‘σπῆθι, τάλαν’: φλογόεις δὲ Γίγας ὑπὸ μύστιδι τέχνῃ

ἄρραγέος μύθοιο σοφῷ στηρίζετο δεσμῷ

ἀνέρα δειμαίνων κεκορυθμένον ἔμφρονι λόγῃ,

γυιοπέδην ἀσίδηρον ἔχων ποινήτορι μύθῳ:

οὐδὲ τόσον τρομέεσκεν ὀιστευτῆρα κεραυνοῦ

490 αἰνογίγας πολύπηχυς, ὅσον ῥηξήνορα μύστην

γλώσση ὀιστεύοντα λάλον βέλος, εἴξε δὲ κάμνων

ἔλκεα φωνήεντα πεπαρμένος ὁξεί μύθῳ:

καὶ πυρὸς ἔλκος ἔχων, τετορημένος ἔγχει θερμῷ,

ἄλλῳ θερμότερῳ νοερῷ πυρὶ κάμνε Τυφωεύς,

495 καὶ στατὸν ἀστυφέλικτον ἐνερριζῶσεν ἀνάγκῃ

ταρσὸν ἐχιδνήεντα πεπηγότα μητέρι Γαίῃ,

οὐτηθεὶς ἀχάρακτον ἀναιμάκτῳ δέμας αἰχμῇ.

[464] A luxurious crowd of Lydians streamed in: those who held both pebbly Cimpsos and beetling Itone; those from broad Torebios, those from fruitful Sardis, nurse of riches, as old as the daydawn; those from the grapegrowing land of Bacchos, where the vinegod first mixed wine for Mother Rheia in a brimming cup, and named the city Cerassai, the Mixings; those that held the watchingpeaks of Oanos, the stream of Hermos and watery Metallon, where the yellow treasure of the water sparkling spirits up the Pactolian mud. A great host came armed from Stataloi. There Typhoeus, spouting up the hot stream of the fiery thunderbolt, had kindled the neighbouring country, and as Typhon blazed amid clouds of smoke, the mountains were burnt to ashes, while his heads melted in the limb-devouring flame. But the priest of Lydian Zeus left the fragrant temple redolent of incense, and without steel made battle with piercing words, a word for a spear, no cutting steel, and brought the Son of Earth to obedience with his tongue; his bold mouth was his lance, his word a sword, his voice a shield, and this was all that issued from his inspired throat – “Stand, wretch!” So the flaming giant by magic art was held fast in chains of glammery by the invincible word, and stood in awe of a man armed with a spear of the mind, while the avenging sword shackled him in fetters not made of steel. That awful giant towering high, trembled not so much as the Archer of Thunderbolts, as for the battlecrashing magician shooting bolts of speech from his tongue. He gave way, as the sharp words pierced him with wounds speaking in quick words. Already scorched with flame, thrust through with a redhot spear, Typhoeus gave way at the other fire hotter still, a fire of the mind. His snaky feet were rooted firm and immovable by main force, firmly fixt in Earth his mother, his body was wounded by a bloodless blade that made no mark.

ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτέροισιν ἐν ἀνδράσιν ἦγαγεν αἰών.

τοὺς δὲ λίγα κροτέοντας ὑπ’ εὐρύθμῳ χθόνα ταρσῷ

500 καὶ Στάβιος καὶ Στάμνος ἐπὶ κλόνον ὦπλισαν Ἴνδῶν:
καὶ στρατὸν ὄρχηστῆρα περισκαίροντα δοκεύων
τοῖον ἔπος λέξειας, ὅτι πρόμος ἡγεμονεύει
εἰς χορόν, οὐκ ἐπὶ δῆριν, ἐνόπλιον ἄνδρα κομίζων:
τοῖσι γὰρ ἐρχομένοισιν ἀνακρούουσα χορείη
505 Μυγδονὶς ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἐπὶ κλόνον ἔβρεμε φόρμιγξ,
ἀντὶ χοροῦ πέμπουσα μόθου λαοσσόον ἡχώ:
καὶ πολέμων σάλπιγγες ἔσαν σύριγγες Ἑρώτων,
καὶ δίδυμοι Βερέκυντες ὁμόζυγες ἔκλαγον αὐλοί,
καὶ κτύπον ἀμφιπλῆγα βαρυσμαράγων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
510 χαλκείois πατάγοισιν ἐμυκήσαντο βοεΐαι.

[498] But all this was done in time gone by, among men of a more ancient generation. Here were men armed for the Indian tumult by Stabios and Stamnos, loudly rattling on the ground in drilled step; and if you could see the whole host prancing and leaping, you might be inclined to say that the captain was leading them to a dance rather than to a war, bringing a detachment of armour-dancers. For as they marched, the Mygdonian lute struck up a dance tune for war-music to arouse the tumult of conflict; it sounded the assembly for battle, nor for dance; love's flutings were the trumpets of war; the twin Berecynian pipes tootled together, the calfskin bellowed, struck on both sides by the brassy rattle of heavyrumbling hands.

καὶ Φρύγες ἐστρατόωντο παρ' ἐγρεμόθων στίχα Λυδῶν,
οἳ τ' ἔλαχον Βούδειαν, αἰδομένην τε πολίχνην
δενδροκόμον Τεμένειαν, ἐύσκιον ἄλσος ἀρούρης,
οἳ Δρεσίην ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ὀβριμον, ὅς τε ῥεέθροις
515 Μαιάνδρου σκολιοῖσιν ἐὼν παραβάλλεται ὕδωρ,
καὶ δάπεδον Δοίαντος ἐπώνυμον, οἳ τε Κελαινᾶς
χρυσορόφους ἐνέμοντο καὶ εἰκαστήρια Γοργοῦς:
τοῖσι συνεστρατόωντο καὶ οἳ λάχον ἄστεα ναιῖν
γείτονα Σαγαρίου, καὶ Ἐλέσπιδος ἔδρανα γαίης.
520 τῶν πρόμος ἡγεμόνευε, λιπὼν ὀφιώδεα Δίρκην,
Πρίασος, Ἀοινὴς μετανάστιος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης:
ὅπποτε γὰρ Φρυγίης πέδον ἔκλυσεν ὕετιος Ζεὺς,
ὄμβρηροῖς πελάγεσσι χέων ὑψίδρομον ὕδωρ,
καὶ δρυὲς ἐκρύφθησαν, ἀκανθοφόροις τ' ἐνὶ βήσσαις
525 διψαλεῖαι ποταμηδὼν ἐκυμαίνοντο κολῶναι,
ἱκμαλέον τότε δῶμα λιπὼν κεκαλυμμένον ὄμβρῳ
καὶ ῥόον ἡερόφοιτον, ἀκοντιστῆρα μελάθρων,
Πρίασος Ἀοινὴς μετανέσσατο κόλπον ἀρούρης,
Ζηνὸς ἀλυσκάζων θανατηφόρον ὄμβριον ὕδωρ:
530 αἰεὶ δ' ἄλλοδαποῖσι παρ' ἀνδράσι δάκρυα λείβων
μνώετο Σαγαγario καὶ ἠθάδα δίζετο πηγῇν,

Ἀονίου ποταμοῖο πῶν ἀλλότριον ὕδωρ:
 ὄψ' δὲ δύσσιφον οἶδμα καὶ ὕδατόεσσαν ἀνάγκην
 Ζεὺς ὕπατος πρήυνε, καὶ ἐκ Σιπύλοιο καρήνων
 535 κλυζομένης Φρυγίης παλινάγρετον ἦλασεν ὕδωρ:
 καὶ ῥόον ἔννοσιγαῖος ὅλον μετέθηκε τριαίνῃ
 εἰς βυθίους κευθμῶνας ἀτεκμάρτοιο θαλάσσης,
 καὶ νιφετοῦ κελάδοντος ἐγυμνώθησαν ἐρίπναι:
 καὶ τότε Βοιωτοῖο παλίνδρομος οὔδας ἔασας
 540 Πρίασος ὑστερόμητις ἔην ὑπεδύσατο πάτρην,
 καὶ γενέτην βαρύγουνον ἀπήμονι πήχεος ὀλκῷ
 νόστιμος ἀγκὰς ἔμαρψεν, ὃν εὐσεβέων χάριν ἔργων
 Ζεὺς μέγας ὀμβρήεντος ἀνεζώγρησεν ὀλέθρου,
 Βρόμβιον ὃν καλέουσιν: ἀπὸ Φρυγίοιο δὲ κόλπου
 545 Πρίασον αὐχήμεντες ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταί.

[511] The Phrygians ranged themselves beside the ranks of dinraising Lydians: those whose lot was in Boudeia, and the famous town of treeplanted Temeneia, a shady grove in the country; those who lived in Dresia and Obrimos, which discharges his water into the curving stream of Maiandros; those from the ground of Doias, and those who lived in goldroof Celainai, and the place of the Gorgon's image. These were joined by those who had to inhabit the cities near Sangarios, and the settlements of the Elespid land: they were led by a captain from Dirce of the dragon, Priasos, who came from foreign parts to the Aonian land. For when Rainy Zeus flooded the land of Phrygia, pouring water from on high in seas of rain, when trees were covered, and in glens where thistles grew thirsty hills were flooded with rivers of water, Priasos left his drowned house hidden in the rain and the airclimbing river which had attacked his homestead, and migrated to the bosom of the Aonian land to escape from the fatal showers of rain. But he never ceased to shed tears among these foreign men; he remembered Sangarios and missed his familiar brook, when he drank the alien water of the Aonian River. But Zeus Highest at last quieted the stormy flood and the watery violence, and drove the water of flooded Phrygia down from the tops of Sipylos; Earthshaker with his trident pushed all the waters away into the deep hollows of the boundless sea, and the cliffs were laid bare of the roaring deluge. Then Priasos in late repentance left the land of Boiotos, and returned to his own country, and when he reached home he held his heavyknee father in his arms with a joyful embrace; for great Zeus had saved him from destruction for his pious works: Brombios they call him. Now the Phrygian warriors from the Phrygian gulf proudly thronged about Priasos.

Ἀστερίου δ' ἀπάνευθε ἐοῦ γενέταο μολόντος
 ἀρτιθαλῆς Μίλητος ὁμόστολος ἔκετο Βάκχῳ
 Καῦνον ἔχων συνάεθλον ἀδελφεόν, ὃς τότε Καρῶν

λαὸν ἄγων ἔτι κοῦρος ἐδύσατο φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν:
 550 οὐ πῶ γὰρ δυσέρωτα δολοπλόκον ἔπλεκε μολπὴν
 γνωτῆς οἴστρον ἔχων ἀδαήμονος, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὴν
 ἀντιτύπου φιλότητος ὁμοζήλων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
 Ζηνὶ συναπτομένην ἐμελίζετο σύγγονον Ἥρην
 Λάτμιον ἀμφὶ βόαυλον ἀκοιμήτοιο νομῆος,
 555 ὀλβίζων ὑπ' ἔρωτι μεμηλότα γείτονι πέτρῃ
 νυμφίον Ἐνδυμίωνα ποθοβλήτοιο Ζελήνης:
 ἀλλ' ἔτι Βυβλὶς ἔην φιλοπάρθενος, ἀλλ' ἔτι θήρην
 Καῦνος ὁμογνήτων ἐδιδάσκετο νῆις ἐρώτων:
 οὐ πῶ δ', ἄβροκόμοιο κασιγνήτοιο φυγόντος,
 560 δάκρυσιν ὁμβρηθεῖσα δέμας μορφώσατο κούρη,
 καὶ ῥόον ὕδατόεντα γοήμονος ἔβλυε πηγῆς.
 τῷ δ' ἅμα θαρσέντες ἐπερρώοντο μαχηταί,
 οἱ Μυκάλην ἐνέμοντο, καὶ οἱ λάχον ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ
 εἰς χθόνα δυομένοιο παλιννόστου ποταμοῖο,
 565 Μαιάνδρου σκολιοῖο, διερπύζοντος ἐναύλων.

[546] Asterios the father had gone with another band, but his son Miletos now in the flower of his age came in the company of Bacchos. With him came his brother Caunos to share his dangers. Although only a boy, he led the Carian people into the Indian War. Not yet had he conceived a passion for his innocent sister, and composed that tricking lovesong; not yet had he sung of Hera herself joined with her brother Zeus in a harmonious bed of love like his own, the song about the Latmian cowshed of the neversleeping herdsman, while he praised Endymion, the bridegroom of love-smitten Selene, as happy in love's care on a neighbouring rock. No, Byblis still loved maidenhood – no, Caunos was still learning to hunt, untouched by love for one so near. Not yet had the softhaired brother fled, or the girl changed her body to water by her tears; she was still no sorrowing fountain bubbling up a watery stream. Now courageous warriors flocked about him: those who lived in Mycale, and owned the winding stream of the crooked Maiandros, which sinks into the ground and returns again after crawling through the tunnels.

Τόσσαι μὲν στίχες ἦλθον: ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ πορεῖη
 λαῶν ἀγρομένων Κυβελιῆδες ἔκτυπον αὐλαί,
 Μυγδονίης δὲ πόλεως ἐκυκλώθησαν ἀγνυαί.

[566] So many were the companies that came. With harmonious march the peoples gathered, and the halls of Cybele resounded, and the streets of the Mygdonian city were thronged.

BOOK 14

εἰς δέκατον δὲ τέταρτον ἔχε φρένα κεῖθι κορύσσει
δαιμονίην στίχα πᾶσαν ἐς Ἴνδικὸν Ἄρεα Ῥεῖη.
Ῥεῖη δ' ὠκυπέδιλος, ὄρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ φάτνῃ
αὔχένα λαχνήεντα περισφίγξασα λεόντων,
σύνδρομον ἠώρησεν ὑπηνέμιον σφυρὸν αὔραις
ἡρίους κενεῶνας ἐρετμώσασα πεδίλῳ:
5 θεσπεσίας δὲ φάλαγγας ἀολλίζουσα Λυαίῳ
ὥς πετρὸν ἠὲ νόημα διέστιχεν ἔδρανα κόσμου
εἰς Νότον, εἰς Βορέην, εἰς Ἑσπερον, εἰς κλίσιν Ἑοῦς:
καὶ δρυσι καὶ ποταμοῖσι μίαν ξυνώσατο φωνήν
Νηιάδας καλέουσα καὶ Ἀδρυάδας στίχας ὕλης.
10 δαιμονίη δ' αἶουσα γονὴ Κυβελήϊδος ἥχοῦς,
πάντοθεν ἠγερέθοντο. καὶ ὑπόθεν εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
ἀπλανὲς ἵχνος ἄγουσα μετάρσιος ἵκετο Ῥεῖη:
καὶ νυχὴν παλινόρσος ἐκούφισε μύστιδα πεύκην
Μυγδόνι θερμαίνουσα τὸ δεῦτερον ἡέρα πυρσῶ.

BOOK XIV

Turn your mind to the fourteenth: there Rheia arms all the ranks of heaven for the Indian War.

Then swiftshoe Rheia haltered the hairy necks of her lions beside their highland manger. She lifted her windfaring foot to run with the breezes, and paddled with her shoes through the airy spaces. So like a wing or a thought she traversed the firmament to south, to north, to west, to the turning-place of dawn, gathering the divine battalions for Lyaïos: one all-comprehending summons was sounded for trees and for rivers, one call for Naiads and Hadryads, the troops of the forest. All the divine generations heard the summons of Cybele, and they came together from all sides. From high heaven to Lydian land Rheia passed aloft with unerring foot, and returning lifted again the mystic torch in the night, warming the air a second time with Mygdonian fire.

15 ἀλλὰ μετὰ βροτέην προμάχων ἡρωίδα φύτλιν
καὶ στρατιὴν ζαθέην με διδάξατε, Φοιβάδες αὔραι.

[15] Now once more, ye breaths of Phoibos, after the tale of mortal heroes and warriors teach me also the host divine!

πρῶτα μὲν ἐκ Λήμνοιο πυριγλώχινος ἐρίπνης

φήμη ἀελλήεσσα Σάμου παρὰ μύστιδι πεῦκη
υἱέας Ἥφαιστοιο δὺν θώρηξε Καβείρους,
20 οὖνομα μητρὸς ἔχοντας ὁμόγνιον, οὓς πάρος ἄμφω
οὐρανίῳ χαλκῇ τέκε Θρήισσα Καβειρῷ:
Ἄλκων Εὐρυμέδων τε, δαήμονες ἐσχαρεῶνος.

[17] First from the firepeak rock of Lemnos the two Cabeiroi in arms answered the stormy call beside the mystic torch of Samos, two sons of Hephaistos whom Thracian Cabeiro had borne to the heavenly smith, Alcon and Eurymedon well skilled at the forge, who bore their mother's tribal name.

καὶ βλοσυροὶ Κρήτηθεν ἀολλίζοντο μαχηταὶ
δάκτυλοι Ἰδαῖοι, κραναῆς ναετῆρες ἐρίπνης,
25 Γηγενέες Κορύβαντες ὁμήλυδες, ὧν ποτε Ῥεῖη
ἐκ χθονὸς αὐτοτέλεστος ἀνεβλάστησε γενέθλη:
οἷ βρέφος ἀρτιλόχευτον ἀεξιτόκῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
Ζῆνα φερεσσακέεσσιν ἐμιτρώσαντο χορεΐαις,
κῶμον ἀνακροῦντες ὀρίκτυπον ἡπεροπῆα,
30 ἡέρα βακχεύοντες: ἀρασσομένοιο δὲ χαλκοῦ
ἀγχινεφῆς Κρονίοισιν ἐπέβρεμεν οὕασιν ἡχῷ
κουροσύνην Κρονίωνος ὑποκλέπτουσα βοεΐαις:
καὶ πρόμος ἡγεμόνευε χοροπλεκέων Κορυβάντων
Πύρριχος Ἰδαῖός τε σακέσπαλος, οἷς ἅμα βαίνων
35 Κνώσσιος αἰόλα φῦλα παρώνυμος ὥπλισε Κύρβας.

[23] From Crete came grim warriors to join them, the Idaian Dactyloi, dwellers on a rocky crag, earthborn Corybants, a generation which grew up for Rhea selfmade out of the ground in the olden time. These had surrounded Zeus a newborn babe in the cavern which fostered his breeding, and danced about him shield in hand, the deceivers, raising wild songs which echoes among the rocks and maddened the air – the noise of the clanging brass resounded in the ears of Cronos high among the clouds, and concealed the infancy of Cronion with drummings. The chief and leader of the dancing Corybants was Pyrrhichos and shake-a-shield Idaios; and with them came Cnossian Cyrbas, and armed his motley troops, their namefellow.

καὶ φθονεροὶ Τελχῖνες ἐπήλυδες εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν
ἐκ βυθίου κενεῶνος ἀολλίζοντο θαλάσσης:
καὶ δολιχῇ παλάμῃ δονέων περιμήκετον αἰχμήν
ἦλθε Λύκος, κάμη Σκέλμις ἐφέσπετο Δαμναμενῆι
40 πάτριον ἰθύνων Ποσιδήιον ἄρμα θαλάσσης,
Τληπολέμου μετὰ γαῖαν ἀλιπλανέες μετανάσται,
δαίμονες ὑγρονόμοι μανιώδεες, οὓς πάρος αὐτοὶ

πατρῴης ἀέκοντας ἀποτμήξαντες ἀρούρης
Θρῖναξ σὺν Μακαρῇ καὶ ἀγλαὸς ἦλασεν Αὕγης,
45 υἱέες Ἥελιοιο: διωκόμενοι δὲ τιθήνης
χερσὶ βαρυζήλοισιν ἀρυόμενοι Στυγὸς ὕδωρ
ἄσπορον εὐκάρποιο Ῥόδου ποιήσαν ἄλωήν,
ὕδασι Ταρταρίοισι περιρραίνοντες ἀρούρας.

[36] The spiteful Telchines came also to the Indian War, gathering out of the cavernous deeps of the sea. Lycos came, shaking with his long arm a very long spear; Scelmis came, following Damnameneus, guiding the seachariot of his father Poseidon. These were wanderers who had left Tlepolemos's land and taken to the sea, furious demons of the waters, who long ago had been cut off reluctant from their father's land by Thrinax with Macareus and glorious Auges, sons of Helios; driven from their nursing-mother they took up the water of Styx with their spiteful hands, and made barren the soil of fruitful Rhodes, by drenching the fields with water of Tartaros.

τοῖς ἔπι Κενταύρων διφυῆς πρηνεῖα γενέθλη:
50 ἵππιον εἶδος ἔχοντι Φόλῳ συνομάρτεε Χείρων
ἄλλοφυῆς, ἀδάμαστος, ἔχων ἀχάλινον ὑπήνην.

[49] After them came the gentle tribe of twiform Centaurs. Beside Pholos in horse's form was Cheiron, himself of that strange nature, untamed, with mouth unbridled.

Κυκλώπων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον: ὧν ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
χερσὶν ἄθωρήκτοισιν ἀκοντίζοντο κολῶναι
ἔγχεα πετρήεντα, καὶ ἀσπίδες ἦσαν ἐρίπναι,
55 καὶ σκοπιῇ λοφόεσσα χαραδραῖη πέλε πῆληξ,
καὶ Σικελοὶ σπινθήρες ἔσαν φλογόεντες οἰστοί:
καὶ σέλας αἰθύσσοντες ἐθήμονος ἐσχαρεῶνος
πυρσοφόροις παλάμησιν ἐθωρήσσοντο μαχηταί,
Βρόντης τε Στερότης τε καὶ Εὐρύαλος καὶ Ἐλατρεὺς
60 Ἀργης τε Τράχιος τε καὶ αὐχήμενος Ἀλιμήδης.
ἀλλὰ τόσος καὶ τοῖος ἐλείπετο μοῦνος Ἐννοῦς
ἀγχινεφῆς Πολύφημος, ἀπόσπορος ἐννοσιγαίου,
ὅττι μιν ὑγροκέλευθος ἐρήτυεν αὐτόθι μίμνειν
ἄλλος Ἴερος πολέμοιο φιλαίτερος: εἰσορόων γὰρ
65 ἡμιφανῇ Γαλάτειαν ἐπέκτυπε γείτονι πόντῳ,
νυμφιδίῃ σύριγγι χέων φιλοπάρθενον ἡχώ.

[52] Battalions of Cyclopians came like a flood. In battle, these with weaponless hands cast hills for their stony spears, and their shields were cliffs;

a peak from some mountain-ravine was their crested helmet, Sicilian sparks were their fiery arrows. They went into battle holding burning brands and blazing with light from the forge they knew so well – Brontes and Steropes, Euryalos and Elatreus, Arges and Trachios and proud Halimedes. One alone was left behind from the war, Polyphemos, tall as the clouds, so mighty and so great, the Earthshaker's own son; he was kept in his place by another love, dearer than war, under the watery ways, for he had seen Galateia half-hidden, and made the neighbouring sea resound as he poured out his love for a maiden in the wooing tones of his pipes.

καὶ σκοπέλων ναετῆρες ἀπ' αὐτορόφοιο μελάθρου,
οὔνομα Πανὸς ἔχοντες, ἔρημονόμου γενετῆρος,
Πᾶνες ἔθωρήχθησαν ὀμήλυδες, ὧν ἐπὶ μορφῇ
70 ἀνδρομέη κεκέραστο δασύτριχος αἰγὸς ὅπωπῃ:
καὶ νόθον εἶδος ἔχοντες ἐυκράϊριοι καρήνου
δώδεκα Πᾶνες ἔσαν κεραελκέες, ἀρχεγόνου δὲ
Πανὸς ἐνὸς γεγάασιν ὀρεσσαῦλοιο τοκῆος.
τὸν μὲν ἐφημίξαντο Κελαινέα μάρτυρι μορφῇ,
75 τὸν δὲ φυῆς Ἀργεννὸν ὁμώνυμον: Αἰγικόρῳ δὲ
ἄρμενον οὔνομα θῆκαν, ἐπεὶ νομίη παρὰ ποίμνῃ
αἰγείων κεκόρητο περιθλίβων γάλα μαζῶν:
ἄλλος δ' Ἑυγένειος ἀκούετο θεσπέσιος Πᾶν
ἀμφιλαφεῖ πλοκάμοισιν ἔχων λειμῶνα γενείου:
80 καὶ νομίῳ κεκόρυστο σὺν Ὡμηστῆρι Δαφνοινεὺς:
καὶ Φόβος ὠμάρτησε δασυκνήμιδι Φιλάμνῳ:
Ξάνθῳ Γλαῦκος ἵκανε ὁμόστολος: ἀντιτύποις γὰρ
Γλαῦκος ἐοῖς μελέεσσιν ὁμόχροος ἔσκε θαλάσση
γλαυκίων, καὶ Ξάνθος ἔχων ξανθόχροα χαίτην
85 οὔνομα τοῖον ἔδεκτο κερασφόρος ἀστὸς ἐρίπνης:
καὶ θρασὺς Ἄργος ἵκανε φέρων χιονώδεα χαίτην.
τοῖσιν ἔσαν δύο Πᾶνες ὀμήλυδες, οὓς τέκεν Ἑρμῆς
κεκριμένη φιλότῃ μιγεῖς διδυμάοσι Νύμφαις:
τὸν μὲν ὀρεστιάδος Σώσης μετανεύμενος εὐνήν
90 μαντιπόλου σπέρμηνε θεηγόρον ἔμπλεον ὀμφῆς,
Ἄγρᾳ θηροφόνῳ μελέτῃ πεπυκασμένον ἄγρης:
τὸν δὲ νομαῖς οἴων Νόμιον φίλον, ὅππότε Νύμφης
δέμνιον ἀγραῦλοιο διέστικχε Πηνελοπείης,
ποιμενίῃ σύριγγι μεμηλότα. τοῖς ἅμα Φόρβας
95 ὠμηστῆς ἀκόρητος ὁμόστολον εἶχε πορεῖην.

[67] The rockdwellers came also from their selfvaulted caves, bearing all the name of Pan their father the ranger of the wilderness, all armed to join the host; they have human form, and a shaggy goat's-head upon it with horns. Twelve horned Pans there were, with his changeling shape and hornbearing

head, who were begotten of the one ancestral Pan their mountainranging father. One they named Celaineus, Blackie, as his looks bore witness, and one Argennos, Whitely, after his colour; Aigicoros was well dubbed Goatgluts, because he glutted himself with goat's-milk which he pressed from the nannies' udders in the flock. Another masterly Pan was called Longbear Eugeneios, from a throat and chin which was a thick meadow of hair. Daphnoineus the Bloody came along with Omester, Eatemraw; Phobos the Frightaway with shaggy-legged Philamnos the Lamb's Friend. Glaucos came with Xanthos, Glaucos glaring like the bright sea, with a complexion to match. Xanthos had a mane of hair like a bayard, which gave that name to the horned frequenter of the rocks. Then there was bold Argos with a shock of hair as white as snow. With these were two other Pans, the sons of Hermes, who divided his love between two Nymphs: for one he visited the bed of Sose, the highland prophetess, and begat a son inspired with the divine voice of prophecy, Agreus, well versed in the beast-slaying sport of the hunt; the other was Nomios, whom the pasturing sheep loved well, one practised in the shepherd's pipe, for whom Hermes sought the bed of Penelope, the country Nymph. Along with these came Phorbas to join the march, savage and insatiate.

καὶ παλάμην νάρθηκι γέρων Σειληνὸς ἐρείσας
δισσοφυῆς κεκόρυστο κερασφόρος υἱὸς ἀρούρης,
τρισοῦς παῖδας ἄγων θιασώδεις· εἰς ἐνοπὴν γὰρ
Ἀστραῖος κεκόρυστο, Μάρων κίεν, ἔσπετο Ληγεύς,
¹⁰⁰ χεῖρας ἐλαφρίζοντες ὀριπλανέος γενετῆρος
γηροκόμοις ῥοπάλοισι· λιποσθενέων δὲ γερόντων
νωχελὲς ἀμπελόεντι δέμας κουφίζετο βάκτρῳ,
ὣν μάλα πουλυέτηρος ἔην χρόνος, ὣν ἄπο θερμῇ
πουλυγάμων Σατύρων διφυῆς ἀνέτελλε γενέθλη.

[96] Old Seilenos also was ready for the fray, holding the fennel-stalk, that horned son of the soil with twiform shape. He brought three festive sons: Astraios was armed for battle; Maron came too, and Leneus followed, each with a staff to support the hands of their old father in his travels over the hills. These ancients already weak had vinebranches to support their slow bodies; many were the years of their time, from these had sprung the hot twiform generation of the muchmarried Satyrs.

¹⁰⁵ καὶ Σατύρους κερόοντας ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες
Ποιμένιος Θιάσός τε καὶ Ὑψίκερως καὶ Ὀρέστης,
καὶ κεραῶ Φλεγραῖος ἐφωμάρτησε Ναπαίῳ·
ἦλθε Γέμων, κεκόρυστο Λύκων θρασύς· ἀκροπότῃ δὲ
πετραίῳ γελῶντι φιλέπιος ἔσπετο Φηρεύς,

110 καὶ Λάμις οὐρεσίφοιτος ὁμόστολον εἶχε πορείην
 Ληνοβίῳ, καὶ Σκιρτὸς ἐκώμασε σὺνδρομος Οἶστρω,
 σὺν δὲ Φερεσπὸνδῳ Λύκος ἦιεν, ἡχέτα κῆρυξ,
 καὶ Πρόνομος πραπίδεςσι κεκασμένος, οὓς τέκεν Ἑρμῆς
 ἰφθίμην κρυφίοισιν ὑποζεύξας ὕμεναιοις,
 115 τὴν ποτε Δῶρος ἔτικτε, Διὸς βλάστημα γενέθλης,
 ῥίζα γονῆς Ἑλλήνος, ἀπ' ἀρχηγόνιοι δὲ Δῶρου
 Δωρίδος ἐβλάστησεν Ἀχαικὸν αἷμα γενέθλης:
 τοῖσι γέρας καὶ σκῆπτρον ἐπέτρεπεν Εἰραφιώτης
 οὐρανίου κήρυκος ἀεξινόοιο τοκῆος.
 120 αἰεὶ μὲν μεθούσα φιλακρήτοισι κυτέλλοις
 πᾶσα γονὴ Σατύρων θρασυκάρδιος, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμῷ
 μοῦνον ἀπειλητῆρες αἰεὶ φεύγοντες Ἑνυῶ,
 νόσφι μόθοιο λέοντες, ἐνὶ πτολέμοις δὲ λαγωοί,
 ἴδμονες ὄρχηστῆρες, ἐπιστάμενοι πλεόν ἄλλων
 125 οἶνοδόκου μέθῃ λαρὸν ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσειν:
 τῶν ὀλίγοι γεγάσι μαχήμονες, οὓς θρασὺς Ἄρης
 παντοίην ἐδίδαξε μεληδόνα δηιοτῆτος,
 κοσμηῆσαι δὲ φάλαγγα: κορυσσομένου δὲ Λυαίου
 οἱ μὲν ἀδεψήτοισι δέμας κρύψαντο Βοείαις,
 130 οἱ δὲ δοραῖς λασιῇσιν ἐκαρτύνοντο λεόντων,
 ἄλλοι πορδαλίων βλοσυρὰς δύσαντο καλύπτρας,
 οἱ δὲ τανυπτόρθοισιν ἐθωρήσσοντο κορύμβοις,
 οἱ δὲ τανυκραίρων ἐλάφων ἀντίρροπον ἄστρον
 ποικίλον ἐν στέρνοισιν ἀνεζώννυντο χιτῶνα:
 135 τοῖς μὲν ἐπὶ κροτάφοις διδυμάονες ἀμφὶ μετώπῳ
 ὄξυτενεῖς γλωχίνες ἐμηκύνοντο κεραίης,
 ψεδνὴ δ' ὀκριόεντι καρήατι φύετο χαίτη
 ἀκροφανῆς σκολιοῖσιν ἐπ' ὄμμασιν, οὗατα δ' ἄμφω
 νισσομένων πτερόεντες ἀνερρίπιζον ἀῖται
 140 ἰθυτενῇ, λασιόισιν ἐπικτυπέοντα γενείοις
 ἐκταδόν, ἵππειν δὲ τιταινομένη διὰ νώτου
 ὄρθιος ἀμφιέλικτος ἀπ' ἱξὺος ἔρρεεν οὐρή.

[105] And the horned Satyrs were commanded by these leaders: Poemenios and Thiasos, Hypsiceros and Orestes, and Phlegraios with horned Napaïos. There was Gemon, there was bold Lycon armed; playful Phereus followed laughing tippling Petraios, hillranging Lamis marched with Lenobios, and Scirtos tripping along beside Oistos. With Pherespondos walked Lycos the loudvoiced herald, and Pronomos renowned for intelligence – all sons of Hermes, when he had joined Iphthime to himself in secret union. She was the daughter of Doros, himself sprung from Zeus and a root of the race of Hellen, and Doros was ancestor whence came the Achaian blood of the Dorian tribe. To these three, Eiraphiotes entrusted the dignity of the staff of the heavenly

herald, their father the source of wisdom. The whole tribe of Satyrs is boldhearted while they are drunken with bumpers of wine; but in battle they are but braggarts who run away from the fight – hares in the battlefield, lions outside, clever dancers, who know better than all the world how to ladle strong drink from the bull mixing-bowl. Few of these have been men of war, to whom bold Ares has taught all the practice of the fray and how to manage a battalion. Here when Lyaïos prepared for war, some of them covered their bodies with raw oxhides, others fortified themselves with skins of shaggy lions, others put on the grim pelts of panthers, others equipped themselves with long pointed staves, others girt about their chests the skins of long-antlered stags dappled like stars in the sky. With these creatures, the two horns on the temples right and left lengthened their sharp points, and a scanty fluff grew on the top of the pointed skull over the crooked eyes. When they ran, the winged breezes blew back their two ears, stretched out straight and flapping against their hairy cheeks: behind them a horse's tail stuck out straight and lashed round their loins on either side.

Ἄλλοφυχῆς δ' ἑτέρη Κενταυριᾶς ἵκετο φύτλη,
Φηρῶν εὐκεράων λάσιον γένος, οἷς πόρεν Ἥρη
¹⁴⁵ ἀνδροφυχὲς δέμας ἄλλο κερασφόρον: ὕγρογόνων γὰρ
Νηιάδων ποτὲ παῖδες ἔσαν βροτοειδέϊ μορφῇ,
ᾧς Ὑάδας καλέουσι, Λάμου ποταμηίδα φύτλην,
καὶ Διὸς εὐώδινα τιθηνήσαντο γενέθλην,
Βάκχον ἔτι πνείοντα πολυρραφέος τοκετοῖο,
¹⁵⁰ παιδοκόμοι ῥυτῆρες ἀθηήτου Διονύσου,
οὐ ξένον εἶδος ἔχοντες: ἐνὶ σκοτίῳ δὲ μελᾶθρῳ
πολλάκι πηχύναντο κεκυφότει κοῦρον ἄγοστῳ,
αἰθέρα παπτάζοντα, Διὸς πατρώιον ἔδρην,
εἰσέτι κουρίζοντα, σοφὸν βρέφος. ἄρτιτόκῳ δὲ
¹⁵⁵ πῇ μὲ ἔην ἐρίφῳ πανομοῖος, ἔνδοθι μάνδρης
κρυπτόμενος, δολιχῇ δὲ δέμας πυκνώσατο χαίτῃ
ἄλλοφανῆς, δολίων δὲ χέων βληχηθμὸν ὀδόντων
ἵχνεσιν αἰγείοισι νόθην μιμήσατο χηλὴν:
πῇ δὲ γυναικείην φορέων ψευδήμονα μορφὴν
¹⁶⁰ μιμηλὴ κροκόπεπλος ἐν εἵμασι φαίνετο κούρη
ἄρτιθαλής, φθονερῆς δὲ παραπλάζων νόον Ἥρης
χείλεσιν ἀντιτύποισιν ἀνήρυγε θῆλυν ἰώην,
καὶ πλοκάμοις εὐδομον ἔπεσφήκωσε καλύπτρην
θήλεα πέπλα φέρων πολυδαίδαλα: μεσσατίῳ δὲ
¹⁶⁵ στήθεϊ δεσμὸν ἔβαλλε καὶ ὄρθιον ἄντυγα μαζοῦ ...
παρθενίῳ ζωστῆρι, καὶ οἷᾶ περ ἄμμα κορείης
πορφυρέην λαγόνεσσι συνήρμοσε κυκλάδα μίτρην.

the horned Pheres, to whom Hera had given a different sort of human shape with horns. These were sons of the water-naiads in mortal body, whom men call Hyads, offspring of the river Lamos. They had played the nurses for the babe that Zeus had so happily brought forth, Bacchos, while he still had a breath of the sewn-up birth-pocket. They were the cherishing saviours of Dionysos when he was hidden from every eye, and then they had nothing strange in their shape; in that dark cellar they often dandled the child in bended arms, as he cried Daddy to the sky, the seat of his father Zeus, still a child a play, but a clever babe. Of the would mimic a newborn kid; hiding in the fold, he covered his body with long hair, and in this strange shape let out a deceptive bleat between his teeth, and pretended to walk on hooves in goatlike steps. Of the would show himself like a young girl in saffron robes and take on the feigned shape of a woman; to mislead the mind of spiteful Hera, he moulded his lips to speak in a girlish voice, tied a scented veil on his hair. He put on all a woman's manycoloured garments: fastened a maiden's vest about his chest and the firm circle of his bosom, and fitted a purple girdle over his hips like a band of maidenhood.

καὶ δόλος ἦν ἀνόνητος, ἐπεὶ μάθεν ὑπόθεν Ἥρη
πάντοθι δινεύουσα πανόψιον ὄμμα προσώπου,
170 μορφὴν ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ὀπιτεύουσα Λυαίου:
καὶ Βρομίου φυλάκεσσιν ἐχώσατο: δεξαμένη δὲ
Θεσσαλίδος δολόεντα παρ' Ἀχλὺος ἄνθεα ποίης
ὑπνον θελγομένων φυλάκων ἐπέχευε καρήνῳ,
μάγγανα φαρμακόμεντα κατασταλάουσα κομᾶν:
175 καὶ μάγον ἄβρὸν ἄλειφα περιχρίσασα προσώπῳ
ἀνδρομέης ἤμειψε παλαιότερον εἶδος ὀπωπῆς:
τοῖσι μὲν οὐατόεσσα φυῆς ἰνδάλλετο μορφῇ,
ἵππειν δ' ἀνέτελλε δι' ἰξὺς ὄρθιος οὐρῇ
ἰσχία μαστίζουσα δασυστέρνοιο φορῆς,
180 καὶ βοέη βλάστησε κατὰ κροτάφοιο κεραίη,
ὄμματα δ' εὐρύνοντο τανυκράιοιο μετώπου,
καὶ σκολιαὶ πλοκαμῖδες ἀνῆξηντο καρήνων,
γναθμοὶ δ' ἀργιόδοντες ἐμηκύνοντο γενείων,
ξείνῃ δ' αὐτοτέλεστος ἀπ' ἰξὺς εἰς πόδας ἄκρους
185 ἀμφιλαφῆς λασίοιο κατ' αὐχένος ἔρρεε χαιτή.

[168] But his guile was useless. Hera, who turns her all-seeing ye to every place, saw from on high the ever-changing shape of Lyaïos, and knew all. Then she was angry with the guardians of Bromios. She procured from Thesalian Achlys treacherous flowers of the field, and shed a sleep of enchantment over their heads; she distilled poisoned drugs over their hair, she smeared a subtle magical ointment over their faces, and changed their earlier human shape. Then they took the form of a creature with long ears, and a

horse's tail sticking out straight from the loins and flogging the flanks of its shaggy-crested owner; from the temples cow's horns sprouted out, their eyes widened under the horned forehead, the hair ran across their heads in tufts, long white teeth grew out of their jaws, a strange kind of mane grew of itself, covering their neck with rough hair, and ran down from the loins to the feet underneath.

δώδεκα δὲ ξύμπαντας ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες,
Σπαργεύς τε Γληνεὺς τε χοροῖτυπος, ἄλλοφυῆς δὲ
σύνδρομος Εὐρυβίῳ σταφυληκόμος ἵκετο Κητεὺς,
καὶ Ῥιφόνῳ Πετραῖος ὁμάρτεεν, ἀκροπότης δὲ
¹⁹⁰ Αἷσακος Ὀρθάων τε συνέστιχον, οἷς μίαν ἄμφω
Ἀμφιθεμὶς καὶ Φαῦνος ἐποίησαντο πορείην,
εὐκεράῳ δὲ Φάνητι συνέμπορος ἦλθε Νομείων.

[186] Twelve captains commanded them all: Spargeus and Gleneus the dancer, and beside Eurybios the strange figure of Ceteus the winedresser; Petraios with Rhiphonos, Aisacos the deep drinker and Orthaon, with whom marched both Amphithemis and Phaunos, and Nomeion side by side with wellhorned Phanes.

Κενταύρων δ' ἑτέρῃ διφυῆς κεκόρυστο γενέθλη,
Κυπριάς, ὅππότε Κύπρις ἐπέτρεχεν εἵκελον αὔραις
¹⁹⁵ ἶχνιον ἱμείροντος ἀλυσκάζουσα τοκῆος,
μὴ γενέτην ἀθέμιστον ἐσαθρήσειεν ἀκοίτην,
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ ὑπόειξε γάμων ἄψαυστον ἑάσας
ὠκυτέρην ἀκίχητον ἀναινομένην Ἀφροδίτην:
ἀντὶ δὲ Κυπριδίων λεχέων ἔσπειρεν ἀρούρη
²⁰⁰ παιδογόνων προχέων φιλοτήσιον ὄμβρον ἀρότρων:
γαῖα δὲ δεξαμένη γαμῖν Κρονίωνος ἐέρσην
ἄλλοφυῇ κερόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζε γενέθλην.

[193] Another tribe of twiform Centaurs was ready, the Cyprian. Once when Cypris fled like the wind from the pursuit of her lascivious father, that she might not see an unhallowed bedfellow in her own begetter, Zeus the Father gave up the chase and left the union unattempted, because unwilling Aphrodite was too fast and he could not catch her: instead of the Cyprian's bed, he drops on the ground the loveshower of seed from the generative plow. Earth received Cronion's fruitful dew, and shot up a strangelooking horned generation.

τοῖσι κορυσσομένοισι συνέδραμον εἰν ἐνὶ Βάκχαι,
αἱ μὲν Μηρινὴς ἀπὸ ῥωγάδος, αἱ δὲ κολώνης

205 ἡλιβάτων ἦιξαν ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο καρήνων.
 νύμφαι δ' ἔλκεχιτώνες Ὀρειάδες ἄρσενι θυμῷ
 λυσσάδες ἐρρώνοντο σὺν εὐθύρσοισι μαχηταῖς,
 αἶ τε παλιννόστων ἐτέων πολυδινεῖ νύσση
 μηκεδανὸν ζώεσκον ἐπὶ χρόνον, αἶ μὲν ἐρίπναις
 210 γείτονες οἰονόμων ἐπιμηλίδες, αἶ δὲ λιποῦσαι
 ἄλσεα δενδρήεντα καὶ ἀγριάδος ῥάχιν ὕλης,
 συμφυέες Μελῖαι δρυὸς ἥλικος· αἶ τότε πᾶσαι
 εἰς μόθον ἠπείγοντο συνήλυδες, αἶ μὲν ἐλοῦσαι
 τύμπανα χαλκεόνωτα, Κυβηλίδος ὄργανα ῥείης,
 215 αἶ δὲ κατηρεφέες πλοκάμους ἐλικῶδεϊ κισσῷ,
 ἄλλαι ἐμιτρώθησαν ἐχιδναίοισι κορύμβοις·
 χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἄειρον ἀκαχμένον, αἷς τότε Λυδαὶ
 μαϊνάδες ὠμάρτησαν ἀταρβέες εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν·

[203] These combatants were joined by the Bacchai, some coming from the Meionian rocks, some from the mountain above the precipitous peaks of Sipylos. Nymphs hastened to join the soldiers of the thyrsus, the wild Oreads with hearts of men trailing their long robes. Many a year had they seen roll round the turning-point as they lived out their long lives. Some were the Medlars who lived on the heights near the shepherds; some were from the woodland glades and the ridges of the wild forest, nymphs of the mountain Ash coeval with their tree. All these pressed onwards together to the fray, some with brassbacked drums, the instruments of Cybelid Rheia, others with overhanging ivy-tendrils wreathed in their hair, or girt with rings of snakes. They carried the sharpened thyrsus which the mad Lydian women then took with them fearless to the Indian War.

ὧν τότε Βασσαρίδες θιασώδεις ἰδμονι τέχνη
 220 κρείσσονες ἠπείγοντο Διωνύσοιο τιθῆναι,
 αἶγλη Καλλιχόρη τε καὶ Εὐπετάλη καὶ Ἰώνη
 καὶ Καλύκη γελώσασα Βρύουσα τε, σύννομος Ὠραις,
 Σειλὴν τε Ῥόδη τε καὶ Ὠκυνὴ καὶ Ἐρευθὺ
 Ἀκρήτη τε Μέθη τε, καὶ ἔσπετο σύννομος Ἄρπη
 225 Οἰνάνθη ῥοδόεσσα καὶ ἀργυρόπεζα Λυκάστη,
 Στησιχόρη Προθὴ τε· φιλομειδῆς δὲ γεραῖη
 οἶνοβαρὴς Τρυγίη πυμάτη κεκόρυστο καὶ αὐτὴ.

[219] Stronger than these then came the nurses of Dionysos, troops of Bassarids well skilled in their art: Aigle and Callichore, Eupetale and Ione, laughing Calyce, Bryusa companion of the Seasons, Seilene and Rhode, Ocynoë and Ereutho, Acrete and Methe, rosy Oinanthe with Harpe and silverfoot Lycaste, Stesichore and Prothoë; last of all came ready for the fray Trygië too, that

grinning old gammer, heavy with wine.

κεκριμένον μὲν ἕκαστος ἔδ' ὄν στρατὸν ἤγαγε Βάκχῳ,
πάντων δ' ἡγεμόνευε πυρίβρομος Εἰραφιώτης
230 ἀστράπτων ἀρίδης: ἔς ὕσμινην δὲ χορεύων
οὐ σάκος, οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἐκούφισεν, οὐ ξίφος ὦμῳ,
οὐ κυνέην ἐπέθηκεν ἀκερσικόμοισιν ἐθείραις,
χάλκεον ἄρραγέος κεφαλῆς σκέπας, ἀλλὰ καρήνου
ἄπλοκον ἐσφήκωσε δρακοντεῖω τρίχα δεσμῷ,
235 κράσι κυκλώσας βλοσυρὸν στέφος: ἀντὶ δὲ τυκτῆς
δαϊδαλέης κνημίδος ἕως ἐπιγουνίδος ἄκρης
ἄργυφα πορφυρέοις ἐπεθήκατο ταρσὰ κοθόρνοις,
νεβρίδα λαχνήεσαν ἐπὶ στέρνοιο καθάψας,
στικτὸν ἔχων θώρηκα, τύπον κεχαραγμένον ἄστρον:
καὶ χρυσέην λαγόνεσσι περίτροχον ἤρμοσε μίτρην.
240 λαιῇ μὲν κέρας εἶχε βεβυσμένον ἡδέος οἴνου,
χρύσειον εὐποίητον, ἀπ' οἶνοχύτου δὲ κεραίης
ὄρθιος οἶνοπότοιο κατέρρεεν ὀλκὸς ἔεργης:
χειρὶ δὲ κέντορα θύρσον, ἐελμένον οἶνοπι κισσῷ,
δεξιτερῇ κούφισεν, ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ δὲ κορὺμβῳ
245 χαλκοβαρῆς πετάλοισι κατάσκιος ἦεν ἄκωκῇ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Διόνυσος ἔσω Κορυβαντίδος αὐλῆς

[228] Each army was brought to Bacchos by its own separate leader, but the commander-in-chief was Eiraphiotes, roaring with fire, flashing, all-conspicuous. Dancing to battle he came, holding no shield, no furious lance, no sword on shoulder, no helmet on his untrimmed locks, or metal to cover his inviolate head. He only tied his loose tresses with serpent-knots, a grim garland for his head; instead of fine-wrought greaves, from ankle to thigh he wore purple buskins on his silvery feet. He hung a furry fawnskin over his chest, a chestpiece dappled with spots like stars, and he fitted a golden kilt round his loins. In his left hand he held a horn full of delicious wine, cunningly wrought of gold; from this pitcher-horn poured a straight stream of flowing wine. In his right hand he bore a pointed thyrsus wound about with purple ivy, at the end a heavy bronze head covered with leaves.

χρύσειον εὐποίητον ἐδύσατο κόσμον Ἐννοῦς,
εὐδία καλλείψας χοροτερπέος ἔνδια Ῥεῖης
250 Μηονίην παράμειβεν: ὄρεσιπόλοις δ' ἅμα Βάκχαις
δαίμονι βοτρυνόεντι συνεσσεύοντο μαχηταί:
οἱ μὲν ἐντροχάλοιο κυβερνητῆρες ἀπήνης
φυταλιῆς κομίσαντο νέης μοσχεύματα Βάκχου:
πολλὰ δ' ἡμιόνων στίχες ἦιον, ἀμφὶ δὲ νώτῳ

255 νέκταρος ἀμπελόεντος ἐκούφισαν ἀμφιφορῆας:
 καὶ βραδέων ἐπέθηκαν ὄνων τετληότι νώτῳ
 ῥήγεα φοινικόεντα καὶ αἰόλα δέρματα νεβρῶν:
 ἄλλοι δ' οἶνοποτῆρες ἅμα χρυσέοισι κυτέλλοις
 ἀργυρέους κρητῆρας ἀγίνεον, ὅπλα τραπέζης:
 260 καὶ χαροπῆς Κορύβαντες ἐποίπνουν ἀγχόθι φάτνης
 αὐχένα πορδαλίων ζυγίῳ δῆσαντες ἱμάντι,
 κισσοδέτοισι δὲλέοντας ἐπιστῶσαντο λεπάδνοις
 χεῖλος ἐπισφίγξαντες ἀπειλητῆρι χαλινῷ.
 καὶ λασίην Κένταυρος ἔχων φρίσσουσιν ὑπήνην
 265 εἰς ζυγὸν αὐτοκέλευστος ἐκούσιον αὐχένα τείνας ...
 1 καὶ Σατύρων πολὺ μᾶλλον ἔχων πόθον ἡδέος οἴνου
 ἡμιτελῆς χρεμέτιζεν ἀνὴρ κεκερασμένος ἵππῳ,
 ἱέμενος Διόνυσον ἑοῖς ὤμοισιν αἰερεῖν.

[247] As soon as Dionysos had donned the well wrought golden gear of war in the Corybantian courtyard, he left the peaceful precincts of danceloving Rheia and went past Meionia: the warriors with the hillranging Bacchants hastened to meet the lord of the vine. The drivers of wheeled wagons carried shoots of the new plant of Bacchos. Many lines of mules went by, with jars of the viney nectar packed on their backs: slow asses had loads of purple rugs and manycoloured fawnskins on their patient backs. Winedrinkers besides carried silver mixingbowls with golden cups, the furniture of the feast. The Corybants were busy about the bright manger of the panthers, passing the yokestraps over their necks, and entrusted their lions to ivybound harness when they had fastened this threatening bit in their mouths. One Centaur with a bristling beard stretched his neck into the yoke willingly, unbidden; and the man mingled with horse half and half, craving the delicious wine even more than a Satyr, whinnied eager to carry Dionysos on his withers.

καὶ θεὸς εὐόρηκος ἐφήμενος ἄντυγι δίφρου
 270 Σαγγαρίου παρὰ χεῦμα, περὶ Φρύγα κόλπον ἀρούρης,
 λαϊνῆς Νιόβης παρεμέτρεε πενθάδα πέτρην:
 καὶ λίθος Ἴνδὸν ὄμιλον ἐριδμαίνοντα Λυαίῳ
 δακρυόεις ὁρώων βροτέην πάλιν ἴαχε φωνήν:
 ‘Μὴ μόθον ἐντύνητε θεημάχον, ἄφρονες Ἴνδοί,
 275 παιδὶ Διός, μὴ Βάκχος ἀπειλείοντας ἔνυ
 λαϊνέους τελέσειε καὶ ὑμέας, ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων,
 μυρομένους τύπον ἴσον ἐμῇ πετρώδει μορφῇ,
 μὴ ποταμοῦ παρὰ χεῦμα φερώνυμον Ἴνδὸν Ὀρόντην
 γαμβρὸν ἐσαθρήσητε δεδουπότα Δηριαδῆος.
 280 Ῥεῖη χωομένη δύναται πλέον ἰοχαίρης:
 Φοίβου φεύγετε Βάκχον ἀδελφεόν: αἰδέομαι γὰρ
 Ἴνδῶν κτεινομένων ἀλλότρια δάκρυα λείβει.’

[269] The god seated at the rail of his leaf-entwined car passed the stream of Sangarios, passed the bosom of the Phrygian land, passed the mourning rock of stony Niobe; and the stone, seeing the Indian host warring against Lyaïos, shed tears and spoke again with human voice: "Make not war against a god, foolish Indians! the son of Zeus! lest Bacchos turn you also, threatening battle, into stone, as Apollo did to me; lest you have to lament a shape like my stony shape; lest you see the goodson of Deriades, Indian Orontes, fallen beside the stream of the river that bears his name. Rheia in wrath is stronger than the Archeress. Flee from Bacchos, Apollo's brother! It would be a shame, if I must see Indians being slain and weep for strangers!"

τοῖα λίθον βοόωντα πάλιν σφρηγίσσατο σιγή.
καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις φρυγίης μετὰ πέζαν ἐρίπνης

[283] So the stone spoke, then silence sealed it again.

285 Ἀσκανίης ἐπέβαινε. ὁμηγερέες δὲ πολῖται
πάντες, ὅσοις Ἰόβακχος ἔην ὥρεξεν ὀπώρην,
καὶ τελετὰς ἐδέχοντο καὶ ἡσπάζοντο χορείας,
αὐχένα δοχμώσαντες ἀνικῆτῳ Διονύσῳ,
εἰρήνης ἐθέλοντες ἀναιμάκτοιο γαλήνῃν:
290 Βάκχων τοῖος ἔην κερόεις στρατὸς, οἷς ἅμα Βάκχαι
εἰς μόθον ὠπλίζοντο. φιλαγρύπνῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
πάννυχος ἀστερόεντα πυρίτροχον ὀλκὸν ὑφαίνων
οὐρανὸς ἐβρόντησεν, ἐπεὶ τότε μάρτυρι πυρσῷ
νίκης Ἰνδοφόνοιο τέλος μαντεύσατο Πρεῖη.

[284] Now the vinegod left the Phrygian plain, and entered Ascania. All the people gathered there, to whom Iobacchos offered his fruitage, accepted his rites and welcomed his dances, bowing the neck to invincible Dionysos, wishing for the quietude of peace without bloodshed. So mighty was the horned host of Bacchos, with the Bacchant women beside them armed for war. But Lyaïos kept vigil; all night long heaven thundered, threading fiery streaks among the stars; since Rheia then foretold with witnessing flash the bloodshed of the Indian victory.

295 εἰς ἔνοπλῃν δ' ἠῶος ἔβη θεὸς ὕβριν ἐλαύνων
ἀνδρῶν κυανέων, ἵνα δοῦλιον αὐχένα Λυδῶν
καὶ Φρυγίης ναετῆρα καὶ Ἀσκανίης πολιήτην
κοιρανίης δασπληῆτος ἀποζεῦξειε λεπάδνων.
τοῖς τότε Βάκχος ἔπεμπε δὺν κήρυκας Ἐννοῦς
300 ἀγγελίην ἐνέπειν, ἥ φευγέμεν ἥ πολεμίζειν:
καὶ σφισι νισσομένοισι συνέστιχεν αἰγίβοτος Πάν,

[295] In the morning, the god went forth to war, driving before him the violence of the black men, that he might free the neck of the Lycians and those who dwelt in Phrygia and Ascania from the yoke of cruel tyranny. Then Bacchos sent two heralds to give proclamation of war, either to fight or to fly: and with them went goatfoot Pan, his long-haired beard shadowing his whole-chest.

στῆθος ὄλον σκιδώντα φέρων πώγωνα κομήτην.
Ἥρη δ' ὠκυπέδιλος, ἐειδομένη δέμας Ἴνδῳ,
οὐλοκόμῳ Μελανῆι μὴ οἶνοπα θύρσον ἀίρειν
305 Ἀστράεντα κέλευε, δορυσσόον ὄρχαμον ἀνδρῶν,
μηδὲ φιλακρήτων Σατύρων ἀλάλαγμα γεραίρειν,
ἀλλὰ μάχην ἄσπονδον ἀναστῆσαι Διονύσω:
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπε παραιφαμένη πρόμον Ἴνδῶν:
“Ἡδὺς ὁ δειμαίνων ἀπαλὴν στίχα θηλυτεράων.
310 Ἀστράεις, πολέμιζε: κορύσσεο καὶ σὺ, Κελαινεῦ,
χαλκὸν ἔχων τμητῆρα κορυμβοφόρου Διονύσου:
ἔγχει δ' οὐ πέλε θύρσος ὁμοίος. ἀλλὰ, Κελαινεῦ,
Δηριάδην πεφύλαξο μεμνηνότα, μὴ σε δαμάσσει
οὐτιδανὴν ἀσιδήρον ἀλυσκάζοντα γυναῖκα.”

[303] But swiftshoe Hera, likening herself to an Indian, the curly-headed Melaneus, warned Astraëis, the spearshaking captain of men, not to uplift the thyrsus nor to heed the yell of drunken Satyrs, but to raise war to the death against Dionysos. She spoke these words to move the Indian chief: “You’re a nice one, to fear a feeble troop of women! Fight, Astraëis! Arm yourself too, Celaineus, and take a sharp blade to cut down Dionysos and his ivy-bunches! Thyrsus is no match for spear! No, no, look out for Deriades! He will be mad, and make an end of you, if you shrink from a weak unarmed woman!”

315 ὥς φαμένη παρέπεισε, καὶ ἤερα δύσατο δαίμων,
μητρυιὴ κοτέουσα μενεπτολέμῳ Διονύσω.

[315] She spoke, the stepmother furious against indomitable Dionysos. The goddess got her way, and hid in darkness.

καὶ βρομίου κήρυκες ἀπήλυθον: ἀγχιφανῆς δὲ
Ἀστράεις ὑπέροπλος, ἔχων ἄστοργον ἀπειλὴν,
μαίνεται βουκεράους Σατύρους καὶ Πᾶνα διώκων,
320 μελιχίου κήρυκας ἀτιμάζων Διονύσου.
οἱ δὲ παλιννόστοιο ποδὸς δεידήμονι ταρσῶ
φύξιον ἵχνος ἔκαμψαν ἐγερσιμόθῳ Διονύσω.

[317] Then the heralds of Bromios departed, for Astraëis drew near them

contemptuous, with pitiless menace on his tongue. Furiously he chased away Pan, and the oxhorned Satyrs, despising the heralds of Dionysos when he was gentle. They turned with timid foot, and made their way back in flight to Dionysos now in warlike mood.

καὶ στρατὸν ὥπλισε Βάκχος ἐς ἀντιπύρων στίχας Ἴνδῶν.
οὐδὲ λάθε ζοφόνετα Κελαινέα θῆλυς Ἐννῶ,
325 ἀλλὰ θορῶν ἀκίχητος ὅλον στρατὸν ὥπλισεν Ἴνδῶν:
καὶ θρασὺς Ἀστράεις, μενεδήιον οἶστρον ἄξων,
Ἀστακίδος κελάδοντα περὶ ῥόον ἴστατο λίμνης,
δέγμενος ἀμπελόεντος ἐπηλυσίην Διονύσου.

[323] No Bacchos made ready his army against the hostile troops of Indians. Nor did swarthy Celaineus fail to see the womanish warriors. He leapt up with all speed and called to arms the whole Indian host; while bold Astraëis with ever-growing martial rage took his stand beside the murmuring waves of the Astacid lake, and awaited the attack of Dionysos the vinegod.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ διδύμης στρατιῆς ἑτερόζυγι λαῶ
330 ἀμφοτέρων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες,
κλαγγῇ μὲν ζοφόνετες ἐπὶ κλόνον ἦιον Ἴνδοί,
Θρηικίοις γεράνοισιν ἑοικότες, εὔτε φυγοῦσαι
χειμερίην μάστιγα καὶ ἡέριου χύσιν ὄμβρου
Πυγμαίων ἀγεληδὸν ἐπαΐσσουσι καρήνοις
335 Τηθύος ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα, καὶ ὄξυόεντι γενεῖῳ
οὐτιδανῆς ὀλέκουσι λιποσθενὲς αἶμα γενέθλης,
ἱπτάμεναι νεφεληδὸν ὑπὲρ κέρας Ὠκεανοῖο:

[329] When the captains of the two armies of the two peoples had mustered their troops in two opposing lines, the swarthy Indians advanced to battle with loud cries: like Thracian cranes, when they fly from the scourge of winter and floods of stormy rain to throw their great flocks against the heads of pygmies round the water of Tethys, and when with sharp beaks they have destroyed that weak helpless race, they wing their way like a cloud over the horn of Ocean.

εἰς ἑνοπήν δ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐβακχεύοντο μαχηταί,
ἀκλινέες θεράποντες ἐγερσιμόθου Διονύσου:
340 Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον: ἀγρομένων δὲ
ἢ μὲν ἐχιδναίῳ κεφαλὴν ἐζώσατο δεσμῶ,
ἢ δὲ διεσφῆκωσε κόμην εὐώδεϊ κισσῷ,
ἄλλη χαλκοφόρῳ παλάμην ἐκορύσσετο θύρσῳ
οἶστρομανῆς, ἑτέρη δὲ κατ' αὐχένος ἄμμορα δεσμῶν

345 μηκεδανῆς μεθέηκε καθειμένα βόστρυχα χαίτης,
 Μαιναλῖς ἀκρήδεμνος, ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρων δέ οἱ ὤμων
 ἀπλεκέας πλοκαμῖδας ἀνερρίπιζεν ἀήτης·
 ἄλλη ρόπτρα τίνασσε συνήορα δίζυγι χαλκῷ
 πλοχμοὺς εἰλικόεντας ἐπαιθύσσουσα καρήνῳ·
 350 ἄλλη δ' ἐν παλάμῃσι, κατάσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης,
 ὄρθιον ἐσμαράγησε μόθων ἀντίκτυπον ἦχώ,
 χερσὶ περικροτέουσα βαρύβρομα νῶτα βοεῖης·
 καὶ πέλεν ἔγχεα θύρσα, καλυπτομένη δὲ πετήλοις
 δούρατος ἀμπελόεντος ἔην χαλκήλατος αἰχμῇ·
 355 ἥ δὲ δαφοινήεντος ἐφιμείρουσα κυδοιμοῦ
 ὠμοβόρων ἔξευξεν ἐπ' αὐχένι δεσμὰ δρακόντων·
 ἄλλη ποικιλόνωτον ἐπὶ στέρνοιο καλύπτρην
 πορδαλίων, ἑτέρη δὲ κατὰ χροὸς οἷα χιτῶνα
 στικτὰ φιλοσκοπέλων ἐνεδύσατο δέρματα νεβρῶν,
 360 δαιδαλέης ἐλάφοιο περισφιγξασα καλύπτρην·
 ἄλλη σκύμνον ἔχουσα δασυστέρνοιο λεαίνης
 ἀνδρομέῳ γλαγόνετι νόθῳ πιστώσατο μαζῶ·
 καὶ τις ὄφιν τριέλικτον ἀπήμονι δῆσατο κόλπῳ
 ἐνδόμυχον ζωστήρῃ, κεχηνότα γείτονι μηρῷ,
 365 μείλιχα συρίζοντα, φιλακρήτοιό τε κούρης
 ὑπναλέης ἄγρυπνον ὀπιπευτῆρῃ κορείης·
 ἄλλη ταρσὰ φέρουσα κατ' οὖρεα γυμνὰ πεδίλων,
 ποσσὶ βάτους πατέουσα καὶ ὀξυέθειας ἀκάνθας,
 θηγαλέῃ στατὸν ἵχνος ἐπεστήριζεν ἀχέρδῳ·
 370 καὶ τις ἐπαῖξασα τανυκνήμιδι καμήλῳ
 καμπύλον ἀμητῆρι διέθρισεν αὐχένα θύρσῳ,
 καὶ τυφλοῖσι πόδεσσι περιπταίουσα κελεύθῳ
 ἡμιφανῆς πεφόρητο, πολυγνάμπτῳ δὲ πορείῃ
 φοιταλέης ἀκάρηνον ἐπείγετο σῶμα καμήλου,
 375 καὶ σφαλερῇ πλήσσουσα βαθυνομένην χθόνα χηλῇ
 ὕππιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίῃ·
 ἄλλη δ' ἵχνος ἄγουσα βοοτρόφον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης
 ἄσχετα μαινομένοιο δορῆς ἐδράξατο ταύρου,
 καὶ βλοσυροῖς ὀνύχεσσι χαρασσομένης ἀπὸ δειρῆς
 380 ταυρεῖην ἀτόρητον ἀπεφλοίωσε καλύπτρην·
 ἄλλη δ' ἔγκατα πάντα διήφυσεν· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
 παρθένον ἀκρήδεμνον ἀσάμβalon ὑψόθι πέτρης
 τρηχαλέῳ πρηῶνι περισκαίρουσαν ἐρίπνης·
 οὐ σκοπῆν δ' ἔφριξε δυσέμβατον, οὐ πόδα κούρης
 385 ὄξυπαγῆς ἀπέδilon ὄνυξ ἐχάραξε κολώνης.

[338] On the other side, the fighting host madly rushed at the call, the unbending servants of warstirring Dionysos. The battalions of Bassarids also

moved like a flood. As they gathered, one twined a rope of snakes about her head, one knotted her hair with scented ivy; another madly caught up her bronze-headed thyrsus, another let down loose tresses of long hair over her neck, a Mainalid unveiled, while the wind blew the unbound locks over her shoulders; another clapped the pair of brazen cymbals, and shook the ringlets upon her head; another driven by the impulse of madness, beat the heavybooming drumskin with her hands, and sounded a loud echo of the battle-din. Then thyrsus did for spear, and hidden under vineleaves was the metal head of the shaft. Another yearning for bloody battle, bound round her neck a rope of raw-fed serpents. One again covered her chest with the spotted skin of a panther, another put on like tunic the dappled skins of mountain fawns, and wrapt herself round with the gay dress which had covered a deer. Another held the cub of a shaggy lioness, and gave it a milky human breast in exchange. There was one who coiled a serpent thrice round under her breast unharmed, a girdle next the skin, while it gaped at her thigh so close, hissing gently, and sleepless gazed at the maiden secrets of the girl who was sleeping off her wine. Another went barefoot over the hills, treading on brambles and sharp bristling thorns, and standing firm on a prickly pear. One attacked a longlegged camel, and sheared through its curving neck with a sweep of her thyrsus: then half to be seen, went stumbling over the path with blind feet the headless body of the camel staggering about in winding ways, until a hoof sank into a slippery hole and the creature rolled over helpless on its back in the dust. Another turned her step to a stretch of pasture in the forest, and caught hold of the fell of a maddened bull, then scoring the bull's neck with savage nails tore off the impenetrable skin, while another tore away all his bowels. You might have seen a girl unveiled, unshod, leaping about on the jagged rocks above a precipice; no fear had she of the sheer fall, no sharp point of stone scratched the girl's naked foot.

πολλὴ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παρ' Ἀστακίδος στόμα λίμνης

Ἴνδῳ δὲ δάκτο γονὴ Κουρήτι σιδήρῳ.

δυσμενέων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταὶ

τεύχεσιν ἀντιτύποισι, φερεσσακέος δὲ χορεῖς

³⁹⁰ ῥυθμὸν ἐμιμήσαντο ποδῶν ἐλικῶδεϊ παλμῷ:

καὶ λασίη παλάμη σκοπὴν λοφόεσσαν ἀείρων,

οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ταμών, ἐκορύσσετο Ληνεὺς,

πέμπων ὀκρίεσσαν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἄκωκῇ:

Βάκχη δ' ἀμφαλάλαξε, καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ἄκωκῇ

³⁹⁵ Βασσαρὶς ἠκόντιζε, μελαρρῖνου δὲ γενέθλης

ἄρσενά πολλὰ κάρηνα δαΐζετο θήλει θύρσῳ.

καὶ φονίῳ θρασὺν ἄνδρα διατμήγουσα κορύμβῳ

Εὐπετάλῃ κεκόρυστο, φιλοσταφύλῳ δὲ πετήλῳ

κέντορα κισσὸν ἔπεμπεν ἀλοιητῆρα σιδήρου:

⁴⁰⁰ Στησιχόρῃ δ' εὐβοτρὺς ἐπεσκίρτησε κυδοιμῷ,

καὶ δῆϊων ἔσσευε γένος ῥηξήνορι ῥόμβῳ
κύμβαλα διενέουσα βαρύβρομα δίζυγι χαλκῷ.

[386] At the mouth of the Astacid lake many a son of India was cut up by the steel of the Curetes. The warriors surrounded the battalions of the foe with blow for blow, and imitated the rhythms of the armour-dance in the wheeling movements of their feet. Leneus broke off a crested peak from a mountain, and lifting this in his hairy hand, he cast the jagged mass among the enemy: the Bacchant yelled in triumph, the Bassarid cast her vinewreathed point, the heads of many men in that blackskin crowd were brought down by the womanish thyrsus. Eupetale was ready, and pierced a bold man with her deadly shaft, then let fly her pointed ivy covered with vineleaves to smash the steal. Stesichore with her bunches of grapes skipt into the mellay, and shooed off a tribe of enemies with manbreaking bullroarer, waving a brazen pair of loudclashing cymbals.

καὶ πολὺς ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔην μόθος· ἔβρεμε σύριγξ,
σύριγξ ἐγρεκῦδοιμος, ἐπέκτυπε δ' αὐλὸς Ἐννοῦς,
405 Βασσαρίδες δ' ὀλόλυξαν· ἐγειρομένου δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
βρονταίοις πατάγοισι μέλας μυκώμενος ἄῃρ
ἐκ Διὸς ἔσσομένην Βρομίῳ μαντεύσατο νίκην.
καὶ πολὺς ἔσμος ἔπιπτεν· ὅλη δ' ἐρυθαίνετο λύθρῳ
ὕγρῳ διψὰς ἄρουρα, καὶ Ἀστακίδος στόμα λίμνης
410 αἰμοβαφεὲς κελάρυζε, φόνῳ κεκρασμένον Ἰνδῶν.

[403] There was hard fighting on both sides. There was the sound of the syrinx – the syrinx awaking the battle! There was drooling of pipes – the shepherd's pipes calling to war! There were the Bassarids' howlings: and as the turmoil arose, the black air bellowed with thunderclaps from Zeus, presaging victory for Bromios to come. A great swarm fell; all the thirsty earth was reddened with running blood, and the mouth of the Astacid lake was a bubbling bloodbath mingled with Indian gore.

Ἀντιβίους δ' ὥκτειρε θεὸς φιλοπαιγμονι θυμῷ
καὶ προχοαῖς κατέχευε μέθης γέρας, ἐκ δὲ ῥοάων
χιονέην ἤμειψε φυὴν ξανθόχροον ὕδωρ,
καὶ ποταμὸς κελάρυζε μελίρρυτα χεῦματα σύρων,
415 καὶ προχοὰς ἐμέθυσσεν· ἀμειβομένων δὲ ῥοάων
ἔπνεον ἀρτιχύτοιο μέθης εὐώδεις αὔραι·
ὄχθαι ἐφοινίσσοντο· πίων δέ τις Ἰνδὸς ἀγήνωρ
τοίην ἐκ στομάτων πολυθαμβέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·

[411] But the god pitied his foes in his heart of merry cheer, and he poured the

treasure of wine into the waters. So he changed the snowywhite waters to yellow, and the river swept along bubbling streams of honey intoxicating the waters. When this change came upon the waters, the breezes blew perfumed by the newly-poured wine, the banks were empurpled. A noble Indian drank, and spoke his wonder in these words:

‘Ξεῖνον ἶδον καὶ ἄπιστον ἐγὼ ποτόν, οὐ γλάγος αἰγῶν
420 ἄργυφον οὐ πέλε τοῦτο, καὶ οὐ μέλαν οἷα περ ὕδωρ,
οὐδὲ μιν οἶον ὅπωπα πολυτρήτοις ἐνὶ σίμβλοις
βουβήεσσα μέλισσα λοχεύεται ἡδέϊ κηρῷ:
ἀλλὰ νόον τέρπουσαν ἔχει καλλιπνοον ὁδμήν.
ἀνὴρ διψαλέος πολυθαλπεί καύματος ἀτμῷ,
425 βαιὼν ἑαῖς παλάμῃσιν ἀφυσσάμενος χυτὼν ὕδωρ
λαίλαπα καρχαλέης ἀποσειεται αὐτίκα δίψης:
καὶ μέλι μᾶλλον ἔχει ταχινὸν κόρον: ἄ μέγα θαῦμα,
τοῦτο πῶν ἐθέλω πῖεῖν πάλιν: ἀμφότερον γάρ
καὶ γλυκερὸν τόδε χεῦμα καὶ οὐ κόρον ἀνδράσι τίκτει.
430 ἦβη, κάλπιν ἄειρε καὶ ἔρχεο δεῦρο λαβοῦσα
Τρώιον οἶνοχόον, ζαθέων δρηστήρα κυπέλλων,
ὄφρα μελιρραθάμιγγος ἀφυσσάμενος ποταμοῖο
Ζηνὸς ὅλους κρητῆρας ἀναπλήσῃ Γανυμήδης.
δεῦτε, φίλοι, γεύσασθε μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο.
435 ἐνθάδε παπταίνω τύπον αἰθέρος: αὐτόχυτον γάρ
κεῖνο, τό περ καλέουσι Διὸς πόμα, νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου
νηιάδες χθονίοισιν ἀναβλύζουσι ῥεέθροις.’

[419] “Here is a strange and incredible drink I have seen! This is not the white milk of goats, not dark like water, nor is it like what I have seen in the riddled hives, what the buzzing bee brings forth with sweet wax. No – this delights the mind with a fragrant scent. A man is thirsty in the steam of this sultry heat – but if he scoops up a few drops of running water in his palms, he shakes off at once the whirlwind of parching thirst! Honey surfeits you sooner – O here’s a great miracle! When I drink this I want to drink more! For this had both merits – it is sweet, and it does not surfeit. Hebe, come this way! take up your pitcher, and bring your Trojan cupbearer who serves with cups the divine company – let Ganymedes draw honeyed drops from this river and fill all the mixing-bowls of Zeus! This way, friends, have a taste of a honeydistilling river! Here I see an image of the heavens; for that nectar of Olympos which they say is the drink of Zeus, the Naiads are pouring out in natural streams on the earth!”

BOOK 15

πέμπτω καὶ δεκάτῳ βριαρὴν Νικαίαν αἰίδω,
θηροφόνον ῥοδόπηχυν ἀπειλήτειραν Ἐρώτων.
ὥς φαμένου νεφελῆδὸν ἐπέρρεον αἴθοπες Ἴνδοι
ἀμφὶ ῥόον ποταμοῖο μελίπνοον: ὦν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ἀγχιβάτης στατὸν ἶχνος ἐπ' ἰλὺι δισσὸν ἐρείσας
ἡμιφανῆς ἔστηκε, καὶ ὀμφαλὸν ὕδατι δεύων,
5 κυρτὸς ἔσω ποταμοῖο κεκυφὸτα νῶτα τιταίνων,
χερσὶ βαθυνομένῃσι μελισταγῆς ἤφυσεν ὕδωρ:
ὅς δὲ παρὰ προχοῇσι, κατὰσχετος αἴθοπι δίψῃ,
πορφυρέῳ προβλήτῃ γενειάδα κύματι βάπτων,
στῆθος ἐφασπλώσας ποταμηίδος ὑψόθεν ὄχθης,
10 οἴγομένοις στομάτεσσιν ἀνείρυσεν ἰκμάδα Βάκχου:
πρηνῆς δ' ἄλλος ἔην πελάσας στόμα γείτονι πηγῇ,
καὶ διερὰς δαπέδῳ ψαμαθώδεϊ χεῖρας ἐρείσας
χείλεσι διψαλέοισιν ἐδέχνυτο δίψιον ὕδωρ:
ἄλλοι δ' ὀστρακόνετι μέθην ἀρύοντο κυπέλλῳ,
15 πυθμένα κουφίζοντες ἐαγότης ἀμφιφορῆος:
καὶ πολὺς ἐσμὸς ἔπινεν ἐρευθιόωντι ῥέεθρῳ
κισσυβίῳ προχέων ποταμηίδος ὄγκον ἐέρσης,
μηλονόμων ἄγραυλον ἔχων δέπας. ἀντιβίων δὲ
οἷνον ἐρευγομένων πολυχανδέος ἀνθρεῶνος
20 ὄμμασι δερκομένοισιν ἐδιπλώθησαν ἐρίπναι,
καὶ βλεφάροις δοκέεσκον ἰδεῖν διδυμόζυγον ὕδωρ.
καὶ προχοὴ κελάρυζε φιλακρήτου ποταμοῖο
ξανθὸν ἀναβλύζουσα μέθης ῥόον: ἡδυπότου δὲ
οἰνάδος ἡρεύγοντο ῥοὰς εὐώδεις ὄχθαι.

BOOK XV

In the fifteenth, I sing the sturdy Nicaia, the rosy-armed beast-slayer defying Love.

As he spoke thus, cloudwise rolled up the burnt-faced Indians around the flood of the honeybreathing river. One of them walking near stood pressing his two feet down in the slime, half-showing, and wetting his navel in the water, curved into the river and stretching his crouched back, and with hollowed hands lapped up the honeydripping water. Another by the flood, possessed by fiery thirst, bathing in the purple wave his forethrust cheek, spreading his breast above the bank of the river, with opening mouth drew in the juice of Bacchos. Another prone bringing close his mouth to the neighbouring fount, and pressing wet hands on the sandy bottom, with thirsting lips welcomed the thirsty water. Others drew up the potations with a

shard for a cup, lifting the base of a broken two-ear jar. And a great swarm drank at the ruddy stream, ladling out with ivy-wood cups a mass of the river-dew, as they held the rustic pot of the shepherds. And as the enemies belched vinously from wide-yawning throat, as their eyes gazed, the cliffs were doubled, and they thought to see through their eyelids a pair of waters in one yoke. And the bubbling outflow of the wineloving river gushed up a brown stream of carousal; and the fragrant banks poured up streams of the sweet drink of wine.

25 δυσμενέας δ' ἐμέθυσσε χάλις ῥόος. ἔνθά τις ἀνὴρ
Ἴνδός ἀμερσινόοιο μέθης δεδονημένος οἷστρω
εἰς ἀγέλην ἦιξε, καὶ εὐπετάλῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
ταῦρον ἀπειλητῆρα μετήγαγε δέσμιον ἔλκων,
διχθαδίων κεράων κεχαραγμένον ἄκρον ἐρύσσας
30 τολμηραῖς παλάμαις, διδυμάκονος οἷα κεραίης
ταυροφυῇ Διόνυσον ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δούλια σύρων·
ἄλλος ἔχων δασπλῆτα σιδηρεῖης γένυν ἄρπης
αἰγὸς ὄρεσσινόμοιο διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα,
θηγαλέῳ δρεπάνῳ δεδαῖγμένον, οἷα τε δειρὴν
35 Πανὸς ἐνκραίροιο ταμῶν γαμφώνυχι χαλκῷ·
ἄλλος ἀπηλοίησε βοῶν κεραελκέα φύτλην,
οἷα περ ἀμῶν Σατύρων ταυρώπιδα μορφήν,
ὃς δὲ τανυκραίων ἐλάφων ἐδίωκε γενέθλην
στικτῆς εἰσορόων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ὀπωπῆς,
40 οἷα τε Βασσαρίδων ὀλέκων στίχα· δαιδαλέαις γὰρ
νεβρίσιν ἰσοτύποισι παρεπλάγχθησαν ὀπωπαί·
καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ὄλον θώρηκα μαιάνων
Ἴνδός ἀκοντιστῆρι μέλας ἐρυθαίνετο λύθρῳ.
καὶ τις ὁμοκλήσας ἐκορύσσετο γείτοني δένδρῳ
45 μαστιζων ἐκάτερθε, καὶ εἰαρινοῖσι δοκεῦν
σειομένην ἀνέμοισι φυτῶν ἐλικώδεα χαιτήν
ἀβροκόμων ὄρπηκας ἀπηλοίησε κορύμβων,
φύλλα διασχίζων λασίης δρυός, οἷα μαχαίρη
πλοχμὸν ἀκερσικόμοιο διατμήγων Διονύσου,
50 μαρνάμενος πετάλοισι καὶ οὐ Σατύροισιν ἐρίζων,
τερπωλὴν ἀνόνητον ἔχων σκιοειδέι νίκη.

[25] Thus the enemy were made drunken by the untempered stream. Then a certain man of the Indians, driven by the gadfly of mindrobbing drink, dashed into the herd; and by a leafy thicket found a threatening bull, which he brought back pulling him along in bonds, when he had dragged at the sharpened end of the two horns with daring hands, thinking that he drew under the yoke of servitude bullshaped Dionysos by the twin horns. Another, holding the horrid jaw of an iron sickle, shore through the neck of a

mountain-ranging goat, cleaving it with the whetted hook, thinking he was cutting the throat of horned Pan with his talon of crooked bronze. Another threshed out a hornarmed brood of cattle as if harvesting the bullfaced shape of satyrs; one again pursued a tribe of long-antlered deer, as if he were destroying a line of Bassarids, when he saw the patterned shape of the dappled creatures: for his sight was driven astray by the freckled fawnskins of like looks: and staining all his breastpiece with bloody drops, the black Indian was reddened by the spouting gore. And one shouting loudly attacked a neighbouring tree, flogging it on both sides; and observing the leafy tendrils shaken by the spring breezes, he battered off the shoots of the tender clusters, slicing through the leaves of the thickest tree, as if cutting with his sabre through the tresses of unshorn Dionysos, battling with foliage instead of combating with Satyrs, and took a bootless delight in his shadowy conquest.

μαίνεται δ' ἀντιβίων ἕτερος χορός: ἀντὶ δὲ λόγχης

ὃς μὲν ἐλὼν βαρύδουπον ἐπωμαδίῳ τελαμῶνι

τύμπανον ἤέρταζε, καὶ ἀμφιπλήγι βοεῖη

55 διζυγον ἔσμαράγησε μέλος χαλκόκροτον ἤχώ:

ὃς δὲ πολυτρήτοιο βοῇ δεδονημένος αὐλοῦ

ἄστατος εἰλικόεντι ποδῶν βακχεύετο παλμῶ:

καὶ τις ἀπειρήτοις ἐπὶ χεῖλεσι λωτὸν ἐρεΐσας

διθροον ἁρμονίην ἐμελίζετο Μυγδόνοιο αὐλοῦ:

60 γηραλέου δὲ φυτοῖο θορῶν παρὰ γείτονι ῥίζῃ

γλαυκὸν ἐυραθάμιγγοι ἀνείρυσεν θαλλὸν ἐλαίης

ὄμβρῳ ἐερσήεντι διάβροχον, οἷα πιέζων

οἴνωπῃ ῥαθάμιγγι Μαρωνίδος ἄκρον ὑπῆνης.

ἄλλοι σὺν ξιφέεσσι, σὺν ἔγχεσι, σὺν τρυφαλείαις

65 ἄσχετα βακχευθέντες ἀμερσινόφω φρένας οἴνω

ὄργια μιμήσαντο φερεσσακέων Κορυβάντων,

ἶχνια δινεῦοντες ἐνόπλιον ἀμφὶ χορεῖην:

καὶ παλάμης ἐλικηδὸν ἀμοιβαιήσιν ἐρωαῖς

ἀσπίδες ἐκρούοντο κυβιστητῆρι σιδήρῳ:

70 ἄλλος ὀπιπεύων θιασώδεος ὄργια Μοῦσης

μιμηλὴν Σατύροισι συνεσκίρτησε χορεῖην:

καὶ τις ἀρασσομένης αἰὼν κελάδημα βοεῖης

μεῖλιχον ἦθος ἔδεκτο, φιλοσμαράγῳ δὲ μενοινῇ

ῥιγεδανὴν ἀνέμοισιν ἐὴν ἔρριψε φαρέτρην,

75 λῦσαν ἔχων: ἕτερος δὲ γυναιμανέων πρόμος Ἴνδῶν

ἀπλεκέος πλοκαμῖδος ἐλὼν ὑψαύχεναν Βάκχην,

παρθενικὴν ἀδάμαστον ἀτάσθαλον εἰς γάμον ἔλκων,

σφιγξεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο, τανυσσάμενος δὲ κονίῃ

χερσὶν ἐρωμανέεσσιν ἀπεσφρηγίσσατο μίτρην,

80 ἐλπίδι μαψιδίῃ πεφορημένος: ἐξαπίνης γὰρ

ὄρθιος εἶπε δράκων ὑποκόλπιος ἰξὺ γείτων,

δυσμενέος δ' ἦιξε κατ' αὐχένος, ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρῇ
οὐραϊαῖς ἐλίκεσσιν ἀνέπλεκε κυκλάδα μίτρην·
ταρβαλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι φυγῶν μελανόχροος ἀνῆρ
85 θερμὸν ἀνυμφεύτων ἀπεσεῖσατο κέντρον Ἐρώτων,
αὐχένιον φορέων ὀφιώδεος ὄρμὸν ἀκάνθης.

[52] Another enemy troop went mad. For a spear, one took a heavy banging drum, and hung it up by his shoulder-strap: then beating on both skins he crashed out a double tune in the brass rattling sound. Another, thrilled by the note of the many-holed pipes, danced about with quick circling steps, and putting a reed to his inexperienced lips practised the tune of the double Mygdonian pipes: then leaping to the neighbouring root of an ancient tree, he drew at a green shoot of the rich dropping olive, soaked with dewy moisture, as though pressing his lip to a drop of Maronian wine. Others with swords, with spears, with helmets, their wits set a-rioting by the mind robbing wine, mimicked the orgies of the carry shield Corybants, twirling their steps for the dance-in-armour, and all in a whirl the shields were beaten by alternate thump of hand or the plunging iron. Another eyeing the orgies of the Muse with her choir, skipt a mimicking dance with the Satyrs. And one hearing the roll of the banged oxhide, took on a gentle mood, and with rattle loving desire, threw to the winds his terrible quiver, all frantic: a second chieftain of the woman mad Indians caught by the untwined hair some highnecked Bacchant, and dragging the untamed virgin to violent wedlock, held her tight on the ground, and stretched in the dust with lust-maddened hands unsealed her belt, wild with vain hope: for suddenly with head erect a serpent crept from her bosom, near-neighbour to the groin, and darted at the enemy's throat, and about his neck twined a circling belt with spirals of his tail; the blackskinned man, fleeing with frightened feet, shook off the hot sting of unhallowed love, and wore on his throat the necklace of snaky spine.

ὄφρα μὲν οἶνωθέντες ἐν οὖρεσιν ἔτρεχον Ἴνδοί,
τόφρα δὲ νήδυμος Ὕπνος ἐδὼν πετρὸν οὐλον ἐλίξας
ἀκλινέων σφαλεροῖσιν ἐπέχραεν ὄμμασιν Ἰνδῶν,
90 εὐνάσε δ' οἰστροθέντας ἀμετρήτῳ νόον οἶνω,
Πασιθέης γενετῆρι χαριζόμενος Διονύσῳ·
ὦν ὁ μὲν ὕπτιος εὔδεν ἄνω νεύοντι προσώπῳ
ὑπναλέῳ μυκτῆρι μεθυσφαλὲς ἄσθμα τιταίνων,
ὃς δὲ βαρυνομένην κεφαλὴν ἐπεθήκατο πέτρῳ,
95 νωθρὸς ἐγκροκάλῳ ποταμῆιδι κείμενος ὄχθη,
ἡματιοῖς δ' ὀάριζε νοοπλανέεσσιν ὀνείροις
ὀρθὰ περὶ κροτάφοισι πεπηγότα δάκτυλα βάλλων·
πρηνῆς δ' ἄλλος ἔην τετανυσμένος, εἶχε δὲ δισσὴν
χεῖρα καθιεμένην ἰσοελκέα διζυγὶ μηρῶ·
100 καὶ τις ἔῃς παλάμης κεφαλὴν ἐπερείσατο καρπῷ

οἶνον ἀναβλύζων· ὁ δὲ καμπύλα γυῖα συνάπτων,
 ὡς ὄφρις ἀμφιέλικτος, ἐκέκλιτο, λοξὸς ἰαύων.
 καὶ χορὸς ἀντιβίων πεφορημένος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
 ὃς μὲν ὑπὸ δρυὸς εὔδεν, ὁ δὲ πτελέης ὑπὸ θάμνῳ,
 105 ἄλλος ἐπὶ πλευρῇσι πεσὼν ἐκλίνετο φηγῷ,
 λαίην ὀφρυόεντι βαλὼν ἐπὶ χεῖρα μετώπῳ·
 καὶ πολὺς ἐσμός ἴαυε λάλος νέκυς, ἥερι πέμπων
 ἄλλοις ἀχάλινον ἀσημάντου θρόον ἡχοῦς
 οἶνοβαρῆς· ἕτερος δὲ τινασσομένοιο καρήνου
 110 γηραλέης πλατὺ νῶτον ἐπέτρεπε πυθμένι δάφνης·
 τὸν δὲ βαρὺ κνώσσοντα βαθυστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
 ἀκροκόμου φοίνικος ἢ εὐώδινος ἐλαίης
 ῥιπίζων ἀνέμοισιν ἔλιξ ἐπεσῦρισεν ὄρπηξ·
 καὶ τις ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο χυτῇ τετάνυστο κονίη,
 115 ἄκρα ποδῶν προχοῇσι κατακλύζων ποταμοῖο·
 ἄλλος ἀπειρήτοιο μέθης βακχεύετο παλμῷ,
 καὶ κεφαλὴν βαρὺθουσας ἐπέτρεπε γείτονι πεύκῃ·
 ἄλλου φυσιόωντος ἐσεῖετο νεῦρα μετώπου.

[87] While the Indians were running drunken on the hills, just then sweet Sleep plying his vigorous wing, assaulted the wavering eyes of the persistent Indians, and put them to bed, tormented in mind by immoderate wine, doing grace to Pasithea's father, Dionysos. One lay sleeping on his back, with face turning upwards, straining his drinkshaken breath through a sleepy nostril. Another rested his heavy head on a stone, as he lay sluggish on the gravelly bank; he was babbling in the daydreams of a vagrant mind, and laying his fingers stiff and straight about his temples. Another was stretched out prone, with his two hands hanging down to balance his two thighs. Another had leant his head on the wrist of his hand, and was drooling wine; another had gathered his limbs rolled together, like a snake coiling round, and lay slumbering on his side. And the company of the enemy who had rushed to the woody ridge — one slept under an oak, one in the undergrowth of an elm; another fallen on his flank, and leaning against an oak, had put the left hand over forehead and eyebrows; and a great swarm, heavy with wine in their slumber were chattering carcasses, sending into the air the unbridled din of sounds without sense, signifying nothing. One with shaking head, leaned his broad back on the trunk of an aged laurel. Another in heavy stupor upon a deep-strown bed, while the twining saplings of topleaf palm or prolific olive whistled above and fanned him with the winds. One was outstretched on the ground in the outpoured dust, washing the tips of his feet in the pouring river. Another shaken in the throes of intoxication, a new experience, leaned his heavy head against a neighbouring pine: another panted until the sinews of his forehead throbbed.

καὶ δῆριους κνώσσοντας ἰδὼν γελῶντι προσώπῳ
120 Βάκχος ἄναξ ἀγόρευε, χέων σημάντορα φωνήν:
“Ἴνδοφόννοι θεράποντες ἀνικήτου Διονύσου,
νόσφι μόθου σφίγξαντες Ἀολλέας υἱέας Ἴνδῶν
πάντας ἀναιμάκτῳ ζωγρήσατε δηιοτῆτι:
καὶ βριαρῷ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνας Διονύσῳ
125 Ἴνδός ὑποδρήσειεν ἐμῇ θιασῶδει Ῥεῖη,
σειῶν οἶνοπα θύρσον, ἀπορρίψας δὲ θυέλλαις
ἄργυρέην κνημίδα πόδας σφίγξειε κοθόρνοις,
καὶ κεφαλὴν στέψειεν ἐμῷ κισσῶδεϊ δεσμῷ,
γυμνῶσας πλοκαμίδας ἀερσιλόφου τρυφαλείης,
130 καὶ πολέμων ἀλάλαγμα λιπῶν καὶ δοῦριον ἥχῳ
εὖιον ἀείσειε κορυμβοφόρῳ Διονύσῳ.’

[119] Now seeing his foes stupefied, Lord Bacchos spoke with laughing countenance, and uttered his word of command: “Indianslaying servants of invincible Dionysos! bind them all fast unresisting, the sons of the Indians, take them all prisoners in bloodless conflict: let the Indian bend a slave’s knee to mighty Dionysos, and do menial service to my Rheia and her company, shaking the purple thyrsus; let him throw to the storms his silver greaves, and bind his feet in buskins; let him strip his tresses of highplumed helmet, and crown his head with my ivybond; let him leave the yell of wars and the din of spears, and uplift the Euian song to grapeladen Dionysos.”

ὥς φαμένου δρησῆρες ἐποίπνουν: ὦν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
αὐχένι δυσμενέων ὀφιώδεα δεσμὸν ἐλίξας
εἶλκε δρακοντεῖη πεπεδημένον ἄνδρα σειρῇ,
135 ἄλλος ἐλὼν λασίης κεχαλασμένον ὄλκον ὑπήνης
ἄνδρα βαθυσμήριγγος ἀνείρυσεν ἀνθερεῶνος:
καὶ τις ἔας παλάμας τανύσας σκολιότρηι κόρσῃ
ἄνδρα δουρίκτητον ἀδέσμιον εἶλκεν ἐθείρης:
ἄλλος ὁμοπλέκτους παλάμας περὶ νῶτα καθάψας
140 δῆριον εἰλικόεντι λύγων μιτρώσατο δεσμῷ
αὐχενίῳ: τρομερῷ δὲ Μάρων ἐλελίζετο παλμῷ
ὦμῳ γηραλέῳ βεβαρημένον Ἴνδον αἶρων:
ἄλλος ἀκοντιστῆρα λαβὼν βεβημένον ὕπνῳ,
δεσμῷ βοτρυόεντι περίπλοκον αὐχένα σύρων,
145 στικτῶν πορδαλίῳ ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα θήκατο δίφρων:
ἄλλου κεκλιμένοιο φιλεῖος ἐσμὸς ἀλήτης
χεῖρας ὀπισθοτόνους ἀλύτῳ σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ,
καὶ λοφίης ἐπέβησεν ἀκαμπτοπόδων ἐλεφάντων:
καὶ πολὺς εὐκύκλοιῳ λαβὼν τελαμῶνα βοεῖης
150 Ἴνδον ἐπωμαδίῳ πεπεδημένον εἶχεν ἱμάντι.

[132] He spoke, and the menials were busy. One of them wound a snaky bond round the enemy's throat, and dragged the man shackled with a rope of serpents. Another caught the straggling load of a hairy cheek, and drew the man along by the deepbristling chin. One stretching his palms over curlyhaired temples, dragged the man captive, unbound, by the shag. Another binding a prisoner's hands clasped behind the back, girded him with an encircling bond of withies about the neck. Maron staggered along with trembling totterings as he lifted on his aged shoulder an Indian sleepladen. Another took up a spearman overpowered by sleep, put a halter of vines about his neck, pulled him along and dropped him over the rim of a car with dappled panthers. Another reclining was seized by the wandering swarm, with cries of Euoi! they stretched his hands behind him and bound them tight with an inextricable knot, and threw him upon the neck of the elephant which never bends the knee; and many a one took hold of the sling of an Indian's shield, and kept him shackled by the strap over the shoulder.

καὶ τις ἀερτάζουσα καλαῦροπα μηλοβοτῆρος
Βασσαρίς, ἀφριώουσα λαθίφρονοι κύματι λύσσης,
Ἴνδὸν ἔρευνητῆρα βαθυπλούτοιο θαλάσσης
τολμηρῇ παλάμῃ πολυκαμπέος εἴλκεν ἐθείρης
155 δούλιον εἰς ζυγόδεσμον. ἔπειγομένου δὲ Λυαίου
δήιον εὐθώρηκα σιδήρεος εἶχεν Ἐρεχθεὺς
ᾧμοις ἀκλινέεσσι: μεθυσφαλέος δὲ φορῆος
θῆρα κελαινόρρινον ὀρεστιάς ἦλασε Βάκχη,
ἰσχία μαστίζουσα δορικτήτων ἐλεφάντων:
160 καὶ χρυσέην Ὑμέναιος ἀνηέρταζε βοειήν
ἀνέρα συλήσας χρυσάσπιδα, γηθόσυνος δὲ
κοῦρον ἔρωμανέεσσιν ἐδέρκετο Βάκχος ὀπωπαῖς
τεύχεσιν ὕπναλέοιο καταυγάζοντα φορῆος:
καὶ νέος ἠκόντιζεν ἐν ἔντεσιν ὄλβιον αἰγλήν,
165 ὥς Λυκίου Γλαύκοιο λαβὼν ἀμάρυσσε μαχηταῖς,
ἀφνειοῖς σακέεσσιν ἀπαστράπτων, Διομήδης.
ἄλλους δ' ἀντιβίους στρατιῇ ληίσσατο Βάκχων,
νῆδυμον ὕπνον ἔχοντας ὁμόστολον ἠδέος οἴνου.

[151] Now some Bassarid, foaming under a witdrowning wave of madness, caught up a shepherd's crook, and with daring hand dragged off by his curly hair to the yokeband of slavery, an Indian searcher-out of the deep riches of the sea. At the bidding of Lyaïos, iron Erechtheus held on unbending shoulders a foe with fine cuirass; and a Bacchant of the mountains drove away from its intoxicated owner his black-skinned beast, flogging the flanks of some elephant, spoil of the spear. Hymenaios robbed a man of his golden shield, and lifted up the golden buckler, while Bacchos delighted watched him with ardent gaze all gleaming in the armour of the sleeping owner. The young

man in his harness shot out a rich brilliance, like as Diomedes sparkled among the warriors, flashing with the rich target he had taken from Lycian Glaucos. And the army of Bacchantes despoiled other adversaries, possessed of sweet sleep and sweet wine its comrade.

ἐνθά τις ἀγκυλότοξος, ἐρημάδι σύννομος ὕλη,
170 παρθένος Ἀστακίδεσσιν ὁμότροφος ἦνθεε Νύμφαις
καλλιφυῆς Νίκαια, λαγωβόλος Ἄρτεμις ἄλλη,
ἄλλοτρίη φιλότητος, ἀπειρήτη Κυthereίης,
θῆρας ὁιστεύουσα καὶ ἰχνεύουσα κολώναις:
οὐδὲ μυχῶ θυόεντι καλύπτετο παρθενεῶνος.
175 καὶ οἱ ἐνὶ σκοπέλοισιν ἐρημονόμῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
ἤλακάτη πέλε τόξον, αἰεὶ δὲ οἱ ἔνδοθι λόχημος
μηκεδανοὶ κλωστήρες ἔσαν περόεντες ὁίοιτο,
καὶ σταλίκων ξύλον ὀρθὸν ὀρειάδος ἱστὸς Ἀθήνης:
καὶ καθαρῇ συνάεθλος ὁμίλεεν ἰοχεαίρῃ,
180 καὶ λίνον ἐν σκοπέλοισιν ἀνέπλεκεν ἡθάδος ἄγρης
νήματος ἀσκητοῖο φιλαίτερον: οὐ ποτε τόξῳ
ποικίλον εἶδος ἔχοντος ἀνάκιδος ἥπτετο νεβροῦ,
δορκάδας οὐκ ἐδίωκε, καὶ οὐκ ἔψαυε λαγωῦ,
ἀλλὰ περιζεύξασα δαφροινήεντι χαλινῷ
185 γλαυκὰ δασυστέρνων ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα λεόντων,
πολλάκι δ' ἔγχος ἄειρε καταντία λυσσάδος ἄρκτου:
μέμφετο δ' ἰοχεαίραν ἐκηβόλον, ὅττι λιποῦσα
στικτῶν πορδαλίων γενεὴν καὶ φῦλα λεόντων
οὐτιδαναῖς ἐλάφοισιν ἐὴν ἔζευξεν ἀπήνην.
190 οὐδὲ μύρῳ μεμέλητο, μελικρήτων δὲ κυτέλλων
ὑδατόεν προβέβουλε χαραδραίης πόμα πηγῆς
ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ προχέουσα: καὶ αὐτορόφῳ κενεῶνι
κούρης δύσβατος οἶκος ἐρημάδες ἦσαν ἐρίπναι:
πολλάκι δ' εὐκαμάτοιο μετὰ δρόμον ἡθάδος ἄγρης
195 πορδαλίων σχεδὸν ἦστο, μιῇ δ' ὑπὸ κοιλάδι πέτρῃ
μίμνε μεσημβρίζουσα λεχωίδος ἄγχι λεαινῆς:
ἡ δὲ γαληναίῃσιν ὑπ' ὀφρύσι μειλιχίῃ θῆρ
ἄδρῦπτοις γενύεσσι δέμας λιχμάζετο κούρης,
καὶ κινυρῆς μίμημα κυνὸς δειδήμονι λαιμῷ
200 ὠμοτόκου στόμα λάβρον ὑπεκνυζᾷτο λεαινῆς
χειλεῖ φειδομένῳ, δοκέων δέ μιν Ἄρτεμιν εἶναι
εἰς πέδον ἱκεσίοιο καθελκομένοιο καρήνου
αὐχένι λαχνήεντι λέων ἐκλίνετο νύμφῃ.

[169] There was one with a crook-bow, a maiden denizen of the lonely wood, comrade hale and fresh among the nymphs of Astacia, beautiful Nicaia, a new harehuntress Artemis, a stranger to love, unacquainted with Cythereia, ever

shooting and tracking the beasts upon the hills. She did not hide in the scented nook of the women's room. She was ever among the rocks, by lonefaring path, where the bow was her distaff; she was ever in the forest, where winged arrows were her long threads, the upright wood of the net-stakes was a loom for this Athena of the mountains; she shared the tasks of the chaste Archeress, and she netted the meshes for her wonted hunting among the rocks more gladly than she would make twisted yarn. Never did she touch with shaft the timid dappled fawn, the gazelle she followed not, nor handled the hare; but the shaggy breasted lion she fitted about with bloodred bridle, and whipt his gray flanks, and often lifted spear against a maddened bear; and she blamed farshooting Archeress, for letting alone the generation of speckled pards and the tribes of lions, and yoking worthless deer to her car. Nor did she care for perfume: rather than honeymixed bowls she preferred watery draughts from a mountain brook, as she poured out cool water; lonely cliffs with nature's vaulted roof were the maiden's inaccessible dwelling. Often, her task well done, after the course of her wonted hunting, she sat beside the pards, and remained under one hollow roof at midday near a lioness newly delivered; then the beast gentle with calm brows would lick the girl's body with unscratching jaws, and with timid throat like a whimpering dog, the greedy mouth of the lioness newdelivered purred softly through self-denying lips, while the lion, thinking her to be Artemis, drooped his head to the ground in supplication, and bent his hairy neck before the nymph.

καὶ τις ἐνὶ ξυλόχοις ὄρεσίτροφος ἦνθεε βούτης,
205 ἰθυτενής, περίμετρος, ὑπέρτερος ἥλικος ἦβης:
οὐνομά οἱ πέλεν Ὕμνος, ὃς ἀγριάδος μέσον ὕλης
ἱμερτὰς ἐνόμει βόας παρὰ γείτονι κούρῃ:
καὶ νομίην ἐρατῆσι καλαύροπα χερσὶ τινάσσων
εἰς βαθὺν ἦλθεν ἔρωτα καὶ οὐκέτι τέρπετο ποιμνι,
210 εἵκελος Ἀγχίση ῥοδοειδέι, τοῦ ποτε Κύπρις
ἀργεννὴν ἐνόμειν ὄρεσσινόμων στίχα ταῦρων
κεστὸν ἐλαφρίζουσα βοοσσόον: ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμην
βουκόλος ἀγρώσσουσαν ἰδὼν χιονώδεα κούρην
οὐ βοέης ἀγέλης ἐμπάζετο: φοιταλέη δὲ
215 εἰς ἔλος αὐτοκέλευστος ἐβόσκετο πόρτις ἐρήμη
ἀρχαίου δυσέρωτος ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα νομῆος,
καὶ δαμάλη πεφόρητο περισκαίρουσα κολώναις
ποιμένα μαστεύουσα: νέος δ' ἐπλάζετο βούτης
παρθενικῆς ὁρόων ῥοδοειδέα κύκλα προσώπου.

[204] And in the forests was a highland oxherd, hale and fresh, his figure stout-built, tall and upright, beyond the youths of his age. His name was Hymnos, and in the midst of the wild wood he tended his lovely cattle where the nymph was his neighbour: he flourished the herdsman's truncheon in lovely hands.

But he fell deep in love, and no more took joy of his herd, like a rosy Anchises, whose white string of mountain-ranging bulls Cypris once tended, swinging her girdle to shoo the cattle on. When the herdsman saw the snowywhite girl hunting about the woods, he cared not for his herd of cattle; the calf strayed into the marsh at its own will and grazed alone, wandering from its ancient herdsman now sick in love, and the heifer scampered capering over the hills in search of her keeper. But the young oxherd was wandering, for he saw the rosy round of a maiden's face.

220 καὶ δολόεις ἐρέθιζεν Ἔρως ποθέοντα νομῆα
οἷστρω λαβροτέρω δεδονημένον: ἐν σκοπέλοις γὰρ
παρθενικῆς ἀκίχητον ἐπεσσυμένης δρόμον ἄγρης
πέπλον ὅλον κόλπωσεν ἐς ἡέρα κοῦφος ἀήτης:
καὶ χροὸς ἦνθεε κάλλος: ἔλευκαίνοντο δὲ μηροὶ
225 καὶ σφυρὰ φοινίσσοντο, καὶ ὡς κρίνον, ὡς ἀνεμώνη
χιονέων μελέων ῥοδόεις ἀνεφαίνετο λειμών:
καὶ νέος ἱμερόφοιτος ἔχων ἀκόρητον ὀπωπὴν
ἄσκεπέων ἐδόκευεν ἐλεύτερον ἄντυγα μηρῶν
[...]
230 βότρυν ὀπισθοπόροιο κόμης ἐλέλιζεν ἀήτης
κουφίζων ἐκάτερθεν, ἀειρομένων δὲ κομῶν
λευκοφαῖς σελάγιζε μέσος γυμνούμενος αὐχὴν.
καὶ νέος οὐρεσίφοιτος ὁμάρτεε πολλάκι κούρη,
πῆ μὲν ἐπιψάων σταλίκων ἢ τόξον ἀφάσσω,
235 πῆ δὲ ποθοβλήτοιο τιτανομένοιο βελέμνου
ἱμερτῆς ἐδόκευε ῥοδόχροα δάκτυλα κούρης:
εἴ ποτε τοξεύουσα κέρας κυκλώσατο νευρῇ,
καὶ παλάμη γυμνοῦτο, λαθὼν νέος ὄμματι λοξῷ
λευκὸν οἷστυτῆρα βραχίονα δέρκετο κούρης,
240 ὄμμα παλινδίνητον ἄγων, ὀχετηγὸν Ἐρώτων,
εἰ τόσον, ὡς Νικαία, πέλε λευκώλενος Ἥρη:
ἐσπερίην δ' ἐπὶ πέζαν ἐὴν ἐτίταινεν ὀπωπὴν,
εἰ πλέον ἀργυφὴ πέλε παρθένος, ἢ Ἐσλήνη.

[220] And the deceiver Eros excited the longing herdsman, and shook him with yet stronger passion. For as the maiden sped unapproachable on her hunting among the rocks, a light breeze bellied out all her kirtle into the air, and her body showed fair and fresh: white thighs, ruddy ankles, like lily, like anemone, appeared a flowery meadow of snowy limbs; and the young man desire-haunted, with insatiate gaze, watching beheld the unimpeded circuit of her naked thighs. The breeze shook backwards the cluster of her hair, lifting it lightly this way and that, and as the hair was lifted the neck bared in the midst gleamed shining white. And the young man often haunted the mountains following the girl, now touching the shafts or feeling at her bow, now

watching the rosy-tinted fingers of the lovely girl, when she aimed the lance he loved; if ever in shooting she drew the horn round with the bowstring, and her hand was bared, unseen the young man with furtive eye surveyed the girl's white archer-arm, bringing round again and again the eye, love's conduit, wondering if Hera's arm were as white as Nicaia's; and stretched his gaze towards the expanse of evening, to see if the maiden were more white, or Selene.

καὶ νέος, ἀμφιέπων ὑποκάρδιον ἔλκος Ἑρώτων,
245 ἔγγυς ἔὼν καὶ νόσφιν ἔὼν ἐμνώετο κούρης,
πῶς βέλος εἰς σκοπὸν εἵλκεν ὀρειάδος ἄντιον ἄρκτου,
πῶς δὲ λεοντείῃ παλάμην ἐσφιγξατο δειρῇ
διζυγα γυρώσασα βραχίονα μάρτυρι δεσμῷ,
πῶς πάλιν ἰδρώουσα λοέσσατο χεῦματι πηγῆς
250 ἡμιφανῆς, καὶ μᾶλλον αἰὲ μίμνήσκετο πέπλου,
ὅπποτε μιν δονέων καὶ ἐς ὀμφαλὸν ἄχρις αἰείρων
γυμνώσας χροὸς ἄνθος ἀνηκόντιζεν ἀήτης:
κείνου μνήστιν ἔχων γλυκεράς ἰκέτευεν ἀέλλας,
ὄφρα πάλιν βαθύκολπον ἀναστείλωσι χιτῶνα.

[244] So the young man, cherishing under his heart the wound of love, whether near or whether far, kept his mind on the girl: how she drew the arrow for a shot against a mountain bear; how she fastened hand on the lion's neck, circling about it her two arms in a betraying noose; how again, after toil and sweat, she washed her in the flow of a brook, half-showing, ever more careful of her kirtle, when the breeze would shake it and lift it up to the midnipple, and shoot out the flower of the beauty laid bare. Keeping this in memory, he conjured again the sweet winds, to raise again the deep-folded robe.

255 καὶ νέος ἀστήρικτος ἐυκραίρῳ παρὰ ποιμνῇ
γείτονα θηρεύουσαν ἰδὼν ὑψάχχυνα κούρην
τοῖον ἀπερροιβήσεν ἔπος ζηλήμονι φωνῇ:

[255] And the young man, restless beside his horned herd, saw the girl in high head hunting hard by; and he shouted out these words with envious voice:

‘Αἶθε βέλος γενόμην ἢ δίκτυον ἢ ἐφάρετρη,
αἶθε βέλος γενόμην θηροκτόνον, ὄφρα με γυμναῖς
260 χερσὶν ἐλαφρίσσειεν: ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ τόξου
εἶην νεῦρα βόεια πολὺ πλέον, ὄφρα με μαζῶ
χιονέῳ πελάσειε σαόφρονος ἔκτοθι μίτρης,
ναὶ δαμάλη, ναὶ μόσχε, σαόφρονος ἔκτοθι μίτρης.
παρθένε, κουφίζεις βέλος ὄλβιον: ὑμέτεροι δὲ

265 Ὕμνου μηλονόμοιο μακάρτεροί εἰσιν ὀϊστοί,
 ὅττι τεῶν ψαύουσιν ἔρωτοτόκων παλαμάτων.
 σοῖς γλυκεροῖς σταλίκεσσιν ἄφωνήτοισι μεγάρω:
 οὐδὲ μόνον σταλίκων με φέρει πόθος: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοῦ
 ζῆλον ἔχω τόξοιο καὶ ἀπνεύστοιο φαρέτρης.
 270 αἶθε μεσημβρίζουσα ποθοβλήτῳ παρὰ πηγῇ
 γυῖα καταψύξειεν, ἴδω δ' ὑψάχχενά κούρην,
 ναὶ δαμάλη, ναὶ μόσχε, διχα φθονεροῖο χιτῶνος.
 οὐ πῶ μοι, Κυθήρεια, τόσῃν ὥκτειρας ἀνάγκην;
 Θρινακίην οὐκ οἶδα καὶ οὐ κεραελκέα ποιμήνην,
 275 οὐ βόας Ἥελίοιο κατ' οὖρεα ταῦτα νομεύω,
 οὐ κρυφίην ἤγγειλε πατὴρ ἐμὸς Ἄρεος εὐνὴν.

[258] “O that I were a shaft, or a net, or a quiver! O that I were a beast-hitting lance, that she might carry me in her bare hands! Would that I could become much rather the ox-gut of the back-bent bow, that she might press me to that snowy breast free of the modest stomacher! Aye, heifer; aye, he-calf, free of the modest stomacher! Maiden, you bear a happy lance; your arrows are more blest than shepherd Hymnos, because they touch your palms that breed love. I envy your sweet voiceless netstakes. Not only do I long for your stakes; your very bow I envy, and your quiver that breathes not. O that she would refresh her limbs at midday by the amorous fount, and I may see the high-headed girl, aye heifer, aye he-calf, without the envious tunic! Have you not yet pitied me, Cythereia, for this cruel necessity? I know not Thrinacia, I know not its horned herd, no oxen of the Sun are these I tend in the mountains, no father of mine told the secret bed of Ares.

παρθένε, μή με δίωκε, καὶ εἰ βόας εἰς νομὸν ἔλκω:
 οὐρανίων λεχέων ἐπιβήτορές εἰσι νομῆες:
 Τιθωνὸς ῥοδοεῖς πέλε νυμφίος, ὃν διὰ μορφὴν
 280 δίφρον ἔδν στήσασα φασφόρος ἥρπασεν Ἥως:
 καὶ Διὸς οἶνοχόος πέλε βουκόλος, ὃν διὰ κάλλος
 φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐκούφισεν ὑψιπέτης Ζεὺς.
 δεῦρο, βόας ποιμαίνει, καὶ ὀπλοτέρην σε καλέσσω
 ἄλλω βουκολέοντι σὺν Ἐνδυμίωνι Σελήνῃν:
 285 ῥῦπτε βέλος καὶ ψαῦε καλαῦροπος, ὄφρ' αἰ τις εἴπῃ:
 “Ὑμνου μηλονόμοιο βόας Κυθήρεια νομεύει.”

[277] “Maiden, do not chase me away, if I do take oxen to pasture! There are herdsmen that lie in heavenly beds. Rosy Tithonos was a bridegroom for whom because of his fine figure lightbringer Eos stayed her car, and caught him up; and he that pours wine for Zeus was an oxherd, whom highsoaring Zeus for his beauty carried off with tender hands. Come hither, tend the kine,

and I will call you a younger Selene with another Endymion, this time an oxherd: throw down the lance, take hold of the herdsman's staff, that one may say— 'Cythereia is tending the kine of shepherd Hymnos.'"

ὥς φάτο καὶ λιτάνευε, φίλων δ' ἐδράξατο γούνων
χεροὶ γυναιμανέεσσι, καὶ ἔσπετο, καὶ οἱ ἐνίψαι
ἔτρεμεν οἷστρον Ἔρωτος, ἔη δ' ὑπεμέμετο σιγῇ.

[287] So he spoke and prayed, and tore at his knees with womanmad hands, and followed, and trembled to tell her love's frenzy, yet blamed his own silence.

290 καὶ ποτε θάρσος ἔχων γαμίων ὑποεργὸν Ἐρώτων
κείμενα Νικαίης ἀνεκούφισεν ἔντεα θήρης,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἄειρε, πόθου δ' ὑπὸ μείζονι κέντρῳ
κούρης χωομένης γλυκερὴν ἤειρε φαρέτρην,
καὶ κύσε δίκτυα κωφὰ καὶ οὐ πνείοντας οἰστούς,
295 χεῖλεσι τερπομένοισι μαιφόνον ἰὸν ἐρείσας,
καὶ στέρνοις ἐπέλασσε ἀφειδέι χειρὶ πιέζων:
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἀδουπήτῳ τινὶ φωνῇ:

[290] One day, taking courage to further an honourable love, he carried away Nicaia's gear of the chase where it lay, and took her valiant lance, and under a greater sting of longing, angry though the girl was, took also her sweet quiver; he kissed the senseless nets and the arrows that had no breath, and pressing a murderous arrow to his delighted lips, squeezed it with violent hand and put it to his breast; and he said these words with a noiseless voice:

Ἐρὸς Παφίης, φθέγγασθε πάλιν, δρυές, ὥς ἐπὶ Πύρρης,
ὥς ἐπὶ Δευκαλίωνος, ἐλέγξατε λυσσάδα κούρην.
300 δάφνη καὶ σὺ φίλη, δενδρώδεα ῥῆξον ἰωήν:
αἶθε καλὴ Νικαία πάρος πέλε, καὶ κεν Ἀπόλλων
ἄβροτέρην ἐδίωκε, καὶ οὐ φυτὸν ἔπλετο Δάφνη.'

[298] "In the Paphian's name, utter voice again, you trees! as in Pyrrha's time, as in Deucalion's, reprove this mad girl! And you, Daphne beloved, break into arboreal speech! Would that fair Nicaia had been in former times: Apollo would have pursued the more dainty, and Daphne would not have become a bush."

ὥς φάτο: καὶ σὺριγγι σαόφρονος ἐγγῦθι κούρης
μάρτυν ἔησ' ὀδύνης, γαμῖν ἐμελιζέτο μολπὴν.
305 παρθενικὴ δ' ἀγόρευεν ἐπεγγελώσα νομῇ:

[303] So he spoke; and beside the modest girl, he played on his pipes a wedding tune, witness of his pain. But the maiden spoke out in mockery of the herdsman:

‘Ἡδὺς ὁ συρίζων Παφίης μέλος ὑμέτερος Πάν·
πολλάκι μέλψεν Ἔρωτα καὶ οὐ πέλε νυμφίος Ἥχοϋς.
ἄ πόσα Δάφνις ἄειδεν ὁ βουκόλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μολπῇ
παρθένος ἀστιβέεσσιν ἐκεύθετο μᾶλλον ἐρίπναις
310 ποιμενίης φεύγουσα βοῆς μέλος. ἄ πόσα Φοίβου
ἔκλυε μελπομένοιο καὶ οὐ φρένα θέλγετο Δάφνη.’

[306] “A pretty thing, your Pan piping the Paphian’s tune! Often he chanted Eros, and never became Echo’s bridegroom. Ah, how many a song sang Daphnis the oxherd! but with his chanting the maiden hid all the more in untrodden ravines, to escape the tune of the shepherd’s call. Ah, how many a song sang Phoibos! while Daphne heard him, but felt no pleasure at heart.”

ὥς φαμένη δόρυ θοῦρον ἐδείκνυεν ἄφρονι βούτῃ.
αὐτὰρ ὁ λυσσήεντι τετυμμένος ἡδέϊ κέντρῳ,
μὴ νοέων, ὅτι τόσσον ἔην ἄστοργος Ἀμαζών,
315 πομπὸν ἐοῦ θανάτοιο δυσίμερον ἴαχε φωνήν:

[312] So speaking, she showed her valiant lance to the foolish oxherd. But he, smitten with the maddening sweet sting, not understanding that the Amazon was so heartless, uttered a voice of unhappy passion, harbinger of his own death:

‘Ναί, λίτομαι, προῖαλλε φίλον δόρυ, χιονέῃ δὲ
κτεῖνέ με σῇ παλάμῃ, καὶ τέρπομαι: οὐ σέο λόγχην,
οὐ τρομέω, φυγόμενε, τεὸν ξίφος, ὅττι τελευτήν
ὀξυτάτην ὀπάσειεν, ὅπως ποτὲ πικρὸν ἀλύξω
320 ἔμπεδον ἔλκος Ἔρωτος, ὑπὸ φρένα βοσκομένον πῦρ.
τεθναίνην, ὅτι πότμος ἐπήρατος: εἰ δὲ βελέμνω
τοξοφόρος μετὰ Κύπριν ὀιστεύσεις με καὶ αὐτή,
πρὸς Παφίης, μὴ πέμπε κατ’ αὐχένος, ἡμετέρην δὲ
σὸν βέλος εἰς φρένα πῆξον, ὅπῃ βέλος ἐστὶν Ἐρώτων.
325 αὐχένι μᾶλλον ἴαλλε τεὸν δόρυ, μὴ φρένα τύψῃς:
ὠτειλῆς ἐτέρης οὐ δεύομαι. εἰ δὲ σε τέρπει,
τλήσομαι ἄλλο βέλεμνον, ὅπως ἐμὲ γαῖα καλύψῃ
καὶ πυρὸς ἔλκος ἔχοντα καὶ οὐτηθέντα σιδήρῳ.
κτεῖνέ με τὸν δυσέρωτα, τεῆς μὴ φεῖδω νευρῆς.
330 θηλύνεις δὲ σίδηρον, ὅταν ψαύσειας ὀιστῶν:
ἴσταμαι αὐτοκέλευστος ἐγὼ σκοπός, ὄμματι τερπνῶ

δάκτυλα μαρμαίροντα περὶ γλυφίδεσσι δοκεύων,
ἐκταδὸν αὖ ἐρύοντα τειήν μελιηδέα νευρὴν
δεξιτερῷ ῥοδόμεντι πελαζομένην σεο μαζῷ.

335 θνήσκω νεκρὸς Ἔρωτος ἐκούσιος ἡδεὶ πότμω:
οὐκ ἄλέγω θανάτοιο καὶ οὐ τρομέω νέφος ἰῶν,
γυμνὴν ὑμετέρην χιονώδεα χεῖρα δοκεύων
ἄπτομένην τόξοιο καὶ ἱμερόεντος ὀιστοῦ.

εἰς ἐμὲ πάντα βέλεμνα τεῆς προΐαλλε φαρέτρης,
340 εἰς ἐμὲ πέμπε βέλεμνα μισαιφόνα: πικρότεροι γάρ
ἄλλοι ἐμὲ κλονέουσι πυριγλώχινες ὀιστοί.

[316] “Aye, cast your beloved spear, I beseech you, and slay me with your snowy hand, and it is my joy! I fear not your pike, I fear not your sword, wedlock-shirker! So may it provide the quickest end, that I may escape at last the lasting sore of love, the fire that feeds under my heart! May I die, for that fate is my delight! But if you will follow Cypris, and yourself also shoot me a shot from the bow you bear, in the Paphian’s name, do not send it through the neck, but fix your shot in my heart, where now is the shot of love. Nay rather, let fly your lance at the neck, strike not the heart: I need no second wound. But if it gives you joy, I will endure another shot, that earth may cover me, both keeping the sore of the fire, and wounded by the steel. Kill me the hapless lover, spare not your bowstring. — But you put woman into the steel, when you handle the arrows. — Here I stand, a willing butt, watching with joyous eye the fingers twinkling about the notches, and pulling to its length your honeysweet string, drawing it close to your right breast so rosy! I die Love’s willing carrion, by a sweet fate! I care not about death, I tremble not before a cloud of arrows, watching for your bare hand like snow to touch bow and arrow that I desire. Let fly at me all the shots of your quiver, shoot at me your murdering shots: other and more bitter arrows already volley upon me fire-barbed.

ἦν δὲ κατακτείνης με τεῶν φρενοθελγεί τόξω,
παρθένε, μὴ φλέξεας ἐμὸν δέμας ἡθάδι πυρσῶ:
πυρκαϊῆς ἐτέρης οὐ δεύομαι: ἀλλὰ σύ, κούρη,
345 μοῦνον ἐμοὶ φθιμένῳ γλυκερὴν περιέχευε κονίην
χειρὶ τεῇ, πυμάτην ὀλίγην χάριν, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ:
‘παρθένος ὥς ἐλέαιρε, τὸν ἔκτανε.’ μηδὲ θανόντος
αὐλὸς ἐμός, μὴ πηκτὶς ἐμῷ περὶ σήματι κείσθω,
ποιμενίην μὴ βάλλε καλαύροπα, μάρτυρα τέχνης:
350 ἀλλὰ κατακταμένοιο τεὸν βέλος ὑπόθι τύμβου
πῆξον, ἐμῷ δυσέρωτι λελουμένον εἰσέτι λύθρω.
δὸς δέ μοι ὑστατὴν ἐτέρην χάριν ὑπόθι τύμβου
ἄνθεα Ναρκίσσοιο ποθοβλήτοιο γενέσθω
ἦ κρόκος ἱμερόεις ἦ Μίλακος ἄνθος Ἐρώτων,

355 εἰαρινὴν δὲ φύτευε μινυνθαδὶν ἀνεμώνην
 πᾶσιν ἀπαγγέλλουσιν ἐμὴν μινυῶριον ἥβην.
 εἰ δέ σε μὴ τέκε πόντος ἀμείλιχος ἢ ἐκλῶναι,
 βαῖον ἐμοὶ χέε δάκρυ, τόσον μόνον, ὅσον ἐέρσαις
 ἱμερτῆς ῥοδόεντα παρηίδος ἄκρα διαίνειν,
 360 χειρὶ δὲ σεῖο χάραξον ἔπος τὸδε πενθάδι μίλτῳ:
 ‘ἐνθάδε βουκόλος Ὕμνος, ὃν ἔκτανεν ἄμμορον εὐνῆς
 παρθενικὴ Νίκαια καὶ ἐκτερείξε θανόντα.’”

[342] “But if you kill me outright with your heartsoothing bow, maiden, pray do not burn my body on the usual pile: no other pyre I need; do but sprinkle upon me in death, my girl, sweet dust with your own hand, the last little grace, that one may say, ‘How the maiden pitied him whom she killed!’ And when I am dead, let not my fife, let not my cithern lie on my barrow, cast not there my herdsman’s crook, witness of my trade; but fix your weapon above the tomb of the slain, still drenched in the hapless lover’s gore. And give me another grace, the very last: above my tomb let there be flowers of passion-struck Narcissus, or saffron full of desire, or love’s flower the bind-weed; and in the spring-time plant the soon-dying anemone, proclaiming to all my youth too soon cut short. And if you were not born of the unmerciful sea or the mountains, drop a few tears on me, enough to damp with dew the rosy surface of your precious cheek, and with your own hand grave these words with funeral carmine: ‘Here lies oxherd Hymnos, whom the maiden Nicaia killed without share of her bed, and did the last rites for him when dead.’”

ὥς φαμένου Νίκαια χολώετο: λυσσαλέῃ δὲ
 λοιγίον ἰοβόλου γυμνώσατο πῶμα φαρέτρης
 365 καὶ βέλος ἰθυκέλευθον ἀνείρυσεν, ἐκταδίῃ δὲ
 κυρτὸν ὀπισθοτόνοιο κέρας κυκλώσατο τόξου,
 ἡνεμόεν δὲ βέλεμνον ἐς ἀνθρεῶνα νομῆος
 φθεγγομένου προέηκε, καὶ ἄσχετος ἰὸς ἀλήτης
 μῦθον ἔτι προχέοντα μέσῳ σφρηγίσσατο δεσμῶ.

[363] As he spoke, Nicaia grew angry. Madly she bared the baneful lid of the arrow-shooting quiver, and drew back a straight-coursing shot; to its full length she rounded the curved horn of the back-bent bow, like the wind she let fly a shot into the herdsman’s throat while he was speaking; irresistible the arrow sped, and in the midst of the stream of words sealed it with a fastening.

370 ἄλλ’ οὐ νεκρὸς ἄδακρυς ἔην τότε: μεμφομένη δὲ
 ἀνδροφόνον Νικαίαν ὀρεσιπιδᾶς ἄχλυτο Νύμφη,
 μυρομένη νέκυν Ὕμνον: ἐν εὐύδρῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ
 Ὑνδακίς ὑγροφόρητος ἀσάμβαλος ἔστανε κούρη:

νηιάδες δ' ἔκλαυσαν: ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο δὲ γείτων
 375 δάκρυσιν αὐτοχύτοις Νιόβης πλέον ἔστανε πέτρη.
 κούρη δ' ὀπλοτάτη, γαμίων ἔτι νῆις Ἑρώτων,
 μὴ πω Βουκολίωνος ὀμιλήσασα χαμεύνη,
 Νηὶς Ἀβαρβαρὲν νεμεσίζετο πολλάκι νύμφη:
 ἀμφὶ δὲ Δίνδυμον ἄκρον ὀμήλυδες ἐγγύθι λόχμης
 380 Ἀστακίδες μέμψαντο Κυβηλίδος ἡθεα νύμφης,
 αἴλινα δ' ἐφθέγγαντο: καὶ οὐτόσον αἶθοπι πότμῳ
 Ἥλιάδες Φαέθοντος ἐδακρύσαντο θανόντος.
 καὶ φονίης Ἀδάμαστον ὀπιπεύων φρένα κούρης
 τόξον Ἔρωσ ἔρριψε, καὶ ὄρκιον ὤμοσε βούτῃν,
 385 παρθενικὴν ἀέκουσαν ὑποζεῦσαι Διονύσῳ.
 ὄμμασι δ' ἀκλαύτοισι λεοντείων ἐπὶ δίφρων
 Δινδυμὶς ἡθέοιο δεδουπότος ἔστανε Πρεῖη,
 μήτηρ Ζηνός, ἄνασσα: καὶ ὄλλυμένου μόρον Ὑμνου
 ἢ γάμον ἐχθαίρουσα κινύρετο παρθένος Ἥχώ.
 390 καὶ δρῦες ἐφθέγγαντο: 'τί σοι τόσον ἦλιντε βούτης;
 μὴ ποτέ σοι Κυθήρεια, μὴ Ἄρτεμις Ἰλαὸς εἶη.'

[370] But the dead body was not without tears then. The Nymph of the mountain was sore offended at manslaying Nicaia, and lamented over the body of Hymnos; in her watery hall the girl of Rhyndacos groaned, carried along barefoot by the water; the Naiads wept, and up in Sipylos, the neighbouring rock of Niobe groaned yet more with tears that flow uncalled; the youngest girl of all, still unacquainted with wedded love, not yet having come to Bucolion's pallet, the Naiad Abarbarea oft reproached the nymph; in the heights of Didymos, gathering near the woods, the Astacides upbraided the nymph of Cybele with her ways, singing the dirge, and not so loudly had the daughters of the Sun wept at the flaring fate of Phaëthon dead. And Eros, eyeing the untamed heart of the murderous girl, threw down his bow, and swore an oath by the oxherd, to bring the maiden unwilling under the yoke of Dionysos. Rheia Dindymis upon her lions' car, with her tearless eyes, groaned for the gallant lad so heavily fallen, even the mother of Zeus, the queen; and maiden Echo who hated marriage whimpered at the lot of Hymnos perishing. Even the trees uttered a voice: "How did the oxherd offend you so much? May Cythereia never be merciful to you, Artemis never!"

ἔδρακε δ' Ἀδρήστεια, μαιφόνον ἔδρακε κούρην,
 ἔδρακεν Ἀδρήστεια νέκυν σπείροντα σιδήρῳ,
 καὶ νέκυν ἀρτιδάικτον ἐδείκνυε Κυπρογενεῖη,
 395 μέμψατο δ' αὐτὸν Ἔρωτα. καὶ εὐπετάλῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
 Ὑμνον ἐποικτείροντος ἐλείβετο δάκρυα ταύρου,
 καὶ δάμαλις δάκρυσε, καὶ ἔστανεν ἀχνυμένη βοῦς
 ποιμένος ἀσπείροντος, ἔοικε δὲ τοῦτο βοῆσαι:

[392] Adrasteia saw the murderous girl, Adrasteia saw the body panting under the steel, and pointed out the newly slain corpse to the Cyprian, and upbraided Eros himself. Hard by the leafy woods tears were shed by the bull in pity for Hymnos, the young calf wept for him, the cow groaned for grief over the panting herdsman, and seemed to cry out these words:

‘Βούτης καλὸς ὄλωλε, καλὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανε κούρη.

400 παρθενικὴ ποθέοντα κατέκτανεν, ἀντὶ δὲ φίλτρων
πότμον μισθὸν ἔδωκε, ποθοβλήτου δὲ νομῆος
αἷματι χαλκὸν ἔβαψε καὶ ἔσβεσε πυρσὸν Ἑρώτων —

[399] “The handsome oxherd has perished, a handsome girl has killed him! A maiden has killed one who loved her; instead of love-charms she gave him his fate, she bathed her bronze in the blood of the love-smitten oxherd, and quenched the torch of love —

Βούτης καλὸς ὄλωλε, καλὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανε κούρη —

καὶ Νύμφας ἀκάχησεν, ὀρειάδος οὐ κλύε πέτρης,

405 οὐ πτελέης ἤκουσε καὶ οὐκ ἠδέσσατο πεύκην

λίσσομένην: ‘μὴ πέμπε βέλος, μὴ κτεῖνε νομῆα.’

‘καὶ λύκος ἔστενεν Ὑμνον, ἀναιδέες ἔστενον ἄρκτοι,

καὶ βλοσυροῖς βλεφάροισι λέων ὠδύρετο βούτην:

[403] “The handsome oxherd has perished, a handsome girl has killed him! And she has pained the nymphs, she hearkened not to the mountain rock, she heard not the elm, and regarded not the prayer of the pine, ‘Shoot not your shot, slay not the oxherd!’ Even the wolf groaned for Hymnos, the merciless bears did groan, even the lion with grim eyes mourned for the oxherd.

‘Βούτης καλὸς ὄλωλε, καλὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανε κούρη.

410 ἄλλο λέπας διζεσθε, βόες, μαστεύσατε, ταῦροι,

ξεῖνον ὄρος: ποθέων γὰρ ἐμὸς γλυκὺς ὤλετο βούτης.’

θηλυτέρῃ παλάμῃ δεδαῖγμένος. εἰς τίνα λόχμην

ἵχνος ἄγω; σῶζεσθε, νομαί, σῶζεσθε, χαμεῦναι.

[409] “The handsome oxherd has perished, a handsome girl has killed him! Look for another scour, ye cattle, seek a strange mountain, ye bulls; for my sweet oxherd is perished of love, and mangled by a woman’s hand. To what woods shall I guide my track? Farewell, our pastures, farewell our beds on the ground!

‘Βούτης καλὸς ὄλωλε, καλὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανε κούρη.

415 χαίρετέ μοι, σκοπιαί τε καὶ οὖρεα, χαίρετε, πηγαί,
χαίρετε, Νηιάδες, καὶ ἐμαὶ δρύες.’ ἀμφότεροι δὲ
Πὰν νόμιος καὶ Φοῖβος ἀνίαχον: ‘αὐλὸς ἀλάσθω.
πῆ Νέμεσις; πῆ Κύπρις; ἔρω, μὴ ψαῦε φαρέτρης:
σύριγξ, μηκέτι μέλπε: λιγύθροος ὦλετο βούτης.’

[414] “The handsome oxherd has perished, a handsome girl has killed him! Goodbye, mountains and promontories, goodbye, ye brooks, goodbye, Naiads, and my trees!” Both Pan of the pastures and Phoibos cried aloud, “A curse on the fife! Where is Nemesis? Where is Cypris? Eros, handle not your quiver; ye pipes, make music no more; the harmonious oxherd has perished!”

420 δειλαίου δὲ νομῆος ἀμεμφέα λύθρον Ἑρώτων
γνωτῇ φοῖβος ἔδειξε, καὶ ἔστενεν Ἄρτεμις αὐτῇ
ὕμνου νεκρὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ πέλε νῆις Ἑρώτων.

[420] Apollo showed his sister the lovemurder of the unhappy herdsman without blame; even Artemis herself groaned the dead love of Hymnos, although she was unacquainted with love.

BOOK 16

ἔκτω καὶ δεκάτῳ γαμῖν Νικαίαν αἰίδω,
εὐνέτιν ὑπνώουσαν ἀκοιμήτου Διονύσου.
οὐδὲ φόνος νήπιος ἦν κινυροῖο νομῆος,
ἀλλὰ λαβῶν ἐὰ τόξα καὶ ἡμερόεν βέλος ἔλκων
θοῦρος Ἔρως αἰδηλὸς ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ
ἐξομένῳ παρὰ χεῖλος ἐγκροκάλου ποταμοῦ.

BOOK XVI

*In the sixteenth, I sing Nicaia the bride, in her sleep the bedfellow of
unresting Dionysos.*

THE death of the plaintive shepherd was not unavenged; but valiant Eros caught up his bow and drew a shaft of desire, arming unseen himself against Dionysos as he sat by the bank of the pebbly stream.

5 καὶ ταχινὴ Νικαία, μετὰ δρόμον ἡθάδος ἄγρης
ἄσχετον ἰδρώουσα φιλοσκοπέλων ἀπὸ μόχθων,
γυμνὸν ὄρεσσιχύτοισι δέμας φαίδρυνε λοετροῖς.
οὐ μὲν Ἔρως δῆθυνεν ἐκηβόλος: ἀμφὶ δὲ νευρῇ
ἄκροφανῇ πῶγωνα βαλὼν πτερόεντος ὀιστοῦ
10 τόξον ἐὼν κύκλωσεν, ἐρωμανέος δὲ Λυαίου
ἐν κραδίῃ κατέπηξεν ὅλον βέλος. ἐν δὲ ῥέεθροις
νηχομένην Διόνυσος ἰδὼν γυμνόχροα κούρην
ἡδυμανῇ πυρόεντι νόον δεδόνητο βελέμνῳ.
ἦε δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, λαγωβόλος ὀππόθι κούρη,
15 πῇ μὲν ὀπιπεύων ἐλικῶδεα βόστρυχα χαίτης
εἰς δρόμον ἱμένης δεδονημένα κυκλάσιν αὔραις,
πῇ δὲ παρελκομένων πλοκάμων στίλβοντα δοκεῦων
αὐχένα γυμνωθέντα, σέλας πέμποντα Σελήνης:
καὶ Σατύρων ἀμέλησε καὶ οὐκέτι τέρπετο Βάκχαις:
20 παπταίνων δ' ἔς Ὀλυμπον ἐρωτοτόκῳ φάτο φωνῇ:

[5] Fleet Nicaia had finished her wonted hunt for game; sweating and tired by hard work in her beloved highlands, she was bathing her bare body in a mountain cascade. Now longshot Eros made no delay. He set the endshining beard of a winged arrow to the string, and rounded his bow, and buried the whole shot in the heart of love-maddened Lyaaios. Then Dionysos saw the girl swimming in the water bareskin, and his mind was shaken with sweet madness by the fiery shaft. This way and that he went, wherever the maiden harehuntress went: now eyeing the clustering curls of her hair, shaken by the

circling breezes as she hurried on her course; spying her bright neck, when the tresses moved aside and bared it till it gleamed like the moon. He cared not for Satyrs now, he had no pleasure in Bacchants; but gazing at Olympos, he cried in a love-compelling voice:

ἵξομαι, ἦχι πέλει δροσερὸς δρόμος, ἦχι φαρέτρη,
ἦχι βέλος καὶ τόξον ἐπήρατον, ἦχι καὶ αὐταὶ
παρθενικῆς ἀγάμοιο μύρου πνείουσι χαμεῦναι:
φαύσω καὶ σταλίκων καὶ δίκτυα χερσὶ πετάσσω:
25 ἀγρώσω καὶ ἔγωγε καὶ ἡθάδα νεβρὸν ὀλέσσω.
εἰ δέ μοι ὡς βαρῦθυμος ὄνειδίσσειεν Ἀμαζῶν
θῆλυν ἐρευγομένη μελιιδέος ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς,
κούρης χωομένης ἐπὶ γούνασι χεῖρα πελάσσω,
ψάων ὡς ἱκέτης ἐρατοῦ χροός, οὐ μὲν ἐλαίης
30 θαλλὸν ἀερτάζων, ὅτι δένδρεόν ἐστιν Ἀθήνης
παρθενικῆς ἀγάμου καὶ ἀθελγέος, ἀντὶ δὲ πικροῦ
ἀκρεμόνος λιπώωντος ἐμῇ μελιιδεὶ νύμφῃ
οἶνοπα καρπὸν ἔχοντα μελιρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης

[21] I will be there, where the dewy chase goes on, where the quiver is, where the bolt and the precious bow, where the very groundpallet is perfumed from the unwedded maiden; I will handle her stakes, and stretch her nets with my own hands: I also will go a-hunting, and kill a fawn like her. And if she scolds me, like some heavytempered Amazon, disgorging womanlike her load of honeysweet threatenings, I will lay my hand on the knees of the angry girl, and touch of her lovely skin like a suppliant; but I will carry aloft no spray of olive, because that is the tree of Athena, the maiden unwedded and unsoftened; instead of that bitter oily branch, I will lift to my honeysweet nymph a suppliant cluster of grapes, which contains the purple fruit of honeydropping vintage.

βότρυν ἀερτάζων ἱκετήσιον. ἦν δὲ χالέψη
35 παρθένος ἀγκυλότοξος, ἐμῷ χροῖ μὴ δόρυ πήξη,
μὴ βέλος αὖ ἐρύσειε μαιφόνον, αἰδομένη δὲ
ἀκροτάτῳ πλήξειεν ἐμὸν δέμας ἡδέϊ τόξῳ:
πληγῆς οὐκ ἄλέγω φρενοθελγέος. ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃ,
ἱμερταῖς παλάμῃσιν ἐμῶν δράξαιτο κομάων,
40 σφιγγομένης ἐρύουσα θελήμονα βόστρυχα χαίτης.
οὐ μὲν ἐρητύσω ποτὲ παρθένον, ὡς κοτέων δὲ
δεξιτερὴν σφίγγουσιν ἀφειδεὶ χειρὶ πιέζω
δάκτυλα φοινίσσοντα λαβῶν γαμφώνυχι δεσμῷ,
Κυπριδίου καμάτοιο παρήγορα: παρθενικὴ γάρ

[34] “If the crookbow virgin is vexed, let her not pierce my flesh with a lance, nor draw her murderous shot, let her be merciful and tap my body with the tip of her sweet bow: I do not mind a blow that soothes the heart! If it please her, let her hold the shag fast and pull my hair with her precious hands, she may tear out some of the braids and welcome! I will never fend off the maiden; but I will pretend to be cross, and squeeze with unsparing hand the right hand which holds me fast. I will hold the pink fingers imprisoned in my hooked talons, to soothe my love-longing. For the maiden has made prey of all the Olympian beauty.

45 κάλλος ὄλον σύλησεν Ὀλύμπιον. ὕλαθι, Κέρνη:

Ἀστακὶς ἐβλάστησε νήη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥως,

ἄλλη ἀνηέξητο φασφόρος: ὀπλοτέρη γάρ
ἔμπεδον εἶδος ἔχουσα πέλει Νικαία Σελήνη.

ἦθελον ἱμείρων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμεῖψαι:

50 εἰ μὴ ἐρητῦει με σέβας πατρώιον αἰδοῦς,

καὶ κεν ἐγὼ Τυριοιο δι’ ὕδατος ὑγροπόρος βοῦς

ἄβροχον ἐν πελάγεσιν ἐμὴν Νικαίαν ἀείρων

ἔπλεον, Εὐρώπης ἄτε νυμφίος, ὥς ἀέκων δέ

νῶτον ἐμόν δονέεσκον, ὀρινομένης ἵνα κούρης

55 δεξιτερὴ πάνλευκος ἐμῆς δράζαιτο κεραίης.

ἦθελον, εἰ γενόμην πτερόεις πόσις, ὄφρα χορεύσω

κουφίζων ἀτίνακτον ὑπὲρ νώτοιο γυναιῖκα,

ὥς Κρονίδης Αἰγιναν, ὅπως μετὰ λέκτρα τελέσσω

αἰετὸν ὄρνεον ἄλλο γαμοστόλον ἄστρον Ἐρώτων.

60 οὐ μὲν ἐμῆς ἀλόχοιο βαλὼν γενετῆρα κεραυνῶ

νύμφη πατρὸς ὄλεθρον ἀτάσθαλον ἔδνον ὀπάσσω,

μὴ γλυκερὴν Νικαίαν ἀποφθιμένοιο χαλέψω.

αἶθε πέλον νόθος ὄρνις ἐνὶ πτόλιν, ὅττι καὶ αὕτῃ

παρθένος ἡμετέρη φιλέει πτερόεντας ὀιστοῦς.

65 μᾶλλον ἐγὼ Δανάης ποθέων τύπον ὑγρὸν ἐρώτων

ἦθελον, εἰ χρύσειος ἐγὼ πέλον ὄμβρος ἀκοίτης,

αὐτὸς δῶρα γάμων, αὐτὸς πόσις, ὄφρα χορεύσω

ἀφνειῆς προχέων φιλοτήσιον ὄμβρον ἐέρησης:

ἔπρεπε γάρ Νικαίαν ἐμὴν εὐώπιδα κούρην

70 χρύσειον εἶδος ἔχουσαν ἔχειν χρύσειον ἀκοίτην.’

[45] “Forgive me, Cerne: the Astacid has budded as a new rosyfinger Dawn, a new lightbringer has risen: Nicaia is a younger Selene, who keeps her aspect unchanged. In my desire, I should be glad to take on a world of strange aspects, if respect and veneration for my father did not hold me back. I would go through the waters of Tyre a seafaring bull, and swim along carrying my Nicaia unsprinkled by the deep, like Europa’s bridegroom; and I would shake my back as if by accident, that the girl might take fright, and her allwhite right

hand might pull at my horn. I would be a winged husband, to dance carrying lightly a wife on my back unshaken, as Cronides did with Aigina; that mated with her I might beget a new eagle, another birdstar to attend on weddings for the Loves. However, I will not strike with a thunderbolt my bedfellow's begetter, and present a father's death as an impious brideprice, that I may not vex sweet Nicaia for his taking off. Would I were a bastard bird well fledged, because my virgin herself loves winged arrow s! I would rather be the flowing form of Danae's loves, a golden shower to lie by her side, myself the marriage gift, myself husband, that I might circle round her and pour forth love's shower of generous dew; for it would suit well my girl Nicaia with her beautiful eyes, and her golden beauty, to have a golden bedmate."

τοῖον ἔρωμανέων ἔπος ἴαχε θυιάδι φωνῇ.
καί ποτε κηώνεντος ἔσω λειμῶνος ὀδεύων
ἄνθεα πάντα δόκευε τεθηλότα σύγχροα κούρης,
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἐς ἡερόεντας ἀήτας:

[71] Such were the words he rang out in love's madness with passionate voice. And one day, making his way into a fragrant meadow, he observed all the flowers blooming with the colours of the girl, and cried out thus to the airy breezes:

75 ἄρτι μόνις, Νικαία, τεῆν ἴδον ἐνθάδε μορφήν:
μὴ σέο κάλος ἄμειψας ἐς ἄνθεα; καλλιφυῇ γάρ
παπταίνων ροδεῶνα τεᾶς ἐνόησα παρειάς:
ἀλλὰ τεὸν θαλέει ρόδον ἔμπεδον: ἀμφιέπεις γάρ
ἔμφυτον οὐ λήγουσαν ἐρευθομένην ἀνεμώνην:
80 εἰς κρίνον ὄμμα φέρων χιονώδεας εἶδον ἀγοστούς,
ἀθρήσας δ' ὑάκινθον ἴδον κυανόχροα χαιτήν.
δέξο με θηρεύοντα συνέμπορον: ἦν δ' ἐθελήσης,
αὐτὸς ἐγὼ σταλίκων γλυκερὸν βάρος, αὐτὸς ἀείρω
ἐνδρομίδας καὶ τόξα καὶ ἱμερόεντας ὀιστούς,
85 αὐτὸς ἐγὼ: Σατύρων οὐ δεύομαι: οὐ παρὰ λόχημ
δίκτυα Κυρήνης ἀνεκούφισεν αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων;
τίς φθόνος, εἰ μεθέπω καὶ ἐγὼ λίνον; οὐ μογέω δὲ
αὐτὸς ἐμοῖς ὤμοισιν ἐμὴν Νικαίαν ἀείρων.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ γενετῆρος ὑπέρτερος: ἐν ῥοθίοις γάρ
90 Εὐρώπην ἀδιάντον ἐκούφισε ποντοπόρος βοῦς.

[75] "Here at last, Nicaia, I have caught a glimpse of your form! Have you lent your beauty to the flowers? For as I gaze on the fairgrowing rosebed, I recognize your cheeks: but your rose blooms always, for you hold implanted in you the blushing anemone also, that ceases not. When I turn my eye to the

lily, I see your snowy arms, when I behold the iris, I see the rich dark colour of your hair. Receive me as comrade in your hunting: and if you wish, I will shoulder myself the sweet burden of your stakes, myself your ankleboots and bow and arrows of Desire, myself I will do it — I need no Satyrs; did not Apollo himself in the woods lift Cyrene's nets? What harm, if I also manage the meshes? I do not think it hard to lift my Nicaia on my own shoulders. I do not set up to be better than my father; for he bore up Europa in the floods unwetted, a seafaring bull.

παρθενική ροδόεσσα, τί σοι τόσον εὔαδεν ὕλη;
δῶν ἐρατῶν μελέων περιφείδεο, μηδ' ἐπὶ πέτραις
ἄστορέες σέο νῶτα κατατρίψωσι χαμεῦναι.
ἔσσομαι, ἣν ἐθέλης, θαλαμηπόλος: ἐν δὲ μελάθρῳ
95 αὐτὸς ἐγὼ στορέσω σέο δέμνια, τοῖσι πετάσσω
δέρματα πορδαλίων πολυδαίδαλα, τοῖς ἅμα βάλλω
φρικτὰ λεοντείης πυκινότριχα νῶτα καλύπτρης
γυμνώσας ἐμὰ γυῖα: σὺ δὲ γλυκὺν ὕπνον ἰαύεις
νεβρίσι δαιδαλέησι καλυπτομένη Διονύσου:
100 Μυθονίης δ' ἐλάφου σκέπας ἄρμενον ὑπόθι βάλλω

[91] “Rosy maiden, why do you like the forest so much? Spare your lovely limbs, nor let the rough unstrown pallet upon the rocks chafe your back. If you wish, I will be the attendant of your chamber in the house; I will lay your bed, I will spread on it the many-speckled skins of pards, over which I throw the bristly thick-haired fell of a lion to cover it, stripping it from my own limbs: you shall enjoy sweet sleep covered with the dappled fawnskins of Dionysos. Above you I will throw a tent of the same sort, made of the skins of Mygdonian deer, stript from the Satyrs.

γυμνώσας Σατύρους. σκυλάκων δέ σοι εἰ χρέος εἶη,
σοὶ κύνας εἰν ἐνὶ πάντας ἐμοῦ τάχα Πανδὸς ἅπάσσω,
ἄξομαι ἐκ Σπάρτης ἑτέρους κύνας, οὓς ἀπιτάλλει
ἠθέων ἐς ἔρωτας ἐμὸς Κάρνειος Ἀπόλλων,
105 καὶ κύνας ἀγρευτῆρας Ἀρισταίοιο καλέσσω:
καὶ λίνα σὺν σταλίκεσσι καὶ ἄρμενα δῶρα κομίσσω
ἐνδρομίδας Νομίοιο καὶ Ἀγρέος, ὅς πάρος ἔγνω
καὶ νομὸν εὐλείμωνα καὶ εὐκαμάτου δρόμον ἄγρης.

[101] “If you should want dogs, I will straight offer you the whole pack of my friend Pan together; I will bring you other hounds from Sparta, which my friend Carnean Apollo keeps for the love of his gallant lads, and I will summon the hunting-dogs of Aristaios; string and stakes I will fetch you, and those most suitable gifts, the ankleboots of the Grazer and Hunter, who long

ago knew both grazing on fine meadows and the happy work of the coursing hunt.

εἰ δὲ θερειγενέος τρομέεις φλόγα διψάδος ὥρης,
110 ἡμερίδων ὄρηκας ὑπὲρ λέκτροιο φυτεῦσω,
καὶ σε περιπνεύσωσι μέθης εὐώδεις αὔραι
κεκλιμένην κατὰ μέσσα πολυσταφύλοιο καλύπτρης.
παρθενικὴ περίφοιτε, ποθοβλήτοιο προσώπου
βαλλομένας Φαέθοντι τεᾶς ἐλέαιρε παρειάς,
115 μὴ σέλας Ἥελιου μελέων ἀκτῖνα μαραίνῃ,
μὴ πλοκάμους μυρόεντας ἀμαλδύνωσιν ἄῃται:
εὔδε ῥόδων ἀνὰ μέσσα καὶ ἐν πετάλοις ὑακίνθου,
γείτονι σεῖο κάρηνον ἐρεισαμένη Διονύσῳ,
ἀθανάτοις πισύρεσσιν ὅπως ἓνα κῶμον ἀνάψῃς,
120 Φοῖβῳ καὶ Ζεφύρῳ καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.

[109] “And if you fear the blaze of the thirsty season of harvest, I will plant over your bed shoots of the gardenvine, and the sweet breath of the intoxicating scent shall be wafted over you, lying under the grape-clustered covering. Gadabout maiden, pity the cheeks of your own loveshot countenance beaten by the sun, lest the glare of Helios dim the radiance of your limbs, lest the breeze tumble your anointed curls; sleep among the roses and on iris-petals, rest your head on Dionysos your neighbour, to kindle one revel for immortals four, Phoibos and Zephyros and Cypris and Dionysos.

ληιδίην δ' ὀπάσαιμι γονὴν μελανόχροον Ἴνδῶν
παστάδος ὑμετέρης θαλαμηπόλον: ἀλλὰ τί φῦτλιν
κυανέην ὀνόμηναι τεῆς νυμφοστόλον εὐνῆς;
νυκτὶ μελαγχλαίνῳ πότε μίσγεται ἀργέτις Ἥώς;
125 Ἀστακὶς ὀπλοτέρη πέλες Ἄρτεμις: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
δμῳίδας ἐξήκοντα χορίτιδας εἰς σὲ κομίσσω,
ὄφρα χορὸν νήριθμον ὀπάονα σεῖο τελέσσω,
ἀμφιπόλοις ἰσόμετρον ὀρειάδος ἰοχεαίρης,
εἵκελον Ὠκεανοῖο θυγατράσι, μὴ σοι ἐρίζῃ
130 Ἄρτεμις ἀγρώσσουσα, καὶ εἰ πέλε δεσπότης ἄγρης.
σοὶ Χάριτας ζαθέοιο χαρίζομαι Ὀρχομενοῖο
ἀμφιπόλους, ἐμὰ τέκνα μεταστήσας Ἀφροδίτης.

[121] “Let me offer my spoil, the blackskin brood of India, to attend upon your bower. But why did I name the swarthy tribe to array your bridal bed? Does white Eos ever mingle with black-stoled night? You the Astacid are surely a younger Artemis; but more, I will fetch you myself sixty dancing handmaids, to complete the unnumbered dance that attends you, as many as the servants

of the mountain Archeress, as many as the daughters of Oceanos; then Artemis hunting will not rival you, even if she be the mistress of the hunt. I will present you with the Graces of divine Orchomenos for servants, my daughters, whom I will take from Aphrodite.

ἀλλὰ πόθῳ φρένα θέλξον ἄθελγέα, καὶ σε δεχέσθω
θηροσύνης μετὰ μόχθον ἐμὸν λέχος, ὄφρα φανείης
¹³⁵ Ἄρτεμις ἐν σκοπέλοισι καὶ ἐν θαλάμοις Ἀφροδίτῃ.
τίς φθόνος, ἀγρώσσειν σε σὺν ἀγρώσσοντι Λυαίῳ;
εἰ δὲ μόθου λάχες οἷστρον, ἅτε κλυτότοξος Ἀμαζῶν
ἵξαι Ἰνδῶν ἐπὶ φύλοπιν, ὄφρα κεν εἷης
πειθῶ νόσφι μόθοιο καί, ὅππότε δῆρις, Ἀθήνῃ.
¹⁴⁰ δέξο καὶ ἦν ἐθέλῃς, ἐλαφιβόλα θύρσα Λυαίου,
νεβροφόνος δὲ γένοιο: καὶ ὑμετέρων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ὑμετέροις τε πόνοισιν ἐμὴν κόσμησον ἀπήνην
πόρδαλιν ἢ ἐλέοντας ὑποζεύξασα χαλινῶ.’

[133] “Nay, charm your uncharmed heart with desire, and let my bed receive you after the labours of hunting the beasts, that you may appear Artemis among the rocks and Aphrodite in the bed-chamber. What harm that you should hunt along with hunting Lyaios? But if you have the itch for struggle, like the bowfamed Amazon, you shall come to the Indian warfare, to be Athena in the battle, and Peitho when fighting is done. Receive also, if it please you, the thyrsus of Lyaios to bring down your game, and become a slayer of fawns; and with your own hands, by your own efforts, adorn my car, by yoking pards or lions under the bridle.”

ὥς εἰπὼν ἐδίωκεν ὀρειάδα γείτονα κούρην,
¹⁴⁵ τοῖον ἔπος βοῶων: ‘μένε, παρθένε, Βάκχον ἀκοίτην.’
ἢ δὲ χολωομένη βριαρὴν ἀνενεϊκατο φωνήν
παρθενική, στόμα λάβρον ἐπαιθύσσουσα Λυαίῳ:

[144] So speaking, he pursued the mountain girl his neighbour, crying aloud as he came near: “Wait, maiden, for Bacchos your bedfellow!” But the maiden was angry and lifted up a strong voice, speeding wild words at Lyaios:

‘ταῦτα μολῶν ἀγόρευε φιλοστόργῳ τινὶ νύμφῃ.
εἰ δύνασαι γλαυκῶπιν ἢ Ἄρτεμιν εἰς γάμον ἔλκειν,
¹⁵⁰ καὶ βριαρὴν Νικαίαν ἔχεις πειθήμονα νύμφην:
εἰμί γὰρ ἀμφοτέρησιν ὁμόστολος. εἰ δὲ σε φεύγει
ἀπροΐδης ὑμέναιος ἀπειρώδινος Ἀθήνης,
καὶ νόον οὐ θέλξιας ἀπειθέος ἰοχαίρης.
δέμνια Νικαίης μὴ διζέο: μηδὲ σε λεύσσω

155 ἀπτόμενον τόξοιο καὶ ἀμφαφώοντα φαρέτρην.
 μὴ μετὰ βουκόλον Ὑμνον ὀλωλότα καὶ σὲ δαμάσσω.
 οὐτήσω Διόνυσον ἀνοῦτατον: εἰ δὲ σιδήρῳ
 μυῖα φέρεις ἀχάρακτα καὶ οὐκ εἴκοντα βελέμνῳ.
 υἱέας ὑψιλόφους μιμήσομαι Ἴφιμεδεῖς,
 160 καὶ σε σιδηρεῖησιν ἀλυκτοπέδησι πεδήσω
 σεῖο κασιγνήτῳ πανομοίον, ἐνδόμυχον δὲ
 χαλκείοις κεράμοισι μετ' Ἄρεα καὶ σὲ φυλάξω,
 ἄχρις ἀναπλήσας δυοκαίδεκα κύκλα Σελήνης
 ἡερίοις ἐμὸν οἷστρον ἀπορρίψειας ἀήταις.
 165 χερσὶ γυναιμανέεσσιν ἐμῆς μὴ ψαῦε φαρέτρης:
 τόξον ἔχω, σὺ δὲ θύρσον: ἐν Ἀστακίῃ μὲν ἐρίπνῃ
 εἰς σῶας ἢ ἐλέοντας ἐμὸν βέλος ἐνθάδε πέμπω
 Ἀρτέμιδος συνάεθλος, ὑπὲρ Λιβάνοιο δὲ πέτρης
 νεβροῦς καὶ σὺ διώκε συναγρώσων Ἀφροδίτῃ.
 170 οὐ δέχομαι σέο λέκτρα, καὶ εἰ Διὸς αἶμα κομίζεις:
 εἰ δὲ θεὸν μενέαινον ἔχειν πόσιν, οὐκ ἂν ἀκοίτην
 ἀβροκόμην ἀσιδηρον ἀνάγκιδα θήλῃ μορφῇ
 εἶχον ἐγὼ Διόνυσον, ἐμῷ δ' ἐφυλάσσετο παστῶ
 νυμφίος ἢ κλυτότοξος ἀναξ ἢ χάλκεος Ἄρης,
 175 ὃς μὲν τόξον ἔχων, ὃ δὲ φάσγανον ὄνον Ἐρώτων:
 ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ οὐ μακάρων τινὰ δέξομαι, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὸν
 πενθερόν οἷστρος ἔχει με τεὸν Κρονίωνα καλέσσαι.
 ἄλλην διζέο, Βάκχε, νέην πειθήμονα νύμφην.
 τί σπεύδεις; ἀκίχητον ἔχεις δρόμον, ὥς ποτε Δάφνην
 180 Λητοῖδης ἐδίωκε καὶ ὥς Ἥφαιστος Ἀθήνην:
 τί σπεύδεις; δρόμος οὗτος ἐτώσιος: ἐν σκοπέλοις γὰρ
 ἐνδρομίδες πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀρείονές εἰσι κοθόρνων.'

[148] "Be off! make that speech to some girl who likes lovemaking! If you can draw into marriage the gray-eyed goddess, or Artemis, you shall have hard Nicaia a willing bride; for I am a comrade of both. But if you miss wedlock with Athena, — none ever heard of such a thing, no birth-pangs for her — if you could not charm the wits of the inflexible Archeress, seek not Nicaia's bed. Let me not see you touching my bow, and handling my quiver, or I may bring you also down to follow Hymnos the shepherd. I will wound Dionysos the unwounded!

If steel will not cut your limbs, if the lance will not pierce them, I will do as the highcrested sons of Iphimedeia; I will bind you with galling iron chains, wholly like your brother, and I will keep you too like Ares hidden in a brazen pot, until you fulfil twelve circuits of Selene, and throw away your passion for me to the winds of the air. Touch not my quiver with womanlickerish hands: I keep the bow, you the thyrsus. On the Astacian crags I send my shot here against boars or lions, and share the toils of Artemis; over the rocks of

Libanos go yourself and pursue the fawns, on the hunt with Aphrodite. I refuse your bed, even if you have the blood of Zeus in you. If I had a mind to a god for my lord, I would not have Dionysos for bedfellow, soft-haired, weaponless, spiritless, shaped like a woman; the bridegroom kept for my bower would be my Lord Strongbow or brazen Ares, the one with his bow, the other with sword as a love-gift. But since I will not accept one of the Blessed, since I have no itch to call even your Cronion goodfather, seek another, Bacchos, some new bride not unwilling. Why all this haste? This race is not for you to win; so Latoides once pursued Daphne, so Hephaistos Athena. Why this haste? this race is vain; for among the rocks, buskins are far better than slippers.”

ὥς φαμένη λίπε Βάκχον. αἰεὶ δ' ὑπὸ φορβάδα λόχμην
παρθενικὴν μάστευεν ὀρίπλανον· ἔσσυμένῳ δὲ
185 σύνδρομος ὠμάρτησε κύων πινυτόφρονι θυμῷ
τόν ποτε θηρεύοντι φιλοσκοπέλῳ Διονύσῳ
ᾧπασε δῶρον ἔχειν σκυλακοτρόφος ὑψίκερος Πάν.
καὶ μιν ἄτε φρονέοντα καὶ αὐδήεντα δοκεύων
σύννομον ἰσοκέλευθον ἔῶν ξυνήονα μόχθων,
190 Βάκχος ἐρωμανέων φιλίῳ προσπτόξατο μύθῳ:
‘τίπτε, κύων περίφοιτος, ὁμόδρομός ἐσσι Λυαίῳ
Πανδὸς αἰεὶ ποθέοντος ἐπάξιε; τίπτε σὺ μοῦνος
παρθένον ἱχνεύοντι συνιχνεύεις Διονύσῳ;
ἧ ῥά σε σὸς ταμῆς οἰκτίρμονα θῆκεν ἐρώτων;
195 παρθένον ἡμετέρην ἔτι δίξεο, μηδ' ἐνὶ πέτραις
Βάκχον ἀλητεύοντα κατ' οὖρεα μοῦνον ἐάσῃς.
μοῦνος ἐποικτεῖρεις με, καὶ ὡς βροτὸς εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης
πλαζομένης λοφόνεντα μετέρχεαι ἔνδια κούρης.
κάμνε τεῶ βασιλῆι: χάριν δέ σοι εἶνεα μόχθων
200 δώσω ἀμοιβαίην: μετὰ Σείριον ἀστέρα Μαίρης
αἰθέρος ἔνδον ἄγω σε καὶ ἀστερόεντα τελέσσω
ἄγχι Κυνὸς προτέρου, σταφυλὴν ἵνα καὶ σὺ πεπαίνῃς
βότρυος Εἰλειθυῖαν ἀκοντίζων σέθεν αἶγλην.
τίς φθόνος ἀντέλλειν τρίτατον Κύνᾳ; καὶ σὺ φαεῖνεις
205 σύνδρομος ἀστερόεντος ἐπειγομένοιο Λαγωῦ.
εἰ θέμις, οἰκτεῖρων μὲ σαόφρονι μέμφει κούρη.
δόχμιον ὄμμα φέρων Κυβελήϊδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
ὅττι με μαστεύοντα γυνὴ θεὸν εἰσέτι φεύγει:
μέμφει δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν, Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ,
210 φοιταλέην δὲ δίωκε δι' οὖρεος ἄστατον Ἥχῳ,
μὴ τελέσῃ φυγόμενον ἐμὴν πλέον εἰσέτι νύμφην:
μηδὲ λίπῃς σέο Πᾶνα δυσίμερον ἐγγύθι κούρης,
μὴ μιν ἑλὼν ζευξείεν ἀναγκαίοις ὕμεναίοις.
παρθένον αἶ κεν ἴδῃς, ταχὺς ἔρχεο, μάρτυρι σιγῇ

215 ἦ νοεραῖς ὑλακῆσιν ἀπαγγέλλων Διονύσω:
 ἄγγελος ἔσσο πόθοιο: κύων δέ τις ἄλλος ἀλάσθω
 ἦ σύας ἥ ἐ λέοντας ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο διώκων.
 Πὰν φίλε, κικλήσκω σε μακάρτατον, ὅτι καὶ αὐτοὶ
 σεῖο κύνες γεγάασιν ἐρευνητῆρες Ἐρώτων.
 220 ἀνδρομέην, πολύμορφε Τύχη, παίζουσα γενέθλην
 ἴλαθι, πανδαμάτειρα: μετὰ βροτέην τάχα φύτλην
 καὶ σκυλάκων κρατέεις, ὅτι δύσμορος οὗτος ἀλήτης
 θητεύει μετὰ Πᾶνα καὶ ἱμείροντι Λυαίῳ:
 παρθενικῇ μέμψασθε, φίλαι δρῦες: εἴπατε, πέτραι:
 225 καὶ κύνες οἰκτεῖρουσι, καὶ οὐκ ἐλέαιρεν Ἀμαζῶν.
 εἰσὶ καὶ ἐν σκυλάκεσσιν ἐχέφρονες, οἷσι Κρονίων
 ἀνδρομέην φρένα δῶκε καὶ οὐ βροτέην πόρε φωνήν.'

[183] She finished, and left Bacchos behind. But he ever searched for the mountain-ranging maid through the nourishing woods; and coursing beside him in that rapid chase went the dog with sagacious mind, the dog which highhorned Pan, breeder of hounds, offered as a gift to Dionysos, once on a time when he was hunting in the highlands which he loved. To him, the comrade of his ways and his labours, Bacchos lovmaddened spoke gently with kind words, as if he thought the creature had sense and voice: "why do you run with Lyaios, wandering hound, when Pan always misses you, and you are worthy of Pan? Why do you alone track the maiden along with tracking Dionysos? Did your trainer teach you to pity love? Still seek our maiden, and let not Bacchos go wandering alone over the mountains, among the rocks. You alone pity me, and like one human, you follow in the hilly spaces on the ridge where the girl wanders. Work hard for your king! I will repay you well for your labours: I will take you into the upper air, and make you a star like Seirios, the star of Maira, near the earlier Dog, that you also may ripen the clusters, shooting your light to be the grapes Eileithyia. What harm that a third Dog should arise? You also show your light, running a course with the starry Hare as he scampers on. If it is lawful, cast your eyes aside to the ridge of Cybele's forest, and in pity for me reproach the modesthearted girl, that she still flies from my pursuit, a woman from a god! Reproach both Adonis and Cythereia, and pursue Echo, flitting inconstant over the mountains, that she may not make my nymph yet more a hater of wedlock; do not leave your rough wooer Pan near the girl, or he may catch her and yoke her under an enforced bridal. If you should see the maiden, quickly come, and with knowing silence or meaning barks give the news to Dionysos; you be loves messenger, and let another dog travel in pursuit of boars or lions from the rocks. Friend Pan, I call you most blessed, because even your dogs have become trackers of the loves. And you, Luck, how many shapes you take, how you make playthings of the children of men! Be gracious, all-subduer! First the human race, and now perhaps you possess the canine race also, when

this ill-fated wanderer is a servant for Dionysos in love next after Pan. Reproach the maiden, dear trees, and say, ye rocks, 'Even the dogs have compassion, and there is no pity in the Amazon!' So there are dogs too with sense, to whom Cronion has given the thoughts of a man, and yet not a human voice."

ἔννεπεν ἄγχι φυτοῖο: δι' εὐπετάλου δὲ κορύμβου
φθογγῆς εἰσαΐουσα γυναιμανέος Διονύσου
230 ἄρχαίη Μελίη φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν:

[228] A tree was near him while he spoke; and through her clustering leaves an ancient Ash-tree heard the cry of woman-mad Dionysos, and she uttered a mocking voice:

, ἄλλοι μὲν, Διόνυσε, κυνοσσοὶ ἰοχεαίρη
ἐνθάδε θηρεύουσι, σὺ δ' ἀγρώσσεις Ἀφροδίτῃ:
ἦδ' οὗς ὁ δειμαίνων ἀπαλόχροον ἄζυγα κούρην:
Βάκχος ὁ τολμήεις ἱκέτης πέλε λάτρις Ἑρώτων:
235 Ἰνδοφόνους παλάμῃσιν ἀνάλκιδα λίσσετο κούρην.
σὸς γενέτης οὐκ οἶδε πόθου θελξιφροني μύθῳ
εἰς γάμον, εἰς ὕμναιον ἄγειν πειθήμονα κούρην:
οὐ Σεμέλην ἱκέτευεν, ἔως ἐτύχησεν ἑρώτων.
οὐ Δανάην παρέπεισεν, ἔως σὺλησε κορείην:
240 Ζηνὶ συναπτομένην Ἰξίονος οἶσθα γυναιῖκα
καὶ γάμιον χρεμέτισμα καὶ ἵππειους ὕμναιους:
Ἀντιόπης ἐδάης φιλοπαιγμονα θεσμὸν Ἑρώτων
καὶ Σάτυρον γελώωντα νόθον μιμηλὸν ἀκοίτην."

[231] "Other masters of hounds, Dionysos, hunt here for the Archeress; but you are huntsman for Aphrodite! Here's a nice fellow to be in fear of a soft-skinned maiden girl! Bacchos the bold, bowing and scraping like a lackey to the loves! lifts in prayer to a weakling girl the hands that butchered the Indians! Your father does not know how to go awooing with heartbewitching words of love to bring the girl willing to her bridal; he made no prayer to Semele until he won her love; he did not cajole Danae until he stole her maidenhood. You know how he caught Ixion's wife, the bridegroom's whinney and the equine mating. You have heard of love's game of trickery for Antiope, the laughing Satyr, the sham deceitful mate."

ὥς φάτο κερτομέουσα νόον δεידήμονα Βάκχου.
245 καὶ δρυὸς ἐντὸς ἵκανεν ὁμήλικος. ἐν δὲ κολώναις
ἀσχαλὼν Διόνυσος ὁμάρτεε θυιάδι κούρῃ
ποσσὶν ἑρωμανέεσσι, καὶ ὠκυπέδιλος Ἀμαζῶν

ἄστατος ἄκρα κάρηνα μετήιε δὺσβατα πέτρης,
ἶχνος ἐρευνητῆρος ὑποκλέπτουσα Λυαίου.

[244] So she mocked the timid mind of Bacchos, and vanished into her coeval tree. But on the hills, Dionysos impatient followed the wild girl with love-mad feet; and the swift-shod Amazon, ever on the move, scoured the topmost heads of difficult mountain-paths, hiding her track from the searcher Lyaaios.

250 καὶ φλογερῷ Φαέθοντος ἱμασσομένης χροά πυρσῷ
ἄβροχα διψαλῆς τερσαίνεται χεῖλεα κούρης;
καὶ δόλον ἀγνώσσουσα γυναιμανέος Διονύσου
ξανθὸν ὕδωρ ἐνόησε φιλακρήτου ποταμοῖο,
καὶ πῖεν ἡδὺ ῥέεθρον, ὅθεν πῖον αἵθοπες Ἴνδοι:
255 καὶ φρένα δινηθεῖσα μέθη βακχεύετο κούρη,
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐλέλιζε μετῆλυδα δίζυγι παλμῷ,
καὶ διδύμην ἐδόκησεν ἰδεῖν πολυχανδέα λίμνην
ὄμματα δινεύουσα: βαρυνομένου δὲ καρήνου
δέρκετο θηροβότου διπλούμενα νῶτα κολώνης:
260 καὶ τρομεροῖσι πόδεσσιν ὀλισθήσασα κονίῃ
εἰς πετρὸν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐσύρετο γείτονος Ὕπνου:
καὶ γαμῖω βαρύγουνος ἐθέλγετο κώματι νύμφη.

[250] But the dry lips of the thirsty girl were parched as Phaethon scourged her skin with his blazing fire, and knowing not the trick of womanmad Dionysos, she noticed the brown water of the tipplers' river, and drank the sweet liquid, whence the skin-scorched Indians had drunk. With her brain on fire, the girl revelled in her intoxication, and tossed her head to match her double motions; when she turned her eyes to the wide yawning lake, she thought to see two lakes; then as her head grew heavy, she beheld the ridges of the beastfeeding hill double themselves; and with trembling feet, slipping in the dust, she was drawn unconsciously under the wing of Sleep who was not far away. So the bride heavy at knee, was spellbound by her wedding slumber.

τὴν μὲν ἰδὼν εὕδουσαν Ἔρως ἐπεδείκνυε Βάκχῳ,
ὕμνον ἐποικτείρων: νέμεσις δ' ἐγέλασεν ἰδοῦσα.
265 καὶ δολόεις Διόνυσος ἀδουπήτοισι κοθόρνοις
εἰς γάμον ἄσφορος εἶρπε ποδῶν τεχνήμονι παλμῷ.
κούρης δ' ἐγγὺς ἔκανε: καὶ ἀτρέμας ἄκρον ἐρύσας
δεσμὸν ἀσυλήτοιο φυλάκτορα λύσατο μήτρης
φειδομένη παλάμη, μὴ παρθένον ὕπνος ἐάσῃ.

[263] Eros espied her sleeping, and pointed her out to Bacchos, pitying Hymnos; Nemesis laughed at the sight. And sly Dionysos with shoes that

made no noise crept soundless to his bridal, placing his footsteps with care. He came near the girl: and softly with gentle hand undid the end of the knot which guarded the girdle of innocence, that sleep might not let the maiden go.

270 γαῖα δὲ κηῶεσαν ἀναπτύξασα λοχεῖην
φυταλιὴν ὧδινε, χαρίζομένη Διονύσω,
πολλὴν δ' ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐλαφρίζουσα καλύπτρην
πλεκτὴ βοτρυόεντι κάμαξ ἐβαρύνετο καρπῷ:
καὶ λέχος ἦν πετάλοισι κατὰσκιον: ἡμερίδων γὰρ
275 αὐτοφυῆς μίτρωσεν ἔλιξ εὐάμπελον εὐνὴν:
καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα μετάρσιος οἶνοπι καρπῷ
Κυπριδίους ἀνέμοισιν ἐσεῖετο βότρυς ἀλήτης,
ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἐπύκαζε: σελινοφόρῳ δὲ κορύμβῳ
ἱμερόεις ἐμέθυσεν ὁμόζυγος οἰνάδος ὄρηξ
280 πλεκτόν ἀεζομένης ἐπιβήτορα κισσὸν ὀπώρης.

[270] Earth unfolded her teeming fragrance, and brought forth a plot of plants, to do pleasure to Dionysos. Tangled poles of spreading vine lifted a wide covering laden with clusters of grapes, and shaded the bed with its leaves; a selfgrown arbour of vinery embowered the couch with its rich growth, and many a bunch of purple fruit swayed to and fro above it, under the Cyprian's breezes. It screened them both, while in crinkling clumps a lovely sapling of the wine-plant entangled intoxicated the wreaths of ivy which climbed over the growing fruit.

καὶ δολόεις γάμος ἦεν ὄνειρείης τύπον εὐνῆς
ὑπνον ἔχων συνάεθλον: ἐνοσφίσθη δὲ κορεῖης
παρθενικὴ κνώσσουσα, καὶ ἔδρακε πομπὸν Ἑρώτων
ὑπνον ὑποδρηστῆρα μεθυσφαλέων ὑμεναίων.
285 πνοιή δ' ὑψιπόρῳ σκιρτήματι θυιάδος ὕλης
ἄστατος αὐτοβόητος ἀνέπλεκεν ὕμνον Ἑρώτων,
καὶ μέλος ἠνεμόφοιτον ὀρεσσαύλων ὑμεναίων
αἰδομένοις στομάτεσσιν ἀμείβετο παρθένος Ἠχώ,
Πανιὰς ὑστερόφωνος: ὑπὲρ δαπέδου δὲ χορεύων
290 αὐλὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν Ὑμῆν Ὑμέναει' λιγαίων:
'ἱμερόεις γάμος οὗτος' ὀρεστιάς ἴαχε πεύκη.

[281] It was a stolen bridal, like bed in a dream with Sleep for helper. The maiden lost her maidenhood, slumbering still; she saw Sleep as marshal of the loves, and as servant of wine-deceived nuptials. The breeze, unresting, self-sounding, interwove the hymn of love with caperings, high among the branches of the jubilant forest: and the melody of the mountain bridal, passing on the winds, was answered in modest tones by maiden Echo, Pan's following

voice; dancing over the ground the pipes tootled out loudly “Hymen Hymenaios”; the forest fir resounded, “A blessing on this bridal!”

ψυχὴ δ' ἠνεμόφοιτος ἀναΐξασα νομῆος
παρθένον ὑπναλέην νυχίοις ἐρέθειζεν ὄνειροις:

[292] Then the soul of the herdsman, passing on the winds, started up and taunted the sleeping maiden in dreams of the night:

‘εἰσὶ καὶ ἱμείροντος Ἐρινύες, εὖγαμε κούρη:
295 νυμφίον εἰ φύγες Ὑμνον, ἐνυμφεύθης Διονύσω:
λοξὰ θεμιστεύεις, θαλαμηπόλε παρθένε νύμφη:
κτείνεις γὰρ ποθέοντα, καὶ οὐ γαμέοντα διώκεις.
παρθένε, χάλκεον ὕπνον ἐρασσαμένῳ πόρες Ὑμνω:
παρθένε, νήδυμος ὕπνος ἀπώλεσε σεῖο κορείην.
300 οἰκτρὸν ἶδες γελόωσα δεδουπότος αἷμα νομῆς:
οἰκτρότερον στενάχουσα τεῆς ἶδες αἷμα κορείης.’

[294] “A lover also has his avenging spirits, happy bride! If you refused Hymnos as a bridegroom, Dionysos has made you a bride! You are a crooked judge, you matchmaking maiden bride! you kill the lover, you pursue him that weds not! Maiden, a brazen sleep ° you gave to your impassioned Hymnos: — maiden, a honeyed sleep lost you your maidenhood! The dead herdsman’s piteous blood you saw with a laugh; there was worse piteous groaning when you saw the blood of your maidenhood.”

ὥς φαμένη σκιδόντι πανεῖκελος ἔσσυτο καπνῷ
ψυχὴ δακρυόεσσα ποθοβλήτοιο νομῆος,
Ταρταρίην δ' ἀκίχητος ἐδύσατο πανδόκον αὐλήν,
305 Βάκχου ζῆλον ἔχουσα μεθυσφαλέων ὕμεναιων.

[302] So speaking, away like misty smoke went the soul of the lovesmitten herdsman weeping, and passed beyond pursuit into the courtyard of Tartaros, allcomers’ hostel, full of envy for Bacchos and his drinkdeceiving espousals.

καὶ λιγυροῖς δονάκεσσι γαμήλιον ἦχον ἀράσσω,
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτων ὑποκάρδιον, ὕμνοπόλος Πᾶν
μεμφόμενον μέλος εἶπεν ἐς ἄλλοτρίους ὕμεναιους.
καὶ τις ἐρωμανέων Σατύρων παρὰ γείτοني λόχη
310 θηητήρ ἀκόρητος ἀθηήτων ὕμεναιων
Βακχείην ἀγόρευεν, ἰδὼν εὐπάρθενον εὐνήν:

[306] Pan also piped a bridal tune on the shrill reeds, hiding secret envy deep in his heart, Pan the master of music; and made a defaming lay for the unnatural union. And one of the lovemad Satyrs in a thicket hard by, staring insatiate upon the wedding, a forbidden sight, declaimed thus, when he saw the bed of Bacchos with his fair maiden:

‘Πάν κερόεις, ἔτι μοῦνος ἔχεις δρόμον εἰς Ἀφροδίτην;
καὶ σὺ διωκομένης πότε νυμφίος ἔσσειαι Ἥχοῦς;
καὶ σὺ δόλον πότε τοῖον ἀοσητήρα τελέσειεις
315 ὑμετέρων ἐπικουρον ἀνυμφεύτων ὑμεναίων;
Πάν φίλε, καὶ σὺ γένοιο φυτοσκάφος ἀντὶ νομῆος,
ποιμενίην δ’ ἀπόειπε καλαῦροπα καὶ παρὰ πέτρῃ
λεῖπε βόας καὶ μῆλα: τί σοι ῥέξουσιν νομῆες;
ἔγρεο, καὶ σὺ φύτευε γαμοστόλον οἶνον Ἐρώτων.’

[312] “Horned Pan, still running alone after Aphrodite? When will you too be a bridegroom, for Echo whom you chase? Will you ever bring off a trick like this, to aid and abet you in your nuptials never consummated? Become a gardener too instead of herdsman, my dear Pan; forswear your shepherd’s cudgel, leave oxen and sheep among the rocks — what will herdsmen do for you? Wake up! and plant another vine, which provides love’s wedding.”

320 οὐ πω μῦθος ἔληγε, καὶ ἴαχεν αἰγίβοτος Πάν:

[320] Not yet had his words ended, when goatherd Pan cried out:

‘αἶθε πατήρ με δίδαξε τελεσιγάμου δόλον οἶνου:
αἶθε νοοσφαλέος σταφυλῆς, ἅτε Βάκχος, ἀνάσσω:
καὶ κεν ἐμῶν ἐτέλεσσα πολὺπλανον οἷστρον Ἐρώτων
ὑπναλέην μεθύουσιν ἰδὼν δυσπάρθενον Ἥχώ.
325 ἰλήκοι νομὸς οὗτος, ἐπεὶ παρὰ γείτονι πηγῇ
ἄρδεύω τάδε μῆλα, φιλακρήτῳ δὲ ῥέεθρῳ
παρθενικὰς Διόνυσος ἀθελγέας εἰς γάμον ἔλκει.
φάρμακον εὗρεν Ἐρωτος ἐὼν φυτόν: ἐρρέτω αἰγῶν,
ἐρρέτω ἡμετέρων οἴων γλάγος: οὐ δύναται γὰρ
330 εἰς πόθον ὕπνον ἄγειν ἢ παρθένον εἰς γάμον ἔλκειν.
μοῦνος ἐγώ, Κυθήρεια, βιάζομαι: ὦμοι Ἐρώτων:
σύριγξ Πανὸς ἔφρευγεν ἀνυμφεύτους ὑμεναίους
καὶ γάμον ἀρτιτέλεστον ἀνευάζει Διονύσου
αὐτομάτοις μελέεσσι: τὸ δὲ πλεον ἡθάδι μολπῇ
335 φθεγγομένης Σύριγγος ἀμείβετο σύνθροος Ἥχώ.
νυμφιδίης Διόνυσσε μέθης θελξιμβροτε ποιμήν,
ὄλβιος ἔπλεο μοῦνος, ἀναινομένης ὅτι νύμφης

εὖρες ἄοσσητῆρα γαμοστόλον οἶνον Ἐρώτων.’

[321] “I wish my father had taught me the trick of that matchmaking wine! I wish I could be lord of the mindtripping grape, like Bacchos! Then I should have seen that cruel maiden Echo, asleep and well drunken! then I should have achieved my love, which like a gadfly sends me gadding afar! Farewell to this pasturage! for while I water my sheep here by a neighbouring spring, Dionysos draws intractable nymphs to marriage by means of his tipplers’ river! He has invented a medicine for Eros — his plant: away with the goat’s milk, away with the milk of my ewes! for that cannot bring sleep to desire, nor a maiden to marriage. I alone, Cythereia, must suffer. Alas for love! Syrinx escaped from Pan’s marriage and left him without a bride, and now she cries Euoi to the newly-made marriage of Dionysos with melodies unasked: while Syrinx gives voice, and to crown all, Echo chimes in with her familiar note. O Dionysos, charmer of mortals, shepherd of the bridal intoxication! you alone are happy, because when the nymph denied, you found out wine, love’s helper to deck out the marriage!”

τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε δυσίμερος ἀχνύμενος Πάν,
340 ζῆλον ἔχων καὶ ἔρωτα τελεσσιγάμοιο Λυαίου.

[339] Such were the words of Pan, in sorrow for his thwarted desire, and in envy and love of Lyaaios, the achiever of marriage.

καὶ τελέσας φιλότητα καὶ εἰνοδοῖς πόθον εὐνῆς
ἀφράστῳ Διόνυσος ἀνηώρητο πεδίλῳ.
νύμφη δ’ ἐγρομένη ποταμῆιδι μέμφετο πηγῇ,
ὑπνῷ χωομένη καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ,
345 ὄμβρῳ δακρυόεντι κατάρρυτος: ἀχνυμένη δὲ
ἔκλυε Νηιάδων γαμῖς ἔτι λείψανα μολπῆς,
καὶ λεχέων κήρυκα ποθοβλήτοιο Λυαίου
ἡμερίδων πετάλοισι κατάσκιον εἶδε χαμεύνην
νεβρίσι νυμφιδίησι πυκαζομένην Διονύσου,
350 κρυπταδίων λεχέων αὐτάγγελον: εἶδε καὶ αὐτὴν
μίτρην παρθενίην γαμῖς πλήθουσας ἐέρσης.
καὶ ῥοδέας ἐχάραξε παρηίδας, ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
μηρούς πληξαμένη κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ:

[341] And Dionysos, having achieved his love, and the desires of that wayside bed, rose up with unnoted boot. But the nymph awaking reproached the river spring, indignant against Hypnos and Cypris and Dionysos, bathed in a flood of tears; in her pain, she heard still the remnants of the Naiads’ nuptial song; and she saw that bed, herald of the couch of lovesick Lyaaios, shadowed over

with garden vine-leaves, and piled thick with the bridal fawnskins of Dionysos, which gives its own message of Lyaïos's lovestricken passion, which told the tale of the furtive bed; she saw her own maiden zone wet with the wedding dew. Then she tore her rosy cheeks, and slapt both thighs, and moaned with piercing voice:

ὦμοι παρθενίης, τὴν ἥρπασεν Εὐϊον ὕδωρ:

355 ὦμοι παρθενίης, τὴν ἥρπασεν ὕπνος Ἐρώτων:

ὦμοι παρθενίης, τὴν ἥρπασε Βάκχος ἀλήτης.

ἔρρέτω Ὑδριάδων δολόεν ποτόν, ἔρρέτω εὐνή.

νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες, τίνα μέμφομαι; ἡμετέρην γὰρ

ὕπνος, Ἔρωσ, δόλος, οἶνος ἐλήισσαντο κορείην.

360 παρθενικὰς ἀπέειπε καὶ Ἄρτεμις: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ

τίπτέ μοι οὐ φυγόμενος ὅλον δέμας ἔννεπεν Ἥχώ;

τίπτέ μοι εἰς ἐμὸν οὖας, ὅσον μὴ Βάκχον ἀκοῦσαι,

οὐ Πίτους ἐψιθύριζε καὶ οὐκ ἐφθέγγετο Δάφνη:

‘παρθενική, πεφύλαξο πιεῖν ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ’;

[354] “Alas for maidenhead, stolen by the Euian water! alas for maidenhead, stolen by the sleep of love! Alas for maidenhead, stolen by that vagabond Bacchos! A curse on that deceitful water of the Hydriads, a curse on that bed! Hamadryad nymphs, whom shall I blame? for Sleep, Eros, trickery and wine, are the robbers of my maiden state! Artemis has deserted her own maidens. But Echo herself the enemy of the bed — why did not Echo tell me the whole scheme? Why did not Pine whisper in my ear, too low for Bacchos to hear? why did not Daphne the Laurel speak out— ‘Maiden, beware, drink not the deceiving water!’?”

365 ἔννεπε, καὶ πολὺδακρυν ἀνέβλυσεν ὄμβρον ὀπωπῆς.

καὶ ποτε μὲν μενέαινε κατ’ αὐχένος ἄορ ἐρεῖσαι,

ἄλλοτε δ’ αὐτοκύλιστος ἀπ’ οὖρεος ἤθελε πίπτειν

ὑστατὴν προκάρηνος ὀλισθήσασα κονίῃ:

καὶ γαμῆς μενέαινεν αἰστώσαι πόμα πηγῆς,

370 εἰ μὴ ἀμειψαμένη προτέρη χύσις ἱκμάδα Βάκχου

λευκὸν ὕδωρ κελάρυζε καὶ οὐκέτι χεῦμα Λυαίου.

καὶ Κρονίδην ἱκέτευε καὶ Ἄρτεμιν, ὄφρα τελέσῃ

αὔλια Νηιάδων κεκονιμένα διψᾶδι χέρσῳ.

πολλάκι δ’ ὄμμα τίταινε δι’ οὖρεος, εἰ που ἐφεύροι

375 ἵχνιον ἀστήρικτον ἀθηήτου Διονύσου,

ὄφρα βάλῃ τόξοισι γυνὴ θεόν, ὄφρα δαμάσῃ

δαίμονα βοτρύοντα: καὶ ἤθελε μᾶλλον ἐκείνην

ἄμπελον εὐναίην φλογερῶ πυρὶ πᾶσαν ὀλέσσαι.

πολλάκι δ’ ἀθρήσασα δι’ οὖρεος ἵχνια Βάκχου

380 ἥερίας τόξευεν ὅιστεύουσα θυέλλας:
 πολλάκι δ' ἔγχος ἄειρε, καὶ εἰς σκοπὸν ἀντίον ἔστη.
 ὄφρα δέμας πλήξειεν ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου:
 ἀλλὰ μάτην προέηκε καὶ οὐκ ἐτύχησε Λυαίου.
 καὶ ποταμῷ κεχόλωτο καὶ ὤμοσε, μὴ ποτε πηγῆς
 385 χεῖλεσι διψαλέοισι πιεῖν ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ:
 ὤμοσε καὶ κατὰ νύκτας ἔχειν ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπὴν,
 ὤμοσε μὴ γλυκὺν ὕπνον ἐν οὖρεσιν ἄλλον ἱαίνειν.
 καὶ σκύλακας νεμέσησε φυλάκτορας, ὅτι καὶ αὐτοὶ
 οὐ τότε θωρήσσοντο γυναιμανέοντι Λυαίῳ.
 390 δίζετο δ' ἄγχονιοιο μετάρσιον ἄλκαρ ὀλέθρου
 θλιβομένη σφιγκτῆρι περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ,
 μῶμον ἀλευομένη φιλοκέρτομον ἥλικος ἥβης.
 ἀρχαίην δ' ἀέκουσα λίπεν θηροτρόφον ὕλην,
 αἰδομένη μετὰ λέκτρα φανήμεναι ἰοχαίρη.

[365] She spoke, and flooded her face with a shower of tears. And now she thought to set a sword in her throat, again she would have cast herself rolling off a cliff, to fall headlong in the dust at last; she thought to destroy the nuptial fountain of which she had drunk, but already the stream had got rid of its Bacchic juice, and bubbled out clear water, no longer the liquid of Lyaïos. Then she besought Cronides and Artemis to fill the Naiads' grottoes with dust and thirsty soil. Often she strained her eye over the mountains, if anywhere she might find an unsteady footstep of unseen Dionysos, that she might shoot him with her arrows, a woman shoot a god! that she might vanquish the deity of the grapes; yet more she desired to destroy with blazing fire all that marriage-vine. Often, when she saw tracks of Bacchos over the mountains, she let off storms of arrows into the air; often she lifted her lance, and cast at a mark, hoping to strike the body of unwounded Dionysos: but in vain she cast, and hit no Lyaïos. And she was angry with the river, and swore never to drink the deceitful water of the fountain with thirsty lips; swore to keep her eyes awake through the night, swore not to enjoy sweet sleep again on the mountains. She blamed also the watchdogs, because not even they then attacked the womanmad Lyaïos. She sought a remedy in death by the hanging noose, and encircled her neck with a choking throttling loop, to avert the malice of her mocking yearsmates. Unwilling she left the ancient beastbreeding forest, being ashamed after that bed to show herself to the Archeress.

395 καὶ ζαθέης ῥαθάμιγγι γονῆς πλησθεῖσα Λυαίου
 γαστέρι φόρτον ἄειρε: τελειομένης δὲ λοχεῖης
 θῆλυν ἐμαιώσαντο τόκον ζωθαλπέες Ὠραι,
 καὶ δρόμον ἐννεάκυκλον ἐπποτώσαντο Σελήνης:
 ἐκ δὲ γάμου Βρομίιο θεόσσυτος ἦνθεε κούρη,

400 ἦν Τελετὴν ὀνόμηνεν αἰεὶ χαίρουσαν ἑορταῖς.
κούρην νυκτιχόρευτον, ἔφεσπομένην Διονύσῳ,
τερπομένην κροτάλοισι καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγι βοεΐῃ.
καὶ πόλιν εὐλᾱίγγα φιλακρήτῳ παρὰ λίμνῃ
τεῦξε θεὸς Νικαίαν, ἐπώνυμον ἦν ἀπὸ νύμφης
405 Ἀστακίης ἐκάλεσσε καὶ Ἴνδοφόνον μετὰ νίκην.

[395] Now lined with the divine dew, the seed of Lyaïos, she carried a burden in her womb; and when the time came for her delivery, the lifewarming Seasons played the midwives to a female child, and confirmed the nine-circled course of Selene. From the marriage of Bromios a god-sent girl grew to flower, whom she named Telete, one ever rejoicing in festivals, a night-dancing girl, who followed Dionysos, taking pleasure in clappers and the bang of the double oxhide.

And the god built a city of fine stone beside the tipplers' lake, Nicaia, City of Victory, which he named after the nymph Astacia and for the victory which brought the Indians low.

BOOK 17

ἐβδομάτῳ δεκάτῳ πρωτάγριον Ἄρεα μέλπω
καὶ ῥόδον οἶνωθέντα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο.
οὐδὲ φιλακρήτοιο μέθης πεπεδημένον ὕπνῳ
ζωγρήσας ἀτίνακτον ἀνουτήτων γένος Ἰνδῶν
ληθαίοις Διόνυσος ἐπέτρεπε δῆριν ἀήταις:
ἀλλὰ πάλιν Φρύγα θύρσον ἐκούφισεν: ὕψιλόφου γάρ
5 εἰς ἐνοπὴν καλέοντος ἐπείγετο Δηριαδῆος,
παιδὸς Ἀμαζονίης δολίην ἄμνηστον ἔασας
οἶνοβαρῇ φιλότῃ καὶ ὕπναλέους ὕμεφάιους.

BOOK XVII

In the seventeenth, I celebrate war's firstfruits, and the waters of a honey-trickling river turned to wine.

AFTER he had made captive the Indian nation, shackled in sleep by their potations, immovable, without a wound, Dionysos did not commit his quarrel to the forgetful winds, but once more lifted his Phrygian thyrsus; for he went in haste at the challenge of highcrested Deriades, and left forgotten behind him the trick he had played on the Amazonian girl, the drunken passion and the drowsy nuptials.

καὶ θεὸς ἡγεμόνευε, Διὸς κήρυκα γενέθλης
οὐρανίην ἀκτῖνα φέρων στίλβοντι προσώπῳ:
10 ἀμφὶ δὲ Λύδιον ἄρμα Γιγαντοφόνου Διονύσου
θυρσοφόροι στίχες ἦσαν, ἐμιτρώθη δὲ μαχηταῖς
μεσσοφανῆς ἐκάτερθε, καὶ ἀντήστραπτεν Ὀλύμπῳ:
κάλλει δ' ἔκρυφε πάντας: ἰδὼν δὲ μιν ἦ τάχα φαίης
ἦέλιον πυρόεντα πολυσπερέων μέσον ἄστρον.
15 καὶ στρατιῆς ἀσιδήρον ἄναξ ὥπλισεν Ἐνυώ,
οὐ ξίφος, οὐ μελὶν θανατηφόρον, ἀντὶ δὲ χαλκοῦ
κισσὸν ἔχων ἄρρηκτον ἐὼν δόρυ: καὶ μιν ἐλίσσων
Ἀσίδος ἐν πολίεσσι, καὶ Ἀσίδος ἐν χθονὶ πῆξας
ἄγριον ἡνιόχευε Κυβηλίδος ἄρμα θεαίνης
ἡμερίδων τελαμῶνι, κατάσκιον ἥλικι κισσῷ
20 ἀνθοκόμῳ μάλιστα μετήλυδα δίφρον ἱμάσσων:
ἠΰνῃ δ' ἐμέθυσε Μαρωνίδι γαῖαν ὀπώρῃ.
καὶ Βρομίῳ συνάεθλος ὅλος στρατὸς ἔρρεε Βάκχων,
θάρσος ἔχων προτέροιο μόθου χάριν, ὅππότε δισσῷ
25 ἡδυμανῆς ἀσιδήρος ὁμόζυγι πῆχεϊ μάρψας
ἔμφρονα νεκρὸν ἄναυδον, ἐνόπλιον Ἰνδὸν αἰείρων,

Σειληγὸς βαρύγουνος ἑχάζετο νωθρὸς ὀδίτης·
ὅπποτε κωμάζουσα ποδῶν διδυμάονι ῥυθμῷ
Βακχιάς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπεκροτάλιζε Μιμαλλῶν
30 Ἴνδὸν ἔτι κνώσσοντα, περισφιγῆσα δὲ δειρὴν
ληίδα θηρεύουσα μάχης αὐτόσσυτον ἄγρην ...

[8] The god led the van, wearing a heavenly radiance on his shining face, to proclaim him the son of Zeus. Around the Lydian chariot of giantslaying Dionysos were lines of thyrsus-bearers; he was ringed about with warriors on either side, conspicuous in the midst, and shone in splendour like another heaven. In beauty he threw all into the shade: to see him you might have said it was fiery Helios in the midst of farscattered stars. The lord of the host had brought Enyo without the steel trappings of war; for he carried no sword and no deathdealing ashen lance, but for bronze he had his own invincible spear, the ivy; this he wielded in the cities of Asia, this he planted in the soil of Asia, as he drove the savage — car of divine Cybele, with a broad rein of grapevine, under the shadow of ivy, the vine's fellow, touching up his travelling team with a blossoming whip — he made drunken the regions of the East with the Maronian fruit. To share the enterprise of Bromios came the whole company of Bacchoi, full of confidence from the first battle, when Seilenos happy-mad, unarmed, picked up in his linked arms a living corpse unspeaking, an Indian in full armour, and marched off heavy-kneed, a sluggish wayfarer: when the Bacchant Mimallon woman, unveiled and revelling, and bounding in cadence on her two feet, rattled her cymbals over an Indian still asleep, and running a rope round his neck hurried away, with the war-plunder that she had been seeking thrown into her hands.

ἐκ πόλιος δὲ πόλιν μετήιεν, ἀγχιπόρου δὲ
ἦλυθεν εἰς Ἀλύβης πέδον ὄλβιον, ὅπποθι γείτων
χεύμασιν ἀφνειοῖσι Διιπετὲς οἶδμα κυλίνδων
35 Γεῦδις ἔχεκτεάνων ὑδάτων λευκαίνεται ὀλκῷ,
ἀργυρέου δαπέδοιο περιζύων κενεῶνα.

[32] From city to city he went, till he came not far off to the rich country of the Alybe, where neighbouring Geudis rolls the wealthy waves of its heavensent flood white with the current of its watery treasures, and cuts a hollow through the silvern soil.

ἐνθα διαστείχοντα βαθυπλούτῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
βουκεράοις Σατύροισιν ὁμήλυδα πεζὸν ὀδίτην
Βάκχον ἀνὴρ ἄγρηνος ἐρημᾷ δέκτο καλιῇ,
40 Βρόγγος, ἄδωμήτων ὄρεσιδρομος ἀστὸς ἐναύλων,
γηγενένων ἀχάρακτον ὑπὸ κρηπίδα θεμέθλων

ναίων οἶκον ᾧοικον: ἔνφροσύνῃς δὲ δοτῆρα
 αἰγὸς ἀμελγομένης κεράσας χιονωπὸν ἔερσην
 ξεινοδόκος γλαγόνεντι ποτῶ μειλίζατο ποιμὴν
 45 εἶδασιν οὐτιδανοῖσι καὶ ἀγραυλοῖσι κυτέλλοις,
 καὶ μίαν εἰροπόκων οἶω ἀνελύσατο μάνδρης,
 ὄφρα κε δαιτρεύσειε θυηπολίην Διονύσω:
 ἀλλὰ θεὸς κατέρυκε: γέρων δ' ἔπεπείθετο Βάκχου
 νεύμασιν ἀτρέπτοισιν, ὅν δ' ἄψαυστον ἔασας
 50 ποιμενίην τινὰ δαῖτα θελήμονι θῆκε Λυαίῳ,
 τεύχων δελπνον ἄδειπνον ἀδαιτρεύτοιο τραπέζης,
 οἷα Κλεωναίοιο φατίζεται ἀμφὶ Μολόρκου
 κείνα, τὰ περ σπεύδοντι λεοντοφόνους ἔς ἀγῶνας
 ὥπλισεν Ἡρακλῆϊ: χύδην δ' ἐπέβαλλε τραπέζῃ
 55 εἰν ἀλλ' νηχομένης φθινοπωρίδος ἄνθος ἐλαίης
 Βρόγγος, ἔχων μίμημα φιλοστόργοιο νομῆος,
 πλεκτοῖς ἐν ταλάροις νεοπηγέα τυρὸν αἰείρων,
 ἱκμαλέον, τροχόνεντα: θεὸς δ' ἐγέλασσε δοκεύων
 ἀγρονόμων λιτὰ δείτνα, φιλοξείνῳ δὲ νομῆϊ
 60 ἴλαον ὄμμα φέρων ὀλίγης ἔψαυσε τραπέζης
 δαρδάπτων ἀκόρητος: αἰεὶ δ' ἐμνώετο κείνης
 εἰλαπίνην ἐλάχειαν ἀναιμάκτοιο τραπέζης
 μητρὸς ἧς παρὰ δόρπον, ὄρεσσαύλοιο Κυβήλης.
 καὶ κραναοὺς πυλεῶνας ἐθάμβεε κυκλάδος αὐλῆς,
 65 πῶς φύσις ἐργοπόνος δόμον ἔγλυφε, πῶς διχα τέχνης
 ἀντιτύποις κανόνεσσιν ἐτορνώθησαν ἐρίπναι.

[37] There as the company of footmen with the horned Satyrs travelled beside the richly stored rocks, Bacchos on his march was entertained by a countryman in a lonely hut, Brongos, dweller in the highland glens where no houses are built. Beside the unquarried wall of these giant strongholds he dwelt, in a house that was no house. The hospitable shepherd milked a goat, and drew a potion snowy-white, to seek the favour of the giver of jolly good cheer with his milky draught in country cups, with common vittles. He brought out a fleecy sheep from the fold, as an offering for Dionysos, but the god stayed him. The old man obeyed the immutable bidding of Bacchos, and leaving the sheep untouched he set shepherd's fare before willing Lyaaios. So he served a supper no supper, board without beef, such as they say in Cleonai Molorcus once provided for Heracles on his way to fight the lion. Brongos like that kind-hearted shepherd set on the board plenty of the autumn fruit of the olive swimming in brine, and brought fresh curdled cheese in wickerwork baskets, juicy and round. The god laughed when he saw the countryman's light supper, and turning a gracious eye on the hospitable shepherd, he partook of the humble fare, munching greedily. All the time he was reminded of the frugal banquet on that bloodless table, when there was a meal for his

Mother, Cybele of the highlands. And he wondered at the stone doors of the round courtyard, how industrious nature had carved a house, how without art the cliffs were rounded in answering proportion.

ἀλλ' ὅτε Βάκχος ἄναξ νομίης ἐκορέσσατο φορβῆς,
δὴ τότε δαιμονίῳ δεδονημένος ἄσθματι Βάκχου
ἀγρονόμος σύριζεν ἐθήμονι Πανὸς ἀοιδῇ
70 Βρόγγος, ἐπιθλίβων διδυμόθορον αὐλὸν Ἀθήνης,
ὑμνεῖων Διόνυσον: ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετο μολπῇ,
καὶ κεράσας κρητῆρι νεόρρυτον ἱκμάδα ληνοῦ:

[67] But when Lord Bacchos had eaten his fill of shepherd's fare, then Brongos the countryman was moved by the divine inspiration of Bacchos; he played Pan's wellknown tune on his pipes, and pressed his fingers on Athena's double tube in honour of Dionysos; who was pleased at heart with the music, and mixing the new liquor of the winepress in the bowl, he said:

‘δέξο, γέρον, τόδε δῶρον, ὅλης ἄμπαυμα μερίμνης:
75 οὐ χατέεις δὲ γάλακτος ἔχων εὐδομον ἐέρσην,
νέκταρος οὐρανίου χθόνιον τύπον, οἶον ἀφύσσων
Ζῆνα μέγαν κατ' Ὀλυμπον ἐνφραίνει Γανυμήδης.
ἀρχαίου δὲ γάλακτος ἔα πόθον: ἀρτιτόκων γάρ
μαζῶν θλιβομένων χιονώδεες ἱκμάδες αἰγῶν
80 ἀνέρας οὐ τέρπουσι καὶ οὐ λύουσι μερίμνας.’

[74] “Accept this gift, gaffer, to drink all cares away! You want no more milk when you have this fragrant dew, the image of heavenly nectar brought down to earth, like that which Ganymedes ladles out to rejoice great Zeus in Olympos. Forget your wish for your old-fashioned milk: the snowy-white drops pressed from the udders of goats that have just kidded do not make men happy or drive their cares away.”

ὥς εἰπὼν νομίης ξεινήια δῶκε τραπέζης
μητέρα λυσιπτόνιο μέθης εὐβοτρυν ὀπώρην:
καὶ μιν ἄναξ ἐδίδαξε φιλάνθεμον ἔργον ἀλωῆς
κλήματα γυρώσαντα φυτῶν εὐαλδεῖ βόθρῳ,
85 γηραλέου τμήξαντα τεθιλότος ἄκρα κορύμβου,
βότρυος οἰνοτόκοιο νέους ὄρηκας ἀέξειν.

[81] So saying, he gave his gift of gratitude for the shepherd's table, the fine fruitage of grapes, the mother of wine, sorrow's comforter. And the Lord taught him the flowerloving work of the vineyard — to bend the slips of the plants over into fertilizing pits, and to cut the top shoots of an old vine, that

new shoots of winegendering grapes may grow.

Καλλείψας δὲ νομῆα κ' ἰ ἀγριάδος ῥάχιν ὕλης
εἰς ἑτέρην ἔσπευδεν ὀρειάδα φύλοπιν Ἴνδῶν:
καὶ Σατύρων ὁμόφοιτον ὀρίδρομον ἵχνος ἐπείγων
90 ἀμφιπόλοις παλινόρσος ὁμίλεε θυιάσι Βάκχαις.
διψῶν δὲ φόνοιο καὶ εὐθύρσοιο κυδοιμοῦ,
Τυρσηνῆς βαρύδουπον ἔχων σάλπιγγα θαλάσσης,
πομπὸν Ἐνυαλίοιο μέλος μυκήσατο κόχλῳ,
λαδὸν ἀολλίζων: βριαροὺς δ' ἐμέθυσε μαχητάς,
95 θερμότεροις ἔς Ἄρηα νοήμασιν ἀνέρας ἔλκων
Ἴνδῶς ὀλετῆρας ἀβακχεύτοιο γενέθλης.

[87] Leaving the herdsman and the ridge of the wild forest, he now hastened to a new conflict with Indians in the mountains. Bidding the Satyrs who were with him to go on at full speed by the upland tracks, he joined himself again to his wild attendant Bacchants. Thirsting for blood and battle under his thyrsus, he took in hand the loudbraying trumpet of the Tyrhenian Sea, and boomed a note on his conch for battle as he gathered the people. He intoxicated the stout warriors, and drew the men on to war with hotter spirit, to destroy the race of Indians that knew not Bacchos.

τοὺς μὲν ἄναξ Διόνυσος ἐκόσμεεν εἰς μόθον Ἴνδῶν:
Ἀστράεις δ' ἀκίχητος ἰὼν ἤγγειλεν Ὀρόντη
Ἴνδῶν δοῦλα γένεθλα καὶ ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ:

[97] So Lord Dionysos marshalled these for the Indian War. But Astraeis went unpursued to Orontes, and told him the Indian tribes were enslaved, speaking with sorrowful voice:

100 ᾠγαμβρὲ δοριθρασέος μενεδήιε Δηριαδῆος,
κλυῖθι, καὶ εἰσαΐων μὴ χῶεο: καὶ σε διδάξω
νίκην φαρμακόεσσαν ἄθωρήκτου Διονύσου.
Ἴνδοις καὶ Σατύροισιν ἔην μόθος: ἔβρεμε δοχμὴ
Βασσαριδῶν, καὶ λαὸς ἐμὸς κεκόρυστο Λυαίῳ
105 ἀστράπτων σακέεσσιν, ἀκοντοφόρους δὲ δοκεύων
Λυδὸς ἀνὴρ πολὺνιδρις ἐμοὺς ἔφριξε μαχητάς:
ἴστατο δ' ἀπτολέμων Σατύρων πρόμος, οὐ δόρυ χάρμης
χειρὶ φέρων, οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχων ξίφος, οὐδ' ἐπὶ νευρῇ
εἰς σκοπὸν ἰθυκέλευθον ὑπηνέμιον βέλος ἔλκων:
110 ἀλλὰ κέρας βοῶς εἶχεν, ἐνὶ γλαφυρῇ δὲ κεραίῃ
φάρμακον ὑγρὸν αἶριε, καὶ ἀργυρέου ποταμοῖο
εἰς προχοᾶς δολόεσαν ὅλην κατέχευεν ἔερσην

ἱκμάδι φοινίξας γλυκερὸν ῥόον· ἔκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
 καὺματι διψῶντες, ὅσοι πῖον αἵθοπες Ἴνδοι,
 115 ἔμφρονα λύσσαν ἔχοντες ἀνεκρούσαντο χορείην·
 καὶ σφισι λοίγιος ὕπνος ἐπέχραεν, ἀκλινέες δὲ
 ἄσχετα βακχευθέντες ἐπυνάζοντο βοεΐαις·
 ἄλλοι δ' ἄστορέεσσι κατεκλίνοντο χαμεύναις
 νωθρὸν ἐπιτρέψαντες ἀκοιμήτῳ δέμας ὕπνῳ,
 120 Βάκχαις ἀδρανέεσσιν ἐλώρια καὶ Διονύσῳ.
 τοὺς δὲ διχα πτολέμοιο καὶ εὐθήκτοιο σιδήρου
 δούλιον εἰς ζυγόδεσμον ἐλήισσαντο γυναῖκες
 βριθομένοις μελέεσσι, καὶ ἀντιβίων ὑπὲρ ὤμων
 ὡς νέκυες ζῶντες ἐλαφρίζοντο μαχηταί,
 125 οἱ μὲν ἔτι βλύζοντες ἐπὶ κλοπον ἱκμάδα Βάκχου
 ἀπτολέμοις Σατύροισιν ἐδουλώθησαν ἀνάγκῃ,
 χεύματι φαρμακόμεντι μεμηνότες. ἔκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
 μοῦνος ἐγὼ λιπόμεν, φονίης ἔτι νῆις ἐέρσης,
 χεῖλεσιν ἀβρέκτοισι φυγῶν ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ.
 130 ἀλλὰ ποτὸν πεφύλαξο, δορυσσόε, μὴ μετὰ νίκην
 κερδαλέην ἀσιδηρον ἀναιμάκτοιο Λυαίου
 ζωγρήσῃ δόλος ἄλλος ἐν Ἀρεΐ λείψανον Ἴνδῶν.

[100] “Hear me, battle-staunch goodfather of spear-bold Deriades! and while you listen be not angry; and I will tell you the drugged victory of Dionysos unarmed! Indians and Satyrs came to blows: bang went the Bassarids’ hands, and my people armed them against Lyaïos with flashing shields. The cunning man of Lydia shivered to see my warriors lance in hand; he stood at the head of his unwarlike Satyrs, bearing no warspear in his hand, holding no naked sword, no arrow on string drawn at the mark to fly straight through the air. What he held was an oxhorn, and in the hollow of that horn a distilled drug; he lifted it and poured out all the deceitful dew into the stream of the silvery river, and turned the water sweet and red with the juice. The swarthy Indians thirsting in the heat of the battle drank, and all that drank went mad, though still in their senses, and struck up a dance. Then a fatal sleep came over them: unrouted, after the wild revel they fell asleep on their leathern shields. Others lay along the unbedded earth, committing their sluggish bodies to unresting sleep, at the mercy of Dionysos and his weak women. These, without war and the sharp blade, were dragged captive with loaded limbs by the women to fetters and slavery with heavy limbs. Warriors were slung over the shoulders of their foes like living corpses; others, still sputtering the deceitful sap of Bacchos, unwarlike Satyrs made their slaves by main force when maddened by the drugged river. From the battle I alone was left; for I had not touched the deadly dew, I left the deceitful water with unwetted lips. Eschew that potion, my shakespear! After this cheating victory of Lyaïos without a blow, without blood, let not some other trick in the war capture what is left of the

ὥς φαμένου βαρύμηγας ἐχώσατο μάλλον Ὀρόντης,
καὶ ταχὺς εἰς μόθον ἦλθε παλίνδρομος: ἡμιτελὴς γὰρ
135 ἦεν ἄγων, ἑτέρης δὲ θεμειλία πῆγνυτο χάρμης.

[133] Orontes furious already was more angry than ever at these words, and quickly returned to the battlefield; for the conflict was only half done, and the foundations were being laid for a second combat.

ὄφρα μὲν Ἴνδὸν ὄμιλον ὀρίδρομος ὥπλισεν Ἄρης,
τόφρα δὲ Βασσαρίδης πολυκαμπέος ὑπόθι Ταύρου
εἰς μόθον ἠπείγοντο, συνεστρατώνοντο δὲ Βάκχοι
ὀπλοφόροι καὶ Φῆρες ἀτευχέες: οἱ μὲν ἐνανύλων
140 ῥηξάμενοι κρηπῖδας ἐκούφισαν, οἱ δὲ κολώνης
ὑπιδενῆ πρηῶνα: καὶ ἀρχομένοιο κυδοιμοῦ
ἔχραον ἀντιβίοισι: πολυσχιδέες δὲ χαράδραι
Ἰνδῶσις ἐλικηδὸν οἰστεύοντο καρήνοισι.
καὶ ποσὶ λεπταλέοισιν ἐπισκαίροντες ἐρίπνῃ
145 Πᾶνες ἐθωρήσοντο μεμηνότες, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
μάρψας εὐπαλάμῳ βεβημένον αὐχένα δεσμῷ
δήιον αἰγείησιν ἀνέσχισεν ἀνέρα χηλαῖς,
σὺν βριαρῷ θώρηκι μέσον κενεῶνα χαράσσω:
ὃς δὲ τανυπτόρθων κεράων εὐκαμπέσιν αἰχμαῖς
150 ὄρθιον ἀρπάξας τετορημένον Ἰνδὸν ἀλήτην
μεσσοπαγῇ κούφισεν, ἐς ἡερίας δὲ κελεύθους
δισσαῖς ὑπιδότητον ἀνηκόντιζε κεραΐαις,
κύμβαχον αὐτοκύλιστον: ἀμαλλοφόροιο δὲ Διοῦς
ἄλλος ἐπὶ παλάμῃ δονέων καλαμητόμον ἄρπην,
155 ὥς στάχυν ὑσμίνης, ὥς δράγματα δαιοτήτος,
δυσμενέων ἤμησε γονὰς γαμψώνυχι χαλκῷ,
τεύχων κῶμον Ἄρηι, θαλῦσια καὶ Διονύσω,
τέμνων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα: καὶ ὥρεγε μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ
καμπύλον ἀνδρομέη πεπαλαγμένον ἄορ ἐέρση.
160 λοιβὴν αἱματοέσσας ἐπισπένδων Διονύσω
καὶ Μοίρας ἐμέθυσεν ἐνυάλιον πόμα λείβων:
ἄλλου δ' ἵσταμένου δεδραγμένος αἰγίβοτος Πάν,
χερσὶν ὁμοπλεκέσσιν ἐπ' αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἐλίξας,
δήιον εὐθώρηκα μετεστυφέλιξε κεραῖη,
165 δισσοτόμῳ γλωχῖνι δαΐζομένου κενεῶνος:
ἄλλος ἐπαΐσσοντα καλαῦροπι φῶτα δαΐζων
μεσσοθέν ὄφρυόεντα διέθλασεν ἄκρα μετώπου.

[136] While Ares was arming the Indian host along the mountains, the Bassarids up in the winding glens of Tauros were hastening to the battle, and with them marched Bacchoi with arms and the Pheres without arms. These last began the battle by attacking the enemy; they tore up the foundations of the ravines and cast them, or some crag from the top of the hills. Showers of splintered rocks were hurled rolling on the heads of the Indians. The Pans madly made battle skipping with light foot over the peaks. One of them gript an enemy's neck tight in encircling hands, and ript him with his goat's-hooves, tearing through flank and strong corselet together. Another caught a fugitive Indian and ran him through his middle where he stood, then lifting him on the curved points of his two longbranching antlers, sent him flying high through the airy ways, rolling over himself like a tumbler. Another waved in his hand the strawcutting sickle of sheafbearing Deo, and reaped the enemy crops with clawcurved blade, like cornears of conflict, like gavel of the battlefield. There was a revel for Ares, there was harvest-home for Dionysos, when the enemy's heads were cut! He offered the curved blade to watching Bacchos, dabbled with human dew, and so poured a bloodlibation to Dionysos, and made the Fates drunken with the battlecup he filled for them. Another man was standing, when one goatfoot Pan twined both hands interlacing about his neck, and struck his wellcorseleted enemy with his horn, tearing his flank with the double point. Another met a fellow rushing on him with a blow from his cudgel, and smashed his forehead right between the ends of his eyebrows.

καὶ θρασὺς Ἰνδῶν στρατιὴν θάρσυνεν Ὀρόντης
 μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων ὑψηνοῖσι φωνῇ:

[168] Now bold Orontes encouraged his Indian army, and with proud voice poured out these threatening words:

170 ‘δεῦτε, φίλοι, Σατύροισιν ἀναστήσωμεν Ἐνυῶ:
 Ἄρεα μὴ τρομέοιτε φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου:
 μηδὲ τις ὑμείων πιέτω ξανθόχροον ὕδωρ,
 μὴ γλυκερῆς δολόεντα μεμνηνόντα φάρμακα πηγῆς,
 Ἰνδῶν αἰνομόρων δεδαϊγμένα χειρὶ Λυαίου

175 μὴ μετὰ τόσσα κάρηνα καὶ ἡμέας ὕπνος ὀλέσσει.
 δεῦτε, πάλιν μαχόμεσθα πεποιθότες: ἀπτόλεμος δὲ
 ἀμφαδίην πότε Βάκχος ἐμὴν στήσειεν Ἐνυῶ;
 εἰ δύναται, μενέτω με φυγὰς πρόμος, ὄφρα δαίη,
 οἴους Δηριάδης προμάχους ἐς Ἄρηα κορύσσει.

180 μαρνάσθω πετάλοισιν, ἐγὼ δ' αἰθῶνι σιδήρῳ.
 χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχοντι τί μοι ῥέξειε κορύμβοις
 Λυδὸς ἀκοντίζων δρυόεν βέλος; ἀλλὰ μαχητὴν

σφιγγόμενον βαρύδεσμον ἀνάλκιδα τοῦτον ἐρύσσω
θηλυμανῇ Διόνυσον, ὅπασονα Δηριαδῆος:

185 οὔτος ὁ θῆλυν ἔχων ἀπαλὸν χρῶα, πάντας ἐάσας
Ἴνδους τοσσατίους ἐνὶ μάρναο μοῦνον Ὀρόντη.
ἦδ' ὃ δινεύων κεχαλασμένα βόστρυχα χαίτης,
ἦδ' ὃ Βασσαρίδων ἐρόεις πρόμος: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐταὶ
κάλλει τοξεύουσι καὶ οὐ βελέεσσι γυναιῖκες.

190 σὰς προπόλους Ἴνδοῖσι γυναιμανέεσσι συνάψω
ἐλκομένας ἐπὶ λέκτρα δορικτῆτων ὕμεναιων.'

[170] "This way, friends, open fight against the Satyrs! Fear not the warfare of Shirkbattle Dionysos! Not a man of you must drink of the yellow water, not one be tricked by the sweet fountains of madness with its maddening drug! Or sleep will destroy you also, after the cruel fate of our Indians, after so many heads have been brought low by Lyaïos's hand! This way! Let us fight again and fear not! Could unwarlike Bacchos ever hold front against me in open field? If he is able, let the runaway champion stand up to me, that I may teach him what champions Deriades arms for the fray! Let him fight with leaves, I will use flashing steel! While I hold a metal spear, what can a Lydian do to me with a bunch of twigs, a volley of vegetables? This warrior! I will truss up the feeble coward in heavy fetters and drag him along, this womanmad Dionysos, to be a lackey for Deriades. You there, you with the soft skin of a woman! Leave all those Indians and fight a duel with one, Orontes. Simple soul! how he waves those long flowing locks round and round! A simple soul is the charming champion of the Bassarids! yes, the women do just the same — pretty looks are the shafts in their quiver. I will match your championesses with amorous Indians — they shall be hauled off to bed as brides won by the spear!"

ὦς εἰπὼν προμάχοισιν ἐπέδραμε θερμὸς Ὀρόντης,

Ἄρεος ἀμῶν διφυῆς θέρος: οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
τοσσατίου προμάχοιο μένειν ἀντίξοον ὀρμήν,

195 οὐ θρασὺς Εὐρυμέδων πυρόεις, οὐ σύγγονος Ἄλκων:
φεῦγε γὰρ Ἀστραῖος, Σατύρων πρόμος, οὐδέ τις αὐτῶν
Σειληνῶν παρέμιμνεν. ἀελλήεντι δὲ ταρσῷ
γαμβρὸς ἐριπτοίητος ἐμαίνειτο Δηριαδῆος
ἀντία Κενταύρων ἀνεμώδεα λαῶν αἰείρων,

200 καὶ τύχεν Ὑλαιοιο: δασυστέρνου δὲ νομῆος
ἔθλασεν ἄκρα μέτωπα βαλὼν μυλοειδέι πέτρῳ,
καὶ σκέπας ἐστυφέλιξε χαραδρήεντι βελέμνῳ,
ψευδαλέου μίμημα τετυγμένον ἡθάδι γύψῳ,
ἀντίτυπον πῆληκος ἀληθέος ἔρκος ὅπως:

205 καὶ τὸ μὲν ἐν χθονὶ πῖπτε πολυσχιδές, αἴθοπι τέφρῃ
εἵκελον, ἀργυφέῃ δὲ πέλεν κόνις: αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμνων

ἔγχεϊ πετρήεντι πέδον πήχυνεν ἄγοστώ.
 Κενταύρου δ' ἑτέροιο δι' εὐκεράοιο καρήνου
 ἀμφιτόμῳ βουπλήϊγι τυχὼν λασίοιο μετώπου
 210 ταυρείην ἐπίκурτον ἀπηλοίησε κεραίην·
 καὶ πολὺς εἰς χθόνα πῖπτεν, ἐπισκαίρων δὲ καρήνῳ
 ἡμιθανῆς κεκύλιστο, καὶ οὖασι τύπτε κονίην·
 καὶ δέμας ὀρθώσας πυμάτῳ βακχεύετο ταρσῶ,
 εἰλιπόδην ἀγέλαστον ἔχων ὀρχηθμόν ὀλέθρου·
 215 καὶ κτύπον ἐσμαράγησε πέλωρ, ἅτε ταῦρος ἰάλλων
 τρηχάλεον μύκημα σεσηρότος ἀνθερεῶνος, κρᾶτα τυπείς.

[192] With these words Orontes dashed hot upon the front ranks, reaping a harvest in both kinds. Not one of all that wide front durst abide the adverse onset of so mighty a champion — not bold fiery Eurymedon, not Alcon his kinsman: Astraios chief of the Satyrs was in flight, none of the Seilenoi themselves would stand. With stormy foot Deriades' goodson rushed in, raging, lifted a boulder in the air and let fly at the Centaurs, and hit Hylaios: the stone, a very millstone, crushed the forehead of the shaggybreast shepherd; the missile torn from the rock smashed his headpiece, a sham imitation made of the familiar chalk like a real helmet guarding the face, which fell to the ground like a glowing cinder in many pieces and whitened the dust, while the creature crushed by this stony spear threw his arms along the ground. Next he struck the hairy front of another Centaur with a two-bladed axe, and shore away the curving horn from his bull's-head. He fell in a great heap on the ground, and rolled headlong tumbling about half dead and brushing the dust with his ears; then lifting his body on his feet, with a last wild effort he danced a stumbling hideous dance of death: the monster let out a harsh roaring sound, like a bull struck on the skull which bellows horribly with grinning jaws.

Ἑλικὴν δὲ βαλὼν ἄστοργος Ἑρεμβεύς
 στήθεϊ χαλκὸν ἔλασσε, καὶ ἄργυρον ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
 αἷματι φοινίσσοντι κατέγραφε κυανὴ χεῖρ·
 220 τὴν δὲ κονιομένην ἑτέρῃ ξύνωσαν ἀνίη
 πέπλον ἀναστείλαντες ἀκοντιστῆρες αἴηται·
 καὶ χρὸς ἔβλυε λύθρον ἐπήρατον· αἰδομένη δὲ
 δεξιτερῇ συνάγειρεν ἐὼν φεύγοντα χιτῶνα,
 γυμνὰ φυλασσομένη χιονώδεος ὄργια μηροῦ.

[217] The pitiless Erembeus now struck Helice, and drove his blade into her chest: the black hand scored the white circle of her breast with red blood. She rolled in the dust, and the hurtling winds taught her a second sorrow by lifting her robe. As her lovely gore welled up over the skin, she modestly smoothed

the errant vesture with her right hand, guarding the bare secrets of the snowy-white thigh.

225 καὶ θεὸς Ἀθρήσας δῆϊων ἑτεραλκέα νίκην
καὶ Σατύρους πτώσσοντας ἐπεσμαράγησε κυδοιμῷ,
ὡς στρατὸς ἐννεάχιλος ἐριγδούπων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
συμφερτοῖς στομάτεσσι χέων ἀντίκτυπον ἥχῳ.
καὶ Βρομίῳ ταχύγουνος ἐμάρνατο μοῦνος Ὀρόντης,
230 θνητὸς ἑὼν, βροτὴν δὲ θεὸν προκαλιζέτο φωνῇ.
ἄμφω δ' εἰς μόθον ἦλθον ὁμήλυδες, ὣν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ἔγχος ἔχων, ὁ δὲ θύρσον ἀκαχμένον. ἄκρα δὲ Βάκχου
κρατὸς ἀνουτήτοιο βαλὼν ὑπέροπλος Ὀρόντης
θηγαλέην Βρομίῳ μάτην ἦρασσε κεραῖην:
235 οὐ γάρ ἄναξ Διόνυσος ἀδηλήτοιο καρήνου
ταυροφυῇ τύπον εἶχε Σεληναῖοιο μετώπου
τεμνόμενον βουπλήγος ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ,
ὡς κερόεις Ἀχελῷος ἀείδεται, οὐ ποτε κόψας
Ἡρακλῆς κέρας εἶλε γαμοστόλος: ἀλλὰ Λυαῖος
240 οὐράνιον μίμημα βοώπιδος εἶχε Σελήνης,
δαιμονίης ἄρρηκτον ἔχων βλάστημα κεραίης,
ἀντιβίοις ἀτίνακτον: ὁ δὲ θρασὺς ἀντία Βάκχου
ἥριπῃ βαρύδουπος ὁμοῖος Ἴνδὸς ἀέλλῃ
δεύτερον ἠκόντιζεν, ἀνεγνάμφθη δὲ οἱ αἰχμῇ
245 νεβρίδος ἀψαμένη μολίβου τύπον. ἀντιτύπου δὲ
πέμπων οἶνοπα θύρσον ἐπὶ πλατὺν ὦμον Ὀρόντου
Βάκχος ἐκὼν ἀφάμαρτεν: ἐπεγγελῶν δὲ Λυαίου
ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι θεημάχος εἶπεν Ὀρόντης:

[225] The god, seeing victory pass to the enemy, and the Satyrs cowed, uttered a loud cry in the turmoil, like an army of nine thousand men pouring defiant shouts with united voices from thunderous throats. Now Orontes fought alone quicknee against Bromios, and he a mortal, challenging with human voice a god. Both advanced together to the encounter, one with a spear, one with a pointed thyrsus. Orontes proud of his armament struck Bacchos on the top of his head, but wounded him not; he grazed the sharp horn of Bromios all for nothing. For Lord Dionysos wore on that invulnerable head nothing like the shape of the bullfaced moon which can be cut by the devastating steel of the slaughterer's axe, as they sing of horned Acheloos, when Heracles cut off his horn and took it to adorn his wedding. No, Lyaaios wore the heavenly image of the cow's-eye moon, a growth of divine horns which cannot be broken, which enemies cannot shake. The bold Indian facing Bacchos, heavy-thundering like a tempest in the sky, again cast a spear, but the point when it touched the fawn-skin crumpled up like lead. Bacchos in his turn let fly his purple thyrsus at the broad shoulder of Orontes, and missed on purpose. Then fightgod

Orontes laughed aloud at the ivyswathed lance, and said:

‘οὗτος ὁ θῆλυν ὄμιλον ἐμαῖς στρατιῇσι κορύσσω,
250 εἰ δύνασαι, πολέμιζε γυναικείῳ σέο θύρῳ,
εἰ δύνασαι, προμάχιζε: καί, εἰ μερόπων φρένα τέρπεις
πανδαμάτωρ, ἓνα μοῦνον ἀθελγέα θέλξον Ὀρόντην.
ἴστασο δηριῶν, καὶ γνώσεται, οἷον ἀέξει
ὄρχαμον ἀλκήεντα γέρων ἐμός· Ἴνδος Ὑδάσπης.
255 οὐ Φρυγίης γενόμην, ὅθεν ἄρσενές εἰσι γυναικες,
ἄσπορον ἀμήσαντες ἀνυμφεύτου στάχυν ἥβης:
οὐ θεράπων ἀσίδηρος ἀνάλκιδός εἰμι Λυαίου.
φάρμακα σοὺς προμάχους οὐ ῥύσεται: ὑμετέρας δὲ
θυιάδας ἀμφιπόλους ληίσσομαι, ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
260 Σειληνοὺς θεράποντας ἐμῷ βασιλῇι κομίσω,
σοὺς Σατύρους πτώσσοντας ἐμῷ δορὶ πάντας ὀλέσω.’

[249] “You that array a crowd of women against my armies, fight if you can with your womanish thyrsus! Play the champion if you can! And if you delight the heart of all mankind, allconquering, now charm one only whom nothing can charm — Orontes! Stand and fight! you shall see what a prime hero my ancient father Indian Hydaspes has produced! I was not born in Phrygia, where the men are women, who have reaped the corn of youth without seed and without wedlock. I am no unarmed servant of Lyaïos the weakling. Drugs will not save your champions; your crazy women I will lead captive, your Seilenoi I will bring from battle as servants for my king, your Satyrs I will destroy, all cowering before my spear!”

εἶπεν ὁμοκλήσας στρατιῆς πρόμος: εἰσαῖων δὲ
Βάκχος ἄναξ κεχόλωτο, καὶ ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ
τύψε κατὰ στέρνου πεφιδημένος: οὐτιδανῷ δὲ
265 ἄνθει βοτρυόεντι τυπεῖς ἐσχίζετο θώρηξ:
οὐδὲ καλυπτομένου χροὸς ἥψατο Βακχιᾶς αἰχμή,
οὐ δέμας ἄκρον ἄμυξε: σιδηρείου δὲ χιτῶνος
ῥηγνυμένου βαρύδουπος ἐχάξετο γυμνὸς Ὀρόντης:
ῥῶν δ’ ἐπὶ πέζαν ἐὰς ἐτίταινεν ὀπωπὰς
270 ἀντιπόρῳ Φαέθοντι καὶ ὕστατὴν φάτο φωνήν:

[262] So cried in defiance the leader of the host. Lord Bacchos was angry when he heard him, and with a vine cluster he tapped him gently on the chest. This tap of an insignificant vinegrown bloom split his breastpiece. The god’s pike did not touch the protected flesh, did not scratch his body; but the coat of mail broke and fell with a heavy clang —

Orontes was naked! He stept back and turned his gaze to the eastern expanse,

and uttered his last words to Phaethon opposite:

‘ἥελιε, φλογεροῖο δι’ ἄρματος αἰθέρα τέμτων.
γείτονα Καυκασίην ὑπὲρ αὐλακα φέγγος ἰάλλων
στήσον ἔμοι σέο δίφρα, καὶ ἔννεπε Δηριαδῆι
Ἴνδῶν δοῦλα γενέθλα καὶ αὐτοδαίκτον Ὀρόντην
275 καὶ θύρσους ὀλίγους ῥήξήνορας, εἰπὲ καὶ αὐτοῦ
νίκην φαρμακόεσσαν ἀπειρομόθου Διονύσου.
καὶ ῥόον οἶνωθέντα νοοσφαλέος ποταμοῖο:
εἰπὲ δὲ, πῶς ἀκάμαντα σιδηροφόρων στρατὸν Ἴνδῶν
λεπταλέοις πετάλοισι διασχίζουσι γυναῖκες.
280 εἰ δὲ τεῆς Κλυμένης μιμνήσκειαι εἰσέτι λέκτρων,
ῥῦεο Δηριαδῆα, τεῆς βλάστημα γενέθλης,
Ἄστριδος αἶμα φέροντα φατιζομένης σέο κούρης.
οὐ πιθόμην Βρομίῳ θηλύφρονι: μάρτυρας ἔλκω
ἥλιον καὶ γαῖαν ἀτέρμονα καὶ θεὸν Ἴνδῶν,
285 ἄγνὸν ὕδωρ. σὺ δὲ χαῖρε, καὶ Ἰλαος ἔσσο κυδοιμῷ
Ἴνδῶν μαρναμένων, καὶ ὀλωλότα θάψον Ὀρόντην.’

[271] “O Helios, cutting the air in your fiery chariot, pouring your light on the Caucasian plowland so near, stay your car I pray, and announce to Deriades how the Indian peoples are slaves, how Orontes has destroyed himself, how the little thyrsus has broken our men! Describe also the drugged victory of unwarlike Dionysos, the winesoaked stream of the delirious river. Tell how women with light bunches of leaves scatter the untiring host of steelclad Indians. And if you have not forgotten your Clymene’s bed, protect Deriades, a sprout of your own stock, who has in him the blood of Astris said to be your daughter. I never obeyed Bromios the womanhearted. I bring as witnesses the Sun, and the boundless Earth, and India’s god, holy Water.
“And now farewell. Be gracious on the battlefield to the fighting Indians, and bury Orontes dead.”

ὥς εἰπὼν ξίφος εἵλκε, μέσῃ δ’ ἐνὶ γαστέρι πῆξας
αὐτοφόνῳ βαρὺποτμος ἐπεσκίρτησε σιδήρῳ:
καὶ ποταμῷ κεκύλιστο καὶ οὐνομα δῶκεν Ὀρόντη.

[287] He spoke, and drew his sword, fixt it against his belly and leapt upon the blade, selfslain, a cruel fate; then rolled into the river and gave it his name Orontes.

290 καὶ οἱ, ἔτι πνείοντα καὶ ἀσπαίροντα δοκεῦων,
Βάκχος ἄναξ ἀγόρευε χέων φιλοκέρτομον ἥχῳ:

[290] Lord Bacchos looked on him yet breathing and struggling, and addressed him in contemptuous words:

‘κέϊσο, νέκυς, ξείνοισιν ἐν ὕδασιν: ὑμέτερον δὲ
Δηριάδην θνήσκοντα πατήρ κρύψειεν Ὑδάσπη.
ὕμέας ἀμφοτέρους ἐκυρὸν καὶ γαμβρὸν ὀλέσσω,
295 ἀντὶ δορὸς φονίοιο καὶ εὐθήκτοιο μαχαίρης
σειῶν Εὐία θύρσα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀκωκῆν.
ἀλλὰ δαφοινῆεντι κατακτείνων σε σιδήρῳ
οὐ πίες ἀβρὰ ῥέεθρα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο:
καὶ ποταμός σε κάλυψε, καὶ ἤμβροτες ἡδέος οἴνου.
300 ἦν ἐθέλῃς, πῖε μοῦνος ὄλον ῥόν: ἀλλὰ ῥέεθρων
οὐ χατέεις ποταμοῖο πῶν Ἀχεροῦσιον ὕδωρ
λοιγίον: ἀνδροφόνῳ δὲ ῥόῳ καὶ χεῦματι πικρῷ
γαστέρα κυμαίνουσιν ἔχων ἐγκύμονα Μοίρης
γεύεο Κωκυτοῖο, καὶ ἦν ἐθέλῃς, πῖε Λήθην,
305 Ἄρεος ὄφρα λάθοιο καὶ αἱμαλέοιο σιδήρου.’

[292] “Lie there, you corpse, in foreign waters; and may your father Hydaspes cover dying Deriades. I will destroy you both, goodfather and goodson, shaking my Euian thyrsus with point wreathed in vine, instead of bloodstained spear and wellsharpened sword. But you killed yourself with gory steel, and so you never drank the luxurious water of the honeydistilling river; a river has covered you, but you missed the delicious wine. Drink up the whole river alone, if you like; but you shall have river-water enough when you drink the fatal water of Acheron. Your belly swells already with the bitter water of a murdering stream, and teems quick with Fate; but taste of Cocytos, and drink Lethe if you like, that you may forget Ares and the bloody steel.”

ἐννεπε κερτομέων διερὸν νέκυν. οἶδαλέος δὲ
κύμασιν ἀσταθέεσσιν ἐσύρετο νεκρὸς Ὀρόντης:
καὶ ψυχροῖς μελέεσσι διαπλῶντα ῥέεθρῳ
ἄπνοον ἠρεῦγοντο νέκυν ποταμηίδες ὄχθαι.
310 τὸν μὲν ἐταρχύσαντο καὶ ἔστενον αἴλινα Νύμφαι,
νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες, χρυσέης παρὰ πυθμένα δάφνης
ἀμφὶ ῥοᾶς ποταμοῖο, καὶ ἔγραφον ὑπόθι δέδρου:
‘Βάκχον ἀτιμήσας στρατιῆς πρόμος ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
αὐτοφόνῳ παλάμῃ δεδαῖγμένος Ἴνδὸς Ὀρόντης.’

[306] So he addressed the soaking corpse in contempt. But the dead body of Orontes was carried away swollen by the restless waters, until the stream vomited out the floating corpse upon the bank breathless and cold. There the Nymphs gave it burial and sang their dirges, the Hamadryad Nymphs, beside

the stem of a golden laurel on the bank of the river stream, and inscribed upon the trunk above—" Here lies Indian Orontes, leader of the host, who insulted Bacchos and slew himself with his own hand."

315 οὐδέ μῶθου τέλος ἦεν ἄτερπέος· ἡμιτελὴς γάρ
ἦεν ἄγων καὶ δῆρις ἀνήνυτος· ὑψιφανὴς δὲ
Ἴνδὸς Ἄρης ἀλάλαξε· παλιννόστω δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Λυδὸν ἐρευγομένη μανιδεὸς ὄγκον ἀτελῆς
Βακχιάς εἰς μῶθον ἄλλον ἐκώμασε θυιάς Ἐννώ,
320 δῆιον ἀνδροφόνοισιν ἀκοντίζουσα κορύμβοις,
Αρεΐ βακχευθεῖσα· φιλοπτόρθου δὲ Λυαίου
δυσμενέες δρυόεντι κατεκτείνοντο σιδήρῳ
φοίνιον ἔλκος ἔχοντες· ἀθωρήκτοιο δὲ Βάκκης
ἔγχεϊ βοτρύοντι δαΐζομένοιο σιδήρου
325 Ἴνδοὶ χαλκοχίτωνες ἐθάμβεον ὅξεϊ κισσῷ
στήθεα γυμνωθέντα νεούτατα· ῥηίτεροι γὰρ
ἀσκεπέων θώρηκος ὀιστευόντο φορῆς.
ἄλλων δ' ἄλλος ἔην φόνος ἄσπετος, ὧν ὑπὸ λύθρῳ
σχιζόμενοι πετάλοισιν ἐφοινίσσοντο χιτῶνες
330 μαρναμένων, ὅθι Ταῦρος· ἐκυκλώσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
ἀκλινέες στεφανηδὸν ὁμοζυγέων στίχας Ἴνδῶν.
καὶ θρασὺς αὐλὸς ἔμελπε φόνου μέλος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμῷ
βάκχοι μὲν θεράποντες ἀπειρομόθου Διονύσου
τυπτόμενοι πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀμφιτόμοισι μαχαίραις
335 πάντες ἔσαν πυργηδὸν ἀπήμονες· ἀβροκόμοι δὲ
δυσμενέες λεπτοῖσι κατεκτείνοντο πετῆλοις·
ἐξεῖς δ' ἐπέπηκτο τανυπτόρθοις ἐνὶ δένδροις
Ἴνδῶν πυκνὰ βέλεμνα, καὶ ἔγχεϊ νύσσετο πεύκη
τηλεπόρῳ, βέβλητο πίτυς, τοξεύετο δάφνη,
340 Φοίβου δένδρον ἐοῦσα, καὶ αἰδομένοις ἐνὶ φύλλοις
πεμπομένων ἐκάλυπτε τανυπερυγῶν νέφος ἰῶν,
μὴ μιν ἴδῃ βελέεσσιν ὀιστευθεῖσαν Ἀπόλλων.
καὶ γυμνῇ παλάμῃ σακέων δίχα, νόσφι σιδήρου,
Βάκχῃ ρόπτρα τίνασσε, καὶ ἥριπεν ἀσπιδιώτης·
345 τύμπανα δ' ἐσμαράγησε, καὶ ὠρχήσαντο μαχηταί·
κύμβαλα δ' ἐκροτάλιζε, καὶ αὐχένα κύψε Λυαίῳ
Ἴνδὸς ἀνὴρ ἰκέτης. ὀλίγῳ δ' ἐνὶ δέρματι νεβρῶν
ἄρραγέες γλωχῖνες ἐδοχμώθησαν ἀκόντων·
χαλκοβαρὴς δ' ἄγναμπτος ἐτέμνετο φυλλάδι πῆληξ.
350 καὶ τις Ἀρειμανέων Σατύρων πρόμος ἀνέρα Βάλλων
εὖια ῥῖπτε πέτηλα, νεουτήτου δὲ φορῆος
χάλκεος ἀμπελόντι χιτῶν ἐσχίζετο κισσῷ.
ἄθρήσας δὲ τάλαντα μάχης ἑτεραλκεῖ ῥιπῇ
νίκην Ἴνδοφόνοιο προθεσπίζοντα Λυαίου

355 Ἀστράεις ἀκίχητος ἐχάζετο, πότμον ἀλύξας,
ἐγχείην τανύφυλλον ὑποπτήσων Διονύσου.

[315] But the cruel mellay was not ended yet: the struggle was only half done, the conflict unfinished. Indian Ares appeared on high and shouted loud; Bacchos's mad Enyo marshalled them for another bout, belching a load of frenzied Lydian threats in the renewed battle, hurling on the foe volleys of deadly garlands, furious for war. The enemies of vineloving Lyaïos were slain with bloody wounds from the wooden steel. Bronze-clad Indians marvelled, when steel was cleft by the viny spear of an unarmed Bacchant woman, and their chests were bared and freshly wounded by the sharp ivy; for those who wore the corselet were shot down more easily than the unprotected. Death took many shapes in that indescribable carnage on the Tauros, where the coats of the fighting men were sliced open by twigs and reddened with gore. The Bacchant women unconquerable surrounded in a ring the Indians huddled together, and the bold hoboy sang the call to kill. In that combat the Bacchoi, servants of unwarlike Dionysos, stood like a stone wall unhurt all by the blows of axes and two-edged swords; but their curlyheaded enemies were killed by little bunches of leaves. There were the Indian shafts stuck thick in rows on the tail-branching trees. The fir was pricked by the far-hurled spear, the pine was hit, the laurel though Phoibos's tree was pierced by shots, and hid under its leaves in shame the cloud of feathered arrows flying upon it, that Apollo might not see how the shots hit it. A Bacchant woman without shield and without steel, shook her rattle with naked hand, and a shielded man fell; the drums banged, and the warriors danced; the cymbals clanged, and a man of India bent his neck to beg mercy of Lyaïos. On a little fawnskin the unbreakable points of the arrows were bent; the heavy helmet of unyielding metal was cut through by a leaf. A leader of the warmad Satyrs threw Euian leafage and hit a man: his coat of mail was split by the ivy and vine, and the wearer was wounded. Astraeis saw the scale of war was dipping to one side and foretelling the victory of Lyaïos the Indianslayer, so he fled untouched and saved his life, cowed by the long leafy spear of Dionysos.

τόφρα δ' Ἀρισταῖος φυσίζοα φάρμακα πάσσω
Βασσαρίδων ὅλον ἔλκος ἀκέσσατο Φοιβάδι τέχνῃ.
τῆς μὲν ἐπὶ πληγῇσι βαλὼν Κενταυρίδα ποιῖν.
360 τῆς δὲ βαρυνομένης φονίην ἐκάθηρεν ἐέρσην
αἷμα περιθλίβων· κινυρὴν δ' ἵησατο Βάκχην
συντρίψας βοτάνας πολυειδέας ἔλκεσι κούρης,
ἣ ποδὸς ἢ παλάμης ἢ στήθεος ἢ κενεῶνος.
ἄλλου δὲ προμάχου φονίῳ βληθέντος οἰστῶ
365 εἶλκε θοὴν γλωχίνα, καὶ ἔλκεα χειρὶ πιέζων
αἵμαλέην κατὰ βαιὸν ἀνηκόντιζεν ἐέρσην·
ἄλλω χεῖρα πέλασσε, καὶ ἔλκος ἄκρα χαράξας

ἰῶ φαρμακόνετι σεσηπότα τάμνε μαχαίρη,
 ἄκροτάτη παλάμη πεφιδημένα δάκτυλα βάλλων:
 370 καὶ χλοερῶ συνέμιξε βιαρκέος ἄνθεϊ γαίης
 δαιδαλέας ὠδῖνας ἀλεξικάκοιο μελίσσης,
 χειρὶ περιρραίνων ὀδυνήφατον ἱκμάδα βάκχου:
 ἄλλους δ' οὐταμένους ἰήσατο φοιβάδι φωνῇ,
 φρικτὸν ὑποτρύζων πολυώνυμον ὕμνον ἁοιδῆς,
 πατρῴης νοέων ζωαρκέος ὄργια τέχνης.

[357] Then Aristaios spread lifegiving simples on all the wounds of the Bassarids, and healed them by the art of Phoibos. For one he put centaury-plant on the cuts; for another in distress, he pressed with his fingers about the blood and cleaned away the gory dew. If a Bacchant whimpered, he pounded all manner of herbs to heal the girl's wounds, of foot or hand or breast or flanks as it might be. If a warrior had been struck and blood drawn by an arrow, he pulled out the sharp point, and squeezing the Mound with his hand discharged the drops of blood little by little. Another struck by a poisoned arrow he laid hold of, and lanced the Mound cutting out the infected surface, with just a touch of the hand and gentle fingers. He mingled the artistic produce of the healbane bee with fresh flowers of the lifesufficing earth, and poured in Bacchos's painkilling sap. Other Mounded men he made whole by some charm of Phoibos, humming over an awful ditty full of names which he knew among the secrets of his father's life-saving art.

375 ὥς ὁ μὲν αἰόλον ἔλκος ἀκέσσατο. μαρναμένων δὲ
 ἦδη βαρβαρόφωνος ἐπαύσατο θῆλυς Ἐνυῶ.
 καὶ πολέας ζώγρησαν ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο μαχητὰς
 Βασσαριδες: πολλοὶ δὲ λελοιπότες οὔρεα ταύρου
 380 δυσμενέες νόστησαν ἐς Ἰνδῶης κλίμα γαίης
 ἐλπίσιν ἀπρήκτοισιν ἐς οἰκία Δηριαδῆος,
 ἀμφιλαφεῖς ἐλατῆρες ἀμετροβίων ἐλεφάντων.
 καὶ Σατύρους μετὰ δῆριν ἐποίνιον εἰς χορὸν ἔλκων
 Πὰν νόμιος κελάδησε, χέων ἐπινίκιον ἥχῳ.

[375] So he cured the diverse kinds of wounds. By this time the barbarian goddess Enyo had quieted her voice among the fighters, and the Bassarids had led away from the battlefield their crowd of captive warriors; many more of the enemy had left the Tauros mountains and returned, their hopes unfulfilled, to the mansion of Deriades in the Indian regions, crowds of men driving their longlived elephants. And herdsman Pan sang loudly, pouring out his victorious note, drawing on the Satyrs to dance drunkenly after their war.

385 καὶ Βλέμυς οὐλοκάρηνος, Ἐρυθραίων πρόμος Ἰνδῶν,

ἱκεσίης κούφιζεν ἀναίμονα θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,
Ἴνδοφόνῳ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνων Διονύσῳ.
καὶ θεός, ἀθήσας κυρτούμενον ἀνέρα γαίῃ,
χειρὶ λαβὼν ὤρθωσε, πολυγλώσσῳ δ' ἅμα λαῶ
390 κυανέων πόμπευεν ἐρύκων τηλόθεν Ἴνδῶν,
κοιρανίην στυγέοντα καὶ ἥθεα Δηριαδῆος,
Ἀρραβίης ἐπὶ πέζαν, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι πόντῳ
ὄλβιον οὔδας ἔναιε καὶ οὔνομα δῶκε πολίταις:
καὶ Βλέμυς ὠκύς ἵκανεν ἐς ἑπταπόρου στόμα Νείλου,
395 ἐσσόμενος σκηπτοῦχος ὁμόχροος Αἰθιοπῶν:
καὶ μιν ἀειθερέος Μερὸς ὑπεδέξατο πυθμὴν,
ὀψιγόνοις Βλεμύεσσι προώνυμον ἡγεμονῆα.

[385] Now woollyhead Blemys, chief of the Erythraian Indians, bent a slavish knee before Dionysos Indianslayer, holding the suppliant's unbloodied olivebranch. And the god when he saw the man bowed upon the earth, took his hand and lifted him up, and sent him far away with his polyglot people, putting a distance between him and the swarthy Indians, now hating the lordship and the manners of Deriades, away to the Arabian land, where beside the sea he dwelt on a rich soil and gave his name to his people. Blemys quickly passed to the mouth of sevenstream Nile, to be the sceptred king of the Ethiopians, men of colour like his. The ground of Meroe welcomed him, where it is always harvest, a chieftain who handed down his name to the Blemyes of later generations.

BOOK 18

ὀκτωκαιδεκάτῳ Στάφυλος καὶ Βότρυς ἰκάνει,
εἰς θαλίην καλέοντες ὀρίδρομον υἷα Θυώνης.
ἤδη δὲ πτερόεσσα πολύστομος ἵπτατο Φήμη
Ἀσσυρίης στίχα πᾶσαν ὑποτροχώσα πολλήων,
οὔνομα κηρύσσουσα κορυμβοφόρου Διονύσου,
καὶ θρασὺν Ἴνδὸν Ἄρηα καὶ ἀγλαόβοτρυν ὀπώρην.

BOOK XVIII

In the eighteenth come Staphylos and Botrys, inviting the mountainranging son of Thyone to a feast.

MEANTIME manytongued Rumour was on the wing; and she flew along the whole line of Assyrian cities, proclaiming the name of Dionysos with his gift of the vine, the glorious fruit of grapes, and his bold warfare with the Indians.

5 καὶ Στάφυλος Σατύρων στρατιῇν ἀσιδήρον ἀκούων
ὄργια τ' ἀμπελόεντα καὶ Εὐία θύσθλα Λυαίου
Βάκχον ἰδεῖν μενέαινε: καὶ υἷα Βότρυν ἐπείγων
κοῖρανος Ἀσσυρίων ἀνεμώκεος ὑψόθι δίφρου
ἦντετο βοτρυόεντι παρερχομένῳ Διονύσῳ.
10 τὸν μὲν ἰδὼν ἐπιόντα καὶ ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπήνην
πορδαλίων τε λέπαδνα καὶ ἡνία φαιδρὰ λεόντων
βότρυς ἀκερσικόμης ἀνεσείρασεν ἄρμα τοκῆος:
καὶ Στάφυλος σκηπτοῦχος ἐοῦ κατεπήλατο δίφρου
πορδαλίων στατὸν ἵχνος ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου:
15 καὶ ποδὸς ὀκλάζοντος ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἵχνος ἐρείδων,
θαλλὸν ἐλαιήεντα θεουδεῖ χειρὶ τιταίνων ...
καὶ φιλίῳ Διονύσον ἄναξ μειλιξάτο μύθῳ:

[5] Now Staphylos heard of the unweaponed host of Satyrs, the holy secrets of the vine and the Euian gear of Lyaïos. He wished therefore to see Bacchos; and the Assyrian prince brought his son Botrys high in a windswift chariot, and met the advancing god of the vine. Botrys Longhair checked his father's car when he saw Dionysos approaching in his silverwheeled wagon, the panthers in their yokestraps and the lions with shining reins; and Staphylos the sceptred king leapt out of the car when he saw the panthers of Dionysos halt. He sank to the ground on bended knee, and held out an olivebranch with reverent hand. Then the prince addressed Dionysos in conciliating words of friendship:

‘πρὸς Διὸς ἱκεσίῳ, τεοῦ, Διόνυσε, τοκῆος,
πρὸς Σεμέλης θεόπαιδος, ἐμὸν μὴ παῖδα παρέλθης.
20 ἔκλυον, ὡς ὑπέδεκτο τεὸν γενετῆρα Λυκάων,
αὐτὸν ὁμοῦ μακάρεσσι, καὶ υἷα χειρὶ δαΐξας
Νυκτιμον ἀγνώσσοντι τεῶ παρέβαλλε τοκῆι,
καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης,
Ἀρκαδίας παρὰ πέζαν: ὑπὲρ Σιπύλου δὲ καρήνων
25 Τάνταλος, ὡς ἐνέπουσι, τεὸν ξείνισσε τοκῆα,
δαιτρεύσας δ’ ἐὼν υἷα θεοῖς παρέθηκεν ἐδωδήν:
καὶ Πέλοπος πλατὺν ὦμον, ὅσον θοινήσατο Δηῶ,
μορφώσας ἐλέφαντι, νόθῳ τεχνήμονι κόσμῳ,

[18] “In the name of Zeus the suppliant’s god, your own father, Dionysos, in the name of Semele the young god’s mother, disregard not my son! I have heard how Lycaon entertained your father himself with the Blessed, how he cut up his son Nyctimos with his own hand and served him up to your father unknowing and touched one table with Zeus Almighty, in the land of Arcadia. Again, on the heads of Sipylos, I have heard how Tantalos received your father as his guest, butchered his own son and set him before the gods at dinner; how Cronion fitted together again the separated limbs and restored to life the butchered son, replacing the broad shoulder of Pelops — the only part which Deo had eaten — by a makeshift artificial shape of ivory.

υἷα δαιτρευθέντα πάλιν ζώγρησε Κρονίων,
30 ἔμπαλιν ἀλλήλοις μεμερισμένα γυῖα συνάπτων.
ἀλλὰ τί σοι, Διόνυσε, Λυκάονα παιδοφονῆα
ξεινοδόκον μακάρων, καὶ Τάνταλον ἡεροφοίτην
νεκταρέων ὀνόμηνα δολόφρονα φῶρα κυπέλλων,
δήιον ἀμβροσίης καὶ νέκταρος ἄνδρα πιφαύσκων;
35 Ζῆνα καὶ Ἀπόλλωνα μιῇ ξείνισσε Μακελλῶ ...
καὶ Φλεγύας ὅτε πάντας ἀνερριζώσε θαλάσση
νῆσον ὅλην τριόδοντι διαρρήξας ἐνοσίχθων,
ἀμφοτέρας ἐφύλαξε καὶ οὐ πρήνιξε τριαίνῃ.

[29] “But why, Dionysos, have I named to you Lycaon the Sonmurderer who entertained the Blessed, or Tantalos visitor of the skies, who planned the crafty theft of the cups of nectar — why mention the ravisher of nectar and ambrosia? Macello entertained Zeus and Apollo at one table... and when Earthshaker had shattered the whole island with his trident and rooted all the Phlegyans at the bottom of the sea, he saved both women and did not strike them down with the trident.

καὶ σὺ, φέρων μίμημα τεοῦ ξενίῳ τοκῆος,

40 εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν ἑμῶν ἐπίβηθι μελάνθρων:
δὸς χάριν ἄμφοτέροις, καὶ Βότρυϊ καὶ γενετῇρι.’

[39] “Do you now follow the example of your Father the Friend of Guests: enter my mansion for one day. Grant this grace to us both, to Botrys and to his father.”

ὥς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν: ἔῤ δ’ ἐποχήσατο δίφρῳ.
ὀλβίζων ἐδὼν οἶκον, ἐφespoμένου Διονύσου:
καὶ θρασὺς ἵππειν ἀνεκούφισε Βότρυσ ἱμάσθλην,
45 ταυρεῖν δ’ ἐλικηδὼν ἐρημάδα πέζαν ὁδεύων
ἦλασε πάτριον ἄρμα, καὶ ἡγεμόνευε Λυαίῳ
Ἀσσυρίην ἐπὶ γαῖαν: ἐπαυχενίοις δὲ λεπάδνοις
χρύσεα Μυγδονίοιο δεδεγμένος ἡνία διφρου
ἡνίοχος Βρομίοιο Μάρων, ἀκόρητος ἱμάσθλης
50 θηρονόμου μαστιγὸς ἀφειδέα ῥοῖζον ἰάλλων,
πορδαλίων ἦλυνεν ἀελλήεσσιν ἀπήνην:
καὶ Σάτυροι προθέοντες ἀνεκρούσαντο χορεῖν,
ἀμφιπερισκαίροντες ὀρίδρομον ἄρμα Λυαίου:
πολλὴ δ’ ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φιλάνθεμος ἔτρεχε Βάκχη
55 δὺσβατον οἶμον ἔχουσα βατῶ ποδὶ, καὶ πτύχα πέτρης
στενὴν κλιμακόεσσαν ἐμέτρεεν ὠκέϊ ταρσῶ,
καὶ παλάμη κροτάλιζε καὶ εὐρύθμοισι πεδίλοις,
μόχθον ὑποκλέπτουσα βαθυκρήμνοιο κελεύθου,
οἰστρομανῆς: καὶ Πᾶνες ἐθήμονος ὑπόθι πέτρης
60 ποσσὶν ἐυκνήμισιν ἐπωρχήσατο κονίῃ,
ἄστιβέος πρηῶνα διαστείχοντες ἐρίπνης.

[42] He won the god’s consent, and drove on with his car, blessing the happiness of his house, while Dionysos followed. Bold Botrys raised his whip, and drove his father’s car by winding ways through the wilderness of Mount Tauros, until he guided Lyaïos into the Assyrian land. Meanwhile Maron the god’s charioteer took up the golden reins of the Mygdonian chariot, and drove the team of stormswift panthers with yokestraps on their necks, sparing not the whip, but whizzing a lavish lash to manage the beasts. Satyrs ran in front, striking up a dance and skipping round and round the hillranging car of Lyaïos; troops of flowerloving Bacchant women ran on this side and that side, treading the rough tracks afoot, climbing with quick feet the narrow steps of the mountain-side, while their shoes beat in time with their rattling hands — thus they beguiled the labour of the steep stony path, stung with madness. And the Pans, high on their familiar rocks, danced in the dust with nimble feet, passing over the headlands of those untrodden precipices.

ἀλλ' ὅτε νισσομένοισι φάνη βασιλῆιός αὐλῇ
τηλεφανῆς στίλβουσα λίθων ἑτερόχροϊ κόσμῳ,
εὐχαίτης τότε Βότρυσ ὄχον πατρῶον ἔασας
65 εἷς δόμον ὠκυπέδιλος ἔβη, προκέλευθος ὀδίτης,

[62] But when they arrived, and the royal palace became visible, shining afar with checkered patterns of stone, then longhaired Botrys left his father's carriage and went swiftshoe into the house, van-courier of the company: he made all ready, and with attentive care prepared the diversified dishes of a rich banquet.

ἐντύνων ἅμα πάντα, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
ὥπλισε πιαλέης ἑτερότροπα δεῖπνα τραπέζης.
ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βότρυσ ἐκόσμεε δαῖτα Λυαίῳ,
τόφρα δὲ ποικιλόδωρος ἄναξ ἐπεδείκνυε Βάκχῳ
70 κάλλεα τεχνήεντα λιθοστρώτοιο μελάθρου,
τῶν ἅπο μαρμαρέῃ πολυδαίδαλος ἔρρεεν αἶγλην,
σύγχροος ἥελίοιο καὶ ἀντιτύποιο σελήνης:
τοῖχοι δ' ἀργυρέοισιν ἐλευκαίνοντο μέταλλοις,
καὶ μερόπων σπινθῆρας ἐπαστράπτουσα προσώπῳ
75 λύχνις ἔην, λύχνοιο φερώνυμος: εἶχε καὶ αὐτὴν
οἶκος ἐρευθιώντι κεκασμένος αἶθοπι πέτρῳ
οἴνωπῇν ἀμέθυστον ἐρειδομένην ὑακίνθῳ:
αὐγὴν δ' αἰθαλόεσσαν ἀπέπτυνεν ὠχρὸς ἀχάτης,
καὶ φολίδων στικτοῖσι τύποις ἀμάρυσσεν ὀφίτης:
80 Ἀσσυρίῃ δὲ μαραγδος ἀνήρυγεν ἔγχλοον αἶγλην.
κιονεὴ δὲ φάλαγγι περιστρωθέντα μελάθρων
χρύσεα δουρατέης ἐρυθαίνετο νῶτα καλύπτρης
ἀφνειοῖς ὀρόφοισι: πολυσχιδέων δὲ μετάλλων
φαιδρὸν ἐυψήφιδι πέδον ποικίλλετο τέχνῃ:
85 καὶ πυλεὼν περίμετρος ἐυγλύπτῳ τινὶ δούρῳ
λεπτοφυῇ τύπον εἶχε νεοπρίστων ἐλεφάντων.

[66] While Botrys was yet arranging the feast for Lyaïos, the king of magnificent bounty displayed to Bacchos the artist's hand in the stonework of his hall, from which poured a shining brightness of many colours and shapes like the sun and his reflecting moon. The walls were white with solid silver. There was the lychnite, which takes its name from light, turning its glistening gleams in the faces of men. The place was also decorated with the glowing ruby stone, and showed winecoloured amethyst set beside sapphire. The pale agate threw off its burnt sheen, and the snakestone sparkled in speckled shapes of scales; the Assyrian emerald discharged its greeny flash. Stretched over a regiment of pillars along the hall the gilded timbers of the roof showed

a reddish glow in their opulent roofs. The floor shone with the intricate patterns of a tessellated pavement of metals; and the huge door with a baulk of wood delicately carved looked like ivory freshly cut.

τοῖα γέρων σκηπτοῦχος ἐδείκνυε μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ:
καὶ μόγις ἴχνος ἔκαμψεν ἔσω θεοδέγμονος αὐλῆς
χειρὸς ἔχων Διόνυσον: ὁ δὲ βραδυπειθεὶ ταρσῶ
90 πλαζομένην ἑλικηδὸν ἔην ἐτίταινεν ὀπωπῇ:
καὶ θεὸς ἀστερόεσσιν ἐθάμβεεν ἥνοπι κόσμῳ
ξεινοδόκου βασιλῆος ἰδὼν χρυσήλατον αὐλήν.

[87] Such were the sights which the old monarch displayed to watchful Bacchos. He could hardly manage to move through the hall with his divine guest, holding Dionysos by the hand; the other followed with slow obedient foot, and turned his wandering gaze to each thing in order. The god was amazed at the hospitable king's hall, embellished with gold and starry with glittering decorations.

ἀμφιπόλους δ' οἷστροσεν ἄναξ καὶ δμῶας ἐπείγων,
ταύρων ζατρεφῶν ἀγέλην καὶ πῶεα μῆλων
95 δαιτρεῦειν Σατύροισι βοοκραίρου Διονύσου.
καὶ Σταφύλου σπεύδοντος ἔην ταχυεργὸς ἀπειλῇ
δμῶσιν ἀμοιβαίοισιν: ἐπερρώοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
εἰλαπίνης δρησιτῆρες: ἐδαιτρεύοντο δὲ ταῦροι
καὶ νομάδων οἴων λιπαρὰ στίχες. ἦν δὲ χορεῖη:
100 καὶ δόμον εὐφόρμιγγα θυώδεες ἔπνεον αὔραι,
εὐόδμου δὲ πόλῃος ἀνεκνίσσωσαν ἀγνιάς:
ἀμφιλαφεῖς δ' ἐμέθυσσαν ὅλον δόμον ἱκμάδες οἶνου.
κύμβαλα δ' ἐπλατάγησε, παρ' εὐκελάδῳ δὲ τραπέζῃ
Πανιάδες σύριγγες ἐβόμβεον, ἔβρεμον αὐλοὶ
105 συμπλεκέες, καὶ κύκλος ἐριγδούποιο βοείης
διχθαδίοις πατάγοισιν ἐπεσμαράγησε μελᾶθρῳ,

[93] The king harried his servants and stirred up his serfs, to slaughter a herd of fine fat bulls and flocks of sheep for the Satyrs of bullhorn Dionysos. Then there was quick work, under the menaces of busy Staphylos with relays of serfs. A crowd of servants were hard at it preparing the banquet, bulls were butchered and processions of fat sheep from the pasture. There was dancing too; fragrant air was wafted through a house full of harping, the streets of the city were filled with sweet steamy odours, ample streams of wine made the whole house carouse. Cymbals clanged, panspipes whiffled about the melodious table, double hoboys were drooning, the round of the loudthrumming drum made the hall ring again with its double bangs, there

were castanets rattling over that supper!

καὶ κτύπος ἦν κροτάλων ἐπιδόρπιος. ἐν δ' ἅπα μέσσω
οἶνοβαρῆς τρομεροῖο φέρων ποδὸς ἄστατον ὀρμὴν
ἦιεν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα Μάρων, δεδονημένος οἷστρω,
110 ὄρθιον ἐκ δαπέδοιο παλίσσυστον ἵχνος ἐλίσσων,
χεῖρας ἐὰς διδύμων Σατύρων ὑπὲρ ὦμον ἐρείσας
μεσοφανῆς: ἐτέρου δὲ ποδὸς κουφίζετο παλμῷ
ἄλλοτριῷ, ξανθωπὸν ἔχων χροά, μεσσόθι, πέμπων
πορφυρέας ἀκτῖνας ὄλῳ στίλβοντι προσώπῳ,
115 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα Σεληναίῃσι κερααῖαις,
λαιῇ μὲν νεόδαρτον ἐθήμονος ἔγκυον οἴνου
αὐχενίῳ ζωστήρι περίπλοκον ἄσκον αἰείρων,
δεξιτερῇ δὲ κύπελλον: ἐκυκλώσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
γυραλέον σκαίροντα ποδῶν ἑτεραλκέι ταρσῷ,
120 οἷα πεσεῖν μέλλοντα τινασσομένοιο καρήνου,
οὐ ποτε πεπτηῶτα. μεθυσφαλέες δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἀμφίπολοι καὶ δμῶες ἐβακχεύοντο χορείῃ,
γευσάμενοι πρῶτιστον ἀήθεος ἡδέος οἴνου.

[107] And there in the midst came Maron, heavy with wine, staggering on unsteady feet and moving to and fro as frenzy drove him. He threw his arms over the shoulders of two Satyrs and supported himself between them, then climbed right up from the ground twisting his legs about them. So he was lifted by the dancing feet of others, with red skin, his whole face emitting ruddy rays and shining between them, the very image of the crescent moon. In his left hand he held a newly flayed skin teeming with the inevitable wine and tied at the neck with a cord; in his right a cup. Bacchant women were all round the old creature as he skips on other men's feet, with lolling head, every moment threatening to fall but never down. Servants and serfs alike were rolling drunk and danced wildly about, after tasting for the first time the delicious wine they never had before.

καὶ Σταφύλου βασιλῆος ἀριστώδινα γυναῖκα
125 Βακχιάς ἀμπελόεσσα Μέθην ἐμέθυσεν ἔερση:
ἡ δὲ καρηβαρέουσα πιεῖν πάλιν ἦτεε Βάκχας,
οἶνοδόκον κρητῆρα περισκαίρουσα Λυαίου:
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐλέλιζε μετήλυδα δίζυγι παλμῷ,
ὦμῳ ἐπικλίνουσα κόμην ἑτεραλκέι ῥιπῇ
130 ἄστατος, ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλίντροπος: ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
πυκνὰ πεσεῖν μέλλουσιν ὀλισθηροῖσι πεδίλοις
θυιάδα χερσὶ λαβοῦσα Μέθην ὠρθώσατο Βάκχη.
καὶ Στάφυλος μεμέθυστο: φιλακρήτῳ δὲ κυτέλλῳ

βότρυος οίνωθέντος ἐφοινίσσοντο παρειαί:

135 καὶ πάϊς ἀρτιγένειος ἅμα Σταφύλῳ γενετῆρι
ἀπλεκέας πλοκαμῖδας ἀήθει δῆσατο κισσῷ
μιτρώσας στεφανηδόν: ἐπ' ἔχνεσι δ' ἔχνος ἀμείβων
ποσσὶν ὁμοζήλοισιν ἔλιξ ὠρχήσατο Βότρυς,
δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο μετήλυδα ταρσὸν ἐλίσσων:

140 καὶ Σταφύλος σκίρτησε ποδῶν βητάρμονι παλμῷ,
καμπύλον ἔχνος ἄγων τροχαλῷ κυκλούμενον ὀλκῷ,
βότρυος ὀρχηστῆρος ἐπ' αὐχένι πῆχυν ἐρείσας:
καὶ ποτὸν εὐφήμησε χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου
ἄστατος, ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα καθειμένα βόστρυχα σείων

145 ὦμῳ ἐπαΐσσοντα: μέθη δ' ἐχόρευε καὶ αὐτή.

πῆχυν ἐπικλίνουσα καὶ υἱεὶ καὶ παρακοίτῃ.

μεσσατίῃ Σταφύλου καὶ Βότρυος: ἧ δὲ νοῆσαι

τερπωλὴν τριέλικτον ὁμοπλέκτοιο χορείης.

καὶ Πίθος ὠμογέρων, πολιὴν ἀνέμοισι τινάσσων,

150 χεύματος ἡδυπότοιο βεβυσμένος ἄχρις ὀδόντων

οἶνοβαρὴς ἐχόρευε, μεθυσφαλὲς ἔχνος ἐλίσσων:

καὶ γλυκεραῖς λιβάδεσσιν ἐρευγομένων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν

ξανθὴν ἀφριώσαν ἐὴν λεύκαιεν ὑπὴν.

[124] Methe also, the wife of King Staphylos, mother of a noble son, was made drunken by the winedew of Bacchos. With heavy head she begged the Bacchantes for more drink, dancing round the full mixingbowl of Lyaïos. She rolled her head moving this way and that way, shook the hair over her shoulders unsteadily, dipping her head first here, then there, on one side and the other again and again, ever on the point of falling on her slippery feet, until a Bacchant's hands caught the wild creature and held her up. Staphylos too was drunk; the cheeks of drunken Botrys were red from his tipling cup; still a boy with the down on his face, he with Staphylos his father bound his loosened locks with the unfamiliar ivy and wreathed it like a garland. Then interchanging step with step Botrys danced about with ready feet, changing feet right after left; and Staphylos went skipping in dancing movement, carrying his feet round and round in a running step, with one arm thrown round the neck of dancing Botrys. Staggering he blest the potion of danceweaving Dionysos, and shook his long hair falling over his shoulder from side to side. Methe was dancing too, with an arm round son and husband both, between Staphylos and Botrys. There was a sight to see, the triple-entwined delight of a close-embracing dance! And Pithos, hale old man, shaking his hoary locks in the wind, stuffed to the teeth with the delicious potation, danced heavy with wine, and twirled a drink-tottering foot; he whitened his yellow beard with foam from the sweet libations that ran out from his throat.

καὶ πῖον εἰς ὅλον ἡμαρ: ἀφυσσομένων δὲ κυπέλλων
 155 ἔσπερίην χθόνα πᾶσαν ὑπόσκιος ἔσκεπεν ὄρφνη
 ἄκροκελαινιόωσα, καὶ αἰόλα φέγγει λεπτῷ
 ἄστρο καταυγάζων ἐμελαίνετο δίχροος ἄηρ,
 δυομένου Φαέθοντος ὑπὸ σκιοειδέϊ κώνω,
 βαῖον ὀπισθοκέλευθον ἔχων ἔτι λείψανον Ἑοῦς:
 160 καὶ ζόφον ἐχλαίνωσεν ἐῷ χροῖ σιγαλῇ νύξ
 οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντι διαγράψασα χιτῶνι.
 οἱ δὲ μετὰ κρητῆρα μέθης, μετὰ δεῖπνα τραπέζης
 βότρυς ὁμοῦ γενετῆρι καὶ οἶνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ
 κεκριμένοι στοιχηδὸν ἐυστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
 165 ὕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο καὶ ὠμίλησαν ὄνειροις.

[154] So they drank the whole day long. Cups were still being filled when shadowy darkness grew black at the fringe, and covered all the western lands, when the twilight air darkened and lit up the spangled stars with faint light, when Phaëthon set under the cone of shadow ° and left on his way behind a small trace yet of the day, when silent Night shrouded the west in her own colour, and scored the sky across with her own starry cloak. Then after the tipsy bowl and after the feast of the table, Botrys together with his father, and Dionysos dispenser of wine, went off in a line, each to his separate wellstrown bed; they took the boon of sleep, and had traffic with dreams.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥοδέοις ἀμαρύγμασιν ἄγγελος Ἑοῦς
 ἀκροφαῆς ἐχάραξε λιπόσκιον ὄρθρος ὁμίχλην,
 εὐχαίτης τότε Βάκχος ἐώιος ἄνθορεν εὐνῆς,
 ἐλπίδι νικαίῃ δεδονημένος: ἐννύχιος γάρ
 170 Ἴνδῶν ἐδάιζε γονὴν κισσῶδεϊ θύρσῳ,
 ὑπναλέης μεθέπων ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα χάρμης.
 καὶ κτύπον εἰσαῖων Σατύρων καὶ δοῦπον ἀκόντων
 φλοῖσβον ὄνειρείης ἀπεσεῖσατο δηιοτῆτος,
 ὕπνον ἀποσκεδάσας πολεμήιον: εἶχε δὲ θυμῷ
 175 μαντιπόλου φόβον αἰνὸν ἀπειλητῆρος ὄνειρου:
 μιμηλῆς γάρ ὅπως μάχης Ἴνδαλμα Λυκούργου
 ἔσσομένων προκέλευθον, ὅτι θρασὺς ἔνδοθι λόχμης
 δύσμαχος ἐκ σκοπέλοιο λέων λυσσῶδεϊ λαιμῷ
 Βάκχον ἔτι σκαίροντα καὶ οὐ ψαύοντα σιδήρου
 180 εἰς φόβον ἐπτοίησε, καὶ ἦλασεν ἄχρι θαλάσσης
 κρυπτόμενον πελάγεσσι, πεφυζότα θηρὸς ἀπειλήν:
 καὶ φόβον ἄλλον ὅπως, λέων θρασὺς ὅτι γυναικάς
 θυρσοφόρους ἐδίωκε, κεχηνός ἀνθερεῶνος,
 αἰμάσσων ὀνύχεσσι, χαρασσομένων δὲ γυναικῶν
 185 μύστιδος ἐκ παλάμης ἐκυλίνδετο θύσθλα κονίη,
 κύμβαλα δ' ἐν χθονὶ κείτο: μεταστρεφθεῖσα δὲ Βάκχη

δεσμὰ λεοντείοισιν ἔπεσφῆκωσε γενείοις
 σειρὴν ἄμπελόεσσαν ἐπισφιγξάσα καρῆνῳ,
 ἀγχοῖνι δὲ λέοντος ἐπέπλεκεν αὐχένα δεσμῶ:
 190 θηρὶ δὲ θῆλυς ὄμιλος ἐπέδραμεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
 καὶ βλοσυροὺς ἐχάραξε πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἀκάνθαις:
 καὶ μόνις εἰλικόεντι περιζωσθέντα κορύμβῳ
 Ἄρτεμις ἐζώγρησεν: ἀπ' αἰθερίοιο δὲ κόλπου
 ἄστεροπὴ πυρόεσσα καταΐξασα προσώπου
 195 θῆρα παλινδίνητον ἐθήκατο τυφλὸν ὀδίτην.

[166] But when the morning twilight, shining messenger of Dawn, cut through the edge of fading mist with rosy sparkles, then long-haired Bacchos leapt up early from his bed, shaken by the hope of victory. For in the night he had destroyed the Indian race with his ivytwined thyrsus, busy in the illusive image of a dream-battle. The noise of Satyrs and the rattle of javelins falling on his ears, shook off the din of his dreamland warfare and scattered that warlike sleep. But dreadful fear was in his heart that the dream foreboded some threatening danger. For in this unreal spectacle he had seen an image of his battle with Lycurgos, prophetic of things to come. In a forest, a bold formidable lion leapt from a rock with deathly jaws upon Bacchos, while he was dancing and still without weapons, and scared him to flight, driving him down to the sea where he hid under water, fleeing from the dangerous beast. He saw another terror besides — how the bold lion chased the thyrsus-bearing women with gaping throat and gored them with his claws; as the women were torn, their gear fell from their mystic hands and rolled in the dust, their cymbals lay on the ground. Then a Bacchant turned, and muzzled the lion's jaws by tying a string of vineleaves over his head, and wreathed his neck lightly in a noose. Then crowds of women ran up to the beast one upon another, and scratched with brambles the ugly pads and paws. At last Artemis saved him alive with difficulty, entangled in the clustering meshes; and from the bosom of the sky a flash of lightning shot into the beast's face, and made him a blind vagabond of the roads.

τοῖον ὄναρ Διόνυσος ἐσέδρακεν: ἐκ λεχέων δὲ
 ὀρθὸς ἐὼν ἔνδυνε φόνῳ πεπαλαγμένον Ἴνδῶν
 χάλκεον ἄστερόεντα κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
 καὶ σκολιῶ μίτρωσε κόμην ὀφιώδεϊ δεσμῶ,
 200 καὶ πόδας ἐσφῆκωσεν ἐρευθιόωντι κοθόρνῳ,
 χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἄειρε, φιλάνθεμον ἔγχος Ἐννοῦς:
 καὶ Σάτυρον κίκλησκεν ὀπάονα. θεσπεσίην δὲ
 Βακχείων στομάτων αἰὼν ἀντίκτυπον ἠχῷ
 κοίρανος ἔγρετο Βότρυς, ἐδὼν δ' ἔνδυνε χιτῶνα:
 205 καὶ Πιον ὑπνῶντα ... μέθη δ' ὥς ἔκλυε φωνῆς,
 κρᾶτα μόνις κούφιζε, βαρυνομένου δὲ καρῆνου

ὀκναλέῃ πάλιν εὔδε: καὶ ὄρθριον εἰσέτι νύμφη
μίμνεν ἄμεργομένη γλυκερώτερον ὕπνον ὀπωπαῖς,
ὄψ' ἔλεκτρον ἔλειπεν ἔῳ βραδυπειθεὶ ταρσῶ.

[196] Such was the dream Dionysos had seen. Rising from his bed, he donned about his chest the star-spangled corselet of bronze stained with Indian blood, and entwined his hair with a circlet of writhing snakes, and wedged his feet in the reddened boots, took thyrsus in hand — that flowery spear of Enyo — and called a servant Satyr. Prince Botrys, hearing the echoing call from the divine lips of Bacchos hard by, roused himself, put on his own dress, and called to sleeping Pithos. When Methe heard the voice, she reluctantly lifted her heavy head, and letting it fall lazily, went to sleep again; all through the morning the queen still remained with her eyes gathering the most sweet bloom of sleep. At last she left her bed with slow unwilling foot.

210 καὶ Στάφυλος φιλόβοτρυς ἐφωμάρτησε Λυαίῳ
εἰς ὁδὸν ἐσσυμένῳ ξεινῆια δῶρα τιταίνων,
χρύσειον ἀμφιφορῆα σὺν ἀργυρέοισι κυπέλλοις,
οἷς πάρος αἰὲν ἔπινεν ἀμελγομένων γλάγος αἰγῶν:
καὶ πόρε ποικίλα πέπλα, τὰ περ παρὰ Τιγριδος ὕδωρ
215 νήματι λεπταλέῳ τεχνήσατο Περσὶς Ἀράχνη.
καὶ Βρομίῳ πολὺδωρος ἄναξ ἐφθέγγετο φωνῆν:

[210] Staphylos the grapelover attended upon Lyaaios, offering him the guest's gifts as he was hasting for his journey: a two-handled jar of gold with silver cups, from which hitherto he used always to quaff the milk of milch-goats; and he brought embroidered robes, which Persian Arachne beside the waters of Tigris had cleverly made with her fine thread. Then the generous king spoke to Bromios:

‘μάρναό μοι, Διόνυσε, καὶ ἄξια ῥέξε τοκῆος:
δεῖξον, ὅτι Κρονίδαο φέρεις γένος: ἀρτιθαλῆς γὰρ
γηγενέας Τιτῆνας ἀπεστυφέλιξεν Ὀλύμπου
220 σὸς γενέτης ἔτι κοῦρος: ἐπείγεο καὶ σὺ κυδοιμῶ
γηγενέων ὑπέροπλον αἰστώσαι γένος Ἴνδῶν.
μέμνημαί τινα μῦθον, ὃν ἡμετέρῳ γενετῆρι
Ἀσσύριός ποτε Βῆλος, ἐμῆς πολιοῦχος ἀρούρης,

[217] “Fight away, Dionysos, and do deeds worthy of your sire! Show that you have the blood of Cronides in you! For your father in his first youth battered the earthborn Titans out of Olympos, when he was only a boy: on then and do your part in the struggle, destroy the overweening nation of earthborn Indians! I remember a tale which once my father heard from his father, Assyrian Belos

the sovereign of my country; this I will tell to you.

πατροπάτωρ ἐμὸς εἶπεν, ἐγὼ δέ σοι αὐτὸς ἐνίψω:
κουφίζων Κρόνος ὕγρὸς ἀμερσιγάμου γένυν ἄρπης,
225 ὅππότε μητρώησιν ἐπεσσυμένοιο χαμεύναις
τάμινεν ἀνυμφεύτων στάχυν ἄρσενα πατρὸς ἀρότρων.
Τιτῆνων προκέλευθος, ἐμάρνατο σεῖο τοκῆι,
καὶ Κρόνος εὐρυγένειος ἀνερρίπιζεν Ἐνυῶ
230 ἔγχεα παχνήεντα κατὰ Κρονίωνος ἰάλλων,
ψυχρὸν ἀκοντίζων διερὸν βέλος: ὄξυτενεῖς δὲ
ἠερόθεν πέμποντο χαλαζήεντες ὀιστοί.
καὶ πλεόν Ἡελίοιο κορύσσετο πυρσοφόρος Ζεὺς
θερμότερῳ σπινθῆρι λύων πετρούμενον ὕδωρ
235 ὠμοβόρους δὲ λέοντας ἐπὶ κλόνον Ἰνδὸν ἱμάσσων,
μὴ τρομέοις ἐλέφαντας, ἐπεὶ τεὸς ὕψιμέδων Ζεὺς
Κάμπην ὕφικάρηνον ἀπηλοίησε κεραυνῶ,

[223] “Cronos still dripping held the emasculating sickleblade, after he had cut off the manly crop of his father’s plow and robbed him of the Mother’s bed to which he was hastening, and warred against your sire at the head of the Titans. Broadbeard Cronos fanned the flame of Enyo as he cast icy spears against Cronion, shooting his cold watery shafts: sharp pointed arrows of hail were shot from the sky. But Zeus armed himself with more fires than Helios, and melted the petrified water with hotter sparks. Whip up now ravening lions to the Indian War; fear not their elephants! For your Zeus ruling in the heights destroyed highheaded Campe with a thunderbolt, for all the many crooked shapes of her whole body.

ἥς σκολιὸν πολύμορφον ὅλον δέμας: ἄλλοφυῆ γὰρ
λοξὴν αὐτοέλικτον ἀνερρίπιζον Ἐνυῶ
240 χίλιοι ἐρπηστῆρες ἐχιδναίων ἀπὸ ταρσῶν
ἰὼν ἐρευγομένων δολιχόσκιον: ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρὴν
ἦνθεε πεντήκοντα καρήατα ποικίλα θηρῶν:
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐβρυχᾶτο λεοντείοισι καρήνοις
Σφιγγὸς ἀσημάντοιο τύπῳ βλοσυροῖο προσώπου,
245 ἄλλα δὲ καπρείων ἀνεκῆκιν ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων,
συμφορτῇ δὲ φάλαγγι πολυσκυλάκων κεφαλᾶν
Σκύλλης ἰσοτέλεστον ἔην μίμημα προσώπου:
καὶ χροῖ μεσσατίῳ διφυῆς ἀνεφαίνετο νύμφη
ἰοβόλοισι κομώσασα δρακοντείοισι κορύμβοις:
250 τῆς μὲν ἐπὶ στέρνοισιν ἐς ἀκροτάτην πτύχα μηρῶν
κητείαις φολίδεσσι νόθη τρηχύνετο μορφῇ
ὕπτηνῆς: ὄνυχες δὲ πολυσπερέων παλαμάων

λοξὸν ἔδοχμῶσαντο τύπον γαμψώνυχος ἄρπης:
ἔξ ὑπάτου δὲ τένοντος ἀμαιμακέτων διὰ νῶτων
255 σκορπίος αὐτοέλικτος ἐπήορος αὐχένος οὐρῇ
εἴρπε χαλαζήεντι τεθηγμένος ὀξεί κέντρῳ.

[238] “A thousand crawlers from her viperish feet, spitting poison afar, were fanning Enyo to a flame, a mass of misshapen coils. Round her neck flowered fifty various heads of wild beasts: some roared with lion’s heads like the grim face of the riddling Sphinx; others were spluttering foam from the tusks of wild boars; her countenance was the very image of Scylla with a marshalled regiment of thronging dogs’ heads. Doubleshaped, she appeared a woman to the middle of her body, with clusters of poison-spitting serpents for hair. Her giant form, from the chest to the parting-point of the thighs, was covered all over with a bastard shape of hard sea-monsters’ scales. The claws of her wide-scattered hands were curved like a crooktalon sickle. From her neck over her terrible shoulders, with tail raised high over her throat, a scorpion with an icy sting sharp-whetted crawled and coiled upon itself.

τοίῃ ποικιλόμορφος ἔλιξ κουφίζετο Κάμπη,
καὶ χθόνα δινεύουσα καὶ ἥερα καὶ βυθὸν ἄλμης
ἵπτατο κυανέων πτερύγων ἑτερόζυγι παλμῷ,
260 λαίλαπτας αἰθύσσουσα καὶ ὀπλίζουσα θυέλλας,
νύμφη Ταρταρίη μελανόπτερος: ἐκ βλεφάρων δὲ
τηλεπόρους σπινθῆρας ἀνήρυγε φοιταλέη φλόξ.
ἀλλὰ τόσῃν κτάνε θῆρα πατήρ τεὸς αἰθέριος Ζεὺς,
καὶ Κρονίην νίκησεν ἐχιδνήεσσαν Ἐνυώ.
265 γίνεο καὶ σὺ τοκῇι πανεῖκελος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸν
γηγενέων ὀλετῆρα μετὰ Κρονίδην σὲ καλέσσω,
δῆιον ἀμήσαντα χαμαιγενέων στάχυν Ἴνδῶν.

[257] “Such was manifoldshaped Campe as she rose writhing, and flew roaming about earth and air and briny deep, and flapping a couple of dusky wings, rousing tempests and arming gales, that blackwinged nymph of Tartaros: from her eyelids a flickering flame belched out far-travelling sparks. Yet heavenly Zeus your father killed that great monster, and conquered the snaky Enyo of Cronos. Show yourself like your father, that I may call you also destroyer of the earthborn next to Cronides, when you have reaped the enemy harvest of earthborn Indians.

σοὶ μόθος οὗτος ἔοικεν ὁμοίος: ἀρχέγονον γὰρ
σὸς γενέτης Κρονίῳ προασπιστῆρα κυδοιμοῦ
270 ἡλιβάτοις μελέεσσι κεκασμένον υἱὸν ἀρούρης
Ἴνδον ἀπεπρήνιξεν, ὅθεν γένος ἔλλαχον Ἴνδοι:

Ἴνδῳ σὸς γενέτης, σὺ δὲ μάρναο Δηριαδῆι.
 γινεὸ μοι καὶ Ἄρηι πανεῖκελος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
 τηλικὸν ἐπρήνιξε θεημάχον υἷὸν Ἐχιδνης,
 275 φρικτὸν ἀποπτύοντα δυσειδέος ἰδὼν Ἐχιδνης,
 ὃς λάχε διπλόον εἶδος ὁμόζυγον, ἔνδοθι λόχμης
 μητρῴης δονέων ἐλικώδεα κύκλον ἀκάνθης:
 τὸν Κρόνος ἄπλετον εἶχε καταιχμάζοντα κεραυνοῦ,
 Ἀρεα συρίζοντα ποδῶν ὀφιώδεϊ ταρσῶ,
 280 ὁππότε κουφίζων παλάμας ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
 Ζηνὶ τεῶ πολέμιζεν, ἐν ἡερίῃ δὲ κελεύθῳ
 στοιχάδας ὑψιλόφῳ νεφέλας ἔστησε καρήνῳ,
 καὶ σκολιαῖς ὄρνιθας ἐπιπλαγχθέντας ἐθείραις
 πολλάκι συμμάρψας πολυχανδέϊ δαίνυντο λαίμῳ:
 285 τοῦτον ἀριστεύοντα τεδὸς κτάνε σύγγονος Ἄρης.
 Ἀρεὸς οὐ καλέω σε χερεῖονα: καὶ γὰρ ἐρίζοις
 πᾶσι Διὸς τεκέεσσιν, ἐπεὶ φονίῳ σέο θύρσῳ
 τόσσον ἀριστεύεις, ὅσσον δορὶ μάρναται Ἄρης,

[268] “Your battle seems like his; for your father in the conflict with Cronos brought low that champion of warfare with towering limbs, that excellent son of the soil, Indos, whence the Indians are sprung: your father fought Indos, you fight Deriades. Show me yourself like Ares, for he also brought low such another, Echidna’s son, the gods’ enemy, spitting the horrible poison of hideous Echidna. He had two shapes together, and in the forest he shook the twisting coils of his mother’s spine. Cronos used this huge creature to confront the thunderbolt, hissing war with the snaky soles of his feet; when he raised his hands above the circle of the breast and fought against your Zeus, and lifting his high head, covered it with masses of cloud in the paths of the sky. Then if the birds came wandering into his tangled hair, he often swept them together into his capacious throat for a dinner. This masterpiece your brother Ares killed! I do not call you less than Ares; for you could challenge all the sons of Zeus; since with your bloodstained thyrsus you are a masterpiece as much as Ares warring with his spear, and your exploits are equal to Phoibos.

καὶ τελέεις, ἅτε Φοῖβος, ἀέθλια, θηροφόνον δὲ
 290 υἷὸν ἐγὼ Διὸς ἄλλον ἐμῷ ξείνισσα μελάθρῳ:
 χχιζὰ γὰρ εἰς ἐμὸν οἶκον ἐύπτερος ἦλυθε Περσεὺς
 γείτονα Κωρυκίῳ διαυγέα Κῦδνον ἔασας,
 ὥς σὺ, φίλος, καὶ ἔφασκεν ἐπώνυμον ὠκέϊ ταρσῶ
 ἀνδράσι παρ Κιλίκεσσι νεόκτιτον ἄστρῳ χαράξαι:
 295 ἀλλ’ ὁ μὲν ἡέρταζεν ἀθηήτοιο. Μεδούσης
 Γοργόνος ἅκρα κάρηνα σὺ δ’ οἶνοπα καρπὸν ἀείρεις,
 ἄγγελον εὐφροσύνης, βροτῆς ἐπιλήθον ἀνίης:

Περσεὺς κῆτος ἔπεφνεν Ἐρυθραίῳ παρὰ πόντῳ,
καὶ σὺ κατεπρήνιζας Ἐρυθραίων γένος Ἰνδῶν.
300 κτεῖνε δὲ Δηριάδην, ὡς ἔκτας Ἰνδὸν Ὀρόντην
κῆτεος εἰναλίοιο κακώτερον: ἄχνυμένην μὲν
Περσεὺς Ἀνδρομέδην, σὺ δὲ ῥύεο μείζονι νίκη
πικρὰ βιαζομένην ἀδίκων ὑπὸ νεύμασιν Ἰνδῶν
παρθένον ἀστερόεσσαν, ὅπως ἔνα κῶμον ἀνάψω
305 Γοργοφόνῳ Περσῇ καὶ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ.

[289] “Another destroyer of monsters, another son of Zeus I have entertained in my mansion. The other day Perseus came flying on wings to my house. He had lately left translucent Cydnos, the neighbour of Corycion, like you, my friend, and said he had marked out a newfounded city in Cilicia named after his own quick foot. He carried the head which had topped Gorgon Medusa whom no eye may see; and you carry the winefruit, that messenger of hearty good cheer, the oblivion of mortal sorrow. Perseus killed the sea-monster beside the Erythraian Sea, and you have brought low the race of Erythraian Indians. Slay Deriades as you slew Orontes the Indian, one worse than the sea-monster. Perseus saved Andromeda in her affliction, do you save by a greater victory the Virgin of the Stars, O bitterly oppressed at the nod of wicked Indians, that I may offer one triumphal feast for Gorgonslayer Perseus and Indianslayer Dionysos.”

ὥς εἰπὼν παλινόρσος ἔῳ νόστησε μελάθρῳ
ἄβρῳς ἄναξ. Βρομίου ξεινηδόκος: εἰσαῖων δὲ
φθεγγομένου βασιλῆος ἐτέρπετο κέντορι μύθῳ
θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος, ἐβακχεύθη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
310 οὔασι θελγομένοισι μόθον πατρῶον ἀκούων:
καὶ Κρονίδην νείκεσσε, καὶ ἦθελε μείζονα νίκην
ἔσσομένην τριτάτην, διδύμην μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν,
ζῆλον ἔχων Κρονίδαο. Φερέσπονδον δὲ καλέσσαι,
οὐρανίου κήρυκος ἀπόσπορον, εἴκελον αὔραις,
315 Ἴφθιμης σοφὸν υἱά, φίλῳ προσπτύξατο μύθῳ:

[306] Having spoken thus, Bromios's host the luxurious king went back to his palace; and Dionysos thyrsus-mad was delighted to hear the spurring words of the royal voice. His ears bewitched with hearing of his father's battle, he was wild for a fight, he vied with Zeus, and wished for a third and greater future victory after the double defeat of the Indians, to rival Cronides. He summoned Pherespondos, one swift like the wind, the offspring of the heavenly herald, the clever son of Iphthime, and greeted him with friendly words:

ὦ τέκος Ἑρμᾶνος, ἐμοὶ πεφιλημένε κῆρυξ,

τοῦτο μολῶν ἄγγελον ἀγήνορι Δηριαδῆι:
‘κοίρανε, νόσφι μάχης ἢ δέχνυσσο δῶρα Λυαίου,
ἢ Βρομίῳ πολέμιζε καὶ ἔσσεαι Ἴσος Ὀρόντη.’”

[316] “Son of Hermaon, herald that I love, go take this message to proud Deriades: ‘Prince, accept the gifts of Lyaïos without war, or fight against Bromios and you shall be like Orontes!’”

320 εἶπε: καὶ ὠκυπέδιλος ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰς χθόνα βαίνων
ἠῶν ἐπὶ πέζαν ἀταρπιτὸν ἦνυσσε κῆρυξ,
σκῆπτρον ἔχων γενετῆρος: ὁ δὲ χρυσέων ἐπὶ δίφρων
βότρυν ἀερτάζων φρενοτερπέα καρπὸν ὀπώρης
ποσσὶ πολυγνάμπτοισιν ἀπ’ ἄστεος ἄστεα βαίνων
325 Ἀσσυρίην χθόνα πᾶσαν ἐῆς ἔπλησεν ὀπώρης,
ἀγρονόμοις ὀρέγων σταφυλικόμον ἄνθος ἁλωῆς.

[320] So he spoke, and the herald on swift shoes holding his father’s rod travelled from land to land, until he made his way to the Eastern country. On a golden car, carrying the fruit of the vintage, the heartgladdening grape, he passed from city to city with devious feet, and filled all the Assyrian land with his fruit, as he offered to the countrymen the grapegrowing flower of the vineyard.

ὄφρα μὲν ἀντολικοῖο παρὰ πτερὸν αἴθοπος Εὐρύου
φοιταλέω Σύρον οὖδας ἐμέτρεεν οἶνοπι δίφρῳ,
τόφρα δὲ καὶ Σταφύλῳ μόρος ἔχραεν: ἐν δὲ μελάρῳ
330 δμῶες ἀνερρήξαντο κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
ἀμφίπολοι δ’ ἀλάλαζον: ἐφοινίσσοντο δὲ μαζοὶ
τυπτόμενοι παλάμῃσι: πολυθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
πενθαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι χαράσσετο κύκλα προσώπου.

[327] While in his gadabout winechariot he traversed the Syrian soil by the wing of Euros in the glowing east, death laid a hand on Staphylos. In the palace the servants tore the garments on their bodies, the attendants cried out in lamentation; breasts were beaten and reddened, the round cheeks of mourning women were torn with their nails as they sang the dirge.

ὄψε δὲ δὴ παλινόρσος ἐρισταφύλων ἐπὶ δίφρων
335 νοστήσας Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο Βότρυος αὐλήν.
μνηστὴν ἔχων Σταφύλοιο φιλοστόργοιο τραπέζης:
καὶ Πίθον ὥς ἐνόησε κατηφιόωντι προσώπῳ,
πότμον ἐοῦ Σταφύλοιο σοφῇ μαντεύσατο σιγῇ
αὐτόματος: καλέσας δὲ Μέθην ἐξείρετο μῦθῳ:

[334] It was late when Dionysos in his vinedecked car returned to Botrys's palace, remembering the amiable entertainment of Staphylos. Noticing the downcast looks of Pithos, he divined untold the fate of his friend Staphylos, proclaimed by the eloquent silence, and he called Methe and asked:

340 'εἰπέ, γύναι, τί παθοῦσα τεῖν ἡλλάξαι μορφήν;
αὐχμηρὴν ὀρώ σε, καὶ ἀστράπτουσιν ἑάσας;
τίς τεδὼν ἔσβεσε κάλλος ἀθέσφατον; οὐκέτι πέμπεις
ἔμφυτον οἶνωπῇσι παρηῖσι πορφύρεον πῦρ.
καὶ σὺ, γέρον, μὴ κρύπτει, πόθεν τάδε δάκρυα χεύεις;
345 τίς τάμεν, εὐρυγένειε, τεδὼν πώγωνα κομήτην;
τίς πολιὴν ἥσυχνε; τίς ἔσχισε σεῖο χιτῶνα;
καὶ σὺ, φιλακρήτοιο Μέθης βλάστημα τεκούσης,
τέκνον ἔμοῦ Σταφύλοιο, πόθεν λάχες ἄτριχα κόρησιν;
τίς φθόνος ἡμάλδυνε τεῖν ἐλικώδεα χαιτήν;
350 οὐ πλόκαμοι προχυθέντες ἐπ' ἀργυρέων σέθεν ὤμων
ἀπλεκέες Τυρίοιο μύρου πέμπουσιν αὐτμήν,
οὐκέτι βακχευθέντος ἀφ' ὑμετέροιο καρήνου
μαρμαρυγὴν ῥοδόεσσαν ὀιστεύουσι παρειαί.
πῶς φορέεις τάδε πέπλα χυτῇ ῥυπόωντα κονίη;
355 πῇ μοι ἔβη Τυρίης βασιλῆα πέπλα θαλάσσης;
οὐκέτι γινώσκω σε μαραινομένοιο προσώπου.
πῇ Στάφυλος σκηπτοῦχος ἀνήλυθεν, ὄφρα νοήσω;
εἰπέ, τεδὼν γενετῆρα τίς ἥρπασεν εἰς μίαν ὥρην;
γινώσκω σέο πῆμα, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις;
360 φωνῆς ὑμετέρης οὐ δεύομαι: αὐτόματοι γὰρ
σιγαλέον σέο πένθος ἀπαγγέλλουσιν ὀπωπαί:
γινώσκω σέο πῆμα, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις;
δάκρυα σὰς ὀδύνας μαντεύεται, αὐσταλέοι δὲ
πότμον ἔμοῦ Σταφύλοιο τεοὶ βοῶωσι χιτῶνες.
365 ἐλπίδα δ' ἡμετέρεην φθόνος ἥρπασεν: ὠισάμην γὰρ
Ἴνδῶν μετὰ δῆριν ἅμα Σταφύλῳ βασιλῆϊ
χερσὶν ἀερτάζειν θαλαμηπόλον ἑσπέριον πῦρ,
βότρυος ἀγχιμάχοιο τελειομένων ὑμεναίων.'

[340] "Tell me, my lady, what trouble has changed your looks? I see you disordered, and I left you radiant. Who has quenched your unspeakable beauty? You show no longer the natural crimson glow on those cheeks once ruddy as wine! And you, ancient sir, hide not why you shed tears. Who has cut the flowing mass of your broad beard? Who has deranged that white hair? Who rent your garments? And you, son of Staphylos my friend, offspring of Methe your mother so fond of wine, why are your temples bare of the hair? What envious hand tore the curly locks? Your tresses no longer fall free over your shoulders, glossy like silver, breathing Tyrian frankincense, you no

longer hold revel, your cheeks no longer emit a rosy sheen from your face. Why do you wear these robes soiled with streaks of dust? Why do I not see your royal robes of Tyrian purple? I no longer know you with this desolated countenance. Where has Prince Staphylos gone, pray let me know? Speak! who has robbed you of your father even for an hour? I understand your trouble, even if you try to hide it. I need no words from you, for your looks alone silently proclaim your mourning. I understand your trouble, even if you try to hide it. The tears reveal your pains, your disordered dress cries aloud the fate of Staphylos my friend. Envy has robbed me of my hope; for I did think that after the Indian War I should lift the evening torches in my hands, in company of King Staphylos, to wait on the consummated wedding of Botrys the comrade of my battles!"

BOOK 19

έννεακαιδεκάτῳ Σταφύλου περὶ τύμβον ἐγείρει
Βάκχος ἐπὶ κρητῆρι θυώδεϊ τερπνὸν ἀγῶνα.
ὥς φαμένου βαρὺ κέντρον ἔχων νεοπενθέϊ θυμῷ
κοῦρος ἀφωνήτῳ σφρηγίσσατο χεῖλεα σιγῇ,
δάκρυσιν αὐτοχύτοις νικῶμενος: ὄψε δὲ μήτηρ
οἶκτρον ἔπος κατέλεξε Μέθη χαίρουσα Λυαίῳ:

BOOK XIX

*In the nineteenth, Bacchos sets up a delightful contest over the fragrant bowl
about the tomb of Staphylos.*

HE spoke; and the lad sealed his lips with unvoiced silence, his mind heavy with the pangs of new mourning, and gave way to a helpless flow of tears. At last Methe his mother spoke a piteous word of greeting to Lyaïos:

5 ὕμετέρης ἄγρυπνον ὀπιευτῆρα χορείης,
σὸν Στάφυλον, Διόνυσε, κατεύνασε χάλκεος ὕπνος,
σὸν Στάφυλον, Διόνυσε, Χαρωνίδες ἥρπασαν αὔραι.
δισσὸν ἐμοὶ βαρὺ πένθος ἐπέχραεν: ἀμπελόεις μὲν
Βάκχος ἐμὲ προλέλοιπε, πόσις δ' ἐμὸς ἔμπεσε νοῦσῳ:
10 καὶ ξυνήν μεθέπεσκον ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἀνίην,
καὶ Σταφύλῳ θνήσκοντι καὶ οὐ παρεόντι Λυαίῳ.
ἀλλὰ τεῆς, φίλε Βάκχε, πολυρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
δὸς μοι σείῳ κύπελλον ἐνίπλεον, ὄφρα πιούσα
εὐνήσω βαρὺ πένθος ἀπενθήτῳ σέθεν οἴνῳ.
15 ἐλπὶς ἐμοί, Διόνυσε φιλεῦιε, μοῦνον ὀπώρην,
μοῦνον ἴδω κρητῆρα, καὶ οὐκέτι δάκρυα λείβω.'

[5] "Staphylos your friend, Dionysos, the sleepless watcher of your dances, has sunk in the brazen sleep: Staphylos your friend, Dionysos, Charon's winds have carried away. A double burden of sorrow fell on me: Bacchos of the vine deserted me, my husband fell into sickness, and I cherished one common pain for both, Staphylos dying and Lyaïos far away. But give me, dear Bacchos, give me your cup full of your bubbling vintage; that I may drink, and lull my heavy sorrow with your sorrowconsoling wine! O Dionysos, my only hope, with your jubilant cry! Let me only see the vintage, let me see the bowl, and I shed tears no more!"

ὥς φαμένην ἐλέαιρε, κερασσάμενος δὲ κυτέλλῳ
ἱκμάδα λυσιμέριμνον ἀλεξικάκου πόρεν οἴνου

παῖδι νέῳ καὶ μητρὶ κατηφεί: καὶ πῖον ἄμφω
20 τερψινόῳ ῥαθάμιγγι μελίρρυτον ὄγκον ὀπώρης;
καὶ στοναχὴν πρήυνε Μέθη καὶ Βότρυς ἀνίην:
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπε γυιὴ θελξιφροني Βάκχῳ:

[17] He heard her words with pity; he mixed, and in a cup gave the young man and the downcast mother that winejuice which resolves all cares and drives away all trouble. Both drank the honey-flowing stuff of the vintage with its mindsolacing drops. Methe and Botrys quieted their groaning pain; and then the woman spoke to Bacchos the heart-enchanter:

‘ἦλθες ἐμοί, φίλε Βάκχε, φίλον φάος: οὐκέτ’ ἀνίη,
οὐκέτι πένθος ἔχει με Διωνύσοιο φανέντος:
25 ἦλθες ἐμοί, φίλε Βάκχε, φίλον φάος: ὑμετέρῳ γὰρ
δάκρυον ἐπρήνυα ποτῶ παιήονος οἴνου.
οὐ πόσιν, οὐ πατέρος στενάχῳ μόρον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοῦ
βότρυος, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, νοσφίσσομαι: ἀμφότερον γὰρ
Βάκχον ἔχω γενετῆρα καὶ υἷα καὶ παρακοίτην.
30 ἔσπομαι, ἣν ἐθέλῃς με, καὶ εἰς τεδὸν οἶκον ἰκάνω:
εἶην Βασσαρίδεσσιν ὁμόστολος: ἣν δ’ ἐθέλῃς,
κουφίζω σέο θύρσα καὶ ἱμερόεσσαν ὀπώρην,
χειλεσι δ’ ἡμετέροις ἐπιλήνιον αὐλὸν ἐρείσω.
χέρην μή με λίπης, μὴ διπλόον ἄλγος ἀέξω
35 καὶ φθιμένου Σταφύλοιο καὶ οἰχομένου Διονύσου.
βότρυν ἔχεις θεράποντα: διδασκέσθω δὲ χορείας
καὶ τελετὰς καὶ θυσθλα καί, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, μόθον Ἰνδῶν:
καὶ μιν ἴδω γελῶντα φιλακρήτῳ παρὰ ληνῶ
ποσσὶ περιθλίβοντα τεῆς ὠδίνας ὀπώρης.
40 γηραλέου δὲ Πίθου μιμνήσκεο, μὴ μιν ἐάσῃς
σῆς τελετῆς ἀδίδακτον ἢ ἄμμορον ἡδέος οἴνου.’

[23] “You have come to me, dear Bacchos, as a great light! Grief holds me no more, pain no more, now Dionysos has appeared! You have come to me, dear Bacchos, as a great light; for by your potion of healing wine I have quieted my tears. I mourn no more for husband, no more for a father’s death, even Botrys I will give up if it be your pleasure; for I have Bacchos as father and son both, aye and husband. I will go with you even to your house, if it be your pleasure. I would join the company of Bassarids. If it be your will, I will lift your sacred gear and your lovely fruit, I will press my lips to the hoboy of the winepress. Leave me not a widow, that I may not cherish a double grief, my husband perished and Dionysos gone! You have Botrys for a servant. Let him learn the dances, the sacred rites and sacred things, and if you please, the Indian War; let me see him laughing in the inebriated winepress treading hard

on the offspring of your vintage! Remember old Pithos, and leave him not untaught of your rites or without a share of your delicious wine.”

ὥς φαμένην θάρσυνε Μέθην γελώωντι προσώπῳ
Βάκχος ἄναξ καὶ τοῖα φιλακρήτῳ φάτο νύμφῃ:

[42] She spoke; Lord Bacchos encouraged Methe with laughing face, and thus he said to the wineloving queen:

‘ὦ γύναι, ἀγλαόδωρε μετὰ χρυσοῖν Ἀφροδίτην,
45 εὐφροσύνης δώτειρα ... τερψίμβροτε μήτερ Ἐρώτων,
εἰλαπίνης ψαύοντι συνειλαπίναν Λυαίῳ:
ἔσσο Διωνύσῳ στεφανηφόρος, ὥς Ἀφροδίτη,
ἄνθεσι μιτρωθεῖσα καὶ εὐαλδέσσι κορύμβοις:
στέμματα σῶν πλοκάμων τελέσει ζηλήμονα Νίκην.
50 οἶνοχόον τελέσω σε μετὰ χρυσόθρονον Ἥβην:
ἔσσεαι ἀμπελόεντι συναντέλλουσα Λυαίῳ
Βακχείων ὁμόφοιτος ὑποδρήστειρα κυπέλλων,
καὶ σε Μέθην καλέσουσι κόρον τερψίμβροτον οἴνου:
βότρυν ἐμῆς καλέσω λαθικηδέα καρπὸν ὀπώρας,
55 καὶ σταφυλὴν φερέβοτρυν ἀπὸ Σταφύλοιο καλέσω
ἡμερίδων ὠδίνα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ἔερσην.
οὐδὲ Μέθης ἀπάνευθε δυνήσομαι εἰλαπινάζειν,
οὐδὲ Μέθης ἀπάνευθεν ἐγὼ ποτε κῶμον ἐγείρω.’

[44] “My lady, giver of glorious gifts second only to golden Aphrodite, bestower of hearty good cheer,... the joy of man and the mother of love, sit at the feast beside Lyaïos as he touches the feast!

Be garlandbearer for Dionysos, even as Aphrodite, girdled with flowers and luxuriant clusters. The chaplets upon your hair shall make Victory jealous! I will make you pourer of wine, next after Hebe goldenthroned. You shall rise a satellite star for Lyaïos of the vine, ever by his side to serve the Bacchanal cups, and man’s joy, the surfeit of wine, shall bear your name, Methe. I will give the name of Botrys to the careconsoling fruit of my vintage, and I will call after Staphylos the carryberry bunch of grapes, which is the offspring of the garden vines full of juicy liquor. Without Methe I shall never be able to feast, without Methe I will never rouse the merry revels.”

ὥς εἰπὼν Σταφύλοιο μεθυσφαλέος παρὰ τύμβῳ
60 νηπενθῆς Διόνυσος ἀπειθέα θῆκεν ἁγῶνα:
καὶ τράγον εὐπώγωνα καὶ ἄρσενά ταῦρον ἐρύσας
διπλόα θῆκεν ἄεθλα, καὶ εὐφόρμιγγας ἐρίζειν
Πιερίκῃς ἐκάλεσεν ἀμιλλητῆρας ἀοιδῆς:

διπλόα θῆκεν ἄεθλα, καὶ ἀθλητῆρας ἐπείγων
65 Ἴδμονας εὐκελάδοιο λύρης μελιζατο μύθῳ:

[59] Such were his words. Then beside the tomb of reeling Staphylos, Dionysos the foe of mourning held a contest where no mourning was. He brought out a bearded goat and a vigorous bull and set them both as prizes, calling to the contest combatants well able to touch the harp in Pierian music; he set them both as prizes, and stirred up these athletes well acquainted with the melodious lute by making a courteous speech:

Ἄττικὸν ἐνθάδε κῶμον ἐγείρομεν: ἀθλοφόρῳ γάρ
ἀνέρι νικήσαντι λιπόχροα ταῦρον ὀπάσσω,
ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθέντι δασὺν τράγον ἐγγυαλίξω.’

[66] “Here we begin an Attic revel. I will give the glossy bull to the man who wins the victory, and the shaggy goat I will give to the loser.”

ὥς φαμένου Βρομίοιο λυροκτύπος ἄνθορεν ἀνὴρ,
70 Βιστονίης Οἶαγρος ἀθαλπέος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
πλῆκτρον ἔχων φόρμιγγι παρήγορον: αὐτὰρ ἐπ’ αὐτῷ
Ἀτθίδος ὕμνοπόλου ναέτης ἀνόρουσεν Ἐρεχθεύς.
ἄμφω δ’ εἰς μέσον ἦλθον ἀεθλητῆρες ἀγῶνος
φορμιγγων ἑλατῆρες: ἐμιτρώσαντο δὲ χαίτην
75 δαφναίοις πετάλοισιν: ἀνεζώννυντο δὲ πέπλους.

[69] When Bromios had spoken, up sprang a harper, Oiagros, a man of the cold Bistonian land, with the quill hanging to his harp. Hard upon him leapt up Erechtheus, a citizen of Attica the friend of music. Both moved into the midst of the assembly, competing as drivers of the harp. They had entwined leaves of laurel in their hair, and girt up their robes.

ἀρχόμενοι δ’ ἐλέλιζον ἐθήμονι δάκτυλα παλμῷ
ἐκταδῆς θλίβοντες ἀμοιβαίην στίχα νευρῆς
ἄκρα περισφίγγοντες, ὅπως μήτ’ ὄρθιος εἶη,
μή ποτε θηλύνειε παρειμένος ἄρσενά μολπήν.

[76] With wonted nimbleness, they began to twangle away, running their fingers over the tensed strings and plucking each in turn, then tightening the pegs at the end, to make sure that the pitch was not too high, and yet that it should not go flat and turn womanish the manly tune.

80 καὶ πρότερος κλήροιο τυχὼν τεχνήμονι ῥυθμῷ

Κεκροπίης ναέτης κιθάρην ἐλέλιζεν Ἐρεχθεύς,

[80] First the lot fell to Erechtheus of Cecropia; he twangled his harp, with a master's touch, for a song of his own country, and this is what he sang:

μέλπων πάτριον ὕμνον, ὅτι 'ζαθέαις ἐν Ἀθήναις
καὶ Κελεὸς ξείνισσε Βίου παμμήτορα Δηῶ
Τριπτολέμῳ σὺν παιδὶ καὶ ἀρχαίῃ Μετανείρῃ,
85 καὶ σφισι καρπὸν ὄπασσεν, ὅτε χθονὸς αὐλάκα νίφων
Τριπτόλεμος σπόρον εὔρε φερεσταχύων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
καὶ Κελεοῦ φθιμένοιο νεοδμήτῳ παρὰ τύμβῳ
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισι θαλυσιάς ἔστενε Δηῶ,
ἀλλὰ παρηγορέουσα πάλιν θελξίφρονι μύθῳ
90 Τριπτολέμου Βαρὺ πένθος ἀπέσβεσε καὶ Μεταίειρης:
οὕτῳ καὶ Διόνυσον ἐῷ ξείνισσε μελάρῳ
Ἀσσυρίων σκηπτοῦχος: ἄναξ δέ οἱ ἀντὶ τραπέζης
ὤπασεν Εὐία δῶρα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσας ὀπώρην,
καὶ Σταφύλου φθιμένοιο, φιλακρήτου βασιλῆος,
95 υἱέα Βότρυν ἔπαυσε φιλοθρήνοιο μερίμνης,
καὶ κινυρῆς ἀλόχοιο Μέθης εὐνησεν ἀνίην.'

[82] How in divine Athens Celeos entertained Deo the mother of all life, with Triptolemos his son and ancient Metaneira. Then how Deo gave them the corn, when Triptolemos found out how to scatter showers of seed from his chariot laden with ears all over the furrowed soil. And when Celeos died, how harvesthome Deo lamented beside the new built sepulchre with unweeping eyes, and consoling them again with heartenchanted words, quenched the heavy grief of Triptolemos and Metaneira. Even so the sceptred king of Assyria had entertained Dionysos in his palace, and the Lord had requited the table with his Euian gifts and the fruitage of the vine; then after Staphylos died, that tippling king, he took away the gloomy care of Botrys his son and soothed the sorrow of Methe his mourning wife.

τοῖα σοφὸς φόρμιζε λυροκτύπος: ἀμφὶ δὲ ῥυθμῷ
πάντες ὁμοῦ θέλγοντο: σὺν εὐθύρσῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
ἄρμενον ἱμερόφωνον ἐθάμβεον Ἀτθίδα μολπήν.

[97] Such was the lay of the harper poet, and all were alike enchanted with the music; they and the god with the thyrsus admired the Attic song with the lovely tones of the fit setting.

100 δεῦτερος αἰόλον ὕμνον ἄναξ Οἷαγρος ὑφαίνων,
ὥς γενέτης Ὀρφῆος, ὁμέστιος ἠθάδι Μοῦσῃ,

δίστιχον ἄρμονιην ἀνεβάλλετο Φοιβάδι μολπῇ,
παυροεπής, λιγύμυθος, Ἀμυκλαίῳ τινὶ θεσμῷ:
‘Εὐχάιτην Ὑάκινθον ἀνεζώγρησεν Ἀπόλλων,
105 καὶ Στάφυλον Διόνυσος ἀεὶ ζῶοντα τελέσσει.’

[100] Second, my lord Oiagros wove a winding lay, as the father of Orpheus who has the Muse his boon-companion. Only a couple of verses he sang, a ditty of Phoibos, clearspoken in few words after some Amyclaiian style: Apollo brought to life again his longhair’d Hyacinthos: Staphylos will be made to live for aye by Dionysos.

οὐ πω κῶμος ἔληγεν, ἐπεφθέγγαντο δὲ λαοὶ
εὐφήμοις ἐπέεσσιν ὁμογλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
καὶ Σάτυροι σμαράγησαν ἀολλέες: ἐκ δὲ θοώκου
ἄστατος ἄλλετο Βάκχος, ἄνω καὶ ἔνερθε τινάσσων
110 δεξιτερὴν, καὶ Βότρυς ἀνέδραμεν, εὐάδι φωνῇ
ἄρμονιην εὐρυθμον ἀοιδοπόλοιο γεραίρων:
Οἰάγρου δὲ κάρηνον ἄναξ ἐστέψατο κισσῷ,
καὶ γενέτης Ὀρφῆος ἐπιρρήσων χθόνα ταρσῷ
ἄσμενος ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἐδέξατο μισθὸν ἀοιδῆς:
115 ἀμφὶ δέ μιν στοιχηδὸν ἐπεσκίρτησαν ἐταῖροι.
καὶ τράγον εὐρυγένειον, ἄχος καὶ ζῆλον ἀέξων,
αἰδομέναις παλάμησιν ἀνείρυσεν ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης.

[106] Before the ceremonial was well ended, the people broke out into loud acclamations of propitious words with one voice and one tongue, and all the Satyrs roared. Bacchos leapt from his seat in haste, waving his right hand up and down; Botrys ran up, crying Euoi and applauding the musical harmonies of the harper. The Lord crowned Oiagros’s head with ivy, and the father of Orpheus stamped his foot on the ground, as he accepted with joy the untamed bull, the prize of the singing, while his companions danced round him in a row. The man of Athens carried off the bearded goat with shamed hands, full of sorrow and envy.

Εὐχάιτης δ’ Ἴοβακχος, ἀφειδέι χειρὶ κομίζων,
ἄξια θῆκεν ἄεθλα χοροπλεκέος περὶ νίκης,
120 γηραλέου κρητῆρα θυώδεος ἔγκυον οἴνου,
χρύσειον, ἄσπετα μέτρα κεχανδότα, διψάδι γαίῃ
ἱκμάδα τετραέτηρον ἀναβλύζοντα Λυαίου,
Ἥφαιστου σοφὸν ἔρπον Ὀλύμπιον, ὃν ποτε Κύπρις
ᾤπασε βοτρυόεντι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ:
125 μείονα δὲ κρητῆρα μέσῳ παρέθηκεν ἀγῶνι
ἀργύρεον, στίλβοντα, περίτροχον, ὃν ποτε Βάκχῳ

δῶκεν ἄναξ Ἀλύβης ξεινήιον οἰκία ναίων,
 ἀφνειήν παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ χθονίοιο μετάλλου
 ἄργυρέοις ἀγκῶσι μέλας λευκαίνεται κευθμών,
 130 τοῦ περὶ χεῖλεος ἄκρον ἐπ' ὀμφαλόεντι καρήνῳ
 κισσὸς ἔλιξ, χρυσέῳ δὲ πέριξ δαιδάλλετο κόσμῳ:
 τοῦτον ἄγων ἔστησε βαθυνομένῳ κενεῶνι
 ληνὸν ἔτι πνείοντα νεώτερον ὄγκον ὀπώρας,
 γλεῦκος, ἀνυμφεύτοιο μέθης ποτόν: οὐ νέμεσις γὰρ
 135 ἀνέρα νικηθέντα πιεῖν ἀμέθυστον ἐέρεσιν.

[118] Now Iobacchos with flowing hair brought out worthy prizes in his generous hand, offered for victory in the woven dance: a mixer teeming with old fragrant wine, a golden bowl which held infinite measures, spilling on the thirsty earth Lyaïos's juice of four years old. This was an Olympian work of Hephaistos the great master, which Cypris once gave to her brother Dionysos of the vine. A lesser bowl also he set before the assembly, solid silver, shining and round, which Bacchos had once received as a guestgift from the king of Alybe; who lived in the rich country where the black hole of the mines in the earth was whitened with silver nooks. Round the edge of the lip, on the bossy brim, was ivy twining over bunches of grapes in fine patterns of gold all round. This he brought and laid before them with deep belly still breathing the winepress, stuff of a younger vintage, must, a draught of unmated potation; for who would grudge a defeated man to drink of dew that cannot inebriate?

ἀλλ' ὅτε Βάκχος ἄεθλα μέσῳ στήριξεν ἀγῶνι,
 ἴδμονας ὀρχηθμοῖο καλέσσατο μάρτυρι φωνῇ:

[136] When Bacchos had laid his prizes before the company, he called out the masters of the dance with attesting voice:

ἥ τις ἀεθλεύσει κυκλούμενος ἴδμονι ταρσῶ
 νικήσας τροχαλοῖο ποδὸς κρίσιν, οὗτος ἐλέσθω
 140 καὶ χρύσειον κρητῆρα καὶ ἡδυπότου χύσιν οἶνου:
 ὃς δὲ πέσῃ σφαλεροῖο ποδὸς δεδονημένος ὀλκῶ,
 ἥσσονα δ' ὀρχήσαιτο, καὶ ἥσσονα δῶρα δεχέσθω:
 οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ πάντεσσιν ὁμοῖος: ἀθλοφόρῳ δὲ
 ἀνέρι νικήσαντι χοροῖτυπον ἀβρὸν ἀγῶνα
 145 οὐ τρίποδα στίλβοντα καὶ οὐ ταχὺν ἵππον ὀπάσσω,
 οὐ δόρυ καὶ θώρηκα φόνῳ πεπαλαγμένον Ἰνδῶν,
 δίσκον ἔς ἰθυκέλευθον ἀκοντιστῆρας ἐγείρων:
 οὐδὲ ποδωκείης τέταται δρόμος, οὐ δορὸς αἰχμῇ
 τηλεφόρου: Σταφύλῳ δέ, καταφθιμένῳ Βασιλῆϊ,
 150 ἀνδρὶ φιλοσκάρθμῳ, φιλοπαιγμονα ταρσὰ γεραίρω:

οὐδὲ παλαισμοσύνῃ μυιαλκεί δῶρα τιταίνω,
οὐ δρόμος ἵπποσύνης, οὐκ Ἥλιδός εἰσιν ἀγῶνες,
οὐ δρόμος Οἶνομάου γαμβροκτόνος: ἡμετέρῃ γὰρ
νύσσα χορός, βαλβίδες ἐπισκιρτήματα ταρσῶν,
155 χεῖρ τροχαλὴ καὶ σκαρθμός ἐλιξ, καὶ νεῦμα προσώπου
ἄστατα κινυμένοιο, καὶ αὐδήεσσα σιωπῇ
δάκτυλα δινεύουσα καὶ ὀρχηστήρος ὁπωπὴν.'

[138] "Whoso shall contend circling with expert foot and win the match of nimble steps, let him take both the golden bowl and the delicious wine that fills it; but whoso staggers and totters on moving feet, and falls, and proves the worse dancer, let him accept the worse prize. For I am not like every one else. To the prizewinner who conquers in the dainty beating of the dance, I will give no shining tripod and no swift horse, no spear and corselet stained with blood of Indians; I make no summons to marksmen for straight throwing with the quoit; this is no race for speed of foot, no sharp spear cast at a distance. In honour of Staphylos, the dead king, a man who loved the dance, I celebrate the sportive steps he loved. I offer no prizes for wrestlers with straining muscles; this is no race for horsemanship, no games of Elis, this is no course of Oinomaos with death for his goodsons. My turning-point is the dance, my starting-point the skipping feet, the beckoning hand, the pirouette, the nods and becks and glances of the expressive face, speaking silence, which twirls the signalling fingers, and the dancer's whole countenance."

τοῖον ἔπος φαμένου κερόεις Σειληνὸς ἀνίστη,
καὶ τριγέρων βαρὺθοντι Μάρων ἀνεπήλατο ταρσῶ
160 χρύσειον ἀστράπτοντα μέγαν κρητῆρα δοκεύων,
οὐχ ὅτι χρύσεος ἦεν ὑπέρτερος, ἀλλ' ὅτι μοῦνον
εἶχεν ἔνρραθάμιγγα παλαίτατον ὄγκον ἐέρησης
ἄκρου χεῖλεος ἄχρις: ἔρωσ δὲ μιν ἡδέος οἴνου
θῆκε νέον, πολιὴν δὲ βιήσατο Βακχιάς ὁδμή:
165 καὶ πόδας ἀμφελέλιζεν ἐῆς πειρώμενος ἀλκῆς,
μὴ βαρὺ γῆρας ἔπαυσε λελασμένα γυῖα χορείης.
καὶ ψυχὴν Σταφύλοιο γέρων μειλίζατο φωνῇ,
νηφάλιον λασίῳ προχέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι:

[158] When he had ended his speech, up rose horned Seilenos, and antediluvian Maron got up on heavy foot, with his eyes on the great mixer of shining gold: not because the golden was the better, but because this alone contained the oldest wine and the finest stuff, filling it to the brim. His passion for this lovely wine made him young again, and the Bacchic aroma was too much for his gray hair. He twirled his feet round testing his strength, to see if heavy old age had made his limbs forget how to dance. The old man tried to appease the

soul of Staphylos by the words that poured sober enough out of his shaggy beard:

‘εἰμὶ Μάρων, συνάεθλος ἀπενθήτοιο Λυαίου:
170 δακρυχέειν οὐκ οἶδα: τι δάκρυσι καὶ Διονύσῳ;
κύκλα ποδῶν ἐμὰ δῶρα ταφήια σῶ παρὰ τύμβῳ:
δέξο με μειδιώντα: Μάρων οὐκ οἶδε μερίμνας,
οὐ γόον οἶδε Μάρων, οὐ πενθάδος ὄγκον ἀνίης:
ἱμερόεις πέλε λάτρις ἀπενθήτου Διονύσου.
175 ὕλαθι σεῖο Μάρωνι, καὶ εἰ πῖες ὕδατα Λήθης,
δὸς χάριν, ὄφρα πίοιμι παλαιγενέος χύσιν οἴου,
Σειληγὸς δὲ νέης πῖετῳ νέον ὄγκον ὁπώρης.

[169] “I am Maron, comrade of Lyaïos who cannot mourn. I know not how to shed tears; what have tears to do with Dionysos? Reels and jigs are the gifts I offer at your tomb. Accept me smiling: Maron knows no cares, Maron knows not groans, nor the burden of melancholy sorrow. He is the lovely lackey of Dionysos who cannot mourn. Be gracious to your Maron, even if you have drunk the water of Lethe! Grant me this boon, that I may drink that store of old wine, and let Seilenos drink the new stuff of a new vintage!

καὶ Σταφύλῳ μετὰ πότμον, ἄτε ζῶντι, χορεύσω,
ὅττι χορὸν προβέβουλα φιλοκνίσαιο τραπέζης:
180 σοί, Στάφυλε, ζῶντι καὶ οὐ πνείοντι χορεύω
κῶμον ἀνακρούων ἐπιτύμβιον: εἰμὶ δὲ Βάκχου,
οὐ θεράπων Φοίβοιο, καὶ οὐ μάθον αἴλινα μέλπειν,
οἷα παρὰ Κρήτεσσιν ἄναξ ἐλίγαινεν Ἀπόλλων
δακρυχέων ἐρατεινὸν Ἀτύμνιον: Ἡλιάδων δὲ
185 ξεῖνος ἐγὼ γενόμεν, ἀλλότριος Ἡριδανοῖο
εἰμί, νόθος Φαέθοντος ὀλωλότος ἠνιοχῆος:
οὐ Σπάρτης ναέτης, οὐ πένθιμον ἄνθος ἀείρω
σείων ἄβρᾶ πέτῃλα φιλοκλαύτων ὑακίνθων.

[178] “I will dance for Staphylos after death, as if he were living, for I rate the dance above the steamloving table. For you I dance, Staphylos, both living and not breathing, and strike up a funeral revel. I am a servant of Bacchos, not of Phoibos, and I never learnt to sing dirges, such as Lord Apollo sang in Crete shedding tears for Atymnios the beloved. I am a stranger to the Heliads. I am alien to Eridanos, not connected with Phaethon the charioteer who perished; I am no burgher of Sparta, I wear not the mourning flowers or shake the dainty petals of the lamenting iris.

σήμερον, εἰ Μίνωι παρήμενος ἴσα δικάζεις,

¹⁹⁰ εἴτε καὶ ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἔχεις Ῥαδαμάνθυος αὐλήν,
 Ἥλυσιου λειμῶνος ἐν ἄλσεσιν ἄβρὸν ὁδεύων,
 κέκλυθι σεῖο Μάρωνος· ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἀντὶ κυπέλλων
 ἀσπόνδοις στομάτεσσιν ἐρεῦγομαι ἔμφορνα λοιβήν·
 ἴλαθι σεῖο Μάρωνι, δίδου δέ μοι οἶνοπα νίκην,
¹⁹⁵ νίκην πασιμέλουσαν· ἐγὼ δέ σοι ὑψόθι τύμβου
 σπείσω ἐμῶν χρυσέων πρωτάγρια καλὰ κυπέλλων
 ἀρχόμενος κρητῆρος ἐμῆς μετ' ἀέθλια νίκης.

[189] “To-day, if you sit by the side of Minos as an equal judge, or if you possess the flowery court of Rhadamanthys, and pick your dainty way in the groves and meadows of Elysium, listen to your Maron: instead of cups, without libation, I mouth out for you a drink-offering full of sense. Be gracious to your Maron, and grant me a victory of wine, the victory to be famous among all! Then I will pour over your tomb the first spoils of my golden cups, the first lovely drops from the bowl after I win my prize for victory!”

ὥς εἰπὼν ἐχόρευε Μάρων ἐλικώδεϊ ταρσῶ,
 δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο μετήλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,
²⁰⁰ σιγὴν ποικιλόμυθον ἀναυδεῖ χειρὶ χαράσσων·
 ὀφθαλμοὺς δ' ἐλέλιζεν ἀλήμονας, εἰκόνα μύθων,
 νεύματι τεχνήεντι νοήμονα ῥυθμὸν ὑφαίων·
 καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐτίνασσε καὶ ἤθελε βόστρυχα σείειν,
 εἰ μὴ γυμνὰ μέτωπα λιπότριχος εἶχε καρήνου.
²⁰⁵ οὐδὲ μὲν, οἷα γέρων Τιτήνιον αἶψα κομίζων,
 ἔγραφε φωνήεντι τύπῳ Τιτηνίδα φύτλην,
 οὐ Κρόνον ἢ Φάνητα παλαιότερον, οὐδὲ γενέθλην
 ἡελίου Τιτῆνος ὁμόχρονον ἥλικι κόσμῳ·
 ἀλλὰ λιπὼν ξύμπαντα καὶ ἀρχαίης χύσιν ὕλης
²¹⁰ οἶνοχόον Κρονίδαο σοφῇ ποικίλλε σιωπῇ
 Ζηνὶ δέπας τανύοντα καὶ ἀθανάτων χορὸν ἄλλων
 αἰὲν ἐπασσύτεροισιν ἐυφραίνοντα κυπέλλοις,
 ἢ ζαθέην προχέοντα κατὰ κρητῆρος ἐέρσην·
 ἦν δέ οἱ ἄρμονιή γλυκερὸν ποτόν· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
²¹⁵ νέκταρ ἄρνομένην ὠρχήσατο παρθένον Ἥβην·
 εἰς Σατύρους δ' ὁρώων Γανυμήδεος ἔγραφε μορφὴν
 χερσὶν ἀφωνήτοισι, καὶ ὅππότε δέρκετο Βάκχας,
 ἦβην χρυσοπέδιλον ἐχέφροني δαίκνυε σιγῇ.

[198] So saying, Maron danced with winding step, passing the changes right over left, and figuring a silent eloquence of hand inaudible. He moved his eyes about as a picture of the story, he wove a rhythm full of meaning with

gestures full of art. He shook his head and would have tossed his hair, but hair he had none; both head and face were bare. He did not what an old man of Titan blood might have done, show the Titan race in his speaking picture, not Cronos or Phanes more primeval still, nor the breed of Titan Helios as old as the universe itself: no, he left all the confusion of that ancient stuff — he depicted with wordless art the cupbearer of Cronides offering the goblet to Zeus, or pouring the dew divine to fill up the bowl, and the other immortals in company ever enjoying cup after cup.

His poet's theme was the sweet potion. Aye, he danced also the maiden Hebe herself drawing the nectar; when he looked at the Satyrs, with voiceless hands he acted Ganymedes, or when he saw the Bacchant women, he showed them goldenshoe Hebe in a picture having sense without words.

τοῖα Μάρων ἐχάρασσε πολὺτροπα δάκτυλα πάλλων,
220 καὶ ποδὸς εὐρύθμοιο σοφὴν ἀνεσεύρασεν ὀρμήν,
ἄσταθός τελέσας πολυκαμπέα μέτρα χορείης.
ἴστατο δὲ τρομέων, δεδοκήμενος ὄμματι λοξῷ,
τίς τίνα νικήσειε, τίς εἰς ἔδν οἶκον ἱκάνοι
μεῖζονα καὶ πλήθοντα μέθης κρητῆρα κομίζων.

[219] So Maron sketched his designs in pantomime gestures, lifting rhythmic feet with the motions of an artist, as he trod the winding measures of his unresting dance. Then he stood still trembling, and watched with shifty eye who should beat whom, who would go home with the larger bowl full of wine.

225 Σειληνὸς δ' ἐχόρευε: πολυστρέπτοιο δὲ τέχνης
σύμβολα τεχνήεντα κατέγραφε σιγαλή χεῖρ.
καὶ παλάμαις τότε τοῖος ἔην τύπος, ὥς ποτε πολλῇ
υἱέι Κυρήνης ἔρις ἔμπεσε καὶ Διονύσῳ
ἄμφι πότου, μάκαρες δὲ συνήιον: οὐ τότε πυγμῇ.
230 οὐ δρόμος, οὐ τότε δίσκος ἀέθλια: παιδὶ Φοίβου
ὄργανα κέῖτο κύπελλα μεμηλότα καὶ Διονύσῳ
καὶ δίδυμοι κρητῆρες, ὁ μὲν χρονίου χύσιν οἴνου,
ὃς δὲ φέρων νέα δῶρα φιλοπτόρθοιο μελίσσης:
καὶ Κρονίδης ἐκάθητο δικασπόλος, ἀθλοφόροις δὲ
235 ἄβρὸς ἀγών τετάνυστο μελισταγέος περὶ νίκης:
ὄργανα κέῖτο κύπελλα: καὶ, ὥς χρυσόπτερος Ἑρμῆς,
αὐτὸς Ἔρωσ ἐρόεις ἐναγώνιος εἰς μέσον ἔστη,
χειρὶ μιῇ καὶ κισσὸν ἔχων καὶ θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,
Βάκχῳ κίσσινον ἄνθος, Ἀρισταίῳ δὲ προτείνων
240 στέμμασι Πισαίοισιν ἐοικότα θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,

[225] Now Seilenos danced: his hand without speech traced the cues of his art in all their intricate mazes. This is what he acted with gesturing hands: how once a great quarrel arose between Cyrene's son and Dionysos over their cups, and the Blessed gathered together. There was no boxing, no running, no quoit in that contest: cups were the well-used tools ready for Phoibos's son and Dionysos, and a couple of mixingbowls, one containing old wine, one with the gift of the sprigloving bee all fresh. Cronides sat in the seat of judgement. The competitors had before them a luscious match for a honey drop victory; cups were the tools; and like another Hermes with golden wings, lovely Eros himself came forward to preside in the ring, holding in one hand both ivy and an olive-branch. He offered to Bacchos the flowering ivy, to Aristaios the olive-branch like the garlands of Pisa, the holy ornament of Pallas.

Παλλάδος ἄγνὸν ἄγαλμα. μελικρήτῳ δὲ κυτέλλῳ
πρῶτος Ἀρισταῖος κεράσας ὠδίνα μελίσσης
ῥεγεν ἄθανάτοισι σοφὸν ποτόν, ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
εὐφραίνων, καὶ ἔνειμε δέπας στοιχηδὸν ἐκάστῳ:
245 τοῖσι μὲν ἀρχομένοισιν ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἔερση
ὀξύτατος κόρος ἔσκεν, ἀρνομένων δὲ κυτέλλων
τὸ τρίτον ἡρνήσαντο, καὶ οὐχ ἦψαντο τετάρτου,
καὶ μέλιτος μέμψαντο ταχὺν κόρον: ἡδυπότου δὲ
ἄβροχίτων Διόνυσος ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσω
250 κούφισε δισσὰ κύπελλα καὶ ῥεγε δίζυγι παλμῷ
τὸ πρῶτον Κρονίδῃ, τὸ δὲ δεῦτερον ὥπασεν Ἥρῃ,
πατροκασιγνήτῳ τρίτατον δέπας ἐννοσιγαίῳ:
ἐξεῖς δ' ἅμα πᾶσι θεοῖς καὶ Ζηνὶ τοκῇ
τερπομένοις ἐκέρασσε, κατηφιόνωντι δὲ μούνῳ
255 μειδιῶν ἐτίταινε δέπας ζηλήμονι Φοίβῳ:
οἱ δὲ πολυσπερέεσσι νόον θέλγοντο κυτέλλοις,
διψαλέοι δ' ἔτι μᾶλλον αἰὲ γίνοντο πόντες,
καὶ πάλιν ἦτεον ἄλλο, καὶ οὐ κόρος ἔσκε κυτέλλων.
ἄθανατοι δ' ὀλόλυξαν, ἐπετρέψαντο δὲ Βάκχῳ
260 οἰνάδος ἡδυπότοιο φέρειν πρεσβῆια νίκης:
καὶ μεθύων ἀκίχητος Ἔρως, ὀχρηγὸς ἀγῶνος,
κισσῷ βοτρυόεντι κόμην ἔστεφε Λυαίου.

[241] First Aristaios made his mixture with the travail of the bee, and offered the immortals his mingled honey in the cup, a potion cleverly compounded; he passed the goblet to each in turn one after another, and made their hearts glad. But after a first taste of the bubbling liquid, surfeit came at once: a third cup was filled and declined, and they would not touch a fourth. They found fault with the honey for this quick surfeit. Then richly-clad Dionysos drew from his mixer, full of sweet drink, lifted two cups and offered one with each

hand, the first to Cronides, the second to Hera, then a third goblet to Earthshaker his father's brother. Then he mixed for the gods one and all with Father Zeus; they were all delighted, except disconsolate Phoibos alone, who was jealous, and the god smiled as he handed him the goblet. They enchanted their minds with cups in great abundance; drinking made them thirstier than before, they asked again for more, and could not get enough. Then the immortals loudly cheered, and gave Bacchos the chief prize for his delicious potion of wine. And Eros the ever-out-of-reach, the conductor of the game, drunken himself, crowned the hair of Lyaïos with a vine-and-ivy garland.

τοῦτο σοφῇ παλάμῃ κερόεις Σειληνὸς ὑφαίνων
δεξιτερὴν μὲν ἔπαυσε, πολυσκάρθμῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
265 ἓκ χθονὸς ἠώρητο καὶ ἥερι πέμπεν ὀπωπᾶς,
πῇ μὲν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ὁμόζυγα ταρσὰ συνάπτων,
πῇ δὲ διαζεύξας ἑτεραλκεί πάλλετο τέχνῃ,
ἄλλοτε πουλυέλικτος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο χορεύων
ὀρθὸς ἐπὶ πτέρναις ἐλικώδεϊ σείετο παλμῷ:
270 δεξιτερῷ δ' ἄγναμπτος ἐπεστηρίζετο ταρσῷ
δάκτυλον ἄκρον ἔχων ἑτέρου ποδός, ἣ γόνυ κάμψας
συμπερταῖς παλάμῃσιν ἢ ἑκταδίην πτύχα μηρῶν
Σειληνὸς βαρύγουνος, ἔχων ποδὸς ὀρθιον ὀρμήν:
καὶ πόδα λαιὸν ἄειρεν ἐπὶ πλευροῖο καὶ ὦμου
275 κουφίζων ἐλικηδόν, ὀπισθοτόνῳ δ' ὑπὸ τέχνῃ
καμπύλον ἠώρησεν ἐπ' αὐχένι ταρσὸν ἐλιξας:
καὶ βαλίῃ στροφάλιγγι παλιννόστοιο χορεῖης
ὑπτιος αὐτοέλικτος ἐκάμπτετο κυκλάδι τέχνῃ
πεπταμένην ἐπικυρτον ἔς ἡέρα γαστέρα φαίνων,
280 τὴν αὐτὴν στεφανηδὸν ἀτέρμονα νύσσαν ἀμείβων:
καὶ κεφαλῇ πεφόρητο παρήγορος, οἷά περ αἰεὶ
ἄπτομένη δαπέδοιο καὶ οὐ ψαύουσα κονίης:
καὶ ποδὶ λαχνήεντι πέδον Σειληνὸς ἀμύσσων
ἄστατος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα ποδῶν βακχεύετο παλμῷ.

[263] So horned Seilenos wove his web with neathanded skill, and his right hand ceased to move. Then fixing his gaze on the sky, he leapt into the air with bounding shoe. Now he clapt both feet together, then parted them, and went hopping from foot to foot; now over the floor he twirled dancing round and round upright upon his heels and spun in a circling sweep. He stood steady on his right foot holding a toe of the other foot, or bent his knee and caught it in his clasped hands, or held an outstretched thigh with the other leg upright, the heavyknee Seilenos! He lifted the left foot coiling up to the side, to the shoulder, twining it behind him and holding it up until he brought the sole round his neck. Then with a quick turn of the back-swerving dance, he artfully bent himself over, face up, in a hoop, showing his belly spread out

and curved up towards the sky, while he spun round and round on one unchanging spot. His head hung down as he moved, as if it were always touching the ground and yet not grazing the dust. So Seilenos went scratching the ground with hairy foot, restlessly moving round and round in his wild caperings.

285 καὶ τότε γούνατα κάμνε, τινασσομένου δὲ καρήνου
ὑπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησεν ἀρούρη:
καὶ ποταμὸς μορφοῦτο: δέμας δὲ οἱ ἔβλυνεν ὕδωρ
χεύμασιν αὐτομάτοισιν: ἀμειβομένου δὲ μετώπου
εἰς προχοὴν ἐπίκλυτον ἐκυμαίνοντο κεραῖαι,
290 καὶ ῥόθιον κορυφοῦτο κυκώμενον ὕψι καρήνου,
καὶ βυθὸς ἰχθυοὶς ψαμάθῳ κοιλαίνετο γαστήρ:
Σειληνοῦ δὲ χυθέντος ἀμειβομένη πέλε χაίτη
εἰς θρύον αὐτοτέλεστον: ὕπὲρ ποταμοῖο δὲ γείτων
ὄξυτενὴς σύριζε δόναξ δεδονημένος αὔραις

[285] At last his knees failed him; with shaking head he slipt to the ground and rolled over on his back. At once he became a river: his body was flowing water with natural ripples all over, his forehead changed to a winding current with the horns for waves, the turbulent swell came to a crest on his head, his belly sank into the sand, a deep place for fishes. As Seilenos lay spread, his hair changed into natural rushes, and over the river his pipes made a shrill tune of themselves as the breezes touched them.

295 αὐτοφυῆς. γλυκερὴν δὲ Μάρων ἀνεδήσατο νίκην,
ἀγκὰς ἔχων κρητῆρα βεβυσμένον ἠδέος οἴνου:
Σειληνοῦ δὲ χυθέντος ἀέθλιον, οἷά τε λοιβὴν,
ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα λαβὼν ἔρριψε ῥέεθροις,
καὶ προχοὰς ἐμέθυσε χοροπλεκέος ποταμοῖο,
300 χῶρος ὅθεν κρητῆρος ἐπώνυμος, ἡδυπότου δὲ
Σειληνοῦ κελάδοντος ἀκούεται Εὐϊον ὕδωρ.
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔλεξε Μάρων ποταμῇδι πηγῇ:

[295] But Maron crowned himself with the sweets of victory, and held in his arms the mixer stuffed with delicious wine; he took the silver bowl, the prize of Seilenos now a flood, and threw it into the river as a libation, where it intoxicated the currents of the dancing river. And so the place was named from the Mixer, and men still speak of the Euian water of murmuring Seilenos full of sweet drink. Then Maron addressed these words to the running stream:

‘οὐ σε Μάρων, Σειληνέ, Βιάζεται: εἰς σὲ δὲ ῥίψω
οἶνον ἐρευθιόωντα καὶ οἰνοδόκον σε καλέσσω.

305 δέξο, μέθης ἀκόρητε, τεὸν μέθυ, δέχνυσσο Βάκχου
 ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα, καὶ ἔσσεαι ἀργυροδίνης.
 εἰλιπόδη Σειληνέ, καὶ ἐν προχοῇσι χορεύεις,
 σεῖο ποδῶν στροφάλιγγα καὶ ἐν ῥοθίοισι φυλάσσεις,
 εἰσέτι κωμάξεις διερὸν τύπον· ἀλλὰ σὺ Βάκχαις
 310 ὕλαθι καὶ Σατύροισι καὶ οἰνοδότησιν ὀπώρας,
 Σειληνοὺς δὲ φύλασσε, τεῆς βλάστημα γενέθλης·
 ἀκροπότῃ δὲ Μάρωνι χαρίζεο, μηδὲ σε νίκησ
 ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτοντα καὶ ἐν ποταμοῖσι νοήσω.
 ὕδασι μᾶλλον ἄεξε Μαρωνίδος οἶνον ὀπώρης·

[303] “Maron does you no harm, Seilenos. I will cast the ruddy wine into you and call you the Cellarer. Accept your drink, tippler never satisfied, accept the silver bowl of Bacchos, and you shall have silvery eddies. Seilenos Twirlthefoot, you dance even in your current, you keep the spinning of your feet even in your waves, you revel still in your watery shape. Then be gracious to Bacchants and Satyrs and winegiving vintage, and guard the Seilenoi of your own race. Be generous to Maron who drinks no heeltaps, and let me never see that you still keep a secret grudge among the rivers. Rather let your waters increase the wine of Maron’s vintage, and be of one mind with Dionysos even among the rivers.

315 ἔσσο καὶ ἐν ποταμοῖσιν ὁμοφρονέων Διονύσῳ.
 νήπιε, τίς σε διδάξεν ἀρειότεροισιν ἐρίζειν;
 Σειληνὸς πάλιν ἄλλος, ὑπέρβιον αὐλὸν ἀμείβων,
 αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ εἰς ἔριν ἦλυθε Φοῖβῳ·
 ἀλλὰ ἐ γυμνώσας λασίου χροός, ἔρνεϊ δήσας,
 320 ἔμπνοον ἄσκον ἔθηκε, καὶ ὑπόθι πολλάκι δένδρου
 ἐνδόμυχος κόλπῳσε τύπον μιμηλὸν ἀήτης,
 οἷα πάλιν μέλποντος ἀσιγήτοιο νομῆος·
 καὶ μιν ἐποικτεῖρων μορφώσατο Δελφὸς Ἀπόλλων,
 καὶ ποταμὸν ποίησεν ὁμώνυμον· εἰσέτι κείνου
 325 Σειληνοῦ λασίοιο φατίζεται ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ,
 καὶ κτύπον ἠνεμόφοιτον ἐρεύγεται, οἷα περ αἰεὶ
 ἀντιτύποις δονάκεσσι μελιζομένου Φρυγὸς αὐλοῦ.

[315] “Foolish one, who taught you to strive with your betters? Another Seilenos there was, fingering a proud pipe, who lifted a haughty neck and challenged a match with Phoibos; but Phoibos tied him to a tree and stript off his hairy skin, and made it a windbag. There it hung high on a tree, and the breeze often entered, swelling it out into a shape like his, as if the shepherd could not keep silence but made his tune again. Then Delphic Apollo changed his form in pity, and made him the river which bears his name. Men still

speak of the winding water of that hairy Seilenos, which lets out a sound wandering on the wind, as if he were still playing on the reeds of his Phrygian pipe in rivalry.

καὶ σὺ δέμας μετὰμειψας ἀρείονι νεῖκος ἀνάψας
Σειληνῶ προτέρῳ πανομοίος. ἀλλὰ σὺ νύμφην
330 μηκέτι μαστεύσειας ἀσάμβalon ἡθάδα Βάκχην,
Βάκχην λυσιέθειραν ὄρειάδα: λυσικόμων γάρ
Νηιάδων ἀπέλεθρος ἐυφραίνει σε γενέθλη.
μηκέτι μαστεύσης ὀφιώδεα δεσμὰ Λυαίου,
ἐγγέλυας μεθέπων σκολιὴν ὠδῖνα ῥέεθρων,
335 καὶ στικταῖς φολίδεσσιν ἀρηρότες ἀντὶ δρακόντων
ἰχθύες ὑμετέροισιν ἐφερπύζουσι ῥέεθροις.
εἰ δὲ σὺ βοτρυόεντος ἐνοσφίσθης Διονύσου.
μᾶλλον ἐπολβίζω σε: σὺ γὰρ καὶ βότρυν ἀέξεις:
τί πλέον ἤθελες ἄλλο τεῶν θρεπτήρα ῥοάων
340 Ζῆνα φέρων μετὰ Βάκχον, ὅλης γενετῆρα γενέθλης;
ἀντὶ τεῶν Σατύρων ποταμῶν στίχες: ἀντὶ δὲ ληνοῦ
Ὠκεανοῦ κελάδοντος ὑπὲρ νώτοιο χορεύεις.
εἵκελον εἶδος ἔχεις καὶ ἐν ὕδασιν: οὐ νέμεσις δὲ
Σειληνὸν κομόωντα βοοκραίροισι μετώποις
345 ταυρεῖην κερόεσσαν ἔχειν ποταμηίδα μορφήν.’

[328] “So you also have changed your shape by challenging one better than you, just like the earlier Seilenos. You must no longer seek a barefoot Bacchant for your bride as before, that Bacchant of the mountains with flowing locks; you have now for your pleasure the innumerable tribe of Naiads with flowing hair. Seek no longer the snaky wreaths of Lyaïos; eels are what you have to do with, the wriggling travail of the streams, and instead of serpents there are fishes with close fitted speckled scales crawling in your streams. And if you have parted from Dionysos and his grapes, I hold you the happier; for you really make the grapes to grow! What more could you want, when you have after Bacchos now Zeus ° to feed your streams, the Father of all creation? Instead of your Satyrs you have your regiments of rivers; instead of the winepress you dance on the back of murmuring Ocean. Even in the waters you are like what you were: it is proper that Seilenos, once proud of his horned forehead, as a river should have the horned shape of a bull.”

εἶπε Μάρων: καὶ πάντες ἐθάμβεον ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ
Σειληνοῦ ζαχύτοιο κυβιστητῆρος ἰδόντες.
ἰσοφυῆς μίμημα πολυγνάμπτου ποταμοῖο.

[346] So Maron spoke; and all wondered to see the winding waters of Seilenos

the tumbling flood, the ever-turning river which was his very likeness.

BOOK 20

εἰκοστὸν μεθέπει φονίου βουπλήγα Λυκούργου,
εἷς βυθὸν ἰχθυόεντα διωκομένου Διονύσου.
λῦτο δ' ἄγων· Σάτυροι δὲ σὺν εὐθύρσῳ Διονύσῳ
βότρυς ἀφνειοῖσιν ἐναυλίζοντο μελάθροις.
τοῖσι δὲ δαινυμένοις ἐπεκώμασαν οἰνάδες ὦραι·
καὶ κτύπος ἦν τυπάνων ἐπιδόρπιος, ὅξυ δὲ σύρεγξ
5 ἀμφιλαφῆς ἐλίγαιεν, ἀρυόμενοι δὲ κυπέλλοις
οἶνοχοοὶ μογέεσκον ἄλωφῆτῳ παρὰ δεῖπνῳ·
καὶ πλέον αἰτίζεσκον ὀπάσοντας οἶνον ἀφύσσειν
δαιτυμόνες σαίνοντες· ἀνεσκίρτησε δὲ Βάκχη
κῦμβαλα δινεύουσα, φιλοσκάρθμοιο δὲ κούρης
10 ἄπλοκος ἀκρήδεμνος ἐσεῖετο βόστρυχος αὔραις.

BOOK XX

*The twentieth deals with the pole-axe of bloodthirsty Lycurgos, when
Dionysos is chased into the fishy deep.*

THE Games were over; the Satyrs with Dionysos of the thyrsus spent the night in the opulent halls of Botrys. The Seasons of the vintage joined in the banqueters' revels: there was banging of drums at that supper, the panspipes filled the place with their shrill tones; the servers were busy ladling wine into the cups at the unresting feast, and the banqueters ever kept coaxing the servants to draw more wine. The Bacchant leapt high, waving her cymbals, while the hair of the dancing girl shook in the breezes without ribbon and without veil.

καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις, καλέσας Σταφύλοιο γυναῖκα,
αὐχμὸν ἀποσμήξας ἐπεκόσμεεν οἶνοπι πέπλῳ·
καὶ Πίθου εὐρυγένειον ὄλον ῥυπόωντα καθήρας
ἀργεννῷ παλινόρσος ἀνεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνι.
15 ῥίψας πένθιμα πέπλα χυτῇ πεπαλαγμένα τέφρῃ·
οὐκέτι δ' αὐτοχύτοισι παρήια δάκρυσι δεύων
βότρυς ἀνεστενάχιζε, Διωνύσῳ δὲ πιθήσας
φωριαμοὺς ὥιξε θυώδεας· οἰγομένων δὲ
μαρμαρυγῇ σελάγιζε πολυγλήνων ἀπὸ πέπλων·
20 κεῖθεν ἐλὼν Σταφύλου βασιλῆια φαιδρὰ τοκῆος
δύσατο πορφυρέῳ πεπαλαγμένα φάρεα κόχλῳ,
καὶ θαλῆς ψαύοντι συνειλαπίναζε Λυαίῳ.

[11] The vinegod called the wife of Staphylos, wiped away the dirt and adorned

her with a wine-coloured robe. He cleansed broadbeard Pithos from the dirt which covered him, and threw away the mourning clothes soiled with smears of ashes, then dressed him again in a gleaming-white frock. Botrys lamented no longer or wetted his cheeks with helpless welling tears, but at Bacchos's bidding opened his scented coffers; as they opened, sparkling gleams came from robes covered with gems. From these he took out and donned the brilliant royal garb of Staphylos his father, steeped in purple dye, and joined Lyaïos at table to touch the feast.

τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισιν ἀνέδραμεν Ἑσπερος ἀστὴρ
φέγγος ἀναστείλας χοροτερπέος ἡριγενείης.
25 δαιτυμόνων δὲ φάλαγγες ἀμοιβαδῖς ἔνδοθεν αὐλῆς
ὕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο βαθυστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων.
καὶ Πίθος ἄλχι Μάρωνος ἀνήιεν εἰς μίαν εὐνὴν,
νεκταρέης εὐδομον ἀναβλύζων πόμα ληνοῦ,
ἀλλήλους δ' ἐμέθυσσαν ἴσην πέμποντες ἀντμήν
30 πάννουχον. Εὐπετάλη δέ, τιθηνήτειρα Λυαίου,
δαλὸν ἀναψαμένη καὶ Βότρυϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ
δισσὴν ἀμφοτέροις ἀλιπόρφυρον ἔντυεν εὐνὴν:
γείτονι δ' ἐν θαλάμῳ Σατύρων διχα, νόσφι Λυαίου,
ἀμφίπολοι στορέσαντο λέχος χρύσειον ἀνάσσει.

[23] While they were amusing themselves, the star of evening rose and rolled away the light of dance-delighting day. The troops of banqueters one after another took the boon of sleep, on piles of bedding in the hall. Pithos entered one bed with Maron, with drops still on his lips of the fragrant potion from the nectarean winepress; and breathing out the same breath they intoxicated each other all night long. Eupetale the nurse of Lyaïos lit a torch, and prepared a double bed strewn with sea-purple, for both Botrys and Dionysos. In a neighbouring room, away from the Satyrs and apart from Bacchos, the servants laid a golden bed for the queen.

35 Βάκχῳ δ' ἦλθεν ὄνειρος, Ἑρίς πολέμοιο τιθήνη,
ἄρμασι μιμηλοῖσιν ἐφεδρήσσοις λεόντων,
ῥεῖς εἶδος ἔχουσα, φιλοκροτάλοιο θεαίνης:
καὶ Φόβος ἡνιόχευεν ὄνειρείων ζυγὰ δίφρων
ἀντιτύποις μελέεσσι νόθος μορφούμενος Ἄττις,
40 καὶ θρόον ὀξὺν ἔχων ἀπαλόχροος ἄρσενι μορφῇ
ἡνίοχον Κυβέλης ἀπεμάξατο θήλει φωνῇ:
Βάκχου δ' ὕπναλέοιο παρεστηκυῖα καρήνῳ
φοιτὰς Ἑρίς νεμέσησε, καὶ ἐγρεμόθῳ φάτο φωνῇ:

[35] A dream came to Bacchos — Discord the nurse of War, in the shape of

Rheia the loverattle goddess, seated in what seemed to be her lionchariot. Rout drove the team of this dreamchariot, in the counterfeit shape of Attis with limbs like his; he formed the image of Cybele's charioteer, a softskinned man in looks with shrill tones like the voice of a woman. Gadabout Discord stood by the head of sleeping Bacchos, and reproached him with brawlinciting voice:

Ἕπνῳεις, Διόνυσε θεηγενές: εἰς ἔνοπλῃν δὲ
45 Δηριάδης καλέει σε, καὶ ἐνθάδε κῶμον ἐγείρεις:
μητρυνὴ δ' ὀρώσα τετὴν φύξηλιν Ἐνυῶ
Ἥρη κερτομέει σε, σὺ δὲ στρατὸν εἰς χορὸν ἔλκεις.
αἰδέομαι Κρονίῳνι φανήμεναι, ἄζομαι Ἥρην,
ἄζομαι ἀθανάτους, ὅτι μὴ κάμες ἄξια Ῥεῖης:
50 Τιτῆνων δ' ὀλετῆρα, προασπιστῆρα τοκῆος,
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἔχοντα κατ' οὐρανὸν Ἄρεα φεύγω,
ἀσπίδα κουφίζοντα διάβροχον ἡθάδι λύθρῳ:
καὶ γνωτὴν δέο μάλλον, ἀριστογόνῳιο τοκῆος
αὐτοτελῇ γονόεντος ἀμήτορα παῖδα καρήνου,
55 Παλλὰδα δειμαίνω κορυθαῖολον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
μέμφεται ἄρσενά Βάκχον ἀεργέα θῆλυς Ἀθήνη:
εἵκαθεν αἰγίδι θύρσος, ἐπεὶ ποτε Παλλὰς ἀγήνωρ
αἰγίδα κουφίζουσα πύλας ἔστεψεν Ὀλύμπου,
Τιτῆνων σκεδάσασα θυελλήεσσιν Ἐνυῶ,
60 πατρώου δ' ἐγέραιρε σοφὴν ὠδῖνα καρήνου:
καὶ σὺ Διὸς γονόεσσιν ἐπαισχύνεις πτύχα μηροῦ.
ἡνιδε, πῶς γελῶσι καὶ Ἑρμείας καὶ Ἀπόλλων,
ὅς μὲν ἀερτάζων διδυμον βέλος εἰσέτι λύθρῳ
ὑψιλόφων τεκέων πεπαλαγμένον Ἴφιμεδείης,
65 ὅς δὲ καταφθιμένοιο πολυβλεφάροιο νομῆος
ῥάβδον ἔχων ὀλέτειραν: ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὸν αἰθέρα φεύγω
μῶμον ἀλυσκάζουσα φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου.
θύρσους δ' ἡρεμέοντας ὀπιπεύουσα Λυαίου
μέμφεται ὀρχηστῆρι φιλοσκοπέλῳ Διονύσῳ
70 παρθένος ἰοχέαιρα, κυβερνήτειρα δὲ δίφρου
οὐτιδανῶν ἐλάφων, βαλίων ὀλέτειρα λαγωῶν,
μέμφεται οὐρεσίφοιτος ὀρειάδος ἐγγύθι Ῥεῖης
πορδαλίων ἐλατῆρι καὶ ἡνιοχῇ λεόντων.
παιδὸς ἐμοῦ Διὸς οἶκον ἀναίνομαι: ἐν γὰρ Ὀλύμπῳ
75 ἄζομαι αὐχέεσσιν ἀγαλλομένην ἔτι Λητώ,
ἰὸν ἐμοὶ τανύουσιν ἐὼν χραισμήτορα λέκτρων,
γηγενέος Τιτυοῖο ποθοβλήτοιο φονῆα.
καὶ διδύμαις ὀδύνησιν ἱμάσσομαι, ὅττι δοκεῦω
ἀχνυμένην Σεμέλην καὶ ἀγήνορος ἀστέρα Μαίης.
80 οὐ σὺ Διὸς τεκέεσσιν ὁμοίος: οὐ κτάνες ἰῶ

Ὡτον ἀπειλητῆρα καὶ ὑψιπόδην Ἐφιάλτην,
 οὐ Τιτυὸν περὶόεντι τεῶ κατέπεφνες ὅσοτῳ.
 οὐ θρασὺν Ὠρίωνα δυσίμερον, οὐ πρόμον Ἥρης
 Ἄργον, ἀεξικάκοιο βοοσκόπον υἱὸν Ἀρούρης,
 85 Ζηνὸς ὀπιευτῆρα βοοκραίρων ὑμεναίων:
 ἀλλὰ παρὰ Σταφύλῳ καὶ Βότρυϊ κῶμον ὑφαίνεις,
 ἀκλειῆς ἀσίδηρος ἐποίνιον ὕμνον ἀείδων:
 αἰσχύνεις Σατύρων χθόνιον γένος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
 Βακχιάδος ψαύοντες ἀναιμάκτοιο χορείης
 90 Ἄρεος ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐπετρέψαντο κυτέλλοις.
 ἔστι καὶ εἰλαπίνη μετὰ φύλοπιν, ἔστι χορεῦειν
 Ἴνδῳ μετὰ δῆριν ἔσω Σταφύλοιο μελάρων:
 πηκτιδὲς ἄψ αὔουσιν ἐνναλίην μετὰ νίκην:
 νόσφι πόνων οὐκ ἔστιν ἀνέμβατον αἰθέρα ναιεῖν:
 95 οὐ πέλε ρῆιδιη μακάρων ὁδός: ἐξ Ἄρετῆς δὲ
 ἀτραπὸς Οὐλύμποιο θεόσσυτος εἰς πόλον ἔλκει.
 τέτλαθι καὶ σὺ πόνους πολυειδέας: οὐρανήν γάρ
 Ἥρη σοὶ κοτέουσα Διὸς μαντεύεται αὐλήν.

[44] “You sleep, godborn Dionysos! Deriades summons you to battle, and you make merry here! Stepmother Hera mocks you, when she sees your Enyo on the run, as you drag your army to dances! I am ashamed to show myself before Cronion, I shrink from Hera, I shrink from the immortals, because your doings are not worthy of Rheia. I avoid Ares, destroyer of the Titans, his father’s champion, who lifts a proud neck in heaven, still holding that shield ever soaked with gore; and I fear your sister still more, selfbred daughter of a father of fine progeny, unmothered child of her father’s head, flashhelm Pallas, because Athena too blames Bacchos idle, the woman blames the man! Thyrsus yielded to goatskin, since once upon a time valiant Pallas holding the goatskin defended the gates of Olympos, and scattered the stormy assault of the Titans, thus honouring the dexterous travail of her father’s head — but you disgrace the fruitful pocket in Zeus’s thigh! Look how Hermeias and Apollo laugh — one brandishing two arrows yet stained with the gore of Iphimedeia’s hightowering sons, the other holding the rod which destroyed the dead shepherd of many eyes. Indeed I must leave my own heaven to avoid reproach for battleshy Dionysos. The Virgin Archeress denounces Dionysos the dancer, the friend of mountains, when she sees him leaving his thyrsus alone; she drives only a weak team of stags, she kills only running hares, she ranges the mountains beside Rheia of the mountains, and she denounces one who drives leopards and manages lions! I disclaim the house of my own son Zeus; for in Olympos I shrink from Leto, still a proud braggart, when she holds up at me the arrow that defended her bed and slew Tityos the lustful giant. I am tortured also with double pain, when I see sorrowing Semele and proud Maia among the stars. You are not like a son of Zeus. You did not slay

with an arrow threatening Otos and hightowering Ephialtes, no winged shaft of yours destroyed Tityos, you did not kill that unhappy lover bold Orion nor Hera's guardian Argos, the cowkeeper, a son of the earth so fertile in evil, the spy on Zeus in his weddings with homed cattle! No, you weave your web of merriment with Staphylos and Botrys, inglorious, unarmed, singing songs over the wine; you degrade the earthy generation of Satyrs, since they also have touched the bloodless Bacchanal dance and drowned all warlike hopes in their cups. There may be banquet after battle, there may be dancing after the Indian War in the palace of Staphylos; viols may let their voice be heard again after victory in the field. But without hard work it is not possible to dwell in the inaccessible heavens. The road to the Blessed is not easy; noble deeds give the only path to the firmament of heaven by God's decree. You too then, endure hardship of every kind. Hera for all her rancour foretells for you the heavenly court of Zeus."

ὥς φαμένη πεπότητο. θεὸς δ' ἀνεπήλατο λέκτρων,
100 φρικτὸν ἔχων ἔτι δοῦπον ἀπειλητῆρος ὄνειρου ...

[99] She spoke, and flew away. The god leapt from his bed, with the terrible sound of that threatening dream still in his ears.

καὶ θρασὺς ἄνθορε Βότρυσ, ἐὼν δ' ἔνδυνε χιτῶνα
Σιδονίης ἀκτῖνας ἀκοντίζοντα θαλάσσης,
καὶ χρυσέῳ συνέεργεν ἀρηρότα ταρσὰ πεδίλῳ:
ὥμοις δ' ἀκαμάτοις διμερῇ κληίδα φυλάσσω
105 φαιδρὸν ἀλιχλαίνων περονήσατο φᾶρος ἀνάκτων,
πατρῶην λαγόνεσσι βαλὼν ὑψηνοῖα μίτρην,
σκῆπτρον ἔχων. Σάτυροι δὲ δαφονήεσαν ἀπὴνν
πορδαλίων ἔζευσαν ἐπειγομένῳ Διονύσῳ:
Σειληνοὶ δ' ἀλάαζον: ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
110 θυρσοφόροι: στρατιαὶ δὲ συνήλυδες εἰς μόθον Ἴνδῶν
στοιχάδες ἔρρῶντο: καὶ ἔβρεμεν αὐλὸς Ἐννοῦς:
κεκριμένας δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες.
καὶ τις ὑπὲρ νώτοιο θορῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
εἰς δρόμον ἐσσυμένης λοφίην ἐπεμάστιεν ἄρκτου
115 λυσσαλέης: ἕτερος δὲ δασὺτριχα γαστέρα νύσσω
ἄγριον ἠνιόχευε καλαῦροπι ταῦρον ἀλήτην,
πλευραῖς ἀμφοτέραις κεχαλασμένα ταρσὰ συνάπτων:
ὅς δὲ δασυστέρνων ῥαχίης ἐπέβαινε λεόντων
αὐχενίων πλοκάμων δεδραγμένος ἀντὶ χαλινοῦ.

[101] Bold Botrys also leapt up, and put on his tunic shooting gleams of the Sidonian sea, and slipt his feet into wellfitting golden shoes. He threw over his

unwearied shoulders the royal robe of bright purple cloth, pinning it with a brooch; his father's proud girdle was round his loins and the sceptre in his hand. Satyrs yoked the panthers to the red car at the urgent bidding of Dionysos, Seilenoi uttered the warcry, Bacchant women roared, thyrsus in hand. The hosts gathered and marched line after line to the Indian War: Enyo's pipes resounded, the leaders arranged the battalions in their places. One mounted with an agile leap on the back of a furious bear, whipping the hairy neck as it rushed on its course; another astride on a wild bull gripped his two flanks with hanging feet, and pricked his hairy belly with his crook to guide the wandering course; a third rode on the back of a shaggy lion, and pulled the hair of his mane instead of a bridle.

120 καὶ μέγαρον πατρῶον ὁμοῦ καὶ κλῆρον ἑάσας
βότρυς ἐρευθήεις, τετράζυγον ἄρμα τιταίνων,
σύνδρομος ἡνιόχευε φιλοσταφύλῳ Διονύσῳ,
δμῶας ἔχων κατόπισθε: μέθη δ' ἅμα μητέρι νύμφη
λευκοχίτων ἀνέβαινεν ἐς ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπήνην,
125 καὶ ζυγίων Φασύλεια κυβερνήτειρα λεπάδνων
εἰς λόφον ἡμιόνων χρυσέην ἐλέλιζεν ἱμάσθλην:
καὶ Πίθος εὐρυκάρηνος, ὀπίστερον ἄρμα τιταίνων,
ἔσπετο θητεῦων καὶ Βότρθι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
οὐ μὲν ἔην ἀγέραςτος: ἔλὼν δέ μιν εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
130 Βάκχος ἄναξ ἔστησε μέθης ἐγκύμονι ληνῷ,
δεχνύμενον χυτὸν ὄγκον ἐυρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
ἄγγεσιν οἶνοδόκοις, ὅθεν οὔνομα τοῦτο φυλάσσων
πορφυρέῳ κενεῶνι πίθος παρὰ γείτονι ληνῷ
ἴσταται Εὐία δῶρα δεδεγμένος εἰσέτι Βάκχου,
135 σῆμα Πίθου προτέροιο: καὶ εἰ βροτέην λάχε φωνήν,
τοῖον ἔπος Σατύροισιν ἐρεῦγετο κῶμον ἀκούων:

[120] So Botrys quitted his father's palace and estate, clad in his purple, and driving his chariot-and-four by the side of grapeloving Dionysos, with slaves following behind. Methe his mother was in a mule-cart with silver wheels, and beside her was a white-robed maiden Phasyleia, who guided the team, flicking a golden whip over the mules' necks. Pithos the broadhead followed behind in his own car, to serve both Botrys and Dionysos. Nor was he left without reward. Lord Bacchos took him away into Lydia, and there set him over a winepress teeming with the heady liquor, to receive the poured produce of the juicy vintage in vessels fit to hold wine. And so the name Pithos was given to the purple hollow of the vat, winch to this day stands close to a winepress to receive the Euian gifts of Bacchos, a memorial of the ancient Pithos. If it had human voice it would bellow such words as these to the Satyrs when it heard the revel:

‘εἰμὶ Πίθος, προτέρωιο φερώνυμος, ἄγχι δὲ ληνοῦ
δέχνυμαι ἡμερίδων γλυκερὸν ῥόον· Ἀσσυρίου δὲ
λάτρης ἐγὼ Σταφύλου καὶ Βότρυος, ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
140 νηπιάρχους ἔθρεψα γέρων τροφός· εἰσέτι δ’ ἄμφω,
οἷα πάλιν ζῶοντας, ἐμαῖς λαγόνεσσιν ἀείρω.’

[137] “I am Pithos, named after the old one, and here beside the winepress I receive the sweet juice of the garden-grapes. I was the servant of Assyrian Staphylos and Botrys; I was the old nurse who cared for them both as children, and I still carry them both upon my hips, as if they were still alive.”

καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ἤμελλε μετὰ χρόνον ὅψ’ ἐτελέσσαι
Βάκχος ἄναξ. περὶ δὲ Τύρον καὶ Βύβλον ὁδεύων
καὶ ποταμοῦ θυόεντος Ἀδώνιδος εὐγαμον ὕδωπ
145 καὶ σκόπελον Λιβάνοιο καὶ ἔνδια Κυπρογενεῖς,
Ἀραβίης ἐπέβαινε, καὶ εὐόδμων ὑπὸ δένδρων
Νυσιάδος τανύφυλλον ἐθάμβεε δειράδα λόχμης
καὶ πόλιν αἰπύδητον, ἀκοντοφόρων τροφὸν ἀνδρῶν.

[142] But this Lord Bacchos was not to do for a long time to come. Now he marched past Tyros and Byblos, and the wedded water of the scented river of Adonis, and the rocks of Libanos where Cyprogeneia loves to linger. He climbed into Arabia, and under the frankincense trees he wondered at the ridge of Nysa with its dense forest, and the city built on the steep, the nurse of spearmen.

ἐνθά τις, Ἄρεος αἶμα, μαιφόνος ὥκεεν ἀνὴρ,
150 ἦθεσι ῥιγεδανοῖσιν ἔχων μίμημα τοκῆος,
ὀθνεῖους ἀθέμιστος ἀμεμφέας εἰς μόρον ἔλκων,
αἰνομανῆς Λυκόοργος· ἀποκταμένων δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἔστεφεν ἀνδρομέοισιν ἐὼν πυλεῶνα καρήνοις
εἵκελος Οἰνομάῳ καὶ ὁμόχρονος, οὗ ποτε δειλὴ
155 πατρὸς ἀνυμφεῦτοισι δόμοις ἐφυλάσσετο κούρη
χῆρη, γηραλέη, γαμίων ἔτι νῆες Ἑρώτων,
εἰσόκε Τανταλίδης, ἱππῆλατον οἶδμα χαράσσω,
ἄβροχον ἄρμα φέρων τετράζυγον ἐννοσιγαίου
νυμφίδιον δρόμον εἶχεν, ὅτε τροχοειδέι κύκλῳ
160 Μυρτίλος αἰολόμητις ἐπὶ κλοπῶν ἦνυσε νίκην
μιμηλῶ τελέσας ἀπατήλιον ἄξονα κηρῶ,
οἶκτον ἔχων καὶ ἔρωτα γοήμονος Ἴπποδαμείης·
καὶ δρόμος ἦν ἀνόνητος· ὑπ’ Ἡελίοιο δὲ δίφρῳ
κηροπαγῆς φλογόεντι τύπος θερμαίνετο πυρσῶ,
165 καὶ τροχὸν ἠκόντιζε λυθεῖς μινυῶριος ἄξων.

[149] There lived a bloodthirsty ruffian, the ferocious Lycurgos, a son of Ares and like his father in his own horrid customs. He used to drag innocent strangers to death against all right, and cut off with steel human heads, which he hung over his gateway in festoons. He was like Oinomaos and of the same age. Oinomaos kept his unhappy daughter unmarried in his house, without husband, growing old and yet unacquainted with wedded love, until Tantalides came scoring the highroad of the deep in Earth-shaker's fourhorse chariot unwetted. Then came his race for a bride; then cunningminded Myrtilos got him a stolen victory, by making for the wheel a sham axle of wax to deceive — for he was himself in love with sorrowful Hippodameia and pitied her. So the race was useless: under the burning chariot of Helios the waxmoulded model grew warm in the heat, the shortlasting axle melted and shot off the wheel.

τοῖος ἔην Λυκόοργος ὁμότροπος· ἀχθοφόρους δὲ
πολλάκις ἐν τριόδοισιν ἀλήμονας ἄνδρας ὁδίτας
δήσας εἰς δόμον εἴλκεν, Ἐνυαλίῳ δὲ τοκῇι
δαιτρεύων ἰέρευε· δαΐζομένων δὲ μαχαίρῃ
170 ἄκρα λαβὼν ἐπύκαζε κακοξείνους πυλεῶνας.
ὥς δ' ὅτε δυσμενέων μετὰ φύλοπιν ὀψὲ μολόντος
ἄνδρὸς ἀκοντοφόροιο νέης ἀναθήματα νίκης,
ἀσπίδες ἦ πῆληκες, ἐπεκρεμόωντο μελάθρῳ,
οὕτω καὶ φονίῳ παρὰ προπύλαια Λυκούργου
175 ἄκρα ποδῶν καὶ χεῖρες ἐπὶ ῥῶρηντο θανόντων.
καὶ φόνος ἦν· ξενίου δὲ Διὸς παρὰ γείτονι βωμῷ
ὀθνεῖοι στενάχοντες ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ,
οἷα βόες καὶ μῆλα, περιρραίνοντο δὲ βωμοῖ
σφαζομένων, στικτὴ δὲ κόνις φοινίσσετο λύθρῳ
180 δώματος ἀμφὶ θύρετρα· βιαζόμενοι δὲ πολῖται
ἀντὶ Διὸς σπεύδοντο θυηπολέειν Λυκούργῳ.

[166] Lycurgos was one of the same kind. Often when he met wandering wayfarers at the crossroads with loads on their backs, he had them bound and dragged to his house, and then sacrificed them to Enyalios his father; they were cut to pieces with knives, and he took their extremities to decorate his inhospitable gates. As a man who returns at last spear in hand from war with his enemies, and hangs up in the hall shields or helmets as trophies of a new victory, so on the blood-stained portals of Lycurgos the feet and hands of dead men were hung. It was massacre: at the neighbouring altar of Zeus, the Strangers God, groaning strangers were cut piecemeal like so many oxen and sheep, and the altars were drenched in the blood of the slain, the dust was spotted with red gore about the gates of the dwelling. The people under this tyranny made haste to sacrifice to Lycurgos instead of Zeus.

Οὐδ' ἔλαθες, Διόνυσε, δολορραφῆος φθόνον Ἥρης·
ἀλλὰ πάλιν κοτέουσα τεῇ θεόπαιδι γενέθλη
ἄγγελον Ἴριν ἔπεμπε δυσάγγελον, ὄφρα σε θέλξη
185 κλεψινόῳ κεράσασα δόλῳ ψευδήμονα πειθῶ·
δῶκε δὲ οἱ βουπλῆγα θεημάχον, ὄφρα κομίσσῃ
Ἀρραβίης μεδέοντι, Δρυαντιάδῃ Λυκοόργῳ.

[182] But you, Dionysos, did not escape the jealousy of trickstitching Hera. Still resentful of your divine birth, she sent her messenger Iris on an evil errand, mingling treacherous persuasion with craft, to bewitch you and deceive your mind; and she gave her an impious poleaxe, that she might hand it to the king of Arabia, Lycurgos Dryas' son.

οὐδὲ θεὰ δῆθυνεν: ἀμειβομένῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
Ἄρεος ἀντιτύποιο νόθην ἐψεύσατο μορφήν·
190 καὶ λόφον εὐπῆληκα διαθύσσουσα καρήνου,
δαίδαλους κροκόεντας ἐοῦς ῥίψασα χιτῶνας,
κερδαλέῳ θώρηκι καλύπτετο, μᾶϊα κυδοιμοῦ,
αἵμαλέῳ θώρηκι, καὶ ἐγρεκῦδοιμον ἀπειλῆν
ἄρσενά κερδαλέῃ βλοσυρῷ πέμπουσα προσώπῳ
195 γλῶσσαν Ἐνυαλίου τροχαλῇ μιμήσατο φωνῇ:

[188] The goddess made no delay. She assumed a false pretended shape of Ares, and borrowed a face like his. She threw off her embroidered saffron robes, and put on her head a helmet with nodding plume, donned a delusive corselet, as the mother of battle, a corselet stained with blood, and sent forth from her grim countenance, like a man, battlestirring menaces, all delusion. Then with fluent speech she mimicked the voice of Enyalios:

‘τέκνον, ἀνικήτου σπόρος Ἄρεος, ἧ ῥα καὶ αὐτὸς
Βασσαρίδων τρομέεις ἀπαλόχροα θῆλυν ἀπειλῆν;
οὐκ ἀπὸ Θερμῶδοντος Ἀμαζόνες εἰσὶ καὶ αὐταί,
οὐκ ἀπὸ Καυκασίῳ μαχήμονές εἰσι γυναῖκες·
200 οὐ θοὰ τόξα φέρουσι καὶ οὐ δονέουσιν ὀιστούς·
οὐ θρασὺν ἵππον ἔχουσιν Ἀρήιον: οὐδ' ὑπὲρ ὤμων
βάρβαρον ἡμιτέλεστον ἐλαφρίζουσι βοεῖην.
αἰδέομαι καλέων σε ποτὶ κλόνον, ὅττι γυναῖκες
δῆριν ἀπειλείουσιν ἀδερὶτῳ Λυκοόργῳ.
205 ἥρεμέεις, Λυκόοργε, κορυσσομένου Διονύσου;
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ πέλεν οὗτος ἄωριος, οὐκ ἀπὸ φύτλης
οὐρανίης βλάσθησε: Διὸς δέ μιν Ἑλλάδι φήμη
ἔμμεναι ἔπλασε μῦθος: ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα πιθέσθαι
ἀμφὶ τόκου Κρονίωνος, ὅτι βροτὸν ἄρσενι μηρῷ

210 υἱέα θῆλυν ἔτικτε πατήρ ἐμός ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς·
 μῦθοις ψευδαλέοις οὐ πειθομαι, εἰ βροτὸς ἀνὴρ
 Ζηνὸς ἐμοῦ τόκον ἔσχεν, ὅθεν βλάστησεν Ἀθήνη·
 Ζεὺς ἐμός οὐ δεδάηκεν ἀνάγκιδα παῖδα λοχεύσας·
 Ἄρεα σὸν γενέτην ἔχε μάρτυρον· εἶδες Ἀθήνην
 215 παῖδα Διὸς θήλειαν ἀρειοτέρεν Διονύσου.

[196] “My son, scion of invincible Ares, can it be that you too fear Bassarids and their tenderskin womanish threats? This is no new troop of Amazons from Thermodon, these are no warrior women of the Caucasos. They carry no swift arrows, they speed no shafts, they have no bold warhorse, nor over their shoulders do they hold the oxhide halfbuckler of the barbarians. I am ashamed to summon you to battle, when women cry havoc against Lycurgos who fears no havoc! Are you quiet, Lycurgos, while Dionysos is arming? He is a mortal abortion, not one sprung from heavenly stock. Son of Zeus — that is a fairytale of the Hellenes! I can’t believe all that about Cronion’s childbearing, how my father Zeus ruling on high brought forth a womanish son from his manly thigh! I believe no lying tales, that my Zeus who bore Athena has brought forth a mortal man! My Zeus never learnt how to give birth to a weakling son. Take the word of Ares your father. You have seen that Athena, the female child of Zeus, is stronger than Bacchos. —

τέκνον ἐμόν, μεθέπεις ἴδιον σθένος, οὐδὲ χατίζεις
 πατρὸς Ἐνυαλίου, καὶ εἰ πολέμοισιν ἀνάσσει·
 ἔμπης δ’ ἦν ἐθέλης, θωρήξομαι, οὐδέ σε λείψω
 μοῦνον ἐνὶ πολέμοισι· θεὰ δέ σοι, εἰ χρέος εἴη,
 220 γνωτὴ Ζηνὸς ἄκοιτις ὁμόστολος εἰς μόthon Ἥρῃ
 ἔσπεται υἱωνοῖο προασπίζουσα Λυκούργου ...’

[216] “My son, you possess your own strength; you need not your father Enyalios even if he is lord of war. Yet I will arm, if you wish, and I will not leave you in war alone; you shall have a goddess, if need be; Hera, sister and wife of Zeus, will go with you into battle to hold a shield before Lycurgos her grandson....”

‘... στήσω δ’ ὑμετέρου θεοδέγμονος ἔνδοθι νηοῦ
 θύρσους Βασσαρίδων, νόθα δούρατα· Βουκεράων δὲ
 Κενταύρων ἀτίνακτα κέραα μακρὰ δαΐζας
 225 τοξοφόρων Ἀράβων κεραελκέα τόξα τελέσσω,
 ὥς θέμις· ἑκταδίην δὲ ταμῶν δολιχόσκιον οὐρὴν
 Σειληγῶν λασίην τελέσω πλήξιππον ἱμάσθλην.
 ταῦτα μὲν εἰς σὲ φέρω μετὰ φύλοπιν· ἀπτολέμου δὲ
 Βάκχου ξανθὰ πέδιλα γυναικείους τε χιτῶνας

230 πορφυρέους καὶ θῆλυν ἐπ' ἰξυὶ κυκλάδα μίτρην
 γνωτῇ σεῖο δάμαρτι φυλάζομεν ἀφρογενεῖη,
 ἄρμενα θήλεα δῶρα: γυναιμανέος δὲ Λυαίου
 ἀμφιπόλων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐμοῖς δμῶεσσι συνάψω
 εἰς εὐνὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀναγκαίων ὑμεναίων,
 235 οἷα δορικτήτοισι πέλει θέμις: οὐτιδανοὺς δὲ
 ἡμεριδων ὄρηκας, ἐνέα δῶρα Λυαίου,
 θερμότερῳ σπινθῆρι δεδέξεται Ἄρραβιη φλόξ.

[222] “I will set up in your divine temple the rods of the Bassarids, their bastard spears. I will shear off the long horns unshaken from the oxhorned Centaurs, and make stronghorn bows for Arab archers, as it ought to be. I will cut off the long stretching tail from the Seilenoi, and make a hairy whip to beat horses. All these I will bring for you after the battle. But the yellow shoes of unwarlike Bacchos, and his woman’s dress of purple, and the woman’s girdle that goes round his loins, these I will keep for your sister-consort the seafoamborn, proper gifts for a woman. All the troop of attendants about womanmad Lyaïos I will mate with my slaves in forced wedlock, without asking a brideprice, as it ought to be with captives of the spear. Those worthless plants of the gardenvine, the gentle gifts of Lyaïos, fires of Araby shall receive with its hottest sparks!

καὶ βριαρὴ θεράπεινα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου
 Βασσαρίς ἀλλοίην ἐχέτω καὶ ἀήθεα τέχνην
 240 δώματα ναιετάουσα μετ' οὔρεα, δαιδαλέην δὲ
 νεβρίδα καλλείψασα δέμας κρύψειε χιτῶνι,
 καρπὸν ἀλετρεύουσα μύλης τροχοιδεῖ πέτρῳ:
 καὶ στεφάνους ῥίψασα, καὶ ἦν καλέουσιν ὀπώρην,
 ξυνὰ διδασκέσθω μελεδήματα διζυγί θεσμῷ,
 245 δμῶις ἀναγκαίῃ καὶ Παλλάδι καὶ Κυthereίῃ
 ἡματίοις ταλάροισι καὶ ἐννυχίοις ὑμεναίοις,
 κερκίδα κουφίζουσα καὶ οὐκέτι κύμβαλα Ῥείης.
 Σειληνοὶ δὲ γέροντες ἐμῆς παρὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης
 εὖιον ἀείσωσι, καὶ ἡθάδος ἀντὶ Λυαίου
 250 κῶμον ἀνακρούσωσι καὶ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Λυκοόργῳ.’

[238] “Let the sturdy Bassarid, who served Dionysos in the mazes of the dance, learn a new and unfamiliar art: leaving the hills for a house, dropping the dappled fawnskin and covering her body with a shift, grinding corn with a round millstone. Let her throw off her garlands and the fruitage as they call it; let her learn to combine two common services, as bond-slave both to Pallas and Cythereia, with work-basket by day and the bed by night, handling the shuttle instead of Rheia’s cymbals. Let the old Seilenoi sing Euoi beside my

festal board, and instead of their usual Lyaïos let them strike up a revel for Ares and Lycurgos.”

ὥς φαμένου μείδησε θεὰ χρυσόπτερος Ἴρις,
ψευδαλέην ἱρηκος ἐρετμώσασα πορείην.

[251] So he spoke, and goldenwing Iris divine smiled to hear; then went her way, paddling in the false shape of a falcon.

καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Λυκόοργος ἔην μαντεύσατο νίκην,
γινώσκων ταχὺν ὄρνιν, ὅτι περὰ φοίνια πάλλων
255 ἄδρανέας δεδάηκε πελειάδας εἰς φόβον ἔλκεν:
εἶδε γάρ, εἶδεν ὄνειρον ὁμοῖον, ὥς παρὰ λόχμῃ
χαιτήεις κεκόρυστο λέων λυσσώδῃ λαιμῷ
καὶ βαλίων ἐλάφων κεραὴν ἐδίωκε γενέθλην.
τοῖον ὄναρ νοέων ἐκορύσσετο θυιάσι Βάκχαις,
260 Βασσαρίδας κεμάδεσσιν ἀπειρομόθοισιν εἰσκων,
καὶ πλέον ἔλλαβε θάρσος, ἀναΐξασα δὲ δαίμων
νεύμασιν Ἥραιοισι προάγγελος ἦλθε Λυαίῳ,
ταρσὰ ποδῶν πτερόεντι περισφίγξασα πεδίλῳ,
ῥάβδον ἐλαφρίζουσα, καὶ ὥς Διὸς ἄγγελος Ἑρμῆς
265 Βάκχῳ χαλκοχίτωνι δολοπλόκον ἴαχε φωνήν:

[253] Lycurgos took this vision as an omen of his victory; for he recognized that the swift bird beating murderous wings knew how to scare away the feeble doves. For he had seen, he had seen another such dream, how a maned lion in the woods with ravening throat all ready gave chase to the horned generation of swift deer. With this dream in his mind he made ready against the frenzied Bacchants, thinking the Bassarids to be like prickets unacquainted with battle, and felt greater boldness than before. And Iris, by Hera's command, put the winged shoe on her feet, and holding a rod like Hermes the messenger of Zeus, flew up to warn Lyaïos of what was coming. To Bacchos in corselet of bronze she spoke deceitful words:

‘γνωτὲ, περισσόνόοιο Διὸς τέκος, ἔκτοθι χάρμης
ὄργια σείο κόμιζε φιλοξείνῳ Λυκοόργῳ.
λείπε μόθον, μὴ κτεῖνε φίλους, μὴ φεῦγε γαλήνην,
ἴλαθι μειλιχίοισι: τίς ἦπιον ἄνδρα δαμάσσει;
270 μῆδὲ τεοῖς ἰκέτησιν ἀναστήσειας ἔννω:
μὴ τεὸν ἀστερόεντι δέμας θώρηκι καλύψης:
μὴ κεφαλὴν σφίγξειας ἀερσιλόφῳ τρυφαλεῖῃ:
μὴ τρίχα μιτρώσειας ἐχιδνήεντι κορύμβῳ:
ἀλλὰ λιπῶν σέο θύρσα μαιφόνα, καὶ κέρας οἴνου

275 ἔμπλεον ἡδυπότοιο καὶ ἡθάδα ῥάβδον ἀείρων,
 εὖια δῶρα τίταινε φιλοσταφύλῳ Λυκοόργῳ:
 ἄρτι δέμας κόσμησον ἀναιμάκτῳ σέο πέπλῳ,
 ἄρτι μέολς πλέξωμεν ἀθωρήκτοιο χορείης,
 καὶ στρατὸς ἡρεμέων μενέτω παρὰ δάσκιον ὕλην,
 280 μὴ μόθον ἐντύνειε γαληναίῳ βασιλῇ:
 ἀλλὰ, βαλὼν πλοκάμοισι φίλον στέφος, ἔρχεο χαίρων
 εἰς δόμον ἀκλήιστον ἐτοιμοτάτου Λυκοόργου,
 ἔρχεο κωμάζων ἄτε νυμφίος: Ἴνδοφόνους δὲ
 θύρσους σείῃ φύλαζον ἀπειθεῖ Δηριαδῇ.
 285 οὐ μὲν ἄναξ Λυκόοργος ἀνάγκιδα θυμὸν ἀέξει:
 ἔστι γὰρ Ἄρεος αἶμα Διιπετές, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 πατρὸς Ἐνυαλίοιο φέρων ἐμφύλιον ἀλκὴν
 οὐδὲ τεοῦ Κρονίωνος ὑποπτήξειεν Ἐνυώ.'

[266] "Brother, son of Zeus Allwise, put war aside, and celebrate your rites with Lycurgos, a willing host. Let battle be, slay not your friends, do not refuse peace! Be gracious to the gentle; who will vanquish a humble man? Do not stir up strife against those who ask you for mercy. Do not cover your body with a starspangled corselet; do not enclose your head in a crestlifting helmet; do not entwine your hair with a garland of serpents. Leave your bloodstained rods behind; take your familiar staff and a horn full of your delicious wine, and offer Euian gifts to Lycurgos who loves the grape! Now dress your body in your unblooded tunic, now let us make melody for a dance without corselet, and let your army remain quiet near the shady wood that it may not offer battle to a peaceful king. No, put on your head the garland that you love; go in joy to the open house of Lycurgos ready to welcome, go in revel like a bridegroom, and keep your Indian-slaying rods for disobedient Deriades. You know King Lycurgos has no coward soul. He is the son of Ares with the blood of Zeus in him; in battle he shows the inborn prowess of Enyalios his father, nor would he shrink from combat with your Cronion himself."

ὦς φαμένη παρέπεισε, μεταχρονίῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
 290 αἰθέρος ἔνδον ἵκανε. δολοφροσύνη δὲ θεαίνης
 ἐγρεμόθους Διόνυσος ἑοὺς ἀπεσείσατο θύρσους
 καὶ κυνέην λοφόεσσαν ἑῶν ἀνέλυσε κομῶν
 καὶ σάκος ἀστερόνωτον ἐθήκατο: χειρὶ δὲ γυμνῇ
 πορφυρέης ἤειρε βεβυσμένον ἄγγος ἐέρσης,
 295 ὃξὺ κέρας καὶ βότρυν ἀπενθέα: μηκεδανὴν δὲ
 ἄπλοκον ἀμπελόεντι κόμην ἐστέψατο κισσῷ.
 καὶ στρατιὴν εὖοπλον ἐγερσιμόθους τε γυναικας
 ἐγγύθι Καρμήλοιο λιπῶν καὶ δίφρα λεόντων
 ἀβροχίτων ἀσιδηρος ἐκώμασε πεζὸς ὁδίτης:
 300 καὶ μέλος εὐφροσύνης ἐπιδόρπιον ἴαχε σύριγξ,

καὶ φίλιον σύριγμα συνωρίδες ἔβρεμον αὐλῶν
χεροὶ δὲ δινεύουσα φιλύια ῥόπτρα Λυαίου
Βασσαρίδς ἐσκήρτησε παρὰ προπύλαια Λυκούργου.

[289] So she cajoled him, and the shoes carried her high into the air. Dionysos deceived by the goddess threw aside his battlestirring rods, and doffed the plumed helmet from his hair, and laid down his star-spangled shield. In one bare hand he carried a vessel full of the purple juice, his pointed horn with the cheerful grape; he twined his unplaited hair with vine-leaves and ivy. His host under arms and his battlestirring women he left near Mount Carmel with the team of lions, and himself walked on foot to the festival in holiday garb without weapon. The panspipes sounded a cheeryheart melody of banquet, the double pipes whistled a friendly note, the Bassarid waved the Euian tambourines of Lyaïos and skipped before the gateway of Lycurgos.

καὶ θρασὺς ὡς ἤκουσεν ἄναξ ἀλάλαγμα χορείης,
305 αὐλοῦ μελομένοιο μέλος Βερεκυντίδος ἤχοϋς
καὶ καναχὴν σύριγγος, ἀρασσομένης δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
μαίνεταιο παπταίνων διδυμόκτυπα κύκλα βοείης:
καὶ θεὸν ἀμπελόεντα παρὰ προθύροισι δοκεύων,
σαρδόνιον γελῶν, φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν,
310 Βασσαρίδων ἐλατῆρι χέων ἄσπονδον ἀπειλήν:

[304] The bold king heard the jubilation of the dance, the hoboy's note and the Berecynthian tune and the noise of the panspipes, he saw the round tambourine beaten on both sides, and he was furious. When he beheld the vinegod near his porch, he laughed in scorn, and hurled an implacable threat against the leader of the Bassarids, in mocking words:

‘ἤμετέρων ὀράας ἀναθήματα ταῦτα μελάθρων;
καὶ σὺ, φίλος, κόσμησον ἐμὸν δόμον ἢ σέο θύρσοις
ἢ ποσὶν ἢ παλάμησιν ἢ αἱματόεντι καρήνῳ.
εἰ κεραοῖς Σατύροισι, κερασφόρε Βάκχε, κελεύεις,
315 ὑμέας ἴσα βόεσσιν ἐμῷ βουπλῆγι δαμάσσω.
τοῦτό σοι ἐξ ἐμέθεν ξεινήιον, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ,
ἢ θεὸς ἢ μερόπων τις, ὅτι προπύλαια Λυκούργου
ἡμιτόμοις μελέεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη Διονύσου.
οὐ παρὰ Βοιωτοῖσιν ἀνάσσομεν, οὐ τὰδε Θῆβαι,
320 οὐ Σεμέλης δόμος οὗτος, ὅπῃ νόθα τέκνα γυναιῖκες
ἄστεροπῇ τίκτουσι καὶ ὠδίνουσι κεραυνῷ.
σεῖεις οἶνοπα θύρσον, ἐγὼ βουπλῆγα τινάσσω,
καὶ σε διατμήξας βοέου κατὰ μέσσα μετώπου
ὑμετέρην ἐπικυρτον ἀναρρήξαιμι κεραίην.’

[311] “Do you see these offerings hung up before my mansion? You too, my friend, give me some decoration for my house, your thyrsus or feet or hands or bloody head. If you have horned Satyrs at your command, horned Bacchos, I will strike you all down with my poleaxe like cattle! There is my hospitable gift for you, that gods and men may tell how the gates of Lycurgos were festooned with the mutilated limbs of Dionysos. I am no Boiotian king, this is not Thebes, this is not Semele’s house, where women have labour by thunderclap and bring forth their baseborn children by lightning. You brandish a vinebound thyrsus, I wield a poleaxe; and I will cleave your oxforehead down the middle, and break off your curved horns!”

325 ὣς εἰπὼν ἐδίωκε Διωνύσοιο τιθήνας
θεινομένας βουπλήγι· φιλοσκάρθμων δὲ γυναικῶν
ἢ μὲν ἔης παλάμης ἀπεσεύσατο κύμβαλα Ῥείης,
ἢ δὲ φιλοκροτάλων ἀπεθήκατο τύμπανα χειρῶν,
ἄλλη βοτρυόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζεν ὀπώρην,
330 ἄλλη νεκταρέοισι συνωλίσθησε κυπέλλοις:
πολλαὶ δ’ αὐτοκύλιστον ἀπερρίψαντο κονίη
ἡδυμελῇ σύριγγα καὶ ἔμπνοον αὐλὸν Ἀθήνης.
ὥς δ’ ὅτε τις μετὰ χεῖμα γαληναίῃ παρὰ λόχμῃ
ἀννεφέλου Φαέθοντος ἰδὼν τερψίμβροτον ὥρην
335 ποιμῆν κῶμον ἔγειρε, συνωρχήσαντο δὲ Νύμφαι:
ἄφνω δ’ ἔκ σκοπέλοιο χύθη κυκλοῦμενον ὕδωρ
κύμασι πυργωθέντος ὄρεσιχύτου ποταμοῖο:
αὐτὰρ ὁ συρίζων ἀπεσεύσατο πηκτιδα χειρῶν
δαιμαίνων θρασὺ χεῦμα χαραδραίου ποταμοῖο,
340 οἶδαλέω μὴ μῆλα κατακρύψειε ῥέεθρῳ:
ὥς ὃ γε τερψινόου σκεδάσας ἀλάλαγμα χορείης
εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ἀνάμπυκας ἦλασε Βάκχας:
καὶ κλονέων ἀχόρευτος ἀλήμονα θῆλυν Ἐννώ,
θηγαλέον βουπλήγα φέρων, κειμήλιον Ἥρης,
345 χαλκοχίτων Λυκόοργος ἀτευχεὶ μάρνατο Βάκχῳ:
καὶ κέλαδον βρονταῖον ἐπέκτυπε δύσμαχος Ἥρη,
μητρυιῇ βαρυδουπος ἐπιβρίθουσα Λυαίῳ,
καὶ μιν ἀνεποίησε: βαρυζήλου δὲ θεαίνης
ὕψι κορυσσομένης ἐλελίζετο γούνατα Βάκχου:
350 ἔλπετο γάρ Κρονίωνα προασπίζειν Λυκοόργου,
αἰθερίου πατάγοιο τύπον βρονταῖον ἀκούων:
ταρβαλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι φυγῶν ἀκίχητος ὀδίτης
γλαυκὸν Ἐρυθραίης ὑπεδύσατο κῦμα θαλάσσης.

[325] With these words, he beat the nurses of Dionysos with his poleaxe and chased them away; and the dancing women — one shook Rheia’s cymbals from her palm, one put down the tambourine from her rattle-loving hands,

another shot away her bunches of grapes, another fell with the cups of nectar; many threw down melodious panspipes and Athena's breathing hoboy to roll over each other in the dust. As after storm, near the peaceful woods, a shepherd sees the delightful season of cloudless Phaethon, and wakes a revel while the Nymphs join his dance; then suddenly the water comes rolling from the rocks and the waves are piled up as the river pours down from the mountains, the whistler throws the pipes out of his hands, fearing the bold flood of the river in torrent lest it overwhelm the sheep with swollen stream — so Lycurgos scattered the happy jubilant dancers, and drove the Bacchants unchaperled to the high hills; he pursued them in no dancing fashion, that disbanded army of women; and in his armour of bronze, carrying the sharp poleaxe, Hera's treasure, he made war upon Bacchos unarmed. Now the cruel stepmother bore hard on Lyaïos — invincible Hera thundered loud and made him quake; the knees of Bacchos trembled, as the jealous resentful goddess armed herself on high. For he thought Cronion was fighting for Lycurgos, when he heard the thunderclaps rolling in the heavens. He took to his heels in fear and ran too fast for pursuit, until he plunged into the gray water of the Erythraian sea.

τὸν δὲ Θέτις βυθίῃ φιλίῳ πῆχυνεν ἀγοστῶ,

355 καὶ μιν ἔσω δύνοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο μελάθρου

χερσὶ φιλοξείνουσιν Ἄραψ ἡσπάζετο Νηρεὺς:

τὸν δὲ παρηγορέων φιλίῳ μειλιξατο μῦθος:

[354] But Thetis in the deeps embraced him with friendly arm, and Arabian Nereus received him with hospitable hands, when he entered within the loud-resounding hall. Then he comforted him with friendly words, and said:

‘εἰπέ, τι σοι, Διόνυσε, κατηφέες εἰσὶν ὀπωπαί;

οὐ σε χαμαιγενέων Ἀράβων στρατός, οὐ σε διώκων

360 θνητὸς ἀνὴρ νίκησε, καὶ οὐ βροτέην φύγγες αἰχμήν:

ἀλλὰ Διὸς Κρονίδαο κασιγνήτη δάμαρ Ἥρη

οὐρανόθεν κεκόρυστο συναιχμάζουσα Λυκούργῳ,

Ἥρη καὶ μενέχαρμος Ἄρης καὶ χάλκεος αἰθήρ,

τέτρατος ἦν Λυκόοργος ὁ τηλικός: ὑψιμέδων δὲ

365 πολλάκι σὸς γενέτης πρόμος αἰθέρος εἵκαθεν Ἥρη.

σοὶ πλέον ἔσσεται εὖχος, ὅταν μακάρων τις ἐνίψη,

ὅττι Διὸς μέγαλοιο δάμαρ καὶ σύγγονος Ἥρη

χεῖρας ἐὰς θώρηξεν ἄθωρήκτῳ Διονύσῳ.’

[358] “Tell me, Dionysos, why are your looks despondent? No army of earthborn Arabs has conquered you, no pursuing mortal man, you fled from no human spear; but Hera, sister and consort of Zeus Cronides, has armed

herself in heaven and fought on the side of Lycurgos — Hera and stubborn Ares and the brazen sky: Lycurgos the mighty was only a fourth. Often enough your father himself, the lord of heaven ruling on high, had to give way to Hera! You will have all the more to boast of, when one of the Blessed shall say — Hera consort and sister of mighty Zeus took arms herself against Dionysos unarmed!”

τοῖα παρηγορέων Βρομίῳ μυθήσατο Νηρεὺς.

370 καὶ χαροποῖς ῥοθίοισι καλυπτομένου Διονύσου

ἄσχαλῶν Λυκόοργος ἔς ὕδατα: ῥῆξεν ἰωήν:

[369] So speaking, Nereus tried to console Bacchos. And while Dionysos was hiding in the bright waves, Lycurgos indignant shouted aloud to the water —

‘αἶθε πατήρ με δίδαξε μετὰ κλόνον ἔργα θαλάσσης,

ὥς κεν ἀεθλεύσαιμι καὶ ἰχθυβόλων ἐς ἀγῶνα

ἀγρεύσας Διόνυσον, ὑποβρυχίων δ’ ἀπὸ κόλπων

375 Λυδὸν ἐμὸν θεράποντα τὸ δεύτερον εἰς χθόνα σύρω.

ἀλλ’, ἐπεὶ οὐ μάθον ἔργα θαλασσοπόρων ἀλιήων

καὶ βυθίης οὐκ οἶδα δολορραφέος δόλον ἄγρης,

Λευκοθέης ἔχε δῶμα βαθύρροον, εἰσόκε πόντου

καὶ σὲ καὶ ὃν καλέουσι μεταστήσω Μελικέρτην,

380 σύγγγονον αἶμα φέροντα: καὶ οὐ χρέος ἐστὶ σιδήρου,

οὐ χθονίου βουπλήγος ἀφειδέος, ἀλλὰ χατίζω

ἰχθυβόλων, ἵνα δύντες Ἐρυθραίης βυθὸν ἄλμης

ἐνδόμυχον Διόνυσον ἀφαρπάζωσι θαλάσσης:

[372] “I wish my father had taught me not war alone, but how to deal with the sea! Then I would take a turn at the fishermen’s game, and fish for Dionysos, and drag this Lydian out of the bosom of the deep to land again for my servant! But since I have not learnt the work of seafaring fishers, and know nothing of the tricks of hunting in the deep with a cunning mesh of nets, you may have Leucothea’s house in the watery deep, until I can dislodge both you and Melicertes as they call him, another of your kin. I want no steel for that, or this merciless poleaxe which belongs to the land. I want fishermen, to dive into the depth of the Erythraian brine and drag Dionysos from his refuge in the sea.

ἰχθυβόλοι, Νηρῆος ἐρευνητῆρες ἐναύλων,

385 δίκτυα μὴ νεπόμεσιν ἐφαπλώσῃτε θαλάσσης,

ἀλλὰ λίνοις Διόνυσον ἐρύσσετε: Λευκοθέη δὲ

εἰς χθόνα νοστήσειε συναγρευθεῖσα Λυαίῳ,

καὶ θρασὺς εἰς ἐμὸν οἶκον ὁμαρτήσειε Παλαίμων

ἄβρέκτοις μελέεσσιν ὑποδρήσων Λυκοόργῳ,
390 ὄφρα λιπὼν Ἐφύρειον ἀλιτρεφέων δρόμον ἵππων
δίφρον ἐμὸν ζεύξειεν ἐπιχθονίῃ παρὰ φάτνῃ,
αὐτὸς ὁμοῦ καὶ Βάκχος ὁπάονες: εἷς δόμος ἔστω,
εἷς δόμος ἀμφοτέροισι, Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ.’

[384] “Ho Fishermen! searchers of the haunts of Nereus! Spread not your nets for the denizens of the deep, but haul out Dionysos in the meshes! Let Leucothea be caught along with Lyaïos, and let her come back to the land; let bold Palaimon come with them to my house, let him dry his body and be slave to Lycurgos! Then he may leave the courses of his seabred horses round Ephyreia, and yoke my car beside a terrestrial manger, he and Bacchos grooms together. Let there be one house — one house for both, Palaimon and Dionysos.”

ὥς εἰπὼν κεχόλωτο, καὶ ἠπειλήσε θαλάσση
395 καὶ πολὺν Νηρῆϊ, καὶ ἤθελε πόντον ἱμάσσειν.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ ἰάχησεν ἀμαιμακέτῳ Λυκοόργῳ:

[394] Thus full of fury he railed at the sea, and hoary Nereus, and wished to flog the deep. But Father Zeus cried aloud to Lycurgos in his raging —

‘ἄφραίνεις, Λυκοόργε, μάτην ἀνέμοισιν ἐρίζων:
χάζεο σοῖσι πόδεσσιν, ἔως ὁρώσιν ὅπῳπαί.
ἔκλυες, ὥς τὸ πάροιθεν ὀρεσσιχύτῳ παρὰ πηγῇ
400 γυμνὴ Τειρεσίας θηήσατο μοῦνον Ἀθήνην,
οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἄειρε καὶ οὐ πολέμιζε θεαίνῃ.
ἔμπης μοῦνον ὅπῳπε καὶ ὤλεσε φέγγος ὅπῳπῆς.’

[397] “You are mad, Lycurgos, you challenge the winds in vain! Away on your feet, while your eyes can still see! You have heard how a while ago by a trickling spring in the mountains Teiresias only saw Athena naked — he lifted no furious spear and made no attack on the goddess, he only saw, and yet lost the sight of his eyes.”

τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε δι’ ἠέρος ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
δυσσεβίην ὑπέροπλον ὀπιπεύων Λυκοόργου.

[403] Such was the rebuke of Zeus who rules on high, spoken through the air when he saw the outrageous impiety of Lycurgos.

BOOK 21

εἰκοστὸν πρῶτιστον ἔχει χόλον ἐννοσιγαίου
καὶ μόθον Ἀμβροσίης ῥηξήνορα καὶ λόχον Ἴνδῶν.
οὐδὲ Δρυαντιάδης προτέρης ἐπελήσατο χάρμης:
ἀλλὰ λαβὼν βουπλήγα τὸ δεύτερον ἐνδοθὶ λόχμης ...
ἔθνεα Βασσαρίδων διζήμενος. Ἀμβροσίῃ δὲ
δῶκε μένος καὶ θάρσος ἀρειμανὲς οὐράνιος Ζεὺς,
5 ἥ τότε βακχευθεῖσα κατάσχετος οἶδματι λύσσης
μάρμαρον ἤέρταζε, καταιχμάζουσα Λυκούργου,
καὶ βριαρὴν τρυφάλειαν ἀπεστυφέλιξε κομῶν.
αὐτὰρ ὁ θαρσήμενος ἐπεμάρνατο μείζονι πέτρῳ
τρηχάλῳ, καὶ στέρνα βοώπιδος ἥλασε Νύμφης:
10 οὐδὲ μιν ἐπρήνιξε, χόλῳ δ' ἀνενείκατο φωνήν:

BOOK XXI

The twenty-first contains Earthshaker's wrath, and the man-breaking battle of Ambrosia, and the Indian ambush.

NOR did Dryas' son forget the first combat. He seized the poleaxe, and a second time went in search of the troops of Bassarids in the forest. But heavenly Zeus gave courage and warlike boldness to Ambrosia, and then possessed of a wave of wild madness she raised a stone and hurled it at Lycurgos, knocking off the ponderous helmet from his locks. But he boldly attacked with a larger stone all jagged, and drove at the chest of the soft-eyed nymph. He did not overthrow her however, and he cried out in rage —

Ἄρες, ἄναξ πολέμοιο, πάτερ κρατεροῖο Λυκούργου,
αἰδόμενος σκοπιάζε τεδὸν γόνον ἀντὶ Λυαίου
οὐτιδανὴν ἀσιδήρον ὀιστεύοντα γυναῖκα.
πόντος ἑμὸν βουπλήγα βιάζεται: ἐν ῥοθίοις γάρ
15 κρύπτετο μὲν Διόνυσος, ἐγὼ δ' ἄπρηκτος ὁδεύων
ἴξομαι εἰς ἑμὸν ἄστυ, πόνον δ' ἀτέλεστον ἀνήσω.'

[11] "Ares, lord of war, father of strong Lycurgos! Can you see without shame your son attacking a weak unarmed woman, instead of Lyaïos? The sea is too strong for my poleaxe, for Dionysos was hidden in the waves; I have had my journey in vain, and I will return to my own city, and leave my task unfinished."

ἐννεπεν: Ἀμβροσίην δὲ μέσῃν γυιαλκεί δεσμῷ
χερὶ λαβὼν ἐπίεξε: καὶ ἤθελε δεσμὰ καθάψαι,

οἷα δορικτῆτην μετανάστιον εἰς δόμον ἔλκων,
20 παιδοκόμον Βρομίοιο φέρων θιασώδεα Νύμφην,
ἀμφιτόμῳ βουπλῆγι μετάρρυνα δούλια νύσσων.
οὐ δέ μιν ἴσταμένην ἀνεσεύρασεν, οὐδέ ἐ λύθρω
ἀρτιχύτῳ φοίνιξεν ἀρασσομένοιο καρήνου:
ἀλλὰ φύγε θρασὺν ἄνδρα καὶ εὖξατο μητέρι Γαίῃ
25 ἀμβροσίῃ κροκόπεπλος, ὅπως Λυκόοργον ἀλύξῃ.
γαῖα δὲ καρποτόκεια πετασσομένη κενεῶνα
ἀμφίπολον Βρομίοιο φιλήτορι δέξατο κόλπω
ἀμβροσίην ζώουσιν: αἰστωθεῖσα δὲ Νύμφη
εἰς φυτὸν εἶδος ἄμειψε καὶ ἀμπελόεις πέλεν ὄρπηξ:
30 σειρὴν δ' αὐτοέλικτον ἐπιπλέξασα Λυκούργου
ἀγχοनीῳ σφήκωσεν ὁμόζυγον αὐχένα δεσμῶ,
μαρναμένη μετὰ θύρσον ἀπειλητῆρι κορύμβῳ.

[17] He spoke, and seizing Ambrosia round the waist he held her fast in his limb-compressing hands; he wished to throw her into bonds and to drag her to his house like a captive foreigner, to drive off a nymph from the company of Bromios's nurses, pricking her slave's back with the doubleheaded poleaxe. But she stood, and he could not drag her away, nor could he smash her skull in a mess of blood. Saffronrobe Ambrosia fled the bold man and prayed to Mother Earth to save her from Lycurgos. And the Earth, mother of all fruits, opened a gulf, and received Ambrosia the nurse of Bromios alive in a loving embrace. The nymph disappeared and changed her shape to a plant — she became a vine-shoot, which of itself coiled its winding cord round the neck of Lycurgos and throttled him with a tight noose, battling now with threatening clusters as once with the thyrsus.

καὶ φυτὸν αὐδῆεν ζαμενῆς ποιήσατο Ῥεῖη
ἡμερίδων βασιλῆϊ χαρίζομένη Διονύσω:
35 ἀμβροσίῃ δ' ὁλόλυξε καὶ ἔμπνοον ἴαχε φωνήν:

[33] Rheia indignant gave a voice to the plant, that she might show her favour to Dionysos king of garden vines; so Ambrosia uttered a breathing voice and shrilled high and loud:

‘οὐδέ, φυτὸν περ ἐοῦσα, τέην ποτε δῆριν ἀλύξω,
σὸν δέμας οὐτήσω καὶ ἐν ἔρνεσιν, ἀντὶ δὲ σειρής
χαλκείης ἀλύτοις σε περισφίγξαιμι πετήλοις:
εἰς σὲ καὶ ἀμπελόεσσα κορύσσομαι, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ:
40 ‘Βασσαρίδες κτείνουσι καὶ ἐν πετάλοισι φονῆας.’
φυταλιάς πεφύλαξο μαχήμονας: ἀντιβίους γὰρ
ἡμερίδες βάλλουσι καὶ αἰχμάζουσιν ὀπῶραι.

σοὶ μαχόμεν ζώουσα καὶ ὀλλυμένη σε δαμάσσω:
οὕτω ἀριστεύουσι Διωνύσοιο τιθῆναι.
45 ἔκλυες εἰναλίην ἔχενηίδα, πῶς ἐνὶ πόντῳ
ἰχθὺς βαιὸς ἀναλκίς ἐπέχραε πολλάκι ναύταις
ἅψ ἀνασειράζων, ὀλίγῳ δ' ὑπὸ χάσματι λαιμοῦ
μηκεδανὴν ἀνέκοψε κατάσχετον ὀλκάδα δεσμῶ;
δέξο με χερσαίην ἔχενηίδα, δέξο πετῆλων
50 αὐτοπέδην ἀσίδηρον ἐρισταφύλοιο κυδοιμοῦ.
μίμνε μοι, αὐτόθι μίμνε δεδεγμένος ὑῖα Θυῶνης,
εἰσόκε νοστήσειε θαλασσαιῶν ἀπὸ κόλπων.'

[36] "Never will I cease to fight with you, plant though I am! Even as one of the world of plants I will wound you! I have no brazen chain, but I will choke you with inextricable leaves! I will attack you although a vine, that people may say —

'Bassarids kill murderers, even when they are part of the world of leaves!' You have to fear even vegetable warriors, for vines can shoot their enemies, and grapes can stab them! I fought you alive, and dead I will vanquish you. See how the nurses of Dionysos play the heroes! Have you heard of the seafish called hold the ship, how in the sea a little weak creature has often attacked a crew, pulls back their vessels, and with a small gaping mouth holds up a long freightship firm and fast? Here I am, your hold the ship on land! Here are my leaves, with a selfacting fetter not made of steel, for the battle of the valiant vine! Stand, I say, stand and wait for the son of Thyone, when he shall return from the bosom of the sea!"

τοῖα μὲν ἄμπελόεσσα κορυμβοφόρῳ φάτο φωνῇ
ἀμβροσίῃ τανύφυλλος, ἀρασσομένοιο Λυκούργου:
55 καὶ χλοεροῖς δεσμοῖσι κατάσχετος ἄγριος ἀνήρ
ἄρραγέων ἀτίνακτος ἀλυκτοπέδησι πετῆλων
ἀμφιπαγῆς ἀλάλαζεν ἀπειλείων Διονύσῳ:
οὐδὲ φυγεῖν σθένος εἶχε, μάτην δ' ἐτίνασεν ἀνάγκη
οὐτιδαναῖς ἐλίκεσσι περίπλοκον ἀνθερεῶνα:
60 οὐδὲ δι' ἀσφαράγοιο μέση πορθμεύετο φωνή
θλιβομένου στεφανηδόν: ἐκυκλώσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
αὐχένα μιτρωθέντα μέσον πνικτῆρι κορύμβῳ.

[53] So cried Ambrosia out of the vine with her grapy voice, whipping Lycurgos with her long foliage; and the wild man caught in the fresh green bonds, immovable, smothered all round in the galling fetters of leaves which he could not tear, roared defiance against Dionysos. He had no strength to escape; in vain he shook his throat wound about with the tiny tendrils in strong constraint. His voice could find no ferry through the gullet throttled

with wreathing growths. The Bacchant women thronged round him, his neck confined in the middle of the stifling clusters.

καὶ πέλεκυν δασπλήτα δορυσσόος ἥρπασεν Ἄρης
παιδὸς ἐοῦ· Βρομίην γὰρ ἐδειδιδε λυσσάδα Βάκχην,
65 μὴ φονίῳ βουπλήγι δέμας πλήξειε Λυκούργου·
οὐδὲ Δρυαντιάδην χλοερῶν ἀπελύσατο δεσμῶν,
καὶ μάλα περ ποθέων, στεροπῇ δ' ὑπόειξε τοκῆος
δοῦπον ἀπειλητῆρα Διὸς βρονταῖον ἀκούων.

[63] Spearmaster Ares caught up his son's frightful axe; for he feared that the mad Bacchantes might strike the body of Lycurgos with that bloody poleaxe; but he did not release Dryas' son from the leafy bonds, much as he desired to do it — he gave way on hearing the threatening sound of Zeus's thunder, and at the flash of his father's lightning.

καὶ δολιχὴν προθέλυμνον ἐπιπροχυθεῖσα καρήνῳ
70 ἀνδρὸς ἀμαιμακέτοιο κόμην ὥλοψε Πολυξῷ·
γαστέρι δ' ἀντιβίου μανιώδεα χεῖρα βαλοῦσα,
ἀπτομένη θώρηκος, ἀνέσπασεν ἄρπαγι παλμῷ,
χωομένη δ' ἔρρηξε — μαχήμονες, εἴπατε, Μοῦσαι,
οἷον ἔην τότε θαῦμα δαῖζομένοιο χιτῶνος
θηλυτέροις ὀνύχεσσι, σιδηρείου περ ἐόντος — :
καὶ ταναοῖς πλέξασα λύγους ἐλικώδεα σειρὴν
Κλείτη λυσιέθειρα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσα Γιγαρτῶ
εὐπετάλῳ μάστιγι δέμας φοίνιξε Λυκούργου
αἵμαλέῃ σμῶδιγγι χαρασσομένων ἐπὶ νώτων·
80 Φλειῷ δ' εὐρυτέρησι κατέγραφε ταρσὸν ἀκάνθασι
αἰνομανῆς· Ἐρίφη δὲ συνέμπορος Εἰραφιώτῃ
δραξαμένη μέσσοιο δασύτριχος ἀνθереῶνος
ἄνδρα βαλεῖν μενέαινε ἐπὶ χθονί· μαρναμένη δὲ
Βακχείης Φασύλεια κυβερνήτειρα χορεῖης
85 δυσμενέος κενεῶνα κατέγραφεν ὅξει κέντρῳ·
καὶ Θεόπη κεκόρυστο, τιθηνήτειρα Λυαίου,
ρίνοτόρῳ νάρθηκι· δέμας δ' ἥρασσε Λυκούργου
καὶ Βρομίη Βρομίῳ φερώνυμος· αἷς ἅμα Νύμφη
Κισσηλὶς φιλόβοτρυς ἐμάστιεν ἀνέρα κισσῷ.

[69] Polyxo threw herself upon the head of the raving man, and tore out long locks of hair by the roots. She laid a furious hand on the belly of her foe, seized the corselet, wrenched it off with predatory force, burst it in her rage — declare, O warrior Muses! what a wonder that a woman's nails should tear apart this gear, made of steel though it was! — Cleite with hair flowing free

had plaited a twining rope of withies, and Gigarto of the vines, with the whip of twigs, scored the body of Lycurgos with red bleeding weals over the torn shoulders. Phleio scratched the sole of his foot with bunches of thorns, maddened dreadfully. Eriphe the companion of Eiraphiotes clutched at the man's hairy throat, with a mind to throw him back on the ground. Phasyleia the leader of the Bacchanal dance, fought and scratched the enemy's flank with a sharp spike. Theope Lyaio's nurse armed herself with a skintearing fennel. Bromie, who bore the name of Bromios, also beat the body of Lycurgos; and with them Cisseis, that grapeloving nymph, flogged the man with ivy.

90 καὶ πολέμῳ δρυόεντι βιαζομένου Λυκοόργου
πῆμα φάνη πάλιν ἄλλο κακώτερον: Ἀρραβίη γάρ
πόντιον ἐννοσίγαιον ὀρεστιάς ὥπλισε ῥεῖη,
σχιζομένων καναχηδὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα θεμέθλων:
καὶ δαπέδου βαθύκολπον ἀπεστυφέλιξεν ὀχῆα
95 αἰχμάζων τριόδοντι θαλασσομέδων ἐννοσίχθων,
ἐνδομύχοις ἀνέμοισιν ἱμασσομένων κενεώνων,
γειοπόνοις ἀνέμοισιν, ἐπεὶ νωμήτορι παλμῷ
χάσματα κοιλαίνουσι σεσηρότα φωλάδες αὖραι:
Ἀρραβίης δ' ἀτίνακτος ἐσεῖετο κόλπος ἀρούρης,
100 ἀγχινεφῇ δὲ μέλαθρα τινάκτορι λῦετο παλμῷ:
καὶ δρυὲς εἰς χθόνα πῆπτον, ἀρασσόμενος δὲ τριαίνῃ
Νύσιος ἀμφιέλικτος Ἄραψ ὠρχήσατο πυθμὴν:
καὶ πετέλῃ χθονὶ κεῖτο, κόμην δ' ἐκονίσσατο δάφνη,
καὶ πίτυς αὐτόρριζος ἐκέκλιτο γείτονι πεύκῃ.

[90] So Lycurgos was tormented by the warring plants; but now a trouble appeared worse than any. For Rheia of the mountains armed against Arabia the seagod, Earthshaker who splits the foundations of the earth with a crash, and hurls them about. Then Earthshaker the ruler of the sea struck with his trident, and knocked away the great bar which held up the wide floor of the land, while the caverns of the earth were beaten by internal winds, subterranean winds, for blasts in the hidden parts hollow out grinning chasms with moving shock. The unshakable soil of Arabia quaked, cloudcapped palaces were dissolved by the shattering shock; trees fell to the earth, and the firm ground about Arabian Nysa struck by the trident shook and danced. The elm lay on the ground, the laurel's leaves were in the dust, the pine self-uprooted lay beside the fir.

105 ὄφρα μὲν ἐννοσίγαιος, ὑπὸ χθόνα λάβρος ἀήτης,
νερπερίων κευθμῶνα μετερρίζωσεν ἐναύλων,
τόφρα πέλεν κακὸν ἄλλο νεώτερον: ὕλονόμοι γάρ

θεινόμεναι μάστιγι δρακοντοκόμοιο Μεγαίρης
 Νυσιάδες ταυρηδὸν ἐμυκήσαντο γυναῖκες,
 110 σφωιτέρων τεκέων δηλήμονες: ἔσσυμένη δὲ
 ἢ μὲν ἀνηκόντιζεν ἐς ἡέρα κοῦρον ἀλήτην
 ἠερόθεν προκάρηγον ὀλισθήσαντα κονίη,
 ἢ δὲ φίλον βρέφος εἶλκε, καὶ οὐκ ἐμνήσατο μαζοῦ:
 ἄλλη παιδοφόνῳ παλάμην φοίνιξε σιδήρῳ
 115 υἷα δαιτρεύσασα, καὶ ἔπλετο μαινὰς Ἀγαυή.
 καὶ σφετέροις τεκέεσσιν ἐπέδραμον, ἀρτιτόκους δὲ
 υἷας, οὓς ἐλόχευσαν, ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ ...
 ἄλλος ὑποπτήσων μανιώδεα Πανὸς ἱμάσθλην
 εἰς ἐνοπλὴν ἄγραυλον Ἄραψ βακχεύετο ποιμήν.

[105] While Earthshaker with wild subterranean blasts shook the roots of the hollows and caverns below, a new calamity came: the woodranging Nysian women, lashed by the whip of dragonhair Megaira, bellowed like bulls and murdered their children. One would rush forward and throw her boy flying into the air, sliding headlong from the air into the dust. Another dragged her own baby along the ground, and forgot the breast. Another stained her hand with childslaying steel, and carved her son like another mad Agaue. So they rushed on their own children, the newborn sons whom they had brought forth, and cut them piecemeal with the knife. Beside them the Arabian shepherd crouching under Pan's whip ran amok among the animals.

120 τοῖα μὲν οἷστροήεντι δόλῳ κυμαίνετο βούτης
 δαιτρεύων ἑὰ τέκνα, καὶ υἷας εἰλαπινάζων
 παιδοβόροις γενέεσσι: νοοσφαλέων δὲ βοτῆρων
 ἄτροφον ἀρσενόπαιδα τόκον τυμβεύσατο γαστήρ ...
 νυμφῶν παλάμησι: πολυγνάμπτοις δὲ πετῆλοις
 125 ἀμφιπαγῆς πεπέδητο, καὶ οὐ γόνυ κάμψε Λυαίῳ,
 οὐ Διὶ χεῖρα τίττειν, ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκης,
 οὐ βροντῆς φόβον εἶχεν: ἀπειλήσας δὲ προσώπῳ
 χῶετο Βασσαρίδεσσι: ἐπεσσυμένην δὲ καρήνῳ
 ἄστεροπὴν ἐνόησε, καὶ οὐχ ὑπόειξε Λυαίῳ.
 130 βάλλετο δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, πολυσπερέων δὲ βολῶν
 τοσσατὴν ἔστηκε μένων ἀντίξοον ὄρμήν,
 Ἄρεα μοῦνον ἔχων χραισμήτορα, μοῦνος ἐρίζων
 Ζηνί, Ποσειδάωνι, Ῥέῃ, Χθονί, Νηρεί, Βάκχῳ.
 καὶ μογέων ἀχάλινον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰώην:

[120] So the oxherd, seething by the god's maddening device, carved up his children, and feasted on his own sons with child-devouring jaws: the belly of delirious drovers was the tomb of their own boys, whom they should have

cared for. All the while Lycurgos was beaten by the Nymphs' hands. He was fast bound with many knots of leafage smothering him. Yet he bent not a knee before Lyaïos, held not out a hand to Zeus for mercy in his extremity, feared not the thunder, but glared with fury at the Bassarids. He saw the lightning flash against his head, and would not yield to Lyaïos. Blows fell on him from all sides, but he stood unmoved by all this impetuous onslaught of innumerable blows, facing alone Zeus, Poseidon, Rheia, Earth, Nereus, Bacchos, with only Ares to help him; and in his pain he shrieked out unbridled defiance:

135 ἄψατε πῦρ, φλέξωμεν ὅλον φυτόν, ἐν πυρὶ κείσθω
βακχικὰ ταῦτα πέτηλα, καὶ αἰθομένας διὰ πόντου
ἡμερίδας ῥίψωμεν ὑποβρυχίῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἡγορέης Ἀράβων σημήιον: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
δεξαμένη κατὰ κύμα Θέτις πυρίκαντον ὀπώρην
140 τέφρην ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀποσβέσσειε θαλάσση.
λύσατε φάσματα ταῦτα καὶ αἰόλα μάγγανα δεσμῶν:
μάγγανα Νηρεῖδων Ποσιδῆια ταῦτα δοκεῦω:
λύσατε, καὶ ῥοθίοις με πελάσσετε: μαντιπόλῳ γάρ
Πρωτῇ φαρμακόντι κορύσσομαι: ἄψατε πεύκην,
145 ὄφρα μολὼν παρὰ πόντον ἐμῷ ποινήτορι θυμῷ

[135] "Make fire, let us burn all this stuff, let all these Bacchic leaves lie in the flames! Let us throw the blazing garden vines into the sea for Dionysos in the deeps, to show the courage of Arabs! Let Thetis herself catch the scorched fruit in the waves, and quench the burning vine ashes in the sea! Loose these phantasms, this cunning witchery of bonds! I see here witchery of the Nereids and Poseidon. Loose me and bring me to the sea! I will take arms against this prophet-wizard Proteus. Light a torch, that I may go down to the sea in my avenging wrath, and set fire to Melicertes the entertainer of Bromios!"

ξεινοδόκον Βρομίῳ καταφλέξω Μελικέρτην.'

[146] So he spoke, threatening Nereus and Dionysos.

εἶπεν ἀπειλείων καὶ Νηρεί καὶ Διονύσῳ ...
Ἀρραβίης σχεδὸν ἦλθεν: Ἐνυαλίου δὲ καμόντα
υἷέα δενδρήεντος ἀνεζώγρησε κυδοιμοῦ
150 Ἀρεὸς ἄορ ἔχουσα σιδήρεον, ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχαις
δαιμονίης γύνυνωσε σελασφόρα νῶτα μαχαίρης,
εἰς φόβον αἰθύσσουσα Κυβηλίδα θῆλυν Ἐννώ:
ἀμβροσίης δὲ πέτηλα διατμήξασα σιδήρῳ
δεσμοὺς βοτρυνέοντας ἀπεσφήκωσε Λυκούργου.

155 καὶ χθονὸς ἐπρήνυε τινάκτορα κυανοχαίτην
γνωτὸν ἔδν καὶ Ζῆνα πόσιν καὶ μητέρα Ῥεῖην,
ῤυσάμενη Λυκόοργον, ὅπως ἑναριθμῖος εἴη
ἀθανάτοισι: Ἄραβες δὲ πολυκνίσων ἐπὶ βωμῶν,
ὥς θεόν, υἷα Δρύαντος ἐμειλίζαντο θυηλαΐς,
160 ἀντὶ Διωνύσοιο μελιρραθάμιγγος ὁπώρης
λῦθρον ἐπισπένδοντες ἀβακχεύτῳ Λυκοόργῳ.

[147] Now Hera came to Arabia, and saved the afflicted son of Enyalios from the leafy battle. She held the iron sword of Ares, and bared the flashing blade of the divine glaive over the Bacchants, scattering in flight the army of Cybelid women. She cut through Ambrosia's leaves with that iron, and untied the bonds of the vine from Lycurgos. She soothed her brother, Seabluehair Earthshaker, and Zeus her husband and Rheia her mother, to save Lycurgos that he might be numbered with the immortals. For the Arabs on heavy-steaming altars propitiated Dryas' son as a god with offerings, pouring to Lycurgos, who cared nought for Bacchos, libations of blood, instead of the honey dripping vintage of Dionysos.

καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ἤμελλε γέρων χρόνος ὅψ' ἐτελέσσαι:
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ, ἵνα μὴ τις ἀγνηορέων βροτὸς ἀνὴρ
ἄλλος ἔχων μίμημα δοριθρασέος Λυκοόργου
165 μῶμον ἀναστήσειεν ἀμωμήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
αἰνομανῇ Λυκόοργον ἐθήκατο τυφλὸν ἀλήτην,
ἄστεος ἀγνώστοιο παλινδίνητον ὁδίτην,
πομπὸν ἀναγκαίης διζήμενον ἀτραπτοῖο,
πολλάκις αὐτοκέλευθα περιπταίοντα πεδίλοις.

[162] All this Old Time was to accomplish in later days; but now, in order that no other mortal man should be proud like spearbold Lycurgos, and ridicule Dionysos whom none may ridicule, Father Zeus made mad Lycurgos a blind wanderer; to tramp round and round in the city which he no longer knew, to seek some guide for the path where he must tread, or often on lonely travels with stumbling feet.

170 καὶ τὰ κὲν ἐν σκοπέλοισιν. Ἐρυθραίῳ δ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
θυγατέρες Νηρηῖος ἔσω βαθυκύμονος αὐλῆς
εἰναλίῃ Διόνυσον ἐμειλίζαντο τραπέζῃ:
καὶ Σεμέλης ῥίψασα Διιπετέος φθόνον εὐνῆς,
οἶνοφύτῳ θρασὺν ὕμνον ἀνακρούουσα Λυαίῳ,
175 μαῖα Διωνύσοιο μελίζετο, ποντιᾶς Ἴνῃ:
καὶ Βρομίῳ γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσω
σύντροφος ἰσοέτηρος ἐωνοχόει Μελικέρτης.

[170] That is what was done on the mountains. But in the Erythraian sea, the daughters of Nereus cherished Dionysos at their table, in their halls deep down under the waves. Mermaid Ino threw off her jealousy of Semele's bed divine, and struck up a brave hymn for winepouring Lyaïos. Ino the nurse of Dionysos made music; and Melicertes his fosterbrother ladled out nectar from the bowl, and poured the sweet cups for his agemate.

ὥς ὁ μὲν αὐτόθι μίμνεν ἔσω βαθυκύμονος αὐλῆς
πόντον ἔχων πλατὺν οἶκον, ὑποβρύχιος μετανάστης:

180 καὶ Θέτιδος βρυόεντι χυθεὶς ἐπεκέκλιτο κόλπῳ:

Καδμειν δ' ἀκόρητος ἔην εὐπαίδα τιθήνην
αὐτοκασιγνήτην προσπύξατο μητέρος Ἰνώ,
καὶ φιλίῳ πῆχυνε Παλαίμονα πολλάκι δεσμῷ
σύντροφον ἰσοέτηρον. ἄδουπήτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ

185 οὐκέτι πουλυέλικτον ἀνακρούουσα χορεῖν,

Βάκχου μὴ παρεόντος, ἀνεπτοίητο Μιμαλλῶν

ἵχνια μαστεύουσα θαλασσοπόροιο Λυαίου:

καὶ Σάτυρος φιλόμοχθος ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπὴν
ξεῖνῳ πένθεϊ κάμνεν, ὀριπλάγκτοισι δὲ χηλαῖς

190 ἔτρεχον οἰστρήεντες ἀνὰ δρυμὰ Πᾶνες ἀλῆται,

Πᾶνες, ἐρευνητῆρες ἀκηρύκτου Διονύσου:

Σειληνὸς δ' ἀχόρευτος, ἀκηδέα κύμβαλα ῥίψας,

κεῖτο κατηφιῶν: Κρονίη δ' ἐλελίζετο Νύμφη

Μάκρις ἀπενθήτοιο Διωνύσοιο τιθήνη,

195 Βακχεῖης ὁμόδιφρος ἐυκνήμιδος ἀπήνης.

ὥς οἱ μὲν δεδόνηντο κατηφέες: ἀχνυμένοις δὲ

Σκέλμις ἀκυμάντοιο λιπῶν κευθμῶνα θαλάσσης

πατρώην ἀδιάντον ἔην ἥλαυνεν ἀπήνην,

νόστον ἐπερχομένοιο προαγγέλλων Διονύσου.

[178] So he remained in the hall deep down in the waves, with the broad main for his dwelling, a visitor under the waters, and he lay sprawled among the seaweed in Thetis's bosom; he embraced never satisfied Cadmos's daughter, Ino his nurse, mother of a noble son, sister of his own mother, and often he held in the loving prison of his arms Palaimon his yearsmate, his fosterbrother. The Mimallon with quiet shoe no longer trod the noisy turns of the dance, for Bacchos was not there; she was hunting for tracks of Lyaïos now under the sea. The Satyr so full of energy showed a face unsmiling, and languished in sorrow strange to him. The Pans wandered wild through the woods with hillranging hoof, Pans in search of Dionysos, and heard no word of him. Seilenos danced no more, threw away his cymbals unheeded, lay with downcast looks. Cronian Macris the nurse of nevermourning Dionysos trilled her lament, she who used to share the basket of the well-spoked car of Bacchos. So they were all restless and sad. But Scelmis left the caves of the

waveless deep, and drove his father's unwetted car, to tell them the tidings in their sorrow that Dionysos was coming back.

200 ὄφρα μὲν ἄμφεπε Βάκχος ἀλίτροφα δελ̐τνα τραπέξης,
τόφρα δὲ Καυκασίοιο δι' οὖρεος εἰς πόλιν Ἰνδῶν
οἶνοφύτου Βρομίοιο ποδὴνemos ἵκετο κῆρυξ
ταυροφυῆς, νόθον εἶδος ἔχων κεραελκέι μορφῇ,
ἀντίτυπον μίμημα Σεληναίῃσι κεραίαις,
205 αἰγὸς ὀρεσσινόμοιο περὶ χροῖ δέρμα συνάψας,
αὐχενίῃ κληῖδι καθειμένον ἐξ ἑνὸς ὦμου,
δεξιτεροῦ πλευροῖο κατήγορον εἰς πτύχα μηροῦ,
ἀμφοτέρης ἐκάτερθε παρηίδος οὐάτα σείων,
ὥς ὄνος οὐατόεις, λάσιος δέμας: ἐκ μεσάτης δὲ
210 ἱξύος αὐτοέλικτος ἐσύρετο σύγγονος οὐρή.

[200] While Bacchos enjoyed the hospitality of the sea, the windfoot courier of vineplanting Bromios traversed the Caucasos mountains to the Indian city. He had the shape of a bull, a borrowed form bearing horns, the very image of the horns of Selene; the skin of a mountain goat was thrown over his body, and hung over one shoulder from the collar-bone draping his right side down to the fork of the thigh; he shook a pair of long ears like the ears of an ass beside his two cheeks, and he was covered with hair, with a self-wagging tail that grew out from between his loins.

ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν γελῶντες ἐπέρρεον αἴθοπες Ἰνδοί,
εἰσόκεν ἐγγὺς ἵκανεν, ὅπῃ διδυμόζυγι δίφρῳ
ἔζετο Δηριάδης περιμήκετος, ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,
ἡλιβάτων στατὸν ἵχνος ἀναστέλλων ἐλεφάντων.
215 καὶ Σατύρῳ γελῶν φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν:

[211] The swarthy Indians crowded about him laughing, until he approached the place where huge Deriades, that king of men, sat in his chariot-and-pair. He checked the steps of his towering elephants, and laughing spoke to the Satyr in words of raillery:

‘οἷους Δηριάδῃ διδυμόχροας ἄνδρας ἰάλλει
ταυροφυῆς Διόνυσος, ἀθύρματα δηιοτήτος,
ἄλλοφυεῖς, οὐ φῶτας ὅλῃν βροτοειδέα μορφήν,
θηρῶν εἶδος ἔχοντας, ἐπεὶ διδυμάνι μορφῇ
220 εἰσὶ νόθοι ταῦροι τε καὶ ἄνδρες: ἀμφοτέρων γὰρ
καὶ βοὸς εἶδος ἔχουσι καὶ ἀνδρομέοιο προσώπου.’
ἔννεπε, καὶ πολέμοιο προάγγελα σήματα φαίνων
ἀσπίδα ποικιλόνωτον ἀφειδέι τύψε μαχαίρῃ

μεσσοφανῇ περίκυκλον ἐς ὀμφαλόν: ἐκ δὲ βοείης
225 χαλκὸς ἀρασσομένης ἐπεβόμβεε λοίγιον ἤχῳ.
καὶ βλοσυρῷ βασιλῇι τεθηπότα χεῖλεα λύσας

[216] “What doubleshaped men bullform Dionysos sends to Deriades! what playthings for a soldier! Monsters, not creatures having a wholly human shape! They have the form of beasts! for with a double shape they are bastards, bulls and men at once — they have the bull’s body and the man’s face.”

ἀγγελίην Βρομίῳ ταχύδρομος ἔννεπε κῆρυξ:
‘Δηριάδη, σκηπτοῦχε, θεὸς Διόνυσος ἀνώγει
Ἴνδους δεχνυμένους λαθικηδέος οἶνον ὀπώρησ
230 σπένδειν ἀθανάτοισι, δῖχα πτολέμων, δῖχα μόχθων:

[227] So he spoke, and made the summoning signal for war, by striking a hearty blow with his sword upon the round boss which was seen in the middle of his richly-ornamented shield: the metal struck boomed out a sound of havoc from the oxhide.

εἰ δέ κε μὴ δέξαιντο, κορύσσεται, εἰσόκε θύρσοις
Βασσαρίδων γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνειεν Ὑδάσπησ.

[231] Then the swiftcoursing herald of Bromios opened his amazed lips, and gave his message to the grim king:

ἀγγελίης ἤκουσας ἀληθέος: εἰπέ καὶ αὐτὸς
εἰρομένῳ τινὰ μῦθον, ἴν’ ἀγγείλω Διονύσῳ.’
235 ὥς φαμένου σκηπτοῦχος ἀνήρυγε λυσσάδα φωνήν:
‘ὦ πόποι, οἶον ἔπος θρασὺς ἔννεπεν ἀνδρόμεος θήρ.
αἰδέομαι κήρυκα μαχήμονι χειρὶ δαμάσσαι,
οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχοντα καὶ οὐ ψάοντα βοείης.
ἔκλυον, ὅσσα μόγησε τεὸς πρόμος: ἔκλυε Γάγγης

[233] “Deriades, sceptred king, the god Dionysos commands the Indians to accept the wine of his care-forgetting vintage, and to pour libations to the immortals, without war, without battle. If they refuse, he takes up arms, until Hydaspes bend a servile knee to the wands of the Bassarids. You have heard a truthful message: now give some answer to my address, which I may deliver to Dionysos.”

240 ἀδρανίην Βρομίῳ καὶ ἡνορέην Λυκοόργου:

οἶδα τεὸν βασιλῆα, νόθον θεόν, ὅπποτε φεύγων
εἰς βυθὸν ὠλίσθησεν Ἀλεξικάκοιο θαλάσσης.
καὶ πυροὶς σέο Βάκχος ἀκούεται, ὅτι τεκούσης
ἐκ λαγόνων ἀνέτελλε Διοβλήτοιο Θυώνης:
καὶ πυρὸς ἐστὶν ὕδωρ πολὺ φέρτερον: ἦν ἐθελήσῃ,
²⁴⁵ χεῦματι παφλάζοντι πατὴρ ἐμός, Ἴνδὸς Ὑδάσπης,
Ζηνὸς ἀποσβέσσειε πυρίπνοον ἄσθμα κεραυνοῦ.

[240] When he had done, the monarch roared in a furious voice:

“Ha, what a word the bold man-beast has spoken! It would be shameful to strike down a herald with violent hand, one who comes without valiant spear and holds no oxhide shield. I have heard the exploits of your chief: Ganges has heard the weakness of Bromios and the manly courage of Lycurgos. I know your king, the bastard god, when he fled and slipt into the deep for refuge from destruction. Yes, your Bacchos is called the fiery, because he rose from flanks of his mother Thyone struck by Zeus; and water is stronger far than fire. My father Indian Hydaspes, if it be his pleasure, could quench the fiery breath of the thunderbolt of Zeus with his bubbling flood.

ἦν δ' ἐθέλῃς, πόδα κάμψον ὁμοῦριον εἰς χθόνα Μήδων:

κεῖθι μολὼν ἀγόρευε χοροστασίας Διονύσου.

²⁵⁰ δῦο Βάκτριον οὔδας, ὅπῃ θεὸς ἔπλετο Μίθρης,

Ἀσσύριος Φαέθων ἐνὶ Περσίδι: Δηριάδης γὰρ

οὐ μάθεν οὐρανίων μακάρων χορὸν, οὐδὲ γεραίρει

ἠέλιον καὶ Ζῆνα καὶ εὐφάεων χορὸν ἄστρων.

οὐ Κρόνον, οὐ Κρονίδην ἐδάην ὀλετῆρα τοκῆος,

²⁵⁵ οὐ Κρόνον ἀγκυλόμητιν, ἔῶν θοινήτορα παιδων,

αἰθέρος ἀμήσαντα φυτοσπόρον ἐσμὸν Ἑρώτων.

ἀγνώσσω σέο δῶρα καὶ ἦν ὀνόμηνας ὁπώρην:

οὐ δέχομαι ποτὸν ἄλλο μετὰ χρύσειον Ὑδάσπην:

οἶνος ἐμός πέλεν ἔγχος, ὃ δ' αὖ πότος ἐστὶ βοείη.

²⁶⁰ οὐ Σεμέλη με λόχευσε πυριβλήτοις ὕμεναιοις

δεξαμένη θαλάμοις φόνιον φλόγα, χαλκοχίτων δὲ

ἡμέας ἠέξῃσε μόθων ἀκόρητος Ἐνὼ.

οὐ μακάρων ἀλέγω τεκέων Διός: ἀμφότεροι γὰρ

μοῦνοι ἐμοὶ γεγάασι θεοὶ καὶ Γαῖα καὶ Ὑδωρ.

[248] “Turn your foot, if you please, to the marches of the Median land; go there and proclaim the dances of Dionysos. Pass into Bactrian soil, where Mithras is a god, the Assyrian Phaethon of Persia; for Deriades has learnt no dances of the eternal Blessed, he honours not Helios and Zeus or the company of shining stars. I know nothing of Cronos, or of Cronides who destroyed his father, nor Cronos the master-deceiver, who swallowed his own children, and

shore away from Aither the hive of begetting love. I do not acknowledge your gifts, what you call your vintage; I accept no other drink than golden Hydaspes. My wine is the spear, my potion too the shield! No Semele brought me forth in firestruck bridal, or received the flames of death in her chamber; but my breeding came of Enyo in brazen armour, who never has surfeit of battles. I care nothing for the blessed offspring of Zeus; for me there are only two gods, Earth and Water.

265 ταῦτα μολῶν ἀγόρευε φυγοπτολέμῳ Διονύσῳ:
ἔρρε φυγῶν ἀκίχητος, ἔως ἔτι τόξον ἐρύκω,
ἔρρε φυγῶν ἐμὸν ἔγχος: ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ κορύσσας
ἡμιτελεῖς σέο θῆρας ἄθωρήκτους τε γυναικάς
Δηριάδῃ πολέμιζε, καὶ Ἰνδῶν μετὰ νίκην
270 σύνδρομον αὖ ἐρύσω σε δορικτήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ τελέσω σε διάκτορον: οὐ δύνασαι γὰρ
λάτριον ἔργον ἔχειν οἰκοσσοόν: ἀλλὰ σε μακροῖς
οὔασι ῥιπίζοντα παρ' εἰλαπίνῃσιν ἔάσω.'

[265] "Go and give this answer to battleshy Dionysos. Go untouched, and evil go with you; go before I draw my bow, go with a curse if you would escape my spear! Arm for battle your half-and-half beasts and your uncorseleted women, and fight with Deriades! Then after our Indian victory I will drag you away along with Dionysos, the captive of my spear. But I will not make you my envoy. You cannot do such service in the house for me, but I will allow you to fan me at my table with your long ears."

ὥς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμψεν ἀπειλείοντι προσώπῳ:
275 καὶ πίνακος πτυκτοῖο μέσον κενεῶνα χαράξας
τοῖον ἔπος ταχύμυθος ἐπέγραφε δίζυγι δέλτῳ:

[274] This said, he dismissed him with threatening looks, after quickly scribbling this message within a tablet with two folding sides:

‘εἰ δύνασαι, Διόνυσε, κορύσσειο Δηριάδῃ.’

[277] "Take arms against Deriades if you can, Dionysos."

τοῖα μὲν εἰσαῖων πάλιν ἔδραμεν ἡχέτα κῆρυξ.
Σειληνοὺς δ' ἐκίχησε γεγηθότας: ἔξανιών δὲ
280 ἐκ ῥοθίων Διόνυσος Ὀρειάσι μίγνυτο Νύμφαις:
καὶ Σάτυροι σκίρτησαν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
γῆραλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι Μάρων ἡγήσατο μολπῆς

πῆχυν ἐπικλίνων διδυμάονος αὐχένι Βάκχης
μεσσοφανής, εὐδομον ἀναβλύζων χύσιν οἴνου:
285 καὶ μέλος ἀκρήδεμνος ἔπεςμαράγησε Μιμαλλών,
ἶχνιον αἰδουσα παλιννόστου Διονύσου.

[278] Such words as these the loudvoiced herald heard, and departed. He found the Seilenoi in high glee: Dionysos had come up out of the waters and joined the Oread Nymphs. The Satyrs skipt, the Bacchants danced about, Maron with his old legs led the music between two Bacchants, with his arms laid round their necks, and bubbles of fragrant wine at his lips. The Mimallon unveiled trilled a song, how the footstep of Dionysos had come that way again.

καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις προτέρας ἔρριψε μερίμνας,
τερπωλῆς δ' ἐπέβαινε, ἐπεὶ μάθεν ἔνδοθι πόντου
πάντα Τορωναίοιο παρὰ Πρωτῆος ἀκούων,
290 ἄξεινων Ἀράβων ἐνοσίχθονα παλμὸν ἀρούρης,
καὶ σφαλερὸν Λυκόοργον ἑὼ ποδὶ τυφλὸν ἀλήτην:
ἔκλυε καὶ νομῆς θανατηφόρον οἷστρον ἀνάγκης,
πῶς χορὸς ἀγρονόμων ἐλελίζετο, πῶς ἐνὶ βήσσαις
σφωιτέρας ὠδῖνας ἔδαιτρεύσαντο γυναιῖκες:
295 ἔκλυε δ' αἰθερίων Ὑάδων χορόν, ἔκλυεν αὐτὴν
ἀμβροσίην μετὰ γαῖαν ἐπαντέλλουσαν Ὀλύμπῳ,
ἀμβροσίην ἀκάμαντι κορυσσομένην Λυκοόργῳ,
καὶ μόθον εὐόρηκα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἐνυώ.

[287] Then the vinegod threw off his earlier cares, and entered upon rejoicing; for he had heard in the sea the whole story from Torone's lord Proteus, the earthshaking shock in Arabia the inhospitable, and how Lycurgos wandered blind with stumbling feet. He heard also the deathbringing madness of the herdsmen's duress, how the company of countrymen went raging about, how the women in the dells gorged the fruit of their own travail; heard also of the company of Hyades in heaven, heard that Ambrosia had left earth and risen as a star in Olympos, Ambrosia who had attacked undaunted Lycurgos, the battle of the twigs and the war with vines.

τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι παλινδρομος ἦε κῆρυξ,
300 ἀσκηθῆς πολύευκτος ἀγαλλομένῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἀφροσύνην ἐνέπων ὑφαύχενα Δηριαδῆος,
διζυγα δέλτον ἔχων ἐγκύμονα δηιοτῆτος.

[299] They were enjoying themselves as the herald came back, safe and sound, and greatly desired by Bacchos rejoicing. He reported the highnecked folly of Deriades, and carried the double tablets pregnant with war.

οὐ μὲν ἄναξ ἀμέλησεν: ἔς ὕσμινην δὲ μαχητὰς
 θαρσῆεις ἐβόησε, προάγγελα Δηριαδῆος
 305 σύμβολα γινώσκων κεχαραγμένα μάρτυρι δέλτῳ.
 καὶ καλέσας Ῥαδαμᾶνας ἀλήμονας, οὓς ποτε γαίης
 Κρηταίης ἀέκοντας ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἤλασε Μίνως
 Ἀρραβίης ἐπὶ πέζαν, ἐπέφραδε νεύματι Ῥείης
 πῆξαι νῆια δοῦρα θαλάσσιον εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν.
 310 καὶ ταχὺς ἤλασε δίφρον Ἑώιον εἰς κλίμα γαίης
 τεύχεσιν ἀστράπτων ἄτε Φωσφόρος: ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτρην
 Καυκασίην λοφόνεντα διαστείχων κενεῶνα
 Ἡώης παράμειβε φεραυγέα πέζαν Ἀρούρης,
 ἥελιου βαλβίδα μεσημβρίζουσαν ὀδεύων.

[303] The Lord lost no time. He read the lines engraved on the witnessing tablet, and resolute, he summoned his warriors to the fray. He called the Rhadamans, whom Minos once sent on their wanderings unwilling from the land of Crete to the Arabian soil; and bade them by Rheia's advice to build wooden ships for an attack upon India by sea. Quickly he drove his car to the eastern clime of the earth, gleaming in his armour like the Morning Star, crossed over the rocky crest of Caucasos and through the valleys, and over the lightbringing region of the dawnland he went on towards the midday goal of the sun.

315 ὄφρα μὲν εὐθύρσοιο μάχης ἠκούετο φωνῇ
 καὶ στρατὸς ἀγκικέλευθος ὀρεσσινόμου Διονύσου,
 τόφρα δὲ Δηριάδης πυκινὸν λόχον ἴδρυνεν Ἰνδῶν,
 γαῖαν ἔς ἀντιπέραιαν ἐδὼν στρατὸν ἄζυγα πέμπων,
 πᾶσαν ἐπιτρέψας δολομήχανον ἐλπίδα χάρμης
 320 Ἄρεϊ χαλκοχίτωνι: καὶ ἔπλεεν ὑπόθι νηῶν
 λαὸν ἐρετμώσας πεπερημένον Ἰνδὸν Ὑδάσπην.
 καὶ στρατιαῖς διδύμησι μερίζετο φύλοπις Ἰνδῶν
 ἀμφοτέρην παρὰ πέζαν ἀκοντοφόρου ποταμοῖο:
 Θουρεὺς μὲν Ζεφύροιο παρὰ σφυρά, Δηριάδης δὲ
 325 ἀντιπόρου σχεδὸν ἦλθε παρὰ πτερὸν αἴθοπος Εὐρου.

[315] When Deriades heard the rumour of battle with the thyrsus, that the army of mountainranging Dionysos was near at hand, he stationed in ambush his Indians in serried ranks, and sent a detached force across the river, resting all hope for the conflict in the craft and skill of bronze-armoured war. He rowed all these men on shipboard across Indian Hydaspes. So the Indian host was divided into two armies, one on each bank of the river bristling with lances. Thureus was on the edge of the West Wind, Deriades opposite by the wing of the burning East Wind.

ἦν δέ τις αὐτόθι χώρος ἐύσκιος, ὀππόθι πυκνοῖς
 ἔρνεσι παντοίοισιν ἐμιτρώθη ῥάχιν ὕλης
 εὐρυτενῆς, καὶ κοῖλον ἔην σπέος· ἵπτάμενος δὲ
 οὐ ποτε δένδρεα κεῖνα κατέγραφεν ἰὸς ἀλήτης,
 330 εἴ τις ὀιστεύσειε, καὶ οὐ ποτε μεσσόθι θάμνων
 ἠέλιος πεφόρητο κατάσσυτος ὅξει παλμῷ
 ἐνδομύχοις ἀκτῖσιν ὁμόπλοκα φύλλα χαράξας,
 οὐ χύσις ἡερόφοιτος ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην
 ἐκ Διὸς ὑετίοιο, μόγις δὲ οἱ ὕδατος ὀλκῷ
 335 ὑψιφανῆς Διὸς ὄμβρος ἐπέβρεχεν ἄκρα πετῆλων.
 κεῖθι τανυπρέμοισιν ἐν ἄλσεσι φώριος Ἄρης
 ἠλιβάτων χλοεροῖσι φυτῶν κεκάλυπτο κορὺμβοις,
 ἀπροϊδῆς, ἀτίνακτος, ἐνὶ δρυόεντι δὲ κόλπῳ
 εἶχεν ἀδουπήτων πεφυλαγμένον ἵθμα πεδίλων,
 340 οὐδὲ διαξαίνων κρυφίῳ ποδὶ φυλλάδα λόχην,
 οὐ ποδὸς ὀκλάζοντος ἔχων φόβον, οὐ λάλον ἤχῳ
 χεῖλεϊ βαμβαινόντι, καὶ οὐ χλόον ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ·
 ἀλλὰ νόον θρασὺν εἶχε καὶ ἔμπεδον, ἐν δὲ χαμεύναις
 μετρητὸν βλεφάροισιν ἐνόπλιον ὕπνον ἰαύων ...
 345 δέγμενος ἐρχομένης στρατιῆς εὐρυθμον ἔνυώ.

[326] There was on the spot a shady place, where the rocks were surrounded by a wide mass of all kinds of trees and left an empty hollow. No wandering arrow in flight could pierce those trees, if one were shot, and the sun never came down through the midst of those thick branches with sharp thrust, cutting the closewoven leaves with penetrating rays; no deluge of rain from heaven falling through the air passed into those woodland shades, but the showers of Zeus on high scarce wetted the surface of the leaves with their rushing water. There in the spinneys an ambush was hidden among the tall trunks covered with green clusters of highgrowing leafage, unexpected, unshaken, and in the bosom of the forest kept noiseless its moving shoes. No hidden foot tore the leafy bushes, none feared a crouching foot, or sounds of words upon a chattering lip, or pallor on the face; but each had a mind bold and firm, and enjoyed his measured sleep on the ground in his armour with eyelids..., waiting for the march in step of the enemy at hand.

BOOK 22

δεύτερον εἴκοστὸν Βρομίου μόθον ἔργα τε μέλπει
Αἰακὸς ὅσσα τέλεσσε καὶ ἐν πεδίῳ καὶ Ὑδάσπῃ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον Ἴξον ἐγκροκάλου ποταμοῖο
Βάκχου πεζὸς ὄμιλος, ὅπῃ βαθυδινεῖ κόλπω
πλωτὸν ὕδωρ, ἅτε Νεῖλος, ἐρεύγεται Ἴνδός Ὑδάσπης,
δὴ τότε Βασσαρίδων ἐμελιζέτο θῆλυς αἰοιδῇ
Νυκτελίῳ Φρύγα κῶμον ἀνακρούουσα Λυαίῳ,
5 καὶ λασίων Σατύρων χορὸς ἔβρεμε μῦστιδι φωνῇ:
γαῖα δὲ πᾶσα γέλασεν, ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ πέτραι
νηιάδες δ' ὀλόλυσαν, ὑπὲρ ποταμοῖο δὲ Νύμφαι
σιγαλέοις ἐλικηδὸν ἐμιτρώσαντο ῥεέθροις
10 καὶ Σικελῆς ἐλίγαινον ὁμόζυγα ῥυθμὸν αἰοιδῆς,
οἷον ἀνεκροῦντο μελιγλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ὑμνοπόλοι Σειρήνες: ὅλη δ' ἐλελιζέτο λόχημ,
καὶ μέλος ἐφθέγγαντο σοφαὶ δρῦες εἴκελον αὐλῶ,
Ἄδρυάδες δ' ἀλάλαζον, ἐπ' εὐπετάλοιο δὲ Νύμφῃ
15 ἡμιφανῆς ἦειδεν ὑπερκύψασα κορύμβου.

BOOK XXII

*The twenty-second celebrates the battle and feats of Bromios, all the deeds of
Aiacos both on the plain and in the Hydaspes.*

WHEN the footforces of Bacchos came to the crossing of the pebbly river, where, like the Nile, Indian Hydaspes pours his navigable water into a deep-eddying hollow, then sounded the womanish song of the Bassarids, making Phrygian festival for Lyaïos of the Night, and the hairy company of Satyrs rang out with mystic voice. All the earth laughed, the rocks bellowed, the Naiads sang alleluia, the Nymphs circled in mazes over the silent streams of the river, and sang a melody of Sicilian tune, like the hymns which the minstrel Sirens pour from their honeytongued throats. All the woodlands rang thereat: the trees found skill to make music like the hoboy, the Hadryades cried aloud, the Nymph sang, peeping up halfseen over her leafy cluster.

Χιονέῳ δὲ γάλακτι χυτὴ λευκαίνεται πηγῇ,
ὑδρῆλῃ περ ἐοῦσα, χαραδραίῳ δ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ
νηιάδες λούσατο γαλαξαιοῖσι ῥεέθροις,
καὶ γάλα λευκὸν ἔπινον: ἐρευθιόωντι δὲ μαζῶ
20 οἶνον ἐρευγομένη κραναὴ πορφύρετο πέτρῃ,
γλεῦκος ἀμοσχεῦτοιο διαβλύζουσα κολώνης
ἡδυπότοις λιβάδεσσι: καὶ αὐτοχύτων ἀπὸ κόλπων

λαρὰ μελιρραθάμιγγος ἔλειβετο δῶρα μελίσσης,
σίμβλων οὐ χατέοντα: καὶ ἄρτιτόκων ἀπὸ θάμνων
25 ἄγχνον ὄξυθέριος ἀνέδραμε μῆλον ἀκάνθης:
αὐτομάτου δὲ χυθέντος ἐπ' ἀκρεμόνεσσιν ἐλαίου
ἱκμάσιν ἀθλιβέεσσιν ἐλούετο δένδρον Ἀθήνης.

[16] The fountain, though but water, turned white and poured a stream of snowy milk; in the hollow of the torrent the Naiads bathed in milky streams and drank the white milk. The rough rock spilled out wine from red nipples, and stained itself deep, as the must welled over the unplanted hill in showers sweet to drink; the pleasant gifts of the honeydropping bee dribbled from holes of themselves without need of hives; from newsprouting bushes of spikyhair thorn sprang up softbloom apples; oil poured of itself on the twigs of Athena's tree, and bathed it in unpressed drops.

καὶ κύνας ὄρχηστῆρας ἐπηχύνοντο λαγωοί:
μηκεδανοὶ δὲ δράκοντες ἐβακχεύοντο χορείῃ
30 ἱχνια λιχμώντες ἐχιδνοκόμου Διονύσου,
αὐχένα δοχμώσαντες, ἀνήρυγε δ' ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω
μειλίχιον σύριγμα γεγηθότος ἀνθερεῶνος:
τερπομένου δὲ δράκοντος ἔην τότε ῥυθμὸς ἐχέφρων,
καὶ δολιχῆς ἐλέλικτο περίπλοκος ὀλκὸς ἀκάνθης
35 ποσσὶν ἀδειμάντοισι περισκαίρων Διονύσου:
Ἴνδῶν δ' ἐλικηδὼν ἐπισκαίροντες ἐρίπνην
τίγριδες ἐψιόνοντο: πολὺς δὲ τις ἔνδοθι λόχμης
ἔσμὸς ἀνεσκίρτησεν ὀρεσσινόμων ἐλεφάντων.

[28] Hares embraced the dancing dogs; long serpents joined in the merry dance, curving down their heads and licking the footprints of snake-hair Dionysos, and one after another blew out gentle hisses from glad throats; there was method in the movements of the happy reptiles, as the interlacing coils of their long spines skipt about Dionysos on fearless feet. Tigers jumped round and round in play on the Indian precipices; a great swarm of hillranging elephants went skipping in the forest glades.

καὶ τότε παιπαλόεντα κατ' ἄγκεα Πᾶνες ἀλῆται
40 δούσβατα λεπταλέησι διέτρεχον οὔρεα χηλαῖς
φρικτὰ, τὰ μὴ θρασὺς ὄρνις ἐπέπτατο κοῦφος ὀδίτης...
ὑψιπόρων πτερύγων διεμέτρεε δίζυγι παλμῷ
καὶ δονέων πλοκαμῖδα παρήορον ἀνθερεῶνος
σύννομος ἀντεχόρευε λέων βητάρμονι κάπρῳ:
45 ἀνδρομέης δ' ὄρνιθες ἀνέκλαγον εἰκόνα μολπῆς
μιμηλὴν ἀτέλεστον ὑποκλέπτοντες ἰωήν,

νίκην Ἴνδοφόνιοι προθεσπίζοντες ἄγῶνος,
καὶ χλοεροῖς μελέεσσι παρήγορον ὄρθιον οὐρὴν
ἐκταδὸν αἰθύσσοντες: ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ χορείῃ
50 πόρδαλις ὑψιπότητος ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομος ἄρκτω.
καὶ βαλίων σκυλάκων ἀνεσεύρασεν Ἄρτεμις ὀρμὴν
μειλιχίης ὁρώσῃ χοροῖτυπον ἄλμα λεαίνης:
αἰδομένη δ' εὐκυκλον ἔην ἀνελύσατο νευρὴν,
τερπομένους μὴ θήρας ὀιστεύσειε βελέμνοις.

[39] The Pans then, roaming about the craggy ravines sped on nimble hooves through the trackless hills; in terrible places, where even that light traveller the bird would not dare to fly, or traverse with his pair of beating wings in his lofty course. The lion shook the mane hanging about his jaws, and danced in partnership with the tripping boar. Birds squawked an image of human speech, and borrowing the war-cry half mimicked, they prophesied victory in the Indian struggle, and shook the tail straight out along their green bodies. The panther dancing with equal spirit, leapt high with a bear for partner. Artemis checked the rush of her swift hounds, when she saw the romping leaps of a lioness now tame, and slackened for very shame the string of her bended bow, that she might not shoot the happy beasts with her arrows.

55 καὶ τις ἐσαθρήσας ἐτερότροπα θαύματα Βάκχου,
ὄμμα βαλὼν πυκινόῳ δι' ἀκροτάτοιο κορύμβου,
φύλλα περιστείλας θηήτορα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
τόσσον ἰδεῖν μεθέηκεν, ὅσον περιδέρκεται ἀνὴρ
ὄμμασι ποιητοῖσι διοπτεῦων τρυφαλείης,
60 ἢ ὅποτε τραγικοῖο χοροῦ δεδαημένος ἀνὴρ,
φρικτὸν ἔχων μύκημα τανυφθόγγων ἀπὸ λαϊμῶν,
ἐνδόμυχον τυκτοῖο δι' ὄμματος ὄμμα τιταίνει,
ψευδαλέον βροτέοιο φέρων Ἴνδαλμα προσώπου.
ὥς ὃ γε θαύματα πάντα λαθὼν ὑπὸ δάσκιον ὕλην
65 ἀπροϊδὴς ἐδόκευεν ὑποκλέπτοντι προσώπῳ:
ἀντιβίοις δ' ἥγγειλε: φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Θουρεὺς
μεμφόμενος Μορρῆι καὶ Ἄφροني Δηριαδῆι.
ἔτρεμε δ' Ἴνδος ὄμιλος, ἀφειδήσας δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
χάλκεα ταρβαλέων ἀπεσεύσατο τεύχεα χειρῶν,
70 δένδρεα παπταίνων δεδονημένα θυιάδι ῥιπῇ.

[55] One there was watching the strange miracles of Bacchos, as he peered out through the top of a thick cluster. He made a round spyhole through the leaves; he let himself see just so much as a man sees when he looks out of the eyeholes made in his helmet; or when a man trained in the tragic chorus utters a terrific roar from his far-resounding throat, and strains his eyesight within

through the eyepiece made in the mask which he carries as a deceitful likeness of a man's face. So this man hiding under the dark bushes watched all the miracles unseen with furtive gaze. He told all to the enemy. Thureus shook with fear, and blamed Morrheus and Deriades for their thoughtlessness: the Indian host trembled, and thinking no more of combat, threw the bronze weapons from frightened hands when they saw the trees moving under the maddening influence.

καὶ νῦ κεν Ἴνδὸς ὄμιλος ἐλὼν ἀπὸ γείτονος ὄχθης
μάρτυρον ἱκεσίης γλαυκόχροα θαλλὸν ἐλαίης
αὐχένα δοῦλον ἔκαμψεν ἀδηρίτῳ Διονύσῳ:
ἀλλὰ μεταλλάξασα δέμας πολυμήχανος Ἥρη
75 δυσμενέας θάρσυνε καὶ ἦπαφεν ὄρχαμον Ἴνδῶν,
Θεσσαλίδων μάγον ὕμνον ἐφαψαμένη Διονύσῳ,
καὶ Κίρκης κυκεῶνα θεοκλήτοις ἐπαοιδαῖς,
οἷά τε φαρμακτῆρος ἀφαρμάκτου ποταμοῖο.
καὶ πίθεν ἀντιβίους ταχυπειθέας: εἶπε δ' ἐκάστῳ,
80 μὴ ποτέ τις σφάλλοιτο κατὰσχετος αἴθοπι δίψῃ
κλεψινόου ποταμοῖο πίων δεδολωμένον ὕδωρ.

[71] And now the Indian host would have plucked from the neighbouring banks green shoots of olive in token of supplication, and bent a servile neck before Dionysos unconquerable. But Hera ever ready took another shape, and gave courage to the enemy. She deceived the Indian leader; she fastened on Dionysos a song of magical Thessalian spells, and Circe's posset with invocations of the gods, as if he had poisoned that unpoisoned river. She convinced the enemy, quite ready to be convinced, and told each one not to let himself be driven by fiery thirst to drink of the adulterated water of the mind-stealing river, and so come to grief.

καὶ νῦ κεν ἀφράστοιο διαθρώσκοντες ἐναύλου
δαινυμέναις στρατιῇσιν ἐπέχραον αἴθοπες Ἴνδοι:
ἀλλὰ τις ἠνεμόεντος ὑπερκύψασα κορύμβου
85 ἐκ λασίου κενεῶνος Ἀμαδρυὰς ἄνθορε Νύμφη:
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἔχουσα φυῇν ἰνδάλλετο Βάκκῃ,
μιμηλὴν δρυόεντι πυκαζομένη τρίχα κισσῶ:
δυσμενέων δ' ἐνέπουσα δόλου σημάντορι σιγῇ
οὔασι βοτρυόεντος ἐπεπιθύριζε Λυαίου:

[82] And now the swarthy Indians would have leapt from their hidden ambush and attacked the army of Bacchos at their meal; but a Hamadryad Nymph peering over a high branch sprang up, leafy to the hips. Holding thyrsus in hand, she looked like a Bacchant, with bushy ivy thick in her hair like one of

them; first she indicated the enemies' plot by eloquent signs, then whispered in the ear of Lyaïos of the grapes:

90 ἄμπελόεις Διόνυσσε, φυτηκόμε κοίρανε καρπῶν,
σὸν φυτὸν Ἀδρυάδεσσι χάριν καὶ κάλλος ὀπάσσει:
Βασσαρίς οὐ γενόμην, οὐ σύνδρομός εἰμι Λυαίου,
μοῦνον ἐμῇ παλάμῃ ψευδήμονα θύρσον ἀείρω:
οὐ πέλον ἐκ Φρυγίης, σέο πατρίδος, οὐ χθόνα Λυδῶν
95 ναιετάω παρὰ χεῦμα ῥυηφενέος ποταμοῖο:
εἰμὶ δὲ καλλιπέτῃλος Ἀμαδρυάς, ἧχι μαχηταὶ
δυσμενέες, λοχῶσιν, ἀφειδήσασα δὲ πάτρης
ῥύσομαι ἐκ θανάτοιο τεδὼν στρατὸν: ὑμετέροις γὰρ
πιστὰ φέρω Σατύροισι, καὶ Ἰνδῶν περ ἑοῦσα,
100 ἀντὶ δὲ Δηριαδῆος ὁμοφρονέω Διονύσῳ:
σοὶ γὰρ ὀφειλομένην ὀπάσω χάριν, ὅττι ῥεέθρων
ὑγροτόκους ὠδῖνας, ὅτι δρύας αἰὲν ἀέξει
ὀμβρηρῇ ῥαθάμιγγι πατήρ μέγας ὕετιος Ζεὺς.
δός μοι σεῖο πέτῃλα, καὶ ἐνθάδε ταῦτα φυτεύσω,
105 δός μοι σεῖο κόρυμβα, τὰ περ λύουσι μερίμνας.

[90] "Vinegod Dionysos, lord gardener of the fruits! Your plant gives grace and beauty to the Hadryads! I am no Bassarid, I am no comrade of Lyaïos, I carry only a false thyrsus in my hand. I am not from Phrygia, your country, I do not dwell in the Lydian land by that river rolling in riches. I am a Hamadryad of the beautiful leaves, in the place where the enemy warriors lie in ambush. I will forget my country and save your host from death: for I offer loyal faith to your Satyrs, Indian though I am. I take sides with Dionysos instead of Deriades; I owe my gratitude to you, and I will pay it, because your Father, mighty Zeus of the raincloud, always brings the watery travail of the rivers, always feeds the trees with his showers of rain. Give me your leaves, and here I will plant them; give me your clusters of grapes which drive our cares away!

ἀλλὰ, φίλος, μὴ σπεῦδε ῥόον ποταμοῖο περῆσαι,
μὴ σοι ἐπιβρίσωσιν ἐν ὕδασι γείτονες Ἴνδοι:
εἰς δρύας ὄμμα τίταινε καὶ εὐπετάλῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
ἀπροῖδῃ σκοπίαζε καλυπτομένων λόχον ἀνδρῶν.
110 ἀλλὰ τί σοι ῥέξουσιν ἀνάλκιδες ἔνδοθι λόχμης;
δυσμενέες ζώουσιν, ἔως ἔτι θύρσον ἐρύκεις.
σιγῇ ἔφ' ἡμείων, μὴ δήιος ἐγγὺς ἀκούσῃ,
μὴ κρυφίοις Ἰνδοῖσιν ἐπαγγεῖλειεν Ὑδάστης.'

[106] "But my friend, do not hasten to cross the river, or the Indians, who are near, may overwhelm you in the water. Direct your eye to the forest, and see

in the leafy thickets a secret ambushade of men unseen hidden there. But what will those weaklings in their thickets do to you? Your enemies live so long as you still hold back your thyrsus. Silence between us now, that the enemy near may not hear, that Hydaspes may not tell it to the hidden Indians.”

ὥς φαμένη παλινόρσος Ἀμαδρυὰς ὤχετο Νύμφη,
115 ἰσοφυῆς ὄρνιθι διέτρεχε φωλάδος ὕλης,
ἥλικος αἰσσοῦσα κατὰ δρυὸς αὐτὰ ὁ σιγῇ
μίσγετο Βασσαρίδεσιν, Ἀμαδρυάδος δὲ θεαίνης
εἶπεν ἑοῖς προμάχοισιν ἐς οὕατα ἑκάστου
120 νεύμασι δενδὶλλον, νοερῇ δ' ἐκέλευε σιωπῇ
τεύχεσι θωρηθέντας ἀνὰ δρυὰς εἰλαπινάζειν,
καὶ κρυφίων ἀγόρευε δολορραφῶν δόλον Ἴνδῶν,
μὴ σφιν ἐπτβρίσωσιν ἀθωρήκτοισι μαχηταί,
εἰσέτι δαινυμένοισιν ἀνὰ στρατόν· οἱ δὲ Λυαίω
125 κεκλομένῳ πεῖθοντο, καὶ εἰς μόθον ἦσαν ἐτοῖμοι
σιγαλέον παρὰ δεῖπνον ἀκοντοφόροιο τραπέζης.

[114] When she had said this, the Hamadryad Nymph went away again quick as a wing, quick as a thought; and changing her shape to look like a bird she sped through the secret wood, down upon the oak her yearsmate. But Bacchos silently mingled with the Bassarids, and told the divine Hamadryad's tale into each captain's ear with nods and glances. By silent signs he ordered them to take their meal under arms among the trees, and explained the secret plot of the plot-stitching Indians. They must not let the fighting men overwhelm them unarmed and still at meat in their ranks. They did as Lyaïos bade them, and sat down to their food in silence ready for battle, with spears on the table.

καὶ ταχινὸν μετὰ δόρπον ἐπέρρεον ἀσπιδιῶται
γείτονος ἐκ ποταμοῖο πιεῖν ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ,
νεύμασι θεσπεσίοισι περισσόνου Διονύσου,
130 μὴ στρατόν εὐνήσειε μέθη καὶ κῶμα καὶ ὄρφνη.
καὶ στρατὸς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φιλοπτολέμῳ πέσεν εὐνῇ
βαῖον ἐνναλῆς ὑπὲρ ἀσπίδος ὕπνον ἱάων.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ δολόεντα μετατρέψας νόον Ἴνδῶν
ἔσπερίην ἀνέκοψε μάχην μυκῆτορι βόμβῳ,
135 ὄμβρου παννυχίοιο χέων ἀπερείσιον ἡχώ.

[127] After a hasty meal they hurried under shields to the river near by, to drink water after the food, by divine command of prudent Dionysos, who did not wish winebibbing and slumber or darkness to put his army to bed. So the army tumbled here or there in the bed of war, to enjoy a short sleep upon the soldier's shield. And Father Zeus thwarted the tricky plan of the Indians, and

prevented their night-assault, by a loud peal of thunder and torrents of rain which made a great noise all night long.

ἀλλ' ὅτε χιονόπεζα χαραξαμένη ζόφον Ἡὼς
ὄρθρον ἀμεργομένη δροσερῇ πορφύρετο πέτρῃ,
ἄκρον ὑπερκύψαντες ἐγερσιμόθου σκέπας ὕλης
δυσμενέες προύτυψαν ἀολλέες: ἦρχε δὲ Θουρεὺς,
¹⁴⁰ Ἰνδῶου πολέμοιο πέλωρ πρόμος, εἵκελος ὄρμην
ἡλιβάτῳ Τυφῶνι καταΐσسونτι κεραυνοῦ.
καὶ στρατιαὶ πινυτοῖο δολόφρονι νεύματι Βάκχου
ψευδαλέον φόβον εἶχον ἀταρβέες, ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
αὐτόματοι χάζοντο θελήμονες, εἰσόκεν Ἰνδοί
¹⁴⁵ εἰς πεδῖον προχέοντο λελοιπότες ἔνδια λόχμης.

[136] But when Dawn rent the darkness with feet of snow, and plucking the morning grew purple upon the streaming rocks, the enemy darting all together beyond the sheltering borders of the forest, burst out to waken the battle. Their leader was Thureus, that prodigious chieftain of India's war, with a rush like towering Typhon when he attacked the thunderbolt. The army of Bacchos, by the astute orders of their skilful leader, feigned flight though unafraid, and retreated from the battlefield of their own will, until the Indians had left their hidingplace and poured over the plain.

τεύχεσι δ' ἀφνειοῖσι κορύσσετο Λύδιος ἀνὴρ,
χρυσοφαῖ Λυκίοιο τύπον Γλαύκοιο κομίζων,
κηρύσσων ἐὼν οὔδας, ὅπῃ Πακτωλίδος ὄχθης
φαιδρὸς ἐρευθομένης ἀμαρύσσεται ὄλβος ἐέρσης,
¹⁵⁰ καὶ ῥοδέαις ἤστραψε βολαῖς ἀντώπιον Ἡοῦς,
σειῶν ξανθὰ μέτωπα ῥυηφενέος τρυφαλείης
Λυδὸς ἀνὴρ ἀρίδηλος, ἀπὸ στέρνων δὲ φορῆος
μαρμαρυγὴ σελάγιζεν ἐρευθομένοιο χιτῶνος:
καὶ κυνέην στίλβουσιν ἐπὶ κροτάφοιο τινάσσων
¹⁵⁵ ἐξ Ἀλύβης πρόμος ἄλλος ἀριστεύων Διονύσω
πάτριον ὄλβον ἔφαινε, ἀπ' εὐφάεος δὲ καρήνου
ἀργυρῆς πῆληκος ἐλάμπετο μάρμαρος αἶγλη
χιονεὴ σέλας ἶσον ἀκοντίζουσα Σελήνῃ.

[146] The Lydian warrior was armed in rich harness, like Lycian Glaucos shining in gold, sounding the fame of his country, where wealth sparkles bright and red through the water that flows between Pactolos's banks; he flashed with rosy gleams in the face of day, shaking the yellow front of his precious helmet, that Lydian warrior conspicuous, and from his breast the corselet he wore flashed gleams of ruddy light. Another chieftain from Alybe,

a valiant champion for Dionysos, showed forth his country's wealth, as he poised the shining helmet upon his temples, and the shimmering sheen of a silver morion was reflected from his head for all to see, shooting a lustre like the snow-white moon.

καὶ θεὸς ἀστήρικτος ὅλους ἐφόβησε μαχητὰς
160 δυσμενέων, οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχων ξίφος, οὐ δόρυ πάλλων,
ἀλλὰ μέσος προμάχων πεφορημένος εἴκελος αὐραῖς
δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο κέρας κυκλώσατο χάρμης,
θύρσον ἀκοντίζων δολιχόσκιον, ἀνθεῖ γαίης,
ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι διασχίζων νέφος Ἴνδῶν.
165 οὐδὲ μιν ὑψικάρηνος ὁ τηλίκος ἦλασε Θουρεὺς,
οὐ στρατός, οὐ πρόμος ἄλλος· ἐπ' ἀλλήλοις δὲ χυθέντες
εἴκαθον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα διεσσυμένῳ Διονύσῳ.

[159] The restless god himself scattered all the enemy troops, holding no naked sword, poising no spear, but passing like the wind through the front ranks, circling from left wing to right in the fray, striking with his thyrsus instead of a long lance, cleaving the cloud of Indians with flowers of the field, with ivy-rod for spear. Highheaded Thureus, great as he was, could not drive him back, nor another champion, nor the army; but sprawling over each other they gave way in every part before the rush of Dionysos.

κυανέην δ' Οἶαγρος ἀνεστυφέλιξεν Ἐννῶ
ἀμώων ἀκόρητος ἐπασσυντέρων στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
170 ἔγχεϊ Βιστονίῳ κορυθαῖόλα λήια τέμνων.
ὥς δ' ὅτε τις προχέων ποταμὸς δυσπέμφελον ἀλκὴν
ἄστατος ἐκ σκοπέλοιο χαραδρήεντι ῥέεθρῳ
ἔρχεται, εἰς πεδίον πεφορημένος, οὐδὲ μιν αὐταὶ
ἔρκεσιν ἀρραγέεσσιν ἀναστέλλουσιν ἀλωαὶ
175 λαϊνέης μέσα νῶτα διαξύνοντα γεφύρης·
πολλῇ μὲν κεκύλιστο πίτυς, πολλῇ δὲ πεσοῦσα
ὑψιφανῆς προθέλυμνος ἐσύρετο χεῦματι πεύκη·
ὥς ὃ γε δυσμενέων στρατὸν ἄμφεπεν, ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
πεζὸν ἐπιστροφάδην ὀλέκων Σιθωνίδι λόγχῃ,
180 καὶ μιν ἐκυκλώσαντο, καὶ ἦν καλέουσι μαχηταὶ
μιμηλὴν σακέεσσιν ἐπυργώσαντο χελώνην·
ἴχνεσι μὲν στατὸν ἴχνος ἐρείδετο, κεκλιμένη δὲ
ἀσπίς ἔην προθέλυμνος ἀμοιβαδὶς ἀσπίδι γείτων
στεινομένῃ, καὶ ἔνευε λόφῳ λόφος, ἀγχιφανῆς δὲ
185 ἀνδρὸς ἀνὴρ ἔψαυεν· ἐγειρομένης δὲ κονίης
ἱππείοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐλευκαίνοντο μαχηταί.

[168] Oiagros also beat back the swarthy fighting, insatiable, reaping the ranks of men in swathes, as he cut the harvest of flashing helms with Bistonian blade. As a torrent pours its stormy strength unceasing from the mountains in floods through the ravines, and comes rushing over the plain, where not even the enclosures can hold it with their impregnable walls, and it bursts midway through the masses of stone bridges: many a pine goes rolling, many a tall fir falls torn by the roots and hurried down by the flood — so he dealt with the enemy host, killing the footmen one after another in heaps with Sithonian pike. Now they came around him, and built what soldiers call a mimic tortoise with their shields: foot stood firm beside foot shield leant on shield side by side, layer before layer pressing close, plume nodded to plume, man touched man in serried array, the dust rose under the horses' hooves and the warriors were whitened.

ἐνθα τινα πρῶτον, τινα δ' ὕστατον Ἴδι πέμπων
Βιστονίης Οἶαγρος ἀπέθρισεν ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
κτείνων ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον, ἑῆς ἀλόχοιο τελέσσας
190 ἔργα φατιζομένης ἐπιδευέα Καλλιοπείης;
τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο θοῶι δορί, τὸν δὲ δαΐζων
ἄορι κωπήεντι κατ' αὐχένος, αἰνομανῇ δὲ
δήιον ἄλλον ἔνυξε παρ' ὀμφαλόν, ἐκ φονίης δὲ
ὤτειλῆς ἐὼν ἔγχος ἀνείρυσεν, ἐλκομένῳ δὲ
195 σπλάγχχνα δαφοινήεντι συνέσπασε θερμὰ σιδήρῳ:
ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο κατέδραμε φάσγανον ἔλκων,
ἄορι δ' εὐθήκτῳ παλάμην τάμεν, ἡ δὲ πεσοῦσα
αἰμοβαφῆς ἥσπαιρεν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἄλλομένη χεῖρ:
καὶ παλάμη τέτμητο καὶ οὐ μεθέηκε βοεῖην
200 ἄκρα περισφίγγουσα κονιομένου τελαμῶνος
ψυχῇ δ' ἠνεμόφοιτος ἀναΐξασα θανόντος
συμπλεκέος ποθέεσκεν ἐθήμονα σώματος ἥβην.
ἄλλον ἀπηλοίησεν ἀφειδέι δουρὶ πατάξας,
θηγαλέῃ γλωχίνι βραχίονος ἄκρα τορήσας,
205 ἄορι δ' ἀσπίδα τύψεν, ἀρασσομένης δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἄρραγέος βόμβησε μεσόμφαλα νῶτα βοεῖης.

[187] Here whom first, whom last did Oiagros send to Hades, as the man of Bistonia sliced them down, killing one after another, doing deeds that needed Calliopeia his consort, to tell them! One he struck above the nipple with darting spear, one with hilted sword in the neck; another furious foe he pierced in the navel, drew back his spear from the bleeding wound, and as he pulled, dragged out the bowels hot after his gory steel. When another showed fight he drew sword and ran upon him, cut the wrist with the sharp blade, and the hand fell bleeding and wriggling and jumping on the ground: or a hand was cut off, but did not loose the shield, but still clutched the end of the strap

down in the dust, while the dead man's soul flew off on the wind longing for the youthful strength of the familiar body which had been bound up with it. Another he destroyed with a blow of his unsparing spear, piercing the shoulder-top with the sharp point, then struck the shield with his sword — the steel struck the oxhide in the middle with a clash, but it did not break.

αὐτὰρ ὁ λυσσήμεντι μόθου δεδονημένος οἴστρω
ἔγχειν ἑλέλιζε μετῆλυδα κυκλάδι τέχνη
ἢ πλευρῆς ἑκάτερθεν ἢ αὐχένος ἢ σχεδὸν ὦμου·
210 σείων δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλινδίνητον ἄκωκῆν
στεινομένης μέσα νῶτα διέτμαγε δηιοτῆτος,
κραιπνός, ἄερσιλόφοιο καθήμενος ὑπόθεν ἵππου.
ὥς δ' ὅτε ῥιγαλέου σκιερὴν μετὰ χείματος ὥρην
φαίνεται ἄσκεπέων νεφέων γυμνούμενος ἄηρ,
215 φέγγεος εἰαρινοῖο δεδεγμένος αἴθριον αἴγλην·
ὥς ὅ γε βακχεύων πυκινὰς στίχας ἄτρομος ἀνὴρ
Ἴνδῶν σχιζομένων μεσάτην γυμνώσατο χάρμην.

[207] So he went on wild with the madness of battle, wielded his spear in all directions with masterly skill, right and left flank, over the neck, across the shoulder, darted the ever-returning point this way and that way, until he cut through the front of the dense combat, full of energy as he sat on his horse with flying mane. As after the dark season of freezing winter the air shows free of the covering clouds, and takes the clear light of shining spring, so this inspired fearless man routed the dense ranks of broken Indians, and made a bare space in the middle of the fray.

καὶ τότε τις προμάχοιο περὶ στόμα χαλκὸν ἐρείσας
δεξιτερὴν δασπλῆτι γενειάδα τύψε μαχαίρῃ·
220 καὶ τις ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἐν ἥερι βόμβον ἰάλλων
εἰς σκοπὸν ὑψικέλευθον ἐπέμπετο λᾶας ἀλήτης,
καὶ λίθος ἡερόφοιτος ἐπεσμαράγησε καρήνῳ,
καὶ λόφον εὐπήληκος ἀπεστυφέλιξεν ἐθείρης,
αὐχενίου δεσμοῖο παρ' ἀνθερεῶνα λυθέντος·
225 τῆς δὲ κυλινδομένης κεφαλῇ γυμνοῦτο φορῆος.
οὐ μοῦνοι τότε φῶτες ἐπέβρεμον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἵπποι χαλκοχίτωνες ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ἐνυῶ,
Ἄρεα σαλπίζοντες ἐνναλίῳ χρεμετισμῷ.
κούρη δ' ὑστερόφωνος ὀρεσσαύλων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
230 πετραίοις στομάτεσσιν ἀμειβομένη κτύπον αὐτῶν
μιμηλὴ χρεμέτιζε μέλος πολεμήιον Ἥχῳ.

[218] Then in the front ranks, one drove his blade at another's mouth and struck

the right cheek with the terrible sword. Here a stone cast against the enemy soared high to its mark, whizzing through the air; the stone fell from the air and crashed upon a head, knocking off the crest of a plumed helmet and snapping the neckstrap under the chin — the helmet went rolling away and the man's head was bare. Then not only men roared battle, but even the armoured horses joined in the noise, trumpeting Ares with bellicose whinny: and maiden Echo aftersounding answered the din of their hillranging throats with her stony lips, and whinnied too — mimicking their warlike notes.

καὶ πολὺς ἀρτιδαίκτος ἐλίσσεται νεκρὸς ἀρούραις
θερμὸν ἀποπτύων ῥόον αἵματος: ὀλλυμένων δέ
οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ πλευρῇσιν ἐπηώρηντο θανόντες,
²³⁵ ὃς δὲ τυπεῖς ἐλέλικτο χαρασσομένου κενεῶνος,
ἄλλος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο χυτῇ κεκύλιστο κονίῃ,
ἄλλος ἐπεστήρικτο παρ' ὀμφαλόν, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
ἀνέρος ἀσπαίροντος ἐπεσκίρτησε καρήνῳ,
ὃς δὲ πεσὼν ἰάχησε τετυμμένος ἀνθερεῶνα,
²⁴⁰ καὶ πόδας ἀμφελέλιξεν ἔχων ὄρχηθμόν ὀλέθρου:
πρηνῆς δ' ἄλλος ἔκειτο, καὶ ὥς κοτέων ὀλετῆρι
εὐρυχανῆς ἔσφιγξε μεμηνότι γαῖαν ὀδόντι.
ἄλλου βαλλομένοιο τανυγλώχινι σιδήρῳ
λευκὸς ἀκοντιστῆρι χιτῶν ἐρυθαίνετο λύθρῳ:
²⁴⁵ ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο τιταινομένων ἀπὸ τόξων
αἱμοβαφῆς περρόντι χαράσσετο μηρὸς οἰσιτῷ.

[232] Many a corpse newly slain rolled over the fields, spitting out a hot stream of blood. Of the dying, some lay on their sides and died, one with belly torn open turned over on the wound, another rolled in the dust which was scattered on the ground, another died leaning upon his middle, this one trod upon the head of a man gasping on the ground, that one wounded in the throat fell with a groan and moved his feet about in a dance of death. Another lay on his face, and as if venting his rage on the slayer, opened his mouth and bit the earth with mad teeth. Another had been struck with a long steel blade, and his white tunic was red from a jet of gore. Another, as he fought, was shot in the thigh by a winged arrow from the bows drawn at him, and covered with blood.

καὶ τις ἔην σάλπιγγα μάτην περὶ χεῖλος ἐρείσας
ἐχθρὸς ἀνὴρ κελάδησεν ἐγερσιμόθου μέλος ἡχοῦς,
ὀκναλέον φύξηλιν ἐδὼν στρατὸν εἰς μόθον ἔλκων.
²⁵⁰ οἱ δὲ βοῆς αἰόντες ἐπὶ κλόνον ἔρρεον Ἴνδοι.
θαρσαλέοι δ' ἤψαντο παλιννόστοιο κυδοιμοῦ
αἰδόμενοι βασιλῆι φανήμεναι ἔκτοθι νίκης.

[247] There was one of the enemy who pressed his trumpet to his lips in vain, and sounded the call to attack, hoping to bring back into the battle his cowardly shrinking host. The Indians hearing the call poured back to the fray, and boldly began a new conflict, ashamed to appear without victory before their king.

καὶ πολέες στεφανηδὸν ἀπόσσυτον εἰν ἐνὶ χώρῳ
Αἰακὸν εὐθώρηκες ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταί.
255 αὐτὰρ ὁ μέσσος ἔην βεβημένος, οὐ τρυφαλεῖη,
οὐ πῖσυνος σακέεσσι καὶ οὐ θώρηκι κυδοιμοῦ·
ἀλλὰ ἐπατρώοις πεπυκασμένον ἀντὶ σιδήρου
ἀρρήκτοις νεφέεσσιν ὅλον πύργωσεν Ἀθήνη,
οἷς πάρος ἀβρέκτοιο κατέσβεσεν αὐχμὸν ἀρούρης
260 διψαλέην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγων βιοτήσιον ὕδωρ
Ζηνὸς ἐπομβρήσαντος, ἀμαλλοτόκοιο δὲ γαίης
αὐλακες εὐώδινες ἐνυμφεύθησαν ἀρότρῳ·
καὶ μέσος ἀντιβίων κυκλοῦμενος ἔνθεος ἀνήρ
τοὺς μὲν ἀπηλοιήσε θοῶ δορί, τοὺς δὲ μαχαίρῃ,
265 τοὺς δὲ λίθοις κραναοῖσι· πέδον δ' ἐρυθαίνετο λύθρῳ
Ἴνδῶν κτεινομένων, καὶ ἀκαμπέος ἀνέρος αἰχμῇ
κεῖτο πολυσπερέων νεκρῶν χύσις, ὣν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ἡμιθανὴς ἦσπαιρεν, ὁ δὲ χθόνα ποσσὶν ἀράσσων
ὕπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ὁμίλεε γείτονι πότμῳ·
270 καὶ δαπέδῳ στείνοντο, νέκυς δ' ἐπερείδετο νεκρῶ
κεκλιμένῳ μετρηδόν, ἀπ' ἀρτιτόμοιο δὲ λαιμοῦ
ψυχρὸν ἐρευθιόωντι δέμας θερμαίνεται λύθρῳ·
καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἦεν, ἐπασσυτέρων δὲ πεσόντων
γαῖα κελαινιώσα κατάρρυτος αἵματος ὀκλῶ,
275 υἱέας οἰκτείρουσα, χαρὰδραιῇ φάτο φωνῇ:

[253] A large company of warriors in panoply drove Aiacos apart, and surrounded him there. He stood in the midst at their mercy; no helmet nor shield nor corselet could have saved him from that assault, but Athena built all round him a defence in place of steel, his father's impregnable clouds, the same clouds which once had quenched the drought of the soil, and brought lifegiving water upon the thirsty earth, when Zeus sent the rain, so that the fertile furrows of sheafbearing earth were wedded to the plow. Thus the inspired man, surrounded by enemies, destroyed some with quickdarting spear, some with sword, some with jagged stones; the ground was red with the blood of slain Indians, and the corpses lay scattered in heaps by the blade of the unshaken man. One panted half-dead, one hammered the earth with his feet and rolled over helpless on his back, holding converse with fate his neighbour. They crowded the place, corpse lying as if fitted on corpse in rows, and cold bodies were warmed by the red gore from throats newly cut, endless

carnage. As they fell and fell, Earth darkened with pouring streams of blood lamented her sons, and cried with a torrent of words —

‘υἱὲ Διὸς ζεῖδωρε μαιφόνε — καὶ γὰρ ἀνάσσεις
ὄμβρου καρποτόκοιο καὶ αἵμαλέου νιφετοῖο, —
ὄμβρῳ μὲν γονόεσσαν ὄλην ἐδίηνας ἀλωήν
Ἑλλάδος, Ἰνδῶν δὲ κατέκλυσας αὖλακα λύθρῳ,
280 ὁ πρὶν ἀμαλλοφόρος, θανατηφόρος· ἀγρονόμοις μὲν
σὸς νιφετὸς στάχυν εὔρε, σὺ δὲ στρατὸν ἔθρισας Ἰνδῶν
ἀνέρας ἀμῶν ἅτε λήιον· ἀμφοτέρων δὲ
ἐκ Διὸς ὄμβρον ἄγεις, ἐξ Ἄεος αἶματι νίφεις.’

[276] “Son of Zeus, beneficent butcher — for you are lord of the fruitbearing rain and the deluge of blood! With rain you did irrigate all the productive orchards of Hellas, with gore you have deluged Indian furrows! Once stookbearing, now deathbearing! Your deluge found corn-ears for the farmers, now you have reaped the Indian host, men like a ripe harvest! You do both — bring rain from Zeus, and shower blood from Ares!”

τοῖα μὲν ἔννεπε Γαῖα φερέσβιος. ἀλλὰ Κρονίων
285 οὐρανόθεν κελάδησε, καὶ Αἰακὸν εἰς φόνον Ἰνδῶν
βρονταίοις πατάγοισι Διὸς προκαλιζέτο σάλπιγξ.
καὶ τις ἐν ἀντιβίοισιν ἐς Αἰακὸν ὄμμα τανύσσας
πέμπε βέλος, καὶ βαιὸν ὅσον χροὸς ἄκρον ἀμύξαι,
μηρὸν ἐπιγράψαντα παρέτραπεν ἰὸν Ἀθήνῃ.
290 μάρνατο δ’ εἰσέτι μᾶλλον ἀνώδυνος εἰς μέσον Ἰνδῶν
Αἰακὸς ἀστήρικτος, ἐπεὶ βέλος ἦπτετο μηροῦ,
λεπτὸς ὄνυξ ἅτε φωτός, ὅτε χροὸς ἄκρα χαράξῃ.

[284] So cried Earth, the mother of life. But Cronion sounded from heaven, the trumpet of Zeus called Aiacos to the slaughter of Indians with thunderclaps. There one of the enemy fixed his eye on Aiacos and let fly a shot: the arrow just grazed his thigh so as to scratch the skin, but Athena turned it aside. Aiacos felt no pain, and fought still more without ceasing among the Indians, after the arrow touched his thigh, like the light touch of a man’s nail which just scratches the skin.

καὶ τις ἀνὴρ ἀκίχητος ἐχάζετο πεζὸς ὁδίτης
ἵχνεσιν ὠκυτέροισι, καὶ ἦθελε γείτονα λόχμην
295 δύμεναι, ἥχι πάροιθεν ἐκεύθετο· τὸν δὲ διώκων
εἰς δρόμον ἠνιόχευε ποδήγεμον ἵππον Ἐρεχθεύς·
ἀλλ’ ὅτε τόσσον ἔμαρψεν, ὅσον προμάχοιο βαλόντος
ἐγχεος ἱπταμένοιο τιταίνεται ὄρθιος ὀρμή,

δὴ τότε οἱ μετὰ νῶτα βαλὼν ἀντῷπιος ἔσθη
 300 πεζὸς ἀνὴρ, ἵππῃα δεδεγμένος· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμψας
 ὀκλαδὸν ἐστήριξεν ἀριστερὸν ἵχνος ἀρούρη
 λοξὸς ἐπὶ πλευρῇσιν, ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ ταρσοῦ
 ἵχνιον ἡέρταζε μετάρσιον, ὀρθὰ τιταίνων
 δεξιτεροῦ ποδὸς ἄκρα πεπηγότα δάκτυλα γαίῃ,
 305 Ἴνδικὸν ἐπταβόειον ἔχων σάκος, εἰκόνα πύργου,
 γυμνὸν ἔχων ξίφος ὀξύ· προῖσχύμενος δὲ προσώπου
 ἀσπίδα χαλκεόνωτον ἐπέδραμεν Ἴνδὸς ἀγῆνωρ,
 ἢ θανέειν ἢ φῶτα βαλεῖν ἢ πῶλον ἐλάσσαι
 ἄορι τολμήεντι· καὶ ὀμφαλόμεντι σιδήρῳ
 310 δόχμιος ἀντικέλευθον ἀνακρούσας γένυν ἵππου
 πεζὸς ἐὼν ἐτίναξεν ὑπέρτερον ἡνιοχῆα·
 καὶ νῦν εἰς χθόνα ῥῖψεν ἀμήτορος ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης,
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἐγχεῖ νύξε παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἄκρον Ἐρεχθεὺς
 καὶ φονίῳ μέσον ἄνδρα πεπαρμένον ὀξεὶ χαλκῷ
 315 εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζεν· ὁ δὲ στροφάδεσσιν ἐρωαῖς
 ἡερόθεν προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίῃ
 κρᾶτα κυβιστητῆρα φέρων βητάρμονι παλμῷ.
 τὸν δὲ λιπὼν σπαίροντα, μετατρέψας δρόμον ἵππου,
 ἄλλοις δυσμενέεσσιν ἐπέχραεν ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης.

[293] One man got away on foot uncaught, running at full speed, and wished to get into the coppice not far off where he had been hidden before; but Erechtheus pursued him riding a windfoot horse. When he had caught him up so close that a front-fighter could aim his flying lance for a straight throw, the man turned about and faced him, awaiting the horseman on foot. He bent his knee, and planted his left foot on the ground turning sideways, lifted his right foot and stretched it behind, stiffened the toes of his right foot and pressed them firmly into the ground. He carried a sevenhide Indian shield like a tower, he carried a sharp naked sword; holding the bronzeplated shield before his face the brave Indian faced his foe, ready to die or strike the man or pierce the horse with daring sword. As he came on the footman from one side struck up at the horse's cheek with a knob of steel and unsettled the man above on his back, and he would have thrown the citizen of unmothered Athena; but Erechtheus struck him with a spear by his midnipple-tip, and with sharp-slaughtering bronze pierced the man through the middle and sent him flying till he fell through the air to the ground, slipping headforemost, and rolled over and over in the dust, and with a somersault took a header like a tumbling clown. There the Athenian left him in convulsions, and turned back his horse to attack other enemies.

320 ... κυκλώσας ἐὰ τόξα, καὶ ἀπλώσας ἐπὶ νευρὴν
 ὀρθιον ἀκροτάτου τετανυσμένον ἄχρι σιδήρου

εἷς σκοπὸν εἴκε βέλεμον· ἀριστοτόκῳ δ' ἐπὶ νύμφῃ
 νίκης ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐπέτρεπε Καλλιοπεῖη.
 ἔννεά μὲν προέηκε τανυγλῶχινας ὀιστοὺς,
 325 ἔννεά δ' ἄνδρας ἔπεφνε· ἦν δέ τις ἴσος ἀριθμὸς
 πεμπομένοις βελέεσσι καὶ ὀλλυμένοισι μαχηταῖς·
 ὣν ὁ μὲν ἄκρα μέτωπα διέσχισεν ἰὸς ἀλήτης,
 ὃς δὲ δασυστέρνοιο κατέγραψεν ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,
 ἄλλος ὑπὲρ λαγόνων, ἕτερος δ' ἐπὶ νηδὺ πίπτων
 330 μεσσατίῃ πεφόρητο χαρασσομένου κενεῶνος,
 ὃς δὲ διὰ πλευροῖο διέδραμεν, ὃς δὲ φυγόντος
 ὀρθὸς ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν ἐνεπήγνυτο ταρσῷ
 καὶ χθονίῳ σφήκωσεν ὁμοζεύκτῳ πόδα δεσμῷ.
 ἦνεμόεν δὲ βέλεμον ἀνείρυσεν· ἓκ δὲ φαρέτρης
 335 ἄλλου πεμπομένοιο κατέδραμεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
 ἥριπῃ στροφάλλιγι κατάσσυτος ὄμβρος ὀιστῶν.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε χαλκείῳ τις ἐπ' ἄκμονι χαλκὸν ἐλαύνων
 ἀκαμάτῳ ῥαισθῆρι πυρίβρομον ἦχον ἰάλλει,
 τύπτων γείτονα μύδρον, ἀποθρώσκουσι δὲ πολλοὶ
 340 ἀλλόμενοι σπινθῆρες ἀρασσομένοιο σιδήρου,
 ἥερα θερμαίνοντες, ἀμοιβαίησι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
 ὃς μὲν ἦν προκέλευθος, ὁ δὲ σχεδὸν, ἄλλος ὀρούσας
 ἄλλον ἔτι θρώσκοντα κιχάνεται αἶθοπι παλμῷ·
 ὥς ὃ γε τοξεύων στρατιῇν ἀντώπιον Ἴνδῶν
 345 μαρναμένων ἐκέδασσεν ἄλωφῆτων ἀπὸ τόξων,
 κτείνων ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον ἐπασσύτεροισι βελέμοις.
 μεσσατίης δὲ φάλαγγος ἀλευαμένης νέφος ἰῶν
 χῶρος ἐγυμνώθη, κεραῆς Ἰνδαλμα Σελήνης,
 ἀμφιφαῆς ὅτε βαιὸν ἀποστίλβουσα κεραίης
 350 ἄκρα διαπλήσασα δὺν νεοφεγγέος αἴγλης
 κεκλιμέναις ἀκτῖσι μέσον κύκλοιο χάρασσει,
 δίζυγι κεκριμένῳ μαλακῷ πυρί· μεσσατίης δὲ
 γυμνὰ χαρασσομένης ἔτι φαίνετο κύκλα Σελήνης.

[320] (Oiaeros was still fighting.) He bent his bow, fitted a shaft to the string, and drew it right back to the tip of the iron and let fly at the mark, trusting all hopes of victory to his bride Calliopeia, mother of a noble son. Nine longbarbed arrows he shot, nine men he slew — one number for the arrows let fly and the warriors killed. One flying shaft pierced a forehead, one cut the round of a hairy breast, another fell on a flank, another upon a belly and dug deep into the hollow middle. Again one went through a side, another caught a running man on the sole of his storming foot and nailed the foot close fastened to the earth. Again he drew back a windswift shaft: and from that quiver another flew, and a shower of arrows went one after another hurtling through the air. As when a man hammers metal on a smith's anvil, and rings the fiery

clinks with unwearied sledge beating the mass below, the sparks leap out in showers, spurting when the iron is struck, and heat the air; under blow after blow first one goes up then another, one leaps after another and catches it leaping in its fiery course: so he shooting at the Indian host before him scattered the warriors with arrows without respite, slaying on all sides with the incessant shafts. The centre of the line gave way before this cloud of arrows and a space was left clear, like the crescent moon when it shines dim at either horn and fills the two ends with new-lighted sheen, marking off the middle of the orb with receding beams, and the two horns apart gleaming softly, but the middle orb of the moon marked off is yet seen to be bare.

οὐδὲ μάχης ἀπέληγε συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ
355 Αἰακὸς ἀπτοίητος, ἐβακχεύθη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
κτείνων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα: καὶ ἐκ πεδίοιο διώκων
εἰς προχοᾶς ποταμοῖο μετήγαγε λαὸν ἀλήτην.
συμπερτοὶ δ' ἓνα μοῦνον ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταὶ
τυπτόμενον ξιφέεσσι καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγοντα μαχαίρης,
360 οὐ βέλεος πετρώοντος: ἐπασσυντέρησι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
κυανέης ἤμησε σιδήρεα λήια χάρμης
κραιπνὸς ἀνὴρ καὶ πᾶσιν ἐμάρνατο, τοὺς μὲν ἐπ' ὄχθαις,
τοὺς δὲ κάτω ποταμοῖο μαχήμονι χειρὶ δαΐζων:
καὶ νεκῶν ἔπλησεν ὅλον ῥόον: ὀλλυμένων δὲ
365 αἵματι μορμύρων ἐρυθαίνετο λευκὸς Ὑδάσπης.
καὶ τις ἀνὴρ προμάχοιο φυγῶν ἀνεμώδεα ῥιπὴν
κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησε ῥέεθρῳ,
καὶ πολὺς ἀρτιδάικτος ἀκοντιστῆρι σιδήρῳ
σύρετο κυματόεντι νέκυς πεφορημένος ὀλκῷ
370 οἰδαλέοις μελέεσσιν: ὑποβρυχίοιο δὲ λύθρου
νηιάδες λούσαντο δαφοινήεντι ῥέεθρῳ,
καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐφοινίχθη μέλαν ὕδωρ.
πολλοὶ δ' ἐν προχοῇσιν ἀπορρίψαντες ἀκωκὴν
ἵκεσιν ἀνέφαινον ἀτευχέες, ὅς μὲν ἐπ' ὄχθαις,
375 ὅς δὲ παρὰ ψαμάθοις τετανυσμένος, ὅς δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
ὄρθιος ὀκλάζων, κυρτούμενον αὐχένα κάμπτων:
ἀλλὰ λιτὰς ἀπέειπεν ἄνω νεύοντι προσώπῳ
Αἰακὸς ἀντιβίοισιν ἀκαμπέα μῆνιν ἀέζων:
αἰχμητὴν δ' ἀσιδηρὸν ἔτι φαύοντα λιτῶν
380 οὐχ ἓνα μοῦνον ἔπεφνε Λυκάονα, δυσμενέας δὲ
χερσὶν ἀθωρήκτοισι κυλινδομένους ἐπὶ γαίῃ
νηρίθους κεραίζε, ῥόον ποταμοῖο μαινῶν:
καὶ πολὺν Ἀστεροπαῖον ἐδέξατο νεκρὸν Ὑδάσπης.

[354] Nor did Aiacos slacken fight, that fearless ally of Dionysos, but he moved furious in the fray killing here and killing there; he chased the people away

from the plain and drove them into the river flood. The warriors gathered around him, alone in their midst, struck by their swords and not caring for sabre-stroke nor winged shot. With incessant swoops he reaped the iron harvest of black battle, that stirring hero, and fought them all, slaying some on the banks, some down in the river with battling hand. He filled the whole stream with corpses; white Hydaspes turned red, boiling with the blood of the slain. One man to escape the champion, rushing like the wind, dived of himself, tumbling into the stream; many a corpse newly slain by that darting steel was carried floating upon the billowy flood with swollen limbs. The blood ran deep, and the Naiads washed in gory water, the black water reddened with clots of blood. Many threw away their spears in the river and offered supplication unarmed, this on the bank, that stretched on the sand, one again on land kneeling upright and bending an arched neck. But Aiacos threw up his head refusing their prayers, and let his unbending wrath grow against his adversaries. Not one Lycaon alone did he slay, a warrior unarmed and still praying for mercy; but innumerable enemies he destroyed, rolling over and over on the earth with unweaponed hands, and defiled the running river: many a dead Asteropaios Hydaspes received.

Οὐδ' ἄθεεὶ πολέμιζε καὶ Αἰακός· ἀντιβίους γάρ,
385 ὥς γενέτης Πηλῆος, ἔσω ποταμοῖο δαΐζω
ἱκμαλέον μόθον εἶχε καὶ ὕδατόεσσαν Ἐνυώ,
οἷα προθεσπίζων ποταμοῦ περὶ χεῦμα Καμάνδρου
φύλοπιν ἡμιτέλεστον ἐπεσομένην Ἀχιλῆϊ·
καὶ μόθον υἱωνοῖο μόθος μαντεύσατο πάππου.

[384] Not without God's help Aiacos also fought. As befitted the father of Peleus, he slew his enemies in the river, a watery battle, a conflict among the waves, as if to foretell the unfinished battle for Achilles in time to come at the river Camandros: the grandfather's battle prophesied the grandson's conflict.

390 καὶ τις ἐνὶ προχοῇσιν ἀσάμβalos ἴαχε Νύμφη
νηϊὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ὑπερκύψασα ῥοάων:

[390] And a Naiad Nymph in the river unshod, unveiled, peeped out of the stream and cried —

Ἕνιάδων ὁμόφυλε, Διιπετέες αἶμα κομίζων,
ἄγνὸν ὕδωρ ἐλέαιρε Διιπετέος ποταμοῖο.
ἄρκιον Ἴνδὸν ὄλεσσε τεδὸν δόρυ: παῦεο Νύμφαις
395 δάκρυα Νηιάδεσσιν ἀδακρύτοισιν ἐγείρων:
νηϊὰς ὕδατόεσσα καὶ ὑμετέρη πέλε μήτηρ:
κούρην γὰρ ποταμοῖο τεῖην Αἰγιναν ἀκούω.

μνῶεο, τίς σε λόχευσε, καὶ οὐκέτι χεῦμα μαιίνει.
ἴξομαι εἰς ῥόον ἄλλον ἀκήρατον, εἰς ἄλα βαίνω.
400 καὶ με θαλασσαιη δέχεται Θέτις· ἀλλὰ μελέσθω
αἱματόεις ῥόος οὔτος Ἑρινὺ καὶ Διονύσω.’

[392] “Kinsman of the Naiads! with the blood of Zeus in your veins! Pity the holy water of the river that fell from Zeus! Indians enough your spear has destroyed. Cease to call for the tears from the tearless Naiad Nymphs! A Naiad of the water was your own mother; yes, I hear that your Aigina was a river’s daughter. Think who brought you forth, and you will no longer defile a river. I will go away to another stream, one without stain, I will go down to the sea, and seaborne Thetis is ready to receive me. Let this river of blood be the care of Erinys and Dionysos.”

BOOK 23

εἰκοστῷ τριτάτῳ πεπερημένον Ἴνδὸν Ὑδάσπην
καὶ κλόνον ὕδατόεντα καὶ αἰθαλόεντα λιγαίνω.
ὦς φαμένη πατρῶον ἐδύσατο φοίνιον ὕδωρ
νηϊὰς ὕδατόεσσα διάβροχος αἶματι Νύμφη.
αὐτὰρ ὁ βάρβαρα φῦλα παρ' ἡόνας ἄορι τύπτων
εἰς προχοᾶς ἔτρεψε: διωκόμενοι δὲ σιδήρῳ
5 δυσμενέες κτείνοντο φόβῳ στείνοντες Ὑδάσπην.
καὶ πολὺς ἐν ῥοθίοισι πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἐλίσσων
νηχομένους μιμεῖτο, καὶ ἥθελε πότμον ἀλύξαι
χερσὶν ἀπειρήτοις ποταμῆια χεῦματα τέμνων:
ἀλλὰ ῥόῳ κεκάλυπτο: καὶ ὕδασιν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
10 ἔγκυος οἰδαίνων διερῶ τυμβεύετο πότμῳ.

BOOK XXIII

*In the twenty - third I sing Indian Hydaspes crossed, and the affray of water
and fire.*

So spoke the Nymph, the Naiad of the waters, and soaked in blood plunged into the bloodstained water of her father. But Aiacos drove the barbarian hordes along the banks into the flood, striking with his sword; the enemy pursued by the steel died in their rout and choked the river Hydaspes. Many a one in the flood stretched legs and arms in the manner of swimmers, and tried to escape his fate by cutting the stream with inexperienced hands, yet he was swallowed in the water; one upon another swollen big with water there found a floating grave.

Οὐδ' ἐπὶ δὴν παρὰ θῆνα φερεσσακέος ποταμοῖο
πληθὺι τοσσατίη φονίων κυκλοῦμενος Ἴνδῶν
Αἰακὸς εἰσέτι μῖμνεν, ἐπεὶ μογέοντι παρέσθη
Ἴνδοφόνος Διόνυσος ἀκαχμένα θύρσα τινάσσων.
15 ἔνθα πολὺν στρατὸν ἄλλον ἀφειδέι δούρατι νύσσω
Αἰακὸς ἐπρήνιξεν: ἐμαίνεται δ' οἷᾶ περ Ἄρης,
σύνδρομος εὐθώρηκι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.

[11] But Aiacos had not long to wait on the bank of the shieldstrewn river, surrounded by all that multitude of deadly foes, for Dionysos Indianslayer was beside him at his need, shaking the sharpened wand. Then Aiacos laid low a great host besides, piercing them with unsparing spear; furious as Ares he was by the side of his corseleled brother Dionysos.

καὶ διερῆ Διόνυσος ὁμίλεε σὺζυγι χάρμη
 ὕγρον ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισι φέρων μόρον. εἰ δέ τις ἀνὴρ
 20 νήχετο δαιδαλέης ὑπὲρ ἀσπίδος οἶδματα τέμνων,
 νηχομένων κεράϊζε μετὰφρενον· εἰ δέ τις Ἴνδῶν
 ἡμιφανῆς πολέμιζεν ἐπ' ἱλύι ταρσὸν ἐρείσας,
 θύρσῳ στήθος ἔτυψεν ἢ αὐχένα, κύματα τέμνων,
 δυομένων· βυθίων γὰρ ἐπίστατο κόλπον ἐναύλων,
 25 ἔξ ὅτε μιν φεύγοντα μόθον δασπλῆϊτα Λυκούργου
 δώματι κυμαίνοντι γέρων ὑπεδέξατο Νηρεὺς.
 πολλοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περικλείοντο ρέεθρῳ,
 υἷα Διὸς τρομέοντες ὀρίδρομον, ὣν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
 ὄρθιος ἱλυόεντι πόδας σφικώσατο πηλῶ,
 30 αὐτοπαγῆς δ' ἀτίνακτος ἀπ' ἱξύος ἄχρι καρήνου
 ἡμιφανῆς ἀνέτελλε καλυπτομένην πτύχα μηροῦ·
 καὶ Βρομίῳ πολέμιζεν ἐν ὕδασι μᾶλλον ἀρούρης
 ἀμφοτέραις παλάμαις διδυμάονα δούρατα πάλλων·
 καὶ τὸ μὲν αἰχμάζεσκεν ἐς ἥονας ὑπόσε πέμπων,
 35 Αἰακὸν ἀντικέλευθον ἔχων σκοπόν, ἄλλο δὲ σείσας
 ἔγχος ἀνουτήτοιο κατηκόντιζε Λυαίου.
 καὶ τις ἐνεστήρικτο μέσον κενεῶνα καλύπτων,
 ὃς δὲ φυγεῖν οὐχ εὔρε, τετυμμένος ὀξεί θύρσῳ,
 ἵχνια πηλώεντι φέρων πεπεδημένα δεσμῶ,
 40 ταρσὸν ἔχων ψαμάθοισι κατάσχετον· ἴστατο δ' ἄλλος
 κνήμης βαλλομένης· ὁ δὲ γούνατος ἄκρα διαίνων
 ὕγρην αἰμαλέοιο δι' ὕδατος εἶχεν Ἐνυώ·
 ἄλλος ἐνερριζωτο δεδυκότος ἄχρι γενείου,
 καὶ πόδας ἠώρησε λελουμένον ὦμον αἰείρων,
 45 φεύγων φρικτὰ ρέεθρα καταΐσσοντα προσώπου·
 ἄλλος ἐνὶ προχοῇσιν ὅλον δέμας ἐκ ποδὸς ἄκρου
 ἄχρι μέσου στέρνοιο κατάρρυτος, ὃς δὲ διαίνων
 ὦμους διχθαδίους, ὁ δὲ βόστρυχον ἄκρον ἐρεῦσας
 δέχνυτο κυματόεσσαν ἐπαίσσουσαν ἀπειλὴν.
 50 εἰς βυθὸν ἄλλος ἔδυνε διάβροχα χεῖλεα σείων
 ἀνδροφόνον παρὰ χεῦμα σεσηρότος ἀνθερεῶνος.

[18] Then Dionysos joined with him in the watery battle, and brought a drowning death to his foes. If some man swam by cutting through the waves on his wellmade shield, he thrust him through the back as he swam. If an Indian showed fight half under water and standing on the mud, he struck breast or neck with his wand, wading in among the drowning men; for he knew the deep bosom of the waters, ever since he fled from the murderous attack of Lycurgos, and ancient Nereus had entertained him in his billowy dwelling. Many on this side and that plunged into the stream in fear of the hillranging son of Zeus. One stood upright with feet held firmly in the slimy

mud, selfstuck, immovable, half-visible from loins to head; then lifting the hidden fork of the thigh he fought better against Bromios in water than on land, for he cast two lances from his two hands; one he let fly towards the bank, sending it up high, with Aiacos as his target, who was approaching; the other he poised and threw at Lyaïos the invulnerable. Another stood firmly, covered to midbelly; and he could not escape, but the sharp wand struck him as he dragged his clogged feet through the fettering mud, and his soles were stayed in the sands. There was another, stopt by a wound in the calf; the river just reached his knee, and fought a wet warfare through the bloody water. Another rooted to the bottom was submerged over the chin, and tried to lift his feet so as to get a shoulder clear of the water, trying to escape the terrible flood which dashed in his face. Others with the whole body covered from the toes to the middle of the chest, or with both shoulders in the wet, or with red on the hair of his head, awaited the threatening attack of the waves. Another with wet lips palpitating and grinning teeth sank into the deathdealing stream.

καὶ τις ἑοὺς ἐτάρους δεδοκήμενος Ἴνδὸς ἀγήνωρ
τοὺς μὲν κτεινομένους δολιχῷ δορί, τοὺς δὲ μαχαίρῃ,
ἄλλον ὀιστευθέντα χαραδρήεντι βελέμνῳ,
55 τὸν δὲ πολυπλέκτῳ δεδαϊγμένον ὅξει θύρσῳ,
Θουρέϊ νεκρὸν ὄμιλον ἐδείκνυεν, ἀχνύμενος δὲ
τίλλε κόμην, φλογερῷ δὲ χόλου βακχεύετο πυρσῷ,
σφίγγων καρχαρόδοντι μεμυκότα χεῖλεα δεσμῷ:
καὶ ταχὺς αὐτοφόνον μιμούμενος Ἴνδὸν Ὀρόντην,
60 βάρβαρον αἶμα φέρων καὶ βάρβαρον ἦθος ἀέξων,
ἄορ ἐὼν γύμνωσεν, ἀπορρίψας δὲ χιτῶνα,
Ἄρεος ἀρραγὲς ἔρκος, ἀλεξητῆρα βελέμνων,
καὶ ξίφος ἀπτοίητος ἐῷ κενεῶνι πελάσσας
ὑστατὴν ταχύποτος ἀγήνορα ῥήξατο φωνήν:

[52] Some proud Indian seeing his companions killed by long spear or sword, struck by a missile rock, pierced by the sharp leafwapt thyrsus-wand, pointed out to Thureus the heaps of corpses — then in anguish tore his hair, bit his lips deep and was dumb, wild with blazing indignation. Born of barbarian blood and bred in barbarian manners, he quickly followed the example of Indian Orontes and killed himself. Baring his sword, he stript off the corselet, that impregnable defence in battle which kept off the missiles, and undismayed set the blade to his flank, as he uttered a last proud speech before the quick stroke of death:

65 ‘γαστήρ, δέχνυσο τοῦτο φίλον ξίφος: αἰδέομαι γάρ,
μή τις ἐμὲ κτείνειεν ἀνάρσιος ἀπτόλεμος χεῖρ.
αὐτὸς ἐμῷ κενεῶνι θελήμονα χαλκὸν ἐλάσσω,

μή με πατήρ μέμψαιτο δεδουπότα θήλει θυρσῶ,
μή Σάτυρον, μή Βάκχον ἐμὸν καλέσειε φονῆα.’

[65] “Belly, receive this friendly sword! I should be ashamed if I were killed by some unnatural unwarlike hand. I myself drive a willing blade into my own side, that my father may not reproach me brought low by a womanish wand, nor call Satyr or Bacchant my slayer!”

70 ἔννεπε κυανέης κατὰ γαστέρος ἄορ ἐρείσας
τολμηραῖς παλάμησιν, ἅτε ξένον ἄνδρα δαΐζων,
καὶ θάνεν αὐτοδάκτος ἐν ἀντιβίοισι Μενοικεύς,
αἰδόμενος μετὰ δῆριν ἰδεῖν ἔτι Δηριαδῆα:
ὄμμασι δ’ ἀκλαῦτοισι θελήμονι κάτθανε πότμῳ,
75 καὶ μανίης ἀπάνευθεν ἐφαίνετο χάλκεος Αἴας.

[70] As he spoke, he thrust the sword down into his darkskinned belly with resolute hands, as if he were piercing a stranger, and died self-slain, another Menoiceus among his foes, ashamed to look again upon Deriades after this battle; died a willing death with tearless eyes, and showed himself a brazen Aias but that he was not mad.

καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἦεν: ἀναινομένῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
κτεινομένους ἐκάλυψε καὶ ἔπλετο τύμβος Ὑδάσπης.
καὶ τις ἔσω ποταμοῖο πανυστατὴν χέε φωνήν:

[76] The carnage was infinite; Hydaspes covered the dead with his reluctant flood, and became their tomb. Then one within the river cried out his last reproach:

‘καὶ σὺ, πάτερ, προχοῇσι πόθεν σέο τέκνα καλύπτεις;
80 πολλὰκι Βάκτρον Ἄρηα μετήιον, ἀλλὰ ῥεέθροις
οὐ ποτε Μῆδον ὅμιλον ἀπέκτανε Μῆδος Ἀράξης:
Περσικὸς Εὐφρήτης οὐκ ἔκρυφε γείτονα Πέρσην:
πολλὰκι μοι παρὰ Ταῦρον ἔην μῦθος, ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
οὐ Κίλικὰς ποτε Κῦδνος ἐῶ τυμβεύσατο κόλπῳ
85 οὐ Τάναϊς χιονῶδες ἄγων πετρούμενον ὕδωρ
γείτοني Σαυρομάτῃ θωρήσεται, ἀλλὰ κορύσσων
Κόλχοις ἀντιβίοισι χαραδρήεσαν Ἐνυὼ
πολλὰκι παχνήεντι κατεπρήνιξε βελέμνῳ.
Ἥριδανὸς πέλε σεῖο μακάρτερος, ὅττι ῥεέθροις
90 ἄλλοδαπὸν Φαέθοντα καὶ οὐκ ἔκρυψε πολίτην,
οὐ Γαλάτην ἐκάλυψε καὶ οὐ τάφος ἔπλετο Κελτῶ,
ἀλλὰ φίλοις ναέτῃσι ῥυηφενέων ἀπὸ δένδρων

Ἡλιάδων ἥλεκτρα φεραυγέα δῶρα κυλινδεῖ:
 Ῥῆνος Ἴβηρ βρεφέεσσι κορύσσεται, ἀλλὰ δικάζων,
 95 καὶ κρυφίην ὠδῖνα διασχίζων τοκετοῖο
 κτείνει ξεῖνα γένεθλα: σὺ δὲ φθιμένων ναετῆρων
 κρύπτεις γνήσια τέκνα καὶ οὐ νόθον αἷμα καλύπτεις.
 πῶς δύνασαι ποταμοῖσι μιγήμεναι ἢ ἐ καὶ αὐτῷ
 ὠκεανῷ γενέτη καὶ Τηθύϊ, σέϊο τεκούσῃ,
 100 αἰμαλέαις λιβάδεσσι φόνου πλημμυρίδα σύρων;
 ἄζεο, μὴ νεκύεσσι Ποσειδάωνα μιήνῃς.
 σέϊο ῥόος Βρομίοιο κακώτερος, ὅττι με θύρσοις
 οὐ κλονέει Διόνυσος, ὅσον κλονέεις με ῥέεθροις.’

[79] “You too, father! why do you drown your sons? I have often made war against Bactrians, but Median Araxes never destroyed a Median army. Persian Euphrates never drowned his neighbours, the Persians. Often I have had war under the Tauros, but Cydnos never made his bosom the tomb of Cilicians in war. Tanais never arms icy petrified waters against the Sauromatans on his banks, but often attacked their enemies the Colchians with torrential war, and laid them low with his frozen armament. Eridanos was happier than you, in that he swallowed a foreigner, Phaethon in his flood, not one of his own people; he drowned no Gaul, he entombed no Celt, but brings wealth from his trees to the friends who live near him as he rolls along the brilliant amber gifts of the Heliades. Iberian Rhine does indeed attack his own sons, but as a judge, when he marks off the illicit offspring of his race and kills the stranger-brat; but you swallow up the lawful sons of your own perishing people — you drown no bastard blood. How dare you mingle with other rivers, with your Father Ocean himself and Tethys your mother, rolling down a flood of gore in bloody streams? Have some reverence, do not pollute Poseidon with dead bodies. Your river is worse than Bromios, his wands do not beat me so hard as your waves beat me!”

ὥς εἰπὼν βαρύποτμος ἐδέχυντο λοισθιον ὕδωρ.
 105 καὶ πλόος ἦν εὖοπλος: ἐκουφίζοντο δὲ λαοὶ
 οἰδαλέοις μελέεσσιν: ἀποφθιμένου δὲ φορῆος
 ἡμιφανῆς πλωτῆρι λόφῳ πορθμεύετο πῆληξ
 δυομένη κατὰ βαιόν: ἐφαλλόμεναι δὲ ῥέεθροις
 ἐκταδὸν ἐν ῥοθίοισιν ἄτε πρυμνήσια νηῶν
 110 νηχομένους τελαμῶνας ἐναυτίλλοντο βοεῖαι,
 στοιχάδες ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα: βαρυνόμενον δὲ σιδήρῳ
 εἰς βυθὸν ὑγροχίτωνα κατέσπασεν ἀνέρα θώρηξ.

[104] As he spoke, he received the last water, which brought him unhappy fate. The river was full of armour. The swollen bodies were floating in crowds: the

helmet under way half visible, sinking little by little and crest trailing on the water, its owner lost. Leathern shields sailed along flat, tossing upon the waves in rows here and there, their long slings afloat like ships' hawsers. Here a man is dragged down to the depths in his soaking garments by the weight of his corselet and his arms.

οὐδὲ μῶθου Διόνυσος ἐοῦς ἀνέκοψε μαχητάς,
εἰ μὴ πάντας ἔπεφνεν ἔῳ ταμεσίχροϊ θύρσῳ,
115 καλλείψας ἓνα μοῦνον ὅλων κήρυκα θανόντων:
Θουρέα μοῦνον ἔλειπε θεοῦδέα μάρτυρα νίκης.

[113] Dionysos would never have recalled his men from the battle, if he had not killed that whole army with his fleshpiercing wand, leaving only one to tell the news that all were dead. Thureus alone he left to be a godfearing witness of the victory.

Ἥρη δ' ὥς ἐνόησε δαίκταμένων φόνον Ἴνδῶν,
οὐρανόθεν πεπότητο, δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
ἄστατος ἠνεμόεντι κατέγραφεν ἡέρα ταρσῶ.
120 Ἀντολίῃ δ' ἐπέβαινε, καὶ ἦλασεν Ἴνδὸν Ὑδάσπην
φύλοπιν αἱματόεσσαν ἀναστῆσαι Διονύσῳ.

[117] But when Hera perceived the carnage and devastation of the Indians, she flew from heaven, and quickly along the path on high scored the air with windswift sole. In Anatolia she alighted, and drove Indian Hydaspes to stir up bloody strife against Dionysos.

ἀλλ' ὅτε βαρβαρόφωνος Ἑώιος ὤκλασεν Ἄρης,
δὴ τότε ναυτιλίας ἑτερότροπα μάγγανα τεύχων
χεύμασιν ἀκλύστοισι χορὸς πορθμεύετο Βάκχων.
125 καὶ θεὸς ἠγεμόνευε, δι' οἷδατος ἠνιοχεύων
ἄρμασι χερσαίοισι νόθον πλόον, ὕγροπόρων δὲ
πορδαλίων ἀδιάντος ὄνυξ ἐχάραξεν Ὑδάσπην:
καὶ στρατιαὶ πλόον εἶχον ἀκυμάντου ποταμοῖο,
ὦν ὁ μὲν Ἴνδῶν σχεδίην πολὺδεσμον ἐρέσσω,
130 ὃς δὲ, κυβερνήσας διερῆν ἀκάτοιο πορείην,
ἐνθάπιν σκάφος εἶχε λινορραφῶν ἀλιήων
ἄρπάξας: ἕτερος δὲ νόθῳ ναυτίλλετο θεσμῶ,
ἄμματι τεχνήεντι περίπλοκα δούρατα δήσας,
καὶ ξύλον αὐτόπρεμνον ὁμοῖον ὀλκάδι τεύχων,
135 ἔκτοθι πηδαλίου, δίχα λαίφεος, ἐκτὸς ἐρετμῶν,
οὐ Βορέην καλέων νηοσσόον — ἰθυτενὲς γὰρ
εἰς βυθίους κενεῶνας ὑποβρύχιον δόρυ πέμπων

Ἄρεος ὕγροπόροιο δορυσσόος ἔπλεε ναύτης — ,
καὶ πλωτῆς ἀδιάντος ἐπ' ἄσπιδος οἷδματα τέμνων,
140 πείσμα φέρων τελαμῶνα, σακέσπαλον εἶχε πορεῖην,
ξείνην ναυτιλίην ψευδήμονι νηὶ χάρασσων.

[122] When Eastern Ares of barbarian speech had bent the knee, then the company of Bacchoi was fashioning all sorts of machines of navigation and crossed the tranquil waves. The god led them in his landchariot, driving this makeshift vessel over the flood, while the panthers trod the water of Hydaspes without wetting a hoof. The armies made their voyage over a waveless river, one rowing a strong-bound Indian raft, one steering a skiff along the watery path, some native boat of networking fishermen which he had seized. Another played the mariner under strange pretences. He lashed together a number of logs with workmanlike knots, and made the timber roots and all serve as a freighter without rudder, without sail, without oars, asking no help from speed-the-ship Boreas — for he held his spear upright and plunged it under water into the deep pools: so navigated the spearpunting shipman of a watercrossing host. There was another new kind of navigation, and another sham boat, when one cut the waters, dry on a floating shield, with the sling for painter, and so pursued his shieldshaking course.

καὶ στρατὸς ἱππῶν ῥόον ἔστιχε, καὶ πλόος ἵππων
ποσσὶν ἔην ῥαχίησιν ἀειρομένων ἐλατήρων:
καὶ τότε νηχομένου διερὸν δρόμον εὐποδος ἵππου
145 ἰξὺ κουφίζοντος ὑπέρτερον ἥνιοχῆα
ὑψιφανῆς ἀνέτελλε δι' ὕδατος ἄβροχος αὐχὴν.

[142] The cavalry also marched into the river; the horses swam with their feet while the riders sat on their backs. As the horse swam a wet journey with his agile feet, only his neck rose high and dry out of the water as he carried the rider aloft upon his flanks.

καὶ στρατὸς ἐγρεμόθων πρυλέων ἀκάτοιο χατίζων,
ἄσκοις οἰδαλέοισι χέων ποιητὸν ἀήτην,
δέρματι φυσαλέῳ διεμέτρεεν Ἴνδον Ὑδάσπην,
150 ἐνδομύχων δ' ἀνέμων ἐγκύμονες ἔπλεον ἄσκοι.

[147] Next came the doughty footmen who had no boat. They filled swelling skins with artificial wind, and on these leathery bags crossed Indian Hydaspes, while the skins teeming with wind bore them along.

αἰγείοις δὲ πόδεσσι διέτρεχε Παρράσιος Πάν
ἄκρα γαληνάιοιο διαστείχων ποταμοῖο:

καὶ Λύκος ἡνιόχευε θαλασσαιῶν δρόμον ἵππων
πατρῴων ἀδιάντον ἄγων τέθριππον ἀπήνην:
155 καὶ γνωτῷ περόωντι συνέστιχε Δαμναμενῆι
Σκέλμης ἀκυμάντοιο καθιππεύων ποταμοῖο.
ἄλλος ὑπὲρ νώτοιο θορῶν ὁμόφοιτον ἀέλλαις
εἰς πλόον ἡνιόχευε καλαύροπι ταῦρον ὀδίτην,
καὶ βοέοις ὀνύχεσσι κατέγραφεν ἄσφορον ὕδωρ:
160 Σείληνοί δὲ γέροντες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσση
καὶ ποσὶ καὶ παλάμῃσιν ἐρετμώσαντες Ὑδάσπην...

[151] Now Parrhasian Pan crossed the surface of the calm river on his goat's feet; Lycos guided the horses of the sea in his father's fourhorse chariot unwetted; and Scelmis drove across the waveless river along with Damnameneus his brother. Some one else leapt on the back of a bull and made him march into the river quick as the wind, guiding him on his way with his crook, as the beast scored the quiet water with his hooves. The old Seilenoi went voyaging on the deep paddling Hydaspes with foot and hand.

καὶ προχέων κρουνηδὸν ἀλεξήτειραν ἰωὴν
γνωτῷ κυματόεντι γέρων ἰάχησεν Ὑδάσπης,
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων πολυπίδακι λαιμῷ:

[162] Now old Hydaspes poured out a gushing cry, and shouted for help to a watery brother, as he uttered these menacing words from his manyfountained throat:

165 ἄγνωτὲ πέπον, τέο μέχρι τεδὸς ῥόος ἄσφορος ἔρπει;
οἷδατα σεῖο κόρυsson ἐπιβρίθων Διονύσω,
ὄφρα κατακρύψωμεν ἐν ὕδασι πεζὸν ὀδίτην.
σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ πέλεν αἶσχος, ὅτε Βρομίοιο μαχηταὶ
ἄβρέκτοις ἐμὸν οἷδα διασχίζουσι πεδίλοις:
170 Αἰόλε, καὶ σὺ τέλεσσον ἐμοὶ χάριν, ἀντιβίοις δὲ
σοὺς προμάχους θώρηξον ἀελλήεντας ἀήτας
μαρναμένους Σατύροισιν, ὅτι στρατὸς ὑγρὸς ὀδίτης
ἄρμασι χερσαίοισι βατὸν ποίησεν Ὑδάσπην,
καὶ δρόμον ὑγρὸν ἔχουσιν ἐν ὕδασι ἡνιοχῆες:
175 σοὺς ἀνέμους θώρηξον ἐμῷ πορθμῇ Λυαίῳ:
χεύμασι δ' ἐλκέσθω Σατύρων στόλος, ἡνιόχων δὲ
συρομένων προχοῇσιν ἐμὸς ῥόος ἄρμα δεχέσθω,
οἷδατι λυσσῆεντι καλυπτομένων ἐλατήρων.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ νήποινον ἀήθεα πορθμὸν ἐάσω:
180 σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ πέλεν αἶσχος, ὅταν Βρομίοιο μαχηταὶ
ἄτραπὸν ἡνιόχοισι καὶ ἀβρέκτοισιν ὀδίταις ...

ὕδροπόρους δὲ λέοντας αἰστώσω Διονύσου.

[165] “Lazy brother, how long is your stream to crawl in silence? Rear your waves, and overwhelm Dionysos, that we may swallow his host of footmen under the waters! It is a disgrace for you and me when the warriors of Bromios pass through my flood with unwetted shoes. You also, Aiolos — grant me this boon, arm your stormy winds to be champions against my foes, to fight with the Satyrs, because their host has marched through the waters and made a highroad of Hydaspes for landchariots, because they drive a watery course through my stream! Arm your winds against my ferryman Lyaïos! Let the Satyrs’ host be caught in the flood, let my river receive the chariot, let the charioteers be rolled in my flood, let the riders be swallowed in the mad waves! I will not suffer this unnatural passage to be unavenged: for both you and me it is a disgrace, when the warriors of Bromios have made a path for footmen and drivers high and dry!... I will destroy the water-traversing lions of Dionysos!

εἶπέ, πόθεν βατὸς ἔσκειν ἐμὸς ῥόος, ὕδροβαφῆς δὲ
νηϊὰς ἐν προχοῇσι πόθεν χρεμετισμὸν ἀκούει
185 καὶ ῥάχιν ἰχθυόεσσαν ὄνυξ ἵππειος ἀράσσει;
αἰδέομαι ποταμοῖσι μιγήμεναι, ὅττι γυναῖκες
ἡμέας ἀκλύστοισι διαστείβουσι πεδίλοις.
οὐ ποτε τολμήεντες ἐμὸν ῥόον ἔξεον Ἴνδοι
ἄρμασιν ἡλιβάτοισι, καὶ οὐ πατρώιον ὕδωρ
190 Δηριάδης ἐχάραξεν ἐὼ περιμήκει δίφρῳ,
ὑπὶ λόφων λοφίησιν ἐφεδρήσων ἐλεφάντων.’

[183] “Tell me, why was my river made a highway? Why does the Naiad in the watery depths of my flood hear whinnying, why does the horse’s hoof crush the fish’s back? I am ashamed to mingle with other rivers, when women cross me with unwetted shoes. Never have Indians been so bold as to scrape my streams with towering chariots, never has Deriades scored his father’s water with his huge equipage, seated on the nape of highcrested elephants!”

ὥς εἰπὼν ἐκόρυσσεν ἐὼν ῥόον· ἄλτο δὲ Βάκχω
αἰχμάζων ῥοθίοισιν· ἀελλήεσσα δὲ πολλῇ
μαρναμένων ὑδάτων διερεῇ μυκήσατο σάλπιγξ·
195 καὶ ποταμὸς κελάρυζεν ἄγων ὑψούμενον ὕδωρ,
μαρνάμενος Σατύροισι· πολυφλοίσβῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Βασσαρὶς ἀβροχίτων ἀπεσείσατο κύμβαλα χειρῶν
καὶ πόδας ἀμφελέλιζεν, ἐρεσσομένοιο δὲ ταρσοῦ
ξανθὰ πολυρραφῶν ἀπεσείσατο δεσμὰ πεδίων,
200 καὶ ῥόος ἡνεμόεις πεφορημένος ἄχρι καρήνων

Βάκχης νηχομένης ἑλικώδεας ἔκλυσε χαίτας:
 ἄλλη βριθομένη διεροῦς ἀπεθήκατο πέπλους,
 νεβρίδας οἰδαλέοισιν ἐπιτρέψασα ῥεέθροις,
 καὶ οἱ ἐπὶ στέρνοισι κορυσσομένου ποταμοῖο
 205 ὄγκος ἐρευθιόωντι μέλας ἐπεσύρετο μαζῶ:
 καὶ Σάτυρος παλάμῃσιν ἐρετμώντας χυτὸν ὕδωρ
 ἱκμαλέην ἐλέλιξε δι' ὕδατος ὄρθιον οὐρῇν:
 γηραλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι μεθυσφαλῆς ἴχνος ἐρέσσω
 ἄστατος ὕδατόεντι Μάρων πεφορημένος ὀλκῶ
 210 κύμασιν ἄσκον ἔλειπε βεβυσμένον ἠδέος οἴνου:
 πυκνὰ δὲ σειομένη διδυμόζυγι σύνδρομος αὐλῶ
 Πανιᾶς ἀκροτάτοιο δι' ὕδατος ἔπλεε σύριγξ,
 κύμασιν αὐτοέλικτος: ἀμιλλητῆρι δὲ παλμῶ
 Σειληνοῦ λασιόιο κατ' αὐχένος ἔρρεε χαίτη.

[192] As he spoke, he curved his own stream, and leapt upon Bacchos with a volley of foaming surf. A storm of watery trumpets bellowed from the battling waves; the river moaned as it raised the water high, battling against the Satyrs. Amid the roaring tumult, the Bassarid in her rich garb shook the cymbals out of her hands, swung her feet round, shook off the yellow trusses of the stitched shoes from her paddling foot, while the windswept waves rose to the head of the swimming Bacchant and drenched her curling hair. Another overwhelmed threw off her soaking robes, and gave her fawnskins to the swelling water, as the mass of the curving stream rolled over her chest, black against the rosy nipple. A Satyr paddling the flood with his hands waggled his wet tail straight out through the water. Maron carried swiftly along by the rushing water, paddled the drunken feet of his old legs, and left in the waves his leather bottle full of delicious wine. The syrinx of Pan was floating on the surface and rolling of itself on the waves, tossed about beside the double pipes; the hair of shaggy Seilenos flowed over his neck and jumped about in rivalry.

215 καὶ ποταμὸς κελάδησεν ἀφυσγετὸν οἷδματι σύρων,
 ξανθὸν ὑπὲρ πεδίοιο χέων μετανάστιον ὕδωρ,
 κικλήσκων Διόνυσον ἐς ὕδατόεσσαν Ἐνυώ:
 καὶ ῥόος ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἔχων ἀντίπνοον αὔρην
 ἀγχινεφῆς ὑποῦτο, διάβροχον ἡέρα φαίνων,
 220 οἷδματι παφλάζοντι καταθρώσκων Διονύσου.
 οὐχ οὕτω Σιμόεντος Ἀρεϊμανὲς ἔβρεμεν ὕδωρ,
 οὐχ οὕτω ῥόος ἔσκεν ἐγερσιμόθοιο Καμάνδρου
 χεύματι κυματόεντι κατακλύζων Ἀχιλῆα,
 ὥς τότε Βακχεῖην στρατιὴν ἐδίωξεν Ὑδάσπη.

[215] The river moaned, dragging the mud in its rush and pouring its alien water yellow over the land, a challenge to watery war for Dionysos. The tumultuous flood, met by a counterblast of wind, piled up high as the clouds and soaked the air, as it leapt down upon Dionysos with foaming surf. Not so furiously roared the war-mad water of Simoeis, not so defiantly rushed Camandros to overwhelm Achilles with rolling flood, as then Hydaspes pursued the army of Bacchos.

225 καὶ ποταμῷ Διόνυσος ἀνήρυγε θυιάδα φωνήν:
‘τί κλονέεις Διὸς υἷα, Διιπετές; ἦν ἐθέλῃσω,
τερσαίνει σέο χεῦμα πατήρ ἐμός, ὕετιος Ζεὺς.
ἐκ νεφέων βλάστησας ἐμοῦ Κρονίδαο τοκῆος,
καὶ νεφεληγερέταο Διὸς βλάστημα διώκεις;
230 πατρὸς ἐμοῦ πεφύλαξο βέλος λοχίοιο κεραυνοῦ,
μὴ στεροπὴν Βρομίοιο γενέθλιον εἰς σὲ κορύσσει:
ἄξιο, μὴ βαρύγουνος, ὅπως Ἄσωπός, ἀκούσης:
σὴν προχοὴν πρήυνον, ἕως ἔτι μῆνιν ἐρύκω.
ὑδατόεις πυρόεντι κορύσσεαι: οὐ δύνασαι δὲ
235 τλήμεναι αἰθαλόεντος ἔνα σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ.

[225] Then Dionysos shouted to the river in rage: “why do you drive against the son of Zeus, you whose waters are fed by Zeus? If it be my pleasure, Rainy Zeus my father will dry up your flood. You, sprung from the clouds of Cronides my father, persecute the offspring of Cloudgatherer Zeus! Beware the stroke of my father’s thunderbolt of delivery, beware lest he raise against you the lightning which gave Bromios birth! Take care that you be not dubbed Heavyknee, like Asopos! Quiet your flood while I yet control my wrath. Your waters rise against fires, and you cannot endure one spark of the blazing thunderbolt.

εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονέεις χάριν Ἀστερίης σέο νύμφης,
ἦ λάχεν αἰθερίης Ὑπερίονος αἶμα γενέθλης,
ἡελίου θρασὺν υἷα, πυρώδεος ἠνιοχῆος,
οὐρανὸν ἱππεύοντα πατήρ ἐμός ἐφλεγε πυρσῶ,
240 καὶ νέκυν ἔστενε παῖδα πυρὸς ταμίης Ὑπερίων,
οὐδὲ χάριν Φαέθοντος ἐμῷ πολέμιζε τοκῆι,
οὐ πυρὶ πῦρ ἀνάειρε, καὶ εἰ πυρὸς ἡγεμονεύει.
εἰ χάριν ὑμέτερου μεγαλίζειαι Ὠκεανοῖο,
Ἥριδανὸν σκοπίαζε Διὸς πληγέντα βελέμνῳ,
245 ὑμέτερον πυρίκαυτον ἀδελφεόν: αἰνοπαθὴς δὲ
σὸς διερὸς προπάτωρ, μιτρούμενος ἄντυγι κόσμου,
χεύμασι τοσσατίοισι χέων γαιήοχον ὕδωρ,
υἷὸν ἶδε φλεχθέντα, καὶ οὐ πολέμιζεν Ὀλύμπῳ,

οὐ προχοαῖς ἐρίδαινε πυριγλώχινι κεραυνῷ.
250 ἀλλὰ τεῶν ὑδάτων ἔτι φεῖδω, μὴ σε νοήσω
Ἥριδανῷ φλεχθέντι κεκαυμένον ἴσον Ὑδάσπην·

[236] “And if it is Asterie your wife that makes you so proud, because she has the blood of Hyperion’s heavenly kin, my father burnt with fire the bold son of Helios the fiery charioteer, when he drove the team through heaven; Hyperion dispenser of fire had to mourn his own son dead: he did not make war on my father for Phaethon’s sake, he did not lift fire against fire even if he is lord of fire. If your Oceanos makes you so haughty, consider Eridanos struck by the bolt of Zeus, your brother burnt with fire: a cruel sorrow it was for your watery ancestor, who is girdled by the world’s rim, who pours all those mighty streams of water to possess the earth, when he saw his own son burnt up and made no war on Olympus, nor contended with his flood against the firebarbed thunderbolt. Pray spare your waters awhile, or I may see you, Hydaspes, burnt up in fiery flames like Eridanos.”

ὦς φαμένω βαρύδουπος ἐχώσατο μᾶλλον Ὑδάσπης
κύμασι λαβροτέροισι χέων ὑψίδρομον ὕδωρ.
καὶ νῦ κεν ἔκρυφε πᾶσαν ἀβακχεύτων στίχα Βάκχων,
255 εἰ μὴ Βάκχος ἄμυνεν, ἀπ’ ἀγχιπόροιο δὲ λόχμης
πυρσοτόκον νάρθηκα λαβὼν ἀντώπιον Ἡοῦς
ἠελίῳ θέρμηνεν: ἐριφλεγέος δὲ κορύμβου
αὐτογόνῳ σπινθῆρι λοχεύετο δουράτεον πῦρ:
καὶ προχοαῖς φλόγα ῥίψεν: ἀπειλητῆρι δὲ δαλῷ
260 καιομένου ποταμοῖο ῥοαῖς ἐπεπάφλασαν ὄχθαι:
καὶ πολὺς ἠερόφοιτος ἐλίσσετο καπνὸς ἀλήτης
λωτοῦ καιομένοιο μαραινομένου τε κυπείρου:
καὶ θρύα πῦρ ἀμάθυε: πολυστροφάλιγγι δὲ ῥιπῇ
καπνοῦ λιγνυόεντος ἔλιξ ἐμέθυσεν αὐτμῇ
265 ἠερίας ἀπῖδας, ὅλη δ’ ἐμελαίνετο λόχμη
εὐόδοις ἀνέμοισιν ἱμασσομένων δονακῶν.

[252] These words made deeproaring Hydaspes more angry than ever, and he poured out his highswollen water in yet stronger waves. And now he would have engulfed the whole company of sobered Bacchants, had not Bacchos defended them. From a neighbouring coppice he pulled a firebearing stalk of fennel, and holding it towards the Dawn he warmed it at the sun; the combustible stalk conceived a spark in itself and brought forth a woodborn fire. Then he threw it into the stream. The river caught fire of this menacing torch, and the water boiled up against the banks; clouds of smoke went up scattering into the air from burning lotus and shrivelling galingale. Fire consumed the rushes; the reek of the sooty smoke curling in whirling circles

intoxicated the heavenly vaults, and all the wood was blackened by the fragrant breezes of the smitten reeds.

καὶ σέλας εἰς βυθὸν εἴρπεν· ἐνεκρύπτοντο δὲ πηλῷ
ἰχθύες αἰθαλόεντες· ὑποβρυχίοιο δὲ πυρσοῦ
νηχομένῳ σπινθηρί διαβροχος ἔζεεν ἰλὺς
270 ὕγρὸν ἀναπτομένη· βυθίων δ' ἀπὸ καπνὸς ἐναύλων
ἔμπυρος ὕδατόεντι διέσσυτο σύνδρομος ἀτμῷ.
Ὑδριάδων δὲ φάλαγγες ἀνάμπυκες ὠκέι ταρσῷ
γυμναὶ κυματόεντος ἀπεπλάζοντο μελάθρου·
καὶ τις ἀναινομένη φλογερὸν πατρώιον ὕδωρ
275 νηϊᾶς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀήθεα δύσατο Γάγγην·
ἄλλη δ' Ἴνδὸν ἔναιεν ἐριβρεμέτην Ἀκεσίην
ἄζαλέοις μελέεσσιν· ἄλωομένην δὲ Χοάσπης
ἄλλην οὐρεσίφοιτον ἀνάμπυκα Νηίδα Νύμφην
παρθενικὴν ἐδέξατο, Περσίδι γείτων.

[267] The blaze spread to the deeps. Burning fishes hid themselves in the mud; the soaking slime kindled the wet and boiled, as the swimming spark of fire ran under water, and from the deep channels poured abroad a fiery smoke mixt with watery steam. Companies of Hydriads were driven naked from their homes under the waves, swift-footed, bare, unveiled. One Naiad, renouncing her native water now on fire, dived unveiled into the unfamiliar Ganges; another with dry limbs sought a home in noisy Indian Acesines; another Naiad nymph wandering over the mountains, a maiden unveiled and unshod, was received by Choaspes near Persia.

280 Ὠκεανὸς δ' ἰάχησεν ἀπειλείων Διονύσῳ,
ὕδατόεν μῦκημα χέων πολυπίδακι λαιμῷ,
καὶ ῥόον ἀενάων στομάτων κρουνηδὸν ἰάλλων
ἥϊόνας κόσμοιο κατέκλυσε χεῦματι μύθων·

[280] Oceanos also cried out against Dionysos in menacing words, pouring a watery roar from his manystream throat, and deluging the shores of the world with the flood of words which issued from his everlasting mouth like a fountain:

ἥλικος Ὠκεανοῖο παρευνέτι, σύγχρονε κόσμου
285 παντρώφε συμμιγέων ὕδάτων, αὐτόσπορε Τηθύς,
ἄρχαιη φιλότεκνε, τί ῥέξομεν; αἰθαλόεις γὰρ
εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ σέο τέκνα κορύσσεται ὕετιος Ζεὺς·
ἄρπαγα γὰρ νόθον ὄρνιν ἔχει Κρονίωνα φονῆα
Ἀσωπὸς γενετῆρα, καὶ υἷέα Βάκχον Ὑδάσπης.

290 ἄλλὰ Διὸς στεροπῇσιν ἄγων ἀντίξοον ὕδωρ
 ἥελιον πυρόεντα ῥόω σβεσθήρι καλύψω,
 κρύψω δ' αἰθέρος ἄστρα: καὶ ἀθήσει με Κρονίων
 χεῦματι μορμύροντι κατακλύζοντα Σελήνην:
 Ἀρκτώην δ' ὑπὸ πέζαν ἐμαῖς προχοῇσι λοέσσω
 295 ἄξονος ἄκρα κάρηνα καὶ ἄβροχον ὀλκὸν Ἀμάξης:
 καὶ βυθίης ἀρχαῖον ἐμῆς πλωτῆρα θαλάσσης
 αἰθέριον Δελφῖνα πάλιν πλωτῆρα τελέσσω,
 κρυπτόμενον πελάγεσσι: καὶ ἀστερόφοιτον ἐρύσσω
 νόστιμον οὐρανόθεν μετανάστιον εἰς χθόνα Κελτῶν
 300 Ἡριδανὸν πυρόεντα, καὶ ὕδατόεντα τελέσσω,
 αἰθέρα γυμνώσας διεροῦ πυρός: ὑπιπόρους δὲ
 ἰχθύας ἀστερόεντας ἐμοὺς πάλιν εἰς ἄλα σύρω,

[284] “O Tethys! agemate and bedmate of Oceanos, ancient as the world, nurse of commingled waters, selfborn, loving mother of children, what shall we do? Now Rainy Zeus blazes in arms against me and your children. Even as Asopos found the Father Zeus Cronion his destroyer, in the bastard shape of a bird, so Hydaspes has found Bacchos the son. Nay, I will bring my water against the lightnings of Zeus, and drown the fiery sun in my quenching flood, I will put out the stars of heaven! Cronion shall see me overwhelm Selene with my roaring streams. Under the region of the Bear, I will wash with my waters the ends of the axle and the dry track of the Wain. The heavenly Dolphin, which long ago swam in my deep sea, I will make to swim once more, and cover him with new seas. I will drag down from heaven the fiery Eridanos whose course is among the stars, and bring him back to a new home in the Celtic land: he shall be water again, and the sky shall be bare of the river of fire. The starry Fishes that swim on high I will pull into the sea and make them mine again, to swim in water instead of Olympus.

νηχομένους μετ' Ὀλυμπον ἐν ὕδασιν. ἔγρεο, Τηθύς,
 ὕδασιν αἰθέρος ἄστρα καλύψομεν, ὄφρα νοήσω
 305 ταῦρον, ἀκυμάντοιο πάλαι πλωτῆρα θαλάσσης,
 κύμασι λαβροτέροις πεφορημένον ὕγρὸν ὀδίτην,
 Εὐρώπης μετὰ λέκτρον: ὀρινέσθω δὲ καὶ αὐτή,
 δερκομένη κερόεσσαν ἐμὴν ταυρώπιδα μορφήν,
 ταυροφυῆς κερόεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη:
 310 ἴξομαι ὑψικέλευθος ἐς οὐρανόν, ὄφρα νοήσω
 ἱκμαλέον Κηφῆα καὶ ὑγροχίωνα Βοώτην,
 ὥς πάρος ἐννοσίγαιος, ὅτε θρασὺς ἀμφὶ Κορίνθου
 ὕγρὸς Ἄρης ἀλάλαζεν ἐς ἀστερόεσσαν Ἐννώ:
 κρύψω δ' ἔμπυρον Αἴγα, Διὸς τροφόν, ὑγροπόρῳ δὲ
 315 ἄρμενον Ὑδροχοῇ χαρίζομαι ἀφθονον ὕδωρ.

[303] “Tethys, awake! We will drown the stars in water, that I may see the Bull, who once swam over a waveless sea, tossed on stormier waves in the paths of the waters after the bed of Europa. Selene herself, bullshaped and horned driver of cattle, may be angry to see my horned bullshaped form. I will travel high into the heaven, that I may behold Cepheus drenched and the Waggoner in soaking tunic, as Earthshaker once did when about Corinth soaking Ares once boldly shouted defiance of battle against the stars! I will swallow the shining Goat, the nurse of Zeus, and I will offer infinite water to the Waterman as a suitable gift!

Τηθύς, καὶ σὺ, θάλασσα, κορύσσειο: ταυροφυῖ γὰρ
Ζεὺς νόθον υἷα λόχευσεν, ἵνα ξύμπαντας ὀλέσσει
καὶ ποταμοὺς καὶ φῶτας ἀμεμφέας: ἀμφότερον δὲ
Ἴνδοὺς θύρσος ἔπεφνε καὶ ἔφλεγε πυρσὸς Ὑδάσπην.’

[316] “Get ready, Tethys, and you, O Sea! for Zeus has been delivered of a base son in bull shape, to destroy all rivers and all creatures together, all blameless: the thyrsus wand has slain the Indians, the torch has burnt Hydaspes!”

320 ἔννεπε παφλάζων βαθυκύμονος ὀϊδαπι φωνῆς.

[320] So he cried blustering in a flood of speech from his deep waves.

BOOK 24

εἰκοστὸν δὲ τέταρτον ἔχει γόνον ἄσπετον Ἴνδῶν
κερκίδα θ' ἰστοπόνοιο καὶ ἡλακάτην Ἀφροδίτης.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ κοτέοντος ἀπέτραπε παιδὸς ἀπειλήν,
δοῦπον ὁμοπλεκέων νεφέων βρονταῖον ἱμάσσων:
καὶ χόλον ἐπρήνεν ἀτέρμονος Ὠκεανοῖο,
ὕσμινην φλογόεσσαν ἐρητύων Διονύσου.
5 Ἥρῃ δ' ἐσμαράγησε δι' ἥερος ἄπλετον ἠχώ,
μῆνιν ἀναστέλλουσα πυρισθενέος Διονύσου.

BOOK XXIV

The twenty-fourth has the infinite mourning of the Indians, and the shuttle and distaff of Aphrodite working at the loom.

FATHER Zeus turned aside the menace of his angry son, for he massed the clouds and flung out a thunderclap; he stayed the flaming attack of Dionysos, and calmed the anger of boundless Ocean. Hera also made an infinite noise resound through the air, to restrain the wrath of Dionysos's fiery power.

καὶ διερῆν παλάμην ὀρέγων οἰκτίρμονι Βάκχῳ
παιδί Διὸς πυρόεντι γέρων ἰάχησεν Ὑδάσπης,
μῦθον ἀναβλύζων ἱκετήσιον ἀνθερεῶνος:

[7] Then old Hydaspes held out a wet hand to merciful Bacchos, and appealed to the fiery son of Zeus in words that bubbled out of his lips:

10 'φείδεο μοι, Διόνυσε, διπιτετέος ποταμοῖο,
ὔδασι καρποτόκοισι φέρων χάριν: ὕμετέρῃ γὰρ
ἐξ ὕδατων εὐβοτρὺς ἀνεβλάστησεν ὀπώρα.
ἁσάμην, Διόνυσε πυριτρεφές: οὐρανίην γὰρ
σῶν δαΐδων ἀμάρυγμα τεῆν κήρυξε γενέθλην.
15 ἀλλὰ πόθος τεκέων με βιήσατο: Δηριάδῃ γὰρ
υἱέι πιστὰ φέρων ῥοθίων ἐλέλιζον ἀπειλήν,
Ἴνδοις κτεινομένοισι βοηθόον οἶδμα κυλίνδων.

[10] "Spare me, Dionysos, the river fed from Zeus! Be gracious to my fertilizing waters! for your own goodly fruitage of grapes has grown up from water.

I have sinned, Dionysos, nurseling of fire! for the gleam of your torches has proclaimed your divine lineage. But love for my children constrained me. To keep faith with Deriades my son I brought up my threatening surf, to help

perishing Indians I rolled my waves.

αἰδέομαι γενετῆρι φανήμεναι, ὅττι θαλάσση
αἷματι μορμύροντι μεμιγμένα χεῦματα σύρω
20 καὶ φονίη ῥαθάμιγγι Ποσειδάωνα μαιίνω:
τοῦτό με, τοῦτο κόρυσσεν ἐριδμαίνειν Διονύσῳ.
πρὸς δὲ τεοῦ ξενίοιο καὶ ἱκεσίοιο τοκῆος,
αἶδεο παφλάζοντα τεῶ πυρὶ θερμὸν Ὑδάσπην.

[18] “I am ashamed to appear before my father, because the murmuring stream which I draw is mingled with blood, and I pollute Poseidaon with clots of gore; this it was, only this that armed me to strive against Dionysos. By your father, protector of guests and suppliants, have mercy on Hydaspes, now hot and boiling with your fire!

νηιάδες φεύγουσιν ἐμὸν ῥόον: ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγὰς
25 ἢ μὲν ναιετάει διερὸν δόμον, ἢ δ’ ἐνὶ λόχμῃσι
σύννομος Ἀδρυάδεσσι φυτὸν μετὰ πόντον ἀμείβει,
ἄλλῃ δ’ Ἴνδον ἔχει μετανάστιος, ἢ δὲ φυγοῦσα
ποσσὶ κονιομένοισιν ἐδύσατο διψάδα πέτρην
Καυκασίην, ἑτέρῃ δὲ μεταΐξασα Χοάσπην
30 ναιεὶ ξεῖνα ῥέεθρα καὶ οὐκέτι πάτριον ὕδωρ.

[24] “The Naiads flee from my stream: one dwells in a watery home at my source, one leaves the deep for the thicket, and stays with Hadryads in the woods; another migrates to the Indos, another escapes on dusty feet to hide among the thirsty rocks of Caucasos, or passing to Choaspes dwells in strange livers and in her father’s water no longer.

μὴ καλάμους ὀλέσειας, ἐμῶν βλάστημα ῥοάων,
οἷσιν ἀεξομένοισιν ἐρείδεται οἰνάδος ὄρπηξ
ἀμπελόεις: δόνακες γὰρ ἐπ’ ἀλλήλοισι δεθέντες
ὑμετέρεν εὐυδρον ἐλαφρίζουσιν ὀπώρην:
35 μὴ δόνακας φλέξειας, ὅθεν σέο Μυγδόνες αὐλοί,
μὴ ποτέ σοι μέμψαιτο τεῖ φιλόμολπος Ἀθήνη,
ἢ ποτε Γοργείων βλοσυρὸν μίμημα καρήνων
φθεγγομένων Λίβυν εὖρεν ὁμοζυγέων τύπον αὐλῶν:
καὶ σέο μυστιπόλοιο κυβερνήτειραν ἀοιδῆς
40 Πανιάδος σύριγγος ὁμόθροον αἶδεο μολπὴν:
λῆγε τεῶ νάρθηκι ῥόον ποταμοῖο μαραίνων,
ὅττι ῥόος ποταμοῖο τεοῦς νάρθηκας ἀέξει.

[31] “Destroy not my canes, the growth of my streams, which grow up to

support the shoots and grapes of your vine! Do not the reeds tied together carry your well-watered fruit? Burn not my reeds, which make your Mygdonian hobboys, or your musical Athena may reproach you one day: she who invented the Libyan double pipes, to imitate with their tootle the voices of the Gorgons' grim heads. Spare the harmonious tune of the pans-pipes which guides your own mystic song! Cease wasting the river stream with your fennel, when the stream of the river makes your fennels to grow!

οὐ ξένον οἶδμα πέρησας ἐπώνυμον: ἄλλοφυῇ γὰρ
ἄλλον ἐγὼ Διόνυσον ἐμοῖς φαίδρυνα λοετροῖς,
45 ὀπλοτέρου Βρομίοιο φερώνυμον, εὔτε Κρονίων
Ζαγρέα παιδοκόμοισιν ἐμαῖς παρακάθθετο Νύμφαις:
καὶ σὺ φέρεις Ζαγρῆος ὅλον δέμας: ἀλλὰ σὺ κείνῳ
δὸς χάριν ὀψιτέλεστον, ὅθεν πέλες: ἀρχηγόνου γὰρ
ἐκ κραδίης ἀνέτελλες, ἀειδομένου Διονύσου.
50 ὑμετέρου δὲ γέραιρε Λάμου κουροτρόφον ὕδωρ:
μνώεο Μαιονίης σέο πατρίδος: ὑμετέρου γὰρ
Πακτωλοῦ χαρίεντος ἀδελφεός ἐστιν Ὑδάσπης.
καὶ σὺ τόσοις ποταμοῖσι μίαν χάριν ἄρτι τιταίνων,
γνωτοῖς ἡμετέροισι, τεῖν ἀνασεύρασον αἴγλην:
55 μὴδὲ πυρὶ φλέξης ὕδατων χύσιν: ἐξ ὕδατων γὰρ
ἀστεροπὴ βλάστησε, τεοῦ Διὸς ὑέτιον πῦρ.
ἀλλὰ χόλον πρήννε, τεοῖς ὅτι γούνασι πίπτω
μειλίχιον στορέσας ἱκέτην ῥόον: ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
εἰ θρασὺν αὐχένα κάμπτε, καὶ ἥπιος ἔσκε Τυφωεύς,
60 καὶ κεν ἀπορρίψας παλινάγρετον ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς
ἀστεροπὴν ἀνέκοπτε πατήρ τεός, ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς.’

[43] “The stream you have crossed is no stranger to your name; for I have washed another Dionysos in my bath, with the same name as the younger Bromios, when Cronion entrusted Zagreus to the care of my nursing nymphs; why, you have the whole shape of Zagreus. Grant this favour then, although so long after, to him from whom you are sprung; for you came from the heart of that firstborn Dionysos, so celebrated. Respect the water of your Lamos who cherished your childhood; remember Maionia your own country, for Hydaspes is brother of your charming Pactolos. Grant now this one boon to all these rivers, my brothers, and withdraw your flame. Burn not with fire my watery stream, for the watery fire of your Zeus, the lightning, came out of water! Calm your anger, because I fall at your knees: see, I have smoothed my flood into peaceful prayer! If Typhoeus in rebellion had bent his bold neck and submitted, your father Zeus, Lord in the highest, would have checked his lightning, his overwhelming threat would have been cast aside and forgotten.”

ὥς φασμένον Διόνυσος ἔην ἀνεσεύρασε πεύκην.
καὶ προχοᾷς Ἀρκτῶος ἀνερρίπιζεν ἀήτης
χειμερίῃ μᾶστιγι, φέρων δυσπέμφελον αὔρην,
65 χεῦμα πυριβλήτοιο καταψύχων ποταμοῖο,
ἥελιον καὶ Βάκχον ὁμοῦ καὶ Ζῆνα γεραίρων,
καὶ ῥοθίων ἄσβεστον ἀπέσβεσε δαιμόνιον πῦρ.

[62] When he had ended, Dionysos drew back his torch. A wind from the north began to ruffle the waters with winter's lash, bringing bleak airs and cooling the firestruck stream of the river, and honoured Helios and Bacchos and Zeus together by quenching the unquenchable divine fire of the surf.

ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος ἐπέπλεεν ὕγρον Ὑδάσπην,
τόφρα δέ, θάρσος Ἄρηος ἔχων, περιμήκετον ὀρμήν
70 Δηριάδης ἐπὶ δῆριν ἐπώνυμον ὥπλισεν Ἰνδούς,
στήσας ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρον ἐὰς στίχας, ὄφρα μαχηταὶ
λαὸν ἐρητύσωσιν ἀνερχομένων ἔτι Βάκχων.
οὐδὲ Διὸς λάθην ὄμμα πανόψιον: ἐσσυμένως δὲ
οὐρανόθεν πεφόρητο προασπίζων Διονύσον.
75 καὶ σφετέροισιν ἰόντες ἀρηγόνες, ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω,
σὺν Διὶ πάντες ἴκοντο θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου

[68] While Bacchos was still crossing the waters of Hydaspes, Deriades with the courage of Ares armed the Indians for a vast effort of battle, as a Battledown of his name should do. He posted his companies beside the river, that the warriors might repel by force the Bacchoi as they still climbed up. Nor did the allseeing eye of Zeus fail to see him: quickly he swooped down from Heaven to hold a shield before Dionysos. With Zeus came all the gods who dwell in Olympus, one after another, in a flying leap, to help their own.

ἄλματι πωτήεντι: καὶ Αἰγίνης χάριν εὐνῆς
αἰετὸς ἠώρητο τὸ δεύτερον ὑψιπέτης Ζεὺς
Ἄσσωποῦ μετὰ χεῦμα, καὶ Αἰακὸν ἠεροφοίτην
80 φειδομένων ὀνύχων δεδραγμένος ἄρπαγε ταρσῶ
κουφίζων ἐκόμισσεν ἐς Ἄρεα Δηριαδῆος
Ἰνδῶν ἐπὶ πέζαν: ἀπ' εὐρυπόροιο δὲ κόλπου
υἱὸν Ἀρισταῖον γενέτης ἐσάωσεν Ἀπόλλων,
φαιδρὸς ἀλεξικάκων πεφορημένος ἄρματι κύκνων,
85 μνηστὴν ἔχων θαλάμοιο λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης:
καὶ κρατέων ἕο παῖδα τανύπτερος ἥρπασεν Ἑρμῆς,
υἱέα Πηνελόπης, κεραελκέα Πᾶνα κομήτην:
Οὐρανίη δ' Ὑμέναιον ἀνεζώγρησεν ὀλέθρου
παιδὸς ἐοῦ γονόντος ἐπώνυμον, ἡερίας δὲ

90 ἄτραπιτοὺς ἐχάραξεν, ὁμοῖος ἀστέρος ὀλκῶ,
 γνωτῷ βοτρυόεντι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ:
 Καλλιόπη δ' Οἴαγρον ἐοῖς ἀνεκούφισεν ὤμοις:
 καὶ τεκέων Ἥφαιστος ἐῶν ἀλέγιζε Καβείρων,
 ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἥρπαξεν, ὁμοῖος ὀξεί πυρσῶ:
 95 Ἀκταίη δ' ἐσάωσεν Ἐρεχθέα Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
 Ἴνδοφόνον, ναετῆρα θεοκρήπιδος Ἀθήνης:
 νύμφας δ' Ἀδρυάδας ναέται ζώγρησαν Ὀλύμπου
 πάντες, ὅσοις μεμέληντο φίλα δρῦες, ἐξοχα δ' ἄλλων
 δαφναίας ἐσάωσε φανείς δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων,
 100 καὶ σφιν ἅμα χραίσμησε συνέμπορος υἱεὶ μήτηρ,
 εἰσέτι κυδαινουσα λεχώια δένδρεα Λητῷ.
 Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα κορυμβοφόρους τε γυναῖκας
 ἐκ βυθίου ῥύσαντο πολυφλοίσβοιο κυδοιμοῦ
 θυγατέρες Κύδνοιο, φιλοζεφύρου ποταμοῖο,
 105 πλωτὸν ἐπιστάμεναι διερὸν δρόμον, ἅς ἐπὶ νίκη
 Ἄρεος Ἴνδῶοιο πατὴρ δωρήσατο Βάκχῳ,
 Νηιάδας πολέμοιο δαήμονας, ἅς ποτε χάρμην
 μαρνάμενος Κρονίῳ Κίλιξ ἐδίδαξε Τυφωεύς.

[77] Zeus as once before by the river Asopos, for the sake of Aigina's bed, sailed now as an eagle flying high; and like a bird of prey caught up Aiacos in gentle talons, and carried him to the Indian land for battle with Deriades. Apollo the father saved Aristaios the son from the broad gulf, riding brilliant in his car drawn by the bane-averting swans; for he remembered the bower of lionslaying Cyrene. Hermes Longwing caught up and held his own child, the son of Penelope, hornstrong hairy Pan. Urania saved Hymenaios from destruction, because he had the same name as her own creative son, and scored the airy paths like a moving star, to please Dionysos, her brother of the grapes. Calliope lifted Oiagros upon her shoulders. Hephaistos took care of his sons the Cabeiroi, and caught up both, like a flying firebrand. Pallas Athena the Attic goddess saved Erechtheus the Indians' bane, the citizen of god-founded Athens. All the denizens of Olympos who cared for their beloved oaks, rescued Hadryad nymphs; and most especially laurel-Apollo appeared and saved the laurel-nymphs; and Leto his mother stood by her son and helped them, for she still honoured the tree which helped her childbirth. The company of Bassarids and the ivycrowned women were saved from the roaring turmoil of the deeps, by the daughters of Cydnos, the river that loved the West Wind, since they knew the ways of the floating waters; these his father had given to Bacchos for victory in the Indian War, Naiads well skilled in warfare, whom Cilician Typhoeus had taught battle while he was fighting against Cronion.

καὶ στρατὸς ὠμάρτησεν ὁμόστολος: ἐσσυμένους δὲ

110 Εὐϊος ἔφθασε πάντας, ὄρεσσαύλων ἐπὶ δίφρων
 ἄξονος ἀβρέκτοιο διαξῶν ῥόον ὀλκῶ:
 καὶ Σατύρων δρόμον εἶχεν ὁμόστολον, οἷς ἅμα Βάκχαι
 ὑγροπόροι καὶ Πᾶνες ὁμήλυδες: ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
 ὠκύτεροι Τελχῖνες ἀλιτρεφῶν ὑπὲρ ἵππων,
 115 πατρῴης ἐλατῆρες ἀλικρήπιδος ἀπήνης,
 εἰς δρόμον ὠμάρτησαν ἐπειγομένῳ Διονύσῳ.
 ἄλλοι δ' ἦσαν ὀπισθεν, ἐπεσσεύοντο δὲ πορθμῷ
 ἐξ ἐτέρης ἀνιόντες ἀθηήτοιο κελεύθου,
 ἦχι θεὸς πόμπευεν: ἐπεὶ πτερὸν ἡρέμα πάλλων
 120 αἰετὸς ἡγεμόνευε δι' οὖρεος ἀντίτυπος Ζεὺς,
 φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσι μετάρσιον ὕψι κομίζων,
 Αἰακὸν ἡερίῃ πεφορημένον ὕψι κελεύθῳ.

[109] The whole host followed, but where all pressed forward, Euios was in front, cutting the stream in his highland car and never wetting the axle. The Satyrs attended his passage, and with them Bacchant women and Pans passed through the water; but far quicker than the rest came the Telchines behind their seabred horses, driving their father's car, firmly based on the sea, and they kept close to Dionysos as he sped along. Others were behind, thronging over the ford, but they came up the bank by another road unseen where a god led: for there was an eagle full in view, gently flapping its wings, Zeus, who led them through the mountains, while he carried his son Aiacos aloft with gentle talons traversing the high path of the air.

Ἴνδῳ δ' ἐχόρευον ἐπισκαίροντες ἐρίπνῃ,
 καὶ σκοπέλους ἐδίωκον, ἐναυλιζόντο δὲ λόχμας,
 125 καὶ κλισίας πῆξαντες ἐς ἡρέμα δάσκιον ὕλην ...
 οἱ δὲ τανυκραίων ἐλάφων κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρην
 εἶχον ἅμα σκυλάκεσσιν: Ἀμαδρυάδεσσι δὲ Νύμφαις
 Ὑδριάδες μίσγοντο φιλοπτόρθου Διονύσου.
 Βασσαριδῶν δὲ φάλαγγες Ἐρυθραίῃ παρὰ λόχημ
 130 σκύμνον ὄρεσσαύλοιο τιθνήσαντο λεαίνης,
 αὐτοχύτου δὲ γάλακτος ἀνέβλυον ἱκμάδα μαζοί:
 ἄλλῃ ἐχιδναίοιο πόθον μεθέπουσα κορύμβου
 ἰοβόλων μάστευε δι' οὖρεος ἄντρα δρακόντων,
 θηροσύνην δ' ἀνέφαινε: ἀκοντιστῆρι δὲ θύρσῳ
 135 ἡ μὲν νεβρὸν ἔβαλλεν ἀελλόπον: ἡ δὲ λαθοῦσα
 ἄλματι λυσσήεντι κατέδραμε λυσσάδος ἄρκτου:
 ἡ δὲ μελαρρίνων ῥαχίς ἐδράξατο θηρῶν
 καὶ λοφίης ἐπέβαινε ὄρεσσινόμων ἐλεφάντων.
 καὶ τις οἰστοβόλων βέλος ἤρμοσε κυκλάδι νευρῇ
 140 καὶ πτελέην τόξευεν: ὁ δὲ σκοπὸν εἶχεν ἐλαίην:
 καὶ πίτυν ἄλλος ἔβαλλε: πολὺς δ' ἐπὶ γείτονα πεύκην

πεμπομένων σύριζεν ἐν ἡέρι ῥοῖζος ὀιστῶν.

[123] They leapt about dancing on the Indian crags, along the rocky paths; then they built shelters undisturbed in the dark forest, and spent the night among the trees.... Some went deerhunting with dogs after the long-antlered stags: the Hydriads water-nymphs of plantloving Dionysos mingled with the Hamadryads of the trees. Groups of Bassarids in this Erythraian wilderness suckled cubs of a mountain lioness, and the juicy milk flowed of itself out of their breasts. One searched the hills for the holes of poisonous serpents to satisfy her longing for a wreath of vipers, and showed how well she could hunt.

One cast her wand and hit a stormfoot fawn. One approached unseen, and ran down a mad she-bear with maddened leaps. One clutched at the back of some elephant of the mountains, and climbed on the nape of the blackskinned beast. Sometimes an archer fitted a shaft to the string of his rounded bow and shot at an elmtree, or aimed at an olivetree, another hit a pine; showers of arrows went whizzing and buzzing through the air at the fir-trees hard by.

τοῖσι μὲν ἔβρεμε κῶμος ὀρίκτυπος. ἀχνύμενος δὲ
Δηριάδῃ βασιλῇ δυσάγγελος ἔκετο Θουρεὺς,
145 δάκρυσιν ἀφθόγγοισιν ἀπαγγέλλων φόνον Ἴνδῶν,
καὶ μόγισ ἐκ στομάτων ἀνενεῖκατο πενθάδα φωνήν:

[143] While the noise of their revels resounded among the hills, Thureus returned unhappy to King Deriades with bad tidings. His tears told the carnage of the Indians without words, but at last he let his sorrowful voice be heard:

‘Δηριάδῃ σκηπτοῦχε, θεηγενὲς ἔρνος Ἐννοῦς,
ῥομεν, ὡς ἐκέλευσας, ἐς ἀντιπέραιαν ἐρίπνην,
εὔρομεν ἐν βήσσησιν ἐρημάδα γείτονα λόχμην:
150 κεῖθι λόχον στήσαντες ἐμίμονεμ, εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃ
θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος: ἐπερχομένοιο δὲ Βάκχου
αὐλὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν, ἀδεψήτου δὲ βοείης
τυπτομένης ἐκάτερθεν ἔην χαλκόκροτος ἡχώ
καὶ καναχή σύριγγος: ὅλῃ δ’ ἐλελίζετο λόχμῃ
155 καὶ δρύες ἐφθέγξαντο καὶ ὠρχήσαντο κολῶναι:
νηιάδες δ’ ὀλόλυξαν. ἐγὼ δ’ ἐκόρυσσα μαχητάς,
ὀκναλέους, τρομέοντας, ἀπειθέας εἰς μόθον ἔλκων.
καὶ θεός, ὃν καλέουσιν, ἀκαχμένα θύρσα πινάσσων,
οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισιν ὀιστεύων γένος Ἴνδῶν,
160 κτεῖνε μὲν ἐν πεδίῳ στρατὸν ἄσπετον ὀξεί θύρσῳ
βλήμενον, ἐν ῥοθίοις δὲ τὸ λείψανον ὤλεσεν Ἴνδῶν.

ἀλλὰ σοφοὺς Βραχμῆνας ἐρείομεν, ὄφρα δαεῖς,

[147] “May it please your Majesty, Deriades our King, and divine offspring of Enyo! We went as commanded to the opposite hill, and in the forest glades we found the neighbouring thickets empty. There we laid our ambush and waited for thyrsusmad Dionysos to come. When Bacchos came near, the pipes were sounded, the raw drumskin was beaten, on either side was the noise of beaten brass and the wail of the syrinx. The whole forest trembled, the oaktrees uttered voices and the hills danced, the Naiads sang alleluia. I put the men under arms, led them to battle hesitating, trembling, unwilling. And the god, as they call him, shaking the sharpened wand, sent volleys of ignoble leaves upon the Indian nation, slew an infinite host on the plain pierced by the sharp wands, and destroyed what was left of us in the wild waters.

εἰ θεὸς οὗτος ἴκανεν ἐς ἡμέας ἢ βροτὸς ἀνὴρ.
μὴ νυχτὴν ἀνόνητον ἀναστήσειας Ἐννῶ,
165 μὴ στρατιὴν ὀλέσειας ἀφεγγεῖ δημοτῇτι:
ἤδη δ' ἀχλυόεις τέταται ζόφος· ἀχιφανῆς δὲ
δῆριν ἀναστέλλων ἀμαρύσσεται Ἑσπερος ἀστήρ.
εἰ δὲ πόθος μεθέπει σε δυσαντήτοιο κυδοιμοῦ,
σήμερον Ἴνδὸν ἔρυκε, καὶ αὔριον εἰς μόθον ἔλκεις.’

[162] “Come now, let us ask our learned Brahmans, that you may learn if this be a god come against us or a mortal man. Do not stir up a useless war by night, do not destroy your hosts fighting in the darkness. Already the misty gloom is stretched over us; there is the evening star clear before our eyes, shining to check the conflict. If your desire is set upon this formidable fray, hold back the Indians to-day and to-morrow you lead them to battle.”

170 ὥς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀπειθέα Δηριάδηα,
οὐ χάριν ἀδρανίης πειθήμονα, δυομένῳ δὲ
μεμφόμενον Φαέθοντι καὶ οὐκ εἴκοντα Λυαίῳ.
Ἴνδῶν δὲ φάλαγγα μεταστήσας ποταμοῖο
Δηριάδης ὑπέρροπλος ἐχάζετο πενθάδι λύσση,
175 ἐζόμενος λοφίησι παλιννόστων ἐλεφάντων.
Ἴνδοι δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα σὺν ἡλιβάτῳ βασιλῆϊ
εἰς πόλιν ἐρρώνοντο πεφυζότες, ἔνδοθι πύργων
νίκην εἰσαίοντες ἀρειμανέος Διονύσου.

[170] His words convinced Deriades, though loath to be convinced. No weakness made him consent; he yielded not to Lyaios, he blamed the setting sun. Proud Deriades retreated mad with sorrow, seated on the neck of his retreating elephants, and withdrew the Indian host from the river. Along with

their gigantic king, the Indians everywhere made haste to take refuge in the city, hearing behind their walls of the victory of warmad Dionysos.

ἦδη δὲ στονόεσσα δι' ἄστεος ἵπτατο φήμη,
180 σύγγονον ἀγγέλλουσα νεοσφαγέων φόνον Ἴνδῶν.
καὶ γόος ἄσπετος ἔσκε: φιλοθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
πενθαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι χαράσσετο κύκλα προσώπου,
καὶ μεσάτου στέρνοιο διεσχιζόντο χιτῶνες
στήθεα γυμνώσαντες, ἀμοιβαίησι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
185 τυπτομένων παλάμησιν ἵτυς φοινίσσετο μαζῶν
αἱμοβαφής. πολιδὸς δὲ γέρων ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῶ
χιονέην πλοκαμῖδα κατηφεί τάμνε σιδήρῳ,
τέσσαρας ἡβώνοντας ὀλωλότας νῖας ἀκούων,
Αἰακὸς οὕς ἐδάμασσε μιῇ δασπλῆτι μαχαίρῃ,
190 κτεινομένους ἐλεεινά: βαρυτλήτων δὲ γυναικῶν
ἢ μὲν ἔδον στενάχιζεν ἀδελφεόν, ἢ δὲ τοκῆα:
ἄλλη ποικιλόδακρυς ἀνεστεναχίζετο νύμφη
νυμφίον ἄρτιχόρευτον ἐοικότα Πρωτεσιλάῳ,
ἄλλη Λαοδάμεια: νεοζεύκτοιο δὲ νύμφης
195 ἄπλοκος ἀκρήδεμνος ἐτίλλετο βότρυς ἐθείρης.

[179] For already a lamentable rumour was flying through the city, which told of the late massacre of their kinsmen Indians. There was infinite wailing then. Dirgefond women tore their cheeks with their nails in mourning; they rent off the garments from their bodies and bared their chests, beating their circled breasts with this hand and that until the blows made the blood flow. That gray old man on the threshold of old age cut off his snowy hair with the knife of sorrow, when he heard how four sons had perished in their prime, a pitiable death indeed, brought low by Aiacos and his terrible sword alone. Women in heavy affliction mourned one her brother, and one her father; there was a bride bathed in tears lamenting her bridegroom lately wedded with dancing, another Laodameia with her Protesilaos: the newmade bride unveiled, unkempt, tore the clusters of her hair.

καὶ τις ἀμηχανέουσα δεδουπότος εὐνέτις Ἴνδοῦ,
ἀγχιτόκους ὠδῖνας ἀναπλήσασα λοχεῖης
καὶ δεκάτης ὀρώωσα λεχώια κύκλα Σελήνης,
ὑδρηλῶ πολὺδακρυς ἐπέστενεν ἀνδρὸς ὀλέθρῳ,
200 καὶ ποταμῷ κοτέουσα γοήμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν:

[196] One Indian wife, despairing at her husband's fall, when the full time of her labour was near and she saw now the delivering circle of the tenth moon, sorrowed with many tears for her man's death in the water, and cried out in

lamentable tones against the hateful river:

‘οὐ πίομαι πατρῶιον ἑμὸν ποτε πικρὸν Ὑδάσπην·
οὐκέτι κεῖνα ῥέεθρα παρέρχομαι, οὐκέτι δειλὴ
σεῖο νέκυν κρύψαντος ἐπιπαύσω ποταμοῖο,
οὐ μὰ σέ καὶ σέο φόρτον, ὃν ἔνδοθι γαστρὸς αἰίρω,
205 οὐ μὰ καὶ τὸν ἔρωτα, τὸν οὐ χρόνος οἶδε μαρναίνειν.
τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειεν, ὅπου πέσε νεκρὸς ἀκοίτης,
ὄφρα περιπτύξω διερὸν νέκυν, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν
κῦμα κατακρύψει με σὺν ὕγροπόρῳ παρακοίτῃ;
αἶθε δὲ καὶ τέκον υἷα καὶ ἔτρεφον: ἄρτι δὲ δειλὴν
210 γαστέρος ὄγκος ἔχει με πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο.
εἰ δὲ τέκω ποτὲ παῖδα καὶ αἰτίζη γενετῆρα,
υἱεὶ παππάζοντι πόθεν δείξαιμι τοκῆα;’

[201] “Never again will I drink the bitter Hydaspes of my country! Never will I walk beside his water, never — woe’s me — will I touch the river which drowned your body! I swear it by you, and your burden which I carry in my womb, I swear by you and the love which time cannot wither! Who will take me and bring me where my dead husband fell, that I may embrace the dripping body, that the wave may swallow me too and drown me beside my man! O that I had born a son and reared him! But woe is me, my womb still carries the ripening burden. And if I ever do bear a son, and he asks for his father, how can I point to his father when the boy cries for daddy?”

εἶπε τὸν οὐκ αἰόντα κινυρομένη παρακοίτην.
ἄλλη δ’ ἐστενάχιζεν ἀνυμφεύτους ὕμεναιούς
215 ὀλλυμένου μνηστῆρος, ὃν οὐκ ἶδεν εὐγάμος ὥρη
στέμματι νυμφιδίῳ πεπυκασμένον, οὐδ’ ἐνὶ παστῶ
ἡδυμελὲς ἦεισε βιοσσόος αὐλὸς Ἑρώτων.

[213] So she lamented the husband who could not hear. Another mourned for a bridal never hallowed, her wooer lost, who never saw the happy hour of wedding decked with the bridegroom’s garland, who never heard in the bridal chamber the sweet music of love’s quickening pipes.

τοῖσι μὲν ἀχνυμένοισιν ἔην γόος. ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμας
Βάκχος ἐοῖς Σατύροισι καὶ Ἴνδοφόνοισι μαχηταῖς
220 εἰλαπίνην ἔστησεν: ἐδαιτρεύοντο δὲ ταῦροι,
καὶ δαμάλαι στοιχηδὸν ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ
θεινόμεναι πελέκεσσιν, Ἑρυθραίης δ’ ἀπὸ ποίμνης
πυκνὰ δορικτῆτων ἱερεύετο πῶεα μῆλων.
ἐξόμενοι δ’ ἀγελήδων ἐπ’ εὐκύκλοιῳ τραπέζῃς

225 Σειληνοὶ Σάτυροί τε σὺν εὐθύρσῳ Διονύσῳ
χεροὶ πολυσπερέεσσι μιῆς ἔψαυσαν ἔδωδῆς·
πίνετο δ' ἄσπετος οἶνος ἀμοιβαδῖς· οἶνοχόοι δὲ
εὐόδμους ἐκένωσαν ἀπείρονας ἀμφιφορῆας,
νεκταρῆς ἀρύοντες ἀμεμφέα βότρυν ὀπώρας.

[218] So they sorrowed and wailed. But in the forest, Bacchos held a feast with his Satyrs and Indian-slaying warriors: bulls were slaughtered, rows of heifers were struck with axes and cut up with knives, whole flocks of sheep were killed from the captured Erythraian herds. Seilenoi and Satyrs settled in companies round the table with the god of the thyrsus, all with multitudinous hands partook of the same food. Infinite wine was drunk by all in order; the servers emptied endless fragrant jars as they drew the nectarean juice of the perfect grape.

230 τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι παρὰ κρητῆρα λιγαίνων
Λέσβιος αὐτοδίδακτος ἀνέπλεκε Λεῦκος ἀοιδήν,
πῶς πρότεροι Τιτῆνες ἐθωρήχθησαν Ὀλύμπῳ·
καὶ Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἀληθέα μέλπετο νίκην,
πῶς Κρόνον εὐρυγένειον ὑποκλάζοντα κεραυνῷ
235 Ταρταρίῳ ζοφόνετι κατεσφρηγίσσατο κόλπῳ,
χείματος ὕδρηλοῖσι μάτην κεκορυθμένον ὄπλοις.

[230] So they rejoiced, while Leucos the selftaught Lesbian singer wove his lay beside the mixing-bowl, how the older Titans armed themselves against Olympus. He sang the true victory of Zeus potent in the Heights, how broadbeard Cronos sank under the thunderbolt, and Zeus sealed him deep in the dark Tartarean pit, armed in vain with the watery weapons of the storm.

Κυπριάδος δὲ Λάπηθος ἀτευχέος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης
ἔμφρονι φορμικτῆρι παρέζετο, καὶ οἱ ἔδωδῆς
πίονα μοῖραν ὄρεξε, καὶ ἦτε κεῖνον αἰδεῖν
240 τερπνὸν ἀσιγήτοισι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ἀθήναις,
ἱστοπόνον Κυθέρειαν ἐριδμαίνουσας Ἀθήνην.

[237] Lapethos, a dweller in the unarmed Cyprian land, sat next to the inspired minstrel, and he passed him a fat portion of meat, begging him to sing a pleasant story that never-silent Athens loves, the weaving-match between Athena and Cythereia.

αὐτὰρ ὁ φορμίζων ἀνεβάλλετο Κύπριν αἰδεῖν,
ὥς ποτε κέντρον ἔχουσα φιληλακάτοιο μερίμνης
χερσὶν ἀπειρήτοισι μετήιεν ἱστὸν Ἀθήνης,

245 κερκίδα κουφίζουσα καὶ οὐκέτι κεστὸν Ἑρώτων.
 καὶ Παφίης τετάνυστο παχὺς μίτος, οἷά τε μακρὴ
 οἰσύνῃ μηνινθος ἐύστροφος, ἣν τινι τέχνῃ
 ὄλκοις μηκεδανοῖσι γέρων ἐρράψατο τέκτων,
 φράξας ἀρτιτέλεστα σεσηρότα δούρατα νηῶν:
 250 ἡ δὲ πανημερίῃ καὶ παννυχίῃ πέλας ἰστοῦ
 Παλλάδος ἔργον ἔτευχε παλῖλλυτον, ἄλλοτρίῳ δὲ
 ἀτρίπτους ἔο χειῖρας ἀήθει τείρετο μόχθῳ:
 καὶ κτενὶ πουλυόδοντι διαξέουσα χιτῶνα
 καὶ λίθον ὀρχηστήρα περικρεμάσασα μεσάκμῳ
 255 κερκίδι πέπλον ὕφαινε, καὶ ἔπλετο Κύπρις Ἀθήνη:
 καὶ πόνος ἦν ἀγέλαστος: ὕφαινομένοιο δὲ πέπλου
 εὐρυτενῆς ὠγκοῦτο πέλωρ μίτος: αὐτόματοι δὲ
 στήμονες ἐρρήγγυντο παχυνομένοιο χιτῶνος:
 εἶχε δὲ διχθαδίοισι πόνοις ἐπιμάρτυρα τέχνης
 260 ἡέλιον καὶ λύχνον ἀναγκαῖην τε Σελήνην.
 οὐ χορὸν ὠρχήσαντο χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο
 ἀμφίπολοι Πασιθέη κλωστήρα, καὶ εἰροκόμος πέλε Πειθῶ,
 Πασιθέη κλωστήρα, καὶ εἰροκόμος πέλε Πειθῶ,
 καὶ μίτον Ἀγλαΐῃ καὶ νήματα δῶκεν ἀνάσσει.
 265 καὶ μερόπων ἀλάλητο γάμων βίος: ἀρμονίῃν δὲ
 ἔστενεν ἀχρήιστον ἀνυμφεύτων ὑμεναίων
 ἡνίοχος βιότοιο γέρων δεδονημένος Αἰῶν:
 καὶ φλογερὴν ἀγέραςτος Ἔρωσ ἀνελύσατο νευρὴν,
 παπταίνων ἀλόχευτον ἀνήροτον αὔλακα κόσμου.
 270 οὐ τότε φορμίγγων ἐρόεις κτύπος, οὐ τότε σύριγξ,
 οὐ λιγὺς αὐλὸς ἔμελπεν “Ὑμὴν Ὑμέναιε” λιγαίνων:
 ἀλλὰ βίου μινύθοντος ἱμασσομένης τε γενέθλης
 συζυγίης ἀλύτοιο μετωχλίσθησαν ὀχῆες.

[242] So he struck up his harp and began to sing of Cypris, how she once felt the sting of ambition and fell in love with the distaff, how she tried Athena's loom with unpractised hands and lifted the shuttle, no longer the girdle of love. The Paphian spun a coarse thread, like the long cord of twisted withies which the old roper makes by his craft in long stretches, to tighten the gaping planks of a ship newly finished. Then all day and all night long by the loom she undid the work of Pallas, and roughened her soft hands with a strange unwonted labour; she hung the dangling stone from the beam, and parted the threads of the stuff with the comb's many teeth, and wove the cloth with her shuttle, and so Cypris turned Athena. There was no laughing over that task; but as the cloth was woven, the monstrous thread pulled across swelled out and thickened the stuff, so that the warpthreads burst of themselves. Witnesses for the double labour of her skill were the Sun, and the lamp, and the Moon of her necessity. The dancers of Orchomenos who were attendants upon the

Paphian had no dancing then to do; but Pasithea made the spindle run round, Peitho dressed the wool, Aglaia gave thread and yarn to her mistress. And weddings went all astray in human life. Time, the ancient who guides our existence, was disturbed, and lamented the bond of wedlock used no more; Eros unhonoured loosed his fiery bowstring, when he saw the world's furrow unplowed and unfruitful. Then the harp made no lovely music, the syrinx did not sound, the clear pipes did not sing in clear tones Hymen Hymenaios the marriage-tune; but life dwindled, birth was hardsmitten, the bolts of indivisible union were shot back.

καὶ Παφίην φιλόμοχθον ἶδεν ταλαεργὸς Ἀθήνη,
275 καὶ χόλον εἶχε γέλωτι μεμιγμένον, ὥς ἶδε μακρὴν
τρηχάλην μήρινθον ἀπειροπόνου Κυthereίης;
ἀθανάτοις δ' ἥγγειλε: βαρυζήλῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
ἔννεπε, μεμφομένη καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ γενετῇρι:

[274] Industrious Athena saw the Paphian hard at work. Anger and laughter commingled came over her, as she beheld the long rough cords of inexperienced Cythereia. She told the immortals; and in a passion of jealousy reproached both Cypris and her father:

‘σὴ δόσις ἄλλοπρόσαλλος ἀμείβεται, οὐράνιε Ζεῦ:
280 οὐκέτι Μοιράων μεθέπω δόσιν: ἴστοπόνος γὰρ
κλῆρον ἔμδον σύλησε τεῇ θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη.
κλῆρον Ἀθηναίς οὐχ ἥρπασε δεσπότης Ἥρη,
γνωτὴ καὶ παράκοιτις ἔμοῦ Διός, ἀλλὰ χαλᾷπτει
ἐκ γενετῆς σακέεσσι κορυσσομένην Ἀγελείην
285 ἢ ταμίη θαλάμων, ἀπαλὴ θεός. ὑμετέρου δὲ
ἀπτόλεμος Κυthereia πότε προμάχιζεν Ὀλύμπου,
ἢ ἐτίνας Τιτῆνας ἀπώλεσε θήλει κεστῶ,
ὅττι μετὰ πτολέμους με βιάζεται; ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
εἶπέ μοι, ἰοχέαιρα, τεῆς πότε μεσσόθεν ὕλης
290 εἶδες οἷστεύουσαν ἢ ἀγρώσσουσαν Ἀθήνην;
τίς καλέει γλαυκῶπιν, ὅτ' ὠδίνουσι γυναῖκες;’

[279] “So there are changes and chances in your gifts, Heavenly Father! I no longer manage the gift of the Fates, for your daughter Aphrodite has taken to weaving and stolen my lot. Athenaia has been robbed of her lot not by Hera the Queen, the sister and consort of my Zeus; but the mistress of the bedchamber, that soft goddess, affronts one armed with shield from her birth, Ageleia the plunderer! When has your cowardly Cythereia fought for Olympus? what Titans has she destroyed with that womanish girdle, that she comes fresh from her battles to outrage me? Yes, and you, Archeress — tell

me this, when have you seen Athena in your forest ° shooting arrows or hunting game? Who calls upon Brighteyes, when women are in labour?”

ὥς φαμένης ἀγέροντο θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
ἱστὸν ἰδεῖν ἐθέλοντες ἐποικομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
καὶ καμάτους ὀρόωντες ἀπειρομόθου Κυthereijs
295 θαμβалέοι νόθον ἔργον ἐκυκλώσαντο θεαίνης:
καὶ γελῶν ἀγόρευε πάλιν φιλοκέρτομος Ἑρμῆς:
‘ἱστὸν ἔχεις, Κυthereia: τὸν λίπε κεστὸν Ἀθήνη.
εἰ μίτον ἀμφαφάας εἰ κερκίδα χερσὶ τιταίνεις,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἄειρε καὶ αἰγίδα Τριτογενεijs.
300 οἶδα, πόθεν, Κυthereia, πολύκροτον ἱστὸν ὕφαινεις,
σὸς δόλος οὐ με λέληθε: τὸς τάχα νυμφίος Ἄρης
εἰς γάμον ἱμερόεντας ἀπαιτίζει σε χιτῶνας.
Ἄρεϊ πέπλον ὕφαινε: νεοκλώστῳ δ’ ἐνὶ πέπλῳ
ἀσπίδα μὴ ποικίλλε: τί γὰρ σακέων Ἀφροδίτη;
305 τεῦχε τεῆς Φαέθοντα φεραυγέα μάρτυρον εὐνῆς,
φῶριον ἀγγέλλοντα τεῶν συλήτορα λέκτρων:
ἦν ἐθέλης, ποικίλλε καὶ ἀρχαίους σέο δεσμούς,
καὶ θεὸν ἀσκήσεις νόθον πόσιν αἰδομένη χεῖρ:
καὶ σὺ τὸν μετὰ τόξον, Ἔρως, ἄτρακτον ἐλίσσων
310 μητέρι νήματα τεῦχε φιληλακάτῳ Κυthereij,
ὄφρα μετὰ πτερόεντα καὶ ἱστοπόνον σε καλέσσω,
καὶ μετὰ νεῦρα βόεια θεὸν πυρόεντα νοήσω
πηνιον ἐξέλκοντα παρὲκ μίτον ἀντὶ βελέμνων.
χρυσῷ τεῦξον Ἄρηα μετὰ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης
315 κερκίδα χειρὶ φέροντα καὶ οὐ πάλλοντα βοεῖην,
δίπλακα ποικίλλοντα σὺν ἐργοπόνῳ Κυthereij.

[292] When she had spoken, the gods of Olympus came thronging to see Aphrodite working the loom. They gathered round and stared at the labours of the divine fumbler, amazed at her bungling work; and Hermes, who loved his joke, said laughing, “You have the loom, Cythereia, leave Athena your girdle! If you handle the thread and throw the shuttle, then raise also the furious spear and the aegiscape of Tritogenia. Ah, Cythereia, I know why you weave at the rattling loom. I understand your secret: no doubt your bridegroom Ares begs from you fine dress for the wedding. Weave your stuff for Ares, but don’t embroider a shield in the new cloth. What does Aphrodite want with shields? Put in Phaethon, the shining witness of your loves, who told tales of the furtive robber of your bed; if you like, put those old nets of yours in the pattern, and let your hand, if it can for shame, make a picture of the god who was the husband’s proxy. And you, Eros, leave your bow and help your mother in her passion for the distaff, twirl the spindle for her and spin the thread. Then I may call you weaver instead of winger, I may see the fiery god

pulling the spool past the warp, instead of the arrows on the leather bowstring. Make Ares of gold beside golden Aphrodite; let him hold a shuttle instead of waving a shield, and embroider a double cloth with industrious Cythereia.

ἀλλά, θεὰ Κυθήρεια, φιληλακάτων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ῥῥιπε μίτους ἀνέμοισι καὶ ἄμφεπε κεστὸν ἱμάντα,
συζυγίης δ' ἀλέγιζε τὸ δεύτερον: ἀρχέγονος γὰρ
320 πλάζεται εἰσέτι κόσμος, ἔως ἔτι πέπλον ὑφαίνεις.'

[317] "No, Cythereia goddess, throw your threads to the winds out of those distaff-enamoured hands and use your stitched girdle. Take care once more of marriage; for the ancient nature of the world has all been going astray since you have been weaving cloth."

ὥς φαμένου μείδησαν, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου.
καὶ μίτον ἡμιτέλεστον ἀπορρίψασα χιτῶνος
αἰδομένη γλαυκῶπιν ἔῃς ἐπεβήσατο Κύπρου
ἀνδρομέης Κυθήρεια τιθηνήτειρα γενέθλης:
325 καὶ βίον αἰολόμορφον Ἔρωσ πάλιν ἤρμοσε κεστῷ
σπείρων εὐαρότοιο λεχώιον ἄντυγα κόσμου.

[321] As he finished, all the Olympians smiled. Then Cythereia thus put to shame before Brighteyes threw down the stuff of the cloth half finished, and away she went to her own Cyprus to be nurse of the human race; and Eros once more ordered all the varied forms of life by the girdle, sowing the circle of the well-plowed earth with the seed of generation.

τοίην ἱμερόφωνον ἀνέπλεκε Λεῦκος ἀοιδῆν
ἡλακάτης ἀδίδακτον ἀνυμνείων Ἀφροδίτην,
ἐργοπόνῳ μέγα νεῖκος ἀναστήσασαν Ἀθήνην.

[327] Such was the melodious lay which Leucos wove, celebrating how Aphrodite untaught of the distaff, set up her great contest with industrious Athena.

330 Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ κόρος ἔσκε φιλακρήτοιο τραπέζης,
οἷνον ἀναβλύζοντες ἐρημάδι κάππεσον εὐνῇ·
οἱ μὲν δαιδαλέης ἐπὶ νεβρίδος, οἱ δ'
ἐπὶ φύλλων πεπταμένων, ἕτεροι δὲ χυτῆς
ἐφύπερθε κονίης δέρμασιν αἰγείλοισιν ἐπεστορέσαντο χαμεύνην·
335 ἄλλοι δ' ἐγρεμόθοισιν ἐφωμίλησαν ὄνειροις,
χάλκεον ἀπλώσαντες ἐνυαλίῳ δέμας ὕπνω,

ὦν ὁ μὲν Ἴνδὸν ἐβαλλε καθήμενον ὑπόθεν ἵππου,
ἄλλος δ' Ἴνδὸν ἔνυξε κατ' αὐχένος, ὃς δὲ
δαΐζων ἄορι πεζὸν ἔτυπεν, ὁ δ' οὔτασε Δηριαδῆα·
³⁴⁰ ἄλλος δ' ἠερόφοιτον ἐὼν βέλος ὑπόσε πέμπων
ἡλιβάτους ἐλέφαντας ὀνειρεῖω βάλεν ἰῶ.

[330] But when they had surfeit of this table so well furnished with liquor, they fell on their beds in the wilderness spluttering wine: dropping on dappled fawnskins, or on spreads of leaves, or just spreading goatskins on the ground amid the deep dust. Some stretched their armoured bodies in the soldier's sleep, and held traffic with battlerousing dreams, where one struck some Indian sitting on horseback, one pierced an Indian's throat, one slew a footman with his sword, one wounded Deriades, one shot his bolt high in the air and wounded some huge elephant with his dream-arrow.

Πορδαλίῳν δὲ γένεθλα καὶ ἄγρια φύλα λεόντων
καὶ κύνες ἀγρευτῆρες ἐρημονόμου Διονύσου
εἶχον ἀμοιβαίης φυλακῆς ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπὴν,
³⁴⁵ πάννυχον ἐγρήσσοντες ὀρειάδος ἔνδοθεν ὕλης,
μή σφιν ἐπαΐξειε μελαινομένων μόθος Ἴνδῶν·
καὶ δαῖδες στοιχηδὸν ἐπαστράπτεσκον Ὀλύμπῳ,
Βακχιάδος λαμπτήρες ἀκοιμήτοιο χορείης.

[342] Tribes of leopards and wild packs of lions and hunting-dogs took turns in guarding Dionysos in the wilderness with sleepless eyes; all night they kept vigil in the mountain forest, that no assault of black Indians might approach him. Long lines of torches flashed up to Olympos, the lights of the dancing Bacchants which had no rest.

BOOK 25

εἰκοστὸν κατὰ πέμπτον ἔχεις Περσῆος ἀγῶνα
καὶ κρίσιν Ἡρακλῆος ἐς ἠνορέην Διονύσου.
Μοῦσα, πάλιν πολέμιζε σοφὸν μόθον ἔμφρονι θύρῳ:
οὐ πω γὰρ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνων Διονύσῳ
φύλοπιν ἑπταέτηρον Ἑώιος εὐΐνασεν Ἄρης:
ἀλλὰ δρακοντείοιο τεθιπότες ἄκρα γενείου
5 Ἰνδῶης πλατάνοιο πάλιν κλάζουσι νεοσσοί,
Βακχείου πολέμοιο προμάντιες. οὐ μὲν αἶσιω
πρώτους ἔξ λυκάβαντας, ὅτε στρατὸς ἔνδοθι πύργων
Ἰνδὸς ἔην: τελέσας δὲ τύπον μιμηλὸν Ὀμήρου
ὕστατον ὑμνήσω πολέμων ἔτος, ἑβδομάτης δὲ
10 ὕσμινην ἰσάριθμον ἐμῆς στρουθοῖο χαράξω:
Θῆβη δ' ἑπταπύλῳ κεράσω μέλος, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀμφ' ἐμὲ βακχευθεῖσα περιτρέχει, οἷα δὲ νύμφη
μαζὸν ἐδὼν γύμνωσε κατηφέος ὑπόθι πέπλου,
μνησαμένη Πενθῆος: ἐποτρύνων δέ με μέλπει
15 πενθαλέην ἔο χεῖρα γέρων ὠρεξε Κιθαιρῶν
αἰδόμενος, μὴ λέκτρον ἀθέσμιον ἢ ἐβοήσω
πατροφόνον πόσιν υἷα παρευνάζοντα τεκούσῃ.
Ἀονίης αἰῶ κιθάρης κτύπον: εἴπατε, Μοῦσαι,
τίς πάλιν Ἀμφίων λίθον ἄπνοον εἰς δρόμον ἔλκει;
20 οἶδα, πόθεν κτύπος οὗτος: αἰδομένη τάχα Θῆβη
Πινδαρέης φόρμιγγος ἐπέκτυπε Δῶριος ἡχώ.

BOOK XXV

*In the twenty-fifth you have the struggle of Perseus and the comparison of
Heracles with the valour of Dionysos.*

O MUSE, once more fight the poets war with your thyrsus-wand of the mind: for not yet has Eastern Ares bent a servile knee and calmed the sevenyear conflict. The nestlings of the Indian planetree are shrinking again in horror at the dragon's jaw-point, and thus they foretell war with Bacchos. I will not sing the first six lichtgangs, while the Indian army remained behind walls; I will make my pattern like Homer's and sing the last year of warfare, I will describe that which has the number of my seventh sparrow. For sevengeate Thebes I will brew my bowl of poesy, for she also dances wildly about me, baring her breast nymph-like over her robe in sorrow while she remembers Pentheus; old Cithairon urges me to sing, stretching out his mourning hand, fearing lest I proclaim the unhallowed bed or the fatherslaying son, the husband who lay beside her who bore him. I hear the twang of the Aonian lyre: tell me, Muses, what new Amphion is pulling dead stones to a run? I

know where that sound comes from: surely it is the Dorian tune of Pindar's lyre sounding for Thebes.

ἀλλὰ πάλιν κτείνωμεν Ἐρυθραίων γένος Ἴνδῶν:
οὐ ποτε γὰρ μόθον ἄλλον ὁμοῖον ἔδρακεν αἰῶν
Ἡώου πρὸ μόθοιο, καὶ οὐ μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἴνδῶν
25 ἄλλην ὀφιτέλεστον ἰσόρροπον εἶδεν Ἐνυώ,
οὐδὲ τόσος στρατὸς ἦλθεν ἐς Ἴλιον, οὐ στόλος ἀνδρῶν
τηλίκος, ἀλλὰ νέοισι καὶ ἀρχεγόνοισιν ἐρίζω
εὐκαμάτους ἰδρῶτας ἀναστήσω Διονύσου,
κρίνων ἡνωρέην τεκέων Διός, ὄφρα νοήσω,
30 τίς κάμε τοῖον ἀγῶνα, τίς εἴκελος ἔπλετο βάκχου.

[22] Once more let us slay the race of Erythraian Indians: for Time never saw before another struggle like the Eastern War, nor after the Indian War in later days has Enyo seen its equal. No such army came to Ilion, no such host of men. But I will set up the toils and sweat of Dionysos in rivalry with both new and old; I will judge the manhood of the sons of Zeus, and see who endured such an encounter, who was like unto Bacchos.

Περσεὺς μὲν ταχύγουνος, ἐύπτερον ἶχνος ἐλίσσων,
ἀγχινεφῇ δρόμον εἶχεν ἐν ἡέρι πεζὸς ὀδίτης,
εἰ ἔτεόν πεπότητο. τί δὲ πλέον, εἰ σφυρὰ πάλλων
ξεῖνην εἰρεσίην ἀνεμῶδεϊ νήχετο ταρσῶ,
35 ὅττι βαθυνομένης παλάμης ληιστορι καρτῶ
Φορκίδος ἀγρύπνοιο λαβὼν ὀφθαλμὸν ἀλήτην,
ἄσφορον ἀκροπόρων πεφυλαγμένος ἄλμα πεδίλων,
ὄγμον ἐχιδνήεντα μιῆς ἤμησε Μεδούσης,
ἧς ἔτι κυμαίνουσα γοναῖς ἐθλίβετο γαστήρ
40 Πήγασον ὠδίνουσα, καὶ ἔγκυν ἀυχένα νύμφης
Γοργόνος Εἰλείθυια μογοστόκος ἔθρισεν ἄρπη,
ἀυχένος ἵπποτόκοιο θαλύσιον; ἄπτολέμου δὲ
Περσεὺς ὠκυπέδιλος ἐκούφισε σύμβολα νίκης
ἄπνοα, Γοργεῖης ὀφιδῶδεα λήια χαίτης,
45 αἰμαλέῃ ῥαθάμιγγι κατάρρυτα λείψανα κόρσης,
ἡμιτελὲς σύριγμα νεοτμήτων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
λεπτὸν ὑποτρίζοντα: καὶ οὐ στίχεν ἄρσενι χάρμη,
οὐ τότε χερσαίης ἐνοπῆς κτύπος, οὐδ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
Περσέϊ μαρναμένῳ πολεμήια λαίφεα νηῶν
50 ἐγρεμόθοις ἀνέμοισιν Ἄρης κολπώσατο ναύτης,
οὐ φονίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι Λίβυς φοινίσσετο Νηρεὺς,
οὐ νέκυν αὐτοκύλιστον ἐδέξατο λοιγίον ὕδωρ:
ἀλλὰ δρακοντεῖς τρομέων συριγμὸν ἐθείρης

Σθεννοῦς μαινομένης πτερόεις ἐλελιζετο Περσεύς,
55 καὶ κυνέην Ἀίδαο φέρων καὶ Παλλάδος ἄρπην,
καὶ πτερὸν Ἑρμᾶωνος ἔχων καὶ Ζῆνα τοκῆα,
ὠκυτέρῳ φύξηλις ἀνηώρητο πεδίλῳ,
Εὐρύαλης μύκημα καὶ οὐ σάλπιγγος ἀκούων,
συλήσας Λιβύης ὀλίγον σπέος· οὐ στρατὸν ἀνδρῶν
60 ἔκτανεν, οὐ φλογόεντι πόλιν τεφρώσατο δαλῶ.

[31] Nimbleknee Perseus, waving his winged feet, held his course near the clouds, a wayfarer pacing through the air, if he really did fly. But what was the good if he swung his ankles and swam the winds with that strange oarage of legs? and then crept up on tiptoe, keeping his footfall noiseless, and with hollowed hand and robber's fist caught the roving eye of Phorcys' unsleeping daughter, then shore off the snaky swathe of one Medusa, while her womb was still burdened and swollen with young, still in foal of Pegasus; what good if the sickle played the part of childbirth Eileithyia, and reaped the neck of the pregnant Gorgon, firstfruits of a horsebreeding neck? There was no battle when swiftshoe Perseus lifted the lifeless token of victory, the snaky sheaf of Gorgon hair, relics of the head dripping drops of blood, gently wheezing a half-heard hiss through the severed throats: he did not march to battle with men, no din of conflict was there then on land, no maritime Ares on the sea with battle-rousing winds bellied the sails of ships of war against a warrior Perseus, no Libyan Nereus was reddened with showers of blood, no fatal water swallowed a dead body rolling helplessly. No! Perseus fled with flickering wings trembling at the hiss of mad Sthenno's hairy snakes, although he bore the cap of Hades and the sickle of Pallas, with Hermes' wings though Zeus was his father; he sailed a fugitive on swiftest shoes, listening for no trumpet but Euryale's bellowing — having despoiled a little Libyan hole! He slew no army of men, he burnt no city with fiery torch.

ἀλλ' οὐ τοῖος ἔην Βρομίου μόθος· οὐ ποσὶν ἔρπων
Βάκχος ἐθωρήχθη δολόεις πρόμος, οὐδὲ λοχήσας
φρουρὸν ἀκοιμήτοιο μετῆλυδα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς
Φορκίδος ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἀμειβομένης πτερὸν Ὕπνου
65 ἦνυσσε θῆλυν ἄεθλον ἀθωρήκτοιο Μεδοῦσης·
ἀλλὰ διατμήγων δηίων στίχα δίζυγι νίκη
χερσαίου πολέμοιο καὶ ὕγροπόροιο κυδοιμοῦ
λύθρῳ γαῖαν ἔδευσε, καὶ αἶματι κῦμα κεράσσας
Νηρεΐδας φοίνιξεν ἐρευθιόντων ῥέεθρῳ,
70 κτείνων βάρβαρα φῦλα· πολλὺς δ' ἐπὶ μητέρι Γαίῃ
ὑψιλόφων ἀκάρηνος ἐτυμβεῦθη στάχυσ Ἴνδῶν,
πολλοὶ δ' ἐν πελάγεσσιν ὀλωλότες ὀξεί θύρσῳ
αὐτόματοι πλωτῆρες ἐπορθμεύοντο θαλάσσει,
Ἴνδῶν νεκρὸς ὄμιλος· ἀνικῆτῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ

75 ὕδασιν αἰχμάζοντος ἐγερσιμόθου ποταμοῖο
Ἄρεα κυματόεντα παρέρχομαι, ὅππότε πεύκη
Βακχιάς αἰθαλόεσσα κατέφλεγε βάρβαρον ὕδωρ
μυδαλέω σπινθῆρι, καὶ ἔξεε κύματι θερμῷ
καπνὸν ἀναβλύζων ποταμήιον ὑγρὸς Ὑδάσπης.

[61] Far other was the struggle of Bromios. For Bacchos was no sneaking champion, crawling along in his armour; he laid no ambush for the sentinel eye of Phorcys, the ball of the sleepless eye that passed from hand to hand, giving each her share under the wing of sleep in turn; he won no womanish match over a Medusa unarmed. But he cut the lines of his enemies in a double victory, battle on land and tumult at the ford; he soaked the earth with gore, he mingled the waves with blood, he dyed the Nereids purple in their reddened streams, as he killed the barbarian hordes. Great was the harvest of highcrested Indians buried headless in mother earth; shoals of dead Indians slain by the sharp thyrsus floated at random and voyaged over the deep, a multitude! I pass by that billowy warfare, when the battlestirring river hurled his waves against invincible Lyaïos, when the blazing torch of Bacchos kindled the barbarian stream with a damp spark, and watery Hydaspes with waves boiling hot puffed out smoke from his depths.

80 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι 'κῆτος ἀλίτροφον ἔκτανε Περσεύς:
ὄμματι Γοργεῖω πετρώσατο θῆρα θαλάσσης.'

τί πλέον, εἰ φονίης δεδοκημένος ὄμμα Μεδούσης
ἀνδρομέων μελέων ἑτερότροπον εἶδος ἀμείψας
εἰς λίθον αὐτοτέλεστον ἐμορφώθη Πολυδέκτης;

85 Βάκχου δ' Ἴνδοφόνου βριαρὸς πόνος οὐ μία Γοργῶ,
οὐ λίθος ἡερόφοιτος ἀλίκτυπος ἢ Πολυδέκτης:
ἀλλὰ δρακοντοκόμων καλάμην ἤμησε Γιγάντων
Βάκχος ἀριστεύων ὀλίγῳ ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ,
ὅππότε Πορφυρίωνι μαχήμονα κισσὸν ἰάλλων

90 Ἐγκέλαδον στυφέλιξε καὶ ἥλασεν Ἀλκυνονῆα
αἰχμάζων πετάλοισιν: ὀιστεύοντο δὲ θύρσοι
γηγενέων ὀλετῆρες, ἀοοσητῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
χερσὶ διηκοσίησιν ἔλιξ ὅτε λαὸς Ἀρούρης
θλίβων ἀστερόεσσαν Ἴτυν πολυδειράδι κόρσῃ

95 λεπταλέῳ γόνυ κάμψεν ἀκοντιστῆρι κορύμβῳ,
ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι, καὶ οὐ πυρόεντι κεραυνῷ
τηλίκος ἐσμὸς ἔπιπτεν, ὅσος ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ.

[80] But you will say, "Perseus killed a monster of the sea; with the Gorgon's eye he turned to stone a leviathan of the deep!" What was the good, if Polydectes, looking upon deadly Medusa's eye, changed his human limbs to

another kind and transformed himself into stone? The terrible exploits of Bacchos were not one Gorgon, not an airsoaring sea-beaten cliff, not a Polydectes. No, Bacchos reaped the stubble of snakehaired giants, a conquering hero with a tiny manbreaking wand, when he cast the battling ivy against Porphyryon, when he buffeted Encelados and drove off Alcioneus with a volley of leaves: then the wands flew in showers, and brought the earthborn down in defence of Olympos, when the coiling sons of Earth with two hundred hands, who pressed the starry vault with manynecked heads, bent the knee before a flimsy javelin of vineleaves or a spear of ivy. Not so great a swarm fell to the fiery thunderbolt as fell to the manbreaking thyrsus.

ἀλλὰ φίλοι, κρίνωμεν: ἐν ἀντολίῃ μὲν ἀρούρη
Ἴνδοφόνους ἰδρῶτας ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου
100 ἡἔλιος θάμβησεν, ὑπὲρ δυτικοῖο δὲ κόλπου
Εσπερίῃ Περσῇα τανύπτερον εἶδε Σελήνῃ,
βαῖον ἀεθλεύσαντα πόνον γαμφώνυχι χαλκῷ:
καὶ Φαέθων ὅσον εὖχος ὑπέρτερον ἔλλαχε Μήνης,
τόσσον ἐγὼ Περσῆος ἀρείονα Βάκχον ἐνίψω.
105 Ἴναχος ἀμφοτέρων πέλε μάρτυρος, ὅππότε κισσῷ
καὶ φονίῳ νάρθηκι Μυκηνίδες ἤρισαν αἵχμαῖ
χαλκοβαρεῖς, Σατύρων δὲ φιλεύιον Ἄρεα φεύγων
θυρσοφόρῳ Βρομίῳ δρεπανηφόρος εἵκαθε Περσεύς,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔπεμπε μαχήμονος ἀντὶ Λυαίου
110 οὐτιδανὴν ἀσίδηρον ἀκοντίζων Ἀριάδνην:
οὐκ ἄγαμαι Περσῇα μίαν κτείναντα γυναῖκα,
εἵμασι νυμφιδίοισιν ἔτι πνείουσας Ἐρώτων.

[98] Let us compare them, friends. Helios marvelled when he saw the sweat of Dionysos, as he slew Indians on the eastern soil: over the western gulf, Selene in the evening saw Perseus on wings outspread, after he had had a small task to do with a curving piece of bronze: as much as Phaethon has glory above the Moon, so much better than Perseus I will declare Bacchos to be. Inachos was witness of both, when the heavy bronze pikes of Mycenai resisted the ivy and deadly fennel, when Perseus sickle in hand gave way to Bacchos with his wand, and fled before the fury of Satyrs crying Euoi; Perseus cast a raging spear, and hit frail Ariadne unarmed instead of Lyaïos the warrior. I do not admire Perseus for killing one woman, in her bridal dress still breathing of love.

εἰ δὲ Διὸς χρυσέων μεγαλίζεται εἵνεκα λέκτρων,
οὐ Δανάην ἐκόμισεν ἐς οὐρανὸν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς,
115 κυδαινὼν γονίμης φιλοπάρθενον ὄμβρον ἔερσης
βαῖης κλεψιγάμου: Σεμέλη δ' ἐπέβαινεν Ὀλύμπου

σὺν Διί, σὺν μακάρεσσι μιῆς ψάουσα τραπέζης,
υἱέι βοτρυόεντι παρεζομένη Διονύσῳ:
οὐ Δανάη λάχεν οἶκον Ὀλύμπιον, ὑγροπόρου δὲ
120 λάρνακος ἔνδον ἐοῦσα Διδὺς ναυτίλλετο νύμφη,
μεμφομένη ζυγίων ἀπατήλιον ὄμβρον Ἑρώτων,
ἄστατον ὄλβον ἔχοντα μινυνθαδίου νιφετοῖο.

[113] Is he proud of the golden wooing of Zeus? But rainy Zeus did not raise Danae to his heaven, to glorify a few loving drops of creative dew in that furtive union. Semele did mount into heaven to touch one table with Zeus and the Blessed, to sit beside her son Dionysos of the vine; but Danae received no home in Olympos. She the bride of Zeus went voyaging in a chest over the sea, regretting the deceitful rain of wedded love, after the unstable happiness of a passing shower.

οἶδα μὲν Ἀνδρομέδην, ὅτι φαίνεται ἐντὸς Ὀλύμπου,
ἀλλὰ πάλιν μογέει καὶ ἐν αἰθέρι: καὶ τάχα δειλὴ
125 πολλάκι τοῖον ἔλεξεν ἔπος νεμεσήμονι φωνῇ:

[123] I know that Andromeda is to be seen in Olympos; but she is unhappy still even in the sky. Often the poor creature thus complained with reproachful voice:

‘τί πλέον, εἴ με κόμισσας ἐς αἰθέρα, νυμφίε Περσεῦ;
καλὸν ἐμοὶ πόρες ἔδνον Ὀλύμπιον: ἀστερόεν γάρ
κῆτος ἔτι κλονέει με καὶ ἐνθάδε, καὶ νέον ἄλλον
ἀντίτυπον προτέροιο μετὰ χθόνα καὶ φόβον ἄλμης
130 εἰσέτι δεσμὸν ἔχω καὶ ἐν ἄστρασιν: οὐ σέθεν ἄρπη
οὐρανίη με σώωσε: μάτην δέ μοι ἐντὸς Ὀλύμπου
μείλιχον ἀστραίης ἀμαρύσσεται ὄμμα Μεδούσης:
κῆτος ἔτι κλονέει με, καὶ οὐ περὰ κοῦφα τιταίνεις.
μήτηρ ἀχνυμένη με βιάζεται, ὅττι καὶ αὕτη
135 δειλὴ Κασσιέπεια δι’ αἰθέρος εἰς ἄλα δύνει
Νηρεΐδας τρομέουσα, καὶ ὀλβίζει δρόμον Ἄρκτου
ἄβροχον Ὠκεανοῖο καὶ οὐ ψάοντα θαλάσσης:
καὶ φόβον Ἀνδρομέδης ὁρώων καὶ Κῆτος Ὀλύμπου
γηραλέος μετὰ γαῖαν ὀδύρεται ἐνθάδε Κηφεύς.’

[126] “What good was it, bridegroom Perseus, that you brought me into the sky? A precious bridegift was your Olympos to me! The Seamonster chases me even here among the stars! After earth and all that terror of the sea, I still have chains like the old ones, even among the stars! Your heavenly sickle has not saved me. In vain Medusa’s eye softens for me in Olympos as it shines

among the stars. The Monster chases me still, and you do not stretch your light wings! my mother Cassiopeia is vexed and presses me, because the poor thing must dive herself through the air into the brine, trembling at the Nereids and she deems the Bear happy in his course, never drenched in the Ocean never touching the sea; old Cepheus is unhappy still, when he sees Andromeda's fear, and the Monster of Olympos coming, after what happened here on earth!"

140 τοῖον ἔπος βαρύδεσμος ἀνίαχε πολλάκι νύμφη,
Περσεά κικλήσκουσα, καὶ οὐ χραίσμησεν ἀκοίτης.
εἰ δὲ καὶ Ἀνδρομέδης ἐπαγάλλεται ἄστρασι Περσεύς.
δόχμιον ὄμμα τίτταινε δι' αἰθέρος, ἧχι φαίνειν
αἰγλήεις Ὀφιοῦχος Ὀφιν δινωτὸν αἵρων,
145 καὶ Στέφανον περικυκλον ἑσθάρησεις Ἀριάδνης
σύνδρομον Ἡελίοιο, συναντέλλοντα Σελήνῃ,
ἥμερον ἀγγέλλοντα φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου.

[140] Complaints like these the nymph often would utter in her heavy chains; she called on Perseus, and her husband helped her not. And if Perseus is proud of Andromeda too in the stars, do but cast your eye towards that side of the heavens, where the brilliant Ophiuchos is conspicuous holding up his encircling Serpent; and you will see the circlet of Ariadne's Crown, the Sun's companion, which rises with the Moon and proclaims the desire of crownloving Dionysos.

οἶδα μόθου Μίνως, ὃν ὥπασε θῆλυς Ἐνυῶ
κεστὸν ἐλαφρίζουσα καὶ οὐ τελαμῶνα βοεῖης,
150 ὅππότε Κύπρις ἔην κορυθαιόλος, ὅππότε Πειθῶ
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔπαλλε καὶ ἔπλετο Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
μαρναμένῳ Μίνῳι συνέμπορος, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
ἀπτολέμων τόξευε γαμοστόλος ἑσμός Ἐρώτων,
καὶ Πόθος ἡμερόεις πολυπόρθιος, ἥνικα λαῶ
155 Νισαίῳ Μεγαρῇι Κυδωνιάς ἔβρεμε σάλπιγξ,
εὔτε Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ἰδὼν συνάεθλον Ἐρώτων
ἔχνεσιν αἰδομένοισιν ἐχάζετο χάλκεος Ἄρης,
ἀσπίδα κουφίζουσιν ὀπιπεύων Ἀφροδίτην
καὶ Πόθον αἰχμαζόντα, καὶ εὐθώρηκι μαχητῇ
160 ἀβροχίτων ἐτέλεσσεν Ἔρωσ καλλίτριχα νίκην:
Σκύλλα γὰρ ὑπνώοντος ἀκερσικόμοιο τοκῆος
ἥλικα πορφυρέης ἀπεκείρατο βότρυν ἐθείρης,
καὶ πόλιν ἔπραθε πᾶσαν ἓνα τμητῆρι σιδήρῳ
βόστρυχον ἀμήσασα πολισσοῦχοιο καρήνου.

[148] I know also the war of Minos, which a woman's battle accomplished, handling the lovegirdle instead of the shieldstrap, when Cypris wore a gleaming helmet, when Peitho shook a brazen spear and turned into Pallas Athena to stand by Minos in the fray, when the bridal swarm of unwarlike Loves shot their arrows in battle; I know how tender Desire sacked a city, when the Cydonian trumpet blared against Nisos of Megara and his people, when brazen Ares shrank back for very shame, when he saw his Rout and his Terror supporting the Loves, when he beheld Aphrodite holding a buckler and Desire casting a lance, while daintyrobe Eros wrought a fairhair victory against the fighting men in arms. For Scylla, while her uncropt father was lying asleep, had cut off from his hair the purple cluster which had grown there from his birth, and by severing one tress from the sceptred head with her iron shears, sacked a whole city.

165 Μίνως μὲν πολλίπορθος ἔῳ ποτε κάλλει γυμνῷ
ὕσμινος τέλος εὔρε, καὶ νίκησε σιδήρῳ,
ἀλλὰ πόθῳ καὶ ἔρωτι: κορυσσομένου δὲ Λυαίου
οὐ Πόθος ἐπρήυνεν ἀκοντοφόρων μόθον Ἴνδῶν,
οὐ Παφίη κεκόρυστο συναιχμάζουσα Λυαίῳ,
170 κάλλει νίκησασα, μόθου τέλος οὐ μία κούρη
οἴστρομανῆς χραίσμησεν ἐρασσαμένη Διονύσου,
οὐ δόλος ἱμερόεις, οὐ βόστρυχα Δηριαδῆος,
ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέων πολέμων ἐτερότροπος Ἴνδος

[165] So Minos citysacker by his own bare beauty won the prize of the battle; he conquered not by steel, but by love and desire. But when Lyaaios armed for battle, no Desire tamed the fray of Indian spearmen, no Paphian armed to support Lyaaios, or conquered by beauty, no girl mad with passion gave by herself the prize of battle to Dionysos, no lover's trick, no curls of Deriades' hair, but the changes and chances of Indian wars far-scattered gave him the glory of victory ever renewed.

νίκης εὔχος ἔχων παλινανξέος. εἰ δὲ γεραίρεις
175 Ἴναχον Ἡρακλῆος, ὅλον πόνον αὐτὸς ἐλέγξω.

[174] If you boast of Heracles and the Inachos, I will examine all his labours.

οἶδα μὲν, ὅττι λέοντι βραχίονα λοξὸν ἐλίξας
εὐπαλάμῳ πήχυνε περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ,
πότμον ἄγων ἀσιδήρον, ὅπῃ ζωαρκεῖ λαιμῷ
ἔμπνοος ἀσφαράγοιο μέσος πορθμεύεται ἄηρ:
180 οὐκ ἄγαμαι καὶ τοῦτο: παρ' εὐπετάλῳ ποτὲ λόχημ
χερσὶ λεοντοφόνοισιν ἀριστεύουσα Κυρήνη

παρθένος ἔργον ἔτευξεν ὁμοίον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτῇ
 ἄρσενά θῆρα δάμασεν ἀκαμπτεῖ θήλει δεσμῶ:
 ἄρτιθαλῆς δ' ἔτι κοῦρος ἐν οὖρεσι Βάκχος ἀθύρων
 185 χειρὶ μιῇ λασίῳ δεδραγμένος ἀνθερεῶνος
 φοῖνιον εἶλκε λέοντα, καὶ ὤρεγε μητέρι Ῥεῖῃ
 αὐχενίου πλοκάμοιο κεκηνότα θῆρα πιέζων:
 εἶλκεν ἔτι ζῶοντα, περισφιγξας δὲ λεπάδνῳ
 θῆρα κυβερνητῇρι διεσφήκωσε χαλινῷ
 190 ζεύξας δοῦλα γένεια, καὶ ἥμενος ὑψόθι, δίφρου
 ἄγρια тарβαλέων ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα λεόντων.
 πορδαλίων δὲ γένεθλα καὶ ὠμοβόρων γένος ἄρκτων
 νηπιάχοις παλάμησιν ἐδουλώθη Διονύσου.

[176] I know he threw his arm from one side and circled the lion's neck entangled in mighty grip, and so without weapon brought death, in that spot where the breath passes through the gullet of the lifesufficing throat. I see nothing surprising in that. There was Cyrene, a champion in the leafy forest with her lionslaying hands, that girl did an exploit quite as good, when she also mastered a male lion with a woman's grip which he could not shake off. Bacchos too when still a young lad, while playing in the mountains, grasped a deadly lion by the shaggy throat with one hand, dragged him away and presented him to his mother Rheia, pressing down the maned neck of the gaping beast — dragged him still alive, and fastened him under the yokestrap, put on the guiding bridle over slavish cheeks, then seated high in the car whipt the back of the frightful creatures. Troops of panthers also and the ravening tribe of bears were slaves to the baby hands of Dionysos.

οἶδα καὶ Ἀρκάδα κάπρον ὀρίδρομον: ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ
 195 παῖγνια κουρίζοντι σῦες καὶ φῦλα λεόντων.

[194] I know also the boar of the Arcadian mountains; but for Lyaïos, boars and the brood of lions were the playthings of childhood.

τί πλέον Ἡρακλῆς θρασὺς ἦνυσεν, εἴ τινα πηγὴν
 πολλὰ καμῶν ὀλίγην ὀφιώδεα λύσατο Λέρνην,
 τέμνων αὐτοτέλεστα θαλῦσια φωλάδος ὕδρης
 φυταλίην πολὺδειρον ἀνασταχύνοντα δρακόντων;
 200 αἶθε δὲ μοῦνος ἔπεφνε, καὶ οὐκ ἐκάλεσσε μογῆσας
 ἄρτιφύτων Ἰόλαον ἀλοιητῆρα καρήνων,
 δαλὸν ἀερτάζοντα σελασφόρον, εἰσόκεν ἄμφω
 θῆλυν ὄφιν πρήνιξαν, ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα γεραῖρειν
 οὐτιδανῇ δύο φῶτας ἐριδμαίνοντας ἐχιδνῇ:
 205 εἷς πόνος ἀμφοτέροισι μερίζετο: θυρσοφόρος δὲ

μοῦνος ἀποτμήξας ὀφιώδεας νῖας Ἀρούρης
Εὖιος ἔχραε πᾶσι, Διὸς πρόμος, ὦν ὑπὲρ ὤμων
ἀμφιλαφεῖς ἐκάτερθεν ἀμοιβάδες ἔρρεον ὕδραι,
ὕδρης Ἰναχίης πολὺ μείζονες, ἀντὶ δὲ Λέρνης
210 ἄσταθέες σύριζον ἐν αἰθέρι γείτονες ἄστρον.
ἰλήκοις, Ἰόλαε: σὺ γὰρ δέμας ἔφλεγες ὕδρης,
καὶ μόνος Ἡρακλέης, μόνος ἦρπασεν οὐνομα νίκης.

[196] What good did bold Heracles do, if he took all that trouble to liberate some little snaky brook like Lerna, by cutting down the selfgrowing firstfruits of the lurking serpent, as that plentiful crop of snake-heads grew spiking up? If only he had done the killing alone! instead of calling in his distress for Iolaos, to destroy the heads as they grew afresh, by lifting a burning torch, until the two together managed to get the better of one female serpent. I do not see how to praise two fellows fighting with a miserable viper, and one job divided between two. But Euios wand in hand cut down the snaky sons of Earth alone — that champion of Zeus! attacked them all, with huge serpents flowing over their shoulders equally on both sides much bigger than the Inachian snake, while they went hissing restlessly about among the stars of heaven, not in the pool of Lerna. Forgive me Iolaos, for you burnt the hydra's body, and Heracles, only Heracles, grabbed the name of victory.

οὐ Νεμέην ἐλάχειαν ἐμὸς πρόμος, οὗτινα Λέρνην
Βάκχος ἀνεζώγρησε πολυσφαράγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
215 θάμνον ἐχιδνήεντα ταμῶν παλινανξέος ὕδρης,
ἀλλὰ Νότον καὶ ταρσὰ Βορήια καὶ πτερὸν Εὐρύου
καὶ Ζέφυρον κήρυκα φέρων τετράζυγι νίκη
ὠκεανόν, χθόνα, πόντον ἔῳν ἔπλησεν ἀέθλων.
εἰ κλέος ἀνδρὶ φέρουσι δράκων, εἰ φωλάδες ὕδραι,
220 Βάκχου στέμματα ταῦτα λεχώια, ταῦτα Λυαίου
φρικτὰ δρακοντείων ὀφιώδεα δεσμὰ κομῶν,
ἐξ ὅτε πατρὸς ἔλειπε τελεσσιγόνου πτύχα μηροῦ.

[213] No humble Nemea Bacchos my champion saved from loud-roaring throats, no paltry Lerna, by cutting down a bush of heads which ever grew again on so many necks; he took for heralds of his fourfold victory West Wind and South Wind, the feet of the North and the wing of the East, and filled Ocean, land and sea with his exploits. If a serpent brings fame to a man, if lurking snakes, these are the birthday garlands of Bacchos, these are the terrible serpentine fillets of his snaky hair, ever since he left the teeming fold of his father's thigh.

Σιγήσω κεμάδος χρύσειον κέρας, οὗτι χαλέψω

τηλίκον Ἡρακλῆα μιῆς ἐλάφοιο φονῆα:

225 μὴ τρομερῆς ἐλάφου μιμνήσκεο: νεβροφόνω γὰρ
θυιάδι βαιὸν ἄθυρμα πέλει κεμαδοσσόος ἄγρη.

[223] I will say nothing of the pricket with golden horns; I will not disparage great Heracles as the slayer of a single deer. Forget the timid deer: for killing of fawns and hunting of prickets is a only little play for the Bacchant woman.

Κνώσσιον Ἡρακλῆος ἕα πόνον: οἰστρομανῇ γὰρ
οὐκ ἄγαμαί τινα ταῦρον, ὃν ἤλασεν, ὅττι τινάσσω
τοσσατίην κορύνην ὀλίγην ἔτμηξε κεραίην:

230 πολλάκι τοῦτο τέλεσσε γυνὴ μία, πολλάκι Βάκχη
ἄσπετον εὐκεράων ἀγέλην δαιτρεύσατο ταύρων,
οὐτιδανὴ θεράπεινα βοοκραίρου Διονύσου:
θηγαλέην δ' ἐπίκυρτον ἀνειρύσασα κεραίην
πολλάκις, εἰ κεράεσσιν ἐμάρνατο μαινόμενος βοῦς,
235 εἰς γόνυ ταῦρον ἔκαμψεν, ἄκοντιστῆρα λεόντων.

[227] Let pass the Cnossian labour of Heracles. I cannot admire just a mad bull which he chased, and how shaking that great club he knocked off a little horn. One woman alone has often done as much; and a Bacchant woman, the least of the servants of oxhorn Dionysos, has often butchered a vast herd of horned bulls. Often if a mad ox showed fight with his horns, she has pulled back the sharp curved horns and brought down to his knees a bull that has lightly tossed lions.

κάλλιπε καὶ τριλόφοιο καρήατα Γηρυονῆος:
καὶ γὰρ ἐμὸς Διόνυσος ἐῷ ταμεσίχροϊ κισσῷ
Ἄλπον ἀπηλοίησε, θεημάχον υἱὸν Ἀρούρης,
Ἄλπον ἐχιδναίοις ἑκατὸν κομώνοντα καρήνοις,
240 ἡελίου ψαύοντα καὶ αὖ ἐρύοντα Σελήνην,
ἀστραῖην πλοκάμοισι περιθλίβοντα χορεῖην.

[236] Leave aside also the heads of threecrested Geryones; for my Dionysos with his fleshcutting ivy shore through Alpos, that godfighting son of Earth, Alpos with a hundred vipers on his head for hair, who touched the Sun, and pulled back the Moon, and tormented the company of stars with his tresses.

ἄθλα μὲν Ἡρακλῆος, ὃν ἤροσεν ἀθάνατος Ζεὺς
Ἀλκμήνης τρισέληνον ἔχων παιδοσπόρον εὐνήν,
οὐτιδανὸς πόνος ἦεν ὀρίτροφος: ἔργα δὲ Βάκχου
245 ἢ Ἐγίγας πολὺπληχς ἢ Ὑψιλόφων πρόμος Ἰνδῶν,
οὐ κεμάς, οὐ βοέης ἀγέλης στίχες, οὐ λάσιος σῦς,

οὐδὲ κύων, ἢ ταῦρος, ἢ αὐτόπρεμνος ὀπῶρη
χρυσοφαῆς, ἢ κόπρος, ἢ ἄστατος ὄρνις ἀλήτης
οὐτιδανὴν ἀσιδήρον ἔχων πτερόεσσαν ἀκωκὴν,
250 ἢ γένυς ἵππειν ξεινοκτόνος, οὐ μία μήτηρ
Ἵππολύτης ἐλάχεια: Διωνύσοιο δὲ νίκη
Δηριάδης ἀπέλεθρος ἢ εἰκοσίπηχυς Ὀρόντης.

[242] The Labours of Heracles, who was son of immortal Zeus, when for three moonlights he possessed the fruitful bed of Alcmene, were a petty job in the mountains: but the exploits of Bacchos, whether Giant of many arms or chief of the highcrested Indians, were not a deer, no herds of oxen, no shaggy boar, no dog or bull, no goldglinting fruit and its roots, no dung, no random wandering bird with silly wing-shafts not made of steel, no horse's man-eating teeth, no little belt of Hippolyta. The victory of Dionysos was huge Deriades and twenty-cubit Orontes.

παμφαῆς υἱὲ Μέλητος, Ἀχαιίδος ἄφθιτε κῆρυξ,
ἰλήκοι σέο βίβλος ὁμόχρονος ἡριγενεΐη:
255 Τρωάδος ὑσμίνης οὐ μνήσομαι: οὐ γὰρ εἴσκω
Αἰακίδῃ Διόνυσον ἢ Ἑκτορι Δηριαδῇ.
ὑμᾶσειν μὲν ὄφελλε τόσον καὶ τοῖον ἀγῶνα
Μοῦσα τεῖ καὶ Βάκχον ἀκοντιστῆρα Γιγάντων,
ἄλλοις δ' ὑμνοπόλοισι πόνους Ἀχιλῆος ἑᾶσαι,
260 εἰ μὴ τοῦτο Θέτις γέρας ἤρπασεν. ἀλλὰ λιγαίνειν
πνεῦσον ἐμοὶ τεδὸν ἄσθμα θεόσσυτον: ὑμετέρης γὰρ
δεύομαι εὐεπίης, ὅτι τηλίκον Ἄρεα μέλπω
Ἴνδοφόνους ἰδρῶτας ἀμαλδύνω Διονύσου.

[253] O brilliant son of Meles, deathless herald of Achaia, may your book pardon me, immortal as the Dawn! I will not speak of the Trojan War; for I do not compare Dionysos to Aiacidēs, or Deriades to Hector. Your Muse ought to have hymned so great and mighty a struggle, how Bacchos brought low the Giants, and ought to have left the labours of Achilles to other bards, had not Thetis stolen that glory from you. But breathe into me your inspired breath to sing my lay; for I need your lovely speech, since I make nothing of the sweat of Dionysos, the fatal foe of India, when I hymn so great a war.

ἀλλά, θεᾶ, με κόμιζε τὸ δεῦτερον εἰς μέσον Ἴνδῶν,
265 ἔμπνοον ἔγχος ἔχοντα καὶ ἀσπίδα πατρὸς Ὀμήρου,
μαρνάμενον Μορρηΐ καὶ ἄφρονι Δηριαδῇ
σὺν Διὶ καὶ Βρομίῳ κεκορυθμένον: ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
Βακχιάδος σύριγγος ἀγέστρατον ἔχον ἀκούσας
καὶ κτύπον οὐ λήγοντα σοφῆς σάλπιγγος Ὀμήρου,

[264] Then bring me, O goddess, into the midst of the Indians again, holding the inspired spear and shield of Father Homer, while I attack Morrheus and the folly of Deriades, armed by the side of Zeus and Bromios! Let me hear the syrinx of Bacchos summon the host to battle, and the ceaseless call of the trumpet in Homer's verse, that I may destroy what is left of the Indians with my spear of the spirit.

ὥς ὁ μὲν Ἰνδῶοιο περὶ ῥάχιν εὖβοτον ὕλης
 ἔξετο Βάκχος ὄμιλος ἐρημάδος ἀστὸς ἐρίπνης,
 ἀμβολίη πολέμοιο: φόβῳ δ' ἐλέλιξετο Γάγγης
 οἰκτεῖρων ἔὰ τέκνα: νεοφθιμένων δ' ἐπὶ πότμῳ
 275 πᾶσα πόλις δεδόνητο: φιλοθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
 πενθαλέοις πατάγοισιν ἐπεσμαράγησαν ἀγυαί.

[271] So on the fertile slopes of the Indian forest sat the host of Bacchos, at home on the lonely rocks, during this pause in the war. Ganges was shaken with fear, pitying his children; all the city was moved at the fate of the lately dead; the streets resounded with the mournful noise of the women's dirge.

Δηριάδην δ' ἐλέλιξε φόβος καὶ θαῦμα καὶ αἰδώς:
 ἦδη γὰρ κλύε πάντα: τὸ δὲ πλέον ὄμματι λοξῶι
 ἄχνυτο παπταίνων, ὅτι θέσκελον εἶδος ἀμείψας
 280 οἶνῳ κυματόεντι μέλας κελάρυζεν Ὑδάσπη.

[277] Deriades was shaken with fear and wonder and shame, for he had already heard all; and most deeply was he grieved when he saw by a glance aside that Hydaspes had lost his divine aspect, and murmured black with waves of wine.

κεῖθι καὶ εὐρυγένειος ἐὼν πόδα νωθρὸν ἐλίσσων
 κάμμορος ἀχλυόεσσαν ἔχων ἀλαπὸν ὁμίχλην,
 ξανθὴν λυσιπόνοιο μέθης ἔρραινεν ἐέρσην
 ὄμμασι κολλητοῖσιν: ἀρυομένου δὲ προσώπου
 285 οἶνωπὰς ῥαθάμιγγας ἀνωίχθησαν ὅπωπαι:
 τερπομένοις δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ἐχόρευε λιγαίνων
 ἱκμάδα φοινίσσουσαν ἀλεξικάκου ποταμοῖο:
 χερσὶ δὲ γηραλέῃσι ῥόον νεφεληδὸν ἀφύσσων
 πορφυρέης ἔπλησε μέθης εὐώδεας ἀσκούς,
 290 καὶ Διὶ βωμὸν ἀνῆψε καὶ οἶνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ,
 ἀθρήσας Φαέθοντος ἀήθεος ὄψιμον αἶγλην.
 καὶ κύνας οἶνωθέντας ἐπ' ἥονι κοῦρος ἔασας
 λαρὸν ὕδωρ λάπτοντας ἐρευθομένου ποταμοῖο

θηρητῆρ ὁμόφοιτος ὀρειάδος ἰοχεαίρης
295 εἰς πόλιν ἶχνος ἔκαμψεν, ἀπειθεί Δηριαδῇ
ἀγγέλλων γλυκὺ χεῦμα μεθυσφαλέος ποταμοῖο.

[281] In that place was an old broadbeard moving with a slow step, since the hapless man was in the dark shadow of blindness. He sprinkled the yellow drops of the no-more-pain liquor upon his fast-closed eyes; and as his face felt the drops of wine, his eyes were opened. The old man danced for joy, and praised the purple juice of the evil-averting river; then with his old hands he ladled up the purple liquor in torrents, and filled his fragrant skins, and kindled the altar for Zeus and Dionysos giver of wine, now he had seen at last the sun which he had not seen for so long. A lad hunting on the mountains with the Archeress left his dogs on the river bank, drunken and lapping the rich water of the reddening river, and returned to the city, to tell incredulous Deriades about the sweet stream of the drunk-reeling river.

ἦδη δ' ἀμπελόεσσα δι' ἄστεος ἔτρεχεν ὁδμή
καὶ λιαροῖς ἀνέμοισιν ὅλας ἐμέθυσσεν ἀγνιάς,
νίκην Ἰνδοφόνοιο προθεσπίζουσα Λυαίου:
300 πύργοις δ' ἠλιβάτοισιν ἐναυλίζοντο πολῖται
δειδιότες, καὶ τεῖχος ἐμιτρώσαντο βοεΐαις
ἄστεος ὑψιλόφοιο φυλάκτορες. ἐν δὲ κολώναις
ἀσχαλῶν Διόνυσος ἐμέμφετο πολλάκις Ἥρῃ,
ὅττι πάλιν φθονέουσα μάχην ἀνεσεύρασεν Ἰνδῶν,
πλησαμένης δέκα κύκλα παλιννόστοιο Σελήνης
μετρήσασα μόθοιο τριηκοστῆς δρόμον Ἑοῦς:
305 νίκης δ' ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἀνερρίπιζον αἴηται.
παπταίνων δὲ λέοντας ἀεργηλῇ παρὰ φάτνῃ,
οἷα λέων βρυχᾶτο καὶ ἔστενεν ἔνδοθι λόχμης
310 ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισι: κατηφιῶντι δὲ Βάκχῳ
ἐλκεχίτων Σκυθικοῖο δι' οὖρεος ἄσπορος Ἄττις
ἔκετο μαστίζων μετανάστιον ἄρμα λεόντων,
Ῥεῖης θεοσπεσίης ταχὺς ἄγγελος, ὅς ποτε χαλκῷ
φοινίξας γονόεντα τελεσσιγάμου στάχυν ἦβης
315 ῥῖψεν ἀνυμφεύτων φιλοτήσιον ὄγμον ἀρότρων,
ἄρσενος ἀμητοῖο θαλῦσιον, αἵμαλέῃ δὲ
παιδογόνῳ ῥαθάμιγγι περιρραίνων πτύχα μηροῦ
θερμὸν ἀλοιητῆρι δέμας θήλυνε σιδήρῳ:
ὅς τότε διφρεῦν Κυβελῆιδος ἄρμα θεαίνης
320 ἄγγελος ἀσχαλῶντι παρήγορος ἦλθε Λυαίῳ:
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἀνέδραμε, μὴ σχεδὸν ἔλθῃ
Ῥεῖην πανδαμάτειραν ἄγων ἐπὶ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν.
στήσας δ' ἄγριον ἄρμα, δι' ἄντυγος ἡνία τείνας,
καὶ ῥοδέης ἀχάρακτα γενειάδος ἄκρα φαείνων

[297] Already the scent of the vine was spreading through the city on the soft warm breeze, and intoxicating all the streets, foretelling victory for Indian-slaying Lyaïos. The people spent the night on the lofty towers in fear, and the guards of the highcrested citadel lined its wall with their shields. On the hills, Dionysos often angrily reproached Hera, that she had again checked his battle with the Indians for jealousy, having measured a course of thirty dawns for the battle after the moon returning again and again had fulfilled ten circuits, while the winds scattered all his hopes of victory. When he saw the lions idle beside their manger, he roared like a lion and mourned in the woods with tearless eyes. But while Bacchos was thus despondent, came a messenger in haste through the Scythian mountains from divine Rheia, sterile Attis in his trailing robe, whipping up the travelling team of lions. He once had stained with a knife the creative stalk of marriage-consecrating youth, and threw away the burden of the plowshare without love or wedlock, the man's harvest-offering; so he showered upon his two thighs the bloody generative drops, and made womanish his warm body with the shearing steel. This was the messenger who came driving the car of goddess Cybele, to comfort discouraged Lyaïos. Seeing him Dionysos sprang up, thinking perchance he might have brought the allconquering Rheia to the Indian War. Attis checked the wild team, and hung the reins on the handrail, and disclosing the smooth surface of his rosy cheeks, called out a flood of loud words to Bacchos —

ἄμπελόεις Διόνυσε, Διὸς τέκος, ἔγγονε Πείης,
εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένῳ, πότε νόστιμος εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
ἵξειαι οὐλοκάρηνον αἰστώσας γένος Ἰωδῶν;
οὐ πῶ ληϊδίας κυανόχροας ἔδρακε Πείη,
330 οὐ πῶ σοὶ μετὰ δῆριν ὀρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ φάτνῃ
Μυγδονίων ἔσμηξε τεῶν ἰδρῶτα λεόντων
Πακτωλοῦ παρὰ χεῦμα ῥυηφενές· ἀλλὰ κυδοιμοῦ
ἄσφορον ἀενάων ἐτέων στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδεις;
οὐ πῶ θηροκόμῳ θεομήτορι σύμβολα νίκης
335 Ἰνδῶν ἐκόμισσας ἐώια φύλα λεόντων.
ἀλλὰ παρ' Ἡφαιστοιο καὶ ἀθανάτης σέο Πείης
δέχνησο τεύχεα ταῦτα, τὰ περ κάμε Λήμνιος ἄκμων,
σὺν χθονὶ πόντον ἔχοντα καὶ αἰθέρα καὶ χορὸν ἄστρον.'

[326] "Dionysos of the vine, son of Zeus, offspring of Rheia! Answer me: when will you destroy the woollyheaded nation of Indians and come back to the Lydian land? Not yet has Rheia seen your blackskin captives; not yet has she wiped off the sweat from your Mygdonian lions after the war, beside the highland manger, where the rich river of Pactolos runs; but without a sound

you roll out the conflict through circuits of everlasting years! Not yet have you brought a herd of eastern lions from India as a token of victory for the breeder of beasts, the mother of gods! Very well, accept from Hephaistos and your immortal Rheia this armour which the Lemnian anvil made b; you will see upon it earth and sea, the sky and the company of stars!”

οὐ πω μῦθος ἔλγηγε, καὶ ἔαχε Βάκχος ἀγήνωρ:

[339] Before he had finished, Bacchos called out angrily —

340 ‘σχέτλιοι εἰσι θεοί, ζηλήμονες: ἐν πολέμοις μὲν
εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν αἰστώσαι πόλιν Ἴωδῶν
ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι δυνήσομαι: ἀλλὰ με νίκης
μητρυιῆς ἀέκοντα παραπλάζει φθόνος Ἥρης.
ἀμφαδὰ Δηριάδη πρόμος ἴσταται ἄγριος Ἄρης
345 μαρνάμενος Σατύροισιν: ἐγὼ δὲ ἐπὶ πολλάκι θύρσω
οὐτῆσαι μενέαινον: ἀπειλήσας δὲ Κρονίων
βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἐμὴν ἀνεσείρασεν ὄρμην.
ἀλλὰ βαρυσμαράγων νεφέων κτύπον οὐράνιος Ζεὺς
σήμερον εὐνήσειε, καὶ αὔριον Ἄρεα δῆσω,
350 εἰσόκεν εὐπῆληκα διατμήξω στάχυν Ἴωδῶν.’

[340] “Hard are the gods, and jealous! In my war I can destroy the Indian city in one day with my ivy-bound spear: but the jealousy of stepmother Hera keeps me back from victory, do what I will. Furious Ares openly stands up as champion for Deriades, and assails my Satyrs. Often I have meant to wound him with my wand, but Cronion menacing with claps of thunder has checked my attack. Just let heavenly Zeus for this day give rest to the noise of his heavy-rattling clouds, and to-morrow I will shackle Ares until I cut down the harvest of helmeted Indians!”

ὧς φάμενον Διόνυσον ἀμείβετο Λύδιος Ἄττις:

[351] Lydian Attis answered these words of Dionysos:

‘αἰθέρος ἀστερόεσσαν ἀνούτατον ἀσπίδα πάλλων,
ὦ φίλος, οὐ τρομέοις χόλον Ἄρεος, οὐ φθόνον Ἥρης;
355 οὐ στρατὸν ἀγκυλότοξον, ὅπως μὴ δούρατα πέμπων
ἤελιον πλήξειεν ἢ οὐτήσειε Σελήνην.
τίς ξιφος Ὠρίωνος ἀμαλδύνειε μαχαίρη,
ἢ χθονίοις βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύσειε Βοώτην;
ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις γενέτην κεραελκέα Δηριαδῆος:

[352] “If you carry this starry shield of the sky inviolate, my friend, you need not tremble before the wrath of Ares, or the jealousy of Hera, or all the company of the Blessed, while Allmother Rheia is with you; you need fear no army with bended bows, lest they cast their spears and strike Helios or wound Selene! Who could blunt the sword of Orion with a knife, or shoot the Waggoner with earthly arrows? Perhaps you will name the hornstrong father of Deriades: but what could Hydaspes do to you, when you can bring in Oceanos?

θαρσῆεις πολέμιζε τὸ δεῦτερον, ὅτι κυδοιμοῦ
νίκην ὀψιτέλεστον ἐμὴ μαντεύσατο Ῥεῖη:
οὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμου τέλος ἔσσεται, εἰσόκε χάρμης
ἔκτον ἀναπλήσωσιν ἔτος τετράζυγες ὧραι:
365 οὕτω γὰρ Διὸς ὄμμα καὶ ἀτρέπτου λῖνα Μοίρης
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισιν ἐπέτρεπον: ἔσσομένῳ δὲ
ἔβδομάτῳ λυκάβαντι διαρραῖσεις πόλιν Ἴνδῶν.”

[361] “Be of good courage: to the battle again! for my Rheia has prophesied victory for you at last. The war shall not end until the four Seasons complete the sixth year. So much the eye of Zeus and the threads of the unturning Fate have granted to the will of Hera; in the seventh lichtgang which follows, you shall destroy the Indian city.”

ὥς εἰπὼν Βρομίῳ πόρεν ἀσπίδα: καὶ φρένα τέρπων
οἶνου λυσιπόννοιο φιλακρήτοισι κυπέλλοις
370 εἰλαπτινῆς ἔψαυσεν: ἀρεσσάμενος δὲ τραπέζῃ
θυμὸν ἐὼν παλινόρσος ἐμάστιε νῶτα λεόντων,
νόστιμον εἰς Φρυγίην ὀρεσίδρομον ἄρμα νομεύων.
Καυκασίων δ’ ἦλανε παρὰ πρηῶνας ἐναύλων,
Ἀσσυρίων δὲ κάρηνα καὶ οὖρεα δύσβατα Βάκτρων
375 καὶ σκοπιάς Λιβάνοιο παρήλυθε καὶ ῥία Ταύρου,
εἰσόκε Μαιονίης ἐπέβη χθονός: αὐτοπαγῇ δὲ
Ῥεῖης ὀβριμόπαιδος ἐδύσατο θέσκελον αὐλήν:
ὠμοβόρους δὲ λέοντας ἀπεσφήκωσε λεπάδνων,
φάτνης δ’ ἐγγὺς ἔδησε καὶ ἀμβροσίην πόρε φορβήν.

[368] With these words he handed the shield to Bromios; then he tasted of the feast, and cheered his heart with unmixed cups of nomorepain wine. When he had satisfied his appetite at table, once more he touched up the flanks of his lions with the whip, and guided the hillranging car on the road back to Phrygia. He drove along the heights above the Caucasian valleys, the

Assyrian peaks and the dangerous Bactrian mountains, the summits of Libanos and the crests of Tauros, until he passed into the Maionian land. There he entered the divine precinct selfbuilt of Rheia, mother of mighty sons. He freed his ravening lions from the yokestraps, and haltered them at the manger which he filled with ambrosial fodder.

380 αὐτὰρ ὁ μητρώην δεδαημένος ἔνθεον ὄμφην
θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος ὀρειάσι μίσγετο Βάκχαις,
καλλείφας ἀνέμοισι κατηφέος ὄγκον ἀνίης,
χειρὶ σάκος δονέων πολυδαίδαλον, ὅπλον Ὀλύμπου,

[380] But now that Dionysos had heard the Mother's inspired message, he mingled thyrsus-mad with the Bacchant women upon the hills. He threw to the winds his burden of anxious pain, as he shook the shield curiously wrought, the shield of Olympus, the clever work of Hephaistos.

Ἥφαιστου σοφὸν ἔργον. ἀολλίζοντο δὲ λαοί,
385 ποικίλα παπταίνοντες Ὀλύμπια θαύματα τέχνης,
θαύματα μαρμαίροντα, τὰ περ κάμεν οὐρανὴ χεὶρ
ἀσπίδα δαιδάλλουσα πολύχροον, ἧς ἐνὶ μέσσω
ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξε περιδρομον, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
οὐρανὸν ἐσφαίρωσε χορῶ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρων,
390 καὶ χθονὶ πόντον ἔτευξεν ὁμόζυγον: αἰθέριον δὲ
χρυσῷ μὲν φλογέων ἐποκημένον ἄντυγι δίφρων
ἠέλιον ποικίλλεν, ἀπ' ἀργυρέου δὲ μετάλλου
λευκαίνων τροχόεσσαν ὄλην κύκλωσε Σελήνην:
ἐν δὲ τε τείρεα πάντα, τὰ περ πολυφεγγεῖ κόσμῳ
395 μιτρώσας στεφανηδὸν ἔλιξ ποικίλλεται αἰθὴρ
ἐπτὰ περὶ ζώνησι, καὶ ἄξονίῳ παρὰ κύκλῳ
ἄβροχον οὐρανίης διδυμάονα ῥυμὸν Ἀμάξης:
ἄμφω γὰρ παρὰ νύσσαν ὑπέρτερον Ὠκεανοῖο
ἀλλήλων στιχόωσιν ἐπ' ἰζύι, καὶ τόσον αἰεὶ
400 νεϊόθι δυομένης κεφαλῇ κατακάμπτεται Ἄρκτου,
ὅσσον ἀνερχομένης ἐτέρης ἀνατείνεται αὐχὴν:
διχθαδίης δὲ Δράκοντα μέσον ποικίλλεν Ἀμάξης,
ὃς σχεδὸν ἀμφοτέρων μεμερισμένα γυῖα συνάπτων
γαστέρος οὐρανίης ἐλικώδεϊ κάμπτεται ὀλκῷ,
405 ἄψ ἀνασειράζων δέμας αἰόλον, οἷά τε λοξοῦ
Μαιάνδρου κελάδοντος ἔλιξ ῥόος, ὃς διὰ γαίης
δοχμώσας ἐπίκυρτον ὕδωρ σπειρηδὸν ὀδεύει,
εἰς κεφαλὴν Ἐλίκης ἀνῶπιον ὄμμα τιταίνων
ἀστραίαις φολίδεσσι δέμας μιτρούμενος, Ἄρκτων
410 τείρεσιν ἀμφίζωστος: ἐπὶ γλώσῃ δὲ οἱ ἄκρη

φέγγος ἀποπτῶν προτενῆς ἀμαρύσσεται ἀστήρ,
πέμπων πουλυόδοντα μέσσην φλόγα χεῖλεσι γειτών.

[384] Multitudes gathered to look at the varied wonders of Olympian art, shining wonders which a heavenly hand had made. The shield was emblazoned in many colours. In the middle was the circle of the earth, sea joined to land, and round about it the heaven dotted with a troop of stars; in the sky was Helios in the basket of his blazing chariot, made of gold, and the white round circle of the full moon in silver. All the constellations were there which adorn the upper air, surrounding it as with a crown of many shining jewels throughout the seven zones. Beside the socket of the axle were the poles of the two heavenly Waggon, never touched by the water; for these both move head to loin together round a point higher than Oceanos, and the head of the sinking Bear always bends down exactly as much as the neck of the rising Bear stretches up. Between the two Waggon he made the Serpent, which is close by and joins the two separated bodies, bending his heavenly belly in spiral shape and turning to and fro his speckled body, like the spirals of Maiandros and its curving murmuring waters, as it runs to and fro in twists and turns over the ground: the Serpent keeps his eye ever fixt on the head of Helice, while his body is girdled with starry scales. The constellations of the Bears encompass him round: on the point of his tongue is held out a sparkling star, which close to his lips shoots light, and spits forth flame from the midst of his many teeth.

τοῖα μὲν εἰς μέσα νῶτα σοφὸς τεχνήσατο χαλκεὺς
ἀσπίδος εὐτύκτοιο: χαριζόμενος δὲ Λυαίῳ
415 τεῦξε λυροδμήτοιο βοόκτιτα τείχεα Θήβης,
ἑπταπόρων στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων πυλῶνων
κτιζομένων: καὶ Ζῆθος ἔην περὶ πατρίδι κάμνων,
θλιβομένη πετραῖον ἑπωμίδι φόρτον αἰείρων:
Ἀμφίων δ' ἐλίγαινε λυροκτύπος: ἀμφὶ δὲ μολπῇ
420 εἰς δρόμον αὐτοκύλιστον ἔλιξ ἐχόρευε κολώνῃ,
οἷά τε θελγομένη καὶ ἐν ἀσπίδι: καὶ τάχα φαίης ...
ποιητὴν περ ἑοῦσαν, ὅτι σκιρτήματι παίζων
κοῦφος ἀκινήτης ἐλελίζετο παλμὸς ἐρίπνης:
σιγαλὴ δὲ λύρῃ μεμελημένον ἄνδρα δοκεῶν,
425 κραιπνὸν ἀνακροῦντα μέλος ψευδήμονι νευρῇ,
ἀγχιμολεῖν ἔσπευδες, ὅπως τεδὸν οὔας ἐρείσας
πυργοδόμῳ φόρμιγγι καὶ ὑμετέρῃν φρένα τέρψης,
μολπῆς ἑπτατόνοιο λιθοσσοῦν ἦχον ἀκούων.

[413] Such were the designs which the master-smith worked on the back of the wellwrought shield, in the middle; and to please Lyaïos he wrought also the

harpbuilt walls of cowfounded Thebes, when one after another the seven-gateways were a-building in a row. There was Zethos carrying a load of stones on his chafing shoulder, and working hard for his country; while Amphion played and twanged the harp, and at the tune a whole hill rolled along of itself as if bewitched and seemed to dance even on the shield. It was only a work of art, but you might have said, the immovable rock went lightly skipping and tripping along! When you saw the man busy with his silent harp, striking up a quick tune on his make-believe strings, you would quickly come closer to stretch your ear and delight your own heart with that harp which could build a wall, to hear the music of seven strings which could make the stones to move.

καὶ σάκος εὐδίνητον, ὅπῃ χορός αἰόλος ἄστρον,
430 δαιδαλον ἄρμενον εἶχεν, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἔνδοθεν αὐλῆς
Τρώιος οἶνοχόος ζαθέῃ ποικίλλετο τέχνῃ
αἰετὸν εὐποίητον ἔχων πτερόεντα φορῆα,
οἷα καὶ ἐν γραφίδεσσι, κατὰσχετος ἄρπαγι ταρσῶ:
ταρβαλέος δ' ἦικτο δι' αἰθέρος ἱπτάμενος Ζεὺς,
435 ἄδρῦπτοις ὀνύχεσσι τεθηπότεα κοῦρον αἰείρων,
ἡρέμα κινυμένων πτερύγων πεφιδημένος ὀρμῇ,
μὴ φονίοις ῥοθίοισι κατακρύπτοιτο θαλάσσης
ἡερόθεν προκάρηνος ὀλισθήσας Γανυμήδης:
μοίρας δ' ἔτρεμε μᾶλλον, ὅπως μὴ πρῶτον ὀπάσσας
440 ἡβητῆς ἐρόεις ἐδὼν οὔνομα γείτονι πόντῳ
ὄψιμον ἀρπάξειε γέρας πεφυλαγμένον Ἑλλή:
οὐρανίης δ' ἦσκητο θεῶν παρὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης
κοῦρος ἀφυσσομένῳ πανομοῖος: αὐτοχύτου δὲ
νεκταρέης κρητῆρα βεβυσμένον εἶχεν ἐέρσης,
445 καὶ Διὶ δαινυμένῳ δέπας ὤρεγεν: ἔξετο δ' Ἥρη
οἷα χολωομένη καὶ ἐν ἀσπίδι, μάρτυρι μορφῇ
ψυχῆς ζῆλον ἔχουσα, παρεζομένη δὲ θεαίνῃ
Παλλάδι δείκνυε κοῦρον, ὅτι γλυκὺ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου
βουκόλος ἀστερόφοιτος ἔωνοχόει Γανυμήδης
450 πάλλων χειρὶ κύπελλα, τὰ περ λάχε παρθένος Ἥβη.

[429] The wellrounded shield had another beautiful scene amid the sparkling company of the stars, where the Trojan winepours was cunningly depicted with art divine being carried into the court of Zeus. There well wrought was the Eagle, just as we see in pictures, on the wing, holding him fast in his predatory talons. Zeus appeared to be anxious as he flew through the air, holding the terrified boy with claw's that tore not, gently moving the wings and sparing his strength, for he feared that Ganymede might slip and fall headlong from the sky, and the deadly surf of the sea might drown him. Even more he feared the Fates, and hoped that the lovely youth might not first give

his name to the sea below and rob Helle of the honour which was reserved for her in future. Next the boy was depicted at the feast of the heavenly table, as one ladling the wine. There was a mixing-bowl beside him full of self-flowing nectarean dew, and he offered a cup to Zeus at the table. There Hera sat, looking furious even upon the shield, and showing in her mien how jealousy filled her soul; for she was pointing a finger at the boy, to show goddess Pallas who sat next her how a cowboy Ganymedes walked among the stars to pour out their wine, the sweet nectar of Olympos, and there he was handing the cups which were the lot of virgin Hebe.

Μαιονίην δ' ἥσκησεν, ἐπεὶ τροφὸς ἔπλετο Βάκχου,
καὶ Μορίην καὶ στικτὸν ὄφιν καὶ θέσπιδα ποίην,
καὶ χθονὸς ἄπλετον υἷα δρακοντοφόνον Δαμασῆνα,
καὶ Τύλον ἰοβόλῳ κεχαραγμένον ὅξει πότμῳ

[451] Maionia he also portrayed, for she was the nurse of Bacchos; and Moria, and the dappled serpent, and the divine plant, and Damasen Serpent-killer the terrible son of Earth; Tylos, also, who lived in Maionia so short a time, was there mangled in his quick poisonous death.

455 Μαιονίης ναέτην μινυῶριον, ὅς ποτε βαίνων
Μυγδονίου ποταμοῖο παρ' ὄφρ' ὕψι γείτονος Ἑρμοῦ
ἦψατο χειρὶ δράκοντος· ὁ δὲ πλατὺν αὐχένα τείνας,
ὕψωσας δὲ κάρηνον ἀφειδέϊ χάσματι λαιμοῦ
ἀντίον ἀνδρὸς ὄρουσε, καὶ ἰσχία φωτὸς ἱμάσσων
460 ὀλκαίην ἐλέλιξε θυελλήεσσιν ὁμοκλήν,
καὶ βροτέῳ στεφανηδὸν ἐπὶ χροῖ νῶτα συνάπτων,
ἀλλόμενος περὶ κύκλα νεότριχος ἀνθερεῶνος,
ὄγμῳ πουλυδόδοντι παρηίδος ἄκρα χαράξας
ἰοβόλοις γενύεσσιν ἀπέπτυνεν ἱκμάδα Μοίρης,
465 καὶ οἱ ἐπιθρῶσκοντι βαρυνομένων ὑπὲρ ὤμων
οὐραϊαῖς ἐλίκεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη μέσος αὐχὴν,
Ἄϊδος ὄρμὸν ἔχων ὀφιδέα, γείτονα Μοίρης.
καὶ νέκυς εἰς χθόνα πῖπτεν ὁμοῖος ἔρνεϊ γαίης.
καὶ νέον οἰκτεῖρουσα δεδουπότα μάρτυρι πότμῳ

[455] Tylos was walking once on the overhanging bank of neighbouring Hermos the Mygdonian River, when his hand touched a serpent. The creature lifted his head and stretched his hood, opened wide his ruthless gaping mouth and leapt on the man, whipt round the man's loins his trailing tail and hissed like a whistling wind, curled round the man's body in clinging rings, then darting at his face tore the cheeks and downy chin with sharp rows of teeth, and spat the juice of Fate out of his poisonous jaws. The man struggled with

all that weight on his shoulders, while his neck was encircled by the coiling tail, a snaky necklace of death bringing Fate very near. Then he fell dead to the ground, like an uprooted tree.

470 νηϊᾶς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπέστενε γείτονι νεκρῷ,
καὶ τότε θῆρα πέλωρον ἐρήτυεν, ὄφρα δαμείη:
οὐ γὰρ ἓνα πρήνιζεν ὁδοιπόρον οὐδὲ νομῆα,
καὶ Τύλον οὐ κτάνε μοῦνον ἄωριον, ἧ δ' ἐνὶ λόχμῃ
ἐνδιάων καὶ θῆρας ἐδαίνυτο, πολλὰκι δ' ἔλκων
475 ἄστατον αὐτόρριζον ὑπὸ χνοίησιν ὁδόντων
δένδρεον εὐρώεντι κατέκρυφεν ἀνθερεῶνι,
ἔμπαλιν αὖ ἐρύων βλοσυρὸν φύσημα γενείων:
πολλὰκι δ' ἔλκυσθέντα παλινδίνητον ὀδίτην
ἄσθμασιν ἐνδομύχοις πεφοβημένον εἰς στόμα σύρων
480 τηλεφανῆς ὅλον ἄνδρα κεχηνότι δέξατο λαιμῷ.

[470] A Naiad unveiled pitied one so young, fallen dead before her eyes; she wailed over the body beside her, and pulled off the monstrous beast, to bring him down. For this was not the first wayfarer that he had laid low, not the first shepherd, Tylos not the only one he had killed untimely; lurking in his thicket he batted on the wild beasts, and often pulled up a tree by the roots and dragged it in, then under the joints of his jaws swallowed it into his dank darksome throat, blowing out again a great blast from his mouth. Often he pulled in the wayfarer terrified by his lurking breath, and dragged him rolling over and over into his mouth — he could be seen from afar swallowing the man whole in his gaping maw.

καὶ Μοριή σκοπίαζε κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα
τηλόθι παπταίνουσα, φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο νύμφη,
ἰοβόλων ὀρόωσα πολὺστιχον ὄγμον ὁδόντων,
καὶ θανάτου στέφος εἶδε περίπλοκον ἀνθερεῶνι:
485 πυκνὰ δὲ κωκύουσα δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
ἤλιβάτῳ Δαμασῆνι συνήντεεν υἱέι Γαίης,
ὃν πάρος αὐτογόνοισι τόκοις μαιώσατο μήτηρ
ἐκ γενετῆς μεθέποντα δασύτριχα κύκλα γενείων:
τικτομένῳ δὲ οἱ ἦεν Ἔρις τροφός: ἔγχεα δ' αὐτῷ
490 μαζὸς ἔην καὶ χύτλα φόνοι καὶ σπάργανα θώρηξ,
καὶ δολιχῶν μελέων βεβαρημένος εὐρέι φόρτῳ
νήπιος αἰχμάζων, βρέφος ἄλκιμον, αἰθέρι γειτών
ἐκ γενετῆς δόρυ πάλλεν ὁμόγνιον, ἀρτιφανῆ δὲ
ὥπλισεν Εἰλείθυια λεχώιον ἄσπιδιώτην.

[481] So Moria watching afar saw her brother's murderer; the nymph trembled

with fear when she beheld the serried ranks of poisonous teeth, and the garland of death wrapt round his neck. Wailing loudly beside the dragonvittling den, she met Damasen, a gigantic son of Earth, whom his mother once conceived of herself and brought forth by herself. From his birth, a thick hairy beard covered his chin. At his birth, Quarrel was his nurse, spears his mother's pap, carnage his bath, the corselet his swaddlings. Under the heavy weight of those long broad limbs, a warlike babe, he cast lances as a boy; touching the sky, from birth he shook a spear born with him; no sooner did he appear than Eileithyia armed the nursling with a shield.

495 τὸν μὲν ἔσαθρήσασα παρὰ κλέτας εὖβοτον ὕλης
κάμπτετο λισσομένη, κινυρὴ δ' ἔπεδείκνυε νύμφη
ἄπλετον ἔρπησθῆρα κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα
καὶ Τύλον ἀρτιχάρακτον ἔτι σπαίροντα κονίη:
οὐδὲ Γίγας ἀμέλησε, πέλωρ πρόμος: ἀλλὰ πιέσσας
500 δένδρεον αὐτόπρεμνον ἀνέσπασε μητρὸς ἀρούρης,
ὠμοβόρου δὲ δράκοντος ἐναντία δόχμιος ἔστη:
καὶ πρόμος εἰλικόεις ὀφιώδεϊ μάρνατο τιμῇ,
αὐχενίῃ σάλπιγγι μόθου συριγμὸν ἰάλλων,
πεντηκονταπέλεθρος ὄφις κυκλούμενος ὀλκῷ:
505 καὶ διδύμῳ σφιγκτῆρι πόδας σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ,
καὶ σκολιαῖς ἐλίκεσσι δέμας Δαμασῆνος ἱμάσσω
χάσματι λυσσῆεντι πύλας ὥϊξεν ὀδόντων,
χειλεσι τοξεύων διερὸν βέλος, ὄμματα σείων
ὠμὰ φόνου πνείοντα, Γιγαντεῖω δὲ προσώπῳ
510 ἔπτυνεν ὀμβρηρῆσι γενειάσι πίδακας ἰοῦ,
χλωρὸν ὀιστεῦν δολιχόσκιον ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων:
ὑψιλόφου δὲ Γιγαντος ἐπεσκίρτησε καρήνῳ,
ὀρθιος αἰξας μελέων ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ.

[495] This was he whom the nymph beheld on the fertile slope of the woodland. She bowed weeping before him in prayer, and pointed to the horrible reptile, her brother's murderer, and Tylos newly mangled and still breathing in the dust. The Giant did not reject her prayer, that monstrous champion; but he seized a tree and tore it up from its roots in mother earth, then stood and came sidelong upon the ravening dragon. The coiling champion fought him in serpent fashion, hissing battle from the wartrumpet of his throat, a fiftyfurlong serpent coil upon coil. With two circles he bound first Damasen's feet, madly whipping his writhing coils about his body, and opened the gates of his raging teeth to show a mad chasm: rolling his wild eyes, breathing death, he shot watery spurts from his lips, and spat into the giant's face fountains of poison in showers from his jaws, and sent a long spout of yellow foam out of his teeth. He darted up straight and danced over the giant's highcrested head, while the movement of his body made the earth quake.

ἄλλὰ δρακοντείης ἀπεσεισάτο φόρτον ἄκάνθης
 515 αἰνογίγας, σκοπέλοισιν ἑοικότα γυῖα τινάσσων:
 καὶ παλάμη τανύφυλλον ἔην ἐλέλιζεν ἄκωκῆν,
 ὀρθὸν ἀκοντίζων δρυὸν βέλος: ἀμφὶ δὲ κόρσῃ
 πῆξε φυτὸν προθέλυμον, ὅπῃ περὶ κυκλάδα δειρὴν
 αὐχενίῃ γλωχίνι συνήπτετο δεσμός ἄκάνθης:
 520 καὶ φυτὸν ἐρρίζωτο τὸ δεύτερον: ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
 κεῖτο δράκων ἀτίνακτος, ἔλιξ νέκυς. ἐξαπίνης δὲ
 θῆλυς ὄφας ξύουσα παλιννόστῳ πέδον ὀλκῷ
 εὐνέτις ἀμφιέλικτος ἐδίξετο λοξὸν ἀκοίτην,
 οἷα γυνὴ ποθέουσα νέκυν πόσιν: εἰς σκοπέλους δὲ
 525 μηκεδανῆς ἐλέλιξε θώτερον ὀλκὸν ἄκάνθης,
 εἰς ὄρος ἐσσυμένη βοτανηφόρον: ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμην
 δρεψαμένη Διὸς ἄνθος ἐχιδνήεντι γενεῖω
 χεῖλεσιν ἀκροτάτοις ὀδυνήφατον ἦγαγε ποιήν,
 καὶ νέκυος δασπλήτος ἀλεξήτειραν ὀλέθρου
 530 ἄζαλέω μυκτῆρι συνήρμοσεν, ἰοβόλῳ δὲ
 ζωὴν ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἀκινήτῳ πόρε νεκρῷ:
 καὶ νέκυς αὐτοέλικτος ἐπάλλετο: καὶ τὸ μὲν αὐτοῦ
 ἄπνοον ἦν, ἕτερον δὲ διέστιχεν, ἄλλο δὲ σείων
 ἡμιτελῆς νέκυς ἦεν ἔχων αὐτόσσυτον οὐρήν:
 535 καὶ ψυχραῖς γενύεσσι παλίμπνοον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
 οἰγομένῳ κατὰ βαιὸν ἐθήμονι βόμβεε λαμῶ,
 συριγμὸν προχέων παλινάγρετον: ὅψὲ δὲ βαίνων
 νόστιμος ἀρχαίην ὑπεδύσατο φωλάδα χεῖρήν.

[514] But the terrible giant shook his great limbs like mountains, and threw off the weight of the serpent's long spine. His hand whirled aloft his weapon, shooting straight like a missile the great tree with all its leaves, and brought down the plant roots and all upon the serpent's head, where the backbone joins it at the narrow part of the rounded neck. Then the tree took root again, and the serpent lay on the ground immovable, a coiling corpse. Suddenly the female serpent his mate came coiling up, scraping the ground with her undulating train, and crept about seeking for her misshapen husband, like a woman who missed her husband dead. She wound her long trailing spine with all speed among the tall rocks, hurrying towards the herb-decked hillside; in the coppice she plucked the flower of Zeus with her snakey jaws, and brought back the painkilling herb in her lips, dropt the antidote of death into the dry nostril of the horrible dead, and gave life with the flower to the stark poisonous corpse. The body moved of itself and shuddered; part of it still had no life, another part stirred, half-restored the body shook another part and the tail moved of itself; breath came again through the cold jaws, slowly the throat opened and the familiar sound came out, pouring the same long hiss again. At last the serpent moved, and disappeared into his furtive hole.

καὶ Μορίη Διδὸς ἄνθος ἐκούφισεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκροῦ
 540 ζωοτόκῳ μυκτῆρι φερέσβιον ἤρμοσε ποιήν.
 καὶ βοτάνη ζείδωρος ἀκεσσιπτόνοισι κορύμβοις
 ἔμπνοον ἐψύχωσε δέμας παλινανυξέει νεκρῷ.
 ψυχὴ δ' εἰς δέμας ἦλθε τὸ δεύτερον: ἐνδομύχῳ δὲ
 ψυχρὸν ἄοσσητῆρι δέμας θερμαίνεται πυρσῷ:
 545 καὶ νέκυσ ἀμφιέπων βιοτῆς παλινάγρετον ἀρχὴν
 δεξιτεροῦ μὲν ἔπαλλε ποδὸς θέναρ, ἀμφὶ δὲ λαῖδον
 ὀρθώσας στατὸν ἶχνος ὄλῳ στηρίζετο ταρσῷ,
 ἀνδρὸς ἔχων τύπον ἴσον, ὅς ἐν λεχέεσσιν ἰαύων
 ὀρθριον οἰγομένης ἀποσειεται ὕπνον ὀπωπῆς.
 550 καὶ πάλιν ἔζεεν αἶμα: νεοπνεύστοιο δὲ νεκροῦ
 χεῖρες ἐλαφρίζοντο: καὶ ἁρμονίη πέλε μορφῇ,
 ποσσὶν ὁδοιορίη, φάος ὄμμασι, χεῖλεσι φωνή.

[539] Moria also caught up the flower of Zeus, and laid the lifegiving herb in the lifebegetting nostril. The wholesome plant with its painhealing clusters brought back the breathing soul into the dead body and made it rise again. Soul came into body the second time; the cold frame grew warm with the help of the inward fire. The body, busy again with the beginning of life, moved the sole of the right foot, rose upon the left and stood firmly based on both feet, like a man lying in bed who shakes the sleep from his eyes in the morning. His blood boiled again; the hands of the newly breathing corpse were lifted, the body recovered its rhythm, the feet their movement, the eyes their sight, and the lips their voice.

καὶ Κυβέλη κεχάρακτο νεητόκος, οἷά τε κόλπῳ
 μιμηλὴν ἀλόχευτον ἐλαφρίζουσα λοχεῖην
 555 πῆχεσι ποιητοῖσι, καὶ ἀστόργῳ παρακοίτῃ
 λαϊνέην ὠδῖνα δολοπλόκος ὤρεγε Ῥεῖη,
 ὀκρυόεν βαρὺ δείπνον: ὃ δὲ βροτοειδέα μορφὴν
 ἔκρυφε μάρμαρον υἷα πατήρ θοινήτορι λαιμῷ,
 ἄλλου ψευδομένοιο Διδὸς δέμας εἰλαπινάζων:
 560 καὶ λίθον ἐν λαγόνεσσι μογοστόκον ἔνδον αἵρων
 θλιβομένην πολύτεκνον ἀνηκόντιζε γενέθλην,
 φόρτον ἀποπτύων ἐγκύμονος ἀνθερεῶνος.

[553] Cybele also was depicted, newly delivered; she seemed to hold in her arms pressed to her bosom a mock-child she had not borne, all worked by the artist's hands; aye, cunning Rheia offered to her callous consort a babe of stone, a spiky heavy dinner. There was the father swallowing the stony son, the thing shaped like humanity, in his voracious maw, and making his meal of another pretended Zeus. There he was again in heavy labour, with the stone

inside him, bringing up all those children squeezed together and disgorging the burden from his pregnant throat.

τοῖα μὲν ἐργοπόνοιο πολύτροπα δαίδαλα τέχνης
εἶχεν ἐνυαλίῃ πολυτίδακος Ἀσπίς Ὀλύμπου
565 Βακχιάς, ἣν ὀρόωντες ἐθάμβεον ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
καὶ σάκεος τροχόεντος ἐκυκλώσαντο φορῆα,
ἔμπυρον αἰνήσαντες Ὀλύμπιον ἐσχαρεῶνα.

[563] Such were the varied scenes depicted by the artist's clever hand upon the warshield, brought for Lyaïos from Olympus with its becks and brooks. All thronged about to see the bearer of the round shield, admiring each in turn, and praising the fiery Olympian forge.

τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι δύσιν διεμέτρεεν Ἥως,
φέγγος ἀναστείλασα πυριγλήνοιο προσώπου:
570 καὶ σκιερὴν ἐμέλαινεν ὅλην χθόνα σιγαλήη Νύξ.
λαοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χαμαιστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
ἐσπερίῃ μετὰ δόρπον ὀρειάδι κάππεσον εὐνῇ.

[568] While they still enjoyed the sight, the daylight crossed the west and veiled the light of her fire-eyed face; quiet Night covered all the earth in her dark shades, and after their evening meal all the people lay down in their mountain bed, scattered on pallets here and there over the ground.

BOOK 26

εἰκοστὸν λάχεν ἕκτον ἐπὶ κλοπὸν εἶδος Ἀθήνης
καὶ πολὺν ἐγρεκύδοιμον ἀγειρομένων στόλον Ἴνδῶν.
Δηριάδῃ δ' εὐδοντι κατηφέος ὑπόθεν εὐνῆς
Βάκχῳ πιστὰ φέρουσα παρίστατο θυῶρις Ἀθήνη,
γνωτῷ δ' ἔσσομένην ἑτέραν μνηστεύετο νίκην:
καὶ δέμας ἀλλάξασα μετάρτοπον ἴσον Ὀρόντῃ
5 γαμβρὸν ἀερσιλόφου μιμήσατο Δηριαδῆος:
καὶ μιν ἀπορρίψαντα μαιφόνον οἷστρον Ἐνυοῦς
μιμηλὴ δολίοιο παρήπαφεν ὄψις ὀνείρου,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα, καὶ ὀλλυμένων ἐπὶ πότμῳ
ταρβαλέον θάρσυνεν ἐς ὑσμίνην Διονύσου:

BOOK XXVI

*The twenty-sixth has the counterfeit shape of Athena, and the great assembly
of the Indian host to stir up battle.*

WHILE Deriades slept on his mournful bed, bold Athena approached, faithful to Bacchos, and wooing a second victory for her brother. She had changed her shape to one like Orontes, and imitated the goodson of highcrested Deriades. So although he had thrown off the murderous ardour for war, scared by the fate of those who had perished, he was deceived by the counterfeit vision of a false dream, which encouraged him again to make war against Dionysos, in these words:

10 'εὐδεις, Δηριάδῃ: σὲ δὲ μέφομαι: ἀστυόχων γὰρ
πάννυχον ὕπνον ἔχειν ἀλλότριόν ἐστιν ἀνάκτων:
ὕπνου μέτρον ἔχει βουληφόρος. ἀμφὶ δὲ πύργων
δυσμενέες κλονέουσι, καὶ οὐ δόρυ θυῶρον ἀείρεις,
οὐκ αἶεις τυπάνων ῥόθιον κτύπον, οὐ μέλος αὐλῶν,
15 οὐ φονίης σάλπιγγος ἀγέστρατον ἦχον ἀκουείς.
ὑμετέρην δὲ θύγατρα νεήνιδα πενθάδα χήρην
Πρωτονόην ἐλέαιρε, κινυρομένην παρακοίτην,
μηδὲ λίπης, σκηπτοῦχε, τεδὼν νήποινον Ὀρόντην.
κτεῖνον ἐμοὺς ὀλετῆρας ἀτευχέας: ὠκυμόρου γὰρ
20 γαμβροῦ σεῖο θανόντος ἔτι ζῶουσι φονήες,
στηθεὺς ἐμὸν σκοπίαζε τετυμμένον ὀξεί θυρσῶ:
ὦμοι, ὅτ' οὐ Λυκόοργος Ἀρήιος ἐνθάδε ναιiei,
ὦμοι, ὅτ' οὐκ Ἀράβεσσιν ὑπερφιάλοισιν ἀνάσσεις:
οὐ θεὸς ἦν Διόνυσος, ὃς εἰς ἀλὸς οἶδμα διώκων
25 θνητὸς ἀνὴρ ποίησεν ὑποβρύχιον μετανάστην.

Δηριάδην ἐνόησα πεφυζότα θῆλυν Ἐνυῶ.
 ἄτρομος ἔσσο λέων, ὅτι χάλκεον ἀνέρα φεύγων
 νεβροχίτων Διόνυσος ὁμοῖος ἔπλετο νεβρῶ.
 οὐ κείνος κατέπεφνεν Ἀρειμανέων γένος Ἴνδῶν,
 30 ἀλλὰ μιν αὐτὸς ἔπεφνε πατὴρ τεός: ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
 σοὺς προμάχους φεύγοντας ἰδὼν ἐδάμασσεν Ὑδάσπης.
 οὐ σὺ πέλεις ἑτέροισιν ὁμοῖος: οὐράνιον γὰρ
 θυγατέρος Φαέθοντος ἐριφλεγέος σέο πάππου
 αἶμα φέρεις: οὐ θνητὸν ἔχεις δέμας: οὐ σε δαμάσσει
 35 οὐ ξίφος ἢ ἐβέλεμνον ἐπιβρίθοντα Λυαίῳ.

[10] “You sleep, Deriades, but I blame you : for it is not proper that princes who rule a city should sleep all the night. The sleep of the Counsellor is measured. About your walls the enemy are thronging; and you raise not the soldier’s spear, you hear not the surging noise of drums or the sound of pipes, or the voice of the murderous trumpet summoning the host. Pity your daughter Protonoe, a young widow mourning a husband, and leave not, O King, your Orontes unavenged! Slay my unarmed slayers — the murderers of your goodson untimely dead — who yet live! See my breast pierced by a sharp thyrsus-wand. Alas that brave Lycurgos dwells not here! Alas that you rule not the proud Arabs! Dionysos was no god, when a mortal man chased him and made him migrate below the sea! I have beheld Deriades running away before battling women! Be a fearless lion, for a man in armour made Dionysos in his tunic of fawnskins run like a fawn! Not he destroyed that nation of warlike Indians — your own father destroyed them: for Hydaspes saw your champions in flight, and he brought them low! You are not like other men, for you have in you the heavenly blood of a daughter of Phaethon, your blazing grandfather. Your body is not mortal: neither sword nor spear shall bring you low when you throw yourself on Lyaïos.”

ὥς φαμένη πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἔβη πολύμητις Ἀθήνη,
 εἶδος ὄνειρείοιο μεταλλάξασα προσώπου.

[36] So spoke artful Athena, and returned to Olympos, when she had put off the shape of the dream.

Δηριάδης δ' ἠῶος ἀπὸ πτολίων, ἀπὸ νήσων
 κέκλετο κηρύκεσσι πολυσπερὲς ἔθνος ἀγείρειν:
 40 καὶ πολλὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα θυελλήεντι πεδίλῳ
 λαὸν ἀολλίζων ἑτερόπτολιν ἦιε κῆρυξ
 ἠῶν παρὰ πέζαν: Ἀρειμανέες δὲ μαχηταὶ
 πάντοθεν ἠγερέθοντο καλεσσομένου βασιλῆος.

[38] In the morning, Deriades sent heralds to summon his farscattered troops from cities and from islands. Many a herald went this way and that way on stormswift shoe to gather the people from the various cities of the eastern region; warriors mad for war gathered from every side at the summons of their king.

πρῶτα μὲν ὠπλίζοντο κυβερνητῆρες Ἴννοϋς,
45 Ἀγραῖος Φλόγιός τε, συνήλυδες ἡγεμονῆες,
ἄρτιτελὲς μετὰ σῆμα νεοφθιμένοιο τοκῆος,
Εὐλαίου δύο τέκνα: συνεστρατόωντο δὲ λαοί,
ὅσσοι Κῦρα νέμοντο καὶ Ἰνδῶου ποταμοῖο
Βαίδιον Ὀμβηλοῖο παρὰ πλατὺ βάρβαρον ὕδωρ,
50 καὶ Ῥοδόην εὐπυργον, Ἀρειμανέων πέδον Ἰνδῶν,
καὶ κραναὸν Προπάνισον, ὅσοι τ' ἔχον ἄντυγα νήσου
Γραιάων, ὅθι παῖδες ἐθήμονος ἀντὶ τεκούσης
ἄρσενα μαζὸν ἔχουσι γαλακτοφόρου γενετῆρος,
χειλεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν ὑποκλέπτοντες ἐέρσην:
55 οἱ τε Σεσίνδιον αἰπὺ, καὶ οἱ λινοερκέϊ κύκλῳ
Γάζον ἐπυργώσαντο μιτοπλέκτοισι δομαίοις,
ἄρραγές, εὐποίητον ἐυκλώστοισι θεμέθοις,
Ἄρεος ἀκλινὲς ἔρμα, καὶ οὐ ποτε δῆιος ἀνήρ
χαλκὸν ἔχων ἔρρηξε λινοχλαίνων στίχα πύργων.

[44] First to arm themselves were those pilots of warfare, Agraios and Phlogios, the two sons of Eulaios, partners in leadership, after the burial lately made of their father newly dead. With them came all the people who dwelt in Cyra and Baidion beside the broad barbarian stream of Indian Ombelos; those from castellated Rhodoe, a place of warmad Indians, and rocky Propanisos, and those who held the round island of the Graiai, where children use the manly breast of a milch father, and steal thence their drink with pouting lips in place of the usual mother. Others came from steep Sesindion, and those who had fortified Gazos with a rampart of linen built with blocks of plaited threads, impregnable, wellmade with wellspun foundations, a steadfast fortress of Ares: no enemy hand has ever broken with bronze that line of linenclad towers.

60 τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ θαρσῆεντες ἐπεστρατόωντο μαχηταί,
Δάρδαι καὶ Πρασίων στρατιαί, καὶ φῦλα Σαλαγγῶν
χρυσοφόρων, οἷς πλοῦτος ὀμέστιος, οἷς θέμις αἰεὶ
χέδροπα καρπὸν ἔδειν βιοτήσιον: ἀντὶ δὲ σίτου
κεῖνον ἀλετρεύουσι μύλης τροχοιδεῖ κύκλῳ:
65 καὶ σκολιοπλοκάμων Ζαβίων στίχες, οἷσιν ἐχέφρων
Παλθάνωρ πρόμος ἦεν, ὃς ἔστυγε Δηριαδῆα

ἦθεσιν εὐσεβέεσσιν ὁμοφρονέων Διονύσῳ:
τὸν μὲν ἄναξ Διόνυσος ἄγων μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
ἄλλοδαπὸν ναετῆρα λυροδμήτῳ πόρε Θήβῃ:
70 καὶ Δίκη παρέμιμε λιπὼν πατρῶον Ὑδάσπην,
Ἀονίου ποταμοῖο πῶν Ἰσμήνιον ὕδωρ.

[60] After them followed those warriors bold, the Dardian and Prasian armies, and the tribes of gold-wearing Salangoi, where Wealth is a family friend. Their way it is to eat pulse as their fruit of life; this they grind with round millstones instead of corn. Then a procession of curlyheaded Zabioi; their leader was wise Palthanor, a man of godfearing ways, who hated Deriades and was of one mind with Dionysos. After the war, Dionysos took this man with him and settled him as a foreign settler in lyrebuilt Thebes; there he remained beside Dirce, and drank the Ismenian water of the Aonian river, having left his native Hydaspes.

τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ κυδιόων στρατὸν ἄσπετον ὥπλισε Μορρεὺς
Διδνασιδης, γενετῆρι συνέμπορος, ὃς τότε λυγρῷ
γῆραϊ πένθος ἔχων κεκερασμένον ἤψατο χάρμης,
75 γηραλέῃ παλάμῃ πολυδαίδαλον ἄσπιδα πάλλων
καὶ πολὺν λειμῶνι κατάσκιον ἀνθερεῶνα
αὐτόματον κήρυκα χρόνου δολιχοῖο τινάσσων,
υἷδ' ἔτι στενάχων μινυῶριον, Ἰνδὸν Ὀρόντην,
Διδνασος αἰολόδακρυς: ἄναξ δὲ οἱ ἔσπετο Μορρεὺς
80 ὄρθιον ἔγχος ἔχων τιμήορον, ὄφρα δαμάσσει
λαδὸν ὅλον Βρομίοιο, καὶ ἦθελε μοῦνος ἐρίζειν
Βάκχῳ γνωτοφόνῳ, καὶ ἀνούτατον υἱὰ Θυώνης
οὐτῆσαι μενέαινε κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα.
καὶ σφισιν ὠμάρτησε πολυγλώσσω γένος Ἰνδῶν,
85 οἳ τ' ἔχον Ἡελίοιο πόλιν, καλλίκτιτον Αἶθρην,
ἀννεφέλου δαπέδοιο θεμεῖλιον, οἳ τ' ἔχον ἄμφω,
Ἀθηνηῆς λασιῶνα καὶ Ὠρυκίης δονακῆα,
καὶ φλογερὴν Νήσαιαν ἀχειμάντους τε Μελαινας,
καὶ πέδον εὐδίνητον ἀλιστεφάνου Παταλήνης:
90 τοῖς ἐπὶ Δυσσαίων πυκινὰ στίχες, οἷσι καὶ αὐτῶν
φρικτὰ δασυστέρνων ἐκορύσσετο φῦλα Σαβείρων,
τοῖσιν ἐνὶ κραδίῃ λάσαια τρίχες, ὧν χάριν αἰεὶ
ψυχῆς θάρσος ἔχουσι καὶ οὐ πτώσσουσιν ἔνυώ.

[72] Next came Morrheus Didnasides, proud of his vast armed host. His father Didnasos came with him to the war, his old age embittered with sorrow. He bore a buckler of wonderful work upon his aged arm; a heath of hoary white spread shadows over his chin, proclaiming of itself how many and how long

were his years. He still mourned his son untimely dead, Indian Orontes. There was Didnasos dropping tears; King Morrheus followed, holding upright his avenging spear, ready to slay the whole host of Bromios — indeed he was resolved to fight alone with Bacchos who slew his brother, he meant to wound the unwounded son of Thyone, his brother's murderer! With them came a polyglot host of Indians: those who dwelt in fairbuilt Aithra, the city of the Sun, founded upon a cloudless plain; those who dwelt both in the jungles of Anthene and the reedbeds of Orycie, in blazing Nesaia, and winterless Melainai, and the round seagirt district of Patalene. Next came thick companies of Dyssaioi, and with them terrible armed hordes of shaggybreast Sabeiroi — thick hair is upon their hearts, wherefore they always have boldness of soul and shrink not from battle.

τοῖσι συνεστρατώνοντο καὶ ἄνδρες Οὐατοκοῖται,
95 οἷσι θέμις δολιχοῖσιν ἐπ' οὖασιν ὕπνον ἱαίνειν:
τοὺς μὲν Φρίγγος ἴκανε καὶ Ἄσπετος εἰς μόθον ἔλκων
αὐχήμεν τε Δάνυκλος ὁμόστολος, οἷς ἅμα βαίνων
Ἴππουρῶ συνάεθλος ἐκηβόλος ἔστιχε Μορρεὺς:
καὶ νόον ἴσον ἔχοντες ὅλον στρατὸν Οὐατοκοίτην
100 πέντε διαφορῆεντες ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες.

[94] With them marched the Uatocoitai, the Earsleepers, men whose way it is to sleep lying upon their long ears. These were led to the war by Phringos and Aspetos and haughty Danyclos, who came together, and with them Hippuros Horsetail and his farshooting comrade Morrheus: thus the whole host of Earsleepers moved by one purpose were commanded by five bloodthirsty chieftains.

Τέκταφος εἰς μόθον ἦλθεν ἐκηβόλος, ὅς ποτε κούρης
χείλεσι πειναλέοισιν ἀλεξητήρια πότμου
πατροκόμου δολόεντος ἀμέλγετο χεῦματα μαζοῦ,
Τέκταφος, αὐαλέος ψαφαρῶ χροῖ, νεκρὸς ἐχέφρων,
105 ὅππότε μιν σκηπτοῦχος ἔχων ἄστοργον ἀπειλῆν
Δηριάδης, σειρήσι πολυπλέκτοισι πιέζων,
δέσμιον εὐρώεντι κατεκλήτισε βερέθρῳ,
ἄτροφον, αὐχμῶντα, δέμας κεκαφηότα λιμῶ,
ἄμμορον ἡελίοιο καὶ εὐκύκλιοιο σελήνης.
110 καὶ χθονίῳ κεκάλυπτο βυθῶ πεπεδημένος ἀνὴρ,
οὐ ποτόν, οὐ τινα δαῖτα φέρων, οὐ φῶτα δοκεῦν,
ἀλλὰ πεδοσκαφένων λαγόνων ὑπὸ κοιλάδι πέτρῃ
κεῖτο δυηπαθέων: χρονίῳ δ' ἐστρεῦγετο λιμῶ
πειναλέων στομάτων ὀλιγοδρανὲς ἄσθμα τιταίνων,
115 ἔμπνοος ἀπνεύστοισιν ὁμοίος: οἷα δὲ νεκροῦ

ἐκ χροὸς ἀζαλέοιο δυσώδεες ἔπνεον αὔραι.
καὶ φθλάκων στρατὸς ἦεν ἐελμένον ἄνδρα φυλάσσω,
ὃν τότε κερδαλέη θυγάτηρ ἀπατήνορι μύθῳ
ἤπαφεν: ἱκεσίην δὲ βαρύστονον ἴαχε φωνήν
120 σείσαμένη δολόεντα νεητόκος εἶματα νύμφη:

[101] Farshooter Tectaphos came to the war. Once he had been saved from fate by sucking the milk from a daughter's breast with starving lips — she devised this trick to nourish her father — Tectaphos, parched, with crumbling skin, a living corpse. Deriades the monarch had carried out a heartless threat, and bound him fast with twisted ropes, and held him a prisoner behind lock and key in a mouldy pit, unfed, unwashed, worn out with famine, without his part in the sun or the rounded moon. There lay the man fettered in the depths of the earth, with no drink, no food, seeing no man, there in a cavern dug deep under the soil he lay in agony. Long he was wasted by famine, breathing yet like those who breathe not, as the air passed weak and fluttering through his hungry lips; ugly whiffs came from his dry flesh as if he were a corpse. There was a band of jailers watching the imprisoned man, but his clever daughter outwitted them with delusive words, a young nursing mother, when she uttered a mournful appeal and shook her deceiving garments:

‘μή με κατακτείνητε, φυλάκτορες: οὐδὲν αἰείρω,
οὐ ποτὸν ἤλθον ἄγουσα καὶ οὐ τίνα δαῖτα τοκῇ:
δάκρυα, δάκρυα μοῦνον ἐμῷ γενετῆρι κομίζω:
χεῖρες ἀπαγγέλλουσιν ἐλεύθεροι: εἰ νόος ὑμῖν,
125 εἰ νόος ἐστὶν ἄπιστος, ἀμεμφέα λύσατε μήτηρ,
ρίψατέ μοι κρήδεμνα, τινάξατε χερσὶ χιτῶνα:
οὐ ποτὸν ἤλθον ἄγουσα φερέσβιον. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
κρύψατε σὺν γενετῆρι καταχθονίῳ με βερέθρῳ
οὐ φόβος, οὐ φόβος εἰμὶ, καὶ ἦν σκηπτοῦχος ἀκούσῃ:
130 τίς νέκυν οἰκτεῖροντι χολῶεται; αἰνομόρῳ δὲ
τίς κοτέει θνήσκοντι; τίς ἄπνοον οὐκ ἐλεαίρει;
ὄμματα δ’ ἡμύοντα κατακλείσω μενετῆρος:
κρύψατε: τίς θανάτοιο πέλει φθόνος; ὀλλυμένους δὲ
εἰς τάφος ἀμφοτέρους, γενέτην καὶ παῖδα, δεχέσθω.’

[121] “Do not let me die, watchmen! I have nothing here, I have brought no drink and no food for my father! Tears, only tears I bring for him that begat me! My empty hands tell you that! If you do not believe me, if you do not believe, undo my innocent girdle, tear off my veil, shake my dress — I have brought no drink to save his life! Do but shut me up too with my father in the deep pit. I am nothing for you to fear, nothing, even if the king hears of it. Who is angry with one who pities a corpse? Who is angry with one dying a

cruel death? Who does not pity the dead? I will close my father's sinking eyes. Shut me up there: who grudges death? Let us die together, and let one tomb receive daughter and father!"

135 ὥς φαμένη παρέπεισε. καὶ εἰς μυχὸν ἔδραμε κούρη,
ὀρφναίῳ μενετῆρι φασφόρος: ἐν δὲ βερέθρῳ
εἰς στόμα πατρὸς ἔχευεν ἀλεξικάκων γάλα μαζῶν

[135] Her pleading won them. The girl ran into the den, bringing light for her father's darkness. In that pit, she let the milk of her breast flow into her father's mouth, to avert his destruction, and felt no fear.

ἄτρομος, Ἡερίης δὲ θεουδέος ἔργον ἀκούων
Δηριάδης θάμβησε: περισσόνόιο δὲ κούρης
140 εἴκελον εἰδῶλῳ γενέτην ἀνελύσατο δεσμῶν:
φήμη δ' ἀμφιβόητος ἀκούετο, καὶ στρατὸς Ἰνδῶν
μαζὸν ἀλεξικάκοιο δολοπλόκον ἦγεσε νύμφης.

[138] Deriades marvelled to hear the pious deed of Eerie. He set free the clever girl's father from his prison, like a ghost; the fame of it was noised abroad, and the Indian people praised the girl's breast which had saved a life by its cunning.

ὃς τότε Βωλίγγεσσι μετέπρεπεν, ὥς μέσος Ἄστρων
αἰθέρα φαιδρύνων ἀμαρύσσεται Ἑσπερος ἀστήρ,
145 ἔσπερος, ἔσπομένης λιποφегγέος ἄγγελος ὄρφνης.

[143] So now this man was conspicuous among the Bolinges, as Hesperos shines amid the stars and brightens the sky, Hesperos, harbinger of the murky gloom which follows when light fails.

Γίγγλων δ' ὑψικάρηνος ἀερσιπόδης τε Θυραιεὺς
ὑψινεφής θ' Ἴππαλμος ὑπὲρ πυμάτης κλίμα μαίης
ὦπλισαν αἰόλα φῦλα δοριθρασέων Ἀραχωτῶν
Δερσαίων τε φάλαγγας ὀμήλνδας, οἳ τε σιδήρῳ
150 κτεινομένους κατ' Ἄρηα χυτῆι κρύπτουσι κονίη
'κτεινομένους κατὰ δῆριν ἐτυμβεύοντο κονίῃ.

[146] Ginglon highheaded, and Thyraieus striding big, and Hippalmos tall as the clouds, beyond the farthest region of earth had armed the different tribes of spearproud Arachotes, and battalions of Dersaiioi their neighbours, who when men are slain with steel in battle cover their bodies under mounds of

καὶ στρατὸν ἀγκυλότοξον ἀολλίσσας ἐπικούρων
 Ἀβράθοος βραδὺς ἦλθε: νεομητήτων δὲ κομῶν
 αἰδόμενος κεκόρυστο, χόλον καὶ πένθος ἀέξων
 155 βουκεράου βασιλῆος, ἐπεὶ νῦ οἱ ἄφρονι λύσση
 Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος ὅλην ἀπεκείρατο χαίτην,
 Ἴνδοις πικρὸν ὄνειδος. ἀναγκαῖος δὲ μαχητῆς
 εἰς ἐνοπὴν μόγις ἦλθε, καὶ αἰτυλόφῳ τρυφαλεῖη
 λωβητῇν ἐκάλυπτε λιπότεριχον ἄντυγα κόρσης,
 160 κρυπτὸν ἐνὶ κραδίῃ μεθέπων κότον: ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 ἤματι μὲν πολέμιζεν, αἰεὶ δ' ὑπὸ πάννουχον ὥρην
 ἄγγελον ἀγγέλλοντα νοήματα Δηριαδῆος
 Βάκχῳ πιστὸν ἔπεμπεν ὁπάονα: λαθριδίῳς δὲ
 Δηριάδῃ κεκόρυστο καὶ ἀμφαδίην Διονύσῳ.
 165 Ξούθων δ' ἄγρια φῦλα καὶ ἐγρεμόθων Ἀριηνῶν
 καὶ Ζοάρων ἐκόρυσσε γονὴν καὶ φῦλον Ἐάρων
 Κασπεύρων τε γένεθλα καὶ Ἀρβίας, οἳ τ' ἔχον αὐτὸν
 Ὑσπορον αἰγλήεντι διαστίλβοντα ῥέεθρῳ,
 ἡλέκτρον κομόωντα βαθυπλούτοισι μετάλλοις,
 170 οἳ τ' ἔχον Ἀρσανίην εὐδείελον, ἥχι γυναιῆες
 εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν ἐθήμονι Παλλάδος ἱστῶ
 ὀξείαις παλάμησιν ὅλον τελέουσιν χιτῶνα.

[152] Habrathoos came with a host of bowmen whom he had gathered in support, but he had been slow in arming for shame of his hair newly shorn. He nursed resentment and grievance against Deriades the horned king; because the overbearing monarch in a fit of mad folly had cut off all his hair, a bitter insult to an Indian. Compelled to join in the war, he came unwillingly, and hid the shame of his hairless temples under a highplumed helmet, cherishing secret rancour in his heart. When battle came, he joined the fight in the daytime; but always in the hours of the night he would send a trusty servant to Bacchos, and tell him the plans of Deriades. Thus he fought secretly for Deriades, but openly for Dionysos. He brought the savage tribes of Xuthoi and of battlestirring Arienoï and the breed of Zoares and the clan of Eares, the Caspeirian peoples and Arbians: those who held Hysporos that bright shining stream, so proud of its deep wealthy mines of amber; and those who held conspicuous Arsanie, where the women in one day at the loom of Pallas, which they know so well, finish a whole robe with their quick hands.

τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ χωρήσσαντο κυβιστητῆρι κυδοιμῷ
 Κυραῖοι, δεδαῶτες ἀλίκτυπον ἄντυγα νήσων,
 175 Ἄρεος εἰναλίοιο δαήμονες: ὕγροπόρους δὲ

ὀλκάδας οὐ δεδάασιν, ἄδεπῆτῳ δὲ βοεῖη
δουρατέων πλώουσι τύπῳ τεχνήμονι νηῶν·
δέρμασι δ' ἰθύνουσι νόθον πλόον, οἷς ἔνι ναύτης
ἔζεται ἀκλύστοισιν ἐν οἷσμασι ποντοπορευῶν,
180 ὀλκάσι μιμηλοῖσι θαλάσσια νῶτα χαράσσων.
τοὺς Θύαμις κόσμησε καὶ Ὀλκασος, ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,
Ταρβήλου δύο παῖδες ἀκοντοφόροιο τοκῆος.

[173] Besides these came the Cyraioi, ready for diving-work in the war. They know the seabeaten coasts of islands, and they are skilful in battle by sea; but seafaring barges they know not. They go floating in coracles of untanned hide, which they manage as well as a shipwright's vessel of wood; they guide their makeshift course in the skins, where the mariner sits in shelter, navigating over the waves and cutting the back of the sea in his mimic barge. These were commanded by Thyamis and princely Holcasos, two sons of one father, Tarbelos the javelineer.

καὶ πολὺς ἔσμός ἱκανὲν Ἀρεκζάντειαν ἑάσας,
ξεῖνου δουρατέου μέλιτος τροφόν, ἦχι πίνοντα
185 ἡερίης ζεῖδωρον Ἑώιον ἄρδμον ἔερσης
δένδρεα χαιτήεντα μελίρρυτον, ὥς ἀπὸ σίμβλων,
δαιδαλέην ὠδίνα σοφῆς τίκτουσι μελίσσης,
αὐτοτόκων πετάλων χλοερὸν ποτόν· εἰς πεδίον γὰρ
ἄρτιφανῆς Φαέθων, ὅτε λούεται Ὠκεανοῖο,
190 ὄμπνιον Ἡῶης ἀποσείεται ἱκμάδα χαίτης,
ῥαίνων ζωτόκοιο φυτηκόμον αὐλακα γαίης.
τοῖον Ἀρειζάντεια φέρει μέλι, τῷ ἔπι χαίρων
νηχόμενος περυγέσσιν ὑπὲρ πετάλοιο χορεύων
ἵπταται ἄσπετος ὄρνις· ὄφις δέ τις ἀγκύλος ἔρπων,
195 μιτρώσας ἑλικηδόν, ὁμόπλοκος ἡδέϊ δένδρῳ,
ἱκμάδα λειριόεσσιν ἀμέλγεται ἄρπαγι λαιμῷ,
χειλεσι λιχμῶων γλυκερὴν ὠδίνα κορύμβων·
δενδραῖν δὲ δράκοντες ἀναβλύζοντες ἔερσην
ἡδὺ μέλι προχέουσι, καὶ οὐτόσον ἰὸν ἀλήτην
200 πικρὸν ἀποπτύουσιν, ὅσον γλυκὺ χεῦμα μελίσσης·
ἦχι μελισταγέεσσιν ἐπ' ἀκρεμόνεσσιν αἰεδαί
ὠρίων, γλυκὺς ὄρνις, ὁμοῖος ἔμφρονι κύκνῳ·
οὐ μὲν ἀνακροῦει Ζεφυρηίδι σύνθροος αὐρῇ
ὑμνοτόκων περυγῶν ἀνεμώδεα ῥοῖζον ἰάλλων,
205 ἀλλὰ σοφοῖς στομάτεσσι μελίζεται, οἷά τις ἀνήρ
πηκτιδί νυμφοκόμῳ θαλαμηπόλον ὕμνον ἀράσσων.
κατρεὺς δ' ἐσσομένοιο προθεσπίζει χύσιν ὄμβρου,
ξανθοφυῆς, λιγύφωνος· ἀπὸ βλεφάρων δὲ οἱ αἴγλη
πέμπεται ὀρθρινῇσι βολαῖς ἀντίρροπος Ἡοῦς·

πολλάκι δ' ἥνεμόεντος ὑπὲρ δένδροιο λιγαίνων
 σὺνθροος ὠρίωνος ἀνέπλεκε γείτονα μολπῇ,
 φοινικέαις πτερύγεσσι κεκασμένος: ἧ τάχα φαίης,
 210 μελπομένου κατρήϊος ἑώιον ὕμνον ἀκούων,
 ὄρθριον αἰολόδειρον ἀηδόνα κῶμον ὑφαίνειν.
 215 κεῖθι καὶ ἐγρεμόθων μερόπων στρατός, οὗς ἐπὶ χάρμην
 ἄτρομος Ἰππάλμοιο πάις θώρηξε Πυλοίτης,
 γνωτὸν ἔχων Βιλλαῖον, ὁμόστολον ἡγεμονῆα.

[183] A great swarm had come from Areizanteia, nurse of the strange tree-honey; where the trees drink the fruitful moisture of morning dew, and their leaves run honey, and so they produce the neat travail of the clever bee as if from a hive, the yellow juice born of the leaves alone. For Hyperion, just appearing after his bath in the Ocean, scatters upon the plain the wholesome juice of his hair in the morning, and waters the plant-growing furrows of earth the giver of life. Such honey Areizanteia brings: rejoicing in this, great flocks of birds swim on their wings and dance above the leaves; or a coiling serpent creeps along, and girdles the sweet tree with enfolding loops, while he sucks the delicate juice with greedy mouth and licks with his lips the sweet travail of the clusters. So snakes dribble out the treejuice and drop delicious honey, they spit out abroad more of the sweet sap of the bee than their own bitter scattering poison. There on the honeydropping branches is that sweet bird the horion, singing like the inspired swan. He does not strike up in tune with the west wind whirring in the air with musical wings; but he sings a lay with understanding beak, like a man twangling the strings for a wedding hymn to wait upon a bride. There the catreus foretells a shower of rain to come, goldenyellow, clearintoning; sparkles flash from his eyes like the morning gleams of Dawn. Often trilling upon a treetop in the air he weaves a song in tune with the horion beside him, splendid "with purple wings; if you hear the catreus singing his early hymn, you might almost say it was the nightingale pouring her morning music from her changeful throat. There also dwelt the battlestirring host which Pyloites the fearless son of Hippalmos had armed for the war, and with him was Billaios his brother and fellow-leader.

τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ θωρήσσοντο Σίβαι καὶ λαὸς Ὑδάρκης,
 καὶ στρατὸς ἄλλος ἱκανὲς πόλιν Καρμῖναν ἑάσας:
 220 τῶν ἅμα Κύλλαρος ἦρχε καὶ Ἀστράεις, πρόμος Ἰνδῶν,
 Βρόγγου δίζυγα τέκνα τετιμένα Δηριαδῆι.

[218] Next came the Sibai under arms, and the Hydarcan people, with another host from the city of Carmina. Their joint leaders were Cyllaros and Astraeis the Indian prince, two sons of Brongos honoured by Deriades.

καὶ στόλος ἄλλος ἵκανε τριηκοσίων ἀπὸ νήσων,
αἶ τε περιστιχόωσιν ἀμοιβάδες ἄλλυδις ἄλλαι
γείτονες ἀλλήλησιν, ὅπη περιμήκει πορθμῷ
225 δίστομος Ἴνδός ἄγων μετανάστιον ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ,
ἐρπύζων κατὰ βαιὸν ἀπ' Ἰνδῶου δονακῆος
λοξὸς ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο παρ' Ἡῶου στόμα πόντου,
ἔρχεται αὐτοκύλιστος ὑπὲρ λόφον Αἰθιοπῆα:
ἦχι θερειγενέων ὕδατων ὑψούμενος ὀλκῷ
230 χεῦμασιν αὐτογόνους ἐπὶ πῆχεϊ πῆχυν ἀέξει,
καὶ χθόνα πιαλέην ἀγκάζεται ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης,
τέρπων ἱκμαλέοισι φιλήμασι διψάδα νύμφην,
οἷστρον ἔχων πολύπηχυν ἀμαλλοτόκων ὑμεναίων,
μέτρῳ ἀμοιβαίῳ παλινανξέα χεῦματα τίκτων
235 Νεῖλος ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ καὶ ἐώιος Ἴνδός Ὑδάσπη.
κεῖθι μελαμψήφιδα διαξύν ρόον ὀπλῇ
νήχεται ὕδατόεις ποταμήιος ἵππος ἀλήτης,
οἶος ἐμοῦ Νεῖλοιο θερειγενές οἶδμα χαράσσων
ναιετάει, βυθίοιο δι' ὕδατος ὑγρὸς ὀδίτης
240 μηκεδαναῖς γενέσσειν: ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖο δὲ βαίνει
αἰχμῇ καρχαρόδοντι διασχίζων ῥάχιν ὕλης,
καὶ διερῆν ἀχάρακτον ἔχων γένυν ἄρπαγα καρπῶν
μιμηλῇ δρεπάνῃ σταχυηφόρα λήια τέμνει,
ἀμητῆρ ἀσιδηρος ἀμαλλοφόρου τοκετοῖο:

[222] Another host came from three hundred islands, scattered here and there, or in groups together, which lie about that place where the Indos on an endless course pours out its winding travelling stream by two enclosing mouths, after creeping in its slow curving course from the Indian reedbeds over the plain to its mouth by the Eastern sea, after first rolling down the heights of the Ethiopian mountains: swollen by the mass of summerbegotten waters it increases cubit by cubit with selfrising floods, and embraces the rich land like a watery husband, who rejoices a thirsty bride with his moist kisses and enfolds her in many passionate arms for a sheafbearing bridal, while he begets in his turn other ever-recurrent streams: so Nile in Egypt, and the eastern Hydaspes in India. There swims the travelling riverhorse through the waters, cleaving with his hoof the blackpebble stream, just like the dweller in my own Nile, who cuts the summer-begotten flood and travels through the watery deeps with his long jaws. He mounts the shores, splitting the woody ridges with sharp-pointed tooth; with only a wet ungraven jaw to ravage the fruits, he cuts the cornbearing harvest with this makeshift sickle, reaper of sheafbearing crops without steel.

245 τοῖα μὲν ἐπταπόροιο φατίζεται εἴκελα Νείλου
Ἰνδῶου ποταμοῖο φέρειν μένος. οἱ δὲ λιπόντες

νήσων ἀγκύλα κύκλα καὶ ἔδρανα γείτονος Ἰνδοῦ
ἄνδρες ἐθωρήσσοντο μαχήμονες, ὧν πρόμος ἀνὴρ
Ῥιγβασος ἡγεμόνευεν, ἔχων Ἰνδαλμα Γιγάντων.

250 οὐδὲ γέρων Ἄρητος ἐλείπετο Δηριαδῆος
εἰς ἐνοπὴν καλέοντος, ἀνὴρ βαρὺς· ἀλλὰ καθάψας
χαλκοβαρῇ λασίῳο κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα
γηραλέου κούφιζεν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο βοεινῶν,
αὐχένι κυρτωθέντι περικρεμάσας τελαμῶνα.

255 καὶ στρατιὴν θώρηξεν ἀναγκαῖος πολεμιστῆς
πέντε σὺν υἱήεσσι, Δύκῳ καὶ Ὀμήλῳδι Μῦρσῳ,
Γλαύκῳ καὶ Περίφαντι καὶ Ὀψιγόνῳ Μελανῇι.
καὶ πολλὴν πλοκαμῖδα περισφίγξας τρυφαλεῖη
λαῖον ἐντροχάλοιο μετέστιχε δημοτῆτος,

260 δεξιτερὸν πολέμοιο κέρας τεκέεσσιν ἑάσας,

[245] Such are said to be the doings of the mighty Indian river like sevenmouth Nile. These men of war then, from the rounded shores of the islands and from the settlements of the Indos, now came under arms: their leader was Rhigbasos, one of gigantic stature.

Nor was old Aretos missing when Deriades summoned all to war. A heavy man he was; but he fitted a heavy bronze corselet over his hairy chest, and carried an oxhide shield on his aged back, slung by a strap over his bent neck. He also armed his force under compulsion for the war, he and five sons, Lycos and Myrsos together, Glaucos and Periphas and Melaneus the lateborn. He covered his gray curly hairs with a helmet, and repaired to the left wing of his battle circuit, leaving the right to his sons.

οὕς φῦσις ἀφθόγγων στομάτων σφρηγίσσατο δεσμῶ,
γλῶσσαν ὑποσφίγξασα σοφῆς ὀχετηγὸν ἰωῆς·
ὅπποτε γὰρ θαλάμοιο παρὰ φλιῆσι χορεύων
Λαοβίην ζυγίοιο γάμου πιστώσατο θεσμῶ

265 παιδογόνους Ἄρητος ὁμίλησας ὕμεναιόις,
ἔνθεον ἔπλετο θάμβος, ἐπεὶ γαμίῳ παρὰ βωμῶ
νυμφοκόμῳ πεπόνητο θυηπολέων Ἀφροδίτῃ
νυμφίος ἀρτιχόρευτος, ἐν εὐύμνῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ
δοῦπον ἀνακλάγξασα λεχώιον ἀνθερεῶνος,
270 μάντις ἐπεσσομένων ἐβαρύνετο πουλυτῆρος οὔς,
ἄλλοιην καὶ ἄπιστον ἐλαφρίζουσα λοχείην,
καὶ νεπόδων ὥδινε νόθον γένος, ἐκ λαγόνων δὲ
ὕγρην ἰχθυόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζε γενέθλην,
ἀντὶ τόκου χθονίοιο λοχευσαμένη τόκον ἄλμης.

275 καὶ συδὸς ἰχθυγόνοιο πολὺστομος ἵπτατο Φήμη
λαδὸν ἀολλίζουσα: πολυσπερέες δὲ πολῖται
χερσαῖην πολύτεκνον ἐθήησαντο γενέθλην,

[261] These were men whose lips nature had closed with the seal of silence, having tied each tongue, the channel of intelligent speech. For when at the doorposts of the bridal chamber in the sacred dance Aretos pledged his troth to Laobie, according to the rites of lawful marriage, joining with her in wedlock for the begetting of children, a miracle divine was wrought. The bridegroom, fresh from his own wedding dance, had been busy at the marriage-altar sacrificing to Aphrodite the Lady of Brides; and while the hall resounded with hymns, a sow big with young in her pain shrieked out the cry of labour from her throat, prophetic of things to come, and dropt an uncanny incredible litter — a bastard brood of marine creatures, a shoal of wet fish she shot out of her womb, spat of the brine not spat of the land! Rumour flew abroad with many mouths, telling of the fishmother sow and gathering the people; farscattered burghers came to stare at this numerous generation of land-creatures, the very image of seaborne spawn.

μαντιπόλον δ' ἑρέεινε θεηγόρον: εἰρομένῳ δὲ
 280 ἔσσομένην θέσπιζεν ἄφωνήτων στίχα παιδῶν,
 εἰναλῆς Ἰνδαλμα λιπογλώσσοιο γενέθλης.
 καὶ τότε μάντις ἔλεξε προάγγελα θέσφατα κεῦθιν,
 ὄφρα κεν ἰάσकोιτο τανύπτερον νύεα Μαίης,
 γλώσσης ἡγεμονῆα, σοφῆς ἰθύντορα φωνῆς.

[279] He asked the prophetic interpreter of God's will: to the question, he foretold a succession of dumb children to come, like the voiceless generation of the deep sea. And the seer bade him to hide the prophetic oracle, that he might propitiate the longwinged son of Maia, governor of the tongue, guide of intelligent speech.

285 Λαοβίη δ' ὠδινεν, ἀμοιβαίη δὲ λοχείη
 τικτε συνὸς βρεφέεσσιν ἰσηρίθμων στίχα παιδῶν,
 ἰχθύσιν ἀφθόγοισιν ἑοικότας, οὓς μετὰ νίκην
 Βάκχος ἄναξ ἐλέαιρε, λιποφθόγγων δ' ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 γλώσσης δεσμὸν ἔλυσε, καὶ ἤλασεν ἥλικα σιγῆν,
 290 φωνήν δ' ὀπιτέλεστον ἐπεξύνωσεν ἐκάστῳ.

[285] Laobie was brought to bed, and in one birth after another brought forth children equal in number to the sow's young ones, and dumb like fishes. After the victory, Lord Bacchos had pity on these, and loosed the tie of the tongue in their dumb throats, drove away the silence which had been their companion from birth, bestowed upon each a voice perfected at last.

τοῖσι συνεστρατώνοντο φερεσσακέες πολεμισταί,
οἳ τε Πύλας ἐνέμοντο καὶ οἳ λάχον ἐγγύθεν Εὐρύον
ναιομένην Εὐκόλλα, μαχήμονος ἔνδιον Ἵοῦς,
καὶ ζαθέην Γορύανδιν ἐύσπορον αὖλακα γαίης.

[291] Along with these were mustered shieldbearing warriors: those who dwelt
in Pylai, and those who possessed a habitation in Eucolla, the district of
warlike Eos near the East Wind, and divine Goryandis with soil well fitted for
seed.

295 τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ θωρήχθησαν, ὅσοι λάχον ἄντυγας Οἴτης,
μητέρα δενδρήεσαν ἀμετροβίων ἐλεφάντων,
οἷς φύσις ὥπασε κύκλα διηκοσίων ἐνιαυτῶν
ζῶειν ἀενάοιο χρόνου πολυκαμπέι νύσση,
ἥ ἐς τριηκοσίων: καὶ βόσκεται ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
300 ἐκ ποδὸς ἀκροτάτου μελανόχροος ἄχρι καρήνου:
γναθμοῖς μηκεδανοῖσιν ἔχων προβλήτας ὀδόντας
δίζυγας, ἀμητῆρι τύπῳ γαμφώνυχος ἄρπης,
θηγαλέῳ τμητῆρι, διαστείχει στίχα δένδρων
ποσὶ τανυκνήμοισιν: ἔχων δ' Ἰνδαλμα καμήλων
305 καὶ λοφίην ἐπίκυρτον, ἐῷ πολυχανδέι νώτῳ
ἔσμον ἄγει νήριθμον ἐπασσυτέρων ἐλατήρων,
δινεύων στατὸν ἵχνος ἀκαμπέι γούνατος ὀλκῷ,
καὶ τύπον εὐρυμέτωπον ἐχιδναίοιο καρήνου,
αὐχένα βαιὸν ἔχων κυρτούμενον: εἶλε δὲ λεπτόν
310 ὄμμασιν ἰσοτύποισι συῶν Ἰνδαλμα προσώπου,
ὑψιφανής, περίμετρος: ἐλισσομένου δὲ πορείῃ
οὐατα μὲν λιπόσαρκα, παρήορα γείτονι κόρσῃ,
λεπταλέων ἀνέμων ὀλίγῃ ῥιπίζεται αὖρη:
πυκνὰ δὲ μαστίζουσα δέμας νωμήτορι παλμῷ
315 λεπτοφυῆς ἐλάχεια τινάσσεται ἄστατος οὐρή.
πολλάκι δ' ἐν πολέμοισι γένυν προβλήτα τινάσσων
ἄνερι ταυροκάρηνος ἐπέχραεν ἡλίβατος θήρ,
ξείνην καρχαρόδοντα φέρων ἐτερόστομον ἄρπην,
δινεύων ἐκάτερθε γενειάδος ἔμφυτον αἰχμῇν:
320 πολλάκι δ' εὐθώρηκα μετάρσιον ἀσπιδιώτην
ὄρθιον ἡέρταζε πεπαρμένον ἄρπαγι λαίμῳ,
ἄνδρα δὲ καρχαρόδοντι κατεπρήνιξεν ἀκωκῇ
καὶ νέκυν αὐτοκύλιστον ἐπὶ στροφάλιγγι κονίης
ὑπόθεν ἠκόντιζε παλινδίνητον ἀλήτην,
325 αἰθύσσων ἐλικηδὸν ἵτυν σκολιοῖο γενείου
κάρχαρον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παρὰ προβολῇσιν ὀδόντων
ἀντίτυπον σπειρηδὸν ἐχιδνήεσσιν ἀκάνθαις,
ἄχρι ποδῶν τανύων κεχαραγμένον ἄορ ὀδόντων.

[295] After these came armed those who possessed the curves of Oita, woody mother of longliving elephants, to which nature has granted to live through two hundred rolling years, rounding so often the turning-point of eternal time, or even three hundred. Black they are from the point of the foot to the head, and they feed side by side. Each has projecting teeth on his long jaws, two of them, hooked like a reaper's sickle, sharp and cutting, and he marches through the ranks of trees on his long legs; he has a curved neck like a camel, and on his capacious back he carries an innumerable swarm of riders in rows, swinging a firm foot with unbending knees. He has a short curved neck, and a wide forehead shaped like a snake. The eyes on his face are like the little eyes of a pig. He is towering, enormous: as he rolls along, the skinny ears close to the temple on each side, move like fans in the lightest breath of air. A thin little restless waving tail whips the body with a continual regular movement. Often in battle the mountainous beast shakes a tusk and attacks a man like a pilking bull, striking with the borrowed sharptoothed sickle on each side of his mouth and swinging natural spears on both cheeks. Often when he has pierced a man, he lifts him straight up with greedy throat, armour and shield and all; or he throws one down with sharp-pointed tusk, picks up the body as it rolls helpless in a swirl of dust and throws it hurtling through the air at random; he throws about this way and that way the jagged ring of teeth in his crooked jaw, beside the tusks ranged in strings like the backbone of a snake, and stretches down to his feet the sharp sword of the tusks.

τοὺς μὲν ἄναξ Διόνυσος ἄγων μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν

³³⁰ Καυκασίην παρὰ πέζαν Ἀμαζονίου ποταμοῖο

εἰς φόβον εὐπήληκας ἀνεπτοίησε γυναῖκας,

ἡλιβάτων λοφίησιν ἐφεδρήσων ἐλεφάντων.

ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν μετὰ δῆριν. ἐς ὕσμινην δὲ Λυαίου

Δηριάδη καλέοντι τότε πρόμος ἦλθε Πυλοίτης,

³³⁵ ὀρθοπόδην ἐλέφαντα κατὰ κλόνον ἠνιοχεύων,

καλλιτόκου Μαραθῶνος Ἀρειμανὲς αἶμα γενέθλης:

καὶ οἱ ἐς ὕσμινην ἑτερόθροος ἔσπετο γείτων

λαὸς ἐυκρήδεμνον Ἐριστοβάρειαν ἑάσας.

[329] These creatures after the Indian war Lord Dionysos led to the Caucasian district by the Amazonian River, and scattered those helmeted women, as he sat on the back of a mountainous elephant. But this was after the war. In this conflict, when Deriades sent out his summons to war with Lyaïos, the chieftain Pyloites joined him driving a straightlegged elephant into the fray. He was the warlike blood of the race which produced Marathon, one blessed in his children; and he was followed to the conflict by a neighbouring people of different speech, from Eristobareia with her lovely coronals.

Δερβίκων δὲ γένεθλα συνέσπετο Δηριαδῆι
 340 Αἰθιοπὲς τε Σάκαι τε καὶ ἔθνεα ποικίλα Βάκτρων,
 καὶ πολλὺς οὐλοκόμων Βλεμύων στρατός. ἄλλοφανῇ δὲ
 Αἰθιοπες μεθέπουσι τύπον τεχνήμονα χάρμης:
 ἵππου γὰρ φορέοντες ὀλωλότος ἄντυγα κόρσης
 ψευδόμενοι κρύπτουσιν ἀληθέα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
 345 καὶ κεφαλὴν βροτέην ἐτέρῳ σφίγγουσι προσώπῳ,
 ἄπνοον ἀσκήσαντες ἐς ἔμπνοον, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 δῆιον ἀγνώσσοντα νόθῳ κλονέουσι καρῆνῳ:
 καὶ πρόμος ἐκ στομάτων ἀπατήλιον ἦχον ἰάλλει,
 ἵππιν ἀνδρομέῃ προχέων χρεμετισμὸν ἰωῆ.

[339] Tribes of Derbices were there with Deriades, Ethiopians and Sacai and various nations of Bactrians, and a great host of woolly-headed Blemyes. The Ethiopians follow a peculiar and clever fashion in battle. They wear the top of a dead horse's head, hiding in this disguise the true shape of their faces. Thus they fasten another face on the human head, and join the dead to the living. So in the battle they startle the unwitting foe with this bastard head; and their chieftain lets out a deceitful sound from his mouth, and gives vent to a horse's neigh with his manly voice.

350 οἱ μὲν ἀολλίζοντο καλεσσαμένου βασιλῆος.
 πάντων δ' ἡγεμόνευεν ἐς Ἄρεα κοῖρανος Ἰνδῶν,
 ὃν διερῆι φιλότῃ πατήρ ἔσπειρεν Ὑδάσπης,
 Ἀστρίδος εὐώδινος ὁμιλήσας ὕμεναιοις,
 κούρης Ἡελίοιο. φάτις δέ τις, ὅττι ἐ μήτηρ
 355 νηϊᾶς Ὠκεανοῖο γένος τεκνώσατο Κητώ,
 ἣν ποτε παρλάζοντι διερπύζων περὶ παστῶ
 νυμφίος ὕδατόεντι γάμῳ πῆχυνεν Ὑδάσπης
 γνήσιον αἶμα φέρων Τιτήνιον: ἀρχηγόνων γὰρ
 ἐκ λεχέων Θαύμαντος ἐγείνατο διζυγα φύτλην
 360 Ἠλέκτρῃ ῥοδόπηχυν ὁμεινέτις, ἥς ἀπὸ λέκτρων
 καὶ ποταμὸς βλάστησε καὶ ἄγγελος Οὐρανίωνων,
 Ἰρις ἀελλήεσσα καὶ ὠκυρέεθρος Ὑδάσπης,
 ἣ μὲν ἐπεντύνουσα ποδῶν δρόμον, ὃς δὲ ῥοάων:
 ἄμφω δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἴσῃν μεθέπουσι πορεῖην,
 365 Ἴρις ἐν ἀθανάτοισι καὶ ἐν ποταμοῖσιν Ὑδάσπης.

[350] These were the hosts which gathered at their king's call. The whole army was led to battle by the emperor of the Indians, son of Hydaspes the watery lover in union with Astris daughter of Helios, happy in her offspring — men say that her mother was Ceto, a Naiad daughter of Oceanos — and Hydaspes crept into her bower till he flooded it, and wooed her to his embrace with

conjugal waves. He had the genuine Titan blood; for from the bed of primeval Thaumaspas his rosyarm consort Electra brought forth two children — from that bed came a river and a messenger of the heavenly ones, Iris quick as the wind and swiftly flowing Hydaspes, Iris travelling on foot and Hydaspes by water. Both had an equal speed on two contrasted paths: Iris among the immortals and Hydaspes among the rivers.

τόσσοις ἄρα στρατὸς ἦλθε: πόλις δ' ἑστεινέτο λαῶ:
καὶ στίχες εὐπήληκες ἐμιτρώθησαν αἵταις,
τετραπόρων πλήσαντες ἐν ἄστεϊ κύκλα κελεύθων:
οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ τριόδοισιν ἐπήτριμοι, οἱ δ' ἐνὶ βόθροις,
370 ἄλλοι δ' ἡλιβάτοιο πρὸ τείχεος, οἱ δ' ἐπὶ πύργων
νήδυμον ὕπνον ἱαυον ἄκοντοφόρων ἐπὶ λέκτρων.
ἡγεμόνων δὲ φάλαγγας ἑῷ ξεινίσσε μελάρῳ
Δηριάδης, καὶ πάντες ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ θώκων
ξεινοδόκῳ βασιλῇ μιῆς ἥπτοντο τραπέζης.
375 τοῖσι μὲν ἔσπερα δέϊπνα καὶ ἐννυχίου πτερὸν Ὕπνου
μέμβλετο, καὶ στρατὸς εὖδεν ἐνόπλιος Ἀρεῖ γείτων:
ἐγρεμόθῳ δ' εὖδοντες ἐφωμίλησαν ὄνειρῳ,
μιμηλὴν Σατύροισιν ἀναστήσαντες Ἐνυῶ.

[366] So great then, was the host there assembled. The city was crammed with people; helmeted crowds were surrounded by favourite young squires till they filled the circle of the streets that ran all four ways in the city, some thick at the three ways, some in the moat, some on the height of the walls, while others lay quietly on the turrets and slept under arms. The company of leaders was entertained by Deriades in his own hall, and all touched the same table as their hospitable king in turns on rows of seats. Feasting engaged them in the evening, the wing of sleep in the night: the army slumbered under arms on the eve of battle, and slumbering they had to do with battlestirring dreams, as they fought against shadows like Satyrs.

BOOK 27

ἔβδομον εἴκοστὸν μεθέπει στίχας, ἧσι Κρονίων
εἰς μόθον ὀπλίζει Βρομίῳ ναετῆρας Ὀλύμπου.
ἄρτι δὲ λυσιπόνοιο τιναξαμένη πτερὸν Ὕπνου
ἀντολῆς ὥϊξε θύρας πολεμητόκος Ἥως,
καὶ Κεφάλου λίπε λέκτρα σελασφόρα: βαλλόμενος δὲ
ἀντιπόρῳ Φαέθοντι μέλας λευκαίνεται Γάγγης:
5 καὶ φυγὰς ἀρτιχάρακτος ἐχάζετο κῶνος ὁμίχλης
σχιζόμενος φαέεσσιν: ἀπὸ δροσεροῖο δὲ δίφρου
ὄρθριος εἰαρινῇσιν ἐλούετο καρπὸς ἐέρσαις.

BOOK XXVII

The twenty-seventh deals with the array in which Cronion musters the dwellers in Olympos for battle to help Dionysos.

Now warbreeding Dawn had just shaken off the wing of carefree sleep and opened the gates of sunrise, leaving the lightbringing couch of Cephalos. Dark Ganges was whitened as he met the touches of Phaëthon, and the cone of gloom newly cleft apart fled away torn by his beams; the crops were bathed in the spring morning by the drops of dew from his car.

καὶ κλόνος ἦν. φαέθων δὲ πυριτρεφέων δρόμον ἵππων
ἀενάων ἐτέων φλογόεις ἀνεσεύρασε ποιμήν,
10 γείτονος εἰσαΐων κορυθαίολον Ἄρεος ἥχῳ,
καὶ στρατὸν αἰχμάζειν προκαλίζετο μάρτυρι πυρσῷ,
θερμὸν ἀκοντίζων ῥοδόεν βέλος: ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
αἵμαλέης ξένον ὄμβρον ἀπ' ἰκμάδος ὑέτιος Ζεὺς
οὐρανόθεν κατέχευε, φόνου πρωτάγγελον Ἰνδῶν.
15 καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν Ἐνυαλίου νιφετοῖο
δίψια κυανέης ἐρυθαίνετο νῶτα κονίης
Ἰνδῶου δαπέδοιο: νεοσμῆκτου δὲ σιδήρου
ἥελιου σελάγιζε βολαῖς ἀντίρροπος αἴγλη.

[8] Then came tumult. Phaëthon, blazing shepherd of the everflowing years, checked the course of his firebred steeds, when he heard the sound of flash-helm Ares rattling close by, and summoned the host to spearthrust, shooting a rosy ray with witnessing torch: Rainy Zeus poured down from heaven a rain of blood, a strange shower which foretold bloodshed for the Indians. The thirsty back of black dust on the Indian ground was reddened with those gory drops of battle-shower; the sheen of newburnished steel glittered against the beams of Helios.

φαινομένης δὲ φάλαγγας ἐπὶ κλόνον ὤπλισεν Ἴνδῶν

20 Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, ἐποτρύνων δὲ μαχητὰς
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρος ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθρερῶνος:

[19] Now the battalions of Indians were seen:

Deriades the presumptuous made them arm for battle, and encouraged his soldiers as he uttered this menacing speech:

‘δμῶες ἐμοί, μάρνασθε, πεποιθότες ἡθάδι Νικῇ,
καὶ θρασὺν ὃν καλέουσι κερασφόρον νῖα Θυώνης
λάτρην ἰσοκραίριοι τελέσσετε Δηριαδῆος.

25 κτεínaτε μοι καὶ Πᾶνας ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ:

εἰ δὲ θεοὶ γεγάσι, καὶ οὐ θέμις ἐστὶ δαΐξαι
Πανὸς ἀνουτήτοιο δέμας τμητῆρι σιδήρῳ,
Πᾶνας ὀρεσσινόμους ληίσσομαι, ἔνδοθι λόχμης
ἔθνεα βουκολέοντας ἐρημονόμων ἐλεφάντων.

30 πολλοὶ θῆρες ἔασι καὶ ἐνθάδε, τοῖσι συνάψω
Φῆρας ὁμοῦ καὶ Πᾶνας ὀρεσσινόμου Διονύσου:
κούρη δ’ ἡμετέρη θαλαμηπόλον ἐσμὸν ὀπάσσω,
δαινυμένου Μορρήος ὑποδρηστῆρα τραπέζης.

[22] “Fight, my servants, and look for our wonted victory! The bold hornbearing son of Thyone, as they call him, you must make the lackey of Deriades, who also bears horns on his head! Kill me those Pans also with devastating steel. Or if they are gods, and it is not permitted to pierce the body of unwounded Pan with cutting steel, then I make prey of the mountainranging Pans, and they shall tend herds of elephants in the wilderness. There are plenty of wild beasts here also, with which I will join the wildbeast Centaurs and Pans of hillranging Dionysos; or I will make them a swarm of attendants for my daughter, and waiters upon the festal table of Morrheus.

καὶ τις ἀνὴρ Φρυγίηθεν ὁμόστολος οἶνοπι Βάκχῳ

35 Ἴνδῶν ποταμοῖο δέμας λούσειε ῥέεθροις,
ἀντὶ δὲ Σαγαρίου καλέσει πατρῶν Ὑδάσπην:
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ Ἀλύβηθεν ὁμαρτήσας Διονύσῳ
ἐνθάδε θητεύσειε, καὶ ἀργυρέου ποταμοῖο
χεύματα καλλείψας πέτω χρυσαυγέα Γάγγην.

[34] “Many a Phrygian soldier in the train of wine-face Bacchos will bathe his body in the streams of the Indian river, and call Hydaspes home instead of Sangarios; many a soldier who has come from Alybe with Dionysos shall here be a serf — let him forget the water of his silvern river and drink of the

40 χάζεό μοι, Διόνυσε, φυγῶν δόρυ Δηριαδῆος:
 ἔστι καὶ ἐνθάδε πόντος ἀπείριτος: ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
 Ἀρραβίης μετὰ κῦμα καὶ ἡμετέρη σε δεχέσθω:
 εὐρύτερος βυθὸς οὗτος ἐρεύγεται ἄγριον ὕδωρ,
 καὶ Σατύρους καὶ Βάκχον ἐπάρκιός ἐστι καλύψαι
 45 καὶ στίχα Βασσαρίδων: οὐ μείλιχος ἐνθάδε Νηρεὺς,
 οὐ Θέτις Ἰνδῶν σε δεδέξεται, οὐδέ σε κόλπῳ
 ξεινοδόκον μετὰ κῦμα πάλιν φεύγοντα σάωσει,
 αἰδομένη βαρῦδουπον ἐμὸν πατρῶον Ὑδάσπην.
 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις: Κρονίωνος Ὀλύμπιον αἶμα κομίζω.
 50 αἰθέρα Γαῖα λόχευσε χορῶ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρον:
 οὐρανόθεν γένος ἔσχε: ἐμὴ δέ σε Γαῖα καλύψει:
 καὶ Κρόνον ὠμῆσθῃρα νέων θοινήτορα παίδων
 οὐρανόθεν γεγαῶτα κατέρυφε κόλπος ἀρούρης.
 εἰμὶ δοριθρασέος στρατιῆς πρόμος: εἰμὶ Λυκούργου
 55 φέρτερος, ὅς σε δίωκε καὶ ἀπτολέμους σέο Βάκχας:
 σὸν γένος οὐ κλονέει με Διιπετές: αἰνομόρου γὰρ
 σῆς Σεμέλης ἤκουσα πυριβλήτους ὕμεναιούς:
 μὴ στεροπὴν ἀγόρευε Διὸς νυμφοστόλον εὐνῆς,
 μὴ κεφαλὴν Κρονίωνος ἢ ἄρσενά μηρὸν ἐνίψης:
 60 οὐ Διὸς ὠδίνοντος ἐμὲ κλονέουσι λοχεῖαι:
 πολλάκις ὠδίνουσιν ἐμὴν ἐνόησα γυναῖκα.
 σὺν σοὶ δ', ἣν ἐθέλη, γενέτης τεδὸς αὐτοτόκος Ζεὺς
 ἄρσενι θωρήξειεν ἀρηγὸνα θῆλυν Ἀθήνην,
 νίκην ἣν καλέουσιν, ἵνα πρηῶνας ἀράξας
 65 Παλλάδος αἰμάξω κεφαλὴν ταμεσίχροϊ πέτρῳ
 ἢ δορὶ τολμήεντι, καὶ εὐκεράων ἀπὸ τόξων
 μηρὸν ἀπειλητῆρος ὀιστεῦσω Διονύσου,
 βουκεράων Σατύρων ἡγήτορος, οὐταμένου δὲ
 καὶ Διὶ καὶ Βρομίῳ καὶ Παλλάδι μῶμον ἀνάψω:
 70 εἰ δὲ σὺν ἀμφοτέροισι κορύσσεται ἀμφιγυῆεις,
 δεύομαι Ἥφαιστου τεχνήμονος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτῶ
 τεύχεα χαλκεύσειε πολύτροπα Δηριαδῆι.
 οὐ τρομέω ποτὲ θῆλυν ἐγὼ πρόμον: εἰ δὲ τινάσσει
 ἄστεροπὴν γενετῆρος, ἔχω πατρῶιον ὕδωρ.

[40] “Give place to me, Dionysos! flee from the spear of Deriades! We have a vast sea here also; then let ours also receive you, after the Arabian waves! Ours is a wider deep which spouts its wild waters, enough to swallow Satyrs and Bacchants and ranks of Bassarids. Here no friendly Nereus, no Indian Thetis will receive you and save you, like those hospitable waves, when you flee a second time; for our Thetis dreads the deep rumbling Hydaspes of my

home. But you will say: 'I have in me Cronion's Olympian blood. But Earth produced the sky dotted with its troop of stars: you have your birth from heaven, but my Earth shall cover you up. Cronos himself, who banqueted on his own young children in cannibal wise, was covered up in Earth's bosom, son of Heaven though he was. I am chief of a spearbold army; I am stronger than Lycurgos, who drove you away and your unwarlike Bacchant women. Your divine birth does not trouble me, for I have heard of the firestruck nuptials of your ill-fated Semele. Speak not of the lightning which attended upon the bed of Zeus, boast not of Cronion's head or his manly thigh. The childbed of Zeus in labour does not trouble me; I have often seen my own wife in labour. Let your father help you, if he likes, your father Zeus self-delivered, by arming female Athena, whom they call Victory, to help you the male: only that I may break off cliffs, and make the head of Pallas bloody with a cutflesh rock or a daring spear, and hit with an arrow from my bow of horn the thigh of threatening Dionysos, while he leads his horned Satyrs; and when he is wounded may fasten disgrace upon Zeus and Bromios and Pallas! And if the Hobbler shall arm to support them both, Hephaistos the artist is the one I want, to make all sorts of armour in his smithy for Deriades also. I fear not the female chieftain: — if she brandishes her father's lightning, I have my father's water.

75 καὶ θρασὺν, ὃν καλέουσιν ὁμόγνιον αἶμα Λυαίου,
Αἰακὸν οὐρανίοιο Διὸς βλάστημα τοκῆος
Ζηνὶ καταχθονίῳ δεδαῖγμένον Ἴδι πέμψω:
οὐδέ μιν ἀρπάξειε δι' ἥερος ἱπτάμενος Ζεὺς.
καὶ πολέας Κρονίδαο δεδουπότας ὕϊας ἀκούω:
80 Δάρδανος ἐκ Διὸς ἔσκε καὶ ὤλετο, καὶ θάνε Μίνως,
οὐδέ μιν ἐρρύσαντο Διὸς ταυρώπιδες εὖναι:
εἰ δὲ θεμιστεύει καὶ ἐν Ἰδί, τίς φθόνος Ἴνδοϊς,
Αἰακὸς εἰ φθιμένοισι δικάζεται; ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃ,
κοιρανίην κεκῶν ἐχέτω καὶ σκῆπτρα βερέθρου.
85 καὶ δολιχοῖς μελέεσσιν ἐπιψαύοντας Ὀλύμπου
γηγενέας Κύκλωπας ὀλέσσετε μὴ δορὸς αἰχμὴν
γαστρὶ μέσῃ πῆξαντες ἢ αὐχένι, χαλκοβαρεὺς δὲ
ὀφθαλμῷ τροχόντι βέλος τετορημένον ἔστω.
μὴ χθονίους Κύκλωπας ὀλέσσετε: καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνων
90 δεύομαι: Ἰνδῶν δὲ παρήμενος ἐσχαρεῶνι
Βρόντης μὲν βαρύδουπον ἐμοὶ σάλπιγγα τελέσσει
βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἰσόκτυπον, ὄφρα κεν εἴην
Ζεὺς χθόνιος, Στερότης δὲ νέην ἀντίρροπον αἰγλήν
ἀστεροπῆς τεύξειε καὶ ἐνθάδε: καὶ μιν ἐλέγξω
95 μαρνάμενος Σατύροισιν, ἵνα φρένα μᾶλλον ἀμύξῃ
Δηριάδην κτυπέοντα καὶ ἀστράπτοντα δοκεῦν
ζηλήμων Κρονίδης, πεφοβημένος ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν

[75] “Bold Aiacos also, who is of kindred blood with Lyaïos as they say, offspring of heavenly Zeus, I will smash and send to Hades, the Zeus of the underworld; Zeus will not fly through the air and carry him off. Indeed I hear that many sons of Zeus have been struck down in the past. Dardanos was sprung from Zeus, and he perished; Minos died, and the bullfaced marriage of Zeus did not save him — if he is a judge still in Hades, what do Indians care if Aiacos does become a judge among the dead? If he likes, let him be king of the corpses and monarch of the pit! Do not kill the Earthborn Cyclopeans who touch Olympos with their long limbs, do not transfix them with a spearpoint in belly or neck, let the heavy stroke of bronze pierce their one round eye. — No, kill not the Cyclopeans of the earth, for I want them too: they shall sit in an Indian smithy! Brontes shall make me a heavyrumbling trumpet to mock the thunder’s roar, that I may be an earthly Zeus; Steropes shall make here on earth a new rival lightning: I will try it in fighting against Satyrs that Cronides may be jealous, and tear his heart yet more to see Deriades thundering and lightening — he shall fear the Indian chieftain hurling a newmade fiery thunderbolt!

τις φθόνος, εἰ πρηστῆρι μαχήμονα χεῖρα κορύσσω;
 100 μητρὸς ἐμῆς γενέτης, φλογερῶν ἐπιήρανος ἄστρον,
 αὐτὸς ὅλος Φαέθων πυρόεις πρόμος: εἰ δὲ τοκῆος
 αἷμα φέρω ποταμοῖο, καὶ ὕδατόεντι βελέμνω
 μαρνάμενος μόθον ὕγρὸν ἀναστήσω Διονύσῳ,
 Βάκχων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα ῥοαῖς ποταμοῖο καλύπτων.
 105 καὶ βυθίων τμήξαντες ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ
 σώματα Τελχίνων τυμβεύσατε γείτονι πόντῳ,
 πατρὶ Ποσειδάωνι μεμηλότα, δαιδαλέου δὲ
 δίφρου γλαυκὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ὕγροπόρων γένος ἵππων
 νίκης πόντια δῶρα κομίσσατε Δηριαδῇ.
 110 καὶ ναέτην βαρύδεσμον ἀπειρώδινος Ἀθήνης
 Ἥφαιστου πυρόεντος ἀπόσπορον αἶθोπι πυρσῷ
 φλέξατε, τὸν καλέουσιν Ἐρεχθέα: καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνου
 αἷμα φέρει περίπυστον Ἐρεχθέος, ὃν ποτε μαζῶ
 παρθενικῇ φυγόμενος ἀνέτρεφε Παλλὰς ἀμήτωρ,
 115 λάθριον ἀγρύπνῳ πεφυλαγμένον αἶθοπι λύχνῳ:
 μιμνέτω Ἰνδῶν κεκαλυμμένος αἶθοπι κίστῃ,
 καὶ κενεῷ ζοφόμενος ἐν ἔρκει παρθενεῶνος.
 καὶ τροχαλοὺς δρηστῆρας ἐυσκάρθοιο βοείης,
 ἰδμονας εὐπήληκος Ἐνυαλίοιο χορείης,

whirlwind? My mother's father, governor of the flaming stars, Phaethon, is himself a potentate all of fire; and if on my father's side I have the blood of a river, I will fight even with watery missiles and make watery war upon Dionysos, drowning the heads of my enemy Bacchants in river floods. Go and cut down the Telchines of the deep with devastating steel, bury their bodies in the neighbouring sea and let Poseidon their father look after them, and bring to Deriades, as trophies of victory from the sea, the blue harness of their finewrought car and all their seafaring horses! Burn with your blazing torch the burgher heavychained of the city of maiden Athena, the offspring of fiery Hephaistos whom they call Erechtheus; for he too has the blood of that illustrious Erechtheus, whom unmothered Pallas once nursed at her breast, she the virgin enemy of wedlock, secretly guarding him by the wakeful light of a lamp: let him remain hidden in a shining Indian box, and enclosed in an empty cell of her darksome maiden chamber.

120 ἄξατέ μοι Κορύβαντας ἀτευχέας: ὀλλυμένοις δὲ
διχθαδίοις τεκέεσσιν ἐπικλαύσειε Καβειρώ,
Λημνιάς ἀκρήδεμνος: ἀπορρίψας δὲ πυράγρην
αἰθαλόεις Ἥφαιστος ἔῃς ὀλετῆρα γενέθλης
ἥμενον ἀθρήσειεν ὑπὲρ δίφροιο Καβείρων
125 ἵππων χαλκοπόδων ἐπιβήτορα Δηριαδῆα.

[120] "Disarm me the Corybants also and lead them captive; let Lemnian Cabeiro unveiled lament the death of her two sons; let sooty Hephaistos throw down his tongs, and see the destroyer of his race sitting in the car of the Cabeiroi, see Deriades driving the bronzefoot horses!

κτείνω μὲν Διὸς υἱας: Ἀρισταῖον δὲ δαμάσσαι
οὐ φθονέω Μορρῆι, λαγωβόλον υἱέα Φοίβου,
οὐ τιδανῆς ἐλατῆρα φιλοπτολέμοιο μελίσσης.
ὕμεῖς μὲν δρεπάνοισι καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγι μαχαίρῃ
130 κτείνετε Βασσαρίδων ἀπαλὰς στίχας, ὑψίκερων δὲ
παῖδα Διὸς κερόεις ποταμήιος υἱὸς ὀλέσσει,
μὴ τις ὑποπτήσσειεν ἰδὼν ἐλατῆρα λεαίνης
ἢ πρόμον ἀγροτέρης ἐπιβήμενον ἰζύος ἄρκτου,
μὴ θηρῶν ζυγίων βλοσυρὸν στόμα: τίς γὰρ ἀλύξει
135 πόρδαλιν ἢ ἑλέοντα κορυσσομένων ἐλεφάντων;

[126] "I will slay the sons of Zeus! I do not grudge Morrheus to conquer Aristaios, that son of Phoibos who hunts the hare and scatters the poor pugnacious bees. Go you and slay the battalions of soft Bassarids with your sickles and twoedged swords; but the highhorned son of Zeus shall fall to the horned son of a river. Let no one shrink when he sees him riding a lioness, or

mounted like a champion on the loins of a wild bear, let none shrink from the grim jaws of wild beasts under the yoke: for who will run before leopard or lion with armed elephants on his side?"

ὥς φαμένου βασιλῆος ἐπὶ κλόνον ἦιον Ἴνδοι,
οἱ μὲν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο σιδηροφόρων ἐλεφάντων,
οἱ δὲ συνεστρατόωντο θυελλοπόδων ὑπὲρ ἵππων.
καὶ πέλας ἦν πρυλέων στρατὸς ἄπλετος, οἱ μὲν ἄκωκας,
¹⁴⁰ οἱ δὲ σάκος φορέοντες, ὁ δὲ κληῖδα φαρέτρης:
ἄλλος ἀνῆέρταξεν ἀνὴρ χαλκήλατον ἄρπην
ἀμητῆρ πολέμοιο, καὶ ἔστιχεν ἄλλος αἰείρων
ἀσπίδα καὶ θοὰ τόξα καὶ ἠγεμόεντας οἰστούς.

[136] After this oration of their king, the Indians went to battle, some on the backs of steelclad elephants, some upon stormfoot horses beside them. Close behind came an infinite host of footmen, armed with pikes or shields or capped quiver: one man carried a sickle of beaten bronze like a harvester of war, another marched lifting a buckler and quick bow and windswift arrows.

καὶ μόθον ἐστήσαντο παρὰ στόμα γείτονος Ἴνδοῦ,
¹⁴⁵ εἰς πεδίον προθέοντες. ἀπ' εὐδένδροιο δὲ λόχμης
ἀσπίσι καὶ ξιφέεσσι καὶ ἄρραγέεσσι πετῆλοις
θυρσοφόρος Διόνυσος ἐοὺς ἐκόρυσσε μαχητάς.
καὶ πισύρων ἀνέμων φλογερῆς ἀνῶπιον Ἡοῦς
τέτραχα τεμνομένην στρατιὴν ἐστήσατο Βάκχων:
¹⁵⁰ πρῶτην μὲν βαθύδενδρα παρὰ σφυρὰ κυκλάδος Ἄρκτου,
ἦχι πολυσπερέων ποταμῶν πεφορημένον ὀλκῷ
Καυκασίου σκοπέλοιο Διιπετὲς ἔρχεται ὕδωρ,
τὴν αὐτὴν παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπη περιμήκεϊ πορθμῷ
χεῦμα παλινδίνητον ἄγει βαρύδουπος Ὑδάσπη:
τὴν ἑτέρην δὲ φάλαγγα συνήρμωσεν, ὀππόθι γαίης
μεσσατίας στεφανηδὸν ἐς ἐσπέριον κλίμα νεύων
¹⁵⁵ διστομος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐδὼν ῥόον Ἴνδός ἐλίσσει,
χεύμασιν ἀμφίζωστον ἐπιστέψας Παταλὴνην:
καὶ τριτάτην κόσμησεν, ὅπη νοτίῳ παρὰ κόλπῳ
κύματι πορφύροντι μεσημβριάς ἔλκεται ἄλμη:
¹⁶⁰ καὶ στρατιὴν εὐχάλκον ἄναξ ἔστησε τετάρτην
ἀντολῆς ὑπὸ πέζαν, ὅθεν δονακῆα διαίνων
στέλλεται εὐόδομοισι κατάρρυτος ὕδασι Γάγγης.
κεκριμένης δὲ φάλαγγος ἐυκνήμιδος ἐκάστης
¹⁶⁵ τέσσαρας εὐπήληκας ἐκόσμεεν ἠγεμονῆας,
καὶ στρατὸν ὀτρύνων λαοσσόον ἶαχε φωνήν:

[144] So they rushed forth into the plain, and opened the fray near the mouth of the Indus. But from the trees of the forest Dionysos, thyrsus in hand, armed his warriors with shields and swords and invincible leafage. He divided his army of Bacchants into four parts, and posted them facing the dawn in the direction of the four winds. The first was among the thick trees by the feet of the circling Bear, where the skyfallen water of many scattered rivers comes pouring down from the Caucasos mountains, in that very place where heavyrumbling Hydaspes brings his flood eddying in his endless course. The second battalion he placed where twimouth Indus bends his flood, curving through the mountains towards the western district of the land between, and surrounds Patalene with his waters. The third he drew up where in the southern gulf the southern sea rolls with ruddy waves. The fourth mailed army the king posted towards the land of sunrise, whence Ganges moves watering the reedbeds with his fragrant waves. The host thus divided and under arms, he appointed four helmeted leaders, and addressed a rousing oration to them all:

‘Βασσαριδες, καὶ δεῦρο χορεύσατε, δυσμενέων δὲ
κτεínaτε βάρβαρα φύλα, καὶ ἔγχεσι μίξατε θύρσους,
μίξατε καὶ ξιφέεσσι: καὶ ἡθάδος ἀντὶ τραπέζης
170 σάλπιγξ ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἑμοῖς Σατύροισι γενέσθω
πηκτὶς ἑμή: χλοερὴ δὲ καταιχμάζουσα σιδήρου
δούρατα νικήσειεν ἀκαχμένα φυλλᾶς ὀπώρη:
ἀντὶ δὲ νυκτελίοιο χοροστασίης Διονύσου
αὐλὸς ἑμὸς φθέγγαιτο μετὰτροπον ὕμνον Ἐννοῦς,
175 τερψινόου Βρομίοιο λιπὼν ἐπιδόρπιον Ἥχῳ.

[167] “Dance here also, you Bassarids! Slay the barbarian tribes of your enemies, match thyrsus against spear, against sword also; let my harp become a trumpet which stirs war for the Satyrs, instead of its familiar banqueting-table. May the green leafy vintage strike down the steel, may it conquer the sharpened spear! Instead of the nightly dancings of Dionysos, let my pipes take another tune and sing the battle-hymn — let them leave the supper-tune of mindcharming Bromios.

εἰ μὲν ἑμοὶ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνειεν Ὑδάσπης
μηδὲ πάλιν Βάκχοισι παλὶγκοτον οἶδμα κορύσσει,
ἔσσομαι εὐάντητος, ὅλον δὲ οἱ ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ
χεύμασι ληναίοισιν ἐς Εὖιον οἶνον ἀμείψω,
180 τεύχων λαρὰ ῥέεθρα, καὶ ἀγριάδος λόφον ὕλης
μιτρώσω πετάλοισι καὶ ἀμπελόμεντα τελέσσω:
εἰ δὲ πάλιν προχοῇσιν ἀλεξικάκοισιν ἀρήξει
Ἴνδοις κτεινομένοισι καὶ υἱεὶ Δηριαδῇ,

ἀνδροφυῆς κερόεσσαν ἔχων ποταμηίδα μορφήν,
185 χεῦμα γεφυρώσαντες ὑπερφιάλου ποταμοῖο
ἴχνεσιν ἀβρέκτοισιν ὀδεύσατε δίψιον ὕδωρ,
καὶ γυμνῇ ψαμάθῳ πατέων αὐχμηρὸν Ὑδάσπην
πεζὸς ὄνουξ εὐίππος ἐπιξύσειε κονίην.

[176] “If Hydaspes would bend a submissive knee to me, and never again arm his rebellious flood against the Bacchoi, I will treat him kindly; I will change all his glorious water into Euian wine with streams from the winepress, making his waters strong, I will crown the peaks of his wild forest with my leaves and make it all vine: but if ever again he shall help with his protecting flood the falling Indians and his son Deriades, taking the horned river-shape in a mans body, then make a dam over the presumptuous river, and cross the thirsty water as on a highroad with unwetted feet, and let the hoof of fine horses tread on a dry Hydaspes with bare sand and scrape the dust there.

εἰ δὲ πολυπτοίητος Ἀρειμανέων πρόμος Ἴνδῶν
190 αἰθερίου Φαέθοντος ἀπόσπορός ἐστι γενέθλης,
καὶ Φαέθων πυρόεσσαν ἔμοι στήσειεν Ἐνυῶ,
θυγατέρος κερόεσσαν ἑῆς ὠδῖνα γεραίρων,
γνωτὸν ἔμοῦ Κρονίδαο πάλιν Φαεθοντίδι χάρμη
πόντιον ὕδατόεντα πυρὸς σβεστήῃρα κορύσσω:
195 Θρινακίην δ’ ἐπὶ νῆσον ἐλεύσομαι, ὀππόθι ποῖμναι
καὶ βόες αἰθερίοιο πυραυγέος Ἥνιοχῆος,
ἡελίου δὲ θύγατρα, δορικτήτην ἄτε κούρην,
Λαμπετίην ἀέκουσαν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δούλια σύρῳ,
ὄφρα γένυ κλίνειε: καὶ εἰς ὄρος Ἀστρίς ἀλάσθῳ,
200 μυρομένη βαρύδεσμον ὀπάονα Δηριαδῆα:
ἐλθέτω, ἣν ἐθέλῃ, μετανάστιος εἰς χθόνα Κελτῶν,
ὄφρα φυτὸν γεγαυῖα σὺν Ἠλιάδεσσι καὶ αὐτῇ
πυκνὰ φιλοθρήνοισιν ἐπικλαύσειε ῥέεθροις.

[189] “If the terrified chief of warmad Indians is sprung from Phaethon’s heavenly race, and if Phaethon should set up fiery war against me to honour his daughter’s horned offspring, I will arm once more my Cronion’s brother against Phaethon’s attack, a quencher for his fire from the watery sea. I will go to the island of Thrinacia, where are the sheep and oxen of the fireflashing heavenly Charioteer, and drag the sun’s daughter Lampetie under the yoke of slavery, to bow the knee like a girl captured by the spear. Then let Astris wander away to the mountains, to bewail her son Deriades a slave in heavy chains: let her go, if she likes, to settle in the Celtic land, that she also may turn into a tree with the Heliads and weep often in floods of sorrowful tears.

σπεύσατέ μοι καὶ κύκλα μελαρρίνοιο προσώπου
 205 Ἴνδῶν ληιδίων λευκαίνετε μύστιδι γύψῳ,
 καὶ θρασὺν ἀμπελόεντι περιπλεχθέντα κορύμβῳ...
 νεβρίδα χαλκοχίτωνι καθάψατε Δηριαδῆι:
 καὶ Βρομίῳ γένυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνων μετὰ νίκην
 Ἴνδός ἄναξ ῥίψειεν ἐὼν θώρηκα θυέλλαις,
 210 κρείσσονι λαχνήεντι δέμας θώρηκι καλύπτων,
 καὶ πόδα πορφυρέοισι περισφιγξειε κοθόρνοις
 ἀργυρέας ἀνέμοισιν ἐὰς κνημῖδας ἑάσας,
 καὶ μετὰ φοίνια τόξα καὶ ἡθάδος ἔργα κυδοιμοῦ
 ὄργια νυκτιχόρευτα διδασκέσθω Διονύσου,
 215 βάρβαρα δινεύων ἐπιλήνια βόστρυχα χαίτης.
 δυσμενέων δὲ κάρηνα κομίσσατε σύμβολα νίκης
 Τμῶλον ἐς ἡνεμόεντα, πεπαρμένα μάρτυρι θύρσῳ.
 πολλὰς δ' ἐκ πολέμοιο μεταστήσω στίχας Ἴνδῶν
 ζωγρήσας μετ' Ἄρηα, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ Λυδῶν
 220 πῆξω μαινομένοιο κεράατα Δηριαδῆος.'

[204] "Make haste, I pray, and whiten the round blackskin faces of the captive Indians with the initiate's chalk; and bring me the bold king swathed in clusters of vine; throw a fawnskin about Deriades in his coat of mail. Let the Indian king bend a slave's knee to Bromios after my victory, and throw his corselet to the winds, covering his body in a better corselet of fur. Let him press his foot into purple buskins, and leave his silver greaves to the breezes. After his deadly arrows and the deeds of battle which he knows, let him learn the nightdancing rites of Dionysos, and shake his curls of barbarian hair over the winepress. Bring enemy heads as trophies of victory to breezy Tmolos, pierced with the witnessing thyrsus. Many long lines of Indians I will bring away from the war alive after fighting is done, and I will fix on a Lydian gatehouse the horns of mad Deriades."

ὧς φάμενος θάρσυνεν: ἐπερρώοντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
 Σειληνοὶ δ' ἀλάλαζον Ἀρηιφίλης μέλος Ἥχοϋς
 καὶ Σάτυροι κελάδησαν ὁμοφθόγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν:
 καὶ τυπάνου κελάδοντος ὁμόθροος ἔβρεμεν ἤχῳ
 225 φρικαλέον μῦκημα, φιλοκροτάλων δὲ γυναικῶν
 χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίησιν ἀράσσετο δίκτυπος ἤχῳ:
 καὶ νομίη Φρύγα ρύθμῳ ἀγέστρατος ἴαχε σύριγξ.
 καὶ στρατιῆς προκέλευθος ἐπιβρίθουσα κυδοιμῷ
 Μυγδονίη μάρμαιρε δι' ἥερος ἄλλομένη φλόξ,
 Βακχείην πυρόεσσαν ἀπαγγέλλουσα λοχείην:
 Σειληνοῦ δὲ γέροντος ἀπ' εὐκεράοιο μετώπου
 230 μαρμαρυγὴ σελάγιζεν: ὀρεσσαύλοιο δὲ Βάκχης

[221] With this speech he gave them courage. The Bacchant women made haste, the Seilenoi shouted the tune of the battle-hymn, the Satyrs opened their throats and shouted in accord; the sound of the beating drum rang out, beating time with its terrifying boom, the rattling women clanged their double strokes with alternate hands; the shepherd's syrinx piped out its Phrygian notes to summon the host.

δέσμιος ἀπλέκτοισι δράκων ἐσφίγγετο χαίταις;
καὶ Σάτυροι πολέμιζον: ἔλευκαίνοντο δὲ γύψω
μυστιπόλῳ, καὶ φρικτὸν ἐπηώρητο παρειαῖς
235 ψευδομένου νόθον εἶδος ἄφωνήτοιο προσώπου.
καὶ τις ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισι μεμνηνότα τίγριν ἱμάσσων
δίφρα διεπτοίησεν ὁμοζυγέων ἑλεφάντων:
καὶ πολὺς κεκόρυστο Μάρων ἑλικώδεϊ θαλλῷ,
240 ἡμερίδων ὄρηκι διασχίζων δέμας Ἴνδῶν

[231] In front of the army, pushing to the fray, the Mygdonian torch shone leaping through the air, proclaiming the fiery birth of Bacchos. The horned brow of old Seilenos sparkled with light; snakes were twined in the unplaited hair of the hillranging Bacchant women. The Satyrs also fought; they were whitened with mystic chalk, and on their cheeks hung the terrifying false mask of a sham voiceless face. One lashing a maddened tiger against his foes scattered the cars of linked elephants. Hoary Maron was armed with a clustering shoot, and pierced the bodies of fighting Indians with a branch of garden-vine.

μαρναμένων. — καὶ πάντες, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
Ζηνὶ παρεδριώνοντες ἔσω θεοδέγμονος αὐλῆς
πασσυδὸν ἡγορόωντο πολυχρύσων ἐπὶ θώκων.
τοῖσι δὲ δαινυμένοισιν ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσων
245 εὐχαίτης γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἐωνοχόει Γανυμήδης.
οὐ τότε γὰρ Τρώεσσιν Ἀχαιικὸς ἔβρεμεν Ἄρης,
ὥς πάρος ὄφρα κύπελλα πάλιν μακάρεσσι κεράσῃ
ἦβη καλλιέθειρα, καὶ ἀθανάτων ἐκὰς εἴη
Τρώιος οἶνοχόος, μὴ πατρίδος οἶτον ἀκοῦσῃ.
250 τοῖσι συναγρομένοις ἀγορήσατο μητίετα Ζεὺς,
ἔννεπε δ' Ἀπόλλωνι καὶ Ἥφαιστῳ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ:

[241] All the inhabitants of Olympus were sitting with Zeus in his godwelcoming hall, gathered in full company on golden thrones. As they feasted, fair-hair Ganymedes drew delicious nectar from the mixing-bowl and carried it round. For then there was no noise of Achaian war for the Trojans as once there was, that Hebe with her lovely hair might again mix the cups, and

the Trojan cupbearer might be kept apart from the immortals, so as not to hear the fate of his country. Now Zeus Allwise addressed the assembly, and spoke to Apollo and Hephaistos and Athena:

‘ἄξονος ὀμφαίοιο θεηγόρε κοίρανε Πυθοῦς,
τοξοσύνης σκηπτοῦχε, σελασφόρε, σύγγonne Βάκχου,
μνώεο Παρνησσοῖο καὶ ὑμετέρου Διονύσου:
255 ἄμπελος οὐ σε λέληθεν ἐφήμερος: οἷσθα καὶ αὐτὴν
ἀμφοτέρων σκοπέλων διδυμάονα μύστιδα πεύκην:
ἀλλὰ κασιγνήτοιο τεοῦ προμάχιζε Λυαίου,
Βασσαριδῶν ἐπίκουρος Ὀλύμπια τόξα τιταίων:
Παρνησσοῦ δὲ γέραιρε τεῆν ξυνήονα πέτρην,
260 ὀππόθι κωμάζουσα χοροῖτυπος ἴαχε Βάκχη,
σοὶ μέλος ἐντύνουσα καὶ ἀγρύπνῳ Διονύσῳ,
Δελφικὸν ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμόζυγον ἀψαμένη πῦρ.
μνώεο σῆς, κλυτότοξε, λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης:
δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροισι, καὶ Ἀγρεί καὶ Διονύσῳ:
265 ὥς Νόμιος Σατύρων νομίῳ προμάχιζε γενέθλης.
Ἥρης ζῆλον ἄλαλκε βαρύφρονα, μή ποτε Φοίβου
μητρυιὴ γελάσειε Διωνύσοιο φυγόντος,
ἢ τις ἐμῶν μεθέπουσα χόλον καὶ ζῆλον ἐρώτων
αἰὲν ἐμοῖς τεκέεσσι κορύσσεται: οὐ σε διδάξω
270 μητέρος ὑμετέρης λόχιον πόνον, ἥνικα παίδων
δίζυγα φόρτον ἔχουσα πολὺπλανος ἦιε Λητώ,
κέντροις παιδογόνοισιν ἱμασσομένη τοκετοῖο,
ὀππότε Πηνειοῖο φυγὰς ῥέος, ὀππότε Δίρκῃ
μητέρα σὴν ἀπέειπεν, ὅτε δρόμον εἶχε καὶ αὐτὸς
275 Ἀσωπὸς βαρύγουνος ὀπίστερον ἵχνος ἐλίσσων,
εἰσόκε Δῆλος ἄμυνε μογοστόκος, εἰσόκε Λητώ
οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισι γέρων μαιώσατο φοῖνιξ.

[252] “Prophetic sovereign of the prophetic axle of Pytho, Prince of Archery, lightbringer, brother of Bacchos, remember Parnassos and your Dionysos! You did not fail to see Ampelos who lived but a day; you know also the double mystic torch of the double peaks. Come now, fight for Lyaaios your brother! Bend your Olympian bow to help the Bassarids. Glorify the cliff of your Parnassos common to both, where the Bacchant woman holding revel has raised her voice in song to you and sleepless Dionysos, and kindled one common Delphian flame for both. Remember your lionslaying Cyrene, illustrious Archer! Be gracious to Agreus and Dionysos both: as the Herdsman, fight for the generation of Satyr herdsmen. Repel the heavyhearted jealousy of Hera, that the stepmother of Apollo may not laugh to see Dionysos run! She always cherishes jealousy and resentment for my loves, and attacks my children. I will not remind you of your mother’s tribulation in childbirth,

when Leto carried her twin burden and had to wander over the world, tormented with the pangs of childbirth; when the stream of Peneios fled from her, when Dirce refused your mother, when Asopos himself made off dragging his lame leg behind him — until Delos gave help to her labour, until the old palmtree played the midwife for Leto with her poor little leaves.

καὶ σὺ, Διδὸς πατέρος καὶ μητέρος ἄτρομε κούρη,
γνωτῶ, Παλλάς, ἄμυνε τεῆς κοσμήτορι πάτρης:
280 ῥῦεο σοὺς ναετῆρος ἐφεσπομένους Διονύσῳ,
μηδὲ τεοῦ Μαραθῶνος ὀλωλότα τέκνα νοήσης:
ἄκταις δὲ γέραιρε φερέπτολιν ὄζον ἐλαίης:
Ἰκαρίῳ δὲ γέροντι χαρίζεο: καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνῳ
δώσει ποικιλόβοτρυς ἐὴν Διόνυσος ὀπώρην:
285 μνώεο Τριπτολέμοιο καὶ εὐαρότου Κελεοῖο,
μὴ ταλάρους γονόεντας ἀτιμήσης Μετανείρης:
καὶ γὰρ ἀοσητῆρος ἐρισταφύλου σέο Βάκχου
Ζεὺς γονόεις ὠδίνα πατὴρ ἐγκύμονι μηρῶ,
θηλυτέρην δ' ἐλόχευσε τεὴν ὠδίνα καρήνῳ.
290 ἀλλὰ τεὴν δονέουσα γενέθλιον ἦλικά λόγχην,
αἰγίδα δ' αἰθύσσουσα κυβερνήτειραν Ἐννοῦς,
γινέο μοι Σατύροισι βοηθός, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
αἰγὸς ὄρεσσινόμου λασίους φορέουσι χιτῶνας:
καὶ θεὸς ἀγρονόμων, νομῆς σύριγγος ἀνάσσει,
295 αἰγίδος ὑμετέρης ἐπιδεύεται αἰγίβοτος Πάν,
ὃς πρὶν ἀσυλήτοισιν ἐμοῖς σκήπτροις συνερίζων
μάρνατο Τιτήνεσσι, γαλακτοφόρου δὲ τιθήνης
αἰγὸς Ἀμαλθείης ὄρεσίδρομος ἔπλετο ποιμήν:
ῥυεὸ μιν μετόπισθε βοηθὸν Ἀτθίδι χάρμη,
300 Μηδοφόνον ῥυτῆρα τινασσομένου Μαραθῶνος:
αἰγίδα σεῖο τίνασσε προασπίζουσα Λυαίου,
σεῖο κασιγνήτου μελαναἰγίδος, ὃς σέο πάτρην
ῥύσεται ἐξελάσας Βοιώτιον ἠγεμονῆα:
καὶ μέλος ἀείσει ζωάγριον ἀστὸς Ἐλευθοῦς
305 πιστὸν ἀνευάζων Ἀπατούριον υἷα Θυώνης,
εἰ μιγάδην Φρύγα ῥυθμὸν ἀνακρούσουσιν Ἀθῆναι
λιμναῖον μετὰ Βάκχον Ἐλευσινίῳ Διονύσῳ.

[278] “And you, Pallas, fearless daughter, for whom Zeus was father and mother both, help your brother, the ornament of your country! Save your people who are following Dionysos, do not look on while the sons of your Marathon perish! Glorify the growth of your Athenian olive, which gave you a city. Grant this grace to old Icaros, for one day Dionysos will give his rich bunches of fruit to him also. Remember Triptolemos and the good plowman Celeos, and do not insult the fruitful baskets of Metaneira. For Zeus your

fruitful father bore the birthpangs of the helper, your Bacchos of the vine, in his pregnant thigh, and you, the girl-child, in his head. Come now, raise the lance born along with you, shake your goatcape the aegis, the governor of war, be helper to my Satyrs, because they also wear hairy skins of the mountain goats; the god of countrymen himself, lord of the shepherd's pipes, goatfoot Pan, needs your aegis-cape. He once helped to defend my inviolable sceptre and fought against the Titans, he once was mountain-ranging shepherd of the goat Amaltheia my nurse, who gave me milk; save him, for he in the aftertime shall help the Athenian battle, he shall slay the Medes and save shaken Marathon. Shake your aegis-cape and protect Lyaïos, your brother in his black goatskin-cape, who shall drive out the Boiotian captain and save your country; then the citizen of Eleutho shall sing a hymn of salvation, calling Euoi for Apaturios the faithful son of Thyone, if Athens shall celebrate together in Phrygian tune, after her Limnaian Bacchos, Dionysos of Eleusis.

ὦ γένος ἄλλοπρόσαλλον Ὀλύμπιον: ἃ μέγα θαῦμα:
ξεῖνῳ Δηριαδῇι παρίσταται Ἀργολὶς Ἥρη,
310 Κεκροπίδας δὲ φάλαγγας ἀνάινεται Ἀτθὶς Ἀθήνη,
μητρὶ δὲ πιστὰ φέρων, ἐμὸν υἱέα Βάκχον ἐάσας
καὶ στρατιὴν Θρήισαν ἐφρespoμένην Διονύσῳ,
ῥύεται Ἴνδὸν ὄμιλον ἐμὸς Θρηήκιος Ἄρης.
ἀλλὰ πυρὶ φλογόεντι συναιχμαζών Διονύσῳ,
315 μοῦνος ἐγὼ πάντεσσι κορύσσομαι, εἰσόκε Βάκχος
κυανέην προθέλυμνον ἀιστώσειε γενέθλην.
καὶ σὺ, τελεσσιγόνου φιλοπάρθενε νυμφίε Γαίης,
ἡρεμέεις, Ἦφαιστε, καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγεις Μαραθῶνος,
ἦχι θεᾶς ἀγάμου γάμιον σέλας; οὗ σε διδάξω
320 μυστιπόλους σπινθῆρας ἀειφανέος σέο λύχνου.
λάρνακα παιδοκόμου μιμνήσκεο παρθενεῶνος,
ὦ ἔνι κοῦρος ἔην Γαίης, ὦ ἔνι κούρη
σὸν σπόρον αὐτοτέλεστον ἀνέτρεφεν ἄρσενι μαζῶ:
σὸν πέλεκυν κούφιζε μογοστόκον, ὄφρα σαώσης
325 σὼ λοχίῳ βουπλῆγι τεῆς ναετῆρας Ἀθήνης.
ἡρεμέεις, Ἦφαιστε, καὶ οὐ σέο τέκνα σαώσεις;
ἡθάδα πυρσὸν ἄειρε προασπιστῆρα Καβείρων,
ὄμμα δὲ σεῖο τίταινε, καὶ ἀρχαίην σέο νύμφην
μεφομένην σκοπίαζε τήν φιλόπαιδα Καβειρώ:
330 Λημνιάς Ἀλκιμάχεια τεῆς ἐπιδεύεται ἀλκῆς.'

[308] "O you family of Olympos, facing all ways! Ah, here is a great marvel! Hera of Argos stands by Deriades the foreigner; Athena of Attica renounces the warriors of Cecrops; my own Ares of Thrace true to his mother deserts my son Bacchos, and the Thracian host which follows Dionysos, and saves an Indian horde! But I alone fight for Dionysos with my blazing fire, one against

all, until Bacchos shall destroy the black nation root and branch. And you Hephaistos, lover of the Maiden, bridegroom of creative Earth, do you sit still and care nothing for Marathon, where the wedding torch of the unwedded goddess is shining? I will not remind you of the mystical sparks of your everburning light. Remember the casket in that childcherishing maiden chamber, in which was the son of Earth, in which the Girl nursed your selfbegotten offspring with her manly breast. Lift up your axe that played the midwife, to save the people of your Athena with your delivering hatchet! Do you sit still, Hephaistos, and will not you save your children? Lift your accustomed torch to defend the Cabeiroi; turn your eye and see your ancient bride, your Cabeiro, reproaching you in love for her sons. Valiant Alcimacheia of Lemnos needs your valour!"

ὥς φαμένου σπέρχοντο θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
ξυνοὶ ἀοσητῆρες Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος ὁμάρτεε Τριτογενεῖη.
ἀθανάτοις δ' ἑτέροισιν ὁμίλεε σύνδρομος Ἥρη,
³³⁵ Ἄρεα χειρὸς ἔχουσα καὶ εὐρυρέεθρον Ὑδάσπην,
δυσμενέων συνάεθλον ὁμοζήλοιο κυδοιμοῦ,
τοῖσι Φόβος καὶ Δεῖμος ὁμέμποροι, ᾗσι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀντίπαλος Βρομίοιο φερέσταχυς ἔκετο Δηῶ,
ζωογόνῳ φθονέουσα φιλοσταφύλῳ Διονύσῳ,
³⁴⁰ ὅττι μέθης ποτὸν εὖρε, παλαιότερον εὖχος ἐλέγξας
Ζαγρέος ἀρχεγόνοιο φατιζομένου Διονύσου.

[331] After this appeal the gods who dwelt in Olympos departed in haste. Athenaia and Apollo united together as helpers, and fiery Hephaistos went along with Tritogeneia. Hera joined herself to the other party of immortals, leading Ares by the hand, and wideflowing Hydaspes, to help the enemy with equal ardour. Rout and Terror went in their company, and with them cornbearing Deo, the rival of Bacchos, being jealous of lifegiving Dionysos who loved the grapes because he had discovered the beverage of wine; and this dimmed the pride of ancient Zagreus, the god who first of all had the name of Dionysos.

BOOK 28

εἰκοστὸν σκοπίαζε καὶ ὄγδοον, ὀππόθι πολλήν
Κυκλώπων πυρόεσσαν ἔσαθρήσειας Ἐνυῶ.
ἐνθά τις ἀπρήνυτος ἔην ἕρις: ἀμφότεροι γάρ
Φαῦνος Ἀρισταῖος τε μίαν συνέλασσαν Ἐνυῶ,
οἷσιν ἐφωμάρτησε καὶ Αἰακός, ἄξια ῥέζων
Ζηνὸς ἐοῦ γενετῆρος, ὑπὲρ νώτοιο τιταίνων
5 ἀσπίδα χαλκείην πολυδαίδαλον, ἥς ἐνὶ κύκλῳ
δαίδαλα πολλὰ πέπαστο, τὰ περ κάμε Λήμνιος ἄκμων.

BOOK XXVIII

*Look at the twenty-eighth also, where you will see a great fiery fight of
Cyclopians.*

Now there was implacable conflict; for both Phaunos and Aristaios fought side by side, and Aiacos joined them, doing deeds worthy of Zeus his father, shaking the shield over his back, that shield of bronze curiously wrought on its disc with many patterns of fine art, which the Lemnian anvil had made.

καὶ στρατιῇ κεκόρυστο πολύτροπος εἰς μόθον Ἴνδῶν
σπερχομένων ἀγεληδόν: ὁ μὲν ταμεσίχροϊ κισσῷ
κραιπνὸς ἐς ὕσμινην πολυδαίδαλα δίφρα νομεύων
10 πορδαλίων ἐπέβαινεν, ὁ δὲ φρίσσοντι λεπάδνῳ
ζεῦξεν Ἐρυθραίων ὀρεσιδρομον ἄρμα λεόντων
καὶ βλοσυρὴν ἴθυνε συνωρίδα, κυανέας δὲ
ἄλλος ἐριπτοίητος ἀκοντίζων στίχας Ἴνδῶν
ἄστεμφῆς ἀχάλινον ἐτέρπετο ταῦρον ἱμάσσων,
15 καὶ τις ἀναΐξας Κυβελίδος εἰς ῥάχιν ἄρκτου
ἔχραε δυσμενέεσσι, καὶ οἶνοπα θύρσον ἐλίσσων
ἠνιόχους ἐφόβησε τανυκνήμων ἐλεφάντων:
ἄλλος ἀκοντίζων στρατιῇν ταμεσόχροϊ κτισσῷ
οὐ ξίφος, οὐ σάκος εἶχε περίτροχον, οὐ δόρυ χάρμης
20 φοίνιον, ἀλλὰ πέτῃλα φυτῶν ἐλικώδεα σείων
λεπτῷ χαλκοχίτωνα κατέκτανεν ἀνέρα θαλλῷ.
καὶ πάταγος βρονταῖος ἐπέκτυπεν εἵκελος αὐλῷ:
Σειληνοὶ δ' ἰάχησαν: ἐπεστρατόωντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
νεβρίδας ὥς θώρηκα κατὰ στέρνοιο βαλοῦσαι.
25 καὶ τις ὀρεσσινόμων Σατύρων, ἄτε πῶλον ἐλαύνων,
ποσσί διχαζομένοισιν ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν ἦστο λεαίνης.

[7] And the host came armed in all its many forms, hastening in troops to the

Indian War. One with his fleshcutting ivy stormed into battle, guiding a fine car with a team of panthers; one yoked lions of the Erythraian hills to his chariot, and drove the grim pair bristling under the yokestrap. Another sat tight on an unbridled bull, and amused himself by lashing its flanks, as he cast his javelins furiously among the black Indian ranks. Another leapt on the back of a bear of Cybele, and attacked the enemy, shaking the vinewrapt thyrsus and scaring the drivers of long-legged elephants. Another shot at the foe with fleshcutting ivy; no sword he had, no round buckler, no deadly spear of battle, but shaking clustered leaves of plants he killed the mailed man with a tiny twig. Thunder crashed like sounding pipes: the Seilenoi shouted, the Bacchant women came to battle with fawnskins thrown across their chests instead of a corselet. And a Satyr of the mountains sat astride on the back of a lioness, as if he were riding a colt.

Ἵνδοι δ' ἀνταλάαζον, ἀολλίζων δὲ μαχητὰς
βάρβαρος ἔσμαράγησεν ἀγέστρατος αὐλὸς Ἐννοῦς·
στέμματα μὲν κορυθεσσιν, ἐπέκτυπε δ' αἰγίδι θώρηξ,
³⁰ ἔγχεσι θύρσοις ἔθυσσε, καὶ ἰσάζοντο κοθόρνοις
ἀντίτυποι κνημίδες· ὁμοζυγέων δὲ φορήων
στοιχάδες ἀλλήλησιν ἐπηρειδοντο βοεῖαι,
καὶ πρυλέες πρυλέεσσιν, ἄερσιλιφῷ δὲ καρήνῳ
Μυγδονίην πῆληκα Πελασφιάς ὤθεε πῆληξ.

[27] The Indians on their part raised their warcry, and the barbarian pipes of war sounded to summon the host and assemble the fighting men. Garlands knocked against helmets, corselet against goatskin, thyrsus rushed upon spear, greaves were matched against buskins; rows of shields pressed against each other as the ranks which carried them met together, footmen against footmen; Pelasgian helmet pushed Mygdonian helmet with highnodding plume.

³⁵ καὶ κλόνος ἦν προμάχων ἑτερότροπος· ὃς μὲν αἰείρων
Βακχείης ἐλέλιζε μετάρσιον ἄλμα χορείης,
ὃς δὲ πεσῶν στενάχιζεν, ὃ δ' ἐκροτάλιζε πεδίλῳ,
ὃς δὲ τυπεῖς ἦσπαιρεν, ὃ δ' ἐσκίρτησε Λυαίῳ·
ἄλλος ἀπὸ στομάτων πολεμήιον ἦχον ἰάλλων
⁴⁰ Ἄρεος ἔγχος ἔμελπεν, ὃ δ' εἰλαπίνην Διονύσου·
καὶ τελετῇ Βρομίῳιο συνεσμαράγησεν Ἐνυῷ,
εὖϊα δ' ἴαχε ρόπτρα, καὶ ἡγήτειρα κυδοιμοῦ
λαδὼν ἀολλίζουσα συνέκτυπε πηκτίδι σάλπιγγι,
σπονδῇ λύθρον ἔμιξε, φόνον δ' ἐκέρασσε χορείῃ.

[35] Many and various were the fates of the fighting men. One bounded high in air with the Bacchic dance; one lay groaning upon the ground; one merrily

stamped his shoon; one gasped under a wound; one skipt in honour of Lyaïos. Another let out the wacry from his lips, and sang of Ares' lance, another of the festival of Dionysos; the warshout resounded together with the worship of Bromios, Euian tambours roared, trumpet blared with harp leading the combat and gathering the people, mingled gore with libation, confused bloodshed with dance.

45 ἔνθα πολὺ πρῶτιστος, ἔῳ ποδὶ κοῦφος ὀρούσας,
ἀντία Δηριάδαο κατηκόντιζε Φαληνεὺς,
καὶ τὺχεν ἀρρήκτοιο σιδηρεῖοιο χιτῶνος:
οὐ δὲ τιτανομένη χροὸς ἦψατο λοιγίος αἰχμή,
ἀλλὰ παραΐξασα πάγῃ χθονί: λυσσαλέος δὲ
50 Δηριάδῃ πέλας ἐχθρὸν ἐπαΐσσοντα νοήσας
ἀλκήεις ἐκίχησε Κορύμβασος, ἐσσυμένου δὲ
λαϊμόν ἀπηλοίησε μεσαίτατον ἄορι τύψας,
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἤμησε: δαΐζομένου δὲ καρήνου
αἱμοβαφῆς ἀκάρηνος ἐπὶ χθόνα πῦπτε Φαληνεὺς.

[45] There well to the front lightly poised on his foot, Phaleneus cast a spear straight at Deriades and struck the unbreakable coat of mail; the deadly point thus cast did not reach the flesh, but glanced off and stuck in the ground. Mighty Corymbasos noticed the enemy as he rushed at Deriades, and madly attacked him — struck his neck as he charged and sheared it through with his sword, mowing off the head: at the shearing stroke, Phaleneus headless and bathed in blood fell to the ground.

55 Ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ μόθος ὦρτο πολὺθροος: ἀκρότατον δὲ
Δεξιόχος Φλογίοιο μεσόφρυν ἔξεσε χαλκῷ,
πλήξας ἄκρα μέτωπα διχαζομένης τρυφαλείης:
αὐτὰρ ὁ ταρβήσας, ὀλίγον γόνυ γουνὸς ἀμείβων,
μηκεδανῇ κεκάλυπτο κασιγνήτοιο βοεῖῃ,
Δαρδανίης ἄτε Τεῦκρον ὀιστευτῆρα γενέυλης
εἰς σάκος ἐπαβόειον ἐδέχνυτο σύγγονος Αἴας,
60 πατρώῃ συνάεθλον ἀδελφεὸν ἀσπίδι κεῦθων.
αὐτίκα δ' ἐκ κολεοῖο Κορύμβασος ὄρ ἐρύσσας
αὐχένα Δεξιόχοιο κατεπρήνιξε μαχαίρῃ:
65 καὶ ταχὺς ἀσπαίροντι θορῶν περιδέδρομε νεκρῷ
οἰστρομανῆς Κλυτίος, πρυλέων πρόμος: ὑψιλόφῳ δὲ
κραιπνὸς ἐριπτοίητος ἀκόντισε Δηριαδῆος:
ἀλλὰ δόρυ προμάχοιο παρακλιδὸν ἔτραπεν Ἥρη,
καὶ Κλυτίῳ κοτέουσα καὶ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσω:
70 ἔμπης δ' οὐκ ἀφάμαρτε ταχὺς πρόμος: ἀλλὰ τορήσας
θηρὸς ἀμαιμακέτοιο πελώριῳ ἀνθερεῶνα

ὀρθοπόδην ἑλέφαντα κατέκτανε Δηριαδῆος:
καὶ μογέων ὀδύνησιν ὅλην ἔτιναξεν ἀπήνην
αὐχένι κυανέῳ περιδέξιος ἡλίβατος θήρ:
75 καὶ γένυν αἰθύσσων σκολιὴν προβλήτα προσώπου
αἰμοβαφῇ ζυγίων ἀνεσείρασε δεσθὰ λεπάδωνν:
ἀλλὰ πολυκλήιστον ὑπὸ ζυγὸν ἄορι κάμψας
αὐχενίων ἀνέκοψεν ὁμόζυγον ὀλκὸν ἱμάντων
ἡνίοχος ταχυεργός: ἀπ' εὐρυβάτοιο δὲ φάτνης
80 ὑψιφανῇ νέον ἄλλον ἐλὼν ἔξευξε Κελαινεύς.

[55] About him rose a tumultuous din. Dexiochos grazed the forehead of Phlogios, and his blade cleft the helmet and cut the brow: the wounded man, startled, moved back step by step and took shelter behind his brother's great shield, as Aias used to receive his kinsman Teucros, that shooter of arrows against the Dardanian nation, under his sevenhide shield, and sheltered his brother and comrade under his father's targe. In a moment, Corymbasos drew sword from sheath, and cut through the neck of Dexiochos with his blade. Quickly with a mad leap over the palpitating body came Clytios, a leader of the footmen, and raging wildly cast at high-crested Deriades; but Hera turned the spear away from the man, for she hated Clytios and Indian-slaying Dionysos both. Yet the warrior's quick shot did not miss; it pierced the monstrous throat of the straightlegged elephant which Deriades rode, and killed the furious beast. The mountainous creature in agony cleverly shook the whole car which he carried on his black neck; and shooting out the trunk which curved round his face, disengaged the bloodstained ropes of his yokepads. The driver quickly dived under the famous yoke, and sword in hand, cut the mass of knotted straps which held the yoke over the neck; then Celaineus brought a new one hightowering from the wide stables and got it ready.

καὶ Κλύτιος θρασὺς ἔσκεν ἀνεικέος ἐλπίδι νίκης:
Δεξιόχου δὲ φονῆα καλέσσατο θυιάδι φωνῇ,
λοιγίον ὕβριστῆρι χέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι:
'στῆθι, κύων, μὴ φεῦγε, Κορύμβασε, καὶ σε διδάξω,
οἷοι ἀκοντιστῆρες ὁπάονές εἰσι Λυαίου.

[81] Now Clytios grew bold with hope of victory undisputed. He challenged the slayer of Dexiochos in a madman's voice, and uttered fatal words with insulting tongue:

ὕμέας εἰς Φρυγίην ληίσσομαι, ἄστεα δ' Ἰνδῶν
85 δηώσει δόρυ τοῦτο, καὶ Ἰνδοφόνον μετὰ νίκην
Δηριάδην θεράποντα Διωνύσοιο τελέσω:

παρθενικὴ δ' ἀνάεδνος ἔην λύσειε κορείην,
90 δεχνυμένη Σατύροιο δασυστέρνους ὕμεναίους,
Ἴνδῃ Μυγδονίῳ μαινομένη σχεδὸν Ἑρμοῦ.'

[84] "Stand, dog! Flee not from me, Corymbasos! I will show you what javelin-throwers are the servants of Lyaïos! I will lead you all captive into Phrygia — this my spear shall devastate the cities of India — after the Indian-slaying victory I will make Deriades the lackey of Dionysos! The virgin shall loose her maidenhood without bridegifts — she shall accept a shaggy-chested Satyr for husband, an Indian ravished beside Mygdonian Hermos!"

ὥς φαμένου κεχόλωτο Κορύμβασος, ὀψιμόθου δὲ
φθεγγομένου Κλυτίῳ διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα:
καὶ κεφαλὴν πεπότητο μετάρσιος ἄλματι Μοίρης,
αἵμαλέν ῥαθάμιγγι περιρραίνουσα κονίην.
καὶ νέκυν ὀρχηστῆρα παλινδίνητον ἔασας
95 Σειληνοὺς ἐφόβησε Κορύμβασος, ἔξοχος Ἴνδῶν,

[92] Corymbasos was infuriated by these words. Clytios was too late — the other shore through his throat as he spoke. The head bounded high with a leap of fate, raining drops of blood on the dust.

ἔξοχος ἠνορέην μετὰ Μορρέα καὶ βασιλῆα.
αἰχμητὴν δὲ Σέβητα βαλὼν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
100 χάλκεον ὤθεεν ἔγχος ἔσω χροός, αἵμαλέου δὲ
δούρατος ἐλκομένοιο χυτῇ κατέβαλλε κονίην.
Οἰνομάω δ' ἐπόρουσεν: ὁ μὲν φυγὰς εἵκελος αὔραις
εἰς στρατιὴν Βρομίῳ τεθηπότην χάζετο ταρσῶ:
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν ἐδίωκεν ὀπίστερος, ἐν δ' ἄρα νώτῳ
105 μεσσαιτῷ δόρυ τῆξε: διαίσσουσα δὲ ῥιπῇ
γαστέρος ἀντιπόροιο παρ' ἀμφαλὸν ἄνθορεν αἰχμῇ:
αὐτὰρ ὁ φοινίεντι πεπαρμένος ἀμφὶ σιδήρῳ
πρηνῆς ἀρτιδάκτος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίῃ:
τὸν δὲ κατὰ βλεφάρων θανατηφόρος ἔσκεπεν ἀχλὺς.
110 οὐδὲ μῶθων ἀπέληγε πέλωρ πρόμος: ἀλλὰ μαχηταὶ
τέσσαρες εὐπήληκες ἐνὶ κτείνοντο φονῇ,
Τυνδάρϊός τε Θόων τε καὶ Αὐτεσίων καὶ Ὀνίτης.

[96] Corymbasos left the dead body dancing and rolling on the ground, and scattered the Seilenoi, Corymbasos chief of the Indians pre-eminent for valour next to Morrheus and their king. He struck Sebes the spearman above the circle of his breast, and drove the spear of bronze into the flesh, drew out the bloody spear and left him there in a heap of dust. He leapt upon Oinomaos: he

was retreating quick as the wind with startled foot towards the army of Bromios, but the other saw him and pursued, and thrust his spear into the middle of his back — the point leapt in and went through the belly with the thrust and out at the midnipple. The man transfixed with the bloody steel and new-slain sprawled flat on his face in the dust; the mist of death came down on his eyelids. But the prodigious hero did not cease from slaughter. Four helmeted warriors were killed by this one slayer, Tyndarios and Thoon and Autesion and Onites.

καὶ πολὺς ἀρτιδάικτος ἔην νέκυς, οὐ χθονὶ πίπτων
πρηνής, οὐ δατέδω τετανυσμένος ὕπιος ἀνὴρ:
115 ἄλλὰ θανὼν ἀτίνακτος ἐπεστηρίζετο γαίῃ,
μαρναμένῳ προμάχῳ πανομοίος, ὥς δόρυ πάλλων,
ὥς τανύων θοὰ τόξα καὶ ὥς βέλος εἰς σκοπὸν ἔλκων.
καὶ νέκυς ἀλκῆεις ποθέων μετὰ πότμον Ἐνυὼ
νήματα Μοιράων ἐβίησατο, δούρατι κούφῳ
120 εἵκελος αἰχμᾶζοντι, πολυσπερέων ἀπὸ τόξων
ἐκ κεφαλῆς βελέεσσι πεπαρμένος εἰς πόδας ἄκρους,
Ἄρεος ὀρθὸν ἄγαλμα: καὶ αἰχμητῆρα θανόντα
ὄμμασι θαμβάλεοισιν ἐθήησαντο μαχηταί,
ἔγχος ἔτι κρατέοντα καὶ οὐ ῥίψαντα βοεῖην,
125 νεκρὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα καὶ ἄπνοον ἀσπιδιώτην.

[113] Many a dead man also was there, just slain, yet he fell not forward to the ground, he lay not stretched out on his back: no, though dead he stood firmly on the earth, like a warrior fighting in the front, as if poising a spear, as if drawing bow and aiming a quick shot at a mark. The valiant dead, yearning for battle after fate had found him, compelled the threads of the Fates, like one casting a light spear, pierced from head to foot with arrows from countless bows, a standing image of Ares. The warriors gazed with wondering eyes at the dead spearman, who still held his spear and had not dropt his oxhide, a spearman corpse, a targeteer without life.

καὶ τις Ἀθηναῖοιο τυχὼν δασπλῆτι σιδήρῳ
δεξιτερὴν ἤμησε, βραχίονος ἄκρον ἀράξας:
ἡ δὲ κυβιστήσασα φόνου βητάρμονι παλμῷ
ἥριπεν ἀρτιδάικτος, ὀμήλικι σύμπλοκος ὦμῳ,
130 ξανθὰ διαστίζουσα κατάρρυτα νῶτα κοινῆς.
καὶ νῦ κεν ἄλλομένης ταναδὸν δόρυ χειρὸς ἐρύσσας
ἔγχει τηλεβόλῳ παλινάγρετον εἶχεν Ἐνυὼ,
καὶ λαιὴ πολέμιζε δορυσσόος ἀντίτυπος χεῖρ:
ἀλλὰ μιν ἀντικέλευθος ἀνάρσιος ἔφθασεν ἀνὴρ,
135 καὶ λαιὴν προθέλυνμον ἀμοιβάδι τύψε μαχαίρῃ:

καὶ παλάμη χθονὶ πῖπτεν, ἀκοντίζων δὲ φονῆα
αἰμαλέης ἔρραινεν ἐκηβόλος ὀλκὸς ἔερσης
πορφυρέαις λιβάδεσσιν, ὑπὲρ δατέδοιο δὲ δειλὴ
ἄλμασιν αὐτοκῦλιστος ἐπάλλετο μαινομένη χεῖρ
¹⁴⁰ αἶματι φοινιχθεῖσα, καὶ ἀγκύλα δάκτυλα γαίῃ
εὐπαλάμῳ σφήκωσε μέσῳ γαμψώνυχι δεσμῷ,
οἷα περισφιγγουσα πάλιν τελαμῶνα βοείης.
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν Ἀρήια δάκρυα λείβων:

[126] One struck an Athenian, and shore off his right arm with the dreadful steel, cutting through the top of the shoulder; the limb just cut off with shoulder attached, fell rolling in the dance of death and scoring along a stretch of yellow dust. The man would have pulled the long spear out of the rolling hand and made fight again with a long throw, battling with spear throwing left instead of right; but an enemy blocked his way and got in first, cutting off the left at the shoulder in its turn. The arm fell to the ground, and a farshot spout of bloody dew struck the slayer and drenched him with crimson drops; on the ground the poor hand went madly rolling and jumping, reddened with blood, while the curved fingers caught a good handful of earth in its imprisoning clutch, as if gripping again the shieldstrap. The man shed a soldier's tears, and spoke:

‘ἄλλην εἰσέτι χεῖρα λιλαίομαι, ὄφρα τελέσω
¹⁴⁵ τριχθαδαίαις παλάμησιν ἐπάζια Τριτογενείης:
ἔμπης καὶ μετὰ χεῖρας ἀνάρσιον ἄνδρα διώξω:
τοῦτό μοι ἠνορέης ἔτι λείφανον, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ
εὖχος Ἀθηναίων περιδέξιον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοῖς
ποσσὶν ἀριστεύουσι δαΐζομένων παλαμάτων.’

[144] “What I want is another hand, that with three hands I may do deeds worthy of Tritogeneia! Never mind — I will pursue the enemy, if I leave my hands behind. So much remains for my valour! Then all may tell a double-handed glory for Athens, how her sons are heroes when their hands are cut off and they have nothing but feet!”

¹⁵⁰ ὥς εἰπὼν προμάχοισιν ἐπέδραμεν εἵκελος αὖραις,
ὕσμινην ἀσιδήρον ἐπεντύνων ὀλετῆρι.
οἱ δὲ μιν ἀθρήσαντες ἐθάμβεον ἄλλος ἐπ’ ἄλλῳ,
καὶ πρόμον ἡμιτέλεστον ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταὶ
ἀμφιλαφεῖς: ὁ δὲ μόνος ἀφειδέι δέκτο μαχαίρῃ
¹⁵⁵ πληγῇν ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἀμοιβαίῳ σιδήρου:
καὶ μόγισ εἰς χθόνα πῖπτεν: ἔην δὲ τις Ἄρεος εἰκόων
ὀπιγόνῳ ναετῆρι φυλασσομένη γενετῆρῃα.

[150] So saying, he rushed like the wind into the battle, and attacked his destroyer unarmed. The enemy stared at him in amazement one and all, and surrounded the half-soldier on all sides; he quite alone received stab after stab, as the steel struck again and again with merciless blows, until at last he fell to the ground, a warlike image preserving the memory of the progenitor for a citizen of later days.

οὐ τότε μοῦνος ὄμιλος ἐτέμετο πεζὸς ὀδίτης,
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἵππησιν ἔην φόνος· ἔστιχε δ' ἄλλος
160 ἄλλω πότμον ἄγων· ἐλατήρ δ' ἐλατήρα κινήσας,
ἢ προτέρω φεύγοντι μετάφρενα δουρὶ δαίζων,
ἢ σχεδὸν ἀντιόωντα κατὰ στέρνοιο τυχήσας,
ἵπποθεν ἀρτιδαίκτον ἀπεστυφίλιξε κονίη.
καὶ τις ὑπὲρ λαπάρην βεβολημένος ἵππος ὀιστῶ
165 εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζεν ἀπόσσυτον ἠνιοχῆα,
οἷος ἀερσιπότητος ἀλήμονι σύνδρομος αὖρη
Πήγασος ὠκυπέτης ἀπεσεισατο Βελλεροφόντην·
ἄλλος ἐριπτοίητος ὀλισθηρῶν ἀπὸ νώτων
ὄρθιος ἵππεις διὰ γαστέρος εἰς χθόνα πίπτων
170 κύμβαχος ἐστήρικτο παρήγορος, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
κρᾶτα βαλὼν ἐκύλισε, λιπὼν πόδας εἰς ῥάχιν ἵππου.

[158] Not only those who fought on foot were cut down; there was death for the horsemen too. On they went, one bringing fate for another. Rider caught rider, piercing his back with a spear as he fled before, or striking him face to face on the breast; he shook him away in the dust, new-slain, as he sat his horse. One horse struck by an arrow in the flank, shook off his rider headlong upon the ground, even as Pegasus flying high in the air as swift in his course as the wandering wind, threw Bellerophon.

Another in terror slipt off the horse's back and fell to the ground at full length over the horse's belly and hung by his side like a tumbler, and rolled along dragging his head on the ground with his feet on the horse's back.

καὶ βριαροὶ Κύκλωπες ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχητάς,
Ζηνὸς Ἀοσσητῆρες· ὁμιχλήεντι δὲ λαῷ
Ἀργίλιπος σελάγιζε φεραυγέα δαλὸν αἶρων.
175 καὶ χθονίῳ κεκόρυστο πυριγλώχινι κεραυνῷ
μαρνάμενος δαΐδεσσι· καὶ ἔτρεμον αἰθοπες Ἴνδοι
οὐρανίῳ πρηστῆρι τεθηπότες ἀντίτυπον πῦρ·
καὶ πυρόεις πρόμος ἦεν· ἐπ' ἀντιβίων δὲ καρήνοις
γηγενέος σπινθῆρες ἐτοξεύοντο κεραυνοῦ·
180 καὶ μελίας νίκησε καὶ ἄσπετα φάσγανα Κύκλωψ,
σειὼν θερμὰ βέλεμνα καὶ αἰθαλόεσσαν ἄκωκην,

δαλὸν ἔχων ἄτε τὸξα: καὶ ἄσπετον ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
Ἴνδόν ὁιστευτῆρι κατέφλεγεν ἄνερα πυρσῷ,
οὐχ ἓνα Σαλμωνῆα, νόθῳ δ' ἤλεγξε κεραυνῷ:
185 οὐχ ἓνα μοῦνον ἔπεφνε θεημάχον: οὐ μία μούνου
Εὐάδνη στενάχιζε μαραινομένου Καπανῆος.

[172] Now the grim Cyclopes, allies of Zeus, surrounded the fighters. Argilipos lifted a shining torch and shed light on the throng through the dark clouds. He was armed with a firebarbed thunderbolt from the underworld, and fought with firebrands: the swarthy Indians trembled, amazed at that fire so like the heavenly firebursts. A champion all of fire he was, and the sparks of earthborn lightning showered upon the enemies' heads. The Cyclops conquered ash-pikes and countless swords, shaking his hot missiles and his flashing points, with brands for his arrow's: one upon another, countless, he burnt the Indian men with the blazing shafts, chastising with pretended thunderbolt not one Salmoneus alone, slaying not only one enemy of God; not one Euadne alone groaned, or only one Capaneus was scorched up.

καὶ Στερόπης κεκόρυστο σέλας μιμηλὸν ἐλίσσων,
αἰθερίαις στεροπῆσι φέρων ἀντίκτυπον αἴγλην,
σβεστόν ἔχων ἀμάρυγμα, τὸ περ τέκεν Ἑσπερὶ φλόξ,
190 σπέρμα πυρὸς Σικελοῖο καὶ αἶθοπος ἐσχαρεῶνος:
καὶ νεφέλῃ σκέπας εἶχεν ὁμοῖον, ἐνδόμευχον δὲ
κρύπτε καὶ ἄψ ἀνέφηνε σέλας διδυμάονι παλμῷ,
φέφφρος οὐρανίοιο φέρων τύπον: ἄστεροπὴ γάρ
ἐρχομένη φεύγουσαν ἔχει παλινάγρετον αἴγλην.

[187] Steropes also was armed with a mimic lightning, which he brandished like the lightningflash of the sky, but an extinguishable brand, the child of Western flame, seed of Sicilian fire and that smoky forge; a dark pall covered it like a cloud, and beneath it he now hid the light, now showed it, in alternating movements, just like the flashes in the sky; for the lightning comes in flashes and goes again.

195 καὶ Βρόντης πολέμιζε μέλος κελαδεῖνδον ἀράσσω,
βρονταίοις πατάγοισι χέων ἀντίτυπον ἦχῳ:
καὶ ξεῖνῃ ῥαθάμιγγι χαμαιγενέος νιφετοῖο
ποιητὸν προχέων μινυώριον αἶθριον ὕδωρ
μιμηλαῖς λιβάδεσσι νόθος πέλεν ἀννέφελος Ζεὺς.
200 βροντῆς δ' ἰσοτύπου τεχνήμονα δοῦπον ἐάσας
εἰς φόνον ἀντιβίων Σικελῷ κεκόρυστο σιδήρῳ,
καὶ δονέων ῥαισθηρα μετάρσιον ὑπόθεν ὤμων
δυσμενέων ἥρασσε καρήατα πυκνὰ σιδήρῳ:

τύπτε δ' ἐπιστροφάδην ζοφερὰς στίχας, οἷά περ αἰεὶ
205 Αἰτναίῳ πατάγῳ σφυρήλατον ἄκμονα τύπτων.

[195] Brontes also was in the battle, rattling a noisy tune with a din like rolling thunderclaps: he poured an earthborn shower of his own with strange drops falling through the air, and lasting but a moment — an unreal Zeus he was, with imitated raindrops and no clouds. Then leaving the artificial noise of this mock thunder, he armed himself with Sicilian steel against the enemy; swinging the iron hammer high over his shoulders he smashed many an enemy head, and struck the dusky ranks right and left, with a clang like the blows as if he were ever striking on the hammerbeaten anvil of Etna.

καὶ σκοπιῆς πρηῶνα τανυκρήπιδος ἀράξας
ἔγχεϊ πετρήεντι κατέτρεχε Δηριαδῆος:
καὶ παλάμῃ περίμετρον ἀφειδεῖ πέτρον ἰάλλων
ἄντα κορυσσομένοιο μελαρρίνου βασιλῆος
210 στήθεα λαχνήεντα χαραδραῖη βάλεν αἰχμῇ:
αὐτὰρ ὁ τοσσατίῳ μεθῶν μυλοσιδεῖ πέτρῳ
στέρνον ὄλον βεβάρητο: φόνον δ' ἤμυνεν Ὑδάσπης
παιδὸς ἐοῦ βληθέντος. ὁ δὲ θρασὺς, ἔλκεϊ κάμνων,
ἀκαμάτων δόρυ θοῦρον ἔων ἀπεσείσαστο χειρῶν,
215 χάλκεον εἰκοσίπηχυ, πέδῳ δ' ἔρριψε βοείην
αἰδομέναις παλάμησι: καὶ ἄδρανὲς ἄσθμα τιταίνων,
μαρμαρέῃ γλῶχ' ἰνι τετυμμένος ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,
ἠερόθεν προκάρηνος ἀπ' ἠλιβάτου πέσε δίφρου,
ὥς ἐλάτῃ περίμετρος ὑπέρλοφος — ἡ δὲ πεσοῦσα
220 ἄσπετον εὐρείης περιδέδρομε κόλπον ἀρουρῆς — .
ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν προχυθέντες ἐς ἄρματα κούφισαν Ἴνδοί,
δειδιότες Κύκλωπα δυσειδέα, μὴ τινι ῥιπῇ
ὑψιτενῇ πάλιν ἄλλον ἐλὼν πρηῶνα κολώνης
πτηχαλέῳ βασιλῆα κατακτείνειε βελέμνῳ,
225 μῆκος ἔχων ἰσόμετρον ἀερσιλόφου Πολυφήμου.
καὶ βλοσυροῦ προμάχοιο μέσῳ σελάνιζε μετώπῳ
μαρμαρυγῇ τροχόεσς μονογλήνοιο προσώπου:
καὶ βλοσυροῦ Κύκλωπος ὑποπτήσσοντες ὀπωπὴν
θαμβαλέῳ δεδόνηντο φόβῳ κυανόχροες Ἴνδοί,
230 οὐρανόθεν δοκέοντες Ὀλυμπιάς ὅτι Σελήνην
γηγενέος Κύκλωπος ἐναντέλλουσα προσώπῳ
πλησιφαῆς ἤστραπτε, προασπίζουσα Λυαίου.

[206] Next he broke off a crag from a farspreading rock, and rushed upon Deriades with this stony spear. He hurled the huge rock with merciless hand against the blackskin king who stood ready, and struck his hairy chest with its

rocky point. The king was wholly staggered with the heavy blow of this huge millstone full on his chest, like a drunken man; but Hydaspes rescued his stricken son from death. The bold king, crushed by the blow, dropt the furious spear from his never-tiring hands, the twentycubit spear of bronze, and threw his shield on the ground out of his shamed grasp, with little breath left in him; struck on the round of his breast by the pointed stone, he fell down headlong out of his lofty car like a tall high-crested fir-tree, which falling encompasses a vast space of wide earth. The Indians crowded round him and lifted him into the car, fearing that the ugly Cyclops might get another crag of some lofty hill and throw again, and slay their king with the rough missile — for he was as tall as high-crested Polyphemos. In the middle of this grim champion's forehead glared the light of one single round eye; the blackskin Indians shook with wonder and fear when they saw the eye of the grim Cyclops; they thought Olympian Selene must have come down from the sky and risen in the earth-born Cyclops's face, shining with her full orb, to defend Lyaïos.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ, Κύκλωπος ἰδὼν μίμημα κυδοιμοῦ,
ὑψινεφῆς ἐγέλασσε, ὅτι χθονίων νεφελάων
235 δεχυνυμένη ξένον ὄμβρον ἀπειρήτου διὰ κόλπου
νίφετο μὲν τότε γαῖα, χυτὴν δ' οὐκ εἶχευ ἐέρσην
ἄβροχα νῶτα φέρων γυμνοῦμενα δίψιος ἀήρ.

[233] Father Zeus, seeing how the Cyclops imitated his own noise, laughed on high in the clouds that the earth was then flooded with a strange kind of shower from earthclouds upon its bosom, a new experience, while the thirsty air had no downpour through its bare dry expanse.

καὶ Τρᾶχιος κεκόρυστο· κασιγνήτῳ δ' ἅμα βαίνων,
ἡλιβάτῳ παλάμῃ δονέων σάκος ἶσον ἐρίπνῃ,
240 ὑψινεφῆς ἐλάτην περιμήκετον εἶχεν Ἐλατρεὺς,

[238] Trachios also reared his head: and Elatreus, marching beside his brother, held and shook a shield like a towering crag, and held a long fir-tree high in the clouds, sweeping off the enemies' heads with his treespear.

ἔγχεϊ δενδρήεντι καρήατα δῆια τέμνων.
Εὐρύαλος κεκόρυστο· διατμήξας δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ἐκ πεδίου φεύγοντα πρὸν στρατὸν ἄχρι θαλάσσης.
κόηπον ἐς ἰχθυόεντα περικλείων στίχας Ἴνδῶν,
245 δυσμενέας νίκησεν ἀκοντοφόρου διὰ πόντου,
ὄρθιον εἰκοσίπηχυν δι' ὕδατος ἄορ ἐλίσσων·
καὶ δολιχῷ βουπλήγι ταμῶν ἀλιγείτονα πέτρην
ῥῖπεν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν· ἀτυμβεύτοιο δὲ πολλοὶ

διχθαδῆς ἐνόησαν ἀλιβρέκτου λῖνα Μοίρης,
250 Ἀρεΐ κυματόεντι καὶ ὀκριόεντι βελέμνω.

[241] Euryalos reared his head. He cut off a large body of fugitives in the battle, away from the plain and down towards the sea, shutting the Indian companies into the fishgiving gulf; so he conquered his foes over the lancebearing main as he thrust his twenty-cubit blade through the water. Then with long poleaxe he split off a rock near the brine, and threw it at his adversaries; many then felt the threads of Fate in double fashion without burial, struck with the jagged missile, and brinedrowned in watery strife.

τοῖς ἄμα σύγγονος ἄλλος ἀριοτεύων Ἀλιμήδης
ἠλιβάτοις μελέεσσι πέλωρ βακχεύετο Κύκλωψ,
καὶ δῆιους ἐφόβησε: φυλασσόμενος δὲ προσώπου
360 κυκλάδος ὀμφαλόεντα προΐσχανε νῶτα βοείης.
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Φλόγιος κταμένων τιμήρορος Ἴνδῶν
τόξον ἐδὼν κύκλωσε, καὶ ἡνενόεν βέλος ἔλκων
μεσσοφνῇ πτερόεντι βαλεῖν ἤμελλε βελέμνω:
ἀλλὰ τιτυσκομένοιο μαθὼν ἀντῶπιον ὀρμήν
265 δόχμιος ἐσσυμένοιο βολὴν ἀλέεινεν ὀιστοῦ
Κύκλωψ ὕψικάρηνος: ὃ δὲ πρηῦνα τινάσσων
ῥῖπτε κατὰ Φλαγίου κραναὸν βέλος: αὐτὰρ ὃ φεύγων
ἄρμασι βουκεράοιο παρίστατο Δηριαδῆος,
καὶ μόγις ἡερόφοετον ἀλεύατο μάρμαρον αἰχμήν,
270 κέϊθι μένων: κοτέων δὲ περὶ Φλουίοιο φυγόντος
λοιγεον ἀνθερεῶνα διαπτύξας Ἀλιμήδης
δώδεκα φῶτας ἔπεφνε μιῆς μυκῆματι φωνῆς,
λυσσαλέης προχέων ὀλεσθήνορα βόμβον ἰωῆς.

[257] Another Cyclops of the tribe went raging and scattering his foes, the prime warrior Halimedes, a monster with towering limbs; guarding himself he held before his great round eye a bossy oxhide shield. Then Phlogios the avenger of the slain Indians saw him; he rounded his bow, and drew back the windswift shaft to pierce the eye in that forehead — and he would have done it, but as he aimed, the highheaded Cyclops saw the coming attack, and dodged the blow of the flying arrow by shifting aside. Then the other poised a rock and threw the rough missile at Phlogios; but he retreated and stood by the car of oxhorned Deriades, and thus just evaded the sharp stone flying through the air, and there he remained. But Halimedes, angry that Phlogios had retreated, opened his deadly throat, and with one loud roar slew twelve men by pouring out one man-destroying boom of his furious voice.

Κυκλώπων δ' ἀλαλητὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν Ὀηῦμπω

275 γλώσσαις σμερδαλέησι. καὶ ὄρησι τῆρες Ἐννοῦς,
Δικταῖοι Κορύβαντες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῷ.

[274] The warcries of the Cyclopes made Olympos ring with their terrible sounds; and the dancers of battle, the Dictaian Corybants, joined in the battle.

Δαμνεὺς μὲν πολέμιζεν ἀνάρσια φῦλα δεώκων...
ἐν πεδίῳ δ' ἀλαλητός· ὀρινομένησι δὲ Βάκχαις
Πρυμνεὺς εὐδῖος ἦλθεν, ἅτε πρυμναῖος ἀήτης

[277] Damneus fought and pursued the enemy tribes.... On the plain the warcry sounded. Prymneus succoured the excited Bacchant women, like a fair wind which blows astern and saves the mariner riding with the gales; full welcome he came to the army, as Polydeuces brings calm to buffeted ships when he puts to sleep the heavy billows of the galebreeding sea.

ῥύόμενος πλωτῆρα συνιππεύοντα θυέλλαις:
καὶ στρατεῇ πολέυκτος ἐπήλυθεν, οἷος ἰκάνει
255 νηυσὶ τινασσομένησι γαληναῖος Πολυδεύκης,
εὐνήσας βαρὺ κῦμα θυελλοτόκοιο θαλάσσης.
ποσσὶ δ' ἐλαφροτέροισι διεπτοίησε μαχητάς
ᾠκύθοος· πολέας δὲ κατέκτανεν ὅξει πότμῳ,
280 τὸν μὲν ἐνὶ σταδίῳ δαμάσας δορί, τὸν δὲ βελέμνῳ
τηλεφανής, ἕτερον δὲ ταμών δασπλήτι μαχαίρῃ:
ἄλλον ἔτι προθέοντα, πεφυγμένον εἵκελον αὔραις,
λυσσῆεις ἐκίχησε ποδὴν ἑμὰ γούνατα πάλλῳ,
εἰς δρόμον Ἰσίκλῳ πανομοίος, ὃς τις ἐπείγων
285 ταρσὰ ποδῶν ἀβάτοιο κατέγραφεν ἄκρα γαλήνης,
καὶ σταχύων ἐφύπερθε μετάρσιον εἶχε πορείην,
ἀνθερίκων πᾶτον ἄκρον ἀκαμπέα ποσσὶν ὀδεύων.

[278] Ocythoos with light quick step scared away the warriors. Many he slew with speedy fate, bringing down one with spear in stand-up fight, one with a shot at a distant view, cutting down another with horrid knife; another still running onwards and flying like to the breezes the furious pursuer caught, plying his knees and feet quick as the wind — as good a runner as Iphiclos, who used to skim the untrodden calm only touching the surface with the soles of his feet, and passed over a field of corn without bending the tops of the ears with his travelling footsteps. Ocythoos was like him windfooted.

ᾠκύθοος πέλε τοῖος ἀελλόπος, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
εἰλιπόδην ἔστησε Μίμας εὐρυθμου Ἐνῶ,
290 καὶ στρατὸν ἐπτοίησε, χοροῖτυπον ἄορ ἐλίσσων,

σερθημόν ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ἐνόπλιον ἴδμονι ταρσῷ,
οἷον ὅτε Κρονίοισατ ὑπ' οὔασι δοῦπον ἐλείρων
Πύρριχος Ἰδαίοισι σάκος ξιφέεσσιν ἄράσσω
ψευδομένης ἀλάλαξε μέλος μενεδήιον Ἥχοϋς,
²⁹⁵ Ζηνὸς ὑποκλέπτων παλινανξέος ἔγκρυφον ἦβην:
τοῖον ἔχων μιμηλὸν ἐνόπλιον ἄλμα χορείης
χαλκοχίτων ἐλέλιξε Μίμας ἀνεμώδεα λόγχην:
τέμνων δ' ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα, σιδήρεα λήια χάρμης,
Ἴνδοφόνους πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀμφιπλήγι μαχαίρῃ
³⁰⁰ δυσμενέων ἐτίταине θαλῦσια μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ,
ἀντὶ θυηπολῆς βοῆς καὶ ἐθήμονος οἴνου
λοιβὴν αἵματοεσσαν ἐπισπένδων Διονύσῳ.

[288] Mimas was in the thick of the fray, making a dance of battle with woven paces and frightening the host, swinging a capering sword, the dancer-at-arms skipping in dead earnest with knowing leaps; as once the pyrrhic dance raised a noise in the ears of Cronos, and clanged sword on shield on Mount Ida, and rang out a valiant din to deceive the enemy, as he screened the stealthy nurture of growing Zeus. So mailclad Mimas brandished his spear in air in mimicry of the dance-at-arms, as he cut down the heads of his foes, an iron harvest of battle; so he offered the firstfruits of the enemy to witnessing Bacchos with Indianslaying axe and doublebiting sword; so he poured his libation of blood and gore to Dionysos, instead of the sacrifice of cattle and the wonted drinkoffering of wine.

καὶ ποδὸς ἀσταθέος κυκλοῦμενος ἴδμονι ταρσῷ,
³¹⁰ σύνδρομος Ὠκυθῶ κορυθαίολος ἦιεν Ἄκμων:
μάρνατο δ' ἀστυφέλικτος ἄτε σφυρήλατος ἄκμων,
ἀσπίδα κουφίζων Κορυβαντίδα, τῆς ἐνὶ μέσσω
πολλάκις ὕπνον ἴαυεν ἐν οὔρεσι νημιάχος Ζεὺς:
καὶ Διὸς οἶκος ἔην ὀλίγον σπέος, ἐνθά ἑ κείνη
³¹⁵ αἰετὶς ἱερὴ γλαγόνεντι νόθῳ μαιώσατο μαζῷ,
ξεῖνον ἀναβλύζουσα σοφὸν γάλαγος, εὔτε βοεῖη
κλεψιτόκοις πατάγοισι σακέσπαλον ἔβρεμεν Ἥχῳ,
τυπτομένη μέσα νῶτα κυβιστητῆρι σιδήρῳ.
ὦν χάριν ἀσκήσασα λίθον ψευδήμονα Ῥεῖη
ἀντίδοτον Κρονέδαο Κρόνου παρέθηκε τραπέζῃ.

[309] Beside Ocythoos, Acmon with brilliant helmet moved his restless circling feet in knowing leaps. He fought unshakable like the hammerbeaten anvil of his name, holding a Corybantic shield, which had often held in its hollow baby Zeus asleep among the mountains: yes, a little cave once was the home of Zeus, where that sacred goat played the nurse to him with her milky udder

for a makeshift, and cleverly let him suck the strange milk, when the noise of shaken shields resounded beaten on the back with tumbling steel to hide the little child with their clanging. Their help allowed Rheia to wrap up that stone of deceit, and gave it to Cronos for a meal in place of Cronides.

Ὀξυφαῆς δ' Ἰδαῖος ἐδύσατο κῶμον Ἐννοῦς,
ὀρχηστὴρ πολέμοιο πολύτροπον ἔχνος ἐλίσσων,
305 ἄσχετος Ἴνδοφόνιοιό μοθου δεδονημένος οἷστρω.

[303] Sharp-sighted Idaios entered the revels of war, that dancer of battle turning his intricate steps, incessantly shaken with the mad passion for Indian carnage.

καὶ ζοφερὴν στίχα πᾶσαν ἀνεπτοίησε Μελισσεύς,
θάρσος ἔχων ἀδόνητον: ἐπωνυμίην δὲ φυλάσσω
φρικτὰ κορυσσομένης μιμήσατο κέντρα μελίσσης:
καὶ βαλίου Κουρήτος ἀκοντιστῆρα τιταίνων
320 μάρμαρον ἀντιπόροιο Μελισσέος ἥμβροτε Μορρεύς,
ἥμβροτεν: οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε μύλῳ Κορύβαντας ὀλέσσαι.

[306] Melisseus also scared all the dusky host with boldness unshaken. True to his name," he imitated the bee up in arms with her terrible sting. Morrheus hurled a hurtling stone against the quick Curetian who faced him, but he missed Melisseus, he missed him — for it is not seemly that a Corybant should be killed with a millstone.

Ξυνήν δ' εἰς ἓν ἰόντες ὁμόζυγον εἶχον Ἐνυῶ
325 Ἄρεος ὀρχηστῆρες ἀτερπέος: ἀμφὶ δὲ δίφρῳ
Δηριάδην στεφανηδὸν ἐμιτρώσαντο βοεῖαις
τεύχεα πεπλήγοντες, ἐν εὐρύθμῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
πύργον ἐκυκλώσαντο φεπρεσσακέεσσι χορεῖαις.
ἤχη δ' ἡερόφοιτος ἀνέδραμεν εἰς Διὸς αὐλάς,
330 καὶ κτύπον ἀμφοτέρων ἐπεδείδιον εὐποδες ἽΩραι.

[324] So the dancers of cruel war fought all together as one. Round the car of Deriades they gathered in a ring of shields, beating their armour, and surrounded the tower in rhythmic battle and shieldbearing dance. And the noise mounted through the air to the palace of Zeus, and the fairfooted Seasons trembled at the turmoil of both armies.

BOOK 29

εἰκοστῷ δ' ἐνάτῳ πολέμων ἀποχάζεται Ἄρης,
οἷά περ εἰς γάμον ἄλλον ἐπειγόμενος Κυthereijs.
Ἥρη δ' ὥς ἐνόησε δαΐζομένων στίχας Ἴνδῶν,
δύαμαχου ἔμβαλε θάραος ἀγήνορι Δηριαδῇ.
καὶ πλέον οἷστρον ἔρωτος ἐδέξατο δημοτῆτος
5 κυανέην στοιχηδὸν ὅλην περιδέδρομε χάρμην.
λαδὸν ὅλον φεύγοντα παλίσσυστον εἰς μόθον ἔλκων,
ἄλλον ἐνηεῖη μεταεὐμένος, ἄλλον ἀπειλῇ.
καὶ θρασὺς ἔπλετο μᾶλλον: ὀμηγερέες δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
κεκλομένου βασιλῆος ἐπὶ κλόνον ἔρρεον Ἴνδοι.
10 καὶ Σατύρων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐκηβόλος ἔσχισε Μορρεὺς,
πῆ μὲν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ὀπροθοτόνων ἀπὸ τόξων
πέμπων ἡερόφοιτον ἐπασσυτέρων νέφος ἰών,
πῆ δὲ παλινδίνητον ἐδὸν δόρυ θοῦρον ἐλίσσων
Σειληνῶν κερόεσσαν ἀνεπτοίησε γενέθλην.

BOOK XXIX

In the twenty-ninth, Ares retreats from the battle, being urged to another wedding by Cythereia.

WHEN Hera saw the companies of Indians being destroyed, she threw on proud Deriades courage invincible. The terrible king felt the pride of an intenser ardour for strife. He went about through the whole black army rank by rank, pouring forth his frenzied voice among the forefighters, and rallying all the fugitive host back into the fray, changing one man's mind by gentle words, one by threats. He grew bolder still, and the Indians themselves recovered and rushed into battle at the summons of their king. Then farshooting Morrheus cut through the whole body of Satyrs: now he discharged a cloud of arrows through the air from his backbending bow against his adversaries; now he cast his furious spear again and again, and disordered the horned generation of Seilenoi.

15 Εὐχαίτης δ' Ὑμέναιος ἐμάρνατο φάογανα σείων,
Θεσσαλικῆς ἀκίχητος ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν ἥμενος ἵππου,
Ἴνδους κυανέους ῥοδοειδέι χειρὶ δαΐζων:
ἀγλαΐη δ' ἥστραπτεν: ἴδοις δὲ μιν εἰς μέσον Ἴνδῶν
Φωσφόρον αἰγλήεντα δυσειδέι σὺνδρομον ὄρφνῃ:
20 καὶ δηίους ἐφόβησεν, ἐπεὶ νῦ οἱ εἵνεκα μορφῆς
μαρναμένῳ Διόνυσος ἐνέπνεεν ἔνθεον ἀλκὴν.

[15] Longhaired Hymenaios fought swinging his sword, out of reach on the back of his Thessalian horse, and cut down black Indians with his rosy hand. He blazed in radiance: you might see him in the midst of the Indians, like the bright morning star against ugly darkness. He drove the enemy to flight, since for his beauty's sake Dionysos inspired him fighting with strength divine.

τὸν μὲν ἰδὼν Ἰόβακχος ἀριστεύοντα κυδοιμῷ
τέρπετο, καὶ συνάεθλον ἔῃς οὐκ ἤθελε χάρμης
ἀστεροπὴν Κρονίωνος, ὅσον μελίην Ὑμεναίου.
25 εἴ ποτε πῶλον ἔλαυνεν ἀπόσσυτον εἰς μόθον Ἴνδῶν,
δαϊδαλέων Διόνυσος ἐμάστιεν αὐχένα θηρῶν,
ἵππῳ δ' ἄρμα πέλαζε παρ' ἡβητῆρι θαμίζων,
κοῦρον ἔχων, ἅτε Φοῖβος Ἀτύμνιον: ἴστατο δ' αἰεὶ
ἀγχιφανής, ἐρόεις δὲ καὶ ἄλκιμος εἶν ἐνὶ θεσμοῖς
30 ἡιθέω μενέαινε φανήμεναι: ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
καὶ νεφέων ἔψαυε συναιχμαζών Ὑμεναίῳ.
ἐν δὲ ἐμοῦνον ὄρινεν, ὅτι χθονίης ἀπὸ φύτλης
υἱὸς ἔην Φλεγῦας, καὶ οὐ Κρονίδαο τοκῆος.
καὶ οἱ αἰεὶ παρέμιμνε, πατήρ ἅτε παῖδα φυλάσσων,
35 δειμαίνων, ἵνα μὴ τις ἐκηβόλος ἰὼν ἰήλας
κοῦρον ὀιστεύσειεν: ἐπερχομένων δὲ βολάων
δεξιτερὴν ἐτίταινε προασπίζων Ὑμεναίου.
καὶ οἱ ἀριστεύοντι τόσῃν ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν:

[22] And Iobacchos was glad when he saw him a champion in the battle; he would not have chosen Cronion's lightning for ally in his war rather than the ashplant of Hymenaios. If he drove his colt into the throng of escaping Indians, Dionysos flicked the neck of his motley wild beasts, and brought up his car to the horse; he kept close to the youth, and took him as his boy, as Phoibos with Atymnios. He was always to be seen by his side, and desired the youth to notice him as lovely and valiant at once; in the conflict he touched the clouds with pride to be Hymenaios's comrade in arms. One thing only incensed him, that the boy's father was earthborn Phlegyas and not Cronides. He was always near him, like a father guarding his son, for fear that some farshooter might let fly an arrow and hit the boy: as the shafts came, he held out his right hand to protect Hymenaios as with a shield. He encouraged the young champion with such words as these:

‘πέμπε βέλος, φίλε κοῦρε, καὶ οὐκέτι μαινεται Ἄρης:
40 κάλλει Βάκχον ἔβαλλες ὀιστευτῆρα Γιγάντων,
βάλλε τεοῖς βελέεσσι καὶ ἄφρονα Δηριαδῆα,
δυσμενέων βασιλῆα θεημάχον, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ:
‘ἀμφοτέρων ἐτύχησε βαλὼν Ὑμέναιος ὀιστῷ,

εἰς χροᾶ Δηριάδαο καὶ εἰς κραδίην Διονύσου.”

[39] “Shoot your shot, dear boy, and Ares will cease to rage! Your beauty was the shot which hit Bacchos, whose arrows bring down the Giants. Shoot Deriades also with your shots, that foolish king of our enemies, that enemy of God; that men may say, ‘Hymenaios hit two marks with one arrow, the body of Deriades and the heart of Dionysos!’”

45 ὥς φαμένου Βρομίιο πολὺ πλεόν ἤψατο χάρμης
ἱμερόεις Ὑμέναιος ἐκηβόλος, ᾧ ἔπι χαίρων
οἰστρήεις Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο μᾶλλον ἔνυώ
καὶ ζοφερὴν προθέλυμνον ὄλην ἐφόβησε γενέθλην:
καὶ τις ἰδὼν Διόνυσον ἀφειδὲι λαίλαπι χάρμης
50 Ἰνδῶν ἀκόρητον ὀστευτῆρα καρήνων
τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε φιλοκτεάνῳ Μελανῆι:

[45] At this speech of Bromios, the lovely farshooter Hymenaios attacked the battle with more vigour than before; and Dionysos enamoured, rejoicing in him, rushed in with more fury and scattered the whole black nation out and out. One who saw Dionysos like a merciless tornado in the field, piercing Indian heads insatiate with his arrows, said something like this to avaricious Melaneus:

‘τοξότα, πῇ σέο τόξα καὶ ἠνεμόεντες ὀιστοί;
ἡμέας ἀβροχίτῳνες ὀιστεύουσι γυναῖκες.
ἀλλὰ βέλος προΐαλλε μινυνθαδίῳ Διονύσῳ:
55 μὴ σε παραπλάγξειεν Ὀλύμπιον οὔνομα φήμης:
μὴ τρομέοις ποτὲ Βάκχον, ὃς ἐκ χθονίοιο τοκῆος
ὠκύμορον λάχεν αἶμα, Διὸς δ’ ἐψεύσατο φύτλην.
δεῦρο βέλος προΐαλλε καί, εἰς σκοπὸν αἶ κε τυχήσης,
δέχνυσαι ἄσπετα δῶρα βαθυπλοῦτου βασιλῆος,
60 αἶ κεν ἴδῃ Διόνυσον, ἀγήνορα παῖδα Θυώνης,
πυρκαϊῆς ἐπιβάντα τεῶν δηθέντα βελέμνω:
ἐν δὲ βέλος λύσειεν ὅλον μόθον. ἀμφοτέροις δέ,
ὔδατι χεῖρας ἄειρε καὶ εὖχεο μητέρι Γαίῃ:
ῥέξειν δ’ ἀμφοτέροισι θυηπολίας μετὰ νίκην
65 ἀψεύστοις στομάτεσσιν ὑπόσχεο: καὶ παρὰ βωμῶ
ταυροφυῆς ἐχέτω κεραελκέα ταῦρον Ὑδάσπης,
γαῖα δὲ κυανὴ μελανόχροον ἄρνα δεχέσθω.’

[52] “Archer, where is your bow, where are your windswift arrows? Women in dainty dress are shooting their arrows at us! Come, aim a shot at shortlived Dionysos! Let not the legend of his Olympian name mislead you. Never fear

Bacchos, who has in him the mortal blood of a quickfated father, and lies when he calls himself son of Zeus. Here — let fly your shot, and if you can hit the mark, accept infinite gifts from our wealthy king, if he sees Dionysos, Thyone's haughty son, brought down by your shaft and laid on a pyre. One shot would finish all our troubles. Pray to both — stretch out your hands to the Water and pray to Mother Earth, and with truthful lips vow to both sacrifice after victory; at the altar let bullshaped Hydaspes hold a hornstrong bull, and let black Earth receive a black ram."

ὥς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ὀιστοβόλον Μελανῆα,
ἄνδρα νοοπλανέων κτεάνων δεδονημένον οἷστρω:
70 αὐτὰρ ὁ σιγαλέος γυμνώσατο πῦμα φαρέτρης
ἰὼν ἐλῶν προβλήτα, καὶ εἵρυσεν ἡθάδα νευρὴν
τόξον ὀπισθοτόνῳ παλάμης κυκλούμενος ὀλκῶ,
ἄκρότατον δὲ σίδηρον ἐρείσάμενος περὶ τόξῳ
φοῖνια νεῦρα βόεια πελάσσατο γείτονι μαζῶ:
75 καὶ βέλος ἰθυκέλευθον ἀπεπλάγχθη Διονύσου
Ζηνὸς ἐρητύσαντος, ἔυστεφάνου δ' Ὑμεναίου
αἰμοβαφῆς πετρόντι χαράσσετο μηρὸς οἰστῷ.

[68] With these words he persuaded Melaneus the archer, a man with a passion for mindbeguiling riches. Silently he took off the cap of his quiver and chose a long arrow; then drew back the bowstring as he knew how to do, until the bow was rounded by a backward pull of his hand: he brought the deadly oxgut close to his breast till the steel point touched the bow, and the shaft sped straight — but Zeus made it swerve aside from Dionysos, and the winged arrow pierced the bloodbathed thigh of garlanded Hymenaios.

οὐ δὲ λάθεν Διόνυσον ἀπήορος ἰὸς ἀλήτης
ἱπτάμενος ῥοιζηδόν, ἀφειδέι σύνδρομος αὔρη:
80 ἀλλὰ διεσσυμένοιο βολὴν θήλυνεν ὀιστοῦ,
καὶ φονίην ἀλάωσεν ἐκηβολίην Μελανῆος:
καὶ Παφίη γλωχῖνας ἀπηκόντιζε βελέμνου,
σύγγονος ἱμείροντι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,
καὶ βέλος ἔτραπτε τόσσον ἀπὸ χροός, ὥς ὅτε μήτηρ
85 παιδὸς ἔτι κνώσσοντος ἀλήμονα μυῖαν ἐλάσσει.
ἡρέμα φάρεος ἄκρον ἐπαιθύσσουσα προσώπῳ.

[78] But Dionysos failed not to see the arrow swerve aside, as it flew whizzing by, quick as the cruel breeze. But he softened the force of the flying shaft, and made of little avail the deadly longshot of Melaneus; the Paphian too brushed away the barbs of the shaft, in grace to a sister's love of Dionysos her brother, and kept the shot just out of the flesh, as when a mother drives off a vagrant

fly from her sleeping child, fanning his face with a corner of her robe.

καὶ χροὸς ἄγριον ἔλκος ἐρευθομένου διὰ μηροῦ
ἀγχιφανῆς Ὑμέναιος ἐδείκνυε γείτονι Βάκχῳ,
δάκρυ χέων ἐρατεινὸν ὑπ' ὀφρύσιν, ὄφρα νοήσῃ

90 δεξιτερὴν ἐπίκουρον ἀλεξικάκου Διονύσου,
ἱητροῦ χατέων ζωαρκέος· αὐτὰρ ὁ λευκῆς
χειρὸς ἔχων Ὑμέναιον ἐῆς ἐπέβησεν ἀπίνης,
καὶ μιν ἄγων ἀπάνευθε πολυφλοίσβοιο κυδοιμοῦ
νωθρὸν ἐπὶ σκιόεντι πέδῳ παρὰ γείτονι φηγῷ
95 θῆκε καρηβαρέοντα· καὶ ὥς Ὑάκινθον Ἀπόλλων
ἔστεινε ἀνδροφόνῳ βεβολημένον ὀξεί δίσκῳ,
μεμφόμενος Ζεφύρου ζηλήμονος ἄσθμα θυέλλης,
οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσος ἀνέσπασε πολλάκι χαίτην,
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ἐπικλαύσας Ὑμεναίῳ.

100 καὶ χροὸς ἐκτὸς ἐόντας ἰδὼν πώγωνας ὀιστοῦ
ἀσπάσιον λάχε θάρσος· ἀφ' αἵμαλέοιο δὲ μηροῦ
λευκὸν ἐρευθομένου διδυμόχροον ἔλκος ἀφάσσω
φειδομέναις παλάμῃσιν ἀνείρυσεν ἄκρον ὀιστοῦ.
δάκρυα δ' ἠβητῆρος ὀδυρομένοιο δοκεῦων

105 ἀμφοτέροις κεχόλωτο, καὶ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Μελανῇ·
καὶ γλυκεροὺς ἰδρῶτας ἀποσμήξας Ὑμεναίου
μεμφομένοις στομάτεσσιν ὑποκρυφίην χέε φωνήν·
ἄμπελον ἔκτανε ταῦρος, Ἄρης Ὑμέναιον ὀλέσσει.
αἶθε δὲ πάντα ἔπεφνε, ὅσους ἐκόρυσσα μαχητάς,

110 καλλείψας ἓνα μοῦνον ἀνούτατον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
ποῖον ἄχος κλονέει με δαΐζομένοιο Καβείρου;
ώτειλῇ Σατύρου πότε που, πότε Βάκχον ὀρίνῃ;
Σειληγὸς πεσέτω σταφυληκόμος· ἐσμὸς ἀλάσθω
Βασσαρίδων, καὶ μοῦνον ἀπήμονα παῖδα νοήσω.

115 ἰλήκοι κλυτότοξος· Ἀρισταίοιο πεσόντος
ποῖον ἐμοὶ ποτε πένθος, ἑυρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
κρείσσονα κικλήσκοντος ἐῆς ὠδῖνα μελίσσης;
οὐ τάχα μοι πέπρωτο φυγεῖν ποτε παιδὸς ἀνίνῃ,
ὅττι πάλιν τάχα τοῦτον ὀλωλότα παῖδα γοήσω.

120 τίς βαρὺς ἀμφοτέροις φθόνος ἔχραεν; εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
ῥῆ δερκομένη ζηλήμονι Βάκχον ὅπωπῃ
καὶ νέον ἀμητῆρα μελαρρῖνοιο γενέθλης,
ἠιθέω φθονέουσα καὶ ἱμείροντι Λυαίῳ
ὥπλισε θεοῦρον Ἄρηα βαλεῖν Ὑμέναιον ὀιστῷ,

125 Ἴνδῶν μεθέποντα νόθην ἄγνωστον ὅπωπῃν,
ὄφρα νόον δυσέρωτος ἀνιήσειε Λυαίου.
ἀλλὰ βέλος τανύων ἢ φοίνια τόξα τιταίνω
ψευδαλέῳ Μελανῇ κορύσσομαι, ὄφρα τελέσω

ποινὴν ἱμερόεντος ὀφειλομένην Ὑμεναίου.

130 αἶ κε θάνῃς, Ὑμέναιε, λιπὼν ἀτέλεστον Ἐνυῶ,
χάζομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ οὐκέτι θύρσον αἶρῶ.
δυσμενέας ξυμπαντας ἐγὼ ζῶοντας ἑάσω,
ἀμήσας ἓνα φῶτα, τεὸν Μελανῆα φονῆα.
οὐ κτάνε Δηριάδης σε, καὶ εἰ κοτέει Διονύσω.

135 ἰλήκοις, Κυθήρεια: μετὰ θρασὺν υἱέα Μύρρης
μειλίχον ἄλλον Ἄδωνιν ἀμειλίχος ἦλασεν Ἄρης,
ἦλασε καὶ ῥοδέου χροὸς ἦψατο, καὶ διὰ μηροῦ
ἄρτι πάλιν κελάρυζεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ λύθρος Ἑρώτων:
ἀλλὰ τεῷ ποθέοντι χαριζομένη Διονύσω

140 πέμπέ μοι ἐνθάδε Φοῖβον ἀδελφεόν, Ἴδμονα τέχνης

[87] Hymenaios came close to Bacchos, and showed him the angry wound on his reddened thigh. An adorable tear dropt under his brows, that he might make sure of the helping right arm of Dionysos his protector: he wanted a physician to save his life. Then Dionysos caught Hymenaios's white arm and helped him up into his car; he took him away from the tumult of battle, and made him sit down on the ground in the shade of an oak not far off, heavy and drooping his head. As Apollo bemoaned Hyacinthos, struck by the quoit which brought him quick death, and reproached the blast of the West Wind's jealous gale, so Dionysos often tore his hair and lamented for Hymenaios with those unweeping eyes. When he saw the barbs of the arrow outside the flesh, he was glad and took courage, and just touching the white-red wound with gentle hands, he drew out the arrow-point from the reddened thigh. Then seeing the tears of the sorrowful boy he was angry with Ares and Melaneus both. He wiped off the sweat from sweet Hymenaios, he said reproachfully under his breath: menaios! Would he had killed all the warriors whom I have armed, and left me this one unwounded! What pain troubles me if a Cabeiros is slain in battle? When could a Satyr's wound excite Bacchos, when, I ask! Let the grapewreathed Seilenos fall, let a swarm of Bassarids be scattered, so long as I see the boy alone unhurt. If Aristaios fell — forgive me, illustrious Archer! what should I care for one who calls the travail of his bee better than the drops of my precious vintage! I seem to be destined never to be without sorrow for some boy, now I seem likely to be in mourning again for the loss of this one. What heavy spite has attacked both! If I dare to say so, Hera looked with jealous eye on Bacchos and the young reaper of the blackskin nation; to spite the young man and enamoured Lyaïos, she armed furious Ares to shoot Hymenaios with an arrow, disguised unknown under an Indian shape, that she might plague the mind of Lyaïos deep in love. Well, I will assail this false Melaneus, aiming a bloodthirsty shot or casting a lance, that I may exact the price due for lovely Hymenaios. If you die, Hymenaios, I will leave this war unfinished, I will retreat from the battle and lift my thyrsus no longer. I will leave all my enemies alive, when I have mown down one fellow,

Melaneus your slayer. Not Deriades killed you, even if he hates me. Ungentle Ares has assailed another gentle Adonis after the bold son of Myrrha — forgive me, Cythereia! He assailed him and touched his rosy flesh, now once more the blood of all the Loves has trickled from a thigh on the ground. O be gracious to your Dionysos in his passion! Send me here Phoibos our brother, who knows the art of healing all pains, and he will make the boy whole.

λυσιπόνου, καὶ κοῦρον ἀκέσσειται. ἴσχεο, φωνή:

Φοῖβον ἔα κατ' Ὀλυμπον ἀκηδέα, μὴ μιν ὀρίνω
ἔλκεος ἱμερόεντος ἀναμνήσας Ὑακίνθου.

πέμπέ μοι, ἦν ἐθέλῃς, Παιήονα: κεῖνος ἰκέσθω:

¹⁴⁵ ἄμμορός ἐστι πόθων, ἀλλότριός ἐστιν Ἐρώτων.

ὠτειλῆς τύπον ἄλλον ἐσέδρακον: ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ κενεῶνα τυπεῖς φοινίσσεται αἰχμῇ,
ἄορι δ' ἄλλος ἔχει παλάμης πόνον, ὃς δὲ βελέμνω
εἰς λαπάρην, ἕτερος δὲ δι' οὐατος: ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ

¹⁵⁰ λοίγιον ἔλκος ἔχοντι συνουτήθην Ὑμεναίω.'

[141] "But stay, my voice! Leave Phoibos undisturbed in Olympos, or I may provoke him by recalling the wound of his beloved Hyacinthos. Send me Paieon, if it be your pleasure: let him come; he has no part in desire, he is alien to the Loves. This is a new kind of wound I have seen. On the battlefield a man is struck in the flank with a spear and the red blood runs, another has a sword-wound in the hand, another is shot in the side or through the ear; but when Hymenaios got his death-wound, I was struck to the heart with Hymenaios."

εἶπε καὶ ἐπτοίητο παρακλιδὸν ὄμματι λοξῷ

ὠτειλῆν χαρίεντος ὀπιπεύων Ὑμεναίου.

μηρῷ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φιλεῦιον ἄνθος ἐλίξας,

λευκὸν ἐρευθομένω διδυμόχροον ἔλκος ἀφάσσω,

¹⁵⁵ κοῦρον ἀνεζώγρησεν ἐῷ παιήονι κισσῷ,

οἶνον ἀλεξητῆρα περιρραίνων Ὑμεναίω.

ὥς δ' ὅτ' ὀπὸς ταχυεργός, ἐπειγόμενος γάλα πῆξαι,

¹⁶⁰ χιονέης κυκῶν ἀπαμείρεται ὑγρὸν ἐέρσης,

ὄφρ' αὖ μιν ἐντύνειε πεπηγμένον αἰπόλος ἀνὴρ

κυκλώσας ταλάροιο τύπῳ, τροχοειδέϊ ταρσῷ:

ὥς ὃ γε φοίνιον ἔλκος ἀκέσσατο Φοιβάδι τέχνῃ:

καὶ νέος ἀρτεμέων παλινάγρετον εἶχεν Ἐννώ,

χειρὸς ἀκεσσιπόνιοιο Διωνύσοιο τυχήσας.

καὶ βέλος ἠερόφοιτον ἐκηβόλον εἰς σκοπὸν ἔλκων

¹⁶⁵ τόξα πάλιν κύκλωσε, τιτυσκόμενος δὲ βελέμνω

ἀντιδοτὸν πόρην ἔλκος ὀιστοβόλῳ Μελανῇι.

[151] He spoke, and shivered as his eye glanced aside and saw the wound of charming Hymenaios. Gently fingering the twicolour white and red of the wounded thigh, he twined about it the plant of Euio, and gave the boy new life with his healing ivy, sprinkling Hymenaios with the wholesome wine. As the quickworking figjuice that curdles milk in a trice, mixes with the white liquid and takes away its wet, when a goatherd prepares to compress the stuff in the shape of a cheese-basket on a round mat, so quickly he made the bleeding wound whole by Phoibos's art; and the young man sound and whole began fighting again, after a touch of the healing hand of Dionysos. Again he rounded his bow and drew an airflying long-shot upon the mark; he took aim at Melaneus who shot the arrow, and dealt him a wound in revenge with his own arrow.

καὶ θρασὺς ἔσσυτο κῦρος· ἐφεσπόμενος δὲ Λυαίῳ
αἰεὶ φῶτας ἔβαλλε καὶ οὐκέτι λείπετο Βάκχου.
ὥς δ' ὅτε τις σκίοεις τύπος ἀνέρος, ἄπνοος ἔρπων,
170 ἀγχιφανῆς ἀχάρακτος ὁμόδρομος ἀνδρὸς ὀδεύει,
καὶ οἱ αἰεὶ σπεύδοντι συνέσπεται, ἴσταμένου δὲ
ἴσεται, ἐζομένου δὲ παρέζεται, ἐν δὲ τραπέζῃ
μιμηλαῖς παλάμῃσι συνέμπορος εἰλαπινάξει·
ὥς ὃ γε κοῦρος ἔμιμνεν ὁμόδρομος οἴνοσι Βάκχῳ.
175 οὐδὲ μάχης Διόνυσος ἑλώφειν· ἀλλὰ τορήσας
μεσσοπαγῇ κούφιζε πεπαρμένον ἀνέρα θύρσῳ
ὄρθιον ὑψιπότητον, ἐν ἡερίῃ δὲ κελεύθῳ
Ἴνδον ἐλαφρίζων ζηλήμονι δείκνυεν Ἥρῃ.

[167] Now the boy rushed boldly forward. He followed Lyaaios, and never fell behind Bacchos now, striking and striking the enemy. As the shadowy shape follow's a man, moving inanimate, marching close beside him without a mark on it, as it goes with him when he runs, stands when he stands, sits beside him when he sits, and at table shares the meal with an image of hands: so the boy kept beside Bacchos the winegod as he went. And Dionysos rested not in his fighting: nay, he ran a man through the middle and spitted him on his thyrsus, lifted him high aloft upright, and holding the Indian up in the airy ways displayed him to jealous Hera.

καὶ τελέων τρισσῆσιν ἐπωνυμίῃσιν Ἐννῷ
180 θεῖος Ἀρισταῖος, δεδαημένος Ἄρεος Ἀγρεύς,
ὥς Νόμιος πολέμειζε καλαῦροπα χερσὶ τινάσσων,
νυμφίος Αὐτονόης ἐκατηβόλος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
τόξον ἔχων κλυτότοξον ἐὼν μιμεῖτο τοκῆα,
θάρσος ἔχων ἔχων ὑπέροπλον ὀιστοβόλοιο τεκούσης,
185 Κυρήνης προτέρης Ὑψηίδος· αἰνομανῇ δὲ

δέσμιον ἐξώγησεν ἀνάρσιον ἄτρομος Ἀγρεύς
ἀγρεύσας ἅτε θῆρα: καὶ ἀντιβίων ὀλετῆρα
ἠθάδι χειρὶ τίτανε βαρὺν λίθον, οἷον ἐρείσας
πιαλῆς ἔθλιψε χυτὰς ὠδῖνας ἐλαίης:
190 δυσμενέας δ' ἐφόβησεν ἀγῆνορος ἠθάδι ῥόμβῳ,
σειῶν χαλκὸν ἐκεῖνον, ὃν ἐν παλάμῃσι τινάσσων
φοιταλῆς ἐφόβησε μεμηνότα κέντρα μελίσσης.

[179] That divine warrior also played his part, Autonoe's farshooting bridegroom, as befitted his three names, Aristaios the divine, Agreus the hunter wellskilled in war, Nomios the fighting herdsman cudgel in hand. He held his bow in the conflict, like his bowfamous sire, full of the pre-eminent courage of his archeress mother, Cyrene daughter of Hypseus in the olden time. Fearless Agreus hunted one mad enemy like a wild beast and took him prisoner. With experienced hand he hurled a heavy stone for the death of his adversaries, as if he were crushing and pounding the melting travail of the fat olive; he scattered his proud enemies with his favourite bull-roarer, swinging the bronze plate which he used to whirl when he scattered the maddened stings of the swarming bees.

Θρηκίης δὲ Σάμοιο πυρισθενέες πολιῆται
Λημνιάδος δύο παῖδες ἐβακχεύοντο Καβειροῦς:
195 Ἵφαιστου δὲ τοκῆος ἐρευθομένου πυρὸς ἀτμῷ
συγγενέας σπινθῆρας ἀνηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί.
τοῖσι μὲν ἐξ ἀδάμαντος ἔην ὄχος: ἀμφὶ δὲ πῶλοι
χαλκείῃ κροτέοντες ἀρασσομένην κόνιν ὀπλῇ
καρχαλέον χρεμετισμὸν ἀνήρυγον ἀνθερεῶνος,
200 οὓς γενέτης Ἵφαιστος ἀμιμήτῳ κάμε τέχνη
πυρσὸν ἀπειλητῆρα διαπνείοντας ὀδόντων,
οἷα καὶ Αἰήτη, βριαοῷ σημάτων Κόλχων,
χαλκοπόδων μόρφωσε συνωρίδα διζυγα ταύρων,
τεύχων χερμὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἔμπυρον ἱστοβοῆα.
Εὐρυμέδωυ μὲν ἔλαυνε, πυριβλήτῳ δὲ χαλινῷ
ἔμπυρον ἠνιόχευε σιδηροπόδων γένυν ἵππων:
205 χειρὶ δὲ Λήμνιον ἔγχος, ὃ περ κάμε πάτριος ἄκμων,
δεξιτερῇ κούφιζεν, ἐπ' εὐφύεσσι δὲ μηροῖς
φάσανον ἠώρησε σελασφόρον: εἰ δὲ τις ἀνὴρ,
ἀκροτάτοις ὀνύχεσσι λίθον τινὰ βαιὸν αἶρας
θηγαλέης ἥρασε πυριδρομα νῶτα μαχαίρης,
210 αὐτόματοι σπινθῆρες ὀιστεύοντο σιδήρου.
Ἄηκων δ' αἰθαλόεντι συνήρμοσε χεῖρα βελέμνῳ,
πατπῳῆς Ἐκάτης θιασώδεα πυρσὸν ἐλίσσων.

[193] Two firestrong citizens of Samothrace also ran wild, sons of Lemnian Cabeiro; their eyes flashed out their own natural sparks, which came from the red smoky flame of their father Hephaistos. They rode in a car of adamant; a pair of colts beat the dust with rattling hooves of brass, and they sent out a dry whinnying from their throats. These father Hephaistos had made with his inimitable art, breathing defiant fire between their teeth, like the pair of brazenfoot bulls which he made for Aietes the redoubtable ruler of the Colchians, with hot collars and burning pole. Eurymedon drove and guided the fiery mouths of the ironfoot steeds with a fiery bridle; in his right hand he held a Lemnian spear made on his father's anvil, and by his wellmade thigh hung a flashing sword — if a man picked up a small stone in his fingertips and struck it against the firegrained surface of the sharp blade, sparks flashed of themselves from the steel. Alcon grasped a fiery bolt in one hand, and swung about a festal torch of Hecate from his own country.

215 καὶ σάλαρον σείοντες ἀερσιλόφου τρυσφαλείης[215] The Dictaian Corybants joined battle, shaking the plumes of their highcrested helmets, rushing madly into the fray. Their naked swords rang on their beaten shields in emulation, along with resounding leaps; they imitated the rhythm of the dance-at-arms with quick circling movements of their feet, a revel in the battlefield. The Indian nation was ravaged by the steel of those mountaineer herdsmen, the Curetes. Many a man fell headlong into the dust when he heard the bellow of the heavydumping oxhides.

225 καὶ τις ἀερτάζουσα φιλάνθεμον ἔγχος Ἐννοῦς
Βασσαρίδης ἠκόντιζεν: ἀβακχεύτου δὲ γενέθλης
ἄρσενά πολλὰ κάρηνα δαΐζετο θήλει θύρσῳ.
καὶ λασίῃ παλάμῃ σκοπιὴν λοφόεσσαν ἀείρων
οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ταμῶν ἐκορύσσετο Ληγεύς,
230 πέμπων ὀκρίοεσσαν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἄκωκῇν.
Βάκχῃ δ' ἀμφαλάλαξε: καὶ ἀμπελόεντες ὁίστοί
κισσοφόρων παλάμησιν ἐδινεῦοντο γυναικῶν.
ἔνθα μέλος πλέξασα καὶ Ἄρει καὶ Διονύσῳ
Εὐπετάλῃ κεκόρυστο, φιλοσταφύλῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
235 κέντορα κισσὸν ἔπεμπεν ἀλοιητῆῖρα σιδήρου,
Ἴνδῶν δρυόντι γονὴν ὀλέκουσα κορύμβῳ.

[225] The Bassarid lifted her leafy weapon of war, and cast: from that Bacchos-hating generation many men's heads were brought low by the woman's thyrsus. Leneus cut off the peak of a hill to arm himself, and raising the crested rock with a hairy hand, he hurled the jagged mass at his adversaries. The Bacchant women shouted their warcry around, and vine arrows were whirled by the hands of ivy-bearing women. Then Eupetale wove a lay for

Ares and Dionysos, and attacking cast the piercing ivy, which smashed the steel with leaves of the vine, and destroyed the Indian nation with clusters of leaves.

καὶ δῆϊων κλονέουσα νέφος ῥηφήνορι θύρσῳ
Τερψιχόρη φιλόβοτρυς ἐπεσκίρτησε κυδοιμῷ,
κύμβαλα δινεύονσα βαρύβρομα δίζυγι χαλκῷ:
240 οὐτόσον Ἡρακλῆς Στυμφηλίδας ἦλασε βόμβῳ
χαλκὸν ἔχων βαρύδουπον, ὅσον στρατὸν ἦλασεν Ἴνδῶν
Τερψιχόρη κτυπέουσα χοροῦ πολεμήιον Ἠχῷ.

[237] Grapelover Terpsichore danced about in the turmoil, sweeping off clouds of enemies with manbreaking thyrsus, and swinging round the double plates of the heavyresounding cymbals. Not so loud was the bang of the heavy thumping rattle of Heracles, when he drove away the Stymphalian birds, as the noise Terpsichore made, when she drove away the Indian army with the battledin of her dance.

καὶ Τρυγίη βαρύγουνος ἐλείπετο νόσφιν ὁμίλου
ὑστατίη καὶ ἔπηξε φόβῳ πόδας: οὐδέ τις αὐτῇ
245 Σειληνῶν παρέμιμνε: λίπον δέ μιν αὐτόθι μούνην
ταρβαλέην, χατέουσαν ἀρηγόνος: ἀκροπότηρ δὲ
χεῖρας ὄρεξε Μάρωνι, Μάρων δ' ἀπέειπε γεραίην,
ὅττι χοροὺς ἀνέκοπτε φιλακρήτων Κορυβάντων
καὶ Σατύρων: αἰεὶ δὲ θεοῖς ἡρᾶτο δαμῆναι
250 γηραλέην ἀνόνητον ὑπ' ἔγχρῃ Δηριαδῆος:

[243] Trygie with limping knee was left behind the company last of all, her feet frozen with fear. Not one of the Seilenoi kept beside her; but they left her there alone frightened, without a helper. She held out her hands to Maron the hard drinker, but Maron would have nothing to do with the old woman because she only hindered the dances of winegreedy Corybants and Satyrs: he did nothing but pray to the gods to let the silly old hag fall before the spear of Deriades.

καὶ Καλύκη πολέμιζε παρισταμένη Διονύσῳ
οἰστρομανῆς. Τρομερῆς δὲ μέθης ἐλελίζετο παλμῷ
Οἰνῶνῃ προθέουσα: βαρυνομένη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
γούνατα μὲν μογέεσκε, φιλακρήτοιο δὲ νύμφης
255 οἰδαλέοι σμήριγγες ἐδινεύοντο καρήνου.

[251] Calyce also fought by the side of Dionysos, mad with fury. But Oinone ran to the front, and danced in the staggering steps of drunkenness. Her knees

were weary and heavy in the struggle, the tipping girl's soaking locks were swinging about her head.

καὶ στόνος ἦν βαρύδουπος· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Ἀστράεις Σταφύλην, Καλύκην δ' ἔδωκε Κελαινεύς.
Σειληνῶν δὲ φάλαγγα δορυσσόος ἦλασε Μορρεύς
θεινομένην βουπλήγι· μιῇ δ' ἔλατῆρος ὁμοκλήϊ
260 Ἀστραῖος δεδόνητο, Μάρων φύγεν, ὤκλασε Ληνεύς,
Σειληνοῦ τρία τέκνα δασύτριχος, ὃς διχα λέκτρων
ἄσπορος αὐτολόχευτος ἀνέδραμε μητρὸς ἀρούρης.
ἱμερτήν δὲ Δόρυκλος ἀνεπτοίησε Λυκάστην ...

[256] The din was deafening; with emulous tumult Astraeis chased Staphyle, Celaineus chased Calyce. Shakespear Morrheus drove off a company of Seilenoi, beating them with his poleaxe: at one shout of the driver Astraios was shaken, Maron fled, Leneus collapsed, the three sons of shaggyhaired Seilenos, who himself sprang up out of mother earth unbegotten and self-delivered; and Doryclos scared away the charming Lycaste....

τῇσι θεὸς χραίσμησε, νεουτήτων δὲ γυναικῶν
265 ἔλκεσι φάρμακα πάσσεν· Ἐνυαλίῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
τειρομένην ποδὸς ἄκρον ἀνάμπυκα ῥύσατο Γόργην,
κλήματος ἀμπελόεντι περισφίγξας πόδα δεσμῷ:
Εὐπετάλης δ' ἰχῶρα νεόσσυτον ἔσβεσεν οἶνῳ,
καὶ Σταφύλης χυτὸν αἷμα κατεπρήυνεν αἰοιδῇ:
270 Μυρτοῦς δ' οὐταμένην παλάμην ἰήσατο μύρτῳ,
καὶ Καλύβην ἐσάωσεν ἀνειρύσσας βέλος ὦμου,
ἔλκεϊ φοινήεντι περιρραίνων πόμα ληνοῦ:
Νύσης δ' ἄλγος ἔπαυσε νεουτήτοιο προσώπου,
χρίσας ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παρηίδα λευκάδι γύψῳ:
275 ὄμμασι δ' ἀκλαύτοισιν ἐπεστενάχιζε Λυκάστη.

[264] These the god helped, and besprinkled the womens fresh wounds with healing drugs. Unveiled Gorge he saved, when wounded in the foot by a hostile spear, wrapping the foot in a bandage of vine-leaves. He stanchd the newly-flowing ichor of Eupetale with wine, and stayed the stream of blood from Staphyle with a charm, healed Myrto's wounded hand with myrtle, saved Calybe's life by pulling the arrow out of her shoulder, and pouring the draught of the winepress on the bleeding wound; he ended the pain of Nyse's just-wounded face by smearing her cheeks on both sides with white chalk. With tearless eyes he mourned over Lycaste.

ἀλλ' ὅτε Βασσαρίδων ὀδύνας πρηῖνάτο τέχνῃ

θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος, ἐμάρνατο μείζονι χάρμῃ.
καὶ τις ἄμερσινόοιο κατάσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης
Βασσαρὶς Ἴνδον Ἄρηα μετέστιχε θυιάς Ἐννώ,
280 ἀμφὶ, σέ, Λύδιε δαῖμον· ἀπὸ πλοκάμοιο δὲ Βάκχης
ἀφλεγέος σελάγιζε κατ' αὐχένος αὐτόματον πῦρ.

[276] But after he had soothed the pains of the Bassarids by his art, Dionysos thyrsus-mad fought with still greater fury. One wild Bassarid, possessed by the throes of sense-robbing madness, was harrying the Indians in the conflict, for thy honour, O Lydian god! and from the Bacchant's hair shone a spontaneous flame about her neck, which burnt her not.

καὶ βριαρῶν προμάχων ἑτερόζυγον ἔσμον ἐγείρων
αὐλὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν ἀγέστρατον Ἄρεος Ἥχῳ,
καὶ διδύμαις παλάμησι φιλοσμαράγων Κορυβάντων
285 ἄντυγες ἀμφιπλῆγος ἀνεκροῦντο βοεῖης,
κὺμβαλα δ' ἐκροτάλιζε, μεταλλάξασα δὲ μολπὴν
Πανιὰς ἡδυμέλεια μόθους ἐμελιζέτο σύριγξ·
ἀντιβίων δὲ δάλαγγες ἐπέβρεμον· ἀμφιλαφεῖς δὲ
ἡερόθεν πετρόντες ἀνερροίζησαν ὄιστοί.
290 λίγξε βιός, βόμβησε λίθος, μυκήσατο σάλπιγξ.

[282] Yet another swarm of sturdy champions was soon stirred up by the sound of the drooling pipes which gathered the army to war, and the loverattle Corybants beating their hands on both sides of the rounded skin, the tinkling cymbals, the syrinx of Pan with its changeable sweet notes tuning up for battle. The enemy ranks answered with tumultuous noise, showers of winged arrows came whizzing through the air: twanged the bow, banged the stone, bellowed the trumpet.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἶξον, ὅπῃ πεφορημένος ὀλκῷ
λευκὸν ὕδωρ μεθύνοντι ῥόῳ φοίνιξεν Ὑδάσπης,
δὴ τότε Βάκχος ἄυσε βαρυσμαράγων ἀπὸ λαμῶν,
ὀππόσον ἐννεάχιλος ἐπέβρεμεν ἔσμος Ἐννοῦς
295 φρικτὸν ὁμολώσων στομάτων θρόον· ἀσταθέες δὲ
ξανθὸν ἀλυσκάζοντες ἐπὶ ῥόον ὤκλασαν Ἴνδοί,
ἄλλοι δ' ἐν πεδίῳ· στρατιῇ δ' ἐμερίζετο Βάκχου,
δυσμενέας κτείνουσα καὶ ἐν δαπέδῳ καὶ Ὑδάσπῃ,
δίψῃ καρχαλέῃ κεκαφηότος, ὀππότε γαίης
300 ἡὼς μέσσον ἀνέσχε, καὶ ἔτρεμε θερμὸς ὀδίτης
αἶθοπος Ἡελίοιο μεσημβρίζουσιν ἱμάσθλῃν.

[291] But as soon as they came to the ford, where Hydaspes rolling along had

reddened his white water with drunken streams, then Bacchos shouted from his deep-roaring throat as loud as the horrid clamour which comes from the throat of a swarm of nine thousand men roaring together as one. The Indians could not stand; restless they fled away, and crouched some in the yellow stream, some on the land. The army of Bacchos divided, slaying the enemy both on land and in the Hydaspes, panting with dry thirst, at the time when day has reached the middle of the earth, and a heated wayfarer trembles under the midday lash of blazing Helios.

καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις προκαλιζέτο κοῖρανόν Ἴνδῶν,
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων λυσσώδεϊ λαιμῷ:

[302] Then the vinegod challenged the Indian king, and poured a menacing speech from his furious throat:

‘τίς φόβος; εἰ ποταμοῖο φέρει γένος ὄρχαμος Ἴνδῶν,
305 οὐρανόθεν λάχον αἶμα: χειριότερος δὲ Λυαίου
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, ὅσον Διὸς ἐστὶν Ὑδάσπη.
ἦν δ’ ἐθέλω, νεφέων σχεδὸν ἴσταμαι: ἦν δ’ ἐθέλῃσω,
ἵξεται ἰθυκέλευθον ἐμὸν βέλος ἄχρι Σελήνης.
εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονέεις μεθέπων κεραελκέα μορφήν,
310 εἰ δύνασαι, προμάχιζε βοοκραίρῳ Διονύσῳ.’

[304] “What is there to fear? If the Indian chieftain claims descent from a river, I have my blood from heaven! Overweening Deriades is as much less than Lyaïos, as Hydaspes is less than Zeus! If it be my pleasure, I can rise to the clouds; if it be my pleasure, my shot will go straight to the Moon! If you are proud because you have a hornstrong shape, fight if you can a duel with horned Dionysos.”

ὦς φαμένου βρυχηδὸν ἐμυκήσαντο μαχηταί:
ἄλλω δ’ ἄλλος ἔριζε συναιχμαζών Διονύσῳ.
αἰγείοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐμάρναντο μείλιχιος Πάν,
ὄξυ δὲ τοξευτῆρος ὄλον κενεῶνα χαράξας
315 θηγαλέη Μελανῆος ἀνέσχισε γαστέρα χηλῇ,
ποινήν ἔλκος ἔχοντος ἀπαιτιζών Ὑμεναίου,
ὄφρα πυρισφρήγιστον ἐλαφρίσειεν ἀνὴν
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαῦτοισιν ὄδυρομένου Διονύσου.

[311] As he spoke, the warriors roared and gnashed their teeth: man vied with man in fighting by the side of Dionysos. A friendly Pan fought with his goatsfeet: with a sharp stroke of his pointed hoof he tore all down the hollow flank of archer Melaneus and laid open his belly; this was his revenge for the

wound of Hymenaios, to relieve the firesealed agony of Dionysos mourning with tearless eyes.

Λυσσῆεις δ' Ἴοβακχος ἐπέδραμε δηιοτῆτι,
320 καὶ νεφέων ἔψαυσε καὶ ἥψατο χερσὶν Ὀλύμπου,
ἄλλοτε μηκύνων ταναὸν δέμας, αἰθέρι γείτων,
καὶ χθονὶ ταρσὸν ἔπηξε, καὶ ἤερα τύψε καρήνῃ.

[319] Madly Iobacchos rushed into the fray; he lengthened his tall body until he reached the clouds and grasped Olympos with his hands, near neighbour to the sky, standing firm on earth and touching heaven with his head.

τοῖσι δὲ μαρναμένοισιν ἐπήλυθεν Ἑσπερος ἀστήρ,
λῦων Ἰνδοφόνιοι θεμεῖλια δηιοτῆτος.
325 Ἄρεϊ δ' ὑπνώνοντι παρίστατο νεύματι Πείρης
φάσματα ποικίλλουσα δολοπλόκος ὄψις ὄνειρου,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα, νόθη σκιοειδέϊ μορφῇ:

[323] So they fought, until the evening star came on them and razed the foundations of the Indian massacre. Then at Rheia's nod a deceitful vision stood by Ares, painting fantastic pictures in his sleep, and spoke thus in shadowy counterfeit shape:

Ἄρες, Ἄρες, σὺ μὲν εὔδε, δυσίμερε, μοῦνος ἰαύων
χαλκοχίτων: Παφίην δὲ τὸ δεύτερον ὑπόθι λέκτρων
330 ὑμετέρην Ἥφαιστος ἔχει προτέρην Ἀφροδίτην,
ἐκ δὲ δόμων ἐδίωκε Χάριν, ζηλήμονα νύμφην:
ἀρχαίην δὲ δάμαρτα παλινδρομον εἰς γάμον ἔλκων
αὐτὸς Ἔρως τόξευεν ἀναινομένην Ἀφροδίτην,
Ἥφαιστῳ γενετῆρι φέρων χάριν. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
335 Ζῆνα μέγαν παρέπεισε πόθων ἀδίδακτος Ἀθήνη,
παρθενικὴ δολόμητις, ὅπως Ἥφαιστον ἀλύξῃ,
μνησαμένη νόθα λέκτρα πεδοτρεφέων Ὑμεναίων,
μὴ προτέρου μετὰ πότμον Ἐρεχθέος ἄρσενι μαζῶ
ἄλλον ἀεξήσειε νεώτερον υἱὸν ἀρούρης.

[328] "Sleep on Ares, sleep on hapless lover, now you lie alone in your coat of mail! But the Paphian — Hephaistos lies again in his bed and possesses Aphrodite, once yours! He has chased out of the house Charis his jealous bride; Eros himself has shot reluctant Aphrodite with an arrow, and brought back the ancient wife to a second marriage to please Hephaistos his father. Indeed, Athena herself, who knows nothing of love, has persuaded great Zeus — the cunning virgin! She wants to evade Hephaistos, for she remembers the

makeshift marriage on the nourishing soil, and would not nurse another son of the earth on her manlike breast, a younger brother of Erechtheus now the first is dead.

340 ἔγρεο, καὶ Θρήισαν ἰὼν ἐπὶ πέζαν ἐρίπτης
δέρκεο σὴν Κυθέρειαν ἐθήμονος ἔνδοθι Λήμνου,
δέρκεο, πῶς προπύλαια Πάφου καὶ ἐδέθλια Κύπρου
ἄνθεσιν ἑστεφάνωσεν ὁμόστολος ἑσμός Ἑρώτων,
345 Βυβλιάδων δ' ἐπάκουε μελιζομένων Ἀφροδίτην
καὶ νεαρὴν φιλότητα παλιννόστων ὕμεναιων.

[340] “Awake! Go to the upland plain of the Thracian mountain, and see your Cythereia in her own familiar Lemnos. See how her swarm of attendant Loves have crowned with flowers the portals of Paphos and the buildings of Cyprus; hear the women of Byblos celebrate Aphrodite in their hymns, and the fresh love of a wedlock renewed again.

Ἄρες, ἐνοσφίσθης σέο Κύπριδος: ἀνδροφόνον γὰρ
ὁ βραδὺς ὥκυν Ἄρηα παρέδραμε. μέλπε καὶ αὐτὸς
Ἥφαιστῳ πυρόεντι συναπτομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
Σικελίης δ' ἐπίβηθι, παρισταμένους δὲ καμίνῳ
350 λίσσεό μοι Κύκλωπας: ἀριστοπόνου δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἴδμονες Ἥφαιστοιο, σοφῶν ζηλήμονες ἔργων,
σοὶ δόλον ἐντύνουσι, καὶ ἀρχαίῳ σέο δεσμῷ
ὀπλότερον τελέσουσιν ὁμοίον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς
ἀμφοτέρους δολίῃσιν ἀλυκτοπέδησι πιέζω
355 δῆσῃς φῶρα γάμοιο τεῷ ποινήτορι δεσμῷ,
εἰλιπόδην Ἥφαιστον ἐπισφιγξας Ἀφροδίτη:
καὶ σε θεοὶ ξύμπαντες ἐπαινήσουσιν Ὀλύμπου
δέσμιον ἀγρεύσαντα τεῶν συλήτορα λέκτρων.
ἔγρεο, καὶ σὺ γένοιο δολοπλόκος: ἔγρεο, νύμφης
360 ἀρπαμένης ἀλέγιζε. τί σοι κακὰ Δηριαδῆος;
σιγῇ ἐφ' ἡμείων, Φαέθων μὴ μῦθον ἀκούσῃ.'

[346] “Ares, you have lost your Cypris! The slow one has outrun murderous Ares the quick! Sing a hymn yourself to Aphrodite united with fiery Hephaistos! Set foot in Sicily, put your prayer, if you please, to the Cyclopes standing by their forge. They are in the secrets of Hephaistos the master craftsman, they can rival his clever work; they will invent an artifice for you and make a later imitation of your net, that you too may smother them both in galling meshes, and fasten the thief of your marriage in avenging toils, and bind limpfoot Hephaistos to Aphrodite. Then all the gods of Olympus will applaud you, when you have caught the ravisher of your bed in those bonds.

Awake! be the cunning schemer in your turn! Awake — attend to your stolen bride! What are the woes of Deriades to you? — But let us be silent, or Phaethon may hear.”

ὥς φαμένη πεπότητο. καὶ αὐτίκα κῶμα τινάξας
πρῶιον ἄρτιχάρακτον ὀπιπεύων φάος Ἡοῦς
θερμὸς Ἄρης ἀνέπαλτο, Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ἐγείρας
365 ζεῦξαι φοῖνιον ἄρμα ταχύδρομον: οἱ δὲ τοκῆι
σπερχομένῳ πείθοντο: καὶ ἀγκυλόδοντι χαλινῷ
Δεῖμος ἐριπτοίητος ἐπισφίγξας γένυν ἵππων
δέσμιον αὐχένα δοῦλον ἐπεσφήκωσε λεπάδων,
ζεὺγλην δ’ ἀμφὶς ἔδησεν: Ἄρης δ’ ἐπεβήσατο δίφρου:
370 καὶ Φόβος ἠνιόχευεν ὄχον πατρῶον ἐλαύνων,
εἰς Πάφον ἐκ Λιβάνου πεφορημένος, ἐκ δὲ Κυθήρων
ἄστατον ἔτραπεν ἄρμα Κεραστίδος εἰς χθόνα Κύπρου:
πολλάκι, πολλάκι Λῆμνον ἐδέρκετο, καὶ πλεον ἄλλων
ζηλήμων σκοπίαζε πυρίπνοον ἐσχαρεῶνα,
375 Κύπριν ἀνιχνεύων τροχαλῷ ζηλήμονι ταρσῷ,
εἷ μιν ἐσαθρήσειε παρ’ Ἡφαιστοιο καμίνοις,
ὥς πάρος, ἱσταμένην, καὶ ἐδεΐδιε, μὴ οἱ ὅπωπῃν
καπνὸς ἀμαλδύνειε μελαινομένης Ἀφροδίτης.
ἔδραμε καὶ μετὰ Λῆμνον ἐς οὐρανόν, ὄφρα σιδήρῳ
380 νυμφιδίην μακάρεσσιν ἀναστήσειεν Ἐνυῶ,
καὶ Διὶ καὶ Φαέθοντι καὶ Ἡφαιστῷ καὶ Ἀθῆνῃ.

[362] She spoke, and flew away. At once lusty Ares threw off slumber and saw the early streaks of the morning's light. In hot haste he leapt up, and awoke Rout and Terror to yoke his deadly quickrunning car. They obeyed their urgent father. Furious Terror set the crooktooth bit in the horses' mouths, and fastened their obedient necks under the yokestrap, and fitted the neckloop on each: Ares mounted the car, and Rout took the reins and drove his father's chariot. From Libanos to Paphos he sped, and turned the hurrying car from Cythera to the land of horned Cyprus. Often, often he looked towards Lemnos; most of all he jealously watched the firebreathing forge, tracking Cypris with swift jealous foot, if perchance he could see her standing as long ago beside Hephaistos's furnace, and feared the smoke might hide Aphrodite's face with black. Then he left Lemnos and rose into the heaven, that spear in hand he might arouse battle for his bride among the Blessed, confronting Zeus and Phaethon and Hephaistos and Athena.

BOOK 30

ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ μετὰ νέρτερον οἶκον ἀνάγκης
Τέκταφον Εὐρυμέδων δεδαϊγμένον Ἄιδι πέμπει.
ὥς ὁ μὲν ἐπτάζωνον ἐς οὐρανὸν ἔδραμεν Ἄρης
ζηλήμων, βαρύμηγνις. ἐς ὕσμινην δὲ χορεύων
θαρσῆεις Διόνυσος ἐπέχραεν αἶθοπι λαῷ,
πῆ μὲν ἐνὶ πρώτοισι θορῶν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ,
5 πῆ δὲ μέσος προμάχοισιν: ἀκοντιστῆρι δὲ θύρσῳ
κυανέης ἤμησε θαλύσια δηιοτῆτος,
δυσμενέος δὲ φάλαγγος ἐμαίνεται φῦλα δαΐζων:
καὶ Σατύρους θάρσυνεν ἐς Ἄρεα Δηριάδηος,
ὥς ἶδε Βάκχος Ἄρηα λελοιπότα φύλοπιν Ἴνδῶν:
10 ἄλλω δ' ἄλλος ἔριζε. κορυμβοφόρου δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
δεξιτερὸν στόμα λάβρον ἐπιτρέψας Διονύσω
λαῖον Ἀρισταῖος κέρας ἔτρεχε δηιοτῆτος.

BOOK XXX

In the thirtieth, Eurymedon sends Tectaphos slain to Hades, into the lowest house of constraint.

So Ares rose to the sevenzone sky, jealous, heavy with rancour. But Dionysos danced boldly into the battle and assailed the swarthy people, now leaping upon the first ranks with earthshaking bound, now right in the midst of the forefighters. With his darting thyrsus he mowed the firstfruits of his black harvest, and furiously cut down the tribes of the enemy throng. When he saw that Ares had abandoned the Indian contest, he cheered on the Satyrs to attack Deriades, and each outdid the other. Aristaios left to Dionysos the boisterous right wing of the clusterbearing host, and ran to the left of the battle.

καὶ Βρομίου θεράποντος ὀπιπεύων ἔτι Μορρεὺς
μαρναμένους πετάλοισι καὶ ἀνθεμόεντι βελέμνῳ
15 ἄφρονι Δηριάδῃ πολυθαμβέα ῥήξατο φωνήν:

[13] Now when Morrheus saw the servants of Bromios still fighting with leaves and flowery shafts, he called out in great amazement to foolish Deriades —

‘Δηριάδη, τί τὸ θάμβος; ἔμοι πίπτουσι μαχηταί,
βαλλόμενοι θύρσοις καὶ οὐτίδανοῖσι πετήλοισι,
ὅπλοφόρους δ' ὀλέκουσιν ἀνάσπιδες: ἀκλινέες δὲ
Βασσαρίδες, πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀμφιπλήγῃ μαχαίρῃ
20 τυπτόμενα, μίμνουσιν ἀνούτατοι. εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,

καὶ σὺ, λιπών, σκηπτοῦχε, τήν χαλκήλατον αἰχμὴν
οἶνοπα θύρσον ἄειρε μαιφόνον, ὅττι σιδήρου
δυσμενέες πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι κορύμβοις.
οὐ ποτε τοῖον ὅπωπα μόθου τύπον: οὐτιδανοὶ δὲ
25 θύρσοι ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀρεيونές εἰσιν ἀκόντων.

[16] “What is this marvel, Deriades? My warriors fall, struck with a thyrsus or rubbishy leaves — the shieldless slay the armed! Nothing shakes the Bassarids; strike them with axe or two-edged sword, they remain unwounded! You do the same, if I may say so, my lord king — let be your bronze- beaten spear and lift a vinethyrsus, if you would shed blood, since the enemy are much more triumphant with their bunches of twigs than steel. I never saw a conflict of this kind: the rubbishy thyrsus in volleys is better than our javelins.

δὲ καὶ ἐμοὶ κλονέειν χλοερὸν βέλος: ἡμέτεροι γὰρ
ἀπτολέμου νάρθηκος ἐνικέθησαν οἷστοι:
δὲ μοι ξανθὰ πέδιλα φορήμεναι, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὰ
ἄρραγές κνημῖδες ὑπεκλίνοντο κοθόρνοις.
30 τί πλέον, εἰ χάλκειον ἔχω σάκος, εὔτε γυναῖκες
μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσιν ἀτευχές, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
κὺμβαλα δινεῖουσι, καὶ ὀκλάζουσι μαχηταί,
καὶ στεφάνοις τρυφάλεια καὶ εἵκαθε νεβρίδι θώρηξ;
πολλάκι δ’ ἀντικέλευθος ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου
35 ὠισάμην ἄρρηκτον ἀνασχίσσαι κενεῶνα,
πέμπων εὐσκοπα δοῦρα, καὶ ὥς ἔψανε Λυαίου,
ὄξυβελὴς ἄγναμπτος ἐκάμπτετο χαλκὸς ἀκόντων.’

[26] “Give me too a green weapon to shake! for our arrows have been beaten by the unwarlike fennel. Give me yellow boots to wear, since even our unbreakable greaves have given way to the buskins. What good is it if I have a brazen shield, when women are more triumphant unarmed, and swing their cymbals in battle, while warriors collapse, while helmets yield to garlands and corselet to fawnskin? Often I have met unwounded Dionysos and thought to tear through his unbreakable flank: I have let fly my spear with good aim, and when it touched Dionysos, the unbending sharp point of the bronze was bent!”

ὥς φαμένου μείδησεν ἄναξ θρασὺς, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαμβρῶ
ὄμματα λοξὰ τίταινε χόλου κήρυκι σιωπῇ:
40 καὶ οἱ ἀπειλήτειραν ἀπερροῖβδησεν ἰώην:

[38] When he finished, the bold monarch smiled, and looked askance at his goodson in silent witnessing anger; then he broke out into bold menacing words:

‘τί τρομέεις Διόνυσον ἀτευχέα, νήπιε Μορρεῦ;
ἦδ’ὅς ὁ δειμαίνων Σατύρων παίζουσιν Ἐνυῶ.’

[41] “Why do you tremble at unarmed Dionysos, you fool Morrheus? A nice thing to fear Satyrs playing at battle!”

ὥς φάμενος θάρσυνεν ἀταρβεί γαμβρὸν ἀπειλῇ.
καὶ Βρομίου προμάχοισι πέλωρ ἐκορύσσετο Μορρεῦς;
45 οὕτως δ’ Εὐρυμέδοντα, μέσον βουβῶνα χαράξας
ἔγχεϊ φοινῆεντι: διαῖσσοῦσα δὲ μηροῦ
πιαλέην τάμε σάρκα λιπόχροα θυιάς ἀκωκή:
γούνατι δ’ ὀκλάζοντι χαμαὶ πέσε. Χαλκοχίτων δὲ
Ἄλκων οὐκ ἀμέλησε κασιγνήτοιο πεσόντος,
50 ἀλλὰ βιαζομένῳ πρόμος ἦλυθεν ἔγχος ἀείρων
καὶ σάκος εὐδίνητον: ὅλον δ’ ἐκάλυπτε μαχητὴν,
ἀσπίδι πυργώσας δέμας ἀνέρος, ἀντιβίοις δὲ
σειῶν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλινδίνητον ἀκωκὴν
γνωτῷ γνωτὸς ἄμυνε: καὶ οὐταμένῳ περιβαίνων,
55 οἷα περὶ σκύμνοισι λέων, βρυχήσατο λαιμῷ,
χειλεῖ λυσσῆεντι χέων Κορυβαντίδα φωνήν.
καὶ μιν ὀπιπεύων κυκλούμενον ἴδμονι ταρσῷ
60 γνωτοῦ κεκλιμένοιο προασπιστῆρα Καβείρου
ἰσοφυῆς Τυφῶνι πέλωρ βακχεύετο Μορρεῦς,
γνωτοῖς διχθαδίοις κεκορυθμένος, ὄφρα κε μήτηρ
δίτρυγα δακρύσειεν ὀλωλότα τέκνα Καβειρώ,
εἰς μίνα ἡριγένειαν ἐνὶ τμηθέντα σιδήρῳ.
καὶ νῦν κεν ἀμφοτέρους ἰσοελκέει δῶκεν ὀλέθρῳ,
ἀλλὰ διὰ στομάτων βεβημένον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
65 Λήμιον Εὐρυμέδων γενέτην ἐκαλέσσατο φωνῇ.

[43] This fearless boast encouraged his goodson. The prodigious Morrheus attacked the warriors of Bromios. He wounded Eurymedon, cut through the groin with his blood-stained spear: the mad point ran through the thigh and tore the skin from the fat flesh; collapsing he fell on his knee to the ground. Mailclad Alcon did not neglect his brother’s fall; but lifting spear and round buckler he made for the fallen man, and covered the warrior well, holding the shield tower-like over his body, and thrusting right and left his unrelenting spear, brother protecting brother against the foe. He straddled across the wounded man, as a lion over his cubs, shouting loud and letting out mad Corybantic cries from his lips. When Morrheus saw him moving with neat steps about his brother, defending the fallen Cabeiros, the monster went raging like Typhon and attacked both brothers, that Cabeiro might shed her tears for two dead sons, slain in one day with one spear. And now he would

have dealt equal destruction to both, but Eurymedon called upon his Lemnian father with voice that gasped and strained from his mouth:

‘ὦ πάτερ, ἐργοπόνοιο πυρίπνοε κοίρανε τέχνης,
δός μοι ὀφειλομένην προτέρην χάριν, ὅππότε μούνη
Σικελίην τρικάρηνον ἀλωϊὰς ἤρπασε Δηῶ,
δῶρα καλυπτομένης ὀπτήρια Περσεφονείης,
70 ἔσπεριους δ’ ἀνέκοψε τεοὺς φυσιήτορας ἀσκοῦς
καὶ πλατὺν ἔσχαρεῶνα καὶ ἄρπαγα σείο πυράαρην:
ἀλλὰ μιν ἐπτοίησα προασπίζων γενετῆρος,
ἄκμονος ὑμετέροιο βοηθός: ἔξ ἐμέθεν δὲ
σῶ Σικελῶ σπινθῆρι μέλας θερμαίνεται ἀήρ.
75 ῥυέο μοι σέο παῖδα, τὸν ἄγριος οὕτασε Μορρεὺς.’

[66] “O Father, firebreathing lord of our laborious art! Grant me the boon once earned, when Deo of the threshing-floor alone seized threecliff Sicily, as sightingprize for Persephoneia hidden there, and knocked over your windblown bellows in the west and your wide forge and gripping tongs: but I defended my father and scared her off, protecting your anvil. You owe it to me that the air is black and hot with your Sicilian sparks! Then save your son I pray, whom savage Morrheus has wounded!”

εἶπε, καὶ οὐρανόθεν πυρόεις “Ἡφαιστος ὀρυύσας
σύγγονον ἀμφελέλιζε πολυσχιδὲς ἀλλόμενον πῦρ,
δινεύων παλάμη πυρόεν βέλος: ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρὴν
Μορρέος αὐτοέλικτος ἐλίσσετο πυρσὸς ἐχέφρων,
80 αὐχένι μιτρώσας πυριθαλπέος ὄρμον ἀνάγκης
εἰλυφόν: πυρόεν δὲ μετὰ στέφος ἀνθερεῶνος
ταρσὸν ἐς ἐσχατόωντα θορῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῶ
ἀμφὶ πόδα προμάχοιο πυρίπλοκον ἔπλεκε σειρήν,
σειῶν ἐν δαπέδῳ σταθερὸν σέλας ἄλματι πεζῶ:
85 θερμάνθη δὲ κάρηνον ἀναπτομένης τρυφαλείης.
καὶ νῦ κεν ἐπρήνικτο τυπεὶς φλογόεντι βελέμνῳ,
εἰ μὴ Δηριάδαο πατὴρ ἤμυνεν Ὑδάσσης:
ἦστο γὰρ ὑσμίνην δεδοκημένος ὑψόθι πέτρης,
ταυροφοῆς νόθον εἶδος ἔχων βροτοειδέϊ μορφῇ:
90 ὃς μιν ἀνεζώγησε χέων ἀντίπνοον ὕδωρ,
ψύχων θερμὸν ἄημα πυριβλήτοιο προσώπου,
λύματα τεφρήεντα διασμήχων τρυφαλείης:
Μορρέα δ’ ἀρπάξας ζοφερῇ χλαίνωσεν ὁμίχλῃ,
πορφυρέῃ νεφέλῃ κεκαλυμμένα γυῖα καλύψας,
95 μὴ μιν ἀποκτείνειε σελασφόρος ἀμφιγυῆεις,
Λήμνιον αἰθύσσω θανατηφόρον ἀπτόμενον πῦρ,

μη' προτέρου φθιμένοιο γέρων φιλότεκνος Ὑδάσπης
γαμβρὸν ἴδῃ πάλιν ἄλλον ὀλωλότα Δηριαδῆος,
μηδὲ μόρον Μορρῆος ἅμα κλαύσειεν Ὀρόντη.

[76] At these words fiery Hephaistos leapt down from heaven, and sent a flame leaping and fluttering with many tongues about his son, whirling in his hand a shoot of fire. About Morrheus's neck the flame crawled and curled of itself as if it knew what it was doing, and rolled round his throat a necklace of fireblazing constraint; the blazing throat once encircled, it ran down with a springing movement to the end of his toes, and wove a plait of fiery threads over the warrior's foot, and there firmly fixt on the earth scattered its dancing sparks — the helmet caught fire and his head was hot enough! And now he would have fallen flat, struck with the fiery shot, had not Deriades' father Hydaspes come to the rescue. For he sat watching the battle high on a rock, his bull-form having a false guise of human shape. He poured a quenching stream and saved the man's life, cooling the hot blast from the firebeaten face, brushing off the ashes and dirt from the helmet. Then he caught up Morrheus wrapt in a darksome cloud, covered and hid his limbs in a livid mist; that the firebearing Crookshank might not destroy him with his blazing shower of deadly Lemnian flame; that old Hydaspes, the tender-hearted father, might not see another goodson of Deriades perish after the first, and lament the death of Morrheus along with Orontes.

100 Πυρσοφόρος δ' Ἥφαιστος ὅλους ἐδίωκε μαχητὰς
ἵσταμένοθς περὶ παῖδα νεούτατον, ὑψόθι δ' ὤμου
υἷδ' ἔλαφρίζων ἐπερείσατο γείτονι φηγῷ,
νόσφιν ἀπὸ φλοίσβοιο, καὶ ἐζώγρησε πεσόντα,
οὐταμένῳ βουβῶνι φερέσβια φάρμακα πάσσω.

[100] But firebearing Hephaistos drove away all the warriors who stood round the just-wounded boy. Then lifting his son on his shoulder he took him out of the fray and rested him against an oaktree hard by; he spread wholesome simples upon the wounded groin, and saved him alive after his collapse.

105 οὐδὲ μόθου προτέροιο λελασμένος ἔπλετο Μορρεὺς:
ἀλλὰ πάλιν κεκόρυστο φυγῶν πυρόεσσαν Ἐνυῶ
καὶ πρόμον ἀστράπτοντα καὶ αἰθαλόεσσαν ἄκωκῆν:
καὶ Φλόγιον Στροφίοιο πολὺστροφον υἷα καχῆσας
ἔκτανεν, ὀρχηστῆρα φιλοσκάρθμου Διονύσου,
110 ὃς τις ἀδακρύτοιο παρ' εἰλαπίνῃσι Λυαίου
ἀνταιτύπων ἐλέλιξε πολὺτροπα δάκτυλα χειρῶν,
καὶ θάνατον Φαέθοντος ἐχέφρονι χειρὶ τινάσσω
δαιτυμόνας ποίησεν ἀήθεα δάκρυα λείβειν,

ψευδαλέου Φαέθοντος ἐπικλαίοντας ὀλέθρῳ:
115 καὶ νέον αἰθαλόεντα καὶ αὐτοκύλιστον ὕφαινων
λευγαλέον πόρε πένθος ἀπενθήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
τοῦτον ἰδὼν σκαίροντα δορυσσόος ἔννεπε Μορρεὺς:

[105] Yet Morrheus had not forgotten the fight he had begun. He reared his head again, having escaped the fiery attack, the blazing assailant, the flaming points. He caught Phlogios the son of Strophios rolling about and killed him; that dancer of spring-heel Dionysos, who at the banquets of tearless Lyaïos, used to flicker the twisting fingers of his mimicking hands. He would depict by gesture Phaethon's death with sensitive hand, until he made the feasters weep with tears quite out of place, mourning the death of an imaginary Phaethon; as he depicted the young man blazing and hurtling down, he would bring painful grief upon Dionysos who feels no grief. When shakespeare Morrheus saw him tumbling there, he said:

‘ἀλλοῖος χορὸς οὗτος, ὃν ἔπλεκες ἄγχι τραπέζης:
ὄρχηθμόν γελῶντα παρὰ κρητῆρι τιταίνων
120 ὄρχηθμόν στονόεντα πόθεν μετὰ δῆριν ὕφαινεις;
εἰ δὲ καὶ οἷστρος ἔχει σε χοροστασίης Διονύσου,
Ἄϊδι μυστιπόλενε, καὶ οὐ γύψοιο χατίζεις
αὐτοβαφῇ μεθέπων κεκονιμένα κύκλα προσώπου:
ἦν ἐθέλης δέ, χόρευε φιλοθρήνῳ παρὰ Λήθῃ,
125 Περσεφόνη δ’ ἀγέλαστος ἀγαλλέσθω σέο μολπῇ.’

[118] “That was a different jig you danced near the table! You played a merry dance by the mixing-bowl — why do you pace a groaning dance on the battlefield? Well, if you have a passion for a dancing turn of Dionysos, go show to Hades your mystic rites. You need no chalk — your round face is well dusted of itself. Or dance if you like before Lethe the dirge-fancier, and let unsmiling Persephone have the pleasure of watching your capers.”

ἔννεπε κυδιῶν, καὶ ἐπέδραμεν ἴσος ἀέλλῃ,
Σειληνοὺς δ’ ἐφόβησεν. ἀμαιμακέτῳ δὲ μαχαίρῃ
Τέκταφος ὠμάρτησε σακέσπαλος, ὃν ποτε δῆσας
Δηριάδης ἔκρυπεν ἔσω γλαφυροῖο βερέθρου.
130 οὐδὲ φυγεῖν μόρον εὔρε τὸ δεῦτερον: ἐν γὰρ ἀνάγκῃ
τίς δύναται ποτε πότμον ἀπ’ ἀνέρος ἐχθρὸν ἐρύκειν,
νηλῆς πανδαμάτειρα θανεῖν ὅτε Μοῖρα κελεύει;
οὐ γὰρ Τέκταφον εὔρε δόλος θνήσκοντα σαῶσαι,
ὃς τότε λυσσῶν στρατιῇν ἐδίωξε Λυαίου,
135 εὐκεράων Σατύρων φιλοπαίγμονα γυῖα δαΐζων:
ἐγρεμόθου δ’ ἤμησε Πυλαιεὸς ἀνθερεῶνα,

Ὀνθυρίου δὲ μέτωπον ἀφειδέι τύψε μαχαίρῃ,
 καὶ Πίθον εὐρύστερνον ἀπηλοίησε διδήρῳ.
 καὶ νῦ κεν ἄλλον ὅμιλον ἐπασσυντέρων κτάνε Βάκχων,
 140 ἄλλὰ μιν Εὐρυμέδων ταχὺς ἔδρακε, καὶ οἱ ὑπέστη
 διστομον ἀντιβίην Κορυβαντίδα χειρὶ τινάσσων:
 ἔθλασε δ' ἄκρα μέτωπα: διχαζομένου δὲ καρήνου
 ὄρθιος αἵμαλῆς ἀνεκῆκιν αὐλὸς ἐέρσης:
 καὶ πρόμος εἰς χθόνα πῖπτε, περιρραίνων δὲ κονίην
 145 ἡμιθανῆς κεκύλιστο, πεδοσκαφέος δὲ μελάθρου
 ἀρχαίην κακότητα καὶ ὀπλοτέρης λῖνα Μοίρης
 ἔστενε, καὶ δολίου μεμνημένος εἰσέτι φίλτρου
 παιδὸς ἁλεξικάκου κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ,
 τοῦ δὲ κινυρομένοιο κατέρρεε δάκρυα λυθρῳ:

[126] So he cried exultant, and leaping swift as the wind on the Seilenoi put them to flight. And shake-shield Tectaphos followed with devastating sword: he was the one whom Deriades once kept imprisoned in the deep pit; but he could not escape fate a second time. For when necessity comes, who can save a man from cruel destiny, when hard all vanquishing Fate bids him die? Nor could a trick now save Tectaphos from death. Madly he then pursued the army of Lyaïos and sliced the sportive limbs of the horned Satyrs: he shore through the throat of Pylaieus the broilbreeder, he struck Onthyrios's brow with pitiless blade, he destroyed broadbreasted Pithos with bare steel. And indeed he would have killed a crowd of Bacchants besides; but quickfoot Eurymedon saw him and rushed up, shaking his Corybantian twibill against him. He smashed his forehead and clove his head — a jet of bloody dew spouted up and the champion fell to the ground, soaking the dust. Half-dead he rolled on the ground, lamenting the ancient torture of the earth-dug pit, and the threads of this later Fate; remembering still the clever scheme of his daughter which saved him from death, he wailed and mingled his tears with his blood:

150 'μῆτερ ἐμὴ καὶ μαῖα, δολοπλόκε δύσγαμε κούρῃ,
 τίπτέ μοι οὐ σχεδὸν ἦλθες, ὅτ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθον ὀλέθρου;
 νῦν πόθεν οὐ χραίσμησας ἐμοὶ πάλιν, ἄτρομε κούρῃ;
 πῇ σέο φίλτρον ἔβη φυσίζοον; ἥ ῥα φυλάσσεις
 πιστὰ τεῶ ζῶοντι καὶ οὐ θνήσκοντι τοκῇ;
 155 εἰ δόλος ἐξ Αἰδαο δυνήσεται ἄνδρα κομιζεῖν,
 διζεὸ μοι δόλον ἄλλον ἀρείονα, διζεὸ βουλὴν
 κερδαλέην θανάτοιο, μετὰ χθονίους κενεῶνας
 ὄφρα πύλας Αἰδαο καὶ ἐν πολέμοισιν ἀλύξω,
 εἰ πέλε νόστιμος οἶμος ἀνοστήτοιο βερέθρου.'

[150] "O my mother and my nurse, my girl, O clever unhappy wife! Why did

you not come near me when I was nigh unto death? Why could you not help me now again, fearless girl? What has become of your lifegiving drink? Are you true to your father while he lives, and not while he is dying! If a trick can bring back a man from Hades, seek me another and better trick, seek a plan useful against death, that after the hollow pit in the earth I may escape the gates of Hades in war as well, if there be a way to return from the pit whence no man returns.”

160 τοῖον ἔπος μόγις εἶπε, καὶ οὐκέτι πείθετο φωνή.
καὶ γενέτην ὀρώωσα νεούτατον ὑπόθι πύργου
οἰκτρή ποικιλόδακρυς ἀνέβλυε πενθάδα φωνήν
ἡερίη: σκολιήν δὲ κόμην ἥσχυνε κονίη,
στήθεα γυμνώσασα δαΐζομένοιο χιτῶνος,
165 καὶ κεφαλὴν ἥρασσεν: ἀνηκέστῳ δὲ τοκῇι,
οἷά περ εἰσαῖοντι, τόσῃν ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν:

[160] He could scarce finish these words, when his voice failed him. Poor Eerie on the lofty walls could see her just-wounded father, and amid showers of tears she uttered a cry of mourning. She stained her tangled hair with dust, she rent her garments and bared her breast, she beat her head; and cried aloud to her father although now past cure, as if he could still hear:

‘υἱὲ πάτερ βαρύποτμε γαλακτοφόρου σέο κούρης,
σήμερον ἀπνεύστοις ἐπὶ χεῖλεσι σεῖο θανόντος
ποῖον ἔχω γλάγος ἄλλο φερέσβιον, ὃ ἔπι δειλῇ
170 ψυχὴν ὑμετέρεην παλινάγρετον εἰς σὲ κομίσσω;
ποῖον ἐγὼ πάλιν ἄλλον ἀρηγόνα μαζὸν ὀρέξω;
αἶθε καὶ Αἰδονῆα δυνήσομαι ἡπεροπεύειν.
σοί, πάτερ, ἔν γέρας ἄλλο φυλάσσεται: οὐ γὰρ ἐάσω
μοῦνον ἐνὶ φθιμένοις σε: σὺ δὲ κταμένης σέο κούρης
175 δέξο καὶ αὐχένος αἷμα μετὰ προτέρου γάλα μαζοῦ.
ἔλθετε, Δηριάδαο φυλάκτορες, ἀντὶ δὲ κείνου
δειξατέ μοι μυχὸν ἄλλον ἔσω χθονός, ἧχι μολοῦσα
νεκρὸν ἐμὸν γενετῆρα πάλιν ζῶοντα τελέσσω:
οὐκ Αἰδης φυλάκεσιν ὅμοιος, ὄφρα τελέσσω
180 λυσιπόνον δόλον ἄλλον ἀοσητηῆρα τοκῆος.
ἤθελον ἄορ ἐκεῖνο μαιφόνον, ὄφρα δαμείην
πατροφόνῳ βαρύθυμος ὀλισθήσασα σιδήρῳ.
οὗτος, ὃς ἡμετέρου κεφαλὴν ἔτμηξε τοκῆος,
κτεῖνε καὶ Ἡερίην μετὰ Τέκταφον, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ:
185 ‘καὶ γενέτην καὶ παῖδα μιῇ πρήνιξε μαχαίρῃ.’”

[167] “My son! illfated father of the daughter who gave you her milk! To-day

there is no breath from your lips! You are dead — what milk have I now to give you life, to bring back your soul again, ah me unhappy! What breast can I offer you now to give you help? O if I can cajole Aidoneus too! For you, father, only one tribute remains for me to render: I will not leave you alone among the dead. Accept the blood of your slain daughter's throat as once you took the milk of her breast. Come here, warders of Deriades! Show me another pit in the ground instead of the old one, where I may enter and once more make my dead father live. — But Hades is not like those warders, to let me devise another trick for my father's help and solace his pains. O if I had that deathdealing sword, that I might fall and perish in my despair by the steel that murdered my father! You man who cut off my father's head, kill Eerie as you killed Teetaphos, that men may say—' Both father and daughter he destroyed with one sword!'"

Ἐννεπε δακρυχέουσα: πόνος δ' ἡέζετο μείζων.
καὶ διδύμαις στρατιῇσιν ἐπερρίπιζεν Ἐνὼ ...
Ταιναρίδην δ' ἔκτεινε Δασύλλιον ἄορι Μορρεὺς,
μὴ ποτε δυσμενέεσσιν ἀπορρίψαντα βοείην,
¹⁹⁰ ἀντιβίοις ἀτίνακτον Ἀμυκλαῖον πολιῆτην,
γναθοῦ δεξιτεροῦ παρ' ὀστέον ἔγχος ἐρείσας.
ἔκτανε δ' Ἀλκιμάχειαν ὀρίδρομον, εἰν ἐνὶ θεσμῷ
ἠγορέην καὶ κάλλος ὑπέρτερον ἥλικος ἥβης,
κούρην Ἀρπαλίωνος ἐρισταφύλοιο τοκῆος,
¹⁹⁵ ἣ πέλε τολμήεσσα καὶ εἰς δόμον ἤλυθεν Ἥρης
κισσὸν ἀερτάζουσα, τὸν Ἀργολὶς ἔστυγε δαίμων,
ὅσσον ἐρευθιώωσαν ἐθήμονα φίλατο ῥοιήν:
καὶ βρέτας εὐποίητον ἐμάστιεν οἴνοπι θύρῳ,
χάλκεον ἀμπελόεντι δέμας πλήσσουσα κορύμβῳ,
²⁰⁰ μητρυιὴν βαρὺμηνιν ἀτιμάζουσα Λυαίου.
οὐδὲ χόλον δασπλῆτα καθαψαμένης φύγεν Ἥρης
Λημνιάς Ἀλκιμάχεια θεημάχος: ἀλλ' ἐνὶ γαίῃ
ὀθνεῖη κτερέιστο, μετὰ πτολέμους δὲ τοκῆα
οὐκ ἶδεν Ἀρπαλίωνα τὸ δεύτερον, οὐκ ἶδε πάτρην,
²⁰⁵ Λῆμνον Ἰησονίης νυμφήιον Ὑψιπυλείης:
ἀλλὰ παρὰ ξείνοισι χυτῇ κεκάλυπτο κονίῃ,
πότμον ἀμειβομένη τιμήορον. ᾗ μέγα δειλή,
ἥμβροτεν Ἀρπαλίωνος, ἐνοσφίσθη δὲ Λυαίου.

[186] So she cried amid her tears. Now the battle grew fiercer: Enyo fanned the flame in both armies. Morrheus killed Dasyllios Tainarides with his sword, driving the blade through the right jawbone: Dasyllios the man of Amyclai, ever unshaken by any assault, who never lost shield to an enemy. He killed also Alcimacheia the highland girl, for beauty and valour alike pre-eminent above her yearsmates. She was daughter to Harpalion famous for his vines;

she had dared to enter the temple of Hera laden with ivy, which that goddess of Argos hated as much as she loved her favourite red pomegranate, dared to beat the fine statue with the vineleaves of her thyrsus, to beat the brazen figure with bunches of grapes — insulting the resentful stepmother of Lyaïos! But she did not escape the frightful wrath thus kindled in Hera: — no, Lemnian Alcimacheia who defied the gods was buried in a strange land — she did not return from the war, she never again saw Harpalion her father, she never saw her own country, Lemnos, the bridechamber of Jason and Hysipyleia; death was her punishment, and she lay among strangers under a mound of earth. Ah hapless girl! she lost Harpalion, she was severed from Lyaïos.

οὐδὲ δαΐζομένης ζαμενῆς ἐκορέσσατο Μορρεὺς
 210 μαινάδος Ἀλκιμάχης θεοπαιγμονος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
 Ἥλιδα ναιετάουσιν Ὀλύμπιον οὔδας ἀρούρης
 Ἀλφειοῦ παρὰ χεῦμα φιλοστεφάνου ποταμοῖο
 ἔκτανε Κωδώνην ἔτι παρθένον. ἴλατε, Μοῖραι,
 οὐ πλοκάμους ἐλέαιρε μαραινομένοιο καρήνου,
 215 οὐ ῥοδέην ἀκτῖνα κονιομένοιο προσώπου·
 οὐδὲ περὶ στέρνοισιν ἴσον τροχοιδεῖ μήλῳ
 μαζὸν ἰδὼν ἐλέαιρεν, ἀκαμπέα κέντορα μίτρης,
 οὐδὲ βαθυνομένοιο τομὴν ἥδέσσατο μηροῦ,
 ἀλλὰ τόσον κτάνε κάλλος ἄωριον· οὐταμένη δὲ
 220 ἦ μὲν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πῖπτεν· ἀπειρεσίας δὲ διώκων
 μαινάδας εὐπέπλους κορυθαίολος ἔκτανε Μορρεὺς,
 Εὐρυπύλην Στερόπην τε Σόην τ' ἤμησε μαχαίρῃ,
 καὶ Σταφύλην ἐδάϊξεν, ἐρευθαλέην τε Γιγαρτῶ
 οὕτασε, καὶ ῥοδόεντος ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο τορήσας
 225 στέρνα Μελικταίνης φονίῳ πόρφυρε σιδήρῳ.

[209] But furious Morrheus was not content with slaying Alcimache, the Mainad who mocked the gods; he slew also Codone, still a maiden, whose home was the Olympian soil of Elis beside Alpheios, the garland-loving river. Forgive me, ye Fates! He had no pity for the tresses of that head which was soon to wither, none for the rosy glow of that face soiled in the dust; no pity when he saw the breast with its two round apples, and the firm pressure on the breastband; no respect for the deep cleft of the thigh. No! all that beauty he killed in the bud. Struck down she fell to the ground; and Morrheus with nodding plume chased Mainads innumerable in their fine robes. Eurypyle, Sterope, Soe he mowed down with his sword, Staphyle he cleft asunder, ruddy Gigarto he wounded, and pierced Melictaina's breast above the pink nipple, staining his deadly steel with crimson.

καὶ φθονεροὶ Τελχῖνες ἐπεστρατώνοντο κυδοιμῷ,

ὃς μὲν ἔχων ἐλάτην περιμήκετον, ὃς δὲ κρανείου
θάμνον ὅλον πρόρριζον, ὃ δὲ πρηῶνος ἀράξας
ἄκρον ἀπηλοίησε, καὶ εἰς μόθον ἦεν Ἴνδῶν
230 λαῖαν ἄκοντιστῆρα μεμηνότι πῆχεϊ σείων.

[226] The spiteful Telchines also joined the battle. One held a tall fir-tree; one had a cornel, trunk and roots and all; one broke off the peak of a cliff and rushed against the Indians, whirling his darting rock with furious arms and crushing the foe.

Ἥρη δ' ἄλλοπρόσαλλος ἐπιβρίθουσα Λυαίῳ
δῶκε μένος καὶ θάρσος ἀγήνορι Δηριαδῇ,
καὶ οἱ ἀριστεύοντι σελασφόρον ὥπασεν αἴγλην
εἰς φόβον ἀντιβίοισι: κορυσσομένου δὲ φορῆος
235 ἀσπίδος Ἰνδῶς ἀμαρύσσετο φοίνιος αἴγλη,
καὶ κυνέης σελάγιζεν ὑπὲρ λόφον ἄλλομένη φλόξ.
καὶ θρασὺς ἔτρεμε Βάκχος, ὅπως ἶδε Δηριαδῆος
ὀμφαλὸν ἀστράπτοντα πυριβλήτοιο βοείης
καὶ σέλας ἡερόφοιτον ἀναπτομένης τρυφαλείης:
240 τὸν μὲν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἐθάμβεεν, οὐδὲ οἱ ἔτλη
ἀντίασαι, νοέων δὲ κορυσσομένης δόλον Ἥρης
ποσσὶν ἀναινομένοισιν ἐχάζετο δηιοτῆτος.

[231] Fickle Hera, still heavy against Lyaïos, gave courage and spirit to lordly Deriades, and showed a brilliant glow upon his triumphant course for the terror of his foes. When he came forth in arms a fatal glow sparkled from the Indian shield, dazzling flames leapt over the crest of his helmet. Bold as he was, Bacchos trembled when he saw the flashing boss of Deriades' fireshot shield and the plumes of the helmet burning in the air. Dionysos was amazed when he saw, and had not the heart to meet him; but he retreated from the battle with unwilling feet, when he understood the device of Hera in arms.

καὶ τότε θαρσῆεντες ἐπὶ κλόνον ἦιον Ἴνδοι,
ὕσμινην Βρομίῳ λελοιπότος: εἰσορόων δὲ
245 Δηριάδης ἐδάϊζεν ἐπασσυτέρων στίχα Βάκχων
ἐγχείην ἐκάτερθε παλινδίνητον ἐλίσσων.

[243] Then the Indians took courage, and moved to the fight as Bromios left the field; Deriades saw it, and swept the thronging ranks of Bacchants while he swung his blade right and left again and again.

ἀσχαλὼν δ' Ἰόβακχος ἀνήιεν εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
καὶ κλονέειν ἀνέμοισιν ἐπέτρεπεν ἐλπίδα χάρμης,

μητρυιῆς τρομέων χόλον ἄγριον. ἦλθε δ' Ἀθήνη
250 οὐρανόθεν: πρὸ γὰρ ἦκε διάκτορον ὕψιμέδων Ζεὺς,
γνωτὸν ὅπως φεύγοντα, φόβῳ πεφοβημένον Ἥρας,
εἰς ἔνοπλῃν ἐρύσειε μεταστρέψαντα μενοινῆν:
στῇ δ' ὀπιθεν ξανθῆς δὲ κόμης ἐδράξατο Βάκχου,
μούνῳ φαινομένη βλοσυρῇ θεός: ἐκ δὲ προσώπου
255 μαρμαρυγὴν πυρόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί:
καὶ νοερούς σπινθῆρας ἐπιπνείουσα Λυαίῳ
μεμφομένῃ κοτέουσα φιλοπτολέμῳ φάτο φωνῇ:

‘[247] Iobacchos in distress retired to the woodland ridge, and left the winds to blow away his hope of victory, since he feared his stepmother’s fierce resentment. But Athena came down from heaven; for Zeus ruling on high sent her, on the errand to change the mind of her brother, now a fugitive in dread of Hera, and to bring him back to the battle. She stood behind him, and caught Bacchos by his yellow hair, seen by him alone, that grim goddess: from her face the eyes flashed a fiery gleam, and breathing sparks of good sense upon Lyaios she spoke angrily in warlike tones of rebuke:

πῇ φεύγεις, Διόνυσε; τί σοι φόβος ἀντὶ κυδοιμοῦ;
πῇ σέθεν ἄλκιμα θύρσα καὶ ἀμπελόεντες ὀιστοί;
260 ἀμφὶ σέθεν τίνα μῦθον ἐμῷ Κρονίῳνι βοήσω;
ποῖον ἶδον κατὰ δῆριν ὀλωλότα κοίρανον Ἴνδῶν;
ζῶει Δηριάδης καὶ μάρναται εἰσέτι Μορρεύς.

[258] “Whither do you flee, Dionysos? Why flight instead of fight? Where is your mighty thyrsus and your arrows of vine? What word shall I tell of you to my Cronion? Have I seen the Indian king dead on the battlefield? No — Deriades lives, Morrheus fights on!

ποιὴν δ' οὐρανήν ἐπεδείκνυες ἔμφυτον ἀλκὴν;
ἢ Λιβύης ἐπέβης; ἢ Περσέος εἶχες ἀγῶνα;
265 ἢ Σθεννοῦς ἶδες ὄμμα λιθώπιδος ἥ ἐ καὶ αὐτῆς
δύσμαχον Εὐρυάλης μυκώμενον ἀνθερεῶνα;
ἢ πλοκάμους ἐνόησας ἐχιδνοκόμοιο Μεδούσης,
καὶ σε πολυσπερέων περιδέδρομε χάσμα δρακόντων;
οὐ Σεμέλῃ τέκε παῖδα μαχήμονα: Γοργοφόνον δὲ
270 ἄξιον υἷα λόχευσεν ἐμοῦ Διὸς Ἀκρισιῶνι:
οὐ γὰρ ἐμὴν δρεπάνην πτερόεις ἀπεσεῖσατο Περσεύς,
Ἑρμείαν δὲ γέραιρεν ἑὼν δωτῆρα πεδίλων.
γείτονα μάρτυν ἔχω πετρώδεα θῆρα θαλάσσης:
εἰρέο μοι Κηφῆα, τὰ περ κάμε Περσέος ἄρπη:
275 ἀντολίην δ' ἐρέεινε καὶ ἔσπερον: ἀμφοτέρον γάρ,

Νηρεΐδες τρομέουσι τὸν Ἀνδρομέδης παρακοίτην,·
Ἑσπερίδες μέλπουσι τὸν Ἀμητῆρα Μεδούσης.

[263] “What have you shown of inborn heavenly prowess? Have you set foot in Libya? Have you had the task of Perseus? Have you seen the eye of Sthenno which turns all to stone, or the bellowing invincible throat of Euryale herself? Have you seen the tresses of viperhair Medusa, and have the open mouths of her tangled serpents run round you? No fighter was Semele’s son; Acrisios’s daughter bore the Gorgonslayer, a son worthy of my Zeus, for winged Perseus did not throw down my sickle, and he thanked Hermeias for lending his shoes. I have a witness ready here, the monster of the deep turned to stone; pray ask Cepheus, what the sickle of Perseus did. Ask the east, and ask the west; for both know — the Nereids tremble before Andromeda’s husband, the Hesperids sing him who cut down Medusa.

Αἰακὸς ἀπτοίητος ὁμοῖος οὐ πέλε Βάκχῳ,
οὐ φύγε Δηριάδην, οὐκ ἔτρεμε φύλοπιν Ἴνδῶν.
280 χθιζὰ πάλιν σε φόβησεν Ἄραψ πρόμος; ἔξέτι κείνου
ἄζομαι Ἄρεα θυῖρον ἰδεῖν γενετῆρα Δυκούργου,
ἄδρανιν βοόωντα φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου.

[278] “Aiacos was not affrighted, he was not like Bacchos, he did not run from Deriades, he did not shrink from the Indian battle! Did the Arab chief frighten you again yesterday? I am still ashamed to look at Ares, the furious father of Lycurgos, when he publishes abroad the cowardice of runaway Dionysos.

σὸς καὶ ἐμὸς γενέτης οὐκ ἔτρεμε δηιοτῆτα,
εὔτε θεοὶ Τιτῆνες ἐθωρήχθησαν Ὀλύμπῳ.
285 ποίην Ὀρσιβόην λήισσας δεσπότην Ἴνδῶν;
Χειροβίην οὐκ εἶδε δορικτῆτην σέο Ῥεῖη.
ἰλήκοι Διὸς εὖχος, ἀδελφεὸν οὐ σε καλέσσω
Δηριάδην φεύγοντα καὶ ἀπτολέμων γένος Ἴνδῶν.
ἀλλὰ λαβὼν σέο θυρσα πάλιν μιμνήσκειο χάρμης,
290 καὶ στρατιῆς προμάχιζε, κορυσσομένησι δὲ Βάκχαις
ᾧφει εὐθώρηκα συναιχμάζουσας Ἀθήνην,
αἰγίδα κουφίζουσας ἀνούτατον ὄπλον Ὀλύμπου.

[283] “Your father and mine feared not battle, when the Titan gods armed themselves against Olympus. Where is Orsiboe — have you taken the Indian Queen? Rheia has not seen Cheirobie captive of your spear. Zeus forgive my boast — but I will not call you brother, when you run from Deriades and the unwarlike nation of India! Come, take your thyrsus again and remember the battle; fight in the van of the army, and you will see Athena well armed and

fighting beside the armed Bacchants:she will lift her aegis-cape, the invincible weapon of Olympus!”

‘ὥς φαμένη Βρομίῳ μένος ἔμπνεεν· αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμῷ
θαρσῆεις πολέμιζε τὸ δεύτερον, ἔσσομένης δὲ
295 νίκης ἑλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐπέτρεπε Τριτογενεῖη.

[293] Thus the goddess inspired Bromios with strength. Then he took courage and fought boldly again, entrusting all his hope of coming victory to Tritogeneia.

ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ’ ὕστατον ἔκτανε Βάκχος,
ὅπποτε μιν θάρσυνε μῶθων ἀκόρητος Ἀθήνη;
κτεῖνε μὲν ἀντιβίων ἑκατοντάδα νηλεῖ θύρσῳ,
πολλοῖς δ’ ἔλκος ὅπασσε πολύτροπον ἔγχεϊ τύπτων
300 ἢ ἐφυτῶν ἐλίκεσσιν ἢ εὐόρπηκι κορύμβῳ,
ἢ λίθον αἰχμάζων κραναὸν βέλος· οἱ δὲ τυπέντες
δαίμονι καναχηδὸν ἐβακχεύθησαν ἱμάσθῃ.
Φρίγγου δ’ οὐτάσεν ὦμον ἀριστερὸν ὄξει θύρσῳ·
ὃς δὲ θορῶν ἀκίχητος ἐχάζετο· τὸν δὲ φυγόντα
305 θηγαλέῳ βουπλῆγι κατεπρήνιξε Μελισσεύς.
Ἐγρετίῳ δ’ ἐπόρουσε φιλεῦιον ἔγχος ἐλίσσων
θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος ἐκηβόλος· ἵπταμένη δὲ
Βακχιάς ἐρροίζησε δι’ ἡέρος ἔγχεος αἰχμὴ
ἄνδρα βαλεῖν ἐθέλουσα, καὶ Ἐγρετίοιο φυγόντος
310 ἔχραε Βωλίγγεσσι, καὶ ἐγρεμόθους Ἀραχώτας
εἰς φόβον ἐποίησε· φιλακρήτῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
φρικτὰ δοριθρασέων ἐδαΐζετο φῦλα Σαλαγγῶν·
καὶ στρατὸς ἐρτοίητο φερεσσακέων Ἀριηνῶν·
καὶ προμάχους Φρίγγοιο καὶ Ἐγρετίοιο διώκων
315 Εὖιος ἐποίησεν ὅλον στρατὸν Οὐατοκοίτην·
καὶ Λύγον αἱματόεντος ἀπεστυφέλιξε κυδοιμοῦ
ἀλκήεις Ἰόβακχος· ἐφεδρήσσοντα δὲ δένδρῳ
οὐτάσε Μειλανίωνα δολοπλόκον οἴνοπι θύρσῳ,
Βασσαρίδας κρυφίοισιν ὀιστεύοντα βελέμοις·
320 ἀλλὰ μιν ἐξώγρησεν ἀπήμονα δῦσμαχος Ἥρῃ,
ὅττι δόλῳ κεκόρυστο καὶ ἔχραε πολλὰκι Βάκχαις
κρυπταδίοις πολέμοισιν· αἶε δὲ μιν ἔκρυφε πέτρῃ
ἢ φυτὸν ὑψικάρηνον ὑποκλεφθέντα πετήλοισι,
ἀνέρας ἀφράστοισιν ὀιστεύοντα βελέμοις.

[296] Now whom first, whom last did Bacchos slay, when Athena insatiate of battle made him brave? He slew a round hundred of his enemies with

destroying thyrsus, and he wounded many in many ways, striking with spear or bunches of twigs or clustered branches, or throwing stone, a rough missile. Those who were hit by the divine flail went rushing madly about with a great noise. He wounded Phringos in the left shoulder with sharp thyrsus, and he rushed away out of reach; but Melisseus caught him and brought him down with a sharp poleaxe. Dionysos thyrsus-mad leapt after Egretios, shaking his Euian spear for a long shot: the sharp Bacchic blade flew whizzing through the air, eager to strike the man — and Egretios escaped. But the god attacked the Bolinges, and scared into flight the strife-stirring Arachotai. With his intoxicating vine leaves he swept away the terrible tribes of spearbold Salangoi; and the host of shielded Arianoi were scattered. The Euian scattered the whole host of the Ear-sleepers in his chase after the forefighters of Phringos and Egretios. Iobacchos in his might beat off Lygos also out of the gory battle. Cunning Meilanion hid in a tree, and from his hiding-place showered arrows among the Bassarids, but the god hit him with his thyrsus of vine. Formidable Hera saved him unhurt, because he had often used this trick of arms, and attacked Bacchants, making war from ambush. He was always hidden by a rock or concealed by the leaves of a tall tree, shooting men unnoticed with his arrows.

325 Ἴνδοι δ' ἀνδροφόνοιο μετεσσεύοντο κυδοιμοῦ
ἡγορέην τρομέοντες ἀνικῆτου Διονύσου.

[325] The Indians retreated at last from the carnage of the battle, fearing the valour of unconquered Dionysos.

BOOK 31

ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ πρώτῳ μειλίσσεται Ἥρη
ὑπνον ἐπὶ Κρονίδῃ καὶ Περσεφόνῃ ἐπὶ Βάκχῳ.
ὥς ὁ μὲν Ἰνδῷοιο τυπεῖς ἱυγγὶ κυδοιμοῦ
Βάκχος Ἐρυθραίης περιδέδρομε κόλπον ἀρούρης,
χρῦσα χιονέῃσι παρηῖσι βόστρυχα σείων.

BOOK XXXI

In the thirty - first, Hera propitiates Sleep for Cronides, and Persephone for Bacchos.

So struck by the spell of the Indian conflict, Bacchos sped about the bosom of the Erythraian land, shaking the golden locks against his snow-white cheeks.

Ἥρη δὲ φθονεροῖσιν ἀνοιδαίνουσα μερίμναις
5 ἄκρον ἀπειλητῆρι κατέγραφεν ἡέρα ταρσῷ,
αὐτόθι παπταίνουσα πολυσπερέων στρατὸν Ἰνδῶν
θύρσοις ἀνδροφόνοισιν ἀλοιηθέντα Λυαίου.
καὶ χόλον ἄλλον ἔγειρεν Ἐρυθραίῳ παρὰ πόντῳ
Ἀνδρομέδης ὀρώσῃ πολὺπλοκα λείψανα δεσμῶν
10 καὶ λίθον ἐν ψαμάθῳ, βλοσυρὸν τέρας ἐννοσιγαίου.
ἄχνυμένη δ' ἐὼν ὄμμα παρέτραπε, μὴ παρὰ πόντῳ
Γοργοφόνου Περσῆος ἴδῃ χαλκήλατον ἄρπην.

[4] But Hera, swelling with jealous passions, scored the air with menacing sole, when she beheld the host of scattered Indians beaten like corn in the threshing where they stood, by the manslaying thyrsus of Lyaïos. Again she awakened a new resentment, seeing the heap of Andromeda's broken chains beside the Erythraian sea, and that rock lying on the sand, Earthshaker's monstrous lump. Bitterly she turned her eye aside, not to glimpse by the sea the bronze-forged sickle of Gorgonslaying Perseus.

ἤδη γὰρ ταχύγουνον ἐν ἡέρι ταρσὸν ἐλίσσων
δίψιον ἀμφὶ τένοντα Λίβυν πορθμεύετο Περσεύς,
15 νηχόμενος πτερύγεσσι: μονογλήνου δὲ γεραιῆς
Φορκίδος ἀγρύπνοιο λαβῶν ὀφθαλμὸν ἀλήτην
δύσβατον ἄντρον ἔδυνε, καὶ ἀμῶων παρὰ πέτρῃ
λήϊα συρίζοντα, θαλύσια λοξὰ κομάων,
Γοργόνος ὠδίνοντα διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα,
20 καὶ δρεπάνην φοίνιξε: δαΐζομένης δὲ Μεδοῦσης
αἱμοβαφῇ παλάμην ὀφιώδει λοῦσεν ἔερση,

κρᾶτα ταμών: χρυσέῳ δὲ σὺν ἄορι παῖδα λοχεύων
ἵππειν ἐλόχευσε γονὴν διδυμητόκος αὐχὴν.

[13] For Perseus already was ferrying across to the thirsty stretches of Libya, swimming on his wings and circling in the air a quickfoot knee. He had taken the travelling eye of Phorcys's old one-eyed daughter unsleeping; he dived into the dangerous cave, reaped the hissing harvest by the rockside, the firstfruits of curling hair, sliced the Gorgon's teeming throat and stained his sickle red. He cut off the head and bathed a bloodstained hand in that viperish dew; then as Medusa was slain, the neck was delivered of its tMin birth, the Horse and the Boy with the golden sword.

καὶ φθονερὸς πρατίδεσσι χόλος διεπάφλασεν Ἥρης
25 ζῆλον ἐρευγομένης ἐπὶ Περσεί καὶ Διονύσῳ.
ἦθελε δὲ Κρονίδαο καὶ ὄμματα καὶ φρένα θέλγειν
εἰς γάμον ἠπεροπῆα καὶ εἰς πτερὸν ἠδέος Ὑπνου
ἐλκομένου μετὰ λέκτρον, ὅπως δολιῇ τινὶ τέχνῃ
Ζηνὸς ἔτι κνώσσοντος ἐπιβρίσειε Λυαίῳ.
30 ὄρφναϊν δ' Αἶδαο μετήλυθε πανδόκον αὐλήν:
Περσεφόνην δ' ἐκίχσε, δολόφρονι δ' ἴαχε μύθῳ:

[24] Then jealous resentment boiled up in Hera's breast, and she belched spleen against Perseus and Dionysos; and she purposed to enchant the eyes and heart of Cronides in deceitful love, under the wing of Sweet sleep that is brought on after the bed, that while Zeus yet slumbered she might find some cunning trick to crush Lyaïos. Away she went to the gloomy all-welcoming court of Hades: there she found Persephone, and told her a crafty tale:

Ὀλβίστην ἐνέπω σε, θεῶν ὅτι τηλόθι ναίεις:
οὐ Σεμέλην ἐνόησας ἔσω ναίουσαν Ὀλύμπου.
δειδία, μὴ Διόνυσον, ὃν ἀνδρομέη τέκε γαστήρ,
35 ἄστεροπὴν κρατέοντα μετὰ Ζαγρῆα νοήσω
ἦ χθονίαις παλάμησιν ἐλαφρίζοντα κερανοῦς:
συλήθης, φερέκαρπε: παρὰ σταχυῷδεϊ Νείλῳ
ἀντὶ τεῆς Δήμητρος ἀμαλλοτόκοιο τεκούσης
ἄλλῃ κῶμον ἄγουσι, νόθη δὲ τις ὄμπνια Δηῷ
40 ταυροφυῆς κερόεσσα φατίζεται Ἰναχίς Ἰώ.

[32] "Most happy I call you, that you dwell so far from the gods! You have not seen Semele at home in Olympus. I fear I may yet see Dionysos, one born of a mortal womb, master of the lightning after Zagreus, or lifting the thunderbolt in earth-born hands. Cornbringer, you have been robbed! Beside the Nile with his harvests they hold festival for another, instead of your sheafbearing

mother Demeter; they tell of a spurious bountiful Deo, bullbred, horned, Inachos's daughter Io.

Ἄρεα δ', ὃν περ ἔτικτον, ὃν οὐρανή τέκε γαστήρ,
υἷὸν ἔμὸν χθονίῳ πεπεδημένον ἀκλεί δεσμῷ
κρύψεν ἔσω κεράμοιο περισφίγξας Ἐφιάλτης·
οὐδὲ οἱ ἐχραίσμησεν ἔμὸς πόσις οὐράνιος Ζεὺς,
45 ἀλλὰ τόκον Σεμέλης φλογερῶν ἐρρύσατο πυρσῶν,
καὶ βρέφος εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἀνεζώγρησε κεραυνοῦ,
ἡμιτελῆ νόθον υἱά· δαΐζομένου δὲ μαχαίραις
Ζαγρέος οὐ προμάχιζεν ἐπουρανίου Διονύσου.

[41] “And Ares, the one I brought forth, born of a heavenly womb, my own son, Mas shackled tight inglorious in earthly fetters in a jar, where Ephialtes had hidden him. Nor did heavenly Zeus my husband help him — but he rescued Semele's son from the flaming fire, he saved Bacchos from the thunderbolt, while still a baby brat, his bastard son half-finished! But Zagreus the heavenly Dionysos he would not defend, when he was cut up with knives!

τοὔτ' ὃ με μᾶλλον ὄρινεν, ὅτι Κρονίδης πόλον ἄστρον
50 ἔδνα πόρεν Σεμέλῃ καὶ Τάρταρα Περσεφονείῃ·
οὐρανὸς Ἀπόλλωνι φυλάσσεται, οὐρανὸν Ἑρμῆς
ναιετάει· σὺ δὲ τοὔτον ἔχεις δόμον ἔμπλεον ὄρφνης.
τί πλέον, ὅτι δράκοντος ἔχων ψευδήμονα μορφήν
δεσμὸν ἀσυλήτοιο τεῆς σύλησε κορείης,
55 εἰ μετὰ λέκτρον ἔμελλε τεὰς ὠδῖνας ὀλέσσαι;

[49] “What made me angrier still, was that Cronides gave the starry heaven to Semele for a bridegift, — and Tartaros to Persephoneia! Heaven is reserved for Apollo, Hermes lives in heaven — and you have this abode full of gloom! What good was it that he put on the deceiving shape of a serpent, and ravished the girdle of your inviolate maidenhead, if after the bed he was to destroy your babe?

Ζεὺς μὲν ἄναξ κατ' Ὀλύμπου ἔχει δόμον ἔμπλεον ἄστρον,
γνωτῷ δ' ὕδρομέδοντι γέρας πόρεν ἄλμυρὸν ὕδωρ,
καὶ ζόφον ἀχλύοντα τεῷ πόρεν οἶκον ἀκοίτη·
ἀλλὰ τεὰς θώρηξον Ἑρινύας οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ,
60 μὴ βροτὸν ἀθρήσαιμι νόθον σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπου,
αἶδεο λισσομένην Διὸς εὐνέτιν, αἶδεο Δηῷ,
αἶδεο λισσομένην καθαρὴν Θέμιν, ὄφρα κεν Ἴνδοι
βαῖον ἀναπνεύσωσι τινασσομένου Διονύσου:

ἔσσο μοι ἀχνυμένη τιμήορος, ὅττι Κρονίῳν
65 Βάκχῳ νέκταρ ὅπασσε καὶ Ἄρεϊ λύθρον Ἐννοῦς.
μηδὲ νέον Διόνυσον ἀνυμνήσωσιν Ἀθῆναι,
μηδὲ λάχῃ γέρας Ἴσον Ἐλευσινίῳ Διονύσῳ,
μὴ τελετὰς προτέροιο διαλλάξειεν Ἴαχου,
μὴ τάλαιρον Δήμητρος ἀτιμήσειεν ὀπώρῃ·

[56] “Lord Zeus holds the starry hall on Olympus; he has given the briny sea to his brother the water king for his prerogative; he has given the cloudy house of darkness to your consort. Come now, arm your Furies against wineface Bacchos, that I may not see a bastard and a mortal king of Olympus. Pity the wife of Zeus who prays to you, pity Deo, pity praying Themis the immaculate, that the Indians may have a little space to breathe while Dionysos is shaken. Be the avenger of my sorrow, because Cronion has given nectar to Bacchos and the blood of battle to Ares! Let not Athens sing hymns to a new Dionysos, let him not have equal honour with Eleusinian Dionysos, let him not take over the rites of Iacchos who was there before him, let not his vintage dishonour Demeter’s basket!”

70 ὣς φαμένη συνέχευεν ὅλην φρένα Περσεφονείης,
δάκρυσι ποιητοῖσι διαινομένοιο προσώπου,
αἰμύλα κωτίλλουσα. θεὰ δ’ ἐπένευσε θεαίνῃ,
καὶ οἱ δῶκε Μέγαιραν ὁμόστολον, ὄφρα τελέσῃ
βάσκανον ὄμμα φέρουσα νόον ζηλήμονος Ἥρης.

[70] The whole mind of Persephoneia was perturbed while she spoke, babbling deceit as the false tears bedewed her cheeks. Goddess bowed assent to goddess, and gave her Megaira to go with her, that with her evil eye she might fulfil the desire of Hera’s jealous heart.

75 ἡ δὲ θυελλήεντι διαῖξασα πεδίλῳ
τρὶς μὲν ἀνιέρθη, τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἵκετο Γάγγην·
καὶ νέκυν Ἰνδὸν ὄμιλον ἀμειδέι δεῖξε Μεγαίρῃ
καὶ στρατιῆς ἰδρῶτα καὶ ἡγορέην Διονύσου·
Ἰνδοφόνους δὲ Μέγαιρα πόνους ὀρώσασα Λυαίου
80 ζηλήμων ἐμέγηρε καὶ οὐραίνης πλέον Ἥρης.
ἡ δὲ νόῳ κεχάρητο· δρακοντοκόμῳ δὲ θεαίνῃ
σαρδόνιον γελόωσα κατηφέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·

[75] Hera then shot away with stormwinged shoe: three strides she made, and the fourth brought her to Ganges. She pointed out to unsmiling Megaira the crowd of dead Indians, the sweat of the army and the prowess of Dionysos. When the Fury beheld the deathdealing feats of Lyaïos, her jealous heart was

furious even more than heavenly Hera. Then Hera was glad; and with a grim laugh she addressed the snake-haired goddess in despondent voice:

‘οὕτω ἀριστεύουσι νέοι βασιλῆες Ὀλύμπου,
οὕτω ἀκοντίζουσι νόθοι Διός: ἐκ Σεμέλης δὲ
85 Ζεὺς ἓνα παῖδα λόχευσεν, ἵνα ξυμπαντας ὀλέσῃ
Ἴνδους μειλιχίους καὶ ἀμεμφέας: ἀλλὰ δαεῖη
Ζεὺς ἄδικος καὶ Βάκχος, ὅσον σθένος ἐστὶ Μεγαίρης.
ὦ πόποι, οἷον ἄθεσμον ἔχει νόον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς:
Τυρσηνοῖς ἀδικοῖς οὐ μάρναται, ὅττι μαθόντες
90 φῶρια θεσμὰ βίαια κακοζείνων ἐπὶ νηῶν
ἄρπαγες ἀλλοτριῶν Σικελῇ πλώουσι θαλάσῃ:
οὐ κτάνε δυσσεβέων Δρυόπων γένος, οἷς βίος αἰχμαὶ
καὶ φόνος: εὐσεβίῃ δὲ μεμηλότας ἔκτανεν Ἴνδους,
οὕς τάχα πασιμέλουσα Θέμις μαιώσατο μαζῶ.
95 ὦ πόποι, οἷον ἄθεσμον ἔχει νόον: ἀθάνατον γὰρ
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ ἔφλεξε τόσον καὶ τοῖον Ὑδάσπην,
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ ἔφλεξε, τὸν οὐράνιος τέκετο Ζεὺς.’

[83] “See how the young kings of Olympos triumph! See how the bastards of Zeus ply the spear! Zeus has been delivered of one son from Semele, that he may destroy all the Indians in a mass, the gentle innocents! Let Zeus the lawbreaker learn, and Bacchos, how great is the strength of Megaira! For shame — what a lawless mind has Zeus ruling on high! He never attacks the lawbreaking Tyrsenians, because they learn thieves’ laws of violence, and sail the Sicilian Sea in their unfriendly ships, and rob other men of their own. He slew not the impious tribe of Dryopes, where life is sharp steel and murder; but he did slay the Indians whose heart is set on piety, whom famous Themis herself, I think, nursed at her breast. For shame — what a lawless mind he has! when a mortal man has set on fire immortal Hydaspes, so noble and so great, a mortal man has set on fire him whose father was heavenly Zeus!”

ὥς φαμένη πεπότητο δι’ αἰθέρος: ἡ δὲ σιωπῇ
γείτονα Καυκασίης ὑπὸ φωλάδα πέζαν ἐρίπνησεν
100 φρικτὸν ἀμειψαμένη μελέων ὀφιώδεα μορφήν,
γλαυκὴ φυὴν ἱκέλη μένεν αὐτόθι, μέχρι νοήσῃ
Ζῆνα μέγαν κνώσσοντα: τὰ γὰρ φάτο κοῖρανός Ἑρη.

[98] With these words, she flew away through the upper air; and silently in a cave of the neighbouring Caucasian cliff, Megaira east off the terrible serpent shape, and waited there in the form of an owl until she should see great Zeus fast asleep, for that was Queen Hera’s command.

αὐτὴ δὲ Χρεμέταο μετήιεν Ἑσπερον ὕδωρ
Ἥρη μητιώσα, γέρων βαρὺς ὀππόθι κάμνει
105 οὐρανίῃ στροφάλιγγι Λιβυς κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας,
καὶ Ζεφύρου δυσέρωτος ἐδίξετο σύγγαμον Ἴριν,
Ζηνὸς ἐπειγομένοιο διάκτορον, ὄφρα τελέσῃ
ἡερόθεν σκιδόντι ποδὴνέμον ἄγγελον Ὑπνῷ.
τὴν δὲ καλεσσαμένη φιλίῳ μειλίζατο μύθῳ:

[103] Hera herself made her way brooding to the waters of Chremetes in the west, where that afflicted ancient, Libyan Atlas, wearily bends under the whirling heavens; and she sought out the wife of jealous Zephyros, Iris, the messenger of Zeus when he is in a hurry — for she wished to send her swift as the wind from heaven with a message for shadowy Sleep. She called Iris then, and coaxed her with friendly words:

110 Ἴρις, ἀξιφύτου Ζεφύρου χρυσόπτερε νύμφη,
εὖλοχε μήτερ Ἑρωτος, ἀελλήεντι πεδίλῳ
σπεῦδε μολεῖν ζοφόνετος ἐς Ἑσπέριον δόμον Ὑπνου:
δίξεο καὶ περὶ Λῆμνον ἀλίκτυπον: εἰ δέ μιν εὖρης,
λέξον, ἵνα Κρονίωνος ἀθελγέος ὄμματα θέλξῃ
115 εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν, ὅπως Ἰνδοῖσιν ἀρήξω.
ἀλλὰ δέμας μετὰμειβε, μελανζώνου δὲ θεαίνης
μορφὴν Νυκτὸς ἔχουσα δυσειδέα μητέρος Ὑπνου
γίνεο κυανὴ ψευδώνυμος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀντιτύποις μελέεσσιν, ὅτε χρέος ἐστὶν ἀνάγκης,
120 εἰς Θέμιν, εἰς Κυθήρειαν, ἐς Ἄρτεμιν εἶδος ἀμείβω.
Πασιθέης δ' ὑμέναιον ὑπόσχεο, τῆς διὰ κάλλος
ἱμείρων ἀνύσειεν ἐμὸν χρέος: οὐ σε διδάξω,
ὅττι γυναιμανέων τις ἐπ' ἐλπίδι πάντα τελέσσει.'

[110] "Iris, goldenwing bride of plantnourishing Zephyros, happy mother of Love! Hasten with stormshod foot to the home of gloomy Sleep in the west. Seek also about seagirt Lemnos, and if you find him tell him to charm the eyes of Zeus uncharmable for one day, that I may help the Indians. But change your shape, take the ugly form of Sleep's mother the blackgirdled goddess Night; take a false name and become darkness, since I also change my limbs into the aspect of Themis, of Cythereia, of Artemis when need compels. Promise him Pasithea for his bride, and let him do my need from desire of her beauty. I need not tell you that one lovesick will do anything for hope."

ὥς φαμένης πεπότητο θεὰ χρυσόπτερος Ἴρις
125 ἡέρα παπταίνουσα, καὶ εἰς Πάφον, εἰς χθόνα Κύπρου
ἀπλανὲς ὄμμα τίταινε, τὸ δὲ πλέον ὑπόθι Βύβλου

Ἀσσυρίου σκοπιάζεν Ἀδώνιδος εὐγάμον ὕδωρ,
διζομένην περίφοιτον ἀλήμονος ἵχνιον Ὕπνου.
εὔρε δὲ μιν γαμίοιο παρὰ κλέτας Ὅρχομενοῖο:
130 κεῖθι γὰρ αὖτις ἔμιμνε νοοπλανὲς ἵχνος ἑλίσσων,
Πασιθέης ἐρόεντα παρὰ προπύλαια θαμίζων.

[124] At these words, Iris goldenwing flew away, peering through the air. To Paphos, to the land of Cyprus she directed her unwavering eye; most of all she gazed above Byblos, on the wedding water of Assyrian Adonis, seeking the wandering track of vagrant Sleep. She found him on the slopes of nuptial Orehomenosa; for there he delayed again and trailed his distracted foot, a frequent visitor at the door of his beloved Pasithea.

καὶ δέμας ἀλλάξασα μετὰτροπον ἄσκοπος Ἴρις
κυανέης ἄγνωστον ἐδύσατο Νυκτὸς ὀπωπὴν:
ὕπνου δ' ἐγγὺς ἵκανε δολοπλόκος· οἷα δὲ μήτηρ
135 κλεψινόοις ὁάροις ἀπατήλιον ἴαχε φωνήν:

[132] Then Iris changed her shape, and all unseen she put on the look of dark Night unrecognizable. She came near to Sleep, weaving guile; and in his mother's guise uttered her deceitful speech in cajoling whispers:

‘τέκνον ἐμόν, ἐμόν, τέο μέχρις ἐμὲ Κρονίδης ἀθερίζει;
οὐχ ἄλλις, ὡς Φαέθων με βιάζεται, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
ὄρθρος ἀκοντίζει με καὶ ἡριγένεια διώκει;
Ζεὺς νόθον υἷα φύτευσεν, ὅπως ἐμόν Ὕπνον ἐλέγξει.
140 εἷς βροτὸς αἰσχύνει με καὶ υἷέα: παννύχιος γὰρ
μυστιπόλῳ σπινθήρι φεραυγέα δαλὸν ἀνάπτων
Βάκχος ἀμαλδύνει με, καὶ ἐγρήσων σε χαλέπτει.
Ὕπνε, τί πανδαμάτωρ κικλήσκειαι; οὐκέτι θέλγεις
ἀνέρας ἐγρήσσοντας, ὅτι χθονίοιο Λυαίου
145 κῶμον ἐμόν νίκησε νόθον σέλας: ἡμετέρων γὰρ
φαιδροτέραις δαΐδεσσι κατακρύπτει φλόγας ἄστρον.
εἷς βροτὸς αἰσχύνει με φαεσφόρος, ὅττι καλύπτει,
καὶ μεγάλην περ ἐοῦσαν, ἐμῆς ἀκτῖνα Σελήνην.
ἄζομαι ἡριγένειαν ἐπεγγελώσαν Ὀμίχλην,
150 ὅττι νόθον μεθέπω νύχιον σέλας: ἄλλοτρίῳ γὰρ
ποιητῷ Φαέθοντι φαείνομαι ἡματιῇ Νύξ.
ἀλλὰ σύ μοι, φίλε κοῦρε, χολῶεο δίζυγι θεσμῷ
μυστιπόλοις Σατύροισι καὶ ἀγρὺπνῳ Διονύσῳ:
155 δὸς χάριν ἀχνυμένη σέο μητέρι, δὸς χάριν Ἥρῃ,
καὶ Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἀθελγέα θέλξον ὀπωπὴν
εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν, ὅπως Ἴνδοῖσιν ἀρήξει,

[136] “My child, how long is Cronides to despise me? Is it not enough that Phaethon does me violence, that Morning shoots me, and Dawn pursues me? Zeus has got a bastard son, just to confound my dear Sleep! One mortal by himself insults me and my son: all night long Bacchos destroys me, and provokes you, by keeping wide awake and kindling his blazing torch with mystic sparks. Why are you named Allvanquisher, Sleep? No longer you charm wakeful men, now that the spurious gleam of earthborn Lyaïos has conquered my revels — for he hides the flames of my stars by brighter torches of his own. One mortal by himself insults me, a new Lightbringer who covers the beams of my Moon great as they are. I am shamed before Day when she mocks at darkness, because I have a false brightness in the night: for a foreign unnatural Sun makes me shine as if night were day. O my dear son! you must resent this on two counts — resist the mystical Satyrs, resist Dionysos the sleepless! Grant this boon to your sorrowful mother, grant this boon to Hera, and charm the charmproof eye of Zeus in the Highest, just for one day, that she may help the Indians whom the Satyrs scatter in rout and still Bacchos harries.

οὐς Σάτυροι κλονέουσι καὶ εἰσέτι Βάκχος ὀρίνει.
Ὕπνε, τί πανδαμάτωρ κικλήσκειαι; ἦν ἐθελήσης,
τρέφον ἐμοὶ τέδν ὄμμα, καὶ ἐπταπύλῳ παρὰ Θήβῃ
160 πάννυχον ἐγρήσσοντα πάλιν Κρονίωνα νοήσεις:
λῦσον ἀτασθαλίην ἀδίκου Διός: Ἀμφιτρύων μὲν
νόσφιν ἐοῦ θαλάμοιο σιδηροχίτων μετανάστης
μάρναται: Ἀλκμήνῃ δὲ παρέζεται ἐνδόμυχος Ζεὺς,
νυμφιδίην ἀκόρητος ἔχων τρισέληνον ὁμίχλην.
165 μὴ Διὸς ἐγρήσσοντος ἴδω καὶ νύκτα τετάρτην.

[158] “O Sleep, why are you named All vanquisher? If it be your pleasure, pray turn your eye, and you shall perceive Cronion wakeful once again through the night in sevengeate Thebes. Make an end of the wantonness of Zeus Lawbreaker! Amphitryon is far from his bridal chamber, steelclad and in the battle; Zeus makes himself at home by the side of Alcmena, enjoying insatiate three moons of bridal darkness! Let me not see Zeus yet wakeful for a fourth night.

ἀλλὰ, τέκος, Κρονίῳνι κορύσσειο, μὴ πάλιν ἄλλην,
μὴ πάλιν ἐννεάκυκλον ἀναπλήσειεν ὁμίχλην.
Μνημοσύνης προτέρης μιμνήσκειο: τῇ παριαύων
ἐννέα νύκτας ἔμιμνεν, ἔχων ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπῆν,
170 οἷστρον ἔχων πολύτεκνον ἀκοιμήτων ὕμεναιων.
πανδαμάτωρ θεὸς ἄλλος ὁμόπτερος, εἵκελος Ὕπνω,
βαῖος Ἐρως, Κρονίδην ὀλίγῳ νίκησε βελέμνω.

[166] “Nay, my son, arm you against Cronion — let him not have more darkness, nine full circles more! Remember Mnemosyne in the old time before us; how he lay by her side for nine whole nights, with eyes ever wakeful, full of passion for many children in that unresting bridal. Another allvanquishing god, winged like Sleep, little Love, conquered Cronides with a tiny dart.

γηγενένων δ' ἐλέαιρε γονὴν μελανόχροον Ἴνδῶν:
δὸς χάριν: ὑμετέρης γὰρ ὁμόχροές εἰσι τεκούσης:
175 ῥύεο κυανέους, κυανόπτερε: μὴδὲ χαλέψης
γαῖαν ἔμοῦ γενετῆρος ὁμήλικα, τῆς ἄπο μούνης
πάντες ἀνεβλάστησαν, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου.
μὴ τρομέοις Κρονίδην, ὅτε σύγγαμος Ἰλαος Ἥρη:
μὴ τρομέοις Σεμέλην, ἣν ἔφλεγεν αὐτὸς ἀκοίτης.
180 οὐ στεροπὴ πυρόεσσα δυνήσεται ἰσοφαρίζειν,
οὐ βροντὴ βαρύδουπος ἀρασσομένων νεφελῶν:
μοῦνον ἔμοι πτερὰ πάλλε, καὶ ἀκλινέων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
μῖμνει Ζεὺς ἀτίνακτος, ὅσον χρόνον, ὕπνε, κελεύεις.
ἔκλυον, ὥς ποθείεις Χαρίτων μίαν: ἀλλ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
185 οἷστρον ἔχων θαλάμοιο φυλάσσεο, μὴδὲ χαλέψης
μητέρα Πασιθέης, ζυγὴν θαλαμηπόλον Ἥρην.
εἰ δὲ σὺ ναιετάεις παρὰ Τηθύι Λευκάδα πέτρην.
Δηριάδῃ χραίσμησον, ὃν ἤροσεν Ἴνδος Ὑδάσπης:
γείτονι πιστὰ φύλαξον, ἐπεὶ τεὸς ἡχέτα γείτων
190 Ὠκεανὸς κελάδων προπάτωρ πέλε Δηριαδῆος.’

[173] “Pity the blackskin nation of earthborn Indians! Grant this boon — for they have the same colour as your mother — save the black ones, O Blackwing! Do not provoke Earth, my father’s age-mate, from whom alone we are all sprung, we who dwell in Olympos. Tremble not before Zeus, when his consort Hera is favourable: tremble not before Semele, whom her own bedfellow burnt up. No fiery lightning can equal you, no loud thunderclaps from the bursting clouds: do but flap me your wings, and Zeus lies immovable on unshaken bed, so long as you command him, Sleep! I have heard that you want one of the Graces; then if you have in your heart an itch for her bedchamber, have a care! Do not provoke Pasithea’s mother, Hera the handmaid of wedded love! And if you dwell with Tethys by the Leucadian Rock, do help Deriades the son of Indian Hydaspes: be true to a neighbour, for resounding Ocean your loud-voiced neighbour was an ancestor of Deriades.”

ὥς φαμένη παρέπεισε. καὶ οἷά τε μητρὸς ἀκούων
ὕπνος ἀνεπτοίητο, καὶ ὤμοσεν ὄμματα θέλγειν

Ζηνὸς ἀκοιμήτοιο καὶ εἰς τριτάτης δρόμον Ἡοῦς·
ἀλλὰ μιν ἦτεεν Ἴρις, ἵνα Κρονίωνα πεδήσῃ
195 ὑπνώειν ἔνα μοῦνον ἐπὶ δρόμον ἡριγενείης.
αὐτόθι δ' ὕπνος ἔμιμνε, δεδεγμένος εὐγάμον ὥρην.

[191] With this appeal, she won his consent. Then Sleep as one obeying a mother started up, and swore to charm the eyes of unresting Zeus even until the third dawn should come; but Iris begged him to fasten Cronion with slumber for the course of one day only. There Sleep remained, awaiting the happy season of marriage.

καὶ ταχινὴ πεπότητο θεὰ παλινόστιμος Ἴρις·
σπερχομένη δ' ἡγγειλεν ἀμεμφέα μῦθον ἀνάσσει.

[197] Then goddess Iris returned flying at speed, and hastened to deliver her welcome message to her queen.

ἡ δὲ θυελλήεντι δι' ἡέρος Ἴπτατο ταρσῷ
200 καὶ δόλον ἔπλεκεν ἄλλον, ὅπως Διὸς ἐγγύθεν ἔλθῃ
κεστὸν ἀερτάζουσα, πόθου θελξιφρονα μίτρην.
καὶ Παφίην μάστευεν· ὑπὲρ Λιβάνοιο δὲ μούνην
Ἀσσυρίην ἐκίχησεν ἐρημαίην Ἀφροδίτην
ἐξομένην· Χάριτες γὰρ ἐς ἄνθεα ποικίλα κήπων
205 εἰαρινὰ στέλλοντο, χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο,
ἡ μὲν ἀμεργομένη Κίλικα κρόκον, ἡ δὲ κομίζειν
βάλασμον ἱμείρουσα καὶ Ἰνδῶου δονακῆος
φυταλίην, ἑτέρη δὲ ῥόδων εὐώδεα ποιήν.

[199] But Hera flew through the air on stormswift sole, and wove another plan, to visit Zeus carrying the cestus, that mindcharming girdle of desire. She sought for the Paphian; and found Assyrian Aphrodite seated in a solitary spot upon Libanos, alone, for the Graces, those dancers of Orchomenos, had been sent away to gather the various flowers of spring in the gardens — one to gather Cilician crocus, one eager to bring balsam and sprouts of the Indian reed, another for the fragrant petals of the rose.

Θαμβαλέη δ' ἀδόκητος ἔῶν ἀνεπήλατο δίφρων,
210 ὥς Διὸς εἶδε δάμαρτα, Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη·
ἀχνυμένην δ' ὀρώσα πολύτροπον ἶαχε φωνήν:

[209] Wondering and startled, Aphrodite the daughter of Zeus leapt up from her seat, when she saw the consort of Zeus in sorrow; and the wily creature cried

“Ἡρη, Ζηνὸς ἄκοιτι, τί σοι χλοάουσι παρειαί;
 τίπτε τεαί, βασιλεία, κατηφές εἰσὶν ὀπωπαί;
 ἦ ῥα πάλιν πέλεν ὄμβρος ἐπικλοπος ὑέτιος Ζεὺς;
 215 μὴ πάλιν ἔπλετο ταῦρος ἐν ὕδασι νύγρὸς ὀδίτης;
 τις πάλιν Εὐρώπῃ σε βιάζεται; ἢ ἔτις ἄλλῃ
 Ἀντιόπῃ Νυκτῆος ἀναινομένου γενετῆρος
 ψευδαλέου Σατύρου λασίῃ νυμφεύεται εὐνή;
 μὴ νέος εἰς γάμον ἄλλον ἐπείγεται ἵππος ἐχέφρων,
 220 μιμηλοῖς στομάτεσσι νόθον χρεμετισμὸν ἰάλλων;
 μὴ Σεμέλῃν ἐτέρῃν λοχίῳ μνηστεύσατο πυρσῶ
 καὶ στεροπὴν ἐλέλιξε κυβερνήτειραν Ἑρώτων;
 μὴ δαμάλης ἐπὶ λέκτρον ἐγκραίοιο χορεύει
 μυκηθμὸν προχέων φιλοτήσιον; ἦν ἐθελήσης,
 225 Ζηνὸς ὀπιπευτῆρα βοοσκόπον ἄλλον ἐγείροις,
 βουκόλον ἀγρύπνοις κεχαραγμένον Ἄργον ὀπωπαῖς.
 εἶπέ μοι εἰρομένη, καὶ ὅσον σθένος ἐστίν, ἀρήξω.’

[121] “Hera, queen of Zeus! why are your cheeks pale! Why are your eyes downcast, my queen? Can it be that Rainy Zeus has once more become a shower of deceit? Has he become a bull again, a drenched wayfarer in the waters? What second Europa is disturbing you? Is there another Antiope in the hairy embrace of a sham Satyr, although Nycteus her father forbids? Is there a new horse with a mind in him hasting to another bridal, while he lets out a false whinny between mimicking lips? Has he wooed another Semele with birthdelivering brand, and cast his lightning to show the way for love? Does he dance to the bed of some prettyhorned heifer while he utters a loving moo? Well, if you like, you can find up another cowkeeper to spy upon Zeus, a herdsman Argos, tattooed with unsleeping eyes! Answer my questions, and I will help all I can.”

ὥς φαμένην δολόεντι θεᾷ προσπτύξατο μύθῳ:

[228] The goddess greeted her kindly with deceitful words:

‘Κύπρι θεά, θνητοῖσιν ἔασομεν οὐδας Ὀλύμπου:
 230 Ζεὺς Σεμέλῃν ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἀνήγαγε, μητέρα Βάκχου,
 ἄξει καὶ Διόνυσον ἐς αἰθέρα. τίς δόμος Ἡρῇ
 δέξεται; ἢ τίνα χώρον ἐλεύσομαι; αἰδέομαι δέ,
 μὴ Σεμέλῃν ἐσίδοιμι νόθην βασιλείαν Ὀλύμπου.
 δεῖδια, μὴ ζοφόντος ἴδω δόμον Ἰαπετοῖο,
 235 μὴ με λαβὼν ἐλάσειε μετὰ Κρόνον ἐκτὸς Ὀλύμπου.

δειδία, μὴ μετὰ μαῖαν ἐν αἰθέρι νέκταρ ἐλέγχων
ἄμπελον, ἣν καλέουσι, καὶ ἐν μακάρεσσι φυτεύσῃ.

[229] “Cypris goddess, we must leave the ground of Olympus for mortals. Zeus has brought to Olympus Semele the mother of Bacchos, and he will bring Dionysos himself to heaven. What mansion will receive Hera? To what place shall I go? I am ashamed lest I behold Semele, the usurping queen of Olympus. I fear he may take me and drive me out of Olympus like Cronos, and I may have to see the dark house of Iapetos. I fear he may shame the nectar, and bring from earth what they call the vine, to plant it in heaven even among the Blessed.

240 μὴ ποτε τοῦτο γένοιτο, Δίκη καὶ Γαῖα καὶ Ὑδωρ.
κλήματα μὴ κομίσειεν ἐς αἰθέρα, μὴ χάριν αἴνης
οὐρανὸν ἄμπελόεντα μετ’ ἀστερόεντα καλέσω,
μηδὲ πῶ ποτὸν ἄλλο μετὰ γλυκὺ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου.
δειδία, μὴ μενέχαρμον ἴδω μεθύουσαν Ἀθήνην,
245 μὴ δόρυ κουφίσσειεν ἐπ’ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Κυthereiῃ,
μὴ σφαλερῇ ῥαθάμιγγι νοοσφαλέος Διονύσου
αἰθέρι τολμήεσαν ἀναστήσωσιν Ἐνυῶ
ἀστέρες οἶνοπλῆγες ἐπ’ ἀλλήλοισι μανέντες,
μὴ ποτε βακχευθέντες ὅλοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου
250 ὄργια μιμήσαιντο φερεσσακέων Κορυβάντων.
οὐχ ἄλις αἴσχος ἐκεῖνο θεοοστυγές, ὅττι δοκεῖω

[240] “O Justice, O Earth, O Water, let this never be! May he never bring its twigs to heaven! that I should speak of the Viny Sky instead of the Starry Sky, in honour of the grape! that I should ever quaff another drink after the sweet nectar of Olympus! I fear to see warlike Athena drunken, shaking her spear against Ares and Cythereia — the stars wineshotten and maddened against each other, arousing reckless battle in heaven with the staggering drops of mindshaking Dionysos — all that dwell in Olympus infuriated, and mimicking the revels of carryshield Corybants!

Τρώιον ἡβητῆρα, Διὸς δρηστῆρα κυπέλλων,
οὐρανὸν αἰσχύνοντα καὶ οἶνοχόον Διὸς Ἥβην,
χερσὶν ἐπιχθονίησιν ὅτε γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀφύσσει;
255 αἰδομένη δ’ ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐλεύσομαι: ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
αἰθέρα καλλείψω, Γανυμήδεϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ:
αἰθέρα καλλείψω, Σεμέλης δόμον. εἷς δόμος ἔστω
οὐρανὸς ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Περσεῖ καὶ Διονύσῳ.
ἵξομαι εἰς ἐμὸν Ἄργος, ἐς ἀγλὰν ἄστρῳ Μυκῆνης,
260 ἐν χθονὶ ναιετάουσα: σὺν ἀχνημένῃ δὲ τεκούσῃ

ἔσπεται αὐτὸς Ἄρης, σέο νυμφίος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
Σπάρτης σῆς ἐπιβῆθι, καὶ εὐθώρηκα δεχέσθω
χαλκείῳ σὺν Ἄρῃ χολωομένην Ἀφροδίτην.

[252] “Is it not shame enough, an impious thing, that I see the Trojan boy cup-lackey to Zeus, disgracing heaven and Hebe cupbearer of Zeus, when he ladles sweet nectar with human hands? Yes, I will go in my shame to earth; heaven I will leave to those two, Ganymedes and Dionysos — heaven I will leave, the home of Semele! Let heaven be common home for those two, Perseus and Dionysos.

I will retire to my Argos, to the glorious city of Mycene, and I will settle on earth. With his unhappy mother will go Ares himself, your bridegroom. Come yourself too, and set foot in your Sparta, and let Sparta receive corseleted Aphrodite in her anger along with brazen Ares.

οἶδα, πόθεν μεθέπω τάδε πῆματα· πατρὸς Ἑρινὺς
265 ὕβριν ἀπαιτίζει με βιαζομένοιο τοκῆος,
ὅττι Κρόνου γενετῆρος ἐπιβρίθουσα κυδοιμῷ
σὺν Διὶ μαρναμένῳ Τιτηνιάς ἔχραεν Ἥρη·
καλὸν ἔμοι, Διόνυσον ἰδεῖν κατὰ μέσσον Ὀλύμπου
ἤμενον ἐγγὺς Ἔρωτος, ὁμέστιον ἀφρογενεῖη,
270 αἰγίδα κουφίζοντα μετὰ Κρονίδην καὶ Ἀθήνην.
ἀλλὰ, θεά, χραίσμησον, ἐμῆς δ’ ἐπίκουρον ἀνίης
δὸς μοι κεστὸν ἱμάντα, τεῆν πανθελγέα μίτρην,
εἰς μίνα ἡριγένειαν, ὅπων Διὸς ὄμματα θέλξω,
καὶ Διὸς ὑπνώνοντος ἔμοις Ἴνδοϊσιν ἀρήξω.
δισσὴ ἐγὼ γενόμην ἐκυρὴ σέθεν· ἡμετέρου γὰρ
υἱέος Ἥφαιστοιο καὶ Ἄρεος ἔπλεο νύμφη.
275 δὸς χάριν ὀπιτέλεστον, ἐπεὶ κυανόχροες Ἴνδοι
ξεινοδόκοι γεγάσαιν Ἐρυθραίης Ἀφροδίτης,
οἷς κοτέων Διόνυσος ἐπέχραεν, οἷσι καὶ αὐτὸς
θηλυμανῆς ἄστοργος ἐχώσατο παιδοτόκος Ζεὺς,
καὶ στεροπὴν ἐλέλιξε συναιχμάζων Διονύσω·
280 δὸς μοι κεστὸν ἱμάντα βοηθόον, ᾧ ἔνι μούνῳ
θέλγεις εἶν ἐνὶ πάντα· καὶ ἄξιός εἰμι φορῆσαι,
ὥς ζυγίη γεγαυῖα καὶ ὥς συνάεθλος Ἐρώτων.’

[264] “I know where I get these troubles from. My father’s Avenger demands bloodprice from me for violence done to a father, because Hera the Titans daughter took strong part in the war against Cronos her father and helped Zeus in his fight. A fine thing for me to see Dionysos sitting in the midst of Olympos beside Eros, at the same table as the Foam-born, bearing the aegis once borne by Cronides and Athena. Help me, goddess, I pray! Lend me to

aid my need your cestus band, your allcharming belt, just for one day — that I may charm the eyes of Zeus, and while Zeus slumbers I may help my Indians. I am twice your goodmother, for you have been bride of my Hephaistos and Ares both. Grant this boon at last; for the blackskin Indians have always hospitably entertained Erythraian Aphrodite, and these Indians Dionysos has assailed in his fury, on these Indians Zeus has wreaked his anger — Zeus the womanmad, the heartless, Zeus the bearer of children, he has battled for Dionysos and cast his lightnings upon them! Lend me your cestus band to help, with which alone you charm all in one! I am worthy to wear it, patroness of wedlock and fellow-helper of the Loves.”

BOOK 32

ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ τῷ δευτέρῳ εἰσὶ κυδοιμοὶ
καὶ Διὸς ὑπναλέοιο λέχος καὶ λύσσα Λυαίου.
ὥς φαμένη παρέπεισε: δολοφράδμων δ' Ἀφροδίτη
πείθετο κερδοσύνησιν, ἀνειρύσσασα δὲ κόλπου
Ἥρῃ δῶρον ἔδωκε θελήμονι κεστὸν Ἑρώτων.
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔλεξε χάριν θελκτῆρος ἱμάντος:

BOOK XXXII

In the thirty-second are battles, and the bed of sleeping Zeus, and the madness of Bacchos.

APHRODITE was won. The mistress of wiles obeyed the cunning request, and drawing the cestus up from her bosom she bestowed it upon willing Hera, and thus she spoke and described the witchery of the strap:

5 ὀδέχνησο τοῦτον ἱμάντα, τεῆς ἐπικούρου ἀνίης:
θέλξεις δ' εἰν ἐνὶ πάντα πόθων ἰθύντορι κεστῷ,
ἥελιον καὶ Ζῆνα καὶ αἰθέρα καὶ χορὸν ἄστρον:
καὶ ῥόον ἀστήρικτον ἀτέρμονος Ὠκεανοῖο.'

[5] "Accept this strap to help your trouble. You shall charm all in one with this cestus, the guide to all desire — Sun and Zeus and the company of stars, and the evermoving stream of boundless Ocean."

εἶπε, καὶ Ἀσσυρίην Λιβανηίδα δύσατο πέτρην.
10 Ἥρῃ δ' ἀστερόφοιτον ἐδύσατο κύκλον Ὀλύμπου,
καὶ ταχινὴ πάνλευκον ἐὴν ἐπεκόσμεε μορφήν:
πολλάκι δ' ἰσάζουσα καθειμένον ἄχρι μετώπου
πλαζομένης ἔστησε μετῆλυδα βότρυν ἐθείρης:
καὶ πλεκτὴν θυόεντι κόμην ἐδίηεν ἐλαίῳ,
τοῦ καὶ κινυμένοιο μετ' αἰθέρα καὶ μετὰ πόντον
γαῖαν ὅλην ἐμέθυσε μύρου δολιχόσκιος ὁδμή.
καὶ κεφαλῇ στέφος εἶχε παναίολον, ᾧ ἔνι πολλὰ
20 λυχνίδες ἦσαν, Ἑρωτος ὁμόστολοι, ὧν ἅπο πέμπει
φαιδρὰ τινασσομένων ἀμαρύγματα Κυπριδίῃ φλόξ:
εἶχε δὲ πέτρον ἐκεῖνον, ὃς ἀνέρας εἰς πόθον ἔλκει,
οὔνομα φαιδρὸν ἔχοντα ποθοβλήτοιο Σελήνης,
καὶ λίθον ἱμείρουσαν ἔρωτοτόκοιο σιδήρου,
25 καὶ λίθον Ἰνδῶν φιλοτήσιον, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἔξ ὑδάτων βλάστησεν ὁμόγνιος ἀφρογενεῖς,

κυανένη θ' ὑάκινθον, ἑράσμιον εἰσέτι Φοῖβω:
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἑοῖς πλοκάμοισιν ἑρωτίδα δῆσατο ποιῆν,
 ἣν φιλέει Κυθήρεια καὶ ὡς ῥόδον, ὡς ἀνεμώνην,
 30 καὶ φορέει μέλλουσα μιγήμεναι υἱέϊ Μύρρῃς:
 καὶ λαγόνας στεφανηδὸν ἀήθεϊ δῆσατο κεστῷ:
 εἶχε δὲ ποικίλον εἶμα παλαιάτατον, ὃ χυτο νύμφης
 κρυπταδίῃ φιλότῃ κασιγνήτων ὑμεναίων
 νυμφίον ἀρχαίης ἔτι λείψανον αἶμα κορείης,
 35 κουριδίης φιλότῃος ἵνα μνήσειεν ἀκοίτην:
 νιψαμένη δὲ μέτωπα καλύψατο νόροπι πέπλῳ,
 15 καὶ περόνην συνέεργεν, ἑοῦ κληῖδα χιτῶνος:
 καὶ δέμας ἀσκήσασα καὶ ἀθρήσασα κατόπτρῳ
 ὡς πτερὸν ἡ ἐνόημα δι' αἰθέρος ἔδραμε Ἥρη.

[9] This said, she plunged beneath the rocks of Assyrian Libanos. But Hera passed to the star-scattered circle of Olympos. Quickly she decked out her allwhite body. Often she guided the straying clusters of floating hair and arranged them in even rows down to her forehead; she touched up the plaits with sweetscented oil — stir it, and the farspreading scent of the unguent intoxicates heaven and sea and the whole earth. She put on her head a coronet of curious work, set with many rubies, the servants of love; when they move, the Cyprian flame sends out bright sparklings. She wore also that stone which draws man to desire, which has the bright name of the desire-struck Moon; and the stone which is enamoured of iron the loveproducing; and the Indian stone of love, offspring itself of the waters and akin to the Foamborn; and the deep blue sapphire still beloved of Phoibos. About her hair she twined that herb of passion which Cythereia loves as much as the rose, as much as the anemone, which she wears when she is about to mingle her love with Myrrha's son. She bound the unaccustomed cestus about and about her flanks; but the embroidered robe she wore was her oldest, still bearing the bloodmarks of maidenhead left from her bridal, to remind her bedfellow of their first love when she came to her brother a virgin in that secret union. She washed her face, and wrapt about her a shining robe and clasped it with a brooch to lock up her tunic. Having thus adorned herself and surveyed all in the mirror, Hera sped through the air, swift as a bird, swift as a thought.

καὶ Διὸς ἐγγὺς ἵκανεν: ἰδὼν δὲ μιν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
 θερμοέρους ἐς Ἔρωτας ἱμάσσετο κέντορι κεστῷ:
 40 καὶ Διὸς εἰσορόωντος ἐδουλώθησαν ὀπωπαί:
 καὶ μιν ὀπιπεύων Κρονίδης ἐξείρετο μύθῳ:

[38] She came near to Zeus. And when Zeus Highest and Mightiest saw her, the goading cestus whipt him to hotter love. As Zeus looked upon her, his eyes

were enslaved, and staring hard Cronides spoke these words:

“Ἡρη, τίπτε βέβηκας Ἐώιον εἰς κλίμα γαίης;
τίς χρεῖώ σε κόμιζε; τί σήμερον ἐνθάδε βαίνεις;
ἦ ῥά πάλιν κοτέουσα κορύσσειαι οἶνοπι Βάκχῳ,
45 καὶ ποθέεις Ἴνδοϊσιν ὑπερφιάλοισιν ἀρῆξαι;”

[42] “O Hera, why have you come to this eastern clime? What need has brought you? Why are you here to-day? Are you again full of wrath and armed against Bacchos of the vine? Do you desire to help those overweening Indians?”

ἔννεπε: καὶ γελῶντι νόῳ πολυμήχανος Ἡρη
ζηλομανῆς ἀγόρευε παραιφαμένη παρακοίτην:

[46] He spoke, and crafty Hera with laughing heart, yet mad with jealousy, answered, deluding her husband:

‘Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἄλλος ἔχει με φίλος δρόμος: οὐ γὰρ ἰκάνω
Ἄρεος Ἰνδῶοιο καὶ Ἰνδοφόνου Διονύσου
50 ἄλλοτριάς μεθέπουσα μεληδόνας, ἀντολῆς δὲ
γείτονος Ἡελίοιο μετέρχουαι αἶθοπας αὐλὰς
σπερχομένη: πτερόεις γὰρ Ἔρωσ παρὰ Τηθύος ὕδωρ
Ὠκεανηιάδος Ῥοδόπης δεδονημένος οἷστρω
συζυγίην ἀπέειπε: καὶ ἔπλετο κόσμος ἀλήτης,
55 καὶ βίος ἀχρήστος ἀποιχομένων ὕμεναιων:
τοῦτον ἐγὼ καλέουσα παλίνδρομῆς ἐνθάδε βαίνω:
οἶσθα γάρ, ὥς Ζυγίη κικλήσκομαι, ὅτι καὶ αὐτῆς
χεῖρες ἐμαὶ κρατέουσι τελεσσιγόνου τοκετοῖο.’

[48] “No, Father Zeus, I have a different errand of my own. I came not to concern myself with others’ troubles, warlike Indians and Indianslaying Dionysos, but I hasten to visit the blazing court of the East near to Helios. For Eros is on the wing beside the waters of Tethys, struck with passion for Rhodope Ocean’s daughter, and he has renounced his matchmaking! So the order of the universe is out of joint, life is worthless when wedlock is gone. I have been to summon him, and here I am on the way back. For you know I am called the Lady of Wedlock, because my hands hold the accomplishment of childbirth.”

τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσαν ἀμείβετο θερμὸς ἀκοίτης:

[59] So she spoke aloud, and her consort glowing made reply:

60 ὡς νύμφα φίλη, λίπε δῆριν: ἔμῳ Διόνυσος ἀγήνωρ
 ἁμῶν προθέλυμνον ἀβακχεύτων γένος Ἴνδῶν
 χαίρετω: ἀμφοτέρους δὲ γαμήλια λέκτρα δεχέσθω:
 οὐ γὰρ ἐπιχθονίης ἀλόχου πόθος, οὐδὲ θεαίνης
 θυμὸν ἐμὸν θελκτῆρι τόσον βακχεύσατο κεστῷ ...
 65 οὐδ' ὅτε Τηϋγέτης Ἀτλαντίδος, ἧς ἀπὸ λέκτρων
 πρεσβυγενῆς πολιοῦχος ἀεξήθη Λακεδαιμῶν:
 οὐ τόσον ἡρασάμην Νιόβης παρὰ γείτονι Λέρνῃ,
 κούρης ἀρχεγόνοιο Φορωνέος: οὐ τόσον Ἰοῦς
 φοιτάδος Ἰναχίης ταυρώπιδος, ἥ παρὰ Νείλῳ
 70 τίκτε γονὴν Ἐπάφοιο καὶ ἀρχεγόνου Κεροέσσης:
 οὐ Παφίης τόσον ἦλθον ἐς ἱμερον, ἧς χάριν εὖνῃς
 Κενταύρους ἐφύτευσα βαλὼν σπόρον αὐλάκι γαίης:
 ὡς σέο νῦν μεθέπω γλυκερὸν πόθον, ἧ ῥα καὶ αὐτὴ
 ὡς Ζηγίῃ γεγαυῖα καὶ ὡς μεδέουσα γενέθλης
 75 Κυπριδίῳ βελέεσσι ὀιστεύεις παρακοίτην;

[60] “Beloved bride, let quarrels be! Let my proud Dionysos cut down root and branch those Indians who will have no Bacchos, and goodbye to him! But let a bridebed receive us both! Not for any mate, neither mortal woman nor goddess, was I ever so charmed in soul at the touch of the cestus; no, not even when I had Teygete Atlas’s daughter, from whose bed was born Lacedaimon the ancient prince — not so did I love Niobe, the daughter of primeval Phoroneus beside Lerna — not so did I love Inachos’s Io, the wandering heifer, from whom beside the Nile came the line begun by Epaphos and primeval Ceroessa — not so did I desire the Paphian, for whose sake I dropt seed in the furrow of the plowland and begat the Centaurs, as I now feel sweet desire for you! And so you shoot your own husband with Cyprian shafts, being the Lady of Wedlock and queen of creation!”

ὡς εἰπὼν χρυσέας νεφέλας πυργηδὸν ἐλίξας
 δινωτὴν ἐπικυρτον ἐνεσφαίρωσε καλύπτρην:
 καὶ θαλάμου ποιητὸς ἔην τύπος, ὃν τότε κύκλω
 Ἴριδος αἰθερίης ἐτερόχροος ἔστεφε μορφῇ
 80 πορφυρῇ, καὶ Ζηνὶ καὶ ἀγλαοπήχεϊ νύμφῃ
 αὐτόματον σκέπας ἦεν ὀρσσαύλων ὑμεναίων,
 καὶ τύπος αὐτοτέλεστος ἀναγκαίης πέλεν εὖνῃς.

[76] He spoke, and assembling with a whirl golden clouds like a wall, he arched them eddying above like a round covering dome. It was something in the shape of a bridal chamber, so contrived that the purple manicoloured bow of heavenly Iris was then round it like a crown. Thus there was a natural covering for the loves of Zeus and his fairarmed bride as they mated there in

the open hills, and there was the shape of a couch self-formed to serve their need.

οἱ δὲ γάμου χαρίεντος ὁμίλεον ἡδέι θεσμῷ:
γαῖα δὲ κηῶεσσαν ἀναπτύξασα λοχεῖην
85 ἄνθεσιν ἱμερτοῖσι γαμήλιον ἔστεφεν εὐνὴν:
καὶ κρόκος ἐβλάστησε Κίλιξ καὶ ἐφύετο μῖλαξ,
θήλει δ' ἄρσενά φύλλα συνέπλεκε γείτονι ποιῇ,
90 οἷα πόθου πνείων καὶ ἐν ἄνθεσιν ἀβρὸς ἀκοίτης,
καὶ λέχος ἀμφοτέρων ἐπεκόσμεε διπλὸς ὄρηξ,
90 Ζῆνα κρόκῳ πυκάσας καὶ μίλακι σύγγαμον Ἥρην:
καὶ Διὸς ὅξυν ἔρωτα νοήμονι δείκνυε σιγῇ
ἱμερόεις νάρκισσος ἐπιθρώσκων ἀνεμώνη.
οὐδὲ τις ἀθανάτων σκιδὸν λέχος, οὐ τότε Νύμφαι
γείτονες, οὐ Φαέθων πανεπόψιος, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
95 ἔδρακεν ἄφθιτα λέκτρα βοώπιδος ὄμμα Σελήνης:
πυκνοῖς γὰρ νεφέεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη σκέπας εὐνῆς,
καὶ Διὸς ὄμματα θέλξεν ὁμόστολος Ὕπνος Ἐρώτων.

[83] While they communed under the sweet canon of gracious marriage, Earth unfolded her teeming perfumes and crowned the marriage bed with lovely flowers: there sprouted Cicilian saffron, there grew bindweed, and wrapt his male leaves about the female plant by his side, as though breathing desire, and himself a dainty mate in the world of flowers. So the double growth adorned the bed of the pair, covering Zeus with saffron and Hera his wife with bindweed; lovely iris leaping upon anemone portrayed by a meaning silence the sharp love of Zeus. No immortal then beheld the shaded bed of the divine ones, not the Nymphs of the neighbourhood, not Phaethon allseeing, not even the soft eye of Selene herself saw that imperishable bed; for the couch was covered with thick shady clouds round about, and Sleep the servant of the Loves had charmed the eyes of Zeus.

ὄφρα μὲν ἀβρὸς ἴαυεν ἐν ἄνθεσι θελγόμενος Ζεὺς,
ἀγκὰς ἔχων παράκοιτιν ἀθηήτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων,
100 τόφρα δὲ ποικιλόμορφος ἐν οὔρεσι φοιτὰς Ἐρινὺς
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισιν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσω:
καὶ κτύπον ἐσμαράγησεν ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοῖσι Λυαίου,
σεισαμένη βαρύδουπος ἐχιδνήεσσαν ἱμάσθλην:
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐλέλιξε, δρακοντείων δὲ κομῶων
105 φρικτὰ τινασσομένων ἐπεσύρισε λοίγιος ἡχώ,
καὶ σκοπιὴν ἔρραινον ἐρημάδα πίδακες ἰοῦ ...
ἄλλοτε θηρείοιο τύπον φαίνουσα προσώπου
αἰνομανῆς ἔφριξε λέων πυκινότριχι λαιμῷ,

χάσματι φοινῆεντι κατάϊσσων Διονύσου.

[98] While Zeus slept delicately charmed among the flowers, holding his wife in his arms on that bed unseen, the Fury of many shapes wandering among the hills armed herself against Dionysos by Hera's commands. She made a great rattling over Lyaïos's eyes, loudly cracking her snaky whip; she shook her head, and a deadly hiss issued from her quivering serpent-hair, terrible, and fountains of poison drenched the rocky wilderness.... At times, again, she showed a face like some mid beast; a mad and awful lion with thick bristles upon his neck, threatening Dionysos with bloody gape.

110 τὸν μὲν ἀμερσινόοιο κατὰσχετον ἄλματι λύσσης
Ἄρτεμις ἐσκοπίαζε, καὶ ἥθελε λύσσαν ἐλάσσαι,
ἀλλὰ μιν ἐποίησε βαρύκτυπος ὑπόθεν Ἥρη,
πυρσὸν ἀκοντίζουσα: καὶ εἶκαθε δεσπότης ἄγρης
μητρὶνι κοτέουσα: φύλαξ δέ τις ἔπλετο Βάκχου
115 μαινομένου, καὶ θῆρας ἐοῦς ἀνέκοψεν ἀπειλῇ,
καὶ κύνας ἀγρευτῆρας ἐπεσφηκώσατο δεσμῶ,
αὐχενίων σφιγξάσα πολὺπλοκὸν ὀλκὸν ἱμάντων,
μὴ χροά δηλήσαιντο νοοσφαλέος Διονύσου.

[110] Then Artemis saw Bacchos caught in a fit of mind-marauding madness, and would have driven the madness away, but Hera with heavy noise aloft cast a burning brand at her and scared her off. The mistress of the hunt gave way in anger to her stepmother. But she did protect maddened Bacchos a little; she held back her wild beasts with threatenings, and shackled the hunting dogs, fastening straps round and round their necks that they should not hurt the flesh of delirious Dionysos.

Νερτερίῳ δὲ Μέγαιρα κελαινιώσα χιτῶνι
120 εἰς ζόφον αὖτις ἵκανε, ἐπαιθύσσουσα Λυαίῳ
φάσματα ποικιλόμορφα: κατὰ Βρομίῳ δὲ πολλὰ
ἰοβόλοι ῥαθάμιγες ὀιστεῦοντο καρήνου
καὶ βλοσυροὶ σπινθῆρες: αἰεὶ δὲ οἱ ἔνδον ἀκουῆς
Ταρταρίης σύριζε λαθίφρονος ἥχος ἱμάσθλης.

[119] Now Megaira black in her infernal robe went back into the darkness, and sent out many spectral visions to Lyaïos. Showers of poison-drops were shot upon the head of Bromios and big fat sparks; ever in his ears was the whistling sound of the hellish whip which robbed him of his senses.

125 καὶ μογέων Διόνυσος ἐρημάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης
δύσβατα φοιτητῆρι διέστιχεν οὔρεα ταρσῶ

ἄσθματι δαιμονίῳ δεδονημένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτραις,
οἷστρομανῆς ἅτε ταῦρος, ἐὰς ἦρασσε κεραίας,
τρηχαλέον μύκημα χέων λυσσώδεϊ λαίμῳ:

130 Πᾶνα δὲ καλλείψασα καὶ ὑστερόφωνον αἰοιδῆν
φθόγγῳ μαινομένῳ μυκήσατο δύσθροος Ἥχώ,
ἀντίτυπον θρασὺν ἦχον ἀμειβομένη Διονύσου.
καὶ βαλίας ἐλάφους, λασίας δ' ἐδίωκε λεαίνας
Βάκχος ἀελλήεις, μεθέπων ὀρεσιδρομον ἄγρην:

135 οὐδέ οἱ ἄγχι λέων θρασὺς ἦιε: ταρβαλέη δὲ
ἄρκτος ἐριπτοίητος ἐκεύθετο φωλάδι πέτρῃ
λύσσαν ἀπειλητῆρος ὑποπτήσσοῦσα Λυσίου,
δεχνυμένη βλοσυρῆσι θεήλατον ἦχον ἀκουαῖς:
μηκεδανούς δὲ δράκοντας ἐρειδομένους τινὶ πέτρῃ

140 μείλιχα λιχμώνοντας ἀπέθρισε νηλεὶ θύρσῳ:

καὶ σκοπιᾶς ἐτίναξε τανυγλώχινι κεραίῃ
κτείνων ἀκλινέων ἱκετήσια φῦλα λεόντων:
καὶ δρύας εὐκάρποιο μετερρίζωσεν ἀρούρης,
Ἀδρυάδας δ' ἐδίωκεν: οἰστεύων δὲ κολώνας

145 Νηιάδας ποταμοῖο μετήλυσας ἦλασε Νύμφας.
Βασσαρίδες δ' ἀλάληντο καὶ οὐχ ἥπτοντο Λυαίου,
καὶ Σάτυροι φρίσσοντες ἐνεκρύπτοντο θαλάσσῃ,
οὐδέ οἱ ἐγγὺς ἵκοντο τεθηπότες ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς,
μὴ σφιν ἐπαῖξειε χέων ἑτερόθροον ἥχώ,

150 ἀφρόν ἄκοντίζων χιονώδεα, μάρτυρα λύσσης.

[125] Thus tormented in the lonely forest, Dionysos paced the pathless mountains with wandering foot, shaken by terrible pantings. Like a mad bull, he dashed his horns against the rocks, and a harsh bellow came from his maddened throat. Echo left Pan and mimicked his tune no more, but bellowed an ugly sound in frenzied tone, repeating the wild noise of Dionysos. He swift as the storm chased the dappled deer and shaggy lionesses, plying his highland hunt. No lion so bold as to come near him; the bear appalled and scared hid in a secret cave, fearing the menacing madness of Lyaaios, hearing the sound of the god in her rough ears. With pitiless thyrsus he cut through long pythons lying on a stone and gently licking him: he shook the rocks with long-pointed horn: he killed troops of lions, unyielding beasts but now seeking mercy: he rooted up trees from the fruitful soil, he chased the Hadryads, he volleyed the cliffs and drove the Naiad nymphs out of the river homeless. Bassarids went scattering and would not come within touch of Lyaaios, Satyrs shivered and hid in the sea; they would not come near him, dazed at the threatening onset, lest he dash at them letting out that outlandish roar, spitting snowy foam, the witness of madness.

Δηριάδης δ' ὑπέροπλον ἔχων θράσος ἔχραε Βάκχαις,

νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισι τινασσομένου Διονύσου.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε χειμερίων ῥοθίων μυκώμενος ὀλκῷ
 ἄπλοος ἀντιπόροις βακχεύετο πόντος ἀέλλαις,
 155 κύμασιν ἠλιβάτοισι κατάρρυτον ἥερα νίφων.
 πρυμναίους δὲ κάλως ἀφειδέι κύματος ὀρμῇ
 λαίλαπες ἐρρήξαντο, καὶ ἄσθματι λαῖφος ἐλίξας
 ἱστὸν ἀνεχλαίνωσε κεκυφότα λάβρος ἀήτης
 λαίφεσιν ἀμφίζωστον, ἔδοχμώθη δὲ κεραίη,
 160 ναῦται δ' ἀσχαλὼντες ἐπέτρεπον ἐλπίδα πόντῳ:
 ὦς τότε Βάκχον ὄρινεν ὅλον στρατὸν Ἰνδικὸς Ἄρης.

[151] Now Deriades with exceeding great boldness attacked the Bacchant women, while Dionysos was being shaken at the command of Hera. As when the sea bellowing with the rush of wintry surge, unnavigable, is driven wildly by contrary winds, and floods the soaking air with waves mountain-high: the blasts have parted the stern-hawsers in the pitiless assault of the billows, the violent wind has tangled up the canvas with its breath and made a cloak of girdling sails round the bending mast, the yard is askew, the sailors in despair have thrown hope to the sea — so the Indian Ares threw into confusion the whole Bacchic army.

ἔνθα τις οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἔην ἔρις, οὐ κλόνος ἀνδρῶν
 ἴσος ἔην, οὐ δῆρις ὁμοίος: ἀκάματος γὰρ
 νόστιμος ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἐπέβρεμε χάλκεος Ἄρης,
 165 Μωδαίου προμάχοιο φέρων τύπον, ὃς πλεόν ἄλλων
 ὕσμίνης ἀκόρητος ἀτερπεί τέρπετο λύθρῳ,
 ὦ πλεόν εἰλαπίνης φόνος εὖαδεν: ἐν δὲ βοείῃ,
 οἷα τε Γοργείων πλοκάμων ὀφιώδεας ὀλκούς,
 γραπτὸν ἐυσμήριγγος ἔχων Ἴνδαλμα Μεδοῦσης
 170 Δηριάδῃ πέλεν ἴσος, ὁμόχροος: οὗ τότε μορφῆς
 ῥιγεδανῆς ἀγέλαστον ἔχων μίμημα προσώπου,
 καὶ σκολιὴν πλοκαμῖδα φέρων καὶ σῆμα βοείης,
 αἰνομανῆς πεφόρητο μόθῳ λαοσσόος Ἄρης,
 καὶ προμάχους θάρσυνεν. ὁμογλώσσῳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
 175 Βάκχου μὴ παρεόντος ἀταρβέες ἔβρεμον Ἴνδοί,
 καὶ κτύπον ἐννεάχιλον ἐπέκτυπε λοιγίος Ἄρης,
 φοιταλέην συνάεθλον ἔχων Ἑριν: δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 στήσσε Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ὀπάονα Δηριαδῆος.
 καὶ στρατιὴν οἷστρησαν ἐρημονόμου Διονύσου
 180 Δηριάδης καὶ κῶμα Διὸς σύνδρομος Ἄρης.

[162] Then came a struggle out of all order, then came an unequal fight, a one-sided struggle; for brazen Ares came back unwearied to awaken the conflict.

He took the form of the champion Modaios, more than all others unsated with battle, whose joy was joyless carnage, whom bloodshed pleased better than banquets. On the shield he bore the graven image of Medusa with her bush of hair, like the viperine tresses of the Gorgon's head, and he was equal to Deriades, of the same colour. So then Ares took on Modaios's terrible shape and the copy of his unsmiling face, his curly hair and the blazon of his shield, and furiously raging rushed amid the fray to scatter the people, giving courage to his warriors. With one voice the Indians fearlessly roared their warcry, now Bacchos was not there, and deathly Ares shouted as loud as nine thousand, with Discord moving by his side to support him; in the battle he placed Rout and Terror to wait upon Deriades. So the army of Dionysos, absent in the wilderness, was driven pellmell by Deriades, and his comrade Ares, and the slumber of Zeus.

συμμιγέες δὲ φάλαγγες ὁμοζήλοιο κυδοιμοῦ
Βασσαριδῶν στίχα πᾶσαν ἐμιτρώσαντο σιδήρῳ,
καὶ πολέες φεύγοντες ἐνὶ κτείνοντο φονῇ,
θεινόμενοι ξιφέεσσιν, Ὀμηρίδες, εἴπατε, Μοῦσαι,
¹⁸⁵ τίς θάνε, τίς δοῦπησεν ὑπ' ἔγχεϊ Δηριάδῃος:
Αἰβίαλος Θύαμις τε καὶ Ὀρμένιος καὶ Ὀφέλτης,
Κριάσος Ἀργασίδης, Τελέβης καὶ Λύκτιος Ἀνθεὺς
καὶ Θρόνιος καὶ Ἄρητος ἐνυμελῆς τε Μοληνεὺς
Ἀλκήεις τε Κόμαρκος: ἐτείνετο δ' ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
¹⁹⁰ ἔγχεϊ Δηριάδαο νέκυς στρατός: ὀλλυμένων δὲ
ὃς μὲν ἔην δαπέδῳ τετανυσμένος, ὃς ῥέεθροις
πλώετο κυματόεντα φέρων μόθον ὃς δὲ θαλάσσῃ
ἀγχιπόρῳ δέδμητο, διωκόμενον δὲ σιδήρῳ
κύμασιν ἀρτιχάρακτον Ἄραφ τυμβεύσατο Νηρεὺς:
¹⁹⁵ ὃς δὲ θυελλήεντι δι' οὕρεος ἔδραμε ταρσῷ
κῆρα φυγῶν, ἕτερος δὲ πεπαρμένον ἔγχος ἐάσας
μεσσοπαγὲς περὶ νῶτα μετέστιχεν ἔνδια λόχμης,
χρηίζων ἀπεόντος ἀλεξικάκου Διονύσου.

[181] So the mingled battalions fighting with one common ardour girded the whole company of Bassarids with a ring of steel; many were slain by one slayer in their flight, smitten by swords. O ye Muses of Homer! Tell me who died, who fell to the spear of Deriades! Aibialos and Thyamis, Ormenios and Opheltēs, Criasos Argasides, Telebes and Lyctian Antheus, Thronios and Aretos, Moleneus with his ashplant and Comarcos in his might — a host were laid out dead one upon another by the spear of Deriades. They fell as they were slain, one stretched out on the ground; one swam in the water enduring trouble amid the waves; one drowned in the sea hard by, whom Arabian Nereus buried in the waves newly wounded by the pursuing spear; another ran over the hills with stormswift sole fleeing his fate; another left the lance

planted in the middle of his back and crawled into the heart of the bushes, longing for absent Dionysos to save him.

Αὐχήμεναι δ' Ἐχέλαος ἀτυμβεύτῳ πέσε πότμῳ,
200 Μορρέος ἡλιβάτοιο τυπεὶς ῥηξήνορι πέτρῳ,
Κύπριος, ἀρτιχάρακτον ἔχων ἔτι κύκλον ὑπὲρ ἡνίας,
ὕψικόμῳ φοίνικι πανείκελος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
ἄβρῶς ἀκερσικόμῃς ἐκυλινδετο λαμπάδα σεῖων,
πληγέει ἰσχίον ἄκρον, ἄκρον, ὅπῃ χροὸς ἤλικι δεσμῷ
205 συμπερτὸν κοτύλῃ φύσις ἤρμοσεν ἄξονα μηροῦ·
καὶ θάνεν ἀπτομένην κρατέων ἔτι μυστίδα πεύκην,
ἀσπαίρων δὲ κάρηνον ἐὼς τεφρώσατο πυρσῷ,
φλέξας λιγνυόεντι πολύπλοκα βόστρυχα δαλῶ.
καὶ οἱ ἐπαυχήσας φιλοκέρτομος ἴαχε Μορρεὺς:

[199] Proud Echelaos fell, and was left unburied, crushed by the manbreaking rock from gigantic Morrheus: he was a Cyprian, with the down fresh around his cheeks. He lay then like a palm spire with a head of leaves; but in the battle he rushed about shaking his torch, a tender lad with uncropped hair, until he was struck on the top of the hip, where nature had fitted the axle in the cup of the thigh to grow together with the flesh of his body. He died holding the mystic pine still alight, and in his convulsions burnt his head to ashes with his own torch, setting fire to the braided hair with the smoking brand. Then Morrheus triumphed over him and mocked him:

210 ‘κοῦρε, φατιζομένης ἀλλότριά σε ἴοι τιθῆνης,
ἡβητήρ Ἐχέλαε, γονὴν ἐψεύσαο Κύπρου·
οὐκ ἀπὸ Πυγμαλίωνος ἔχεις γένος, ὥς πόρε Κύπρις
μηκεδανὴν βιότοιο πολυχρονίῳ πορείῃν·
οὐ σε τεῆς Παφίης ἐρρύσατο νυμφίος Ἄρης·
215 οὐδὲ σοι ἄσπετα κύκλα παλιννόστων ἐνιαυτῶν
δῶκε τεῇ Κυθήρῃ καὶ οὐ σκάζουσιν ἀπὸ πύργου,
ὄφρα φύγῃς σέο πότμον ἀλεξιμόρων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
ἡμιόνων βαρὺγουνον αἰεὶ δρόμον ἡνιοχεύων.
ἤλιτον, ἐκ Κύπριοι φέρεις γένος· ὠκύμορον γὰρ
220 Ἀρης καὶ σὲ δάμασεν ὁμοῖον νείε Μύρρης.’

[210] “Boy, you must be a stranger to the land which is called your nurse — Echelaos lad, you have belied your birth as a Cyprian! You are not sprung from Pygmalion, to whom Cypris gave a long course of life and many years. Ares the bridegroom of your Paphian did not save you. Your Cythcreia did not grant you infinite circles of revolving years and a car that stumbled not, that you might escape your fate on that fatefending waggon, as you ever drove

a kneeheavy run of mules! — Wrong! you do come from Cyprus. Fate caught you also quick when Ares vanquished you just like Myrrha's son."

ὥς εἰπὼν πρυλέεσσι δορυσσόος ἤχμασε Μορρεὺς:
εἰλιπόδην δὲ Βίλιθον ἐλὼν καὶ Δένθιν ὀλέσσας,
αὐχένα δ' ὀρχηστήρος Ἐριγβώλοιο δαΐξας
ἔγχρ' ἐτληβόλῳ Φρυγίου ἐφόβησε μαχητάς:
225 Σηβέα δ' ὀκρίοντι κατεπρήνιξε βελέμνω:
Θηβαίων δὲ φάλαγγα καὶ Ἀκταίωνα διώκων
ἔκτανεν Εὐβώτην, Καδμηίδος ἀστὸν ἀρούρης,
σύννομον Ἀκταίωτος. ὁμοφθόγγῳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
πολλοὶ Δηριάδαο πεφυζότες ἄπλετον ἀλκῇν
230 πασσυδὸν ὠλίσθησαν ὁμόζυγος εἰς λῖνα Μοίρης,
αὐτοφόνῳ θνήσκοντες ἀλοιητῇρι σιδήρῳ,
ἄνδρὸς ἐνὸς ῥιπῇσιν: ἐπ' ἀλλήλοις δὲ πεσόντες
αἵμαλέη στοιχηδὸν ἐπεστόρνυντο κονίῃ
Κρίμισος, Ἱμαλέων, Φράσιος, Θάργηλος, Ἰάων,
235 οἷσι δαΐζομένοις ἐναρίθμιος ἦριπε Κοίλων,
καὶ νέκυς αἵματόεντι Κύης ἐκυλινδετο πότμῳ:
καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἔσκε: δαΐξιμένων δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἐχθρῷ διψὰς ἄρουρα θελήμονι λούσατο λύθρῳ,
δεχνυμένη ξένον ὄμβρον Ἐνναλίου νιφετοῖο.

[221] As he spoke the words, shakespear Morrheus thrust again at the footmen. He caught waddling Bilithos and killed Denthis, cut off the head of Erigbolos the dancer and put the Phrygian warriors to flight with farcast spear. Sebeus he brought down with a jagged stone; he chased Actaion and the company of Thebans, and killed Eubotes, who dwelt in the Cadmeian country, a companion of Actaion. One common shriek arose as a multitude fleeing before the infinite might of Deriades in utter rout slipt into the meshes of one common fate, dying in heaps under the blows of one man and his murderous destroying steel, falling over each other and lying in rows on the bloodstained dust — Crimisos Himaleon Phrasios Thargelos Iacon: Coilon tumbled among them slain, Cyes rolled over in bloody death a corpse. The carnage was infinite: the steel cut them down, the thirsty soil accepted this foreign shower of war's torrents, and gladly bathed in the enemies' blood.

240 Βακχεῖης δὲ φάλαγγος ἔην κλόνος: ἀσταθέες γὰρ
πεζοὶ μὲν δεδόνηντο, φυγοπτολέμων δ' ἐλατῆρων
εἰς φόβον εὐλᾶιγγες ἀνεκρούοντο χαλῖνοι:
ὦν ὁ μὲν οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐδύσατο κοιλάδα πέτρην,
ὃς δὲ μολῶν τανύφυλλον ὑπὸ κλέτας ἔζετο λόχμης
245 κρυπτόμενος πετάλοισιν, ὁ δὲ σπήλυγγα λεόντων,

ἄλλος ἄμαιμακέτοιο μετήιεν ἔνδιον ἄριτου·
 καὶ τις ἄερσιλόφοιο διὰ πρηνῶνος ἀλύξας
 ποσσὶν ὄρεσσινόμοισι διέστιχεν ἄκρα κολώνης.
 Βάκχη δ' ἄρτιτόκοιο παρήλυθε θηρὸς ἐναύλους,
 250 ταρβαλέω πρηνῶνα διαστειβουσα πεδίλῳ·
 οὐ γὰρ ἔχειν μενέαινε λεοντείην ἔτι πέτρην,
 ἀλλὰ λιποσθενέων ἐλάφων ἐκίχησε καλιῆν
 ἦθεσιν ἄδρανέεσσιν, ἐπεὶ προτέρην φρένα Βάκχη
 εἰς κραδίην ἐλάφοιο μετέτραπεν ἀντὶ λεαίνης.
 255 καὶ τις ἀελλοπόδων Σατύρων δειδήμονι ταρσῶ
 ἔτρεχεν, ἀσταθέεσσιν ἀσάμβαλος εἴκελος αὐραῖς,
 φεύγων Δηριάδαο θεημάχον ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς.
 καὶ σκοπέλους ἐδίωκε γέρων Σειληνὸς ἀλήτης·
 πολλάκι δ' εἰς χθόνα πῦπτε κονιομένοιο προσώπου,
 260 ὀκλάζων βαρύγουνος ὀλισθηροῖσι πεδίλοις,
 ἔμπαλιν ὀρθώσας λάσιον δέμας· ἐν δὲ κολώναις
 ἀντὶ μόθου κεκάλυπτο, καὶ Εὐϊον ἔγχος ἀνάγκη
 κάλλιπεν ἀπτολέμοισι μεμηλότα θύρσον ἀέλλαις,
 καὶ μόγισ εὐπῆληκος ἀλεύατο Μορρέος αἰχμῆν.
 265 ὀκναλέοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐχάζετο νωθρὸς Ἐρεχθεὺς,
 ἐντροπαλιζομένην τανύων εὐκυκλον ὀπωπὴν,
 αἰδόμενος μενέχαρμον ἐὴν πολιοῦχον Ἀθήνην.
 Βακχείην δ' ἀέκων ἠρνήσατο Μαινάδα χάρμην
 λαῖδον Ἀρισταῖος βεβολημένος ὦμον ὀιστῶ.
 270 καὶ στρατιὴν ἀλέεινε δοριθρασέων Κορυβάντων
 οὐτηθεὶς λασίοιο κατὰ στέρνοιο Μελισσεύς,
 μαζὸν Ἐρυθραίῃ κεχαραγμένος ἄκρον ἀκωκῆ.
 καὶ βλοσυροὶ Κύκλωπες ἀναιδέες εὐποδι ταρσῶ
 εἰς φόβον ἠπείγοντο τεθηπότες, οἷς ἅμα φεύγων
 275 Ἰνδῶν ἀδόνητος ἐλίμπανε Φαῦνος Ἐνυώ.
 εὐκεράου δὲ φάλαγγος ὅλον στρατὸν εἰς φόβον ἔλκων
 πρεσβυγενῆς φύξῃλις ἐχάζετο Παρράσιος Πάν,
 σιγαλέοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην,
 μὴ μιν ἴδῃ φεύγοντα δι' οὐρεος ἄστατος Ηχώ.
 280 καὶ οἱ ἐπεγγέλασειε καὶ ἀδρανέοντα καλέσσει.

[240] There was panic in the army of Bacchos. The footmen were shaken and ran, the horsemen checked their jewelled bridles to flee and escape. So one made for the hills and into a cave in the rocks, one crept into the bushes on the hillside and sat hidden under the leaves, one entered the cave of lions, another the den of a savage bear, one slunk over a high cliff and traversed the uplands with hillranging feet. A Bacchant passed by the lair of a wild beast with a litter, and trod the uplands with timid shoe; now she wanted no longer a lion's rocky den, but she found a harbourage of weak deer in her craven mood — for

she had changed her former heart into a deer's heart instead of a lioness. One of the stormswift Satyrs was running like the quick winds, unshod, with frightened foot, to escape the impious weight of Deriades' threats. An old Seilenos wandered scouring the cliffs. Often he sank with stumbling feet upon heavy knees, and fell to the ground and covered his face with dirt; then he lifted his hairy form again, but instead of fighting he hid among the hills, and with difficulty kept clear of helmeted Morrheus with his spear. The spear of Euios, the thyrsus, he was obliged to throw away for the peaceful winds to take care of. Erechtheus retired slowly with reluctant feet, turning again and again his round eyes backwards, for he was ashamed to think of Athena the warlike patron of his city. Aristaïos hit by an arrow in the left shoulder, unwillingly refused to take further part in Mainad battle on behalf of Bacchos. Melisseus was avoiding the company of spearbold Corybants; he was pierced through his hairy chest and the Erythraian spear had gone through the nipple. The grim merciless Cyclopians hastened to flee discomfited with quick foot, and with them Phaunos also fled from the Indian battle though unshaken. An ancient Parrhasian Pan, himself a runaway, led to flight the whole horned company, and with silent feet plunged into the shadowy forest, that restless Echo might not see him escaping over the hills and mock him and call him coward.

καὶ πρόμαχοι τότε πάντες ὑπέκφυγον· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
Αἰακὸς αὐτόθι μοῦνος ἐλείπετο, μαρνάμενος δὲ
δεύετο μὴ παρεόντος ἀνικῆτου Διονύσου:

ἔμπης δ' αὐτόθι μίμνεν. ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο δὲ Νύμφαι

285 Νηιάδος βυθίοισιν ἐνεκρύπτοντο μελάρθοις:

αἱ μὲν Ὑδασπιάδεσσιν ὁμήλυδες, αἱ δὲ φυγοῦσαι

Ἴνδον ἐς ἀγκιέλευθον ἐναυλίζοντο ῥεέθροις,

ἄλλαι Συδριάδεσσιν ὁμόστολοι, αἱ δ' ἐνὶ Γάγγῃ

λύθρον ἀπεσμήξαντο νεόσσυτον, ἃς τότε πολλὰς

290 ἐρχομένας ἀγεληδὸν ἐς ὕδατόεντας ἐναύλους

νηϊὰς ἀργυρόπεζα φιλοξείνῳ πυλεῶνι

δέξατο κυματόεντος ἐς αὔλια παρθενεῶνος.

ἄλλαι Ἀμαδρυάδος σκιεροῖς κρύπτοντο κορύμβοις,

δυσάμεναι δρυόεντας ἀνοιγομένους κενεῶνας.

295 πολλαὶ δ' ὕγροτόκους ὑπὸ πίδακα ἐγγύθι πέτρης

Βασσαρίδες κρουνηδὸν ἐκώκυν: ἀρτιχῦτῳ δὲ

ὄμβρῳ δακρύνοντι φιλοθρήνοιο προσώπου

πληθομένη βαθύκολπος ὅλη πορφύρετο πηγῇ,

μυρομένη βαρὺ πένθος ἀπενθήτου Διονύσου.

[281] Now the leaders had slunk away, all but Aiacos, who was left there alone in the battle fighting on, though he needed the presence of unconquered Dionysos. Nevertheless there he stayed. The Nymphs from the rocks had

hidden in the deep hall of some Naiad; these joined the nymphs of Hydaspes, those fled to neighbouring Indos and lodged in his waters, others went to the Sydros, others washed off the fresh gore in the Ganges — these were many, they came in herds to the watery channels, and the silverfoot Naiad stood at her hospitable door to welcome them into the watery retreat of her virginal palace. Others hid under the shady branches of a Hamadryad or slipt into open holes in the trees. Many Bassarids were beside the watersprings near the rock shedding fountains of tears; and the deep fountain itself, filled with the showers of tears newly shed upon her sorrowful countenance, grew all dark lamenting the heavy mourning of nevermourning Dionysos.

BOOK 33

ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ τριτάτῳ Μορρήα δαμάζει
φλέξας θοῦρος Ἔρωσ ἐπὶ κάλλει Χαλκομεδείης.
αὐτὰρ ὁ φοιταλέω πεφορημένος ἄλματι ταρσῶν
εὐκεράω ταχύγουνος ὁμοίος ἔσσυτο ταύρῳ,
λοιγίον ἄσθμα χέων ἑτερόφρονος οἴδματι λύσσης.

BOOK XXXIII

*In the thirty-third, furious Love masters Morrheus, and sets him aflame for the
beauty of Chalcomedeia.*

BUT Bacchos himself, rushed away kneequick like a horned bull, carried in long leaps by his wandering feet, puffing deadly breath in the flood of his frenzied madness.

καὶ Χάρις ὠκυπέδιλος Ἐρυθραίῳ παρὰ κήπῳ
5 φυταλιῇν εὐοδμον ἀμεργομένη δονακῆων,
ᾧφρα πυριπνεύστων Παφίων ἔντοσθε λεβήτων
Ἀσσυρίου μίξασα χυτὰς ὠδῖνας ἐλαίου
ἄνθεσιν Ἰνδῶοισι μύρον τεύξειεν ἀνάσσει,
ὅπποτε παντοίην δροσερὴν ἐδρέψατο ποιήν,
10 χῶρον ὅλον θεεῖτο: καὶ ἀγχιπόρῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
λύσσαν ἐοῦ γενετῆρος ὀπιπεύουσα Λυαίου
ἄχνημένη δάκρυσε, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῆ
πενθαλέοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐὰς ἐχάραξε παρειάς:
καὶ Σατύρους σκοπίαζεν ὑποπτήσσοντας Ἐνυῶ,
15 Κωδώνην δ' ἐνόησε μινυνθαδίην τε Γιγαρτῷ
κεκλιμένης ἐφύπερθεν ἀτυμβεύτοιο κονίης:
Χαλκομέδην δ' ἐλέαιρε θυελλήεντι πεδίλῳ
μαινομένου Μορρήος ἀλυσκάζουσας ἀκκῆν,
καὶ φθονερὴν δεδόνητο ῥοδῶπιδος εἵνεκα κούρης,
20 μὴ ποτε νικήσειεν ἐς ἀγλαίην Ἀφροδίτην.

[4] One of the swiftshoe Graces was gathering the shoots of the fragrant reeds in the Erythraian garden, in order to mix the flowing juice of Assyrian oil with Indian flowers in the steaming cauldrons of Paphos, and make ointment for her Lady. While she plucked all manner of dew-wet plants she gazed all round the place; and there in a forest not far off she saw the madness of Lyaïos her father." She wept for sorrow and tender affection, and tore her cheeks with her nails in mourning. Then she saw the Satyrs scurrying from battle; she distinguished Codone and Gigarto, dead too soon, lying on the dust unburied;

she pitied Chaleomede fleeing with stormswift shoe from the blade of furious Morrheus — and indeed she was shaken with jealousy of the rosy-check maiden, for fear she might win the day with radiant Aphrodite.

ἀχνυμένη δ' ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἀνήιε, πενθάδι σιγῇ
ἄλγος ἐοῦ γενετῆρος ὑποκλέπτουσα Λυαίου:
καὶ χλόος εὐκύκλοιο παρηίδος ἄνθος ἀμείψας
μαρμαρυγὴν στίλβουσιν ἀπημάλδυνε προσώπου.

[21] Sorrowing she returned to heaven, but she hid her grief for Lyaaios her father in mournful silence. Pallor displaced the bloom on her rounded cheek, and dimmed the bright radiance of her face.

25 τὴν δὲ κατηφιόωσαν Ἄδωνιάς ἔννεπε Κύπρις,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα παρήγορον, ἐκ δὲ προσώπου
Πασιθέης ἐνόησεν ἄχος κήρυκι σιωπῇ:

[25] Cypris, the lover of Adonis, saw Pasithea downcast, and understood the grief heralded by her silent face; then she addressed to her these comforting words:

‘νύμφα φίλη, τί παθοῦσα τεῖν ἡλλάξαι μορφήν;
παρθένε, πῶς μετὰμειψας ἐρευθαλέην σέο μορφήν;
30 εἰαρινὴν δ' ἀκτῖνα τίς ἔσβεσε σεῖο προσώπου;
οὐκέτι σῶν μελέων ἀμαρύσσεται ἄργυρος αἴγλη;
οὐκέτι δ' ὥς τὸ πρόσθε, τεαὶ γελόωσιν ὄπωπαί.
ἀλλὰ τεὰς ἀγόρευε μεληδόνας: ἦ ῥά σε τείρει
υἱὸς ἐμός, φιλέεις δὲ ποθοβλήτῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
35 οἷα Σεληναίη τινὰ βουκόλον; ἦ ῥά που αὐτὴν
καὶ σὲ μετ' Ἑριγένειαν Ἔρωσ ἐπεμάστιε κεστῷ;
οἶδα, πόθεν χλοάουσι παρηίδες: ὅττι σε κούρη
νυμφίος ἀχλυόεις νυμφεύεται Ὕπνος ἀλήτης:
οὐ μὲν ἀναινομένην σε βιήσομαι, οὐδὲ συνάψω
40 λευκάδι Πασιθέῃ μελανόχροον Ὕπνον ἀκοίτην.’

[28] “Dear girl, what trouble has changed your looks? Maiden, what has made you lose your ruddy looks? Who has quenched the gleams of springtime from your face? The silvery sheen shines no longer upon your skin, your eyes no longer laugh as before. Come now, tell me your anxieties. Are you plagued by my son, perhaps? Are you in love with some herdsman, among the mountains, struck with desire, like Selene? Has Eros perhaps flicked you also with the cestus, like Dawn once before? — Ah, I know why your cheeks are pale: shadowy Sleep, the vagabond, woos you as a bridegroom woos a maid! I will

not compel you if you are unwilling; I will not join Sleep the blackskin to Pasithea the lily white!”

ὥς φαμένης δάκρυσε Χάρις καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ:

[41] When Aphrodite had said this, the Charis weeping replied:

‘ἀενάου κόσμοιο φυτοσπόμε, μήτηρ Ἑρώτων,
βουκόλος οὐ κλονέει με, καὶ οὐ θρασὺς ἱμερός Ὑπνου.
οὐ πέλον Ἥριγένεια δυσίμερος ἡδὲ Σελήνη,
45 ἀλλὰ πόνος περίφοιτος ἀνιάζει με Λυαίου,
πατρὸς ἐμοῦ φρίσσοντος Ἑρινύας: ὑμετέρου δέ,
εἰ δύνασαι, προμάχιζε κασιγνήτου Διονύσου.’

[42] “O mother of the Loves! O sower of life in the everlasting universe! No herdsman troubles me, no bold desire of Sleep. I am no lovesick Dawn or Selene. No, I am tormented by the afflictions of Lyaïos my father, driven about in terror by the Furies. He is your brother — protect Dionysos if you can!”

ἔννεπε, καὶ γενετῆρος ὅλον πόνον εἶπεν ἀνάσσει
Βασσαρίδων τε φάλαγγας ἀπείρονας, ἃς κτάνε Μορρεὺς,
50 καὶ Σατύρων φύξηλιν ὅλον στρατόν, εἶπε καὶ αὐτὴν
δαιμονίην μάλιστα τινασσομένου Διονύσου
καὶ κινυρὴν σπαίρουσαν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο Γίγαρτῶ,
Κωδώνην τ’ ἀγόρευε προώριον: αἰδομένη δὲ
πένθος ὁμοῦ καὶ κάλλος ἐπέφραδε Χαλκομεδεῖης.

[48] Then she recounted all her father’s afflictions to her mistress, and the countless ranks of Bassarids that Morpheus had killed, and all the fugitive host of Satyrs, even Dionysos lashed with the fury’s whip, and wailing Gigarto gasping on the ground, and Codone gone before her season: with shame she described the sorrows and beauty of Chalcomedeia.

55 καὶ ῥοδέου σπινθῆρα μεταλλάξασα προσώπου
ἡθάδα ῥίψε γέλῳτα φιλομειδῆς Ἀφροδίτῃ.
ἀγλαίῃ δ’ ἐκέλευσε διάκτορον, ὄφρα καλέσῃ
υἱέα θοῦρον Ἔρωτα μετάρσιον ἡεροφίτην,
ἀνδρομέης γονόντα κυβερνητῆρα γενέθλης.

[55] Then sweetsmiling Aphrodite put off the wonted laugh from her radiant rosy face, and told her messenger Aglaia to call Eros her son, that swift airy

flyer, that guide to the fruitful increase of the human race.

60 καὶ Χάρις ἶχνος ἔκαμψε, πολυστρέπτῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
σὺν χθονὶ πόντον ὅπωπε καὶ οὐρανόν, εἴ που ἐφεύροι
ἄστατον ἶχνος Ἔρωτος, ἐπεὶ πτερὰ πάντοθι πάλλει,
τέτραχα τεμνομένην κυκλούμενος ἄντυγα κόσμου.

[60] The Charis moved her footsteps, and turned her face this way and that way over earth and sea and sky, if somewhere she might find the restless track of Eros — for he beats his wings everywhere circling the four separate regions of the universe.

Εὔρε δέ μιν χρυσεόιο περὶ ῥιον ἄκρον Ὀλύμπου
65 νεκταρέας ραθάμιγγας ἀκοντίζοντα κυπέλλοις:
πὰρ δέ οἱ ἴστατο κοῦρος ὁμέσιος ἀβρὸν ἀθύρων,
εὐχαίτης Ὑμέναιος: ἀερσινούου δὲ τεκούσης
οὐρανίης σοφὸν ἔργον ἐπισταμένης δρόμον ἄστρον
σφαῖραν ἄγων τροχόεσσαν ἀέθλια θήκατο νίκης,
70 Ἄργου δαιδαλέης ἀντίρροπον εἰκόνα μορφῆς:
καὶ πτερόεις εὐκυκλον Ἔρωσ μητρῷον αἰείρων
χρύσειον ὀρμὸν ἔθηκε θαλασσαιῆς Ἀφροδίτης,
νίκης φαιδρὸν ἄγαλμα παναίολον: ἀργύρεος δὲ
κεῖτο λέβης ἐν ἀγῶνι, καὶ οἶνοχύτου βρέτας Ἥβης
75 μεσσοφανῇ σκοπὸν εἶχε: καὶ ἱμερόεις Γανυμήδης
οἶνοχόος Κρονίδαο δικασπὸλος ἦεν ἀγῶνος,
στέμμα φέρων παλάμῃσι. Φιλακρήτων δὲ βολᾶων
λαχμὸς ἔην, μεθέπων ἑτερότροπα δάκτυλα χειρῶν:
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὀρθώσαντες ἀνέσχεθον, ἄλλα δὲ καρπῷ
80 χειρὸς ἐπεσφήκωτο συνήορα σύζυγι δεσμῷ:

[64] She found him on the golden top of Olympos, shooting the nectar-drops from a cup. Beside him stood Hymenaios, his fairhaired playfellow in the dainty game. He had put up as a prize for the victor something clever made by his haughty mother Urania, who knew all the courses of the stars, a revolving globe like the speckled form of Argos; winged Eros had taken and put up a round golden necklace which belonged to his mother sea-born Aphrodite, a shining glorious work of art, as a prize of victory. A large silver basin stood for their game, and the shooting mark before them was a statue of Hebe shown in the middle pouring the wine. The umpire in the game was adorable Ganymedes, cupbearer of Cronides, holding the garland. Lots were cast for the shots of unmixed wine, with varied movements of the fingers: these they held out, these they pressed upon the root of the hand closely joined together. A charming match it was between them.

ἀμφοτέροις δ' ἔρις ἦεν ἐπήρατος. Ἀβροκόμης δὲ
 πρῶτα λαχὼν Ὑμέναιος ἔλεν δέπας, ἵπταμένην δὲ
 νεκταρέην ῥαθάμιγγα μετάρσιον ἥερι πέμπων
 ῥίψε λέβητος ὕπερθε· καὶ οὐ τότε μητέρι Μοῦσῃ
 85 εὐχολῆν ἀνέφηνε· διεσσυμένη δὲ κυπέλλου
 ἤερα μέσσον ἔτυπεν ἀερσιπότητος ἔερση,
 ἀλλὰ παρατρέψασα βολὴν βητάρμονι παλμῷ
 ἐλκομένη παλινόρσος ἀγάλματος ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
 ἄσφορος ἄκρον ἔτυπεν ἀδουπήτοιο καρήνου·
 90 δεῦτερος αἰολόμητις Ἔρωσ τεχνήμονι θεσμῷ
 ἱμερόεν δέπας εἶλε, καὶ εὗξατο Κυπρογενείῃ
 λάθριος ἐν πραπίδεσσι, καὶ ἀπλανὲς ὄμμα τανύσσας
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἠκόντιζεν ἐκηβόλον ἱκμάδα πέμπων·
 νεκταρέου δὲ ποτοῖο παλινδίνητος ἔερση
 95 ἰθυτενῆς ἄγναμπος ἀγάλματος ὑπόθι κόρσης
 ἠερόθεν βαρύδουπος ἐπεσμαράγησε μετώπῳ·
 ἶαχε δ' ἄβρὸν ἄγαλμα, καὶ υἱεὶ Κυπρογενείης
 χρυσέῳ ἐσμαράγησε λέβης ἐπινίκιον ἠχῶ·
 καὶ στέφος ἄβρὸν Ἔρωτι πόρεν γελάσας Γανυμήδης·
 100 καὶ ταχὺς αἰόλον ὄρμὸν ἐλὼν καὶ σφαῖραν ἀείρων
 διπλόον εἶχεν ἄεθλον ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἀγῶνος,
 σκιρτήσας δὲ πόδεσσι, κυβιστήσας δὲ καρήνῳ
 κυδιῶν ἐχόρευεν Ἔρωσ θρασὺς· ἀντιπάλου δὲ
 πολλακίς ἀχνυμένοιο κατήγαγε χεῖρα προσώπου.

[81] Daintyhair Hymenaios drew the first try. He took the cup, and shot the flying nectar-drop high in the air over the basin; but he offered no prayer then to his mother the Muse: darting from the cup the dew went scattering high through the air, but the leaping drops turned aside and swerving fell back about the face of the statue so as to touch the top of the head without a sound. Second, crafty Eros took hold of the lovely cup in a masterly way, and secretly in his heart prayed to Cyprogeneia; then with a steady eye on the mark, he shot the liquid into the distance — the dewy nectar went straight, unswerving, and curved round until it fell from the air upon the forehead above the temple with a loud plop. The elegant statue rang, and the basin echoed the sound of victory for the golden son of Cyprogeneia. Ganymedes laughing handed the dainty garland to Eros. Quickly he picked up the beautiful necklace and lifted the globe, and kept the two prizes of their cleverdrop game. Bold Eros went skipping and dancing for joy and turned a somersault, and tried often to pull his rival's hands from his sorrowful face.

105 ἀγλαΐη δὲ οἱ ἄγχι παρίστατο· τερψινόου δὲ
 δέξατο χερσὶν ἄνακτος ἀέθλια· νεῦσε δὲ κούρῳ
 νόσφι μολεῖν, καὶ Ἔρωτος ἐς οὕατα μάρτυρι σιγῇ

ψευδομένης ἀγόρευε δολόφρονα μῦθον ἀνάσσης;

[105] Now Aglaia stood by him, and she received the prizes from the hands of the prince of heart's delight. She beckoned the boy aside, and with silence their only witness, she whispered into his ear the artful message of her intriguing mistress:

‘πανδαμάτωρ ἀδάμαστε, βιοσσόε σύγχρονε κόσμου,
110 σπεῦσον, ἐπεὶ Κυθήρεια βιάζεται, οὐδέ τις αὐτῇ
ἀμφιπόλων παρέμιμνε, Χάρις φύγεν, ὥχετο Πειθῶ,
καὶ Πόθος ἀστήρικτος ἐχάζετο: σοὶ δέ με μούνην
πέμψεν ἀνικήτηιο τεῆς χατέουσα φαρέτρης.’

[109] “Allvanquisher unvanquished, preserver of life co-eval with the universe, make haste! Cythereia is in distress. None of her attendants has remained with her; Charis has gone, Peitho has vanished, Pothos the inconstant has left her; she had none to send but me. She needs your invincible quiver!”

ὥς φαμένην ἐρέεινεν Ἔρως, ἵνα πάντα δαίη:
115 ὅττι νέοι ξύμπαντες, ἀτέρμονος ὀππότε μύθου
ἀρχὴν εἰσαΐουσι, τέλος σπεύδουσιν ἀκοῦσαι:
καὶ στομάτων ἀχάλινον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰώην:

[114] No sooner had she spoken, than Eros wanted to know all about it; for all young people, when they hear only the beginning of a story, are eager to hear the end. So he rattled out with that unbridled tongue of his —

‘τίς Παφίην ἀκάχησεν ἐμήν; ἵνα χεῖρα κορύσσω
μαρνάμενος πάντεσσι: βιαζομένης δὲ τεκούσης
120 νευρὴν πανδαμάτειραν ἐπὶ Κρονίωνα τανύσσω,
καὶ πάλιν οἰσטרηθέντα γαμοκλόπον ὄρνιν Ἐρώτων
αἰετόν, ἥ τινα ταῦρον ἀλὸς πλωτῆρα τελέσσω:
εἰ δὲ ἐ Παλλὰς ὄρινε καὶ ἤκαχεν ἀμφιγυήεις
Κεκροπίου λύχνοιο φεραυγέα δαλὸν ἀνάψας,
125 μάρναμαι ἀμφοτέροισι, καὶ Ἥφαιστῳ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ:
εἰ δὲ μιν ἰοχέαιρα λαγωβόλος εἰς χόλον ἔλκει,
ἔμπυρον Ὠρίωνος Ὀλύμπιον ἄορ ἐρύσσας
Ἄρτεμιν οἰστρήσαιμι, καὶ αἰθέρος ἐκτὸς ἐλάσσω ...
κουφίζων πτερύγεσιν ὁμόστολον νιέα Μαίης,
130 οὐτιδανὴν καλέοντα μάτην ἐπαρηγόνα Πειθῶ:
καλλείψας δὲ βέλεμνα καὶ ἔμπυρον ἄμμα φαρέτρης
δαφναίοις πετάλοισι θελήμονα Φοῖβον ἱμάσσω,
δέσμιον αὐδήεντι περισφίγξας ὑακίνθω:

οὐ μὲν Ἐνυαλίου τρομέω σθένος, οὐδὲ μογῆσω
135 Ἄρεα μαστίζων πεπεδημένον ἥδ' ἐὶ κεστῶ:
καὶ διδύμους φωστῆρας ὑποδρήσσοντας ἐρύσσω
εἰς Πάφρον οὐρανόθεν, καὶ ὅπανα μητρὶ κομίσσω
σὺν Κλυμένη Φαέθοντα, σὺν Ἐνδυμίωνι Σελήην,
πάντες ἵνα γνῶσιν, ὅτι ξυμπαντα δαμάζω.'

[118] "Who has hurt my dear Paphian? Let me take arms in hand and fight all the world! If my mother is in distress, let me stretch my allvanquishing bowstring against even Cronion, to make him once more a mad ravishing love-bird, an eagle, or a bull swimming the sea! Or if Pallas has provoked her, if Crookshank has hurt her by lighting the bright torch of the Cecropian light, I will fight them both, Hephaistos and Athena! Or if Archeress hareslaver moves her to anger, I will draw the fiery Olympian sword of Orion to prick Artemis and drive her out of the sky! (Or if it is Hermes) I will carry off with me Maia's son on my wings, and let him call useless Peitho in vain to his help. Or I will leave my arrows and the fiery belt of my quiver, I will lash Phoibos a willing victim with cords of laurel leaves, holding him bound in a belt of speaking iris. Indeed I fear not the strength of Envalios, it will not weary me to flog Ares when he is shackled by the delightful cestus. The two luminaries I will drag down from heaven to be drudges in Paphos, and give my mother for a servant Phaethon with Clymene, Selene with Endymion, that all may know that I vanquish all things!"

140 εἶπε, καὶ ἰθυκέλευθον ἐν ἡέρι ταρσὸν ἐλίσσων
ἔφθασεν Ἀγλαίην περυγῶν διδυμάωνι ῥοίζῳ,
ἄχρι δόμων ἐπέβαινεν ἐπειγομένης Ἀφροδίτης.

[140] He spoke, and straight through the air he plied his feet, and reached the dwelling of eager Aphrodite long before Aglaia with his pair of whirring wings.

καὶ μέσον ἀγκὰς ἐλοῦσα γαληνιόωντι προσώπῳ
πεπταμένῳ πήχυνε γεγηθότι κοῦρον ἀγοστῶ,
145 γούνασι κουφίζουσα φίλον βάρος: ἔζομένου δὲ
καὶ στόμα παιδὸς ἔκυσσε καὶ ὄμματα: θελξινόου δὲ
ἄπτομένη τόξοιο καὶ ἀμφαφώσα φαρέτρην,
οἷα χόλου πνείουσα, δολόφρονα ῥήξατο φωνήν:

[143] His mother with serene countenance took him into her embrace, and threw one happy arm round her boy, lifting him on her knees, a welcome burden. He sat there while she kissed the boy's lips and eyes: then she touched his mindcharming bow, and handled the quiver, and pretending to

breathe anger, spoke these delusive words:

‘τέκνον ἐμόν, Φαέθοντος ἔλήσαιο καὶ Κυθερείης:

150 οὐκέτι Πασιφάη μυκώμενα λέκτρα διώκει:

ἥελιος γελάει με, καὶ Ἀστρίδος αἶμα κορύσσει

παιδὸς ἑῆς υἷῃα μαχήμονα Δηριαδῆα,

Βασσαρίδων ὀλετῆρα γυναιμανέος Διονύσου,

καὶ Σατύρων Βρομίιοιο ποθοβλήτων ἐλατῆρα.

155 τοῦτό με μᾶλλον ὄρινεν, ὅτι βροτοειδεῖ μορφῇ

Ἄρης ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἔχων συνάεθλον Ἐννώ,

ἀρχαίης φιλότητος ἀφειδήσας Ἀφροδίτης,

νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισιν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ,

Ἰνδῶν βασιλῆι συνέμπορος. ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ χάρμῃ

160 Ἄρης Δηριάδαο, σὺ δὲ προμάχιζε Λυαίου:

ἔγχος ἔχει, σὺ δὲ τόξον ὑπέρτερον, ὧ γόνυ κάμπτει

Ζεὺς ὑπατος καὶ θοῦρος Ἄρης καὶ θέσμιος Ἑρμῆς:

δειμαίνει σέο τόξα καὶ ὁ κλυτότοξος Ἀπόλλων.

εἰ δὲ τεῆ, φίλε κοῦρε, χαρίζεαι ἀφρογενεῖη,

165 Βασσαρίδων προμάχιζε καὶ ἡμετέρου Διονύσου.

ἀλλὰ μολὼν ἀκίχητος Ἐώιον εἰς κλίμα γαίης

Ἰνδῶν παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ θεράπαινα Λυαίου

ἔστί τις ἐν Βάκχησιν, ὑπέρτερος ἥλικος ἥβης,

οὕνομα Χαλκομέδη φιλοπάρθενος — εἰ δὲ κεν ἄμφω

170 Χαλκομέδην καὶ Κύπριν ἔσω Λιβάνοιο νοήσης,

οὐ δύνασαι, φίλε κοῦρε, διακρίνειν Ἀφροδίτην — .

καίθι μολὼν χραίσμησον ἐρημονόμῳ Διονύσῳ,

Μορρέα τοξεύσας ἐπὶ κάλλεϊ Χαλκομεδείης:

σεῖο δὲ τοξοσύνης γέρας ἄξιον ἐγγυαλιξέω

175 Λήμνιον εὐποίητον ἐγὼ στέφος, εἵκελον αἴγλαις

ἥελιου φλογεροῖο: σὺ δὲ γλυκὺν ἰὸν ἰάλλων

δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ:

σὸν καὶ ἐμὸν κύδαινε γαμοστόλον ὄρνιν Ἑρώτων,

εὐφροσύνης κήρυκα βιοζυγέων ὑμεναίων.’

180 εἴτε θεά: καὶ μάργος Ἔρωσ ἀνεπάλλετο κόλπου

μητρὸς ἑῆς, καὶ τόξον ἐκούφισεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ βαιῶ

ᾧμω πανδαμάτειρον ἐπηώρησε φαρέτρην:

καὶ πτερόεις πεπότητο δι’ αἰθέρος: ἀμφὶ δὲ Κέρνη

κυκλώσας πτερὰ κοῦφα βολαῖς ἀντώπιος Ἡοῦς

185 ἵπτατο μειδιῶν, ὅτι τηλίκον ἠνιοχῆα

δίφρων οὐρανίων ὀλίγοις ἔφλεξε βελέμενοις,

καὶ σέλας Ἡελίοιο σέλας νίκησεν Ἑρώτων.

καὶ ταχὺς Ἰνδῶοιο μολὼν κατὰ μέσσον ὁμίλου

τόξον ἐὸν στήριζεν ἐπ’ αὐχένι Χαλκομεδείης:

190 καὶ βέλος ἰθύνων ῥοδῆς περὶ κύκλα παρειῆς

Μορρέος εἰς φρένα πέμψεν, ἔρετμόςας δὲ πορείην
νηχομένων περὺγων ἑτερόζυγι σὺνδρομος ὀλκῷ
πατρώους ἀνέβαινεν ἔς ἀστερόεντας ὀχῆας,
καλλείφας πυρόεντι πεπαρμένον Ἴνδον ὀιστῷ.

[149] My dear child, you have forgotten Phaethon and Cythereia! Pasiphae no longer wants the bull's love. Helios mocks at me, and arms the offspring of Astris, the warrior Deriades his own daughter's son, to destroy the Bassarids of womanmad Dionysos and to rout the love-stricken Satyrs of Bromios. But it has provoked me more than all, that battlestirring Ares in mortal shape, with Enyo by his side, without regard for his old love of Aphrodite, has armed himself against Dionysos at Hera's bidding and supports the Indian king. Now then, on this field Ares is for Deriades — then you fight for Lyaïos. He has a spear, you have a stronger bow, before which bend the knee Zeus the Highest and furious Ares and Hermes the lawgiver; even that Archer Apollo fears your bow. If you will give a boon to your Foamborn, fight for the Bassarids and our Dionysos. Go I pray, to the Eastern clime and let no one catch you — go to the Indian plain, where there is a handmaid of Lyaïos amongst the Bacchants, more excellent than her yearsmates, named Chalcomede, who loves the maiden state — but if you should see Chalcomede and Cypris both together in Libanos, you cannot tell which was Aphrodite, my dear boy! Go to that place and help Dionysos ranging the wilds, by shooting Morrheus for the beauty of Chalcomedeia. I will give you a worthy prize for your shooting, a wellmade Lemnian chaplet, like the rays of fiery Helios. Shoot a sweet arrow, and you will do a grace both to Cypris and to Dionysos; honour my bridesmaid bird of love and yours, the herald of lifelong wedding and happy hearts!"

So spoke the goddess; and Eros Mildly leapt from his mother's lap and took up his bow, slung the allvanquishing quiver about his little shoulder, and sailed away on his Mings through the air; round Cerne he turned his flight opposite the rays of morning, smiling that he had set afire that great charioteer of the heavenly car with his little darts, and the light of the loves had conquered the light of Helios. Soon he was moving in the midst of the Indian host, and laid his bow against the neck of Chalcomedeia, aiming the shaft round her rosy cheek, and sent it into the heart of Morrheus. Then paddling his way with the double beat of his floating wings he mounted to the starry barriers of his father, leaving the Indian transfixed with the fiery shaft.

195 αἰεὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πόθου δεδονημένος ἴῳ,
παρθένος ἦχι βέβηκε, δυσίμερος ἦιε Μορρεὺς,
μείλιχον ἄορ ἔχων, πεφιδημένον ἔγχος αἰρών,
καὶ θρασὺν Ἱμερόεντι νόον μαστιζέτο κεστῷ:

ἄμφι δὲ μιν περίκυκλον ἔρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
200 νεῦμασι Κυπριδίοισιν ἀθελγέας εἴλκεν ὀπωπάς.

[195] Now Morrheus moved lovesick this way and that way, struck by the arrow of desire, wherever the maiden went; the sword he lifted was tame, his spear hung idle, his bold spirit was lashed by the cestus of love, he turned his enamoured gaze all about and moved his eyes at the bidding of Cypris, uncomforted.

ή δὲ δολοφρονέουσα παρήπαφεν ὄρχαμον Ἴνδῶν,
οἷά περ ἱμείρουσα, πόθου δ' ἀπεμάξατο κούρη
ψευδαλέον μίμημα: καὶ αἰθέρος ἦπτετο Μορρεὺς,
ἐλπίδι μασιδίῃ πεφορημένος: ἐν κραδίῃ γὰρ
205 παρθενικὴν ἐδόκησεν ἔχειν βέλος Ἴσον Ἑρώτων,
κοῦφος ἀνὴρ, ὅτι παῖδα σαόφρονα διζέτο θέλγειν
κυανέοις μελέεσσι, καὶ οὐκ ἐμνήσατο μορφῆς.
καὶ οἱ ἐπεγγελώσασα δόλῳ φιλοπαίγμονι κούρη
ἀγχιφανῆς ἐρέθιζε δυσίμερον, ἀντιβίῳ δὲ
210 εἶπεν ἀνυμφεύτοιο ποδὴνεμα γούνατα νύμφης,
πῶς ποτε Φοῖβον ἔφευγε, Βορηίδι σύνδρομος αὐρῇ,
πῶς διερὸν παρὰ χεῦμα τιτανομένου ποταμοῖο
παρθένιον πόδα πῆξε παρ' εὐρυρέθρον Ὀρόντην,
ὅπποτε γαῖα χανοῦσα παρ' εὐύδρου στόμα λίμνης
215 παῖδα διωκομένην οἰκτίρμονι δέξατο κόλπῳ.

[201] But the girl cunningly deceived the Indian chieftain, as if desiring him, yet it was only a false pretence of love that she modelled; and yet Morrheus touched heaven soaring in vain hope, for he thought she had in her heart a wound of maiden love like his own. Shallow man! he forgot his looks, and sought to charm a girl in her right mind with his black body. The girl had good sport in her playful tricks, showed herself near him and teased the lovesick man. She told her enemy how the knees of that unwedded Nymph fled swift on the breeze, how she ran once from Phoibos quick as the north wind, how she planted her maiden foot by the flood of a longwinding river, by the quick stream of Orontes, when the earth opened beside the wide mouth of a marsh and received the hunted girl into her compassionate bosom.

τοῖον ἔπος φαμένης ἀνεπάλλετο χάρματι Μορρεὺς,
ἐν δὲ ἐμοῦνον ὄρινε, διωκομένην ὅτι Δάφνην
καὶ θεὸς οὐκ ἐκίχησε καὶ οὐκ ἐμίγηεν Ἀπόλλων:
καὶ βραδὺν ἔννεπε Φοῖβον: αἰὲ δ' ὑπεμέμεφετο γαίῃ,
220 παρθένον ὅττι κάλυπεν ἀπειρήτην ὕμεναίων:
δειδιδε γὰρ τρομέων γλυκερῷ πυρί, μὴ τι καὶ αὐτὴ
εἶη Χαλκομέδη φιλοπάρθενος, οἷά τε Δάφνη,
μὴ μιν ἰδὼν φεύγουσαν ἐτώσιον εἰς δρόμον ἔλθῃ,
μοχθίζων ἀτέλεστον ἐς ἡμέρον, ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων.

[216] At this tale of hers Morrheus jumped for joy — one thing only annoyed him, that the god never caught Daphne when she was pursued, that Apollo never ravished her. He called Phoibos a sluggard, and always blamed Earth for swallowing the girl before she knew marriage. Trembling with the sweet fire, he feared that Chalcomedes also like Daphne might be in love with maidenhood, feared he might see her fleeing and chase her in vain, wasting his pains on desire unattainable like Apollo.

225 ἄλλ' ὅτε νύξ ἀνέτελλε, κατευνήτειρα κυδοιμοῦ,
Χακξινέδῳ μὲν ἴκανεν ἔρημάδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
ἴχνια μαστεύουσα νοσπλανέος Διονύσου:
οὐ τότε ῥόπτρα φέρουσα καὶ Εὐία κύμβαλα Ῥείης
ὄργια μυστιπόλευνεν ἀκοιμήτοιο Λυαίου,
230 ἀλλὰ κατηφιόωσα καὶ οὐ παύουσα χορείης
εἶχεν ἀσιγήτοισιν ἀήθεα χεῖλεσι σιγὴν,
νοῦσον ἀλεξητῆρος ἐπισταμένη Διονύσου.

[225] But when night came up and sent the battle to rest, Chalcomedes traversed lonely wooded heights seeking traces of distracted Dionysos. She bore no tambours then, no Euian cymbals of Rheia, she performed no mystic rite for unsleeping Lyaios; but downcast and touching not the dance, she kept silence with those lips so unused to silence, understanding the malady of Saviour Dionysos.

Ὅκναλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι μόγις βραδὺς ἦιε Μορρεὺς,
ἐντροπαλιζομένῳ δεδοκμημένος ὄμματι νύμφην,
235 μεμφόμενος Φαέθοντα ταχύδρομον: ἐσπόμενον δὲ
Χαλκομέδῃ νόον εἶχεν ὁμόστολον: ἀσχαλῶν δὲ
Κυπριδίῳ ὁάροισιν ἀνήρυγε θῆλυν ἰωήν,
αἰθύσσων νυχίων ὑποκάρδιον ἰὼν Ἑρώτων:

[233] With timid steps went Morrheus, slow and hesitating, as he watched the nymph with glances that returned again and again, and blamed Phaethon for all his speed; but his mind was keeping company with Chalcomedes. In distress, he softened his voice to womanish love-prattle, as the arrow of nightly love quivered beneath his heart:

ἔρρε, βέλος καὶ τόξον Ἀρήιον: ἱμερόεν γὰρ
240 φέρτερον ἄλλο βέλος με βιάζεται: ἔρρε, φαρέτρη:
κεστὸς ἱμᾶς νίκησεν ἐμῆς τελαμῶνα βοείης.
οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδεσσι μαχήμονα χεῖρα κορύσσω:
ἀλλὰ θεὸν πατρώον, ὕδωρ καὶ γαῖαν ἐάσας
βωμὸν ἀναστήσω καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ,

245 ῥίψας χάλκεον ἔγχος Ἐνυαλίου καὶ Ἀθῆνης.
 οὐκέτι πυρσὸν ἔχων θωρήσσομαι: ἄδρανέος γὰρ
 δαλὸν Ἐνυαλίοιο κατέσβεσε πυρσὸς Ἑρώτων:
 ἄλλω θερμότερῳ πυρὶ βάλλομαι. αἶθε καὶ αὐτός,
 αἶθε γυναιμανέων Σάτυρος πέλον, ὄφρα χορεύσω
 250 μεσσοῦθι Βασσαρίδων, παλάμη δ' ἵνα πῆχυν ἐρείσας
 σφιγξω δεσμὸν ἔρωτος ἐπ' αὐχένι Χαλκομεδείης.
 εἰς Φρυγίην Διόνυσος ὀπάονα Δηριαδῆος
 δουλοσύνης ἐρύσειεν ὑπὸ ζυγόν, ἀντὶ δὲ πάτρης
 Μαιονίη πολύολβος ἐὼν ναέτην με δεχέσθω:
 255 Τμῶλον ἔχειν ἐθέλω μετὰ Καύκασον: ἀρχέγονον δὲ
 Ἴνδον ἀπορρίψας ἐμὸν οὔνομα Λυδὸς ἀκούσω,
 αὐχένα δοῦλον Ἑρωτος ὑοκλίνων Διονύσω:
 Πακτωλὸς φερέτω με: τί μοι πατρῷος Ὑδάσπη;
 Χαλκομέδης δ' ἐχέτω με δόμος γλυκύς: ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
 260 Κύπρις ὁμοῦ καὶ Βάκχος ὑπ' ἀμφοτέροισι βελέμοις
 γαμβροῖς Δηριαδῆος ἐπέχραον, ὄφρα τις εἴτῃ:

[239] “Bow and arrows of Ares, I have done with you; for another shaft and a better constrains me, the arrow of desire! I have done with you, quiver! The cestus-strap has conquered my shieldsling. No more I equip a fighting hand against Bassarids. The gods of my nation, Water and Earth, I will leave, and set up altars both to Cypris and Dionysos; I will throw away the brazen spear of Enyalios and Athena. No more will I arm me with fiery torches, for love’s torch has quenched the torch of Enyalios the weakling: I am hit by another and hotter fire. Would I were a Satyr, one womanmad, that I might dance among Bassarids, that I might rest my hand on Chaleomedeia’s shoulder and encircle her neck with love’s tight bond! May Dionysos drag the minister of Deriades to Phrygia under the yoke of slavery! May wealthy Maionia receive me as her settler instead of my native land! I want to leave Caucasosa and dwell in Tmolos; let me throw off my ancient name of Indian and be called Lydian, let me bow my neck to Dionysos as the slave of love. Let Pactolos carry me — what care I for the Hydaspes of my homeland? Let Chalcomede’s sweet home possess me. Cypris and Bacchos have joined forces and overwhelmed the goodsons of Deriades with their volleys, that men may say —’ The cestus killed Morrheus, the thyrsus Orontes.’”

‘Μορρέα κεστός ἔπεφνε, καὶ ἔκτανε θύρσος Ὀρόντην.’
 τοῖα μὲν ἠύτησε: πολυφλοίσβῳ δὲ μερίμῃ
 τήκετο Χαλκομέδης μεμνημένος: ἐν γὰρ ὁμίλῃ
 265 θερμότεροι γεγάασιν αἰεὶ σπινθῆρες Ἑρώτων.
 ἦδη γὰρ σκιάοντι θορῶν αὐτόχθονι παλμῷ
 ἄσφορος ἀννεφέλοιο μελαίνετο κῶνος ὁμίχλης,
 καὶ τρομερῇ ζύμπαντα μιῇ ζύνωσε σιωπῇ:

οὐδὲ τις ἶχνος ἔπειγε δι' ἄστεος Ἰνδὸς ὁδίτης,
 270 οὐδὲ γυνὴ χερνῆτις ἐθήμονος ἤπτετο τέχνης,
 οὐδὲ οἱ ἐν παλάμῃσι φιληλακάτῳ παρὰ λύχνῳ
 κύκλον ἐς αὐτοέλικτον ἰὼν ἄτρακτος ἀλήτης
 ἄστατος ὄρχηστῆρι τιταίνεται νήματος ὀλκῷ,
 ἀλλὰ κερηβαρέουσα φιλαγρύπνῳ παρὰ λύχνῳ
 275 εὖδε γυνὴ ταλαεργός· ὄφιν δὲ τις ἥσυχος ἔρπων
 κεῖτο πεσών, κεφαλῇ δ' ἐρύων παλινάγρετον οὐρὴν
 γαστέρος ὑπναλῆς ἀνεσείρασεν ὀλκὸν ἀκάνθης·
 καὶ τις ἀερσιπόδης ἐλέφας παρὰ γείτονι τοίχῳ
 ὀρθιον ὕπνον ἴανεν, ὑπὸ δρυὶ νῶτον ἐρείσας.

[262] Such was his outcry. He melted in the resounding flood of care when he thought of Chalcomede: for in the darkness the sparks of the loves are always hotter. For already the cone of cloudless dark, leaping up with its unconscious moving shade, had covered everything together in one trembling quietude. No wayfarer walked through the Indian city; no working-woman touched her familiar craft, nor beside the distaff-loving lamp did the moving spindle go round of itself under her hands, dangled unresting by the dancing pull of the thread. No, the industrious drudge slept with heavy head beside the wakeful lamp. A snake had crawled in quietly and lay where it fell; the head caught the tail, then it tightened up the length of its backbone in sleep on its belly. A towering elephant by the neighbouring wall enjoyed his sleep upright, leaning his back against a tree.

280 καὶ τότε μοῦνος ἄυπνος ἀπόσσυτος ἄσφορος ἔρπων
 ποσοὶ παλιννόστοισιν ἔλιξ ἐστρεῦετο Μορρεῦς,
 μούνην Χειροβίην θαλάμοις εὐδουσαν ἐάσας·
 καὶ τινος ἀρχαίοιο σοφοῦ πάρα μῦθον ἀκούσας
 ἀνδράσι παρ Κιλίκεσσιν ἔχων μόθον ἐγγύθι Ταύρου
 285 ἔνθεον ἀστραίων δεδαημένος οἷστρον Ἐρώτων,
 ἥερι πεπταμένην μετανεῦμενος αἶθριον αὐλήν
 νυμφίον Εὐρώπης ἐπεδέρκετο, Ταῦρον Ὀλύμπου·
 ἀξονίῳ δὲ τένοντι πολυπλανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
 Καλλιστῷ σκοπίαζε καὶ ἄστατον ὀλκὸν Ἀμαξης,
 290 γινώσκων, ὅτι θῆλυς ἐδέξατο θῆλυν ἀκοίην
 μιμηλῆς μεθέπηγοντα νόθον δέμας ἰοχεαίρης
 ἀγνώστοις μελέεσσι· ὑπερτέλλοντα δὲ Ταύρου
 Μυρτίλον ἐσκοπίαζε, πυρίπνοον Ἠνιοχῆα,
 ὅττι γάμῳ χραίσμησε, καὶ εἰς δρόμον Ἴπποδαμείης
 295 ἀντίτυπον ποίησε τύπον τροχοεσδέι κηρῷ,
 ἄχρι Πέλοψ γάμον εὔρε· καὶ ἀγχόθι Κασσιεπείης
 αἰετὸν Αἰγίνης τανυσίπτερον εἶδεν ἀκοίτην,
 καὶ δόλον ἥθελε τοῖον ἐπικλοπον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς

Χαλκομέδης λύσειεν ἀνυμφεύτοιο κορείην,
300 καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἔχων ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπὴν:

[280] Then alone, sleepless, noiseless, Morpheus hurriedly left Cheirobië sleeping alone in her chamber, and crept round and round in distress with ever-returning feet. Once when at war near the Tauros among the Cilicians, he had heard the lore of an old sage, and learnt of the sting of starry loves in the heavens. Surveying therefore the heavenly domain spread abroad in the skies, he noticed Europa's bridegroom, the Olympian Bull; then he turned his wandering eye to the polar region, and observed Callisto and the restless course of the Waggon, and recognized that the female received a female bedfellow, who was disguised under the false likeness of the Archeress with limbs unrecognizable. Rising over the Bull he saw Myrtilos, the fire-breathing Charioteer, because he once helped a marriage, at the race for Hippodameia, and made a counterfeit peg of rounded wax, so that Pelops got his marriage. Near Cassiopeia he saw that Eagle spreading his wings who bedded with Aigina, and wished for such another delusive device, that he might himself undo the maidenhead of unwedded Chalcomede. Then with unsleeping gaze he began to speak:

ἔκλυον, ὥς Σατύρῳ πανομοίος ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
Ἀντιόπην δολόεντι τύπῳ νυμφεύσατο κούρην
μιμηλῇ φιλότῃ φιλοσκάρθμων ὑμεναίων:
τοῖον ἔχειν ἐθέλω καὶ ἐγὼ δέμας, ὄφρα χορεύσω
305 εἰς στρατὸν εὐκεράων Σατύρων ἄγνωστος ἱκάνων,
Χαλκομέδης ἵνα λέκτρα φιλακρήτοιο τελέσω.
οἶδα, πόθεν, Κυθήρεια, χολῶσαι υἱάσιν Ἰνδῶν:
γείτονας Ἥελιοιο τεοὶ κλονέουσιν ὅιστοί:
οὐ πῶ μνηστὶν ὄλεσας ἐλεγχομένων σέο δεσμῶν.
310 οὐ Φαέθων με φύτευσε: τί με κλονέεις, Ἀφροδίτη;
οὐ τέκε Πασιφάη με βοοσκόπος, οὐκ Ἀριάδνης
γνωτὸς ἐγὼ. φθέγξασθε, λίθοι, πετρώδεα φωνήν.
Χαλκομέδην ποθέω, καὶ ἀναινεταί. ἔρρε, φαρέτρη,
ἔρρετε, φοῖνια τόξα καὶ ἡνεμόεντες ὅιστοί:
315 Ἄρης οὐ με σάωσε κορυσσομένης Ἀφροδίτης:
βαῖος Ἔρως με δάμασσε, τὸν οὐ κτάνει Βάκχος ἀγήνωρ.'

[301] "I have heard how Zeus the Ruler on High once took the shape of a Satyr, and wooed the maiden Antiope under a deceitful shape, in the mock love of a dancing bridal. I wish I had such a shape myself, to dance unrecognized into the host of horned Satyrs and to enjoy the bed of wineloving Chalcomede. I know, Cythereia, why you are angry with the sons of India; as neighbours of the Sun your arrows plague them, you have not yet forgotten how your

captivity was discovered by those nets. Phaethon was not my father — why do you plague me, Aphrodite? Bullgazer Pasiphae was no mother of mine, Ariadne no sister. O ye rocks, utter your stony voice! Chalcone I desire, and she denies! Away my quiver, away with you, my murderous bow and windswift arrows! Ares did not save me when Aprodite took up arms: little Love has vanquished me, whom proud Bacchos could not kill!”

τοῖα μάτην κατὰ νύκτα δυσίμερος ἔννεπε Μορρεὺς.
οὐδὲ νοοπλανέος πτερὸν εὐνάσεν ἡδέος ὕπνου
Χαλκομέδην φυγόμενον, ἐπεὶ πόθον εἶχεν ὀλέθρου,
320 Μορρέα δειμαίνουσα μεμνηνότε, μὴ μιν ἐρύσσας
θερμὸς ἀνὴρ ζεύξειεν ἀναγκαίοις ὕμεναισις
Βάκχου μὴ παρεόντος: Ἐρυθραίῃ δὲ θαλάσῃ
ἔννευχον ἔχον· ἔκαμψε καὶ ἴαχε κύματι κωφῷ:

[317] Such were the vain cries of lovesick Morrheus through the night. Nor did the wing of sweet bewildering Sleep give rest to loveshy Chalcone; for she longed to die, being in terror of mad Morrheus — she feared the hot man might bind her in forced wedlock while Bacchos was far away. She turned her step in the night to the Erythraian sea, and cried out to the deaf waves:

‘Μηλὶς, ἐπολβίζω σε: σὺ γάρ ποτε, νῆις Ἐρώρων,
325 αὐτομάτῃ στροφάλιγγι δέμας ῥίψασα θαλάσῃ
λέκτρα γυναιμανέοντος ἀλεύαιο Δαμναμενῆος:
σὸν μόρον ὀλβίζω φιλοπάρθενον: οἷστρομανῇ γὰρ
νυμφίον εἰς σὲ κόρυσσεσεν ἀλὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη,
καὶ σε θάλασσα φύλαξε, καὶ εἰ Παφίης πέλε μήτηρ,
330 καὶ θάνες ἐν ῥοθίοις ἔτι παρθένος. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
Χαλκομέδην ἐθέλουσαν ὕδωρ κρύψειε θαλάσσης
Μορρέος ἱμείροντος ἀπειρήτην ὕμεναιών,
ὄφρα νήη Βριτόμαρτις ἐγὼ φυγόμενος ἀκούσω,
ἦν ποτε πόντος ἔδεκτο καὶ ἔμπαλιν ὥπασε γαίῃ,
335 Κυπριδίῳ Μίνωος ἀφειδήσασαν Ἐρώτων.
ὃ με διεπτοίησεν ἐρωμανέων ἐνοσίχθων,
οἷα περ Ἀστερίην φιλοπάρθενον, ἦν ἐνὶ πόντῳ
πλαζομένην ἐδίωκε παλίνδρομον, εἰσόκεν αὐτὴν
ἄστατον ἱππεύουσιν ἀμοιβάδι σύνδρομον αὔρη
340 κύμασιν ἀστυφέλικτον ἐνερρίζωσεν Ἀπόλλων.
δέξο με, δέξο, θάλασσα, φιλοξείνῳ σὶο κόλπῳ:
δέχνησο Χαλκομέδην μετὰ Μηλίδας: δέξο καὶ αὐτὴν
ὀπλοτέρην Βριτόμαρτιν ἀναινομένην ὕμεναιούς,
ὄφρα φύγω Μορρήα καὶ ὑμετέρην Ἀφροδίτην:
345 Χαλκομέδην ἐλέαιρε, βοηθὸς παρθενικάων.’

[324] “Melis, I call you happy! for you unacquainted with love once threw yourself of your own free will over and over into the sea, and so escaped the bed of womanmad Damnamcecus. I call your chaste lot happy. For Aphrodite daughter of the brine armed the maddened bridegroom against you, and the sea guarded you even though it was the Paphian’s mother: you died in the waves a virgin still; O may the water of the sea cover Chalcomede also, willing enough, while she is still unacquainted with the marriage that Morrheus desires; that I may be called a new loveshy Britomartis, whom once the sea received and returned to the land, where she rejected the bodily love of Minos. Earthshaker enamoured did not affright me, as he did the chaste Asterie, whom he hunted to and fro in the sea, riding restless before the changing wind, until Apollo rooted her in the waves immovable. Receive me, O sea, receive me in your hospitable breast! Receive me like Melis; receive me also, a later Dritomartis, refusing marriage, that I may escape Morrheus and your Aphrodite; pity Chalcomede, O saviour of maidens!”

ὥς φαμένη δεδόνητο νόον παρὰ γείτονι πόντῳ:
καὶ νῦ κεν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐδύσατο κῦμα θαλάσσης,
ἀλλὰ Θέτις χραίσμησε χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,
καὶ δέμας ἀλλάξασα παρίστατο Χαλκομεδείῃ,
350 Βάκχης δ’ εἶδος ἔχουσα παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν:

[346] So in her distracted mind she cried aloud by the neighbouring sea; and she would have thrown herself rolling headlong into the waves, but Thetis gave her help, to please Dionysos. She changed her shape, and stood before Chalcomedeia in the form of a Bacchant woman with comfortable words:

‘τέτλαθι, Χαλκομέδη, μὴ δεῖδιθι Μορρέος εὐνήν:
αἴσιον ὄρνιν ἔχεις με τεῆς ἀλύτοιο κορείης,
μαρτυρίην μεθέπουσαν ἀνυμφεύτων σέο λέκτρων.
εἰμὶ Θέτις φυγόμενος ὁμοῖος, εἰμὶ καὶ αὐτή,
355 οἷά τε Χαλκομέδη, φιλοπάρθενος: οὐρανόθεν δὲ
Ζεὺς με πατήρ ἐδίωκε καὶ ἤθελεν εἰς γάμον ἔλκειν,
εἰ μὴ μιν ποθέοντα γέρων ἀνέκοπτε Προμηθεὺς
θεσπίζων Κρονίωνος ἀρεῖονα παῖδα φυτεῦσαι,
μὴ Θέτιδος ποτε κοῦρος ἐπιβρίσειε τοκῇ
360 καὶ Κρονίδην ἐλάσειεν, ἄτε Κρόνον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς.
γινεὸ μοι δολόεσσα φερέσβιος: αὐτοφόνος γὰρ
αἶ κε θάνης ἀδίδακτος ἀνυμφεύτων ὑμεναίων,
Βασσαρίδων στίχα πᾶσαν ἀνάρσιος Ἰνδὸς ὀλέσσει:
ἀλλὰ μιν ἠπερόπευε, καὶ ἐκ θανάτοιο σώσεις
365 σὴν στρατιὴν φύξηλιν ἱμασσομένου Διονύσου,
ψευδομένη Παφίης κενεὸν πόθον: εἰ δέ σε Μορρεὺς

εἷς εὐνήν ἐρύσειεν ἀναινομένην ὕμεναιους,
οὐ χατέεις ἐπὶ Κύπριν ἀρηγόνος· ὑμετέρης γὰρ
φρουρὸν ἔχεις ἀπέλεθρον ὄφιν χραισμήτορα μήτρης·
370 ὑμέτερον δὲ Δράκοντα λαβὼν μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἴνδῶν
στηρίξει Διόνυσος ἐν ἀστεροφεγγεὶ κύκλῳ,
ἄγγελον οὐ λήγοντα τεῆς ἀλύτοιο κορείης,
ἐγγὺς ἐοῦ Στεφάνοιο φεραυγέος, εὔτε τελέσση
ἀστερόεν μέγα σῆμα Κυδωναίης Ἀριάδνης·
375 Ἀρκτώῳ δὲ Δράκοντι δράκων τεδὸς ἰσοφαρίζων
ἀστράφει μερόπεσσι, συναστράπτων Ὀφιοῦχῳ.
ὕστερον αἰνήσεις ἀλὶν Θέτιν, εὔτε νοήσῃς
ἀστέρα σὸν πυρόνεντα συναστράπτοντα Σελήνῃ.
ἔσσο δὲ θαρσήεσσα γάμου χάριν· οὐ γὰρ ἀκοίτης
380 ἔμπεδον ὑμετέρης ἀναλύσεται ἄμμα κορείης,
οὐ μὰ σὲ καὶ Διόνυσον ἐμῆς ψαύσαντα τραπέζης,
οὐ μὰ σὲ καὶ σέο θύρσα, καὶ εἰναλίην Ἀφροδίτην·

[351] “Courage, Chalcomede! fear not the bed of Morrheus. You have in me a lucky omen of your untouched maidenhead, bringing witness that no marriage shall come near your bed. I am Thetis, like you an enemy of marriage. I love maidenhood, as Chalcomede herself; yet Father Zeus drove me from heaven and would have dragged me into marriage, but that old Prometheus stopt his desires, by prophesying that I should bear a son stronger than Cronion; he wished that Thetis’s boy should not some time overpower his father and drive out Cronides as high Zeus drove out Cronos. Be astute, and save us! For if you contrive your own death, without learning what marriage is without a bridegroom, the wild Indian will destroy the whole company of Bassarids. No, you must delude him, and you will save from death your army, which is now in flight while Dionysos is under the lash. Just pretend an unreal desire for love. Then if Morrheus should drag you to bed while you refuse marriage, you need no helper against Cypris, for you have a huge serpent to protect and save your girdle. After the Indian War, Dionysos will take your Serpent and place him in the shining circle of the stars, an everlasting herald of your untouched maidenhood, near his own brilliant Crown, when he completes the great starry sign of Cydonian Ariadne; and your serpent shall be equal to the northern Serpent, and shine upon mortals along with shining Ophiuchos. By and by you shall praise Thetis of the sea, when you espy your fiery star shining along with Selene. Have no fear about marriage. No bedfellow shall loose the firm knot of your maidenhood: I swear it by Dionysos, who has touched my board, I swear it by your thyrus, and by Aphrodite of the sea.”

εἶπε παραφαμένη· νεφέλῃ δ’ ἐκαλύψατο κούρην,
μὴ μιν ἐσαθρήσωσι φυλάκτορες ἢ σκοπὸς ἀνὴρ,
385 φώριον ἶχνος ἔχων δολίῳ ποδὶ νυκτὸς ὁδίτης,

ἡ δὲ γυναιμανέων θρασὺς αἰπόλος, ἔσπερίην δὲ
παρθενικὴν ἐρύσειε παρ' εἰνοδίους ὕμεναιους.

[383] She ended her consolation; and then hid the girl in a cloud, that the guards might not see her, or some spy walking cunningly in the night with secret foot, or some bold goatherd womanmad, and drag the maiden in the evening to a wayside wedding.

BOOK 34

Κτεινομέναις ἐκάτερθε τριηκοστοῖο τετάρτου
Δηριάδης Βάκχησι κορύσσεται ἔνδοθι πύργων.
κούρη δ' οὐρεσίφοιτος ἔῳ ταχυδινεῖ ταρσῷ
ἄσφορον ἵχνος ἔχουσα διέστιχεν εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης:
οὐδὲ Θέτις δῆθυνεν ἐπ' ἠόνος, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
πατρώην βρυόεσσαν ἐδύσατο Νηρέος αὐλήν.

BOOK XXXIV

*In the thirty-fourth, Deriades attacks and massacres the Bacchant women
within the walls.*

THE girl passed over the hills in her quickmoving step, until she silently passed into the woody uplands; nor did Thetis herself linger upon the shore, but she too returned to the weedy hall of her father Nereus.

5 ἦδη δ' ἄννεφέλοιο δι' ἠέρος ὄμμα τιταίνων
ἄντυγας ἀστραίας ὁρόων ἐκορέσσατο Μορρεύς:
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπε μεληδόσι θυμὸν ἱμάσσων:

[5] Morrheus already had enough of staring through the cloudless heaven and watching the circling stars; and he spoke, lashing his spirit with cares:

‘πλάζεται ἄλλοπρόσαλλος ἐμὸς νόος: οὐ μία βουλή,
εἷς νόος οὐ μεθέπει με: πολυσπερέες δὲ μενοιναὶ
10 ἄμφ' ἐμὲ κυκλώσαντο, καὶ οὐ μίαν οἶδα τελέσσαι:
κτείνω Χαλκομέδειαν ἐπήρατον; ἀλλὰ τί ῥέξω,
μὴ με πόθῳ μετὰ πότμον ἀποκτείνειε καὶ αὐτὴ;
ἀλλὰ λίπω ζώουσας ἀνούτατον, ἀμφαδίην δὲ
παρθένον εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐφέλκομαι; ἀλλ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
15 Δηριάδην τρομέω καὶ Χειροβίην ἐλεαίρω.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ κτείνω ποτὲ παρθένον: ἦν δὲ δαμάσσω,
πῶς δύναμαι ζῶειν, ὅτε παρθένον οὐκέτι λεύσσω;
κάμνω, Χαλκομέδης ὅτε λείπομαι εἰς μίαν ὥρην.’

[8] “My mind moves unsteadily every way. No one counsel guides me, no one resolve; wishes throng round me in crowds, and I cannot fulfil one of them. Shall I kill Chalcomedeia, my beloved? Then what can I do, that she too may not kill me with longing, after her fate? Or shall I leave her alive and unwounded, and drag the girl openly into marriage? But in my heart I fear Deriades and pity Cheirobië. I will never kill the girl; if I strike her down,

how can I live when I see the girl no more? I am in pain when I am without Chalcomede for one hour.”

τοῖα μάτην ἐνέπων πολυμήχανος ἦιε Μορρεῦς,
20 παφλάζων ὀδύνῃσι ποθοβλήτοιο μερίμνης.

[19] So Morrheus went raving and pondering vainly many plans, boiling with the pangs of his desire-struck imagination.

τὸν δὲ παλινδίνητον ἀλώμενον ὑπόθεν ὄχθης
μουνάδος ἀμνήστοιο λελοιπότα δέμνια νύμφης,
ἔδρακεν ἐγρήσων θρασὺς Ὕσσακος: ὡς δολόεις δὲ
κρυπτὸν ἀτεκμάρτων ἐφράσσατο κέντρον Ἑρώτων,
25 πιστότατος θεράπων: δολίῳ δὲ μιν εἴρετο μῦθῳ,
τοῖον ἔπος προχέων ἀπατήλιον ἀνθερεῶνος:

[21] As he walked alone on the bank, wandering up and down and forgetful of his bride left alone in her bed, bold Hyssacos his trusty guardian, wide awake, saw him. He was shrewd enough to recognize the secret sting of some undivined love, so he began to ask crafty questions and spoke in beguiling words, as follows:

‘τίπτε λιπὼν σέο λέκτρα καὶ ὑπναλέην σέο νύμφην
πλάζεαι ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατὰ κνέφας, ἄτρομε Μορρεῦ;
μὴ τάχα Δηριάδης σε διεπτοίησεν ἀπειλῇ;
30 μὴ σοι Χειροβίη κοτέει ζηλήμονι θυμῷ
ἐλπομένη φιλέειν σε δορικτήτην τινὰ Βάκχην;
καὶ γὰρ ὅτ’ εἰσπορώωσιν ἐρωμανέοντας ἀκοίτας,
κρυπταδίην διὰ Κύπριν αἰεὶ φθονέουσι γυναῖκες.
μὴ τάχα πανδαμάτωρ θρασὺς Ἴμερος εἰς σὲ κορύσσει
35 νυμφιδίους σπινθῆρας ἀκοιμήτοιο φαρέτρης;
μὴ τινα Βασσαρίδων ποθέεις μίαν; ὡς μὲν ἀκούω,
τρεῖς Χάριτες γεγάασι, χοριτίδες Ὀρχομενοῖο,
ἀμφίπολοι Φοίβοιο, χοροπλεκέος δὲ Λυαίου
εἰσὶ τριηκοσίων Χαρίτων στίχες, ὧν μία μούνη
40 πασάων προφέρουσα φαίνεται, οἷα καὶ αὐτῇ
φαιδροτέραις ἀκτῖσι κατακρύπτει σέλας ἄστρον
μαρμαρυγὴν εὐκυκλον ἀκοντίζουσα Σελήνη.
καὶ διδύμοις βελέεσσι κορύσσεται εἰν ἐνὶ θεσμῷ,
κάλλει τοξεύουσα καὶ αἰχμάζουσα σιδήρῳ:
45 ἔστι δὲ Πασιθέη κορυθαίολος, ἣν τινα Βάκχαι
Χαλκομέδην καλέουσιν: ἐγὼ δὲ μιν αὐτὸς ἐνίψω
Ἄρτεμιν ἀργυρόπεζαν ἢ ἐ χρύσασπιν Ἀθήνην.’

[27] “Why have you left your bed and your sleeping bride to wander about in the dark, fearless Morrheus? Has Deriades affrighted you with a threat? Is Cheirobie angry with you in a jealous temper, and thinks you in love with some captive Bacchant? For when women see their partners wild with love, they are always jealous of some secret intrigue. Perhaps that allvanquishing braggart Desire has been aiming at you bridal sparks from his unresting quiver! Do you want one of the Bassarids, perhaps? As I hear, there are three Graces, the dancers of Orchomenos, handmaids of Phoibos — but Lyaaios the danceweaver has whole rows of Graces three hundred strong, one of whom shines pre-eminent above all, as Selene herself quenches the light of the stars with her brighter beams when she scatters her shimmering around. And she arms herself with two shots on one count — the arrow of her beauty and the steel of her spear. She is a helmeted Pasithea, whom the Bacchants name Chaleomede: — but I will call her Silverfoot Artemis or Goldenshield Athena.”

ὥς φάμενος σίγησε· καὶ ὀφρύος ἄκρα κατέλκων
αἰδομένοις στομάτεσσι δυσίμερος ἔννεπε Μορρεὺς·

[48] When he had said this, he fell silent; and lovesick Morrheus drawing his brows together answered with shamefast lips:

50 ἄτρεκέως Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο κῦμα θαλάσσης
δαιμαίνων Λυκόοργον, ὑποβρυχίοιο δὲ κόλπου
Νηρεΐδας θώρηξε, καὶ ἐξ ἄλδος ἦλθε κομίζων
εἰναλίην ἐς Ἄρῃα κασιγνήτην Ἀφροδίτην·
ἀντὶ δὲ νυμφιδίοιο καὶ εὐόδοιο χιτῶνος
55 δῶκεν ἔχειν θώρηκα σιδήρεον, ἀντὶ κεστοῦ
χάλκεον ἔγχος ὅπασσε· καὶ οὔνομα τὸ πρὶν ἀμείψας
Χαλκομέδην ὀνόμηνε κορυσσομένην Ἀφροδίτην·
ἔστι δὲ Βασσαρίδεσσι συνέμπορος· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
μάρναμαι ἀγνώσσω, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
60 καὶ τί μάτην δόρυ θοῦρον αἰέρομαι; εἴξον, ἀκωκή·
εἰ Παφίη νίκησεν ἀκοντιστῆρα κεραυνοῦ,
εἰ πολέμων σκηπτοῦχον ἔῳ σπινθῆρι δαμάζει,
εἰ φλογερὸν Φαέθοντα κατέφλεγε μείζονι πυρσῷ
καὶ κλονέει πυρόεντα, τί κεν ῥέξαιμι σιδήρῳ;
65 εἵπατέ μοι τίνα μῆτιν ἀρηγόνα Κυπρογενειῆς·
οὐτήσω τὸν Ἑρωτα; πόθεν περὸντα κιχήσω;
ἔγχος αἰετᾶζω; πυρὶ μάρναται, ἄορ ἐρύσσω;
τόξον ἔχει, τὸ δὲ τόξον ἐμῆς φρενὸς ἀπτόμενον πῦρ.

[50] “Certainly Dionysos dived into the waves of the sea for fear of Lycurgos,

and armed the Nereids in the bosom of the deep, and out of the brine he brought against Ares his own sister, Aphrodite of the brine: instead of the fragrant dress for a bridegift he gave her a steel corselet to wear, instead of the cestus he gave her a spear of bronze; he changed her name, and Aphrodite armed became Chalcomede. She is in the company of the Bassarids, and I have two to fight, without knowing it — both Cypris and Dionysos. Why do I vainly lift my valiant spear? Yield, my point! If the Paphian has conquered the master of the thunderbolt, if she vanquishes the king of battles with her spark, if she has burnt up flaming Phaethon with a fire greater than his own and harasses the fiery one, what could I do with steel? Tell me some device to help against Cyprogeneia. Shall I wound Eros? but how shall I catch that winged one? Shall I lift a spear? Fire is his weapon. Shall I draw the sword? He has an arrow, and his arrow is fire kindling my heart.

πολλάκις οὐτήθην κατὰ φύλοπιν: ἀλλὰ καμόντα

70 ἰητήρ με σάωσεν ἔῃ ζωαρκεί τέχνη,
ὥτειλῃ μελέων ὀδυνήφατον ἄνθος ἐλίξας.

Ὕσσακε, μὴ κρύψῃς, τίνα φάρμακα ποικίλα πάσσω
ἔνδον ἐμῆς κραδίης ἰήσομαι ἔλκος Ἑρώτων.

εἰμὶ μὲν ἀντιβίοισιν αἰεὶ θρασὺς: ἀλλ' ὅτε λεύσσω

75 Χαλκομέδην παρεοῦσαν, ἐμὴ θηλύνεται αἰχμή.

οὐ τρομέω Διόνυσον: ὑποπτῆσσω δὲ γυναιῖκα,

ὅττι σέλας πέμπουσα ποθοβλήτοιο προσώπου

μορφῇ οἷστεύει με, καὶ οὐκέτι τόξα τιταίνω.

ὥς ἄρα Νηρεΐδων μίαν ἔδρακον: εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,

80 ἢ Θέτις ἢ Γαλάτεια συναιχμάζει Διονύσω.'

[69] "Often I have been wounded in the field; but wounded, some physician has made me whole by his lifesaving art, by laying an allheal flower on the wound of my body. Hyssacos, hide it not, tell me what varied store of balsams can I apply in my heart to cure the wound of love! To my adversaries I am always bold; but when I see Chalcomede before me, my sharp point grows womanish. I fear not Dionysos, but I shrink before a woman, for she shoots bright shafts from her lovesmit countenance and pierces me with her beauty. I cannot aim my bow then. So I have seen one of the Nereids. If I dare say it, either Thetis or Galateia is fighting beside Dionysos!"

εἶπε, καὶ ἀκροτάτοισι μόγισ βραδὺς ἴχνεσι βαίνων,

μὴ νυχὶν εὐδουσάν ἐῃν παράκοιτιν ἐγείρῃ,

εἰς θάλαμον πάλιν ἦλθε: μελαγκόλποιο δὲ νύμφης

τηλόχεν ἔτραπεν ὄμμα, καὶ ἤθελεν, ὄφρα φανεῖσα

85 Χαλκομέδῃ λάμψειε καὶ ἡριγένεια φανείη.

ἀσχαλόων δ' ὑπ' Ἑρωτι κατηφεί κάππεσεν εὐνή:

καὶ θεράπων ἄγρυπνος ἔχων πόθον ἠδέος ὕπνου
Ὑσσάκος αὖτις ἔδραθεν ἔῃς ἐφύπερθε βοείης.

[81] He spoke; and moving on the tips of his toes, slowly and carefully, so as not to awaken his sleeping wife in the night, he entered his chamber again. Far from the black bosom of his bride he turned his eyes away, and wished that Chalcomede might stand shining before him and dawn appear. Chafing with love he fell on his sad couch; and his watchful guardian Hyssacos, longing for quiet rest, fell asleep once more on his oxhide shield.

Μορρέα δ' ὑπνώνοντα παρήπαφεν ὄψις ὄνειρου,
90 κλεψινόων ἐλέφαντος ἀναΐξασα πυλάων,
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἐπήρατον ἡπεροπῆα:

[89] While Morrheus slumbered, the vision of a dream came flying from the deluding gates of ivory to cajole him, and uttered a comforting but deceitful speech:

‘δέχνυσο Χαλκομέδην πειθήμονα, νυμφίε Μορρεῦ:
δέξο καὶ ἐν λεχέεσσι μετὰ πτολέμους σέο νύμφην:
ἡματιὴν ὀρόων με τεῖν ἡϋφρηνας ὅπωπῆν,
95 καὶ νυχίῃ παρίαυε φιλήνορι Χαλκομεδείῃ.
ἔστι καὶ ὑπναλέοιο γάμου χάρις, ἔστι καὶ αὐτῶν
ἱμερόεις γλυκὺς οἷστρος ὀνειρείων ὑμεναίων.
ἦθελον ἀγκὰς ἔχειν σε, καὶ ἐγγύθι φαίνεται Ἡώς.’

[92] “Bridegroom Morrheus, welcome Chalcomede a willing bride! Welcome your bride in your own bed after your battles! In the day when you saw me you delighted your eyes — in the night, sleep by the side of your loving Chalcomedeia! Even in sleep marriage has its charm, even in dreams it has a passion of sweet desire. I would fain hold you in my arms, and dawn is near.”

ὥς φαμένη πεπότητο: καὶ ἐξ ὕπνου θόρε Μορρεῦς,
100 ἀρχομένης δ' ἐνόησεν ἀμερσιγάμου φάος Ἡοῦς:
Χαλκομέδην δ' ἐδόκησεν ἔχειν πόθον: αἶψα δὲ σιγῇ
ἐννεπε Κυπριδίην ἀπατήλιον ἐλπίδα βόσκων:

[99] With these words, the vision flew away; Morrheus leapt out of his sleep and saw the beginning of Dawn, the thief of love. He thought Chalcomede desired him, and at once said silently to himself, feeding his delusive hope of love:

‘τριπλὸν, ἡριγένεια, φέρεις φῶς, ὅττι κομίζεις
 Χαλκομέδην, καὶ φέγγος ἄγεις καὶ νύκτα διώκεις.
 105 Μορρέος ἀγρύπνοιο παρήγορε, καὶ σὺ φανείης,
 Χαλκομέδη, ῥοδόεσσα ῥοδοστεφέος πλέον Ἵοῦς:
 οὐ ποτε τοῖον ἄγουσι ῥόδον λειμωνίδες ὦραι.
 παρθενικὴ χαρίεσσα, τεαὶ μεθέπουσι παρειαὶ
 εἰαρινὸν λειμῶνα, τὸν οὐ χρόνος οἶδε μαραίνειν:
 110 ἄνθεα σοὶ θαλέουσιν, ὅτε φθινοπωρίδες ὦραι:
 σὰ κρίνα καὶ κατὰ χεῖμα φαίνεται: ἀμφιέπει δὲ
 σὸν δέμας οὐ λήγουσαν ἐρευθομένην ἀνεμώνην,
 ἣν Χάριτες κομέουσι καὶ οὐκ ὀλέκουσιν ἄηται.
 οὕνομα σὸν κόσμησας ἀριστεύουσα σιδήρῳ:
 115 ἄρμενον ἠνορέῃ τεδὸν οὕνομα: Χαλκομέδην δὲ
 οὐ σε μάτην καλέουσι: σὲ γὰρ τέκε χάλκεος Ἄρης
 Κύπριδος ἐν λεχέεσσιν Ἐρωτοτόκοιο χορεύων.
 Χαλκομέδην μὲν ἅπαντες, ἐγὼ δὲ σε μοῦνος ἐνίψω
 Χρυσομέδην, ὅτι κάλλος ἔχεις χρυσοῦς Ἀφροδίτης:
 120 πείθομαι, ὡς Σπάρτηθεν ἔχεις γένος: ὡς δοκέω γάρ,
 Χαλκομέδην ἐλόχευσε σιδηροχίτων Ἀφροδίτη.’

[103] “Threefold light you bring, O daughter of the mist! You bring
 Chalcomede, and you bring the daylight, and you drive night away! O
 Chalcomede, do you appear to me also, and comfort wakeful Morrheus, you,
 rosier yourself than rose-crowned Dawn: no such roses are brought by the
 Seasons to our meadows. Charming maiden, your cheeks present a meadow of
 the Springtime which time knows not how to wither. Your flowers are in
 bloom when the fruit wasting Autumn Seasons are here: your lilies can be
 seen even in winter; your body is all one blushing anemone never-fading,
 which the Graces tend and the winds never destroy. Your name you have
 adorned by the triumphs of your spear; your name fits your valour — not in
 vain are you called Chaleomede, for brazen Ares begat you, tumbling on the
 bed of love-begetting Cypris. All the world calls you Chalcomede, but I alone
 call you Chrysomede, because you have the beauty of golden Aphrodite; I
 believe you come from Sparta, for as I think, Aphrodite Steelcorseleta was the
 mother of Chalcomede.”

τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε φιλαγρύπνων ἐπὶ λέκτρων.
 ἀλλ’ ὅτε φοινίσσοντι σέλας πέμπουσα προσώπῳ
 ὑσμίνης προκέλευθος ἐκηβόλος ἄνθορεν Ἡώς,
 125 Ἰνδῶν ἐκόρυσσε γονὴν λαοσσόος Ἄρης:
 καὶ τότε θωρηχθέντες ἐυτροχάλων ἀπὸ λέκτρων
 ἄρματι Δηριάδαο συνήλυδες ἔρρεον Ἰνδοί.

[122] So he spoke on his wakeful bed but when farshooting Dawn with crimson face leapt up sending forth her light as the forerunner of battle, Ares musterhost armed the Indian nation; then the Indians fully equipped ran from their wellwheeled beds to gather round the chariot of Deriades.

βάκχοι δ' οὐ παρεόντος ἀνικίτου Διονύσου
εἰς πεδίον προχέοντο κατηφές: ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
130 οὐκέτι θαρσύνοντες ἐπεστράτωντο κυδοιμῷ,
ἀλλὰ φόβῳ δονέοντο: καὶ οὐ ῥηξήνορι λύσση
εἰσέτι χαλκοχίτωνες ἐβακχεύοντο γυναῖκες:
οὐδὲ βαρυφθόγγοιο μεμυκότης ἀνθρεῶνος
ἀφρὸν ἀνηκόντιζον, ἐν ἀφλοίσβῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
135 μίμνεν ἀδεψήτοιο περίκροτα νῶτα βοείης:
οὐ δαΐδες σελάγιζον Ἐνυαλῆς φλόγα πεύκης,
καπνὸν ἐρευγομένης θανατηφόρον: ἀλλ' ὑπὸ κέντρῳ
δαιμονίης μάστιγος ἐθελύνοντο μαχηταί.
οὐ Σάτυροι κελάδισαν, ἐθήμονος οὐ θρόος αὐλοῦ
140 ἔβρεμεν ἔγρεκύδοιμος: ἀβακχεύτῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Σειληνοὶ πολέμιζον ἐχέφρονες, οὐδὲ προσώπῳ
μίλτον ἐπιχρίσαντες ὁμόχροον αἶθροσι λύθρῳ
ξανθὸν ἐφοινίζαντο τύπον ψευδήμονι μορφῇ
εἰς φόβον, οὐδὲ μέτωπα πεφυρμένα λευκάδι γύψῳ,
145 ὥς πάρος, ἐρραίνοντο: καὶ οὐ στομάτεσσι πιόντες
θερμὸν ἐρημονόμοιο νεόσσυτον αἶμα λεαίνης
Πᾶνες ἀελλήεντες ἐβακχεύοντο κυδοιμῷ,
ἀλλὰ φόβῳ γεγάασιν ἐγγές: ὀκναλέοι δὲ
φειδομέναις ἥρασσον ἄδουπήτοις χθόνα χηλαῖς,
150 φρικτὸν ἀναστεΐλαντες ὀριδρομον ἄλμα χορείης.

[122] But the Bacchoi, with invincible Dionysos still amissing, poured forth downcast on the plain. No longer in confident heart they marched to the fight, but they were stricken with fear. No longer with manbreaking madness the women in bronze corselets rushed frantic to the field, no more they scattered foam from their bellowing throats with deep growlings; but in silence undisturbed the untanned calfskins lay unbeaten. Their torches sent forth no shining flame of martial brands nor belched the death-bringing smoke; but under the goad of the divine lash the warriors turned to women. The Satyrs made no noise, no sound echoed as of yore from the pipes to awaken the conflict. The Seilenoi went to battle in sober silence with their wits about them; they had not painted their faces with crimson like fresh blood, nor purpled their yellow skin to deceive and affright, nor daubed their foreheads with white chalk as usual. The Pans had drunk no hot blood fresh from the veins of a lioness of the wilds, and rushed not swift as the wind frenzied into the conflict, but they were mild with fear: hesitating they pawed the ground

with gentle noiseless hooves, and ceased the terrible leaps of their highland dance.

Δηριάδης δ' ὑπέροπλος ἐπέχραεν ἄρσενι χάρμη,
σειών ὡς τρυφάλειαν ἔῃς γλωχίνα κεραίης:
θηλυτέρῃ δὲ φάλαγγι θορῶν βακχεύετο Μορρεὺς:
οὐ γὰρ Χαλκομέδεια συνέμπορος ἴστατο Βάκχαις,
155 ὄφρα μιν αἰδέσσαιτο, κατεσσυμένην δὲ γυναικῶν
αἵματι πορφύρουσαν ἀναστείλειεν ἄκωκῆν,
ἀλλὰ τότε προμάχοισιν ὁμήλυδος ἦπτετο χάρμης
παρθένος ἱμερόεσσα νέη κλυτότοξος Ἀμαζών,
φάρεα λεπτὰ φέρουσα καὶ ἀστράπτοντα χιτῶνα
160 ἐν πεδίῳ: τὸ γὰρ εἶπε σοφὴ Θέτις, ὄφρα σάωσῃ
λαὸν ὅλον μογέοντα τινασσομένου Διονύσου.

[151] But Deriades proudly grappled with the men's battle, shaking his pointed horn like a helmet plume; Morrheus leapt raging against the company of women. For Chalcomedeia did not stand beside the Bacchant women to make him pitiful, and check the blade which darted against the women purpled with blood; but now the lovely young girl, a new bow-famed Amazon, took hand in the fight beside the front ranks in the plain, clad in light robes and a shining tunic. For that is what wise Thetis told her to do, that she might save the whole host, so distressed while Dionysos was being plagued.

ἐνθα διατμήξας Χαρίτων Ἴνδαλμα προσώπου
Βασσαρίδας ζώγρησεν ἀνάλκιδας ἔνδεκα Μορρεὺς,
ᾧς μετὰ Χαλκομέδην ἐκρίνατο: Μαιναλίδων δὲ
165 χεῖρας ὀπισθοτόνους ἀλύτῳ σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ,
καὶ στίχα λυσιέθειραν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δούλια σύρων
ληίδας ἀμφιπόλους ἐκυρῷ πόρε Δηριαδῇ,
ἔδνον ἔῃς ἀλόχοιο τὸ δεύτερον, ἧς χάριν εὐνῆς
νυμφοκόμον μόθον εἶχεν ἀερσιλόφῳ παρὰ Ταύρῳ,
170 ὅππότε Δηριάδαο νέην βασιληίδα κούρην,
ἧλικα Χειροβίην, ζυγίῳ σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ:
οὐ γὰρ δῶρον ἔδεκτο γαμήλιον ὄρχαμος Ἰνδῶν
παιδὸς ἔῃς, οὐ χρυσὸν ἐπήρατον, οὐ λίθον ἄλμης
μαρμαρέην, ἀγέλας δὲ βοῶν καὶ πῶεα μήλων
175 Δηριάδης ἀπέειπε, καὶ ἐγρεμόθοισι μαχηταῖς
θυγατέρων ἔξευξεν ἀδωροδόκους ὕμεναιους,
γαμβρὸν ἔχων Μορρῆα καὶ ἐννεάπηχυν Ὀρόντην:
καὶ διδύμοις προμάχοισιν ἐὴν νύμφευσε γενέθλην,
Μορρεὶ Χειροβίην καὶ Πρωτονόειαν Ὀρόντη:
180 οὐ γὰρ ἐπιχθονίοισιν ὁμοῖος ἔπλετο Μορρεὺς,

ἄλλὰ Γίγαντιών μελέων ὕψαύχενι μορφῇ
 Ἴνδῶν Γηγενέων μιμήσατο πάτριον ἄλκην,
 ἡλιβάτου Τυφῶνος ἔχων αὐτόχθονα φύτλην,
 εὔτε πυριτρεφέων Ἀρίμων παρὰ γείτονι πέτρῃ
 185 σύγγονον ἦνορέην ἐπεδείκνυε μάρτυρι Κύνδῳ,
 ἔδνα φέρων θαλάμων, Κιλικῶν ἰδρῶτας ἀέθλων,
 νυμφίος ἀκτῆμων, ἀρετῇ δ' ἐκτήσατο νύμφην.
 ὥς ποτε Μορρεΐοιο γάμου μνηστῆρι σιδήρῳ
 Ἀσσυρίῃ γόνυ κάμψε, καὶ εἰς ζυγὰ Δηριαδῆος
 190 αὐχένα πετρήεντα Κίλιξ δοχμώσατο Ταῦρος,
 καὶ θρασὺς ὠκλασε Κύνδος, ὅθεν Κιλικῶν ἐνὶ γαίῃ
 Σάνδης Ἡρακλέης κικλήσκεται εἰσέτι Μορρεὺς.
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν προτέροισιν: ἐν ὀψιγόνῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
 θυιάδας ἐζώγρησεν ἀφειδέι δούρατι Μορρεὺς:
 195 κυδιόων δ' ἀχάλινον ἀπερροῖβδησεν ἰώην:

[162] Then Morrheus parting from that face, the image of the Graces, saved alive eleven of the weak Bassarids, whom he judged to be next after Chalcomede. He bound the Mainalids' arms behind them in a knot too tight to be undone; then dragging them with hair flowing loose to the yoke of slavery, he gave them to his goodfather Deriades as servants won by the spear, to be a second brideprice for his wife; for whose sake he had fought beside peaksoaring Tauros, to win her for his bride, when he joined to himself in the bonds of wedlock the young princess, Deriades' daughter, his yearsmate Cheirobie. For the Indian chieftain had received no marriage gift for his daughter, no precious gold, no bright stone of the sea; herds of oxen and flocks of sheep Deriades refused, and joined his daughters in marriage without price, to stirring warriors, taking for goodsons Morrheus and ninecubit Orontes — gave his own children as brides to two champions, Cheirobie to Morrheus and Protonoeia to Orontes. For Morrheus was not like men of this earth, but he resembled the national strength of the earthborn Indians in highnecked body and gigantic limbs; he had the earthborn breed which towering Typhon had, when near the neighbouring rock of firebreeding Arima he displayed his inborn courage for Cydnos to behold. The bride-price which he brought was the sweat of Cilician labours; a bridegroom without possessions, he possessed his bride by valour. So in those days Assyria bent the knee to the steel that wooed a bride for Morrheus, Cilician Tauros bowed his rocky neck to the yoke of Deriades, bold Cydnos curtsyed, and for that reason in the Cilieian land Morrheus is still called Heracles Sandes. But that is an old story; in this later conflict Morrheus captured the Thyiads with pitiless spear, and triumphant shouted an unbridled speech:

‘σοὶ μὲν ἐγώ, σκηπτοῦχε, τεῆς κειμήλια κούρης
 βάκχας πρῶτον ἄγω, μετέπειτα δὲ Βάκχον ὀπάσσω.’

[196] “These are for you, my lord king, treasures for your daughter which I bring first; later I will give you Bacchos!”

ὥς φαμένου Μορρηῆος ἀμείβετο κοίρανος Ἴνδῶν:

[198] To these words of Morrheus the Indian prince replied:

‘Χειροβίην ἀνάεδνον ἔχων, κορυθαίολε Μορρεῦ,
200 ἄξιά μοι πόρες ἔδνα φερессακέων ὕμεναιων,
ἄστεα δουλώσας Κιλικίων ὕψηνορι νίκη.
ἄρτι πάλιν νέα δῶρα χαρίζεαι: ἦν δ’ ἐθέλησῃς,
ἄλλας Βασσαρίδας ληίσσαιο, Χειροβίης δὲ
ἀμφιπόλων ἔμπλησον ὅλον δόμον: ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχου
205 οὐ χατέω Μορρηῆος, ἀλυκτοπέδαις δὲ πεδήσας
δούλιον εἰς ζυγόδεσμον ἐγὼ Διόνυσον ἐρύσσω.
μοῦνον ἐμοὶ πεφύλαξο δορικτήτης πόθον εὐνῆς,
μὴ σε γυναιμανέεσσιν ἴδω πανομοίιον Ἴνδοις:
ὄμματα μὴ σκοπίαζε καὶ ἄργυρον αὐχένα Βάκχης,
210 μὴ ποθέων τελέσειας ἐμὴν ζηλήμονα κούρην.
αὐτὰρ ἐπὶ Βρομίου στρατιὴν ξύμπασαν ὀλέσσω,
Μαιονίην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐλεύσομαι, ἔνθεν ἀφύξω
Λυδῶν ἄσπετον ὄλβον, ὅσον Πακτωλὸς ἀέξει:
ἵξομαι εἰς Φρυγίην εὐάμπελον, ὀππόθι Ῥεῖη
215 παιδοκόμος Βρομίοιο, καὶ ἀγκικέλευθον ὀλέσσω
ἀργυρῆς Ἀλύβης πέδον ὄλβιον, ὄφρα κομίσσω
φαιδρὰ ῥυφενέων χιονώδεα νῶτα μετάλλων:
πέρσω δ’, ἦν καλέουσι, καὶ ἐπταπύλου χθόνα Θήβης,
καὶ φλέξω Σεμέλης φλογερὸν δόμον, ὀππόθι παστοὶ
220 λείψανα θερμὰ φέρουσι μαραινομένων ὕμεναιων.’

[199] “Cheirobie you had without price, Morrheus of the flashing helmet. You paid me price enough for your shieldbearing marriage by enslaving the Cilician cities in the lofty valour of victory. Now again you bestow new gifts. If it be your pleasure, make prisoners of the Bassarids as well, and fill the whole palace of Cheirobie with handmaids; but for Bacchos I need not Morrheus; I myself will drag Dionysos to a yoke of slavery laden with galling fetters. Only I bid you take care not to lust after a captive for your bed, that I may not see you just like the womanmad Indians. Do not look upon the eyes and silvery neck of a Bacchant woman, that you may not make my girl jealous by your lusts. But when I have destroyed the whole army of Bromios, I will invade the Maionian land, and thence I will drain the infinite wealth of Lydia, all that Pactolos produces; I will march to vineclad Phrygia, where Rheia dwells who cared for Bromios in boyhood, and I will destroy the wealthy

ground of silvery Alybe hard by, that I may bring home shining white sheets from mines that roll in riches. And I will devastate the land of sevendate Thebes, as they call it, and I will burn Semele's fiery house, where the lady's chamber still is in hot ruins from that parched bridal."

ἔειπεν ἄναξ ἀθέμιστος, Ἐνυαλίῳ δὲ γαμβροῦ
ἀμφιπόλων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐδέξατο δῶρα κυδοιμοῦ
Δηριάδης, Φλογίῳ δὲ καὶ Ἀγραίῳ πόρε Βάκχας
ἐλκομένας πλοκαμῖδος· ὁμοπλέκτῳ δ' ἐνὶ δεσμῷ
225 ἄρραγέες παλάμησιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἱμάντες.

[221] So spoke the lawless king Deriades, as he received the whole line of handmaidens, gifts of his warlike goodson from the battle. He handed over the Bacchants to Phlogios and Agraios dragged along by the hair, their hands all girdled with unbreakable straps in one long line.

τὰς μὲν ἄγων Φλόγιος βασιληίδος ἄγγελα νίκης
σφιγγομένας πόμπευε δι' ἄστεος. ὑψιτενεῖς δὲ
αἱ μὲν ἐυγλυφάνοιο παρὰ προπύλαια μελάθρου
ἄλχονίῳ θλίβοντο περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ:
230 ἄλλαις θερμὸν ὄπασσε μόνον πυρόεντος ὀλέθρου:
αἱ δὲ πεδοσκαφέεσσιν ἐτυμβεῦοντο ῥέεθροις
φρεϊατος ἐν γυάλοισιν, ὅπῃ βυθίων ἀπὸ κόλπων
χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίαις βεβημένον ἔλκεται ὕδωρ:
καὶ τις ἔσω διεροῖο βαθυνομένου κενεῶνος
235 ἡμιφανῆς ἀτίνακτος ἀμοιβαίῃ φάτο φωνῇ:

[226] These Phlogios led bound, and conducted them through the city as tidings of the royal victory. Some were hung up beside the carved gateway of the palace, with nooses choking their encircled necks. To others he allotted a hot fate of death by fire. Others were entombed in water, in the earthdug hollows of a well, where water is drawn from deep-sunk pools by the hard work of hand over hand. Then they would cry, half-seen, immovable, from the watery depths of the pit, one after another —

ἔκλυον, ὥς Ἴνδοῖσι θεὸς πέλε γαῖα καὶ ὕδωρ:
οὐδὲ μάτην ποτὲ τοῦτο φατίζεται: ἀμφοτέροι γάρ
εἰς ἐμὲ θωρήχθησαν ὁμόφρονες, εἰμὶ δὲ μέσση
καὶ χθονίου θανάτοιο καὶ ὕδατόεντος ὀλέθρου,
240 καὶ μόνον ἐγγὺς ἔχω διδυμόζυγον: ἱλυόεις γάρ
ξεῖνος δεσμὸς ἔχει με, καὶ οὐκέτι ταρσὸν αἶρω,
ὑγρὰ δὲ ῥιζώσασα πεπηγότα γούνατα πηλῷ
ἴσταμαι ἀστυφέλικτος ἐγὼ Μοίρησιν ἐτοίμη:

καὶ ποταμός με δίωκε, καὶ οὐ χυτὸν ἔτρεμον ὕδωρ:
245 αἶθε καὶ οὗτος ἔην κελάδων ῥόος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτοῦ
χεῖρας ἐρετμώσασα διατμήξω μέλαν ὕδωρ.'

[236] "I have heard that the Indians' god was Earth and Water, and there is reason for that saying: for both are arrayed against me together! I am between death by earth and destruction by water, and I have a double fate near me. A strange chain of mud holds me fast, and I can no longer lift a foot; my soaking knees are firmly rooted in mire, and I stand immovable ready for the Fates. There was a time when a river pursued me, and I feared not the running water; O that this also were a murmuring stream, that I might here also paddle my hands and cut its dark water too!"

ἔννεπεν: οἰγομένῳ δὲ κατάρρυτα χεῦματα λαιμῷ
δεχνυμένη κατὰ βαιὸν ἀτυμβεύτῳ θάνε πότμῳ.

[247] So she spoke, and receiving the pouring flood into her open throat, perished slowly by a fate which gave her no burial.

αὐτὰρ ὁ Χαλκομέδης πεπεδημένος ἡδέϊ κέντρῳ
250 Μαιναλίδων ἀσιδηρον ὄλον στρατὸν ἥλασε Μορρεὺς
εἰς πόλιν ὀφρυόεσσαν, ὀπίστερος ἔγχεϊ νύσσω.
ὥς δ' ὅτε μηλονόμος πολυχανδέος εἰς μυχὰ μάνδρης
συμμιγέων οἴων σποράδας στίχας εἰς ἔν ἐλαύνων
εἰροπόκων ἴθυνε καλαύροπι πῶεα μῆλων
255 πασσυδίῃ, πολέες δὲ συνεστιχόωντο βοτῆρες
μῆλα περισφίγγοντες ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ὀλκῷ
προτροπάδην στοιχηδὸν ἀρηρότα, μή ποτε ποιίμνης
κλειομένης πλάζοιτο παράτροπος ἔσμὸς ἀλήτης:
ὥς ὃ γε θῆλυν ὄμιλον ἔσω πυλεῶνος ἐέργων
260 εἰς πόλιν αἰπύδητον ἀελλόπος ἥλασε Μορρεὺς
Βακχείην στίχα πᾶσαν ἀποσπάδα δηιοτῆτος.
καὶ μογέων δόλον εἶχεν ἐτώσιον, ὄφρα κυδοιμοῦ
ληίδα καλλιγύναικα λιπῶν μετανάστιον ἄγρην
Χαλκομέδην ἐρύσειεν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δουλοσυνάων,
265 ἄλλαις θηλυτέπησιν ὁμόστολον, ὄφρα οἱ αἰεὶ
ἡματιῇ θεράπαινα καὶ ἔννυχος εὐνέτις εἴη,
καὶ διδύμων τελέσειεν ἀμοιβαδὶς ἔργα θεάων,
λάθρια Κύπριδος ἔργα καὶ ἀμφαδὸν ἱστὸν Ἀθήνης ...

[249] But Morrheus, enchained by the sweet passion for Chaleomede, drove the whole unweaponed band of Mainalids into the frowning city, prodding them with his spear from behind. As a shepherd drives scattered clumps of mingled

sheep into the shelter of a roomy pen together, and guides his fleecy flocks of sheep with his staff all in a flurry, while many drovers run by his side, stretching out their joined hands, to encircle them and drive them on in close files headlong, for fear some group of the enclosed sheep should break aside and run away: so windswift Morrheus drove to the steepwalled city all the column of Bacchant women cut out from the battle, and herded the female crowd into the gates. But for all his trouble his scheme was useless. He wished to leave all this booty of fair women from the battle, and to hunt afterwards for Chalcomede, to drag her away, to make her his slave with other women, that she might be his servant by day and his bedfellow by night, and do the work of two goddesses in turn — Cypris in secret and Athena's loom in public....

Μορρεὺς δ' οὐκ ἀμέλησε δορυσσόος: ἀγχιμάχῳ γὰρ

270 Δηριάδῃ φύξῃλιν ἐπέτρεπε θῆλυν Ἐννύ,

Βακχιάδος δὲ φάλαγγος ἐπέχραεν ἄρσενι χάρμῃ,

ὄφρα περικλείσειε καὶ ἀνέρας: ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς

εἰς φόβον ἠπείγοντο. Οὐελλήεσσα δὲ κούρῃ

ἴστατο κοσμηθεῖσα πρὸ ἄστεος ἐγγύθι πύργου,

275 παρθένος ἀκρήδεμνος: ἔρωμανέων δὲ γυναικῶν

νεύμασι ποιητοῖσι τύπον μιμήσατο κούρῃ,

ὄμματα δινεύουσα, καὶ ἡθάδος ἔκτοθι μίτρης

λευκὸς ἐρευθιόωντι χιτῶν φοινίσσετο μαζῶ:

Μορρεὺς δ' εἰσορόων ἐπετέρπετο, καὶ διὰ πέπλου

280 λεπταλέου σφριγώωσαν ἴτυν τεκμαίρετο μαζοῦ.

[269] Shakespear Morrheus did not neglect this. He turned over the timid women's war to Deriades, who was fighting near him, and attacked the male part of Bacchos's army, that he might cut off the men too; and they were put to flight on the field. But the tempestuous girl stood in all her bravery in front of the city near the wall, a maiden unveiled. She mimicked the ways of love-mad women with artificial nods and becks, rolling her eyes, and her blushing breast gave colour to the white tunic which had escaped from its wonted belt. Morrheus gazed at her with delight, and saw the delicate round of her breast stretching the robe from within.

καὶ λίθον εὐποίητον ἴσον τροχοειδέϊ δίσκῳ

παρθένος ἀρπάξασα, πελώριον ἄχθος ἀμάξης,

Μορρέος εὐπήληκος ἀκόντισεν ἴδμονι τέχνῃ:

καὶ λίθος ἡερόθεν πεφορημένος ὀξεί ροίζῳ

285 ἀσπίδος ἄκρον ἄραξεν, ὅπῃ χρυσήλατος εἰκὼν

Χειροβίης νόθον εἶχε δέμας ψευδήμονι μορφῇ,

ποιητὸν δὲ κάρηνον ἀπέξεσε, βαλλομένη δὲ

μαρμαρέῃ γλαγχίνι χαρασσομένοιο προσώπου
μιμηλῆς ἀμάθυε περίτροχον εἰκόνα μορφῆς·
290 καὶ σάκος ὀλβίζων ἀνεπάλλετο πολλάκι Μορρεῦς,
καὶ κραδίη γελῶν κρυφίην ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν·

[281] The maiden caught up a hewn stone rounded like a quoit, which would be a monstrous weight for a cart, and cast it with skilful hand at helmeted Morrheus. The stone hurtled through the air with a loud whizzing sound, and scraped the surface of his shield, where a chased image of gold showed the imitation portrait of an unreal Cheirobie. It tore off the depicted head, and scratched the face with its shining edge and disfigured the artistic beauty of a rounded portrait. “Happy shield!” thought Morrheus, and leapt about again and again, laughing in his heart as he said to himself,

‘ἄτρομε Χαλκομέδεια, νήη ῥοδοδάκτυλε Πειθῶ,
Κύπριδος ἀβρὸν ἄγαλμα καὶ εὐθώρηκος Ἀθήνης,
Βακχιάς ἡριγένεια καὶ οὐ δύνουσα Σελήνη,
295 γραπτὸν ἐμῆς ἀλόχου τύπον ἔξεσας· αἶθε καὶ αὐτῆς
Χειροβίης ἤμησας ἀληθέος αὐχένα νύμφης.’

[292] “Fearless Chalcomedeia! A new rosyfinger Peitho! Elegant image of Cypris, and of Athena in her cuirass! Bacchic Dawn, Selene who never sets! You have torn off the portrait of my wife: I only wish you had cut the throat of Cheirobie, the real wife!”

ὥς εἰπὼν ἐδίωκε πρὸ ἄστεος ἄζυγα κούρην,
γλῶσσαν ἀπειλείουσιν ἔχων, οὐ χεῖρα κορύσσω,
μῦθον ἀκοντίζων, οὐ παρθένον ἔγχεϊ νύσσω,
300 μιλίχιη παλάμη πεφιδημένον ἔγχος αἰίρων·
καὶ βλοσυρῆς κελάδησε βοῆς ἀπατήλιον Ἥχῳ,
ὥς ἔτεδον κοτέων πρόμος ἥπιος· ἀμφότερον γάρ,
εἶχε νόον γελῶντα, χόλον δ’ ἀνέφηνε προσώπῳ.
ἦκα δὲ δινήσας σφαλερὴν προέηκεν ἄκωκῆν
305 εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήστον ἐκούσιος· ἡ δὲ φυγοῦσα
ἡερίαις ταχύγουνος ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομος αὔραις·
τῆς δὲ τιτανομένης ἀνεμῶδεϊ γούνατος ὀρμηῇ
πλοχμοὺς βοτρυνόντας ἀνερρίπιζον ἀῆται,
αὐχένα γυμνῶσαντες ἐριδμαίνοντα Σελήνην·
310 φειδομένοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐκούσιος ἔτρεχε Μορρεῦς,
πῇ μὲν ἐυρραφῶν ποδὸς ἵχνια γυμνὰ πεδίλων
εἰς σφυρὰ παπταίνων ῥοδοειδέα, πῇ δὲ δοκεύων
πλαζομένης ἐλικηδὸν ὀπίστερα βόστρυχα χαίτης
Χαλκομέδην ἐδίωκε· καὶ ἴαχεν ἡδέϊ μύθῳ,

[297] With these thoughts, he pursued the chaste maiden in front of the walls, shouting threats but not lifting his hand, with volleys of words but no pricks of the spear for the maiden, for he lifted the sparing spear in a gentle hand merciful: as if in real anger, a friendly enemy with a rough voice he cried speeches meant to deceive; for he both laughed in his heart and showed fury in his face. He gently brandished and cast a wavering lance at a useless mark, on purpose. The girl fled nimbleknee, quick as the blowing breezes. As she strained with moving windswift knee, the air spread abroad her clustering curls and bared the neck which rivalled Selene. Morrheus ran with sparing foot on purpose, now gazing at the feet bare of strapped shoes and at the rosy ankles, now watching the locks of hair tossed behind — so he chased Chalcomede, and now' called to her in pleasant words, coaxing speech from a gentle throat:

‘μίμνέ με, Χαλκομέδεια, τὸν ἱμείροντα μαχητὴν:
 ῥύεται ἀγλαΐη σε, καὶ οὐ δρόμος: οὐ τόσον αἰχμαὶ
 ἄνδρα βαλεῖν δεδάσιν, ὅσον σπινθῆρες Ἐρώτων.
 δῆιος οὐ γενόμην, μὴ δεῖδιθι: μαρνάμενον γάρ
 320 χαλκείην σέο κάλλος ἐμὴν νίκησεν ἀκωκὴν:
 ἔγχεος οὐ χατέεις, οὐκ ἀσπίδος: ὑμετέρου γάρ
 ὡς ξίφος, ὡς δόρυ θοῦρον, ἔχεις ἀκτῖνα προσώπου,
 καὶ μελῆς πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι παρειαί.
 φρικτὸν ἐμῆς παλάμης λέλυται σθένος: οὐ νέμεσις γάρ,
 325 εἰ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχω νικῶμενον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτός
 Κύπριδος ἱσταμένης θηλύνεται ἄγριος Ἄρης.
 δέξο με σοῖς Σατύροισιν ὁμόστολον: ἐν πολέμοις γάρ
 Ἴνδοι ἀριστεύουσιν, ἕως ἔτι χεῖρα κορύσσω.
 ἦν δ' ἐθέλης, ἄτε λάτρις ὑποδρήσσω Διονύσῳ:
 330 ἦν ἐθέλης, με δάμαζε κατ' αὐχένος ἢ κενεῶνος:
 οὐκ ἄλέγω θανάτοιο τεῇ δεδαῖγμένος αἰχμῇ:
 μοῦνον ἐμὲ στενάχιζε δεδουπότα: μυρομένης δὲ
 δάκρυα Χαλκομέδης με καὶ ἐξ Αἶδαο κομίσει.

[316] “Wait for me, Chaleomedeia! Wait for your lover in arms! Your radiance saves you, not your speed! Sharp steel is not so strong to bring down a man as the sparks of love. I am no enemy, fear not! for in this battle your beauty has beaten my point of steel. You need no spear, no shield. For sword, for furious spear, you have the rays of your countenance, and your cheeks are much more triumphant than the ashplant. The terrible strength of my hand is melted. No wonder if my valiant spear is conquered, for savage Ares himself turns woman when Cypris stands up to him. Receive me in the company of your

Satyrs. In battle the Indians are best so long as I hold arms in my hands; but if it be your pleasure, I will serve Dionysos as lackey. If it be your pleasure, strike my neck or my flank: I care not for death if your blade pierces me. Only mourn me when dead; the tears of sorrowing Chalkomedes will bring me back even from Hades.

παρθένε, τί τρομέεις, ὅτι μείλιχον ἔγχος αἰείρω;
335 σοὺς πλοκάμους ὀρόων ἑλικώδεας ὑπόθεν ὦμων
ἄσκεπέων τρυφάλειαν ἐμῶν ἀπέθηκα κομάων:
νεβρίδα παπταίνων στυγέω θώρηκα φορῆσαι.'

[334] "Maiden, why do you tremble if I lift a gentle spear? Seeing your tresses lying tangled upon your uncovered shoulders, I have put my helmet from off my uncovered hair; when I see the fawnskin, I hate to wear a corselet."

ὥς φαμένου παράμειβε γυνή καὶ ἐμίγνυτο Βάκχοις,
καὶ φονίου Μορρήος ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα κελεύθου
340 θαρσαλέη πολέμιζε καὶ ἥρισεν ἄρσενι χάρμη.

[338] When the words were said, she passed away and joined the Bacchoi, and keeping out of the way of the murderous Morrheus, she boldly fought and battled against the armed men.

καὶ τότε δυσκελάδοιο λιπῶν στροφάλιγγα κυδοιμοῦ
ἄμπνυτο Βάκχος ὄμιλος, ἕως ἀνεχάζετο Μορρεὺς.

[341] Then the Bacchic host left the noise of the whirling conflict and had time to breathe, while Morrheus retired from the field.

Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα πρὸ ἄστεος ἄορι τύπτων
Δηριάδης ἔδιδωκεν, ἕως σχεδὸν ἤλασε πύργων,
345 οἴγομένου στίχα πᾶσαν ἔσω πυλεῶνος ἔεργων
τείχεος ὑψιλόφοιο: διωκόμεναι δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἄστεος ἐντὸς ἵκανον ἀποσπάδες ἠθάδος ὕλης:
ἄσταθές δὲ φάλαγγες ἀήθεα κύκλα κελεύθου
ἔστιχον ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα διακριδόν, εἰς πτερὸν Εὐρου,
350 εἰς ῥάχιζιν Ζεφύροιο παρ: Ἑσπέριον κλίμα γαίης,
αἱ δὲ Νότου παρὰ πέζαν ἀλήμονες, αἱ δὲ Βορῆς
Βασσαρίδες κλονέοντο: καὶ ἄρσενόθυμον ἀνάγκην
μαινάδες ἠλλάξαντο, πάλιν δ' ἐγένοντο γυναῖκες,
καὶ μόθον ἠρνήσαντο, φιληλακάτοιο δὲ τέχνης
355 καὶ ταλάρων μνήσαντο, καὶ ἤθελον αὖτις Ἀθήνης

ἀμφιέπειν κλωστήρα καὶ οὐκέτι θύσθλα Λυαίου.
καὶ στίχα χιονέην ὀλέκων κυανόχροος ἀνὴρ
ἐνδόμυχον κλόνον εἶχε πολισσοῦχοιο κυδοιμοῦ.

[343] But Deriades pursued the band of Bassarids in front of the city, striking with his sword, until he had driven them up to the walls, and the whole company was penned within the open gateway of the lofty fortress. So pursued with the sword, they entered the city, torn from their familiar forests. Unresting the columns marched away here and there by unfamiliar winding roads, divided into parts, these towards the wing of Euros, these to the uplands of Zephyros in the western clime of the world, others travelling along the plain of Notos, other Bassarids driven to the region of Boreas. Then the Mainads put off the manly temper which constrained them, and once more became women, refusing battle, remembering the art they loved of distaff and basket; once more they wished to ply the spindle of Athena instead of the gear of Lyaïos. And the blackskin men had wild uproar of defensive battle within the city, destroying the snow-white host.

BOOK 35

Μορρέος ἔχθρὸν Ἔρωτα τριηκοστῷ ἐνὶ πέμπτῳ δίζεο Βασσαρίδων τε φόνον
καὶ Ἄρηα γυναικῶν.

Δηριάδης δ' ἀπέλεθρος ἐμάρνατο θυιάδι χάρμη,
καὶ βρομίου προπόλοισιν ἐπέχραε κοίρανος Ἴνδῶν,
πῇ μὲν ἀκοντίζων δολιχῷ δορί, πῇ δὲ δαΐζων
ἄορι κωπήεντι, χαραδραίοις δὲ βελέμνοις
5 τοξεύων πεφόρητο καὶ ὀξυτέροισιν ὀιστοῖς.

BOOK XXXV

*In the thirty-fifth, seek the love of Morrheus for the enemy, and the battle and
bloodshed of Bassarid women.*

DERIADES, the gigantic Indian chieftain, was fighting furiously in the mad
battle and attacking the servants of Bromios, now casting a long spear, now
striking with the hilted sword; or he rushed about throwing boulders from the
mountain torrents and shooting arrows sharper still.

ὦς αἱ μὲν κλονέοντο κατὰ πτόλιν ἔνδοθι πύργων
ἔγχει Δηριάδαο: πολυγλώσσῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ἀμφοτέρων κτύπος ἦεν: ἐρευθιόωντι δὲ λύθρῳ
ἄστεος εὐλαίγγες ἐφοινίχθησαν ἀγυιαί
10 κτεινομένων καναχηδὸν ἐν ἄστεϊ θηλυτεράων.
ἀκλινέες δὲ γέροντες ἀερσιλόφων ἐπὶ πύργων
φύλοπιν ἐσκοπίαζον: ὑπὲρ τεγέων δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ
θυρσοφόρον στίχα πᾶσαν ἐθηήσαντο γυναῖκες:
καὶ τις ὑπὲρ μεγάροιο περικλινθεῖσα τιθήνη
15 παρθένος ἐλκεσίπεπλος ἐδέρκετο θῆλυν Ἐνυῶ,
καὶ κταμένη βαρύδακρυς ἐπέστενεν ἥλικι κούρῃ.
οὐδὲ τις ἱμερόεσσαν ἐλὼν ἐβίησατο νύμφην,
ὅττι γυναιμανέεσσιν ἄναξ ἐπετέλλετο λαοῖς,
φεύγειν δῆϊα λέκτρα δορικτῆτων ὑμεναίων,
20 μὴ Παφίης ἀλέγοντες ἀφειδήσωσιν Ἐνυοῦς.

[6] In this manner the women within the walls were harried by the spears of
Deriades; and there was a din from both sides of many tongues. The paved
streets of the city were empurpled by the red gore, as the women were slain
therein amid great tumult. The old men were seated unmoving upon the high
precipitous walls, watching the fray; the women also upon the rooftops gazed
at the whole thyrsusbearing throng, and many a longrobed maiden from her
chamber above leaning upon her nurse marked this female warfare, and

lamented with tears the slaughter of some girl of her own years. But no man took and forced any lovely nymph; for the king had commanded his womanmad people to eschew meddling or marrying with the captives of the spear, lest in thinking of the Paphian they should be slack in the fight.

καὶ τις ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο περισκαίρουσα κοινὴ
παρθενικὴ γυμνοῦτο: παρελκομένου δὲ χιτῶνος
ἀγλαΐῃ κεκόρυστο καὶ ἱμείροντα φονῆα
οὔτασεν οὔτηθεῖσα, βέλος δὲ οἱ ἔπλετο μορφῇ,
25 καὶ φθιμένη νίκησε: κατ' ἀντιβίοιο δὲ γυμνοὶ
μηροὶ ἐθωρήχθησαν, ὀιστευτῆρες Ἑρώτων.
καὶ νῦ κε νεκρὸν ἔχων πόθον ἄπνοον, ὥς περ Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἄλλην Πενθεσίλειαν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δοκεῦν
ψυχρὰ κονιομένης προστύξατο χεῖλεα νύμφης,
30 εἰ μὴ Δηριαδῆος ἐδείδιεν ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς.
καὶ γυμνῆς σκοπίαζεν ἀναινομένης χροὰ κούρης,
καὶ σφυρὰ λευκὰ δόκευε καὶ ἀσκεπέων πτύχα μηρῶν,
καὶ μελέων ἔψανσε, καὶ ἦψατο πολλάκι μαζοῦ
οἰδαλέου ροδόεντος, ἔοικότος εἰσέτι μήλῳ:
35 ἦθελε καὶ φιλότῃ μιγήμεναι: ὅψ' δὲ κάμνων
τοίην ἱμερόεσσαν ἀνήρυγεν ἄφρονα φωνήν:
‘παρθενικὴ ροδόπηχυν, τεδὸν δυσέρωτα φονῆα
οὔτασας οὔταμένη, φθιμένη ζῶντα δαμάξεις,
καὶ σὺ τεδὸν βλεφάροισιν ὀιστεύεις ὀλετῆρα:
40 ἔγχος ἐνικήθη σέο κάλλει: σεῖο προσώπου
μαρμαρυγαὶ κλονέουσιν, ὅσον γλωχῖνες ἀκόντων:
στηῆθος ἔχεις ἅτε τόξον, ἐπεὶ σέο μᾶλλον ὀιστῶν
μαζοὶ ἀριστεύουσιν, ὀιστευτῆρες Ἑρώτων.
ξεῖνον ἔχω καὶ ἄπιστον ἐγὼ πόθον, ὅττι διώκω
45 κούρης νεκρὸν ἔρωτα καταφθιμένων ὑμεναίων:
ἄπνοος οἴστρος ἔχει με τὸν ἔμπνοον: εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
χεῖλεα φωνήεντα καὶ ἔμπνοα ταῦτα γενέσθω,
σὼν γλυκερῶν στομάτων ἵνα, παρθένε, μῦθον ἀκούσω ...
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα: ‘κυλινδομένην ἐνὶ γαίῃ,
50 ἦν κτάνες, ἦν σύλησας, ἀτάσθαλε, κάλλιπε κούρην:
ἦν σέο χαλκὸς ἔταμνεν, ἐμοῦ μὴ ψαῦε χιτῶνος:
τί κρατέεις κενεῶνα, τὸν οὔτασας; ἴσχεο δειλῆς
ἀμφαφῶν ἐμὸν ἔλκος, ὃ μοι πόρες. ἐρρέτω αἰχμὴ,
ἐρρέτω ἡμετέρης παλάμης θράσος, ὅττι λιποῦσα
55 Σειληνοὺς πολιῆσιν ὑποφρίσσοντας ἐθεΐραις
καὶ Σατύρων δύσμορφον ὄλον γένος, ἀντὶ γερόντων,
ἀντὶ δασυστέρνων ἀπαλὴν ἐδάμασσε γυναῖκα.
ἀλλὰ ποθοβλήτοιο τεοῦ χροδὸς ἔλκος ἀφάσσω
ποιὴν καλλιβότοιο διαστείχων ῥάχιν ὕλης

60 ἔλκεος ὑμετέροιο βοηθόον εἰς σὲ καλέσσω
 γηραλέον Χείρωνα φεπίσβιον; ἢ πόθεν εὖρω
 φάρμακα, λυσιπόνου Παιήονος ὄργια τέχνης;
 ἤθελον, ἦν κολέουσιν, ἔχειν Κενταυρίδα ποιήν,
 ὄφρα τεοῖς μελέεσσιν ἀνώδυνον ἄνθος ἐλίξας
 65 ἔξ Ἄιδος ζώουσιν ἀνοστήτοιο σαώσω.
 ποῖον ἔχω μάγον ὕμνον ἢ ἄστερόεσσιν ἀοιδῇ,
 ὄφρα θεοκλήτῳ προχέων μέλος εὐάδι φωνῇ
 οὐταμένον τεδὸν αἶμα κατευνήσω κενεῶνος;
 ἤθελον ἐγγὺς ἔχειν φυσίζοον ἐνθάδε πηγῇν,
 70 ὄφρα τεοῖς μελέεσσι βαλὼν ὀδυνήφατον ὕδωρ
 πρηῒνω τεδὸν ἔλκος ἐπήρατον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτῇν
 ψυχὴν ὑμετέρεην παλινάγρετον εἰς σὲ κομίσσω.
 Γλαῦκε πολυσπερέων ἐτέων στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων,
 εἰ θέμις, ἀτρυγέτοιο λιπῶν κευθμῶνα θαλάσσης
 75 δεῖξον ἐμοὶ βοτάνην ζωαρκέα, δεῖξον ἐκείνην,
 ἧς ποτε σοῖς στομάτεσσιν ἐγεύσαιο, καὶ βίον ἔλκεις
 ἄμβροτον, ἀενάοιο χρόνου κυκλούμενος ὀλκῶ.’
 ὥς εἰπὼν παράμειβε, νέκυν πόθον ἐν φρεσὶ κεύθων.

[21] But a girl rolling upon the ground was bared, her dress was pulled aside, and armed with her own radiance, wounded she wounded her lusting slayer; her beauty was her bolt, and dying she conquered; her naked thighs were as weapons, and sped the arrows of the Loves against her slayer. Then he would have felt desire for a lifeless corpse, as Achilles did — seeing a new Penthesilei on the ground, he would have kissed the cold lips of the girl, prostrate in the dust, had he not feared the weight of the threat of Deriades. He looked at the skin of the naked girl denied him, he gazed at her white ankles, at the parting of the uncovered thighs, touched her limbs, handled often the swelling rosy breast even now like an apple; he would even have mingled with her in love — but at last, tired, he let these foolish words of desire escape him:

“Maiden of the rosy arms, wounded yourself you have wounded your lovesick slayer, slain you conquer the living, you pierce your own destroyer with the arrows of your eyes! The spear has been conquered by your beauty; for the radiance of your face deals confusion as much as the barbs of javelins. Your bosom is as a bow, since your breasts are more potent archers of the Loves than arrows are. A strange incredible desire is in me, when I pursue a girl's dead love to attain a perished wedlock! A thing without breath goads me, the breathing. If I dare ask it, let those lips have breath and speech, maiden, that I may hear a word from your sweet mouth, speaking something like this: ‘You killed me, you plundered me, rolling upon the ground! Then let a girl be, scoundrel. Touch not my tunic, when your steel has cut me! Why do you hold the side which you have wounded? Stroke no more the cruel wound which

you gave me!’ Away my spear, away the boldness of my hand, because it left alone Seilenoi with hoary bristling hair and all the ugly generation of Satyrs, and instead of old men, instead of shaggy chests, it vanquished a tender girl! But now’ I touch the wound in your so desirable flesh, what ridge of the pasturing woodlands must I traverse to summon old lifebringing Cheiron to help your wound? or where can I find medicines, the secrets of the Healer’s painassuaging art? Would that I had what they call the herb centaury, that I might bind the flower of no-pain upon your limbs, and bring you back safe and living from Hades whence none returns! What magic hymn have I, or song from the stars, that I may chant the ditty with Euian voice divine, and stay the flow of blood from your wounded side? Would I had here beside me the fountain of life, that I might pour on your limbs that painstilling water and assuage your adorable wound, to bring back even your soul to you again! O Glaucos, guiding the revolutions of innumerable years, if it be lawful, leave the abyss of the barren sea, and show me the life-sufficing plant, show that which you tasted once with your lips, and now enjoy life incorruptible, circling with the course of infinite time!”

καὶ πόσιος κταμένου τιμήορος ἄνθορε νύμφη
80 Πρωτονόη, στενάχουσα καὶ εἰσέτι νεκρὸν Ὀρόντην:
θηλυτέρην δὲ φάλαγγα διέστιχεν: ἦν δὲ νοῆσα
ἄλλην ἀντιάνειραν Ἐρυθραίην Ἀταλάντην.
Χειροβίη δὲ λαβοῦσα σάκος καὶ Μορρέος αἰχμὴν
ἔχραε Βασσαρίδεσσι, καὶ εἴκελος ἔπλετο Γόργη,
85 ἣ πάρος εὐπύργοιο τινασσομένης Καλυδῶνος
Τοξέος αἰθύσσονσα κασιγνήτοιο βοεῖην,
μάρνατο θῆλυς ἐοῦσα χολωομένου Μελεάγρου.
Ὅρσιβόη δὲ φανεῖσα σὺν ἐγρεμόθῳ παρακοίτῃ
θάρσος Ἐνυαλῆς μιμήσατο Δηιανείρης,
90 ὁππότε Παρνηησοῖο κακοξείνῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
θωρήχθη Δρυόπεσσι καὶ ἔπλετο θῆλυς Ἀμαζών.
πολλὰ δ’ εὐρυχώροισι περικλείοντο μελάνθοις,
καὶ στόνος ἄπλετος ἦεν ὑπωροφίοιο κυδοιμοῦ:
ἄλλῃ δ’ εἰνοδίην ὑπεδύσατο δημοτῆτα,
95 παρθένος ἐγρεκύδοιμος, ὑπὲρ τεγέων δὲ καὶ ἄλλαι
λαϊνέοις βελέεσσιν ἐθωρήσσοντο γυναῖκες:
ἐνδόμυχοι δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ἐνυῶ.
ὄφρα μὲν ἐγρεμόθοιο δι’ ἄστεος ἔβρεμεν Ἄρης,

[79] Then arose the bride Protonoe, who still mourned Orontes dead, to avenge her slain husband. She dashed through the crowd of women, and one might have thought her another manlike Atalante among the Erythraians. And Cheirobie seizing a shield and the spear of Morrheus attacked the Bassarids, and seemed like that Gorge, who once when well-walled Calydon was

attacked wielded the oxhide shield of Toxeus her brother, and fought though a woman while Meleagros sulked. And Orsiboe appeared with her battlestirring husband, imitating the boldness of warlike Deianeira, when beside the inhospitable rock of Parnassus she faced the Dryopes and fought, a woman turned Amazon. Many women were shut up in the wide palace courtyards, and there was infinite lamentation in the turmoil under those roofs. Many a battlestirring maiden entered the fight in the street, other women on the roofs provided themselves with stony missiles; and the crowds within kept up the din of warfare.

Λύδια Βασσαριδων ὄρεσίδρομα φῦλα δαΐζων,
100 τόφρα δὲ Χαλκομέδεια πρὸ τείχεος ἴστατο μούνη
νόστιμον ἐκ πολέμοιο μεταστρέψασα πορείην,
οἰστρομανῇ Μορρῇα δεδεγμένη, εἴ ποξεν ἔλθῃ;
καὶ τότε πουλυέλικτον ἔρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων,
παρθένον ὡς ἐνόησε, ποδῆνεμος ἵκετο Μορρεῦς,
105 εἰς δρόμον ἡμερόεντα θώτερα γούνατα πάλλων.
τῆς δὲ διωκομένης ἀνεκούφισε πέπλον ἀήτης:
θέλγετο δ' εἰσέτι μᾶλλον ἀνείμονι κάλλει μορφῆς.
παπταίνων προθέουσαν ἀνάμπυκα λευκάδα νύμφην.
ἡ δέ μιν ἡπερόπευε, καὶ αἰδομένη φάτο φωνῇ,
110 ὠκυτέρην Μορρῆος ὑποπτήσσουας πορείην:

[98] While Ares raged throughout the battlestirring city, destroying the hill-ranging Lydian tribes of Bassarids, Chalcomedeia stood alone in front of the wall. She had turned back to retire from the battle, and waited to see if love-maddened Morrheus would appear from any quarter. He was then turning his enamoured eye all round; and when he perceived the maiden, he came windfoot, plying his nimble knees in the race for love. As he pursued her, the breeze lifted her robe. Morrheus was charmed even more by the naked beauty of her body, as he gazed at the white nymph running unveiled before him. She deluded him still as she cried with modest voice, trembling at his quickening speed —

‘εἰ ἔτεδὸν μεθέπεις ἐμὰ δέμνια, νυμφίε Μορρεῦ,
κάτθεο σὸν θώρηκα σιδήρεον, οἷα χορεῦει
εἰς γάμον ἀβροχίτων, ὅτε Κύπριδι μίσγεται, Ἄρης,
εἵματι χιονέῳ πεπυκασμένος, ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων,
115 ὄφρα Πόθος καὶ Κύπρις ἐνὶ ζευξείαν ὀχῇ
ἡμέας ἀμφοτέρους γαμῖης ἐπιβήτορας εὐνῆς,
Μορρέα θοῦρος: ἔρως καὶ Χαλκομέδην Ἀφροδίτη.
οὐδέχομαι χάλκειον ἐγὼ πόσιν ὑπόθι λέκτρων,
αἵματι φοινίσσοντα καὶ αὐχμῶντα κονίη:

120 ἄλλὰ ῥόω φαίδρυνε τεὸν δέμας, ὄφρα φανείης
ὥς Φαέθων προχοῇσι λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο:
ῥῖψον Ἐνναλίην σέθεν ἀσπίδα, ῥῖψον ἄκωκὴν,
μὴ ποτέ με πλῆξειε τεῖ ἑλκευφόρος αἰχμὴ:
κάτθεό μοι δασπλῆτα τεῶν πῆληκα κομάων,
125 ὅττι λόφος κλονέει με τινασσομένης τρυφαλείης:
μὴ νόθον εἶδος ἴδοιμι σιδηρεῖοιο προσώπου:
τίς πόθος εὐφραίνει με καλυπτομένης σέο μορφῆς;

[111] “If truly you would have my bed, bridegroom Morrheus, put off your steel corselet. Even Ares dances daintily clad to his wedding, when he mingles with Cypris, decked in a snowy robe like Apollo. Be like him, that Cypris and Desire may join us both with one band when we mount the marriage bed, valiant Eros bind Morrheus and Aphrodite bind Chalcamede. I do not want in my bed a husband of bronze, red with blood and dirty with dust. Nay, cleanse your body in the river, that you may shine like Phaëthon bathed in the Ocean stream; throw away your warlike shield, throw away the spear, that your deathdealing point may not strike me. Pray put off that terrifying helmet from your hair, because the crest of the nodding plume disturbs me. Let me not see only the pretended shape of a steel countenance. What desire can warm me if your shape is hidden?

οὐκέτι Μαιονίης ἐπιβήσομαι: οὐδ’ ἐνὶ παστῶ
δέξομαι, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, μετὰ Μορρέα Βάκχον ἀκοίτην:
130 ἔσσομαι Ἰνδῶν καὶ ἐγώ, φίλος: ἀντὶ δὲ Λυδῆς
κυδαίνω θυέεσσιν Ἐρυθραίην Ἀφροδίτην
κρυπταδίη Μορρῆος ὁμευνέτις: ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
Ἰνδὸς ἀνὴρ ἐχέτω με συναιχμάζων Ἀφροδίτη:
εἰς δὲ γὰρ ἴσα βέλεμνα καὶ εἰς ἐμὲ διπλόα πέμπων
135 ἡμερος ἀμφοτέροισι μίαν ξύνωσεν ἀνίην,
εἰς κραδίην Μορρῆι καὶ εἰς φρένα Χαλκομεδείη.
κάμνον ἐγὼ κρύπτουσα τεὸν πόθον: οὐ γὰρ ἀκοίτην
παρθένος αἰδομένη προκαλίζεται εἰς Ἀφροδίτην.’

[128] “I will never more set foot in Maionia. After Morrheus, if that is your pleasure, never will I receive Bacchos in my chamber to sleep by my side. I will be an Indian like you, my friend! Instead of Lydian Aphrodite, I will honour the Erythraian with my sacrifices, I will be the secret bedmate of Morrheus; let a brave Indian have me as Aphrodite’s champion in battle. For Desire has aimed double shots against you and me both alike, and joined us in the same pangs, piercing the heart of Morrheus and the bosom of Chalcamedeia. I suffer, as I hide my longing for you — for a modest maiden does not invite a man to be her lover.”

ὥς φαμένη παρέπεισε γυνὴ δυσέρωτα μαχητὴν
140 ψευσαμένη: γελάσας δὲ δυσίμερος ἔννεπε Μορρεὺς:

[139] By these words the woman cajoled the love-pining soldier, all in deceit;
but lovesick Morrheus laughed, and said:

‘οὐ νέμεσις, Μορρῆα τὸν εὐπήληκα μαχητὴν
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχειν ἐνὶ παστάδι Χαλκομεδείης,
ὄφρα περιπτύξω σε, φερώνυμε, χαλκὸν αἰείρων:
ἔμπης φοῖνιον ἔγχος ἀναίνομαι, οὐδὲ βοεῖς
145 ἄπτομαι: ὡς ἐθέλεις δέ, λελουμένος εἰς σέ χορεύω
χερσὶν ἀναιμάκτοισι, καὶ ἔσσομαι ἄλλος ἀκοίτης,
γυμνὸς Ἄρης μετὰ δῆριν ἔχων γυμνὴν Ἀφροδίτην.
καύρην Δηριαδῆος ἀναίνομαι: αὐτὸς ἐλάσσω
ἐκ μεγάρων ἀέκουσαν ἐμὴν ζηλήμονα νύμφην:
150 οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδεσσι κορύσσομαι, εἴ με κελεύεις,
ἀλλὰ φίλοις ναέτησι μαχέσσομαι: Ἴνδον ὀλέσσω
οἶνοπα θύρσον ἔχων, οὐ χάλκεον ἔγχος αἰείρων:
ρίψω δ’ ἔντεα πάντα καὶ ἄνθεα λεπτά τινάξω,
ὑμετέρῳ βασιλῆϊ συναιχμάζων Δινύσῳ.’

[141] “What wonder is it, if Morrheus the helmeted soldier should keep his
spear of bronze in the bronze lassie’s chamber, to embrace you holding my
bronze when there is bronze in your name? Never mind, I will reject my
deadly spear, I will not touch my oxhide. I will do your pleasure and bathe
me, that I may dance to you with unblooded hands. I will be a different
bedfellow, Ares naked holding Aphrodite naked after the battle! The daughter
of Deriades I renounce: myself I will drive my jealous bride unwilling out of
the house. No longer will I attack the Bassarids, if you say so, but I will fight
against my own countrymen; I will take the vine-wreathed thyrsus and destroy
Indians, not lifting a spear of bronze. I will throw away all my armour and
brandish your little leaves, the champion of your king Dionysos!”

155 ὥς εἰπὼν παλάμης μελὶν ἀπεσεῖσατο Μορρεὺς,
καὶ λίφον ἰδρώοντος ἀπεσφήκωσε καρήνου,
μυδαλέης δ’ ἔρρεπεν ἔης τελαμῶνα βοεῖς
εὐκαμάτῳ ραθάμιγγι λελουμένον ἡθάδος ὤμου:
λύσατο καὶ χάλκειον ἀπὸ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,

[155] Saying this, Morrheus threw the ashplant from his hand, and undid the
crest from his sweating head, and cast off the strap of his oxhide soaking and
drenched with the drops of conflict, from the shoulder which knew it well. He
unloosed also the coat of mail from his chest, the bloodstained corselet.

160 αἶμαλέον θώρηκα. καὶ ἔντεα κείμενα γαίῃ
Μορρέος ἱμείροντος ἔδεικνυνεν Ἀρεΐ Κύπρις
μορφῇ ἄθωρήκτῳ νικώμενα Χαλκομεδείης·
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν, ἐὼν δ' ἐρέθιζεν ἀκοίτην:

[160] Then Cypris showed Ares the armour of enamoured Morrheus lying on the ground, conquered by the unarmed beauty of Chalcomedeia, and a word she said in mockery of her paramour —

Ἄρες, ἐσυλήθης: πολέμους ἡρνήσατο Μορρεύς,
165 οὐ φορέων θώρηκα καὶ οὐ ξίφος: ἀλλὰ γυναῖκα
ἱμερτὴν ποθέων ἀπεσεύσατο τεύχεα χειρῶν.
καὶ σὺ τὸν δόρυ θοῦρον ἀναίνεο, καὶ σὺ θαλάσση
λοῦο σὼν σακέων γυμνούμενος: ἀπτόλεμος γὰρ
Κύπρις ἀριστεύει πλεόν Ἀρεος, οὐδὲ χατίζει
170 ἀσπίδος, οὐ μελὶς ποτὲ δεύεται: ἀμφοτέρων γὰρ
ἔγχος ἑμὸν πέλε κάλλος ἑμὸν ξίφος ἔπλετο μορφῇ,
καὶ βλεφάρων ἀκτῖνες ἑμοὶ γεγάασιν ὁιστοί:
μαζὸς ἀκοντίζει πλεόν ἔγχος: ἱμερόεις γὰρ
ἀντὶ δοριθρασέος θαλαμηπόλος ἔπλετο Μορρεύς.
175 μὴ Σπάρτης ἐπίβηθι, μαχήμονες ἦχι πολῖται
χάλκεον εἶδος ἔχουσι κορυσσομένης Ἀφροδίτης,
μὴ σε δόρυ κρατέουσα τεῶ πληξείε σιδήρῳ.
οὐτόσον αἰχμάξεις, ὅσον ὀφρύες: οὐτόσον αἰχμαὶ
ἀνέρας οὐτάζουσιν, ὅσον βάλλουσιν ὀπωπαί:
180 δέρκεο σοὺς θεράποντας, ὑποδρηστῆρας Ἑρώτων,
καὶ θρασὺν αὐχένα κάμψον ἀνικήτῳ Κυθερείῃ.
Ἄρες, ἐνικήθης, ὅτι χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔασας
νεβρίδα Χαλκομέδης γαμῖν ὑπεδύσατο Μορρεύς·

[164] “Ares, you are beaten! Morrheus has renounced war, and bears no corselet and no sword; no, for love of a winsome woman he has cast the arms from his hands. You do the same — renounce your own valiant spear, strip off your shields and bathe in the sea! For Cypris without battle plays the champion better than Ares. She needs no shield, she never wants the ashplant; for my beauty is a spear for me, my fine shape also is my sword, the gleams of my eyes are my arrows. My breast lets fly a better shot than a javelin: for Morrheus has turned from a bold warrior to an amiable chamberlain! Do not go near Sparta, where the warlike people have a bronze image of armed Aphrodite, lest spear in hand she strike you with your own steel! You cannot shoot so straight as eyebrows do; your spikes do not wound men as eyeshots do. Look at your servants, the lackeys of the Loves, and bow your bold neck to Cythereia the unconquerable. You are conquered, Ares! For Morrheus has

left his spear of bronze and donned the wedding fawnskin of Chalcomedes.”

εἶπε μόθους γελώσα φιλομειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη,

[184] So smiling Aphrodite laughed, in mockery at Ares her lover and his battles.

185 Ἄρεα κερτομέουσα γαμοστόλον, ἄγχι δὲ πόντου
καλλείψας ἀκόμιστον ἐπ’ αἰγιαλοῖο χιτῶνα
θαλπόμενος γλυκερῇσι μεληδόσι λούσατο Μορρεὺς,
γυμνὸς ἔων· ψυχρῇ δὲ δέμας φαίδρυνε θαλάσση,
θερμὸν ἔχων Παφίης ὀλίγον βέλος· ἐν δὲ ῥεέθροις
190 Ἰνδῶν ἰκέτευεν Ἐρυθραίην Ἀφροδίτην,
εἰσαῖων, ὅτι Κύπρις ἀπόσπορός ἐστι θαλάσσης·
λουσάμενος δ’ ἀνέβαινε μέλας πάλιν· εἶχε δὲ μορφήν,
ὥς φύσις ἐβλάστησε, καὶ ἀνέρος οὐ δέμας ἄλμη,
οὐ χροίην μετὰμειψεν, ἔρευθαλέη περ ἑοῦσα.
195 καὶ κενεῇ χροά λοῦσεν ἐπ’ ἐλπίδι· χιόνεος γὰρ
ἱμερόεις μενέαινε φανήμεναι ἄζυγι κούρῃ·
καὶ λινέῳ κόσμησε δέμας χιονώδεϊ πέπλῳ,
οἷον ἔσω θώρηκος αἰὲ φορέουσι μαχηταί.

[185] Then Morrheus left his coat uncared-for on the seashore, glowing with sweet anxieties. Naked he bathed: the cool sea cleansed his body, but the Paphian’s tiny dart was hot within him. In the waters he prayed to Erythraian Aphrodite of India, for he had learnt that Cypris is the daughter of the sea; but he came out still black from his bath, for his body was as nature had made it grow, and the brine changed not the man’s body or his colour, itself red though it was. So he washed his skin in a vain hope; for he had wished to become snow-white, and so desirable to the virgin maid. He dressed himself in a snowy linen robe, such as soldiers always wear inside the mailcoat.

ἵσταμένη δ’ ἄφθογγος ἐπ’ ἥονος εἶχε σιωπὴν
200 Χαλκομέδη δολόεσσα· μεταστρεφθεῖσα δὲ κούρῃ
Μορρέος ἀχλαίνοιο σαόφρονας εἶλκεν ὀπωπᾶς,
ἀσκεπὲς αἰδομένη δέμας ἀνέρος· εἰσιδέειν γὰρ
ἄζετο θῆλυς ἑοῦσα λελουμένον ἄρσενά κούρῃ.

[199] Chalcomedes stood on the shore in silence without a word, full of her scheme. She turned aside from Morrheus unclad, withdrawing her modest looks, ashamed before the uncovered body of a man; for the girl was abashed being a woman to look on a man after the bath.

ἀλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἔρημον ἐσέδρακεν ἄρμενον εὐναῖς,
 205 τολμηρὴν παλάμην ὀρέγων αἰδήμονι νύμφῃ
 εἵματος ἀψαύστοιο σαόφρονος ἥψατο κούρης·
 καὶ νῦ κεν ἀμφίζωστον ἐλὼν εὐήνορι δεσμῷ
 νυμφιδίῳ σπινθῆρι βιήσατο θυιάδα κούρην·
 ἀλλὰ τις ἀχράντοιο δράκων ἀνεπήλατο κόλπου,
 210 παρθενικῆς ἀγάμοιο βοηθός, ἀμφὶ δὲ μίτρην
 ἀμφιλαφῆς κυκλοῦτο φυλάκτορι γαστέρος ὀλκῷ·
 ὄξυ δὲ συρίζοντος ἀσιγῆτων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 πέτραι ἐμυκήσαντο· φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Μορρεὺς
 αὐχένιον μύκημα νόθης σάλπιγγος ἀκούων,
 215 παπταίνων ἀγάμοιο προασπιστῆρα κορείης·
 καὶ πρόμος ἀμφιέλικτος ἀνεπτοίησε μαχητὴν,
 οὐρὴν ἀγκυλόκυκλον ἐπ' αὐχένι φωτὸς ἐλίξας,
 ἔγχος ἔχων στόμα λάβρον· ἐτοξεύοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
 ἰὼν ἀκοντίζοντες ἐχιδνήεντες ὀιστοί·
 220 οἱ μὲν ἀμιτρώτοιο διαΐσσοντες ἐθείρης,
 οἱ δὲ δρακοντοκόμοιο δι' ἱξύος, οἱ δ' ἀπὸ κόλπου
 Ἄρεα συρίζοντες ἐβακχεύοντο μαχηταί.

[204] But when Morrheus had seen a lonely spot suitable for lying down, he stretched out a daring hand towards the modest girl and caught the chaste maiden's inviolate dress. And now he would have seized her and girt her about with a strong man's arms, and ravished the maiden votary in the flame of a bridegroom's desire; but a serpent darted out of her immaculate bosom to protect the virgin maid, and curled about her waist guarding her body all round with its belly's coils. A sharp hiss issued unceasing from his throat and made the rocks resound. Morrheus trembled for fear when he heard the bellow, coming out from the throat for all the world like a trumpet, and saw this champion of unwedded maidenhood. The coiled defender terrified the man of war; he curled his tail round the man's neck in twisted coils, with his wild mouth for a lance, and many a snaky shaft came darting poison against him, some darting through her uncoiled hair, some from her snakeprotected loins, some from her breast, wild warriors hissing death.

ὄφρα μὲν ὑψιλόφοιο πρὸ ἄστεος ἵστατο Μορρεὺς,
 Χαλκομέδην δολόεσσαν ἀνήνυτον εἰς γάμον ἔλκων,
 225 τόφρα δὲ Βασσαρίδος στρατιῆς εὖοπλος Ἐνὺ
 ἔγχος ἀτειρήεντος ἀλεύατο Δηριαδῆος.
 καὶ γὰρ ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο θορῶν ὠκύπτερος Ἑρμῆς,
 ἀντίτυπον Βρομίῳ φέρων Ἰνδαλμα προσώπου,
 Βακχείην ἐκάλεσεν ὅλην στίχα μύστιδι φωνῇ·
 230 δαιμονίην δὲ γυναῖκες ὅτ' ἔκλυον Εὐιον ἠχώ,
 εἰς ἓνα χῶρον ἵκανον· ἀπὸ τριόδων δὲ κομίζων

Μαιναλίδων ὄλον ἔθνος ἐς ἀγκύλα κύκλα κελεύθου
ἦγαγεν ὠκυπέδιλος, ἔως σχεδὸν ἦιε πύργων·
καὶ φυλάκων στοιχηδὸν ἀκοιμήτοισιν ὅπως αἶψα
235 νήδυμον ὕπνον ἔχευεν ἐῖς πανθελγεί ῥάβδῳ
φώριος Ἑρμείας, πρόμος ἔννυχος· ἐξαπίνης δὲ
Ἴνδοις μὲν ζόφος ἦεν, ἀθηήτοισι δὲ Βάκχαις
φέγγος ἔην ἀδόκητον· ἀδουπήτων δὲ γυναικῶν
λάθριος ἡγεμόνευε δι' ἄστεος ἄπτερος Ἑρμῆς·
240 χειρὶ δὲ θεσπεσίῃ βριαρὴν κληῖδα πυλάων
ἡλιβάτων ὥϊξε, καὶ ἠέλιος πέλε Βάκχαις.

[223] While Morpheus remained in front of the towering city, trying without success to drag the resourceful Chalcamede to his lust, the armed company of Bassarids was saved from the spear of untiring Deriades. For swiftwing Hermes came in haste from Olympos, wearing a semblance like the face of Bromios and summoned the whole company of Bacchants in his mystic voice. When the women heard the divine Euian sounds, they gathered into one place; Swiftshoe brought them from the three-ways and led the whole tribe of Mainalids by crooked winding lanes until he was near the walls. Then furtive Hermeias the warrior by night, with his allcharming rod shed refreshing sleep on the unresting eyes of the guards in order. Suddenly for the Indians there was darkness, for the unseen Bacchants there was light unexpected. The women made no noise as Hermes led them secretly through the city without his wings. With his divine hand he opened the forbidding lock of the precipitous gates, and for the Bacchants the sun was there.

Ἑματὶν δ' ὅτε νύκτα φαεσφόρος ἦλασεν Ἑρμῆς,
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος ἔχων ἀτέλεστον ἀπειλὴν
Βασσαρίδων μάλιστα λιπόπτολιν ἐσμὸν ὁδίτην.
245 ὥς δ' ὅτε τις κατὰ νύκτα βαθυπλούτοις ἐν ὀνείροις
τέρπεται ἀπρήκτοισιν ἐπ' ἐλπωρῇσιν, αἶρων
ἀφνειαῖς παλάμησι μινυνθαδίου χύσιν ὄλβου,
ὑπναλέων κτεάνων ἀπατήλιον ἐλπίδα βόσκων·
ἀλλ' ὅτε φαινομένης ῥοδοειδέος ἡριγενείης
250 χάζεται εὐκτεάνοιο παλὶλλυτος ὄψις ὀνείρου,
σὺν κενεαῖς παλάμησιν ἐγείρεται, οὐδὲν αἶρων,
ρίψας κλεψινόων σκιοειδέα τέρψιν ὀνείρων·
ὥς τότε Δηριάδης, ὅτε μὲν ζόφος εἶχεν ἀγνίας,
τέρπετο Βασσαρίδων δοκέων αὐτόσσυτον ἄγρην
255 ἀμφιέπειν ἔντοσθεν ἐργομένων πυλεώνων,
ψευδομένην ἀνόνητον ἔχων σκιοειδέα νίκην·
ἀλλ' ὅτε φέγγος ἔλαμψε, καὶ οὐκέτι δέρκετο Βάκχαις,
ὥς ὄναρ ἔδραμε πάντα, καὶ ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ.
ὥς Διὶ καὶ Φαέθοντι χολώετο καὶ Διονύσῳ,

260 Μαιναλίδας φυγάδας διζήμενος. ἄμφι δὲ πύργους
Βασσαρίδες κελάδησαν ἀνάμπυκες Εὐάδι φωνῇ.

[242] When Lightbringer Hermes had dispersed this night-by-day, haughty Deriades thwarted in his threats searched for the swarms of Bassarids who had just walked out of the city. As one dreaming in the night of boundless riches is happy in his unattainable hopes, and lifts in full hands the flood of wealth which will soon be gone, feeding the deceptive hope of his dream-fortune; but when rosy dawn appears, the fortune of his dreams fades and vanishes like a vision, and he awakes with empty hands, holding nothing, and loses the shadowy happiness of his delusive dream: so then Deriades, while darkness covered the streets, was happy, thinking that he held the captive Bassarids ready to come hurrying to him within closed gates, although his victory was a useless deceptive shadow; but when the light came, and he saw no Bacchants, all was gone like a dream, and he cried in a mournful voice, indignant with Zeus and Phaethon and Dionysos, as he searched for the fugitive Mainalids. But around the Malls the Bassarids unveiled shouted with Euian voice. Then Deriades set out in pursuit for the second time.

Δηριάδης δ' ἐδίωκε τὸ δεύτερον, ἔγρετο δὲ Ζεὺς
Καυκάσου ἐν κορυφῇσιν ἀπορρίψας πετρὸν Ὕπνου:

καὶ δόλον ἡπεροπῆα μαθὼν κακοεργέος Ἥρης

265 Σειληνοὺς ἐδόκευε πεφυζότας, ἔδρακε Βάκχας

σπερχομένας ἀγγελιδὸν ἀπὸ τριόδων, ἀπὸ πύργων,

καὶ Σατύρους κείροντα καὶ ἁμώνοντα γυναῖκας

Δηριάδην ἐνόησεν ὀπίσπερον, ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,

υἱέα δ' ἐν δαπέδῳ κατακείμενον: ἄμφι δὲ νύμφαι

270 ἐγγὺς ἔσαν στεφανηδόν: ὁ δ' ἐν στροφάλιγγι κοινῆς

κεῖτο καρηβαρέων, ὀλιγοδρανὲς ἄσθμα τιταίνων,

ἄφρον ἄκοντίζων χιονώδεα, μάρτυρα λύσσης.

καὶ φθονερῆς ἤλεγξε δόλον δυσμήχανον Ἥρης,

καὶ δολίην παράκοιτιν ἐμέμψατο κέντορι μύθῳ:

275 καὶ νῦ κεν ἀχλύόεντος ὁμέστιον Ἰαπετοῖο

ὕπνον ὀμιχλήεντι κατεκλήισσε βερέθρῳ,

εἰ μὴ Νύξ ἰκέτευε, θεῶν δμῆτιρα καὶ ἀνδρῶν.

καὶ μόγις εὐνήσας ὅλοδὸν ἵαχεν Ἥρη:

[262] Zeus awoke on the peaks of Caucasos and threw off the wing of sleep. He understood the beguiling trick of Hera the mischiefmaker when he saw the Seilenoi in flight, when he saw the Bacchant women hurrying in herds from the threeways and the Malls, and behind them the Indian chieftain Deriades, cutting down Satyrs and mowing down women; he saw his own son lying upon the ground, and the nymphs all round him in a ring, but he lay in the

whirling dust heavy-headed, half-fainting, breathing hard, sputtering white foam to witness his frenzy. Then Zeus disclosed Hera's mischievous contrivance, and reproached his deceitful consort with stinging words. And now indeed he Mould have imprisoned Sleep in the darksome pit of gloom to dwell along with murky Iapetos, but for the prayers of Night the vanquisher of gods and men. So Zeus calmed his savage resentment with difficulty, and cried out to Hera:

‘οὐ πω ἐμῆς Σεμέλης ἐκορέσσαο, δύσμαχος Ἥρη,
280 ἄλλ’ ἔτι καὶ φθιμένη τάχα χῶεαι; οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
σὸν κότον ἐπρήυνεν ἄτερμονα νυμφιδίῃ φλόξ,
λέκτρα διασκεδάσασα Διοβλήτοιο θυώνης;
Ἰνδοφόνῳ τέο μέχρις ἐπιβρίθεις Διονύσῳ;
ἄζεο σοὺς προτέρους πάλιν ἄκμονας; εἰσέτι κεῖνοι,
285 εἰσέτι μοι παρέασιν ἀρηγόνες, οὓς ποσὶ δῆσας
ὑμετέροις ἔσφιγξα: σὺ δ’ ἄστατος ὑψόθι γαίης
αἰθέρι καὶ νεφέλῃσι μετάρσιον εἶχες ἀνάγκην;
καὶ θρασὺς ἐν νεφέλῃσι περίπλοκον ὑψόθι γαίης
δέσμιον εἶδεν Ἄρης σε, καὶ οὐ χραίσμησε τεκούσῃ;
290 οὐ πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος ἐπήρκεσεν: οὐ δύναται γὰρ
τλήμεναι αἰθαλόεντος ἕνα σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ.
δήσω σὰς παλάμας χρυσέῳ πάλιν ἡθάδι δεσμῶ:
Ἄρεα δ’ ἀρραγέεσσιν ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι πεδήσω
295 εἰς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον ὁμόδρομον, οἷος ἀλήτης
Τάνταλος ἡερόφοιτος ἢ Ἴξιῳ μετανάστης;
καὶ μιν ἀναλθήτοισιν ὅλον πληγῇσιν ἱμάσσω,
εἰσόκε νικήσειεν ἐμὸς πάις υἱέας Ἰνδῶν.

[279] “Have you not yet been cruel enough to my Semele, invincible Hera? Must you still be bitter against her though dead? So even the bridal flame itself could not assuage your unending rancour, when it scattered abroad the bed of Thyone struck by Zeus! HOW long will you oppress Dionysos the Indianslayer? Do not forget those stones of long ago! I have them still, I have them ready for use — the ones I tied fast on to your feet: there you dangled in the sky and the clouds high above the earth, and suffered tortures! Bold Ares saw you tied up and wrapt in clouds high above the earth, but he could not help his mother. Fiery Hephaistos could not help, for he cannot stand one spark of blazing thunderbolt. I will tie up your hands again in that same old golden chain. Ares I will fasten with galling fetters unbreakable to whirl upon a selfrolling wheel, to run with him, like a Tantalos travelling the skies or a banished Ixion: I will flog him all over with stripes incurable until my son shall conquer the sons of India.

ἀλλὰ τεῶ Κρονίῳνι χαρίζεαι, αἶ κεν ἐλάσσης
 λύσσαν ἐριπτοίητον ἱμασσομένου Διονύσου,
 300 μῆδ' ἐλπίης κοτέοντα τεδὸν πόσιν, ἀλλὰ μολοῦσα
 Ἰνδῶης ἀκίχητος ὑπὸ κλέτας εὖβοτον ὕλης
 Βάκχῳ μαζὸν ὄρεξον ἐμὴν μετὰ μητέρα Ῥεῖην,
 ὄφρα τελειοτέροις ἐοῖς στομάτεσσιν ἀρύσση
 σὴν ἱερὴν ῥαθάμιγγα προηγῆταιραν Ὀλύμπου,
 305 καὶ βατὸν αἰθέρα τεῦξον ἐπιχθονίῳ Διονύσῳ:
 ὑμετέρῳ δὲ γάλακτι δέμας χρίσασα Λυαίου
 σβέσσον ἀμερσινόοιο δυσειδέα λύματα νούσου.
 καὶ σοὶ ἐπεντύνω γέρας ἄξιον: ὑμετέρῃ γὰρ
 στηριξὼ κατ' Ὀλυμπον ἐοικότα κύκλον ἐέρση,
 310 Ἑραιοῖο γάλακτος ἐπώνυμον, ὄφρα γεραίρω
 ἱκμάδα πασιμέλουσαν ἀλεξικάκου σέο μαζοῦ:
 μοῦνον ἐμοὶ πεφύλαξο Διὸς φιλότεκνον ἀπειλήν,
 μῆδ' ἐπάλιν δόλον ἄλλον ἐπεντύνῃς Διονύσω.

[298] “But how kind you would be to your Cronion, if you will only drive that distracting madness from tormented Dionysos! Do not fail your provoked husband; but go uncaught to the fertile slope of the woodland pastures of India, and offer your breast to Bacchos as once did my mother Rheia; let him draw with his lips older grown your holy drops, and by that draught lead him on the way to Olympos and make heaven lawful ground for the feet of earthborn Dionysos! Anoint with your milk the body of Lyaïos, and cleanse the ugly stains of mind-robbing disease. And I offer you a worthy reward; for I will place in Olympos a circle, image of that flow named after Hera’s milk, to honour the allfamous sap of your saviour breast. Only I pray you beware of the menace of Zeus, and stretch again no other net of deceit for Dionysos his beloved son.”

ὥς εἰπὼν προέηκε παλὶγκοτον εὐνέτιν Ἥρην
 315 Βακχεῖης κακότητος ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκη,
 ὕλαον εὐάνητον ἀτυζομένῳ Διονύσῳ,
 ὄφρα δέμας Βρομίῳιο γαλαξαίησιν ἐέρσαις
 χειρὶ περιχρίσειε θεοτρεφῶν ἀπὸ μαζῶν.

[314] So saying, he dismissed his resentful consort Hera, to heal the trouble of Bacchos against her will, to be gracious and friendly towards afflicted Dionysos, that her hands might salve the body of Bromios with the milky dew from her godnursing breasts.

Ἥρῃ δ' οὐκ ἀμέλησεν: ἀκεσσιπόννοιο δὲ θηλῆς
 320 θεοσπεσίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι δέμας χρίσασα Λυαίου

ἄγρια δαιμονίης ἀπεσείσαστο λύματα λύσσης:
 καὶ διδυμον φθόνον εἶχεν ὑποκλέπτοντι προσώπῳ
 ἡγορέην ὁρώωσα καὶ ἀγλαίην Διονύσου,
 καὶ φθονεραῖς παλάμῃσι μεμνηνότης ἤψατο Βάκχου:
 325 ἄμφι δὲ οἱ στομάτεσσιν ἀνειρύσασα χιτῶνος
 ἀμβροσίης πλήθουσιν ἐὴν γυμνώσατο θηλήν,
 θλιβομένην βλύζουσα χύσιν ζηλήμονι μαζῶ:
 καὶ μιν ἀνεζώγρησε: τανυπλοκάμου δὲ Λυαίου
 ὄμμασι μηκεδανοῖσι τόσῃν διεμέτρεεν ἥβην,
 330 εἴ ποτε τηλίκον εἶδος ἐπιχθονίη τέκε γαστήρ,
 εἰ τόσος ἦεν Ἄρης ἐγχεσπάλος, εἰ τόσος Ἑρμῆς,
 εἰ Φαέθων πέλε τοῖον ἢ ἱμερόφωνος Ἀπόλλων:
 καὶ μιν ἔχειν μενέαινεν ἐν αἰθέρι νυμφίον Ἥρης,
 εἰ μὴ οἱ κατένευσε μετὰ χρόνον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
 335 μόρσιμον Ἡρακλῆα δυωδεκάεθλον ἀκοίτην.

[319] Hera did not disobey. She anointed the body of Lyaïos with the divine drops of her painhealing teat, and wiped away the stains of the wild divine frenzy. When she saw the manhood and radiance of Dionysos and touched mad Bacchos with grudging hands, she felt a double jealousy although her face hid it. She opened her dress on both sides for his lips, and bared her teats full of ambrosia, pressing the jealous breast to let the milk flow, and brought him back to life. With her great eyes she measured all the youthful strength of longhaired Lyaïos, wondering if ever mortal mother brought forth such a shape, if shakespeare Ares was so tall as this, if Hermes, if Phaethon was such, or sweetvoiced Apollo; and she wished him in heaven as Hebe's bridegroom, had not Zeus our Lord on High ordained that in days to come twelvelabour Heracles was fated to be her husband.

ἢ μὲν ἀλεξήσασα πόνον μανιώδεα Βάκχου
 ὑψιφανῆς ἀνέβαινε τὸ δεύτερον εἰς χορὸν ἄστρων,
 μὴ στρατιὴν ἀσιδήρον ἐσαθρήσῃ Διονύσου
 μαρναμένην νάρθηκι καὶ ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ,
 340 καὶ προμάχους κταμένους ὀλίγῳ ῥήξῃνορι θύρσῳ.
 οὐδὲ μάχης ἀμέλησε Διὸς πάις, ἀλλὰ μαχητὰς
 θωρήξας παλινόροσος ἀγέστρατον ἴαχε φωνήν,
 χειρὶ Γίγαντοφόνῳ ταμεσίχροα κισσὸν ἐλίσσων:
 ‘θαρσαλέοι μάρνασθε τὸ δεύτερον: ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
 345 Ζεὺς πάλιν ἡμείων πρόμος ἴσταται, υἱεὶ Βάκχῳ
 Ἰλαος, οὐρανόθεν δὲ προασπίζων Διονύσου
 ἀθανάτων χορὸς ἦλθε, καὶ οὐκέτι χῶεται Ἥρη.
 τίς στεροπῇ Κρονίδαο μαχέσσεται; ἢ πότε δειλοὶ
 δυσμενέες μίμνουσι κορυσσομένοιο κεραυνοῦ;
 350 ἴσος ἐμῷ γενετῇρι φανήσομαι: ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ

γηγενέας Τιτῆνας ἔμῃς νίκησε Κρονίων,
νικήσω καὶ ἔγωγε χαμαιγενέων γένος Ἴνδῶν.

[336] She then, after healing the madness of Bacchos, returned again to the company of the stars on high, that she might not see the weaponless army of Dionysos fighting with fennel and bundles of vine, and killing warriors with a little manbreaking thyrsus.

Now the son of Zeus did not neglect the battle. He appeared once more and armed his soldiers; he waved the fleshcutting ivy in giantslaying hand, and summoned the host again with cries:

“Courage, to battle once more! Zeus again stands in our front for the fight; he is gracious to Bacchos his son, and the company of the immortals has come from heaven to defend Dionysos. Hera is no longer our enemy. Who will fight with the lightning of Cronides? When will cowardly enemies stand if the thunderbolt is ready? I will show myself equal to my Father. Cronion my father conquered Earth’s brood, the Titans, in battle: I also will conquer the earthborn nation of Indians!

σήμερον ἀθρήσητε κορυμβοφόρον μετὰ νίκην
Δηριάδην ἰκέτην βραδυπειθέα, καὶ χορὸν Ἴνδῶν
355 αὐχένα δοχμώσαντα γαληναίῳ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ ποταμὸν μεθέποντα μεθυσφαλὲς Εὐϊον ὕδωρ:
ἀντιβίους δ’ ὄψεσθε παρὰ κρητῆρι Λυαίου
ξανθὸν ὕδωρ πίνοντας ἀπ’ οἰνοπόρου ποταμοῖο,
καὶ θρασὺν Ἴνδὸν ἄνακτα, κατὰσχετον οἶνοπι κισσῷ,
360 ἰλλόμενον πετάλοισι καὶ ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ,
εἵκελα δεσμὰ φέροντα, τὰ περ μετὰ κύματα λύσσης
Νυσιάδες βοόωσι θεοῦδέες εἰσέτι Νύμφαι,
ἀλκῆς ἡμετέρης ἐπιμάρτυρες, ὅππότε κισσοῦ
ἀγχονίῳ σφιγξασα θεημάχον ἀνέρα δεσμῷ
365 Ἀραβίην ἐφόβησεν ἐμὴ θρασυεργὸς ὀπῶρη,
ἄμματι βοτρύνοντι βιαζομένου Λυκοόργου.

[353] “This day after the victory of the vinebearers behold obstinate Deriades a suppliant, and the Indian host bending the neck before peaceful Dionysos, and the river rolling the staggering liquor of Euioi! You shall see our adversaries beside the mixing-bowl of Dionysos quaffing ruddy water out of the winerunning-river; and the bold Indian king, fettered with ivy and vineclusters, rolling among leaves and clusters of grapes, wearing fetters like those which the divine Nysiad nymphs, now that the surges of madness are over, still tell of: those witnesses of my prowess, when my strong and potent fruitage throttled with a noose of ivy the man who fought against the gods and frightened Arabia, when Lycurgos was constrained by bonds of vine.

ἀλλὰ τόσου μετὰ κύκλα κυλινδομένοιο κυδοιμοῦ
ληίδα δυσμενέων συλήσατε καὶ κτέρας ἄλμης,
μαρμαρέας λαιγγας, ἐμὴν δ' ἐπὶ μητέρα Ῥεῖην
370 ἔλκομένας πλοκάμοιο μεταστήσασθε γυναῖκας:
καὶ προμάχους τίσασθε δεδουπότας, ὧν ἐπὶ πότημῳ
τείρομαι ὀξείησι μεληδόσιν: ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
ἀμφοτέρον κοτέω τε καὶ ἄχνυμαι, ὅττι δοκεὺς
Δηριάδην ζῶοντα καὶ ἀκτερέιστον Ὀφέλτην,
375 μεμφόμενον μετὰ πότημον ἀεργέα χεῖρα Λυαίου:
οὐκέτι Κωδῶνη θωρήσεται, οὐκέτι δειλὴ
μάρναται Ἀλκιμάχεια δορυσσός: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
Αἰβιάλος δέδμητο, καὶ εἰσέτι θύρσον ἐρύκω.
αἰδέομαι μετὰ δῆριν Ἀρέστορα, μὴ καὶ ἀκούσῃ,
380 ὅττι θανὼν οὐχ εὔρεν ἀρηγόντα νεκρὸς Ὀφέλτης:
οὐ δύναμαι Κρήτης Κορυβαντίδος ἄστρῳ περῆσαι,
μὴ γενέτης Ἀγέλαος ὀλωλότα παῖδα γοῆσῃ,
Ἄνθεός ὄλλυμένοιο φόνον νήποινον ἀκούων:
αἰδέομαι Μίνωι φανήμεναι: ἐν κλισίῃ γάρ
385 Ἀστέριος μογέει βεβολημένος, ὃν πλέον ἄλλων
ῥύσομαι: Εὐρώπης γάρ ἔχρε γένος: ἀλλὰ σαώσας
νόστιμον ἀρτεμέοντα πάλιν γενετῆρι κομίσσω
πηδὼν ἐμὸν μετὰ δῆριν, ὅπως μὴ Κάδμος ἀκούσῃ
Ἀστέριον χατέοντα λιποπτολέμου Διονύσου.
390 ἀλλὰ πάλιν μάρνασθε, καὶ εἰν ἐνὶ πᾶσιν ἀρήξω,
τοσσατίων ἔνα μοῦνον ἀποκτείνας ὀλετῆρα.'

[367] "At last after so many periods of rolling conflict, seize the booty of your enemies, and those shining stones the glory of the sea! Drag off the women by the hair and take them to Rheia my mother! Take your vengeance for our fallen warriors, whose fate afflicts me with sharp pangs. In my heart is both anger and sorrow, that I see Deriades alive and Opheltēs unburied, reproaching after death the idle hand of Lyaῖos. Codone arms herself no longer, poor Alcimacheia fights no more brandishing her spear; nay, even Aibialos has fallen, and still I hold back my thyrsus. I am ashamed after the battle to think of Arestor, lest he should hear that Opheltēs at the instant of death found none to help him. I cannot traverse the Corybantian city of Crete, lest Agelaos the father should lament for his dead son, if he hears that Antheus perished unavenged. I am ashamed to show myself to Minos, for Asterios lies in his hut suffering and wounded, whom more than any I will succour, since he has in him the blood of Europa; surely I will bring home my own kinsman safe and sound from the war, and give him back to his father, that Cadmos may never hear that Asterios looked in vain for runaway Dionysos. Come, to the battle again! In one I will defend all, when I have killed the one who destroyed so many."

BOOK 36

ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἔκτω μετὰ λύματα λύσσης
Βάκχος Δηριαδῆι κορύσσεται εἶδος ἀμείβων.
ὦς φάμενος θάρσυνε γεγηθότας ἡγεμονῆας:
Δηριάδης δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐοὺς ἐκόρυσσε μαχητάς.
ἀμφοτέρη δὲ φάλαγγι θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου
κεκριμένοι στέλλοντο κυβερνητῆρες Ἐννοῦς,
5 οἱ μὲν Δηριαδῆος ἀρηγόνες, οἱ δὲ Λυαίου.
Ζεὺς μὲν ἄναξ μακάρων ὑψίζυγος ὑψόθι Κέρνης
Ἄρεος εἶχε τάλαντα παρακλιδόν: οὐρανόθεν δὲ
ἔμπυρον ὕδατόεις προκαλιζέτο κυανοχαίτης
ἥελιον, γλαυκῶπιν Ἄρης, Ἥφαιστος Ὑδάσπην:
10 Ἥρης δ' ἀντικέλευθος ὀρεστιάς Ἄρτεμις ἔστη:
Λητώην δ' ἐπὶ δῆριν ἐύρραπς ἦλυθεν Ἑρμῆς.

BOOK XXXVI

*In the thirty-sixth, Bacchos, after his surges of madness, changes his shape
and attacks Deriades.*

WITH this speech he encouraged the glad leaders; and Deriades on his part put his own soldiers under arms. The gods who dwell in Olympos ranged themselves in two parties to direct the warfare on both sides, these supporting Deriades, those Lyaïos. Zeus Lord of the Blessed throned high on Cerne held the tilting balance of war. From heaven Seabluehair of the waters challenged fiery Helios, Ares challenged Brighteyes, Hephaistos Hydaspes; highland Artemis stood facing Hera; Hermes rod in hand came to conflict with Leto.

καὶ ζαθέου πολέμου διδυμόκτυπος ἔβρεμεν ἡχῶ
ἀμφοτέροις μακάρεσσιν, ἐπεσσυμένων δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Ἄρης ἐπταπέλεθρος ἐμάρνατο Τριτογενεῖη,
15 καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἱάλλεν: ἀνουτήτου δὲ θεαίνης
μέσσην αἰγίδα τύψεν, ἀθηήτου δὲ καρήνου
ἤλασε Γοργεῖης ὀφιώδεα λήια χαίτης,
Παλλάδος οὐτήσας λάσιον σάκος: ὀξυτενῆς δὲ
πεμπομένη ροιζηδὼν ἀκαμπέος ἐγχεος αἰχμῇ
20 ποιητὴν πλοκαμῖδα νόθης ἐχάραξε Μεδοῦσης.
κούρη δ' ἐγρεκῦδοιμος ἐπαῖξασα καὶ αὐτὴ
σύγγονον ἔγχος ἄειρεν ἐπ' Ἀρεῖ Παλλὰς ἀμήτωρ,
κεῖνω, τὸ περ φορέουσα λεχώιον ἥλικι χαλκῷ
ἄνθορε πατρώοιο τελεσσιγόνοιο καρήνου.
25 καὶ δαπέδῳ γόνυ κάμψε τυπεῖς περιμήκετος Ἄρης:

ἀλλὰ μιν ὀρθώσασα παλινδίνητον Ἀθήνη
μητρὶ φίλῃ μετὰ δῆριν ἀνούτατον ὥπασεν Ἥρη.

[12] A double din of divine battle resounded for the two parties of the Blessed. As they rushed to conflict, sevenrood Ares joined battle with Tritogeneia and cast a valiant spear; the goddess was untouched, but it struck full on the aegis, and ran through the snaky crop of hair on the Gorgon's head, which none may look upon. So it wounded only the shaggy target of Pallas, and the sharpened point of the whizzing unbending spear scored the counterfeit hair of Medusa's image. Then the battlestirring maiden, motherless Pallas, rushed forwards in her turn and raised her birthmate spear, the weapon as old as herself, with which at her birth she leapt out of her father's pregnant head born in armour. Huge Ares was hit, and sank to the ground on one knee; but Athena helped him up and sent him back to his dear mother Hera unwounded, when the duel was done.

Ἥρη δ' ἀντερίδαινεν ὀρεσσινόμου Διονύσου
Ἀρτεμις ὡς συνάεθλος ὀρεστιάς, ἰθυτενὲς δὲ
30 τόξον ἔδ' οὐκ ἐκλυσεν: ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Ἥρη Ζηνὸς ἐλοῦσα νέφος πεπυκασμένον ὥμοις
ἄρραγὲς ὡς σάκος εἶχε: καὶ Ἄρτεμις ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
ἡερίης πέμπουσα δι' ἄντυγος ἰὸν ἀλήτην
εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον ἔην ἐκένωσε φαρέτρην,
35 καὶ νεφέλῃν ἄρρηκτον ὄλῃν ἐπύκαζεν ὀιστοῖς:
καὶ γεράνων μιμηλὸς ἔην τύπος ἡεροφοίτης
ἵπταμένων στεφανηδὸν ἀμοιβαίῳ τινὶ κύκλῳ:
καὶ νέφεϊ σκιόεντι πεπηγότες ἦσαν ὀιστοί:
ὤτειλὰς δ' ἀχάρακτος ἀναίμονας εἶχε καλύπτρη.
40 καὶ κραναὸν κούφισεν ὑπηνέμιον βέλος Ἥρη,
χειρὶ δὲ δινεύουσα πεπηγότα νῶτα χαλάζης
Ἀρτεμιν ἐστυφέλιξε χαραδρήεντι βελέμνω:
τόξου δ' ἀγκύλα κύκλα συνέθλασε μάρμαρος αἰχμῇ:
οὐ δὲ μάχην ἀνέκοψε Διὸς δάμαρ: Ἀρτέμιδος δὲ
45 στήθεος ἄκρον ἔτυψε μεσαίτατον: ἡ δὲ τυπεῖσα
ἔγχεϊ παχνήεντι χαμαὶ κατέχευε φαρέτρην.
καὶ οἱ ἐπεγγελώσα Διὸς μυθήσατο νύμφῃ:

[28] Against Hera came highland Artemis as champion for hillranging Dionysos, and rounded her bow aiming straight. Hera as ready for conflict seized one of the clouds of Zeus, and compressed it across her shoulders where she held it as a shield proof against all; and Artemis shot arrow after arrow moving through the airy vault in vain against that mark, until her quiver was empty, and the cloud still unbroken she covered thick with arrows all

over. It was the very image of a flight of cranes moving in the air and circling one after another in the figure of a wreath: the arrows were stuck in the dark cloud, but the veil was untorn and the wounds without blood. Then Hera picked up a rough missile of the air, a frozen mass of hail, circled it and struck Artemis with the jagged mass. The sharp stony lump broke the curves of the bow. But the consort of Zeus did not stop the fight there, but struck Artemis flat on the skin of the breast, and Artemis smitten by the weapon of ice emptied her quiver upon the ground. Then the wife of Zeus mocked at her:

Ἄρτεμι, θηρία βάλλε: τί μείζουσιν ἀντιφερίζεις;
καὶ σκοπέλων ἐπίβηθι: τί σοὶ μόθος; οὐτιδανᾶς δὲ
50 ἔνδρομιδας φορέουσα λίπε κνημίδας Ἀθήνη:
καὶ λῖνα σείο τίνασσε δολοπλόκα: θηροφόνοι γὰρ
σοὶ κύνες ἀγρώσσουσι, καὶ οὐ πτερόεντες ὅιστοι:
οὐ σὺ λεοντοφόνον μεθέπεις βέλος: ἀδρανέων γὰρ
σῶν καμάτων ἰδρῶτες ἀνάγκιδές εἰσι λαγωοί:
55 σῶν δ' ἐλάφων ἀλέγιζε καὶ εὐκεράου σέο διφρου,
δῶν ἐλάφων ἀλέγιζε: τί σοὶ Διὸς υἷα γεραίρειν
πορδαλίων ἐλατῆρα καὶ ἡνιοχῆα λεόντων;
ἦν δ' ἐθέλης, ἔχε τόξον, Ἔρωσ ὅτι τόξα τιταίνει:
παρθενικὴ φυγόμενε μογοστόκε, πορθμὸν Ἐρώτων
60 κεστὸν ἔχειν ὥφελles ἀοσητήρα λοχεῖης,
σὺν Παφίῃ, σὺν Ἐρωτι: σὺ γὰρ κρατέεις τοκετοῖο.
ἀλλὰ, τελεσιγόνοιο κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης,
ἔρχεο παιδοτόκων ἐπὶ παστάδα θηλυτεράων,
καὶ λοχίοις βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύουσα γυναικας
65 εἵκελος ἔσσο λέοντι λεχωίδος ἐγγύθι νύμφης,
ἀντὶ φιλοπτολέμοιο μογοστόκος. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῆς
λῆγε σαοφρονέουσα σαόφρονος εἵνεκα μήτρης,
ὅττι τεῶν μελέων μεθέπων τύπον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
παρθενικὰς ἀγάμους νυμφεύεται: εἰσέτι κεινὴν
70 εἰκόνα σὴν βοόωσι γαμοκλόπον Ἀρκάδες ὕλαι,
Καλλιστοῦς ἀγάμοιο γαμοστόλον, ὑμετέρην δὲ
ἔμφρονα μάρτυρον ἄρκτον ἔτι στενάχουσι κολῶναι
μεμφομένην νόθον εἶδος ἐρωμανὲς ἰοχεαίρης,
θηλυτέρης ὅτε λέκτρον ἐδύσατο θῆλυς ἀκοίτης.
75 ἀλλὰ τεὴν ἀνόνητον ἀπορρίψασα φαρέτρην
Ἥρης κάλλιπε δῆριν ἀρείονος: ἦν δ' ἐθέλησθαι,
ὥς λοχίη πολέμιζε τελεσιγάμῳ Κυthereίῃ.'

[48] "Go and shoot wild beasts, Artemis! Why do you quarrel with your betters? Climb your crags — what is war to you? Wear your trumpery shoes and let Athena wear the greaves. Stretch your cunning nets. Dogs, not winged arrows, hunt and kill your beasts. You handle no weapon to kill lions; the

sweats of your paltry labours are timid hares. Attend to your stags and your horned team, attend to your stags: why should you exalt the son of Zeus, the driver of panthers and the charioteer of lions? Keep your bow, if you like, for Eros also bends a bow. What you ought to do, you virgin marriage-hater, you midwife, is to carry the cestus, love's ferry, the helper of childbed, in company with Eros and the Paphian: for you have power over birth. Begone then to the bedchambers of women in labour of child, you the guide of creative birth, and shoot women with the arrows of childbirth; be like a lion beside the young wife in labour, be midwife rather than warrior. Nay, cease to be chaste yourself because of your chaste girdle, since Zeus our Lord on High assumes your shape to woo virgins unwedded. The Arcadian woods still tell of that love-stealing copy of you which seduced unwedded Callisto; the mountains lament still your bear who saw and understood, and reproached the false enamoured image of the Archeress, when a female paramour entered a woman's bed. Come, throw away your useless quiver, and cease fighting with Hera who is stronger than you. Fight Cytherein, if you like, the childbed-nurse against the marriage-maker."

ἔννεπε, τειρομένην δὲ παρήλυθεν Ἄρτεμιν Ἥρη.
τὴν δὲ φόβῳ μεθύουσαν ἀπὸ φλοίσβοιο κομίζω
80 ἀμφοτέρῳ πῆχυνε κατηφεί Φοῖβος ἀγοστῶ,
καὶ μιν ἄγων ἔστησεν ἐρημάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης:
νοστήσας δ' ἀκίχητος ὁμίλει θέσπιδι χάρμη.

[78] So Hera spoke, and passed on, leaving Artemis discomfited and drunken with fear. Phoibos threw' both his arms about her in pity, and brought her out of the turmoil; he left her in a lonely coppice, and returned unnoticed to join the battle of the gods.

καὶ βυθίου προμάχου πυρόεις πρόμος ἀντίος ἔστη,
Φοῖβος ἐς ὑσμίνην Ποσιδῆιον: ἀμφὶ δὲ νευρῇ
85 θῆκε βέλος καὶ πυρσὸν ἐκούφισε Δελφίδι πεύκῃ
ἀμφοτέρῃ παλάμῃ περιδέξιος, ὄφρα κορύσση
ὀλκῶ κυματόεντι σέλας καὶ τόξα τριαίνῃ.
αἰχμὴ δ' αἰθαλόεσσα καὶ ὑδατόεντες ὄιστοι
σύμπεσον ἀλλήλοισι: κορυσσομένοιο δὲ Φοίβου
90 Ἀρεὸς ἐσμαράγησε μέλος πατρώιος Αἰθήρ,
βρονταῖον κελάδημα: θυελλήεσσα δὲ σάλπιγξ
οὔασι Φοιβείοισιν ἐπέκτυπε ποντιάς Ἥχῳ:
τρίτων δ' εὐρυγένειος ἐβόμβεεν ἡθάδι κόχλῳ
ἀνδροφυῆς ἀτέλεστος, ἀπ' ἰξύος ἔγχλοος ἰχθύς:
95 Νηρεῖδες δ' ἀλάλαζον: ὑπερκύψας δὲ θαλάσσης
σειομένον τριόδοντος Ἄραψ μυκήσατο Νηρεὺς.

[83] And now a fiery chief stood up to the champion of the deep, Phoibos, to fight with Poseidon. He set shaft on string, and also lifted a brand of Delphic fir in each hand doubledextrous, to use fire against the surging sweep of water, and arrows against the trident. Fiery lance and watery arrows crashed together: while Phoibos defended, his home the upper air rattled a thunderclap for a battlesong; the stormy trumpet of the sea brayed in the ears of Phoibos — a broadbeard Triton boomed with his own proper conch, like a man half-finished, from the loins down a greeny fish — the Nereids shouted the battlecry — Arabian Nereus pushed up out of the sea and bellowed, shaking his trident.

οὐρανίης δὲ φάλαγγος ὑπέρτερον ἦχον ἀκούων
Ζεὺς χθόνιος κελάδησε, μὴ ἐννοσίγαιος ἀράσσω
γαῖαν ἱμασσομένην ῥοθίων ἐννοσίχθονι παλμῷ
100 ἄρμονίην κόσμοιο μετοχλίσσειε τριαίνῃ,
μὴ ποτε κινήσας χθονίων κρηπῖδα βερέθρων
θηγῆν τελέσειεν ἀθηήτου χθονὸς ἔδρην,
μὴ βυθίων φλέβα πᾶσαν ἀναρρήξειεν ἐναύλων
Ταρταρίῳ κευθμῶνι χέων μετανάστιον ὕδωρ,
105 νέρτερον εὐρώεντα κατακλύζων πυλεῶνα.

[97] Then Zeus of the underworld rumbled hearing the noise of the heavenly fray above; he feared that the Earthshaker, beating and lashing the solid ground with the earthquake-shock of his waves, might lever out of gear the whole universe with his trident, might move the foundations of the abyss below and show the forbidden sight of the earth's bottom, might burst all the veins of the subterranean channels and pour his water away into the pit of Tartaros, to flood the mouldering gates of the lower world.

τόσσος ἄρα κτύπος ὥρτο θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνιόντων,
καὶ χθόνιαι σάλπιγγες ἐπέβρεμον: ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
ῥάβδον ἐλαφρίζων ἀνεσείρασε μείλιχος Ἑρμῆς:
τρισοῖς δ' ἀθανάτοισι μίαν ξυνώσατο φωνήν:

[106] So great was the din of the gods in conflict, and the trumpets of the underworld added their noise. But Hermes lifted his rod as peacemaker and checked both parties, and addressed one speech to three of the immortals:

110 Ἐγνωτὲ Διὸς καὶ κοῦρε, σὺ μὲν, κλυτότοξε, θυέλλαις
πυρσὸν ἔα καὶ τόξα, σὺ δὲ γλωχῖνα τριαίνῃς,
μὴ μακάρων Τιτῆνες ἐπεγγελάσῃσι κυδοιμῷ,
μὴ Κρονίην μετὰ δῆριν ἀπειλήτειραν Ὀλύμπου
δεύτερον ἀθανάτοισιν Ἄρης ἐμφύλιος εἴη,

115 μὴ μόθον ἄλλον ἵδοιμι μετὰ κλόνον Ἰαπετοῖο,
μηδὲ μετὰ Ζαγρῆα καὶ Ὀψιγόνου περὶ Βάκχου
φλέξας γαῖαν ἅπασαν ἔῳ πυρὶ χωόμενος Ζεὺς
ἀενάου κλύσσειε τὸ δεύτερον ἄντυγα κόσμου,
ὔδασιν ὀμβρήσας χυτὸν αἰθέρα: μηδὲ νοήσω
120 ἡερίοις πελάγεσσι διάβροχον ἄρμα Σελήνης:
μὴ ψυχρὴν ἔχέτω Φαέθων πάλιν ἔμπυρον αἴγλην.

[110] “Brother of Zeus, and you his son — you, famous Archer, throw to the winds your bow and your brand, and you, your pronged trident: lest the Titans laugh to see a battle among the gods. Let there not be intestine war in heaven once again, after that conflict with Cronos which threatened Olympos: let me not see another war after the affray with Iapetos. Let not Zeus be angry again for lateborn Bacchos as for Zagreus, and set the whole earth ablaze with his fire a second time, and pour down showers of rain through the air to flood the circuit of the eternal universe. I hope I may not behold the sea in the sky and Selene’s car soaking; may Phaethon never again have his fiery radiance cooled!

πρεσβυτέρῳ δ’ ὑπόεικε κυβερνητῇρι θαλάσσης,
πατροκασιγνήτῳ τανύων χάριν, ὅττι γεραίρει
εἰναλίην σέο Δῆλον ἄλδος μεδέων ἐνοσίχθων:
125 μὴ σε λίπη φοίνικος ἔρωσ καὶ μνηστὶς ἐλαίης.
τίς πάλιν, ἐννοσίγαιε, δικασπὸλος ἐνθάδε Κέκροφ,
τίς πάλιν, Ἴναχος ἄλλος ἐὴν πόλιν ἴαχεν Ἥρη,
ὅττι καὶ Ἀπόλλωνι κορύσσειαι, ὥς περ Ἀθήνη,
καὶ μόθον ἄλλον ἔχεις προτέρην μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἥρης;
130 καὶ σὺ, πάτερ μεγάλοιο, κερασφόρε, Δηριαδῆος,
Ἥφαιστου πεφύλαξο σέλας μετὰ λαμπάδα Βάκχου,
μὴ σε πυριγλώχινι καταφλέξειε κεραυνῷ.’

[122] “You then yield to your elder, the ruler of the sea; do this grace to your father’s brother, because Earthshaker the ruler of the brine honours your seagirt Delos: cease not to love your palmtree, to remember your olive. And Earthshaker, what second Cecrops will be judge here? What second Inachos has awarded her city to Hera that you take arms against Apollo as well as Athena, and seek a second quarrel after your quarrel with Hera? — And you, horned one, father of great Deriades, beware of the fire of Hephaistos after the torch of Bacchos, or he may consume you with his firepronged thunderbolt.”

ὥς εἰπὼν ἀνέκοψε θεῶν ἔμφυλον Ἐνυῶ.
καὶ τότε λυσσῆεις παλινάγρετον ἄμφεπε χάρμην
135 Δηριάδης βαρὺμηνις, ἀπήμονας ὥς ἶδε Βάκχας:

καὶ μῶθον ἄρτεμέοντος ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου
εἰς ἔνοπλῃν οἴσטרησε πεφυζότας ἡγεμονῆας;
καὶ ξυνὴν πρυλέεσσι καὶ ἱππῆεσσιν ἀπειλὴν
βάρβαρον ἔσμαράγησε βαρυφθόγων ἀπὸ λαϊμῶν:

[133] This appeal put an end to the gods' intestine strife. Then Deriades, mad and furious, when he saw the Bacchants unharmed, began the battle again; when he saw Bacchos whole on the field he goaded his fugitive captains to rally, and to footmen and horsemen alike he roared his barbaric threats in a loud voice:

140 'Σήμερον ἢ Διόνυσον ἐγὼ πλοκαμῖδος ἐρύσω,
ἢ ἐμὸς Βακχεῖος αἰστώσει γένος Ἴνδῶν.
ὕμεις μὲν Σατύροισιν ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκην
στήσατε: Δηριάδης δὲ κορυσσέσθω Διονύσω.
ἡμερίδων δὲ πέτηλα καὶ ὄργανα ποικίλα Βάκχου
145 φλέξατε, καὶ κλισίας ἐμπρήσατε: Μαιναλίδας δὲ
δμῳίδας αὐχήμεντι κομίσσατε Δηριάδῃ:
καὶ πυρὶ δῆια θύρσα μαραίνετε: βουκεράων δὲ
Σειληνῶν Σατύρων τε πολυσπερέων κεφαλῶν
λήιον ἀμήσαντες ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ
150 στέψατε πάντα μέλαθρα βοοκραίροισι καρήνοισ.
μὴ Φαέθων στέψειε πυραυγέας εἰς δύσιν ἵππους,
πρὶν Σατύρους καὶ Βάκχου ἀλυκτοπέδησι κομίσσω
σφιγγόμενον, καὶ στικτὸν ἐμῇ δεδαϊγμένον αἰχμῇ
ῥωγαλέον φορέοντα κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
155 θύρσον ἀπορρίψαντα: τανυπλοκάμων δὲ γυναικῶν
χαίτην ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐμῷ τεφρώσατε δαλῶ.
θαρσαλέοι δὲ γένεσθε, καὶ Ἴνδῶν μετὰ χάρμην
νίκην κυδιάνειραν αἰεῖσατε Δηριάδῃος,
ὄφρα τις ἐρρίγησι καὶ ὀψιγόνων στρατὸς ἀνδρῶν
160 Ἴνδοις Γηγενέεσσιν ἀνικήτοισιν ἐρίζειν.'

[140] "This day either I shall drag Dionysos by the hair, or his assault shall destroy the Indian nation! You, fall on the Satyrs and check them by main force: let Deriades confront Dionysos. Burn the vine plants and all the various gear of Bacchos and set fire to their camp; bring the Mainalids as slaves to triumphant Deriades; consume with fire every thyrsus of the enemy; as for the oxhorned Seilenoi and the crowds of Satyrs, shear off like a crop all their heads with devastating steel, and hang the oxhorned skulls in strings round all our houses. May Phaethon not turn his fireblazing horses to his setting before I bring in the Satyrs, and Bacchos bound with galling fetters, with his spotted cloak torn to rags on his chest by my spear and his thyrsus thrown away. Burn

to ashes with my brand the long flowing hair of the women and their wreaths of vine! Courage all! After the Indian battle you may sing the glorious victory of Deriades, that even in many generations to come people may shiver to face the unconquerable Indians born of the Earth!”

ἔννεπε, καὶ προμάχους μετανεύμενος ἄλλον ἐπ’ ἄλλῳ
ἡνιόχους οἷστροησεν ἀμετροβίων ἐλεφάντων,
καὶ πρυλέων πομπῆας ἐπεστήριξεν ὁμίλῳ
μαρναμένους πυργηδόν. ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
165 θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος ἐρημονόμων στίχα θηρῶν
εἰς ἐνοπήν βάκχευεν· ὀριτρεφέες δὲ μαχηταὶ
δαιμονίῃ βρυχηδὸν ἐβακχεύθησαν ἱμάσθλῃ,
καὶ πολὺς ἐκ στομάτων ἐκορύσσετο μαινόμενος θήρ·
ὠμοβόρων δὲ δράκοντες ἀποπτύοντες ὀδόντων
170 τηλεβόλους πόμπευον ἐς ἡέρα πίδακας ἰοῦ
χάσματι συρίζοντι μεμυκός· ἀνθερεῶνος,
λοξὰ παρασκαίροντες· ἐς ἀντιβίους δὲ θορόντες
αὐτόματον σκοπὸν εἶχον ἐχιδνήεντες ὀιστοί·
καὶ σκολιαῖς ἐλίκεσιν ἐμιτρώθη δέμας Ἴνδῶν
175 εἰλομένων, βροτέους δὲ πόδας σφηκώσατο σειρή
εἰς δρόμον αἰσσοντας. Ἀρειμανέες δὲ γυναῖκες
δῆριν ἐμιμήσαντο δρακοντοβόλου Φιδαιλῆς,
ἥ ποτε κέντρον ἔχουσα γυναικείῳ κυδοιμοῦ
δυσμενέας νίκησεν ἐχιδνήεσσι κορύμβοις...

[161] He spoke, and passing from one to another of his chieftains he goaded on the drivers of the elephants, those creatures of endless life, and set the chiefs in their places to lead the army of footsoldiers to the battle in close columns. With equal passion for the fight, Bacchos thyrsusmad drove to the combat his line of wild beasts from the wilderness. These mountainbred warriors roaring under the divine whip rushed madly on. Many wild beasts were there with their weapons in their mouths. There were serpents spitting from their ravening teeth fountains of poison, which they sent farshot into the air with hissing gape and rattling throat. Leaping sideways and darting at their foes, the snaky arrows found a mark which offered itself; the bodies of the Indians were surrounded and imprisoned by the coils, the feet of men starting to run were entangled in a rope. The war-maddened women imitated the attack of Phidaleia the snakethrower, who once was stung to show what a woman could do in battle, and conquered her enemies with clusters of snakes.

180 καὶ τις ἀπὸ στομάτων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχοις ἰάλλων
ἰὼν ἀκοντιστῆρα κατέπτυε Δηριαδῆος,
καὶ φονίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι χάλυψ ἐδιδαινέτο θώρηξ.

καὶ νέκυς ἐν χθονὶ κεῖτο τυπεῖς ζῶντι βελέμνω,
 ἄπνοος ἀμφιέπων βέλος ἔμπνοον. ὀρθοπόδων δὲ
 185 εἰς λοφιῇν ἐπικυρτον ἀναΐξας ἐλεφάντων
 πόρδαλις ἠώρητο μετάρσιος ἄλματι ταρσῶν:
 πυκνὰ δὲ θηρείοιο κατεστήρικτο καρήνου,
 καὶ δρόμον ἠώρησε τανυκνήμων ἐλεφάντων.
 καὶ πολὺς ἐσμός ἔπιπτε, βαρυσμαράγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 190 φρικτὸν ἐρημονόμων αἰὼν βρύχημα λεόντων:
 καὶ τις ἐνικήθη τρομέων μυκήματα ταύρου,
 καὶ βοὸς εἰσορόων βλοσυρῆς γλωχίνα κεραίης
 λοξὸν ἀκοντίζουσας ἐς ἥερα: φοιταλέος δὲ
 εἰς φόβον ἄλλος ὄρουσεν ὑποφρίσσω γένυν ἄρκτου:
 195 θηρείαις δ' ἰαχῇσιν ὁμόκτυπος ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
 Πανὸς ἀνικήτοιο κύων συνυλάκτεε λαιμῷ,
 καὶ μόθον ὑλακόμωρον ἐδειδισαν αἴθοπες Ἴνδοι.

[180] One shooting a spike of poison from his mouth like a longshafted spear bespattered Deriades, and his corselet of steel was wetted by the deadly drops. Dead on the ground lay a body struck by a living missile, lifeless with a living shot in him. A panther leapt through the air with his feet upon the curved neck of a straightleg elephant, and stuck close to the monster's head delaying the course of all the longlegged elephants. A great swarm fell, when they heard the lions from the wilderness and the terrible loud roar resounding from their throats. One was conquered trembling at the bellow of a bull, and seeing the point of his formidable horn stabbing sideways into the air; another leaped into flight shuddering at the jaws of a bear; the hounds of an invincible Pan gave tongue one after another, in concert with the roars of the wild beasts, and the swarthy Indians feared their loudbarking attack.

ξυνὴ δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμόζυγος ἦεν Ἐνυῶ:
 γαῖα δὲ διψώουσα φόνου κυγαίνεται λύθρῳ
 200 κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθε, πολυσπερέων δὲ δαμέντων
 πληθὺι τοσσατίη νεκῶν ἐστείνεται Λήθη:
 χειρὶ δ' ἀνοχλίζων Αἰδης ὀρφναῖον ὀχῆα
 εὐρυτέρους πυλεῶνας ἐὼν ὥιξε μελάθρων
 κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθε, διεσσυμένων δὲ βερέθρου
 205 Ταρτάριον μύκημα Χαρωνίδες ἔκτυπον ὄχθαι.

[198] There was hard fighting on both sides alike; the thirsty earth was inundated with blood and gore in the common carnage, and Lethe was choked with that great multitude of corpses brought low and scattered on every side. Hades heaved up his bar in the darkness, and opened his gates wider for the common carnage; as they descended into the pit the banks of Charon's river

echoed the rumblings of Tartaros.

καὶ πολὺς ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἔην κτύπος, ἀντιβίων δὲ
ὤτειλῇ κταμένων ἐτερότροπος, ὣν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ἱππόθεν ὠλίσθησε τετυμμένος ἀνθερεῶνα,
ὃς δὲ κατὰ στέρνοιο περίτροχον ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,
210 ὃς δὲ μέσον κενεῶνα πεπαρμένος ἔκπεσε δίφρου:
ἄλλος ἐυγλώχινι παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἄκρον ὀιστῶ
βλήμενος αὐτοκύλιστος ὁμίλεε γείτονι πότμῳ,
ὃς δὲ τυπείς μεσάτης ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος, ὃς δὲ δι' ὦμου
καὶ φυγὰς ἄλλος ἔπιπτε ῥάχιν τετορημένος αἰχμῇ,
215 πεζὸς ἀελλήεντα τετυμμένον ἵππον ἑάσας:
ὃς δὲ πεσὼν ἀνίουλος ὀδύρετο σύντροφον ἥβην
καὶ τις ἀναλθήτῳ κεχαραγμένος ἦπαρ ὀιστῶ
κύμβαχος ἐξ ἐλέφαντος ἐπεγδούπησε κονίη,
κρᾶτα παρακλίνας δαπέδῳ, καὶ χεῖρας ἐλίξας
220 αἵμαλέην πῆχυνε κατηφεί γαῖαν ἀγοστῶ.

[206] Loud indeed was the battlestirring noise, many the wounds of the falling combatants on both sides. One struck in the throat slipt from his horse, one pierced through the chest in his rounded bosom, one wounded in the belly fell from a chariot. Another hit just in the midnipple with a barbed arrow rolled himself over to meet approaching death; one fell struck right on the waist, one through the shoulder, another left his swift horse struck, and fleeing on foot fell pierced by a lance through the spine. Another, felled before the down was on his face, mourned for his yearsmate youth. Another mortally wounded by an arrow in the liver, fell tumbling off his elephant with a thud into the dust; his head sank on the ground, he scrabbled with his hands and clutched the bloody soil in despair.

καὶ τις ἀνὴρ ἱππῆος ἐναντία δόχμιος ἔστη,
καὶ σάκεος κενεῶνα χυτῆς ἔπλησε κονίης,
καὶ χθονὶ ταρσὸν ἔπηξε, δεδεγμένος ἀνέρος ὀρμήν:
χειρὶ δὲ θαρσαλέῃ πολυδαίδαλον ἄσπιδα τεινών
225 ἱππεῖν ψαμάθοισιν ὅλην ἔρραινεν ὀπωπὴν:
βακχεύσας δὲ κάρηνον ἄνω νεύοντι προσώπῳ
ἵππος ἀνηώρητο κονισαλέην τρίχα σείων,
καμπύλα δ' εὐλαίγγος ἀπέπτυνεν ἄκρα χαλινοῦ:
τρίβων δ' ἀγκυλόδοντα παλυνομένην γένυν ἀφρῶ
230 ὑψιτενῆς δεδόνητο, καὶ ὄρθιον αὐχένα πάλλυν
οἰστρήεις ἀχάλινος ἐπεστηρίζετο γαίῃ
ποσσὶν ὀπισθιδίοισι, καὶ αἰθύσσων κόνιν ὀπλῇ
εἰς πέδου ἠκόντιζεν ἀπόσσυτον ἠνιοχῆα.

αὐτὰρ ὁ κεκλιμένῳ ταχὺς ἔδραμε κάρχαρος ἀνὴρ,
235 γυμνὸν ἔχων θεὸν ἄορ· ὑπὲρ δαπέδον δὲ ταθέντος
κυανέου προμάχοιο διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα.

[221] A man stood sideways to meet a horseman; he had filled the hollow of his shield with dust, and fixed his foot firmly awaiting the man's onset. Pushing out the handsome shield in his bold hand, he smothered the horse's head with sand. The horse reared wildly and threw up his head shaking the dust out of his mane, and spat out the curved ends of his jewelled bit. His champing teeth and jaw were covered with foam, he rose high, shaken, mad, and now free of the bit he rose up on his hind legs quivering and shivering his outstretched neck; then pawing the dust with his hoof he shot his rider flying to the ground. The other man rushed fiercely upon him as he lay, with swift sword drawn, and cut the throat of the black soldier stretched on the ground.

ἄλλος ἐριπτοίητος ἐχάζετο πῶλος ἀλήτης,
γείτονος ἡνιόχοιο δεδεγμένος ἦχον ἱμάσθλης,
οἰκτρὸν ἐὼν θνήσκοντα διαστείβων ἐλατῆρα,
240 κείμενον ἀρτιδαίκτον, ἐπιοπαίροντα κονίῃ.

[237] Another horse hearing the crack of some driver's whip hard by, took fright and bolted in retreat, trampling on his own rider, who lay wounded and dying, poor wretch, gasping in the dust.

Κολλήτης δ' ἀπέλεθρος ἔχων περιμήκεα μορφήν,
δύσμαχος, ἐννεάπηχυς, ὁμοῖος Ἀλκυονῆι,
Βακχεῖης κατὰ μέσσον ἐμαίνετο δημοτῆτος·
Βασσαριδῶν δὲ φάλαγγα μετὰ κλόνον ἤθελεν ἔλκειν

245 εἰς εὐνὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀναγκαίων ὑμεναίων,
καὶ κενεῇ πολέμιζεν ἐπ' ἐλπίδι, τηλίκος ἀνὴρ,
οἷος ἔην θρασὺς Ὠτος ἀνέμβατον αἰθέρα βαίνων,
ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτου ποθέων λέχος ἰοχεαίρης,
οἷος ἔην φιλέων καθαρῆς ὑμέναιον Ἀθήνης
250 ὕψινεφῆς ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἀκοντίζων Ἐφιάλτης:

Κολλήτης πέλε τοῖος ὑπέρτερος, αἰθέρι γείτων,
γηγενέος προγόνοιο θεημάχον αἶμα κομίζων,
Ἴνδοῦ πρωτογόνοιο: καὶ ἄρκιος ἔπλετο μορφῇ
δῆσαι θεοῦρον Ἄρηα μεθ' υἱέας Ἴφιμεδείης·
255 ἀλλὰ τόσον περ ἔόντα γυνὴ κτάνεν ὅξεί πέτρῳ,
Βακχιάδος Χαρόπεια κυβερνήτειρα χορείης.

[241] Colletes with his huge body, immense, formidable, nine cubits high, equal to Aleyoneus, went raging through the fighting hosts of Bacchos. He wished

after the battle to drag a company of Bassarids to his bed, and no brideprice paid for the forced bridals. But that was an empty hope he fought for, that mighty man: like bold Otos, who would tread the forbidden ground of heaven for lust of the holy bed of Archeress the unwedded; like Ephialtes, whose love was for wedlock with pure Athena, when he attacked Olympos in the clouds on high. Such was Colletes, gigantic, heavenhigh, having in him the sacrilegious blood of his giant ancestor the founder of the Indian race. He was great enough to put Ares in prison like the sons of Iphimedeia. But huge as he was, a woman killed him with a sharp stone, Charopeia a leader of the Bacchic dance.

καί τις ἀριστεύουσαν ἰδὼν ὑψαύχενα κούρην
θαῦμα χόλῳ κεράσας τρομερὴν ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν:

[257] And one seeing the noble deed of the highnecked girl, spoke in trembling tones with wonder and anger mixed:

Ἄρες, Ἄρες, λίπε τόξα καὶ ἀσπίδα καὶ σέο λόγχην,
260 Ἄρες, ἐσυλήθης, λίπε Καύκασον: ἀνδροφόνους γὰρ
ἄλλοιās Διόνυσος Ἀμαζόνας εἰς μόθον ἔλκει:
ὄπλοφόρους δονέουσιν ἀνάσπιδες: ὑμετέρου γὰρ
οὐκ ἀπὸ Θερμῶδοντος ἔās ἐκόμισσε γυναῖκας.
ξεῖνον ἶδον καὶ ἄπιστον ἐγὼ τύπον: οὐ σάκος ὤμοις,
265 οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχουσιν Ἀμαζονίδες Διονύσου:
οὐ τόσον εὐθώρηκες ἀριστεύουσι γυναῖκες
Καυκασίδες: βάκχαι δὲ φιλοπτόρθων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
φυλλάδας αἰχμάζουσι, καὶ οὐ χατέουσι σιδήρου.
ὤμοι Δηριάδαο μεμνηνός, ὅττι γυναῖκες
270 χαλκείους ὀνύχεσσι διασχίζουσι χιτῶνας.’

[259] “Ares! Ares! Leave your bow and shield and your spear! Ares, you are conquered! Leave the Caucasos, for Dionysos is bringing another sort of Amazons into the field, to kill men. Shieldless they rout men-at-arms. Not from your Thermodon has he brought his women. I have seen a strange and incredible spectacle; the Amazons of Dionysos have no shields on their shoulders, carry no valiant spear; with strong corselets and all, the Caucasian women do not so play the heroes. The Bacchant women cast bunches of leaves from foliage-loving hands, and they need no steel. Alas for the madman Deriades, when women tear coats of mail with their fingernails!”

ἔννεπε θαμβήσας κραναὸν βέλος, οἶον ἐλοῦσα
τηλίκον ὑπικάρηνον ἀπέκτανεν ἀνέρα Βάκχη.

[271] This he said, when he marvelled at the rude missile which the Bacchant girl picked up and killed that huge highheaded man.

Δηριάδης δ' ἀκίχητος ἐπέδραμε θυιάσι Βάκχαις,
καὶ Χαρόπην ἔδωκε λιθοσσόον: ἡ δὲ φυγοῦσα
275 μάρνατο θαρσήεσσα παρισταμένη Διονύσῳ,
θύρσον ἀκοντίζουσα φιλάνθεμον Εὐάδι χάρμη.
Δηριάδης δ' Ὀρίθαλλον ἀπηλοίησε σιδήρῳ,
Κουρήτων ὁμόφυλον, Ἀβαντίδος ἀστὸν ἀρούρης.
καὶ κοτέων ἑτάριοι δεδουπότος ἀρχὸς Ἀβάντων
280 Καρμίνων βασιλῆα κατεπρήνιξε Μελισσεὺς,
Κύλλαρον, ὄξυόεντι κατ' αὐχένος ἄορι τύφας,
Λωγασίδην θ', ὃς μούνος, ἐπεὶ σοφὸς ἔσκε μαχητῆς,
Δηριάδῃ μεμέλητο δοριθρασέων πλεόν Ἴνδῶν
καὶ μιν ἄναξ φιλεῖ μετὰ Μορρέα: πολλὰκι δ' αὐτῇ
285 Ὀρσιβόῃ καὶ ἄνακτι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης,
θυγατέρων βασιλῆος ὁμέστιος: ἀμφοτέροις γάρ
ἔγχεϊ καὶ πραπίδεσσιν ὑπέρβαλε σύντροφον ἥβην.
ἔνθα πολὺς προμάχῳ πρόμος ἦρισεν: ὑψιφανῆς δὲ
Πευκετίῳ πολέμιζεν ἀερσιπόδης Ἀλιμῆδης,
290 καὶ Φλογίῳ κεκόρυστο Μάρων καὶ Θουρέϊ Ληνεύς.

[273] But Deriades ran untouched against the frenzied Bacchants, and pursued Charope who threw the stone; but she escaped, and took her stand fighting boldly beside Dionysos, stabbing with her flowery thyrsus in the Euian battle. Then Deriades killed Orithallos with his spear, one of the Curetian tribe from the land of the Abantes. Their chief Melisseus in anger for his comrade's fall, struck down Cyllaros king of the Carminians, cutting his throat with his sharp sword, and Logasides, who alone, because he was accomplished in the art of war, was more precious to Deriades than any of the bold Indian spearmen, and the king loved him best after Morrheus — often he touched one table with Orsiboe herself and the king, living in the family with the king's daughters, for both with spear and wits he surpassed all his years-mates. Then many a captain fought against captain: tall agile-footed Halimedes against Peucetios, Maron against Phlogios, Leneus against Thureus.

ὕσμίνης δὲ τάλαντα πατήρ ἔκλινε Κρονίων:
καὶ βριαρῷ Διόνυσος ἐμάρνατο Δηριαδῇ,
μῖξας ἔγχεϊ θύρσον: ἀκοντοφόρῳ δὲ μαχητῇ
πῇ μὲν ἀκοντίζοντι μετὰτροπον εἶδος ἀμείβων
295 δύσατο παντοίης πολυδαίδαλα φάσματα μορφῆς:
πῇ δὲ θυελλήεσσα κορύσσετο μαινομένη φλόξ,
ἀγκύλον αἰθύσσουσα σέλας βητάρμονι καπνῷ.

ἄλλοτε κυμαίνων ἀπατήλιον ἔρρεεν ὕδωρ,
 ὕγρὸς ὀιστεῦων διερὸν βέλος: ἀμφιέπων δὲ
 300 ἰσοφυνὲς μίμημα λεοντείοιο προσώπου
 ὄρθιον ἡέρταζε μετάρσιον ἀνθερεῶνα,
 τρηχαλέον βρύχημα χέων πυκινότριχι λαιμῷ
 καὶ κέλαδον βρονταῖον ἐρισμαράγοιο τοκῆος:
 καὶ σκιερῆς φορέων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ὀπώρης
 305 ἄλλοφανῆς μορφοῦτο, καὶ εἵκελος ἔρνεϊ γαίης
 αὐτοτελῆς ἀκίχητος ἀνέδραμεν, αἰθέρα τύπτων,
 ὥς πίτυς, ὥς πλατάνιστος: ἀμειβομένου δὲ καρήνου
 μιμηλοῖς πετάλοισι νόθην δενδρώσατο χαίτην,
 γαστέρα θάμνον ἔχων περιμήκετον: ἀκρεμόνας δὲ
 310 χεῖρας ἔὰς ποίησε, καὶ ἐφλοίωσε χιτῶνας,
 καὶ πόδας ἐρρίζωσεν: ἀνακρούων δὲ κεραΐαις
 μαρναμένου βασιλῆος ἐπεπιθύριζε προσώπῳ:
 καὶ στικτοῖς μελέεσσι τύπον μιμηλὸν ὑφαίνων
 πόρδαλις ὑψιπότητος ἀνέδραμεν ἄλματι ταρσῶν,
 315 καὶ λοφιῆς ἐπέβαινεν ἀερσιλόφων ἐλεφάντων
 κοῦφα βιβάς: ἐλέφας δὲ παρήγορος ἄρμα τινάσσων
 εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζε θεημάχον ἠνιοχῆα,
 σείων φαιδρά λέπαδνα καὶ ἀγκύλα κύκλα χαλινῶν.
 οὐδὲ πεσὼν ἀμέλησε πέλωρ πρόμος, ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ
 320 μάρνατο μορφωθέντι καὶ οὔτασε πόρδαλιν αἰχμῇ.
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν μετὰμειψε θεὸς δέμας: ὑψιφανῆς γάρ,
 ἡέρα θερμαίνων, ἐλελίζετο πυρσὺς ἀλήτης,
 αἰθύσσων ἀνέμοις φλογόεν βέλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ μαζοὺς
 στήθεα λαχνήεντα διέτρεχε Δηριαδῆος
 325 κυκλόθεν: ὑψιπόρου δὲ δεδεγμένος ἄλματα καπνοῦ
 ἄργενναῖς λαγόνεσσιν Ἄραψ ἐμελαίνετο θώρηξ,
 βαλλόμενος σπινθῆρι: πυριβλήτου δὲ φορῆος
 ἡμιδαῆς ζείοντι λόφῳ θερμαίνετο πήληξ ...
 ἐκ βλοσυροῦ δὲ λέοντος ἐφαίνετο κάπρος ἀλήτης,
 330 εὐρύνων μέγα χάσμα δασύτριχος ἀνθερεῶνος,
 καὶ λοφιὴν πελάσας ἐπὶ γαστέρι Δηριαδῆος
 ὀρθὸς ὀπισθιδίοιο ποδὸς στηρίζετο παλμῷ,
 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι μέσον κενεῶνα χαράσσων.

[291] Father Cronion tilted the balance of battle. Now Dionysos attacked mighty Deriades, matching spear with thyrsus. As the chieftain stabbed and thrust, the god changed his shape, and put on all sorts of varied forms. Sometimes he confronted him as a wild storm of fire, shooting tongues of crooked flame through dancing smoke. Sometimes he was running water, rolling delusive waves and sprinkling watery shots. Or taking on the exact image of a lion's face, he lifted high his chin straight up and let out a harsh

roar through the hairy throat, with a noise like his loud crashing father's rattling thunder. Next like something with an overshadowing mass of variegated fruitage he changed into another shape, and like a sapling of the earth he ran up selfmade, bursting into the sky untouched, a perfect pine, or a plane; for his head changed and his hair became what seemed the counterfeit foliage of a tree, his belly lengthened into the trunk, he made his arms the boughs and his dress the bark and rooted his feet, and knocking up with his long branches he whispered into the face of the fighting king. Then he wove a dappled pattern over his limbs, and like a panther he was up in the air with flying leaps, and dropping with gentle steps upon the neck of some lofty elephant; the elephant lunging sideways smashed the car and shot the impious driver to the ground, shaking off yokepads and bit and bridle. Even though fallen the gigantic warrior would not leave him alone, but fought with Lyaïos transformed and wounded the panther with his spear. But again the god changed his shape: a moving firebrand he rose high, heating the air and shooting a fiery bolt through the wind, running all over the breast and shaggy chest of Deriades. His Arabian mailcoat was blackened as the gusts of smoke struck on his white flanks from above and the sparks fell on him; his crest burnt up and the helmet grew hot, half-scorched upon the firestruck wearer. [Then he took a lion's shape, and..] From a grim lion he changed to a wild boar, opening the wide gape of his hairy throat, and bringing his bristles close to the belly of Deriades he stood up straight rearing on his hind legs, and tore through his flank with sharp hooves.

Δηριάδης δ' ὑπέροπλος ἐμάρνατο φάσματι κωφῷ,
335 ἔλπιδι μαψιδίῃ πεφορημένος: ἦθελε δ' αἰεὶ
ἄφαυστοις ἀκίχητον ἐλεῖν εἰδωλον ἀγοστοῖς:
ἀντιτύπου δὲ λέοντος ἐὼν δόρυ πῆξε μετώπῳ,
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων πολυειδέι Βάκχῳ:

[334] Proud Deriades went on fighting against these unsubstantial phantoms, driven by vain hopes, ever seeking to grasp the intangible image with hands that could not touch. At last he thrust his lance in the face of the lion before him, and cried threatenings against Bacchos of many shapes:

‘Τι πτώσσεις, Διόνυσε; τί σοι δόλος ἀντὶ κυδοιμοῦ;
340 Δηριάδην τρομέων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμείβεις;
πόρδαλις οὐ κλονέει με φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου,
ἄρκτον οἷστεῦω, καὶ δένδρεον ἄορι τέμνω:
ψευδομένου δὲ λέοντος ἐγὼ κενεῶνα χαράξω.
ἀλλὰ σοφοὺς Βραχμῆνας ἀτευχέας εἰς σὲ κορύσσω:
345 γυμνοὶ γὰρ γεγάσι, θεοκλήτοις δ' ἐπαοιδαῖς
πολλάκις ἠερόφοιτον, ὁμοῖον ἄζυγι ταύρῳ,

οὐρανόθεν κατὰγοντες ἐφαρμάξαντο Σελήνην,
πολλάκι δ' ἵππεύοντος ἐπειγομένων ἐπὶ δίφρων
ἄσταθός Φαέθοντος ἀνεστήσαντο πορείην·

[339] “Why do you hide yourself, Dionysos? why tricks instead of battle? Do you fear Deriades, that you change into so many strange forms? The panther of runaway Dionysos does not frighten me, his bear I shoot, his tree I cut down with my sword, the pretended lion I will tear in the flank! Well then, I muster against you my wise Brahmins, unarmed.

For they go naked; but their inspired incantations have often enchanted Selene as she passes through the air like an untamed bull, and brought her down from heaven, and often stayed the course of Phaethon swiftly driving his hurrying car.”

350 ἔννεπε παπταίνων ἑτερότροπα φάσματα Βάκχου:
καὶ νόον εἶχεν ἄπιστον· ἀκηλήτῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
τέχνην φαρμακόεσσαν ἐπιρράφας Διονύσῳ
ἔλπετο νικήσιν Διὸς υἱέα μύστιδι τέχνῃ.

[350] He spoke, surveying the varied visions of Bacchos, and his mind was still unbelieving: with implacable will he hoped to contrive some scheme of magic against Dionysos, and to conquer the son of Zeus by mystic arts.

ἐνθα θορῶν ἀκίχητος ἀνέδραμεν ὑπόθι δίφρων:

355 καὶ θεὸς ἀφραίνοντα θεημάχον ἄνδρα δοκεύων
ἄμπελον ἐβλάστησεν ἀρηγόνα δηιοτῆτος.

καὶ τις ἐυσταφύλοιο θεήλατος οἰνάδος ὄρπηξ
ἐρπύζων κατὰ βαιὸν ἐς ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπήνην
Δηριάδην ἔσφιγξεν ἀπειλητῆρι κορύμβῳ,

360 ἀμφιπεριπλέγδην πεπεδημένον· ἀρτιθαλῇ δὲ
σύμφυτον αἰθύσσων ἐπὶ βότρυν βότρυν ἀλήτην
μαينوμένου βασιλῆος ἐπισκιάωντα προσώπῳ
σεῖετο μιτρώσας ὅλον ἀνέρα· Δηριάδην δὲ
αὐτοφυῆς ἐμέθυσσεν ἔλιξ εὐώδεϊ καρπῷ:

365 γυιοπέδην δ' ἀσιδηρον ἐπέπλεκε δίζυγι ταρσῶ,
καὶ πόδας ἐρρίζωσεν ὁμοζυγέων ἐλεφάντων ...
ἄρραγέος κισσοῖο: καὶ οὐτόσον ὀλκάδα πόντου
θηκτὰ περιπλεκέων ἐχενήιδος ἄκρα γενεῖων
δεσμῷ καρχαρόδοντι διεστήριξε θαλάσση:

370 τοῖον ἦν μίμημα. μάτην δ' ἐλέφαντας ἐπείγων
ἡνίοχος βαρύδουπον ἦν ἐλέλιζεν ἱμάσθλην,
κέντροις ὀξυτέροισιν ἀπειθέα νῶτα χάρασσων.

καὶ τόσον Ἴνδον ἄνακτα, τὸν οὐ κτάνεν ἄσπετος αἰχμή,

ἀμπελόεις νίκησεν ἔλιξ πρόμος· ἀμφιέπων δὲ
 375 ἡμερίδων ὄρηκι κατάσχετον ἀνθερεῶνα
 πνίγετο Δηριάδης σκολιῷ τεθλιμμένος ὀλκῷ.
 καὶ μογέων ἀτίνακτος ἐλίσσετο μαινάδι φωνῇ,
 λεπτὸν ἔχων ὀλόλυγμα θεοῦδέος ἀνθερεῶνος,
 νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοις ἱκετήσια δάκρυα λείβων·
 380 καὶ παλάμην ὥρεξεν ἀναυδέα, μάρτυρι σιγῇ
 μόχθον ὅλον βοόων· τὸ δὲ δάκρυον ἔπλετο φωνῇ.

[354] Then he leapt unhindered into his car; but the god seeing the impious man still foolish, made a vine grow to help his attack. The godsent plant laden with clusters of winefruit crept quietly upon the cart with its silver wheels, and smothered Deriades in its threatening clusters, and entangled him round about and over all, dangling bunch after bunch new grown upon itself before the mad king, shading his face and enveloping the whole man. And Deriades was intoxicated by the sweetsmelling fruit of the selfgrown vine; it threw fetters not of steel about his two feet, and rooted to the ground the legs of the yoked elephants with trails of unbreakable ivy: not so firmly is the seagoing barge held fast on the main by the toothed bond of a hold the ship, when she fastens her sharp fangs on the timbers. Yes, it was just like that! In vain the driver whipt up his elephants and swung his cracking lash, tearing the obstinate hide with sharper prickles. The great Indian prince, whom countless blades could not kill, was conquered by the tendrils of a champion vine! Deriades struggling with his throat entangled in the vine-twigs was choked and crushed in the winding trails. For all his labour he could not stir; wherefore he adjured in tones of madness and sent out a stifled cry from a throat now pious, and prayed with voiceless movements shedding tears of supplication; held out a dumb hand, with eloquent silence uttered all his trouble; his tears were a voice.

καὶ σκεδάσας Διόνυσος ἔην πολὺδεσμον ὀπώρην
 γυιοπέδην εὖβοτρυν ἀνέσπασε Δηριαδῆος,
 καὶ στέφος ἡμερίδων ἐλικῶδεα κισσὸν ἐλάσσας
 385 δέσμιον αὐχένα λῦσεν ὁμοπλεκέων ἐλεφάντων.
 οὐ δὲ φυγῶν δρυόεντα τανυπτόρθοιο κορύμβου
 δεσμὸν ἀπειλητῆρα καὶ αὐτοέλικτον ἀνάγκην
 Δηριάδης ἀπέειπεν ἐθήμονα κόμπον ἀπειλῆς,
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν πρόμος ἔσκε θεημάχος· εἶχε δὲ βουλὴν
 390 διχθαδίην, ἣ Βάκχον ἐλεῖν ἢ δμῶα τελέσσαι.

[382] Then Dionysos dispersed his entangling fruit, and broke off the fettering grapes from Deriades; then shedding the twines of ivy, he undid the wreathing garland of garden-vines from the yoked elephants' necks. Yet Deriades, now

free from the woody bonds of the long branching clusters crawling of themselves, and the constraint which threatened him, did not desist from his wonted threats and boasts. Once more he was the chieftain defying the gods; he only hesitated whether to slay Bacchos or to make him a slave.

ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἀνέκοψε μάχης ἀμφιδρομος ὄρφνῃ.
καὶ μόθος ἦν μετὰ νύκτα, καὶ ὕπναλέων ἀπὸ λέκτρων
ἐγρομένους θώρηξεν ἀμοιβαίῃ πάλιν Ἡώς.

[391] But darkness surrounded both armies and put a stop to the fight. Night past, the battle began again; when they awoke from sleep and bed, the succeeding dawn armed them once more.

οὐδὲ μόθων τέλος ἦεν ἐπειγομένῳ Διονύσῳ,
395 ἀλλὰ τόσων μετὰ κύκλα κυλινδομένων ἐνιαυτῶν
ῥυθμὸν Ἐνυαλίοιο μάτην ἐπεβόμβεε σάλπιγξ.
ἦδη δ' ἐγρεμόθων ἐτέων πολυκαμπέι νύσση
Βακχιάς ὀψιτέλεστος ἐμαίνετο μᾶλλον Ἐνῳ.

[394] Not yet was it the end of conflict for impatient Dionysos; yet first there must be many cycles of rolling years while the trumpet blazed the tune of war in vain; but after the varied course of so many battle-stirring years, now the conflict of Bacchos grew more violent for the end.

οὐ μὲν ἀφειδήσαντες Ἀρειμανέος Διονύσου
400 κάλλιπον ἀμνήστοισι μεμηλότα μῦθον ἀήταις
Δικταῖοι Ῥαδαμᾶνες ὁμόφρονες: ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ
νῆας ἐτεχνήσαντο μαχήμονας: ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμας
ποιπνυον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος: ὁ μὲν τορνῶσατο γόμφους,
ὃς δὲ μέσσην πεπόνητο περὶ τρόπιν, ἴκρια δ' ἄλλος
405 ὀρθὰ περὶ σταμίνεσσιν ἀμοιβαίῃσιν ὑφαίνων
ὀλκάδα τοῖχον ἔτευχεν, ἐπηγκενίδας δὲ συνάπτων
μηκεδανὰς κατέπηξε, βαθυνομένη δὲ μεσόδμη
μεσσοφανῇ μέσον ἱστὸν Ἄραψ ὠρθῶσατο τέκτων
λαίφεϊ πεπταμένῳ πεφυλαγμένον: αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἄκρῳ
410 δουρατέην ἐπικυρτον ἔτορνῶσαντο κεραίην
ἴδμονες εὐπαλάμοιο καὶ Ἡφαιστου καὶ Ἀθήνης.

[399] Now the Rhadamanes of Dicte did not neglect the command of warmad Dionysos, nor left it for the forgetful winds to care for; but with one accord they built ships of war for Lyaaios. Through the woods they were busy, some here, some there. One was turning pegs, one worked at the middle of the keel, one fitted the planks straight over the pairs of ribs, and fastened the long

sideplanks fixed to the ribs making the vessel's wall; an Arabian shipwright raised upright in the middle of the deep mastbox the mast amidships, reserved for the spreading sail; and skilled workmen of deft Hephaistos and Athena rounded the wooden yard for the top.

ὥς οἱ μὲν μογέοντες ἀμιμήτῳ τινὶ τέχνῃ
Βάκχῳ νῆας ἔτευχον. ἐπασχαλῶν δὲ κυδοιμῷ
μαντοσύνης Διόνυσος ἔῃς ἐμνήσατο Ῥεῖης,
415 ὅττι τέλος πολέμοιο φανήσεται, ὀππότε Βάκχοι
εἰναλίην Ἴνδοϊσιν ἀναστήσωσιν Ἐννῷ.

[412] So they wrought ships for Bacchos with really incomparable art. And Dionysos amid the anxieties of war remembered the prophecy of his own Rheia: that the end of the war would be seen, when Bacchants fought by sea against Indians.

καὶ Λύκος ἀκροτάτοιο δι' οἷδατος ἡγεμονεύων,
νεύμασιν ἀτρέπτοισιν ὑποδρήσων Διονύσου,
ἄβροχον ἡνιόχευεν ὁδοιπόρον ἄρμα θαλάσσης,
420 ἧχι σοφοὶ Ῥαδαμᾶνες, ἀλιπλανέες μετανάσται,
νῆας ἐτεχνήσαντο θαλασσοπόρῳ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ τότε τετραπόροιο χρόνου στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων,
ἵππεύων ἔτος ἕκτον, ἐλίσσετο καμπύλος Αἰὼν ...
εἰς ἀγορὴν ἐκάλεσσε μελαρρίνων γένος Ἴνδῶν
425 Δηριάδης σκηπτοῦχος· ἐπειγομένῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
λαδὸν ἀολλίζων ἐτερόθροος ἦιε κῆρυξ.
αὐτίκα δ' ἡγερέθοντο πολυσπερέων στίχες Ἴνδῶν,
ἐζόμενοι στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ βάθρων:
λαοῖς δ' ἀγρομένοισιν ἄναξ ἀγορήσατο Μορρεὺς:

[417] Lycos appointed by irrevocable command of Dionysos to serve as commander on the surface of the sea, drove his seachariot undrenched travelling upon its way to the place, where the Rhadamanes, those clever voyagers into foreign parts, had built the ships for seafaring Dionysos. And then circling Time, rolling the wheel of the fourseason year, was whirling along for the sixth year. King Deriades summoned to assembly the blackskin nation of Indians; the herald with hurrying steps went gathering the people and cried his call in their different languages. At once the many tribes of Indians assembled, and sat down in companies on rows of benches, and prince Morrheus addressed the assembly:

430 "Ἴστε, φίλοι, τάχα πάντες, ἃ περ κάμον ὑψόθι πύργων,
εἰσόκε γαῖα Κίλισσα καὶ Ἀσσυρίων γένος ἀνδρῶν

αὐχένα δοῦλον ἔκαμψεν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ Δηριαδῆος·
 ἴστε καί, ὅσσα τέλεσσα καταιχμάζων Διονύσου,
 μαρνάμενος Σατύροισι καὶ ἀμητῆρι σιδήρῳ
 435 τέμνων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα βοοκραίριοιο γενέθλης,
 ὅπποτε Βασσαριδῶν πεπεδημένον ἐσμὸν ἐρύσσας
 ὦπασα Δηριάδη, πολέμου γέρας, ὧν ὑπὸ λύθρῳ
 ἄστεος εὐλαίγγες ἐφοινίχθησαν ἀγνιαι
 κτεινομένων· ἕτεραι δὲ μετάρσιον ἀμφὶ χορεῖν
 440 ἀγχοῖνι θλίβοντο περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ·
 ἄλλαι δ' ὕδατόεντος ἐπειρήθησαν ὀλέθρου,
 κρυπτόμεναι κευθμῶνι πεδοσκαφέος κενεῶνος.
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν ναέτησιν ἀρείονα μῆτιν ὑφαίνω·
 εἰσαῖω Ῥαδαμᾶνας, ὅτι δρυτόμῳ τινὶ τέχνῃ
 445 νῆας ἐτεχνήσαντο φυγοπολέμῳ Διονύσῳ·
 ἔμπης οὐ τρομέω δόρυ ναύμαχον· ἐν πολέμοις γάρ
 ἄνδρα φερεσσακέων κεκορυθμένον ὑψόφῃ νηῶν
 οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισι πότε κτείνουσι γυναῖκες;
 ἦ πότε λυσσῶν ὄρεσιδρομος ὑψίκερως Πᾶν
 450 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι διατμήξει νέας Ἴνδῶν;
 οὐ δύναται βαρύδουπον ὕδωρ Σειληνὸς ἀράσσω
 ἀπτολέμῳ νάρθηκι μαχήμονα νῆα καλύψαι,
 εἰς χορὸν αἵματόεντα θορῶν λυσσώδει παραῶ,
 κῶμον ἀνακροῶν θανατηφόρον· οὐδ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
 455 ταυρείοις κεράεσσι πεπαρμένον ἄνδρα δαμάζει
 ἀγχιφανῇ μεσάτοιο διχαζομένου κενεῶνος,
 ἀλλὰ τυπεῖς προκάρηνος ἀτυμβεύτῳ τινὶ μοίρῃ
 κείσεται ἐν ῥοθίοισιν· ὀλισθήσουσι δὲ Βάκχαι
 ἔγχεσι μηκεσανοῖσι μαιφόνον εἰς βυθὸν ἄλμης,
 460 τυπτόμεναι· καὶ νῆας αἰστώσω Διονύσου,
 ναύμαχον εἰκοσίπηχυ δι' ὀλκάδος ἔγχος ἐλίσσων.

[430] “You all know, I think, my friends, what labours I went through among the mountain strongholds, until the Cilician land and the Assyrian nation bowed their necks as slaves under the yoke of Deriades. You know also what I have done in resisting Dionysos, fighting Satyrs, and cutting off the hateful heads of that oxhorned generation with shearing steel, when I dragged away and delivered to Deriades that fettered swarm of Bassarids, the prizes of war; and how the paved streets of the city were purpled by their gore as they were massacred, how others had a dance in the air with their necks choked in a throttling noose, how others were swallowed in a deepdug hollow pit and learnt what a watery death is like. But again I weave a better notion still for our people. I hear that the Rhadamanes have built ships for Dionysos the runaway by some woodcutter’s art of theirs. However, I fear not the seafighting tree! When was it known in war that women with paltry leaves kill

a man in a ship full of shields? When will highhorn Pan, the crazy ranger of the hills, tear Indian ships to pieces with sharp claws? No Seilenos can row' over the loudrumbling waters, and sink a ship of war with a peaceful ferule, leaping to bloody dance with frenzied foot, striking up a chant with death in it; in the sea he will never transfix a man with his bullhorns, and get near enough to cut him in two at the waist and vanquish him. No! one blow shall send him headlong, and he shall lie in the billow where he will find no tomb; the Bacchant women struck down with long spears shall sink into the depths of the sea soiled in blood. And the ships of Dionysos I will destroy, thrusting a twentycubit seafighting spear through the hulk!

ἀλλὰ, φίλοι, μάρνασθε πεποιθότες: ἀντιβίω δὲ
μή τις ὑποπτήσσειεν ὀπιπεύων στίχα νηῶν
Βακχιάδων: Ἴνδοι γὰρ ἐθήμονές εἰσι κυδοιμοῦ
465 κίναλιου, καὶ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι θαλάσση
ἢ χθονὶ δηριόωντες. ἀνικήτω δὲ σιδήρῳ
οὐ πολέας Σατύρους ληίσσομαι, ἀλλὰ κομᾶν
ἀντὶ διηκοσίων προμάχων ἓνα μοῦνον ἐρύσσω
θηλυμανῆ Διόνυσον, ὅπασονα Δηριαδῆος.'

[462] "Come on, friends, fight with all confidence. Let no one shrink when he sees opposed to us the ships of Bacchos in line; for Indians are used to fighting by sea, indeed they have more prowess when they fight by sea than by land. My invincible steel shall not take many Satyrs; but instead of two hundred warriors I will drag home one by the hair alone, womanmad Dionysos, to be the servant of Deriades."

470 ὥς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀθελγέα Δηριαδῆα
Μορρεὺς αἰολόμητις: ἐπεφθέγξαντο δὲ λαοὶ
μῦθον ἐπαινήσαντες: ὁμογλώσσων δ' ἀπὸ λαϊμῶν
οἴσμασι κινυμένοισιν ἰσόθροος ἔβρεμεν ἡχώ.
λῦσε δ' ἄναξ ἀγορὴν. Βρομίῳ δ' ἐστέλλετο κῆρνε
475 πόντιον ὑσμίνην ἐνέπων πειθήμονι Βάκχῳ.

[470] With this appeal, Morrheus, cunning man, persuaded implacable Deriades. The people all cheered loudly and applauded the speech: one concordant cry resounded from all throats like the noise of stirring waves. The king dismissed the assembly. The herald was sent to Bromios to declare war by sea against willing Bacchos.

ἄμφω δ' εἰς ἓν ἰόντες ἐρυκομένοιο κυδοιμοῦ
ἀμβολίην ποιήσαν ἐπὶ τρία κύκλα Σελήνης,
εἰσόκε ταρχύσωσι δαΐκταμένων στίχα νεκρῶν:

ἦν δέ τις εἰρήνη μινυώριος Ἄρεϊ γείτων,
480 φύλοπιν ὠδίνουσιν ἀφασπλώσασα γαλήνην.

[476] But both men agreed to forbid war and make a truce for three circuits of the moon, until they should do the solemn burial rites for the host of the dead who had fallen. So for a short time there was peace, never far from war, spreading abroad a calm that was pregnant with strife.

BOOK 37

ἦχι τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ἔβδομον, εἵνεκα νίκης
ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόροις ἐπιτύμβιοι εἰσιω ἀγῶνες.
ὥς οἱ μὲν φιλότῃ μεμηλότες ἔμφρονες Ἴνδοι,
Βακχείην ἀνέμοισιν ἐπιτρέψαντες Ἐνυῶ,
ῥμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ἐταρχύσαντο θανόντας,
οἷα βίου βροτέου γαίῃα δεσμὰ φυγόντας
5 ψυχῆς πεμπομένης, ὅθεν ἦλυθε, κυκλάδι σειρῇ
νύσσαν ἔς ἀρχαίην· στρατιῇ δ' ἀμπαύετο Βάκχου.

BOOK XXXVII

When the thirty-seventh takes its turn, there are contests about the tomb, the men competing for prizes.

So the Indians, now sensible and busy with friendship, threw their Bacchic war to the winds, and buried their dead with tearless eyes, as prisoners now set free from the earthy chains of human life, and the soul returning whence it came, back to the starting-place in the circling course. So the army of Bacchos had rest.

καὶ φιλίην Διόνυσος ἰδὼν πολέμοιο γαλήνην
πρώιος ἡμιόνους καὶ ὀμήλυδας ἄνδρας ἐπέιγων
ἄζαλέην ἐκέλευσεν ἄγειν ὀρεσίτροφον ὕλην,
10 ὄφρα πυρὶ φλέξειεν ὀλωλότα νεκρὸν Ὀφέλτην.

[7] When Dionysos saw friendly calm instead of war, early in the morning he sent out mules and their attendant men to bring dry wood from the mountains, that he might burn with fire the dead body of Opheltes.

τῶν μὲν ἔην προκέλευθος ἔσω πιτυώδεος ὕλης
Φαῦνος ἐρημονόμῳ μεμελημένος ἡθάδι λόχημ,
μητρὸς ὀρεσιτιάδος δεδαημένος ἔνδια Κίρκης.
καὶ δρυτόμῳ στοιχηδὸν ἐτέμνετο δένδρα σιδήρῳ:
15 πολλή μὲν πτελέη τανυήκεϊ τάμνετο χαλκῷ,
πολλή δ' ὕψιπέτηλος ἐπέκτυπε κοπτομένη δρυς,
καὶ πολλή τετάνυστο πίτυς, καὶ ἐκέκλιτο πεύκη
αὐχμηροῖς πετάλοισι: πολυσπερέων δ' ἀπὸ δένδρων
τεμνομένων κατὰ βαιὸν ἐγυμνώθησαν ἐρίπναι:
20 καὶ τις Ἀμαδρυάδων μετανάστιος ἔστιχε Νύμφη,
πηγαίῃ δ' ἀκίχητος ἀήθει μίγνυτο κούρη.

[11] Their leader into the forest of pines was Phaunos who was well practised in the secrets of the lonely thickets which he knew so well, for he had learnt about the highland haunts of Circe his mother. The woodman's axe cut down the trees in long rows. Many an elm was felled by the long edge of the axe, many an oak with leaves waving high struck down with a crash, many a pine lay all along, many a fir stooped its dry needles; as the trees were felled far and wide, little by little the rocks were bared. So many a Hamadryad Nymph sought another home, and swiftly joined the unfamiliar maids of the brooks.

καὶ πολὺς ἐρχομένοισιν ὀρίδρομος ἦεν ἀνὴρ,
οὕρεος οἶμον ἔχων ἑτερότροπον· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
ὑψιφανῇ προβλήτα κατήλυδα λοξὸν ὁδίτην
25 ποσσὶ πολυπλανέεσσιν· ἐυπλέκτοιο δὲ σειρῆς
πυκνὰ περισφιγξαντες ἀρηρότι δούρατα δεσμῷ
οὐρήων ἐπέθηκαν ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν· ἐσσυμένων δὲ
ἡμιόνων στοιχηδὸν ὀρίδρομος ἔκτυπεν ὀπλῇ
σπερχομένων, καὶ νῶτα πολυψαμάθοιο κονίης
30 συρομένων κατόπισθε φυτῶν ἐβαρύνετο φόρτῳ.
καὶ Σάτυροι καὶ Πᾶνες ἐποίησιν, ὣν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ὑλοτόμοις... παλάμησιν ἀμοιβαίων ἀπὸ δένδρων...
φитροὺς ἀκαμάτοισιν ἐλαφρίζοντες ἀγοστοῖς
ποσσὶ φιλοσκάρθοις ἐπεκροτάλιζον ἐρίπνῃ·
35 καὶ τὰ μὲν ὑλονόμοι χθονὶ κάτθεσαν, ἦχι τελέσσαι
Εὐϊος ἐν δαπέδῳ σημήνατο τύμβον Ὀφέλτῃ.

[22] Parties coming up would often meet, men on the hills traversing different mountain-paths. One saw them up aloft, out in front, coming down, crossing over, with feet wandering in all directions. The sticks were packed in bundles with ropes well twisted and fastened tight and trim, and laid on the mules' backs; the animals set out in lines, and the hooves rang on the mountain-paths as they hurried along, the surface of the sandy dust was burdened by heavy logs dragged behind. Satyrs and Pans were busy; some cut wood with axes,... some pulled it from tree after tree with their hands,... or lifted trunks with untiring arms and rattled over the rocks with dancing feet. All this woodmen laid out upon the earth, where Euios had marked a place on the ground for the tomb of Opheltes.

καὶ πολὺς ἐσμός ἔην ἑτερόπολις· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
πενθαλέην πλοκαμῖδα κατηφει τάμνε σιδήρῳ·
ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν στενάχοντες ἐπέρρεον ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
40 νεκρὸν ἀμοιβαίησιν ὄλον σκιάωντες ἐθειραῖς.
καὶ νέκυν ἔστενε Βάκχος ἀπενθήτοιο προσώπου
ὀμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν, ἀκερσικόμου δὲ καρήνου

πλοχμὸν ἓνα τηῆξας ἐπέθηκατο δῶρον Ὀφέλτῃ.

[37] There was a great swarm of men from different cities. Over the body they cut the tress of mourning with the steel of sadness. Groaning for him, they streamed one after another, and covered the whole body with their hair each in his turn. Bacchos lamented the dead with unmournful face and tearless eyes, and cutting one lock from his uncropt head he laid it upon Opheltes as his gift.

ποίησαν δὲ πυρὴν ἑκατόμπεδον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
45 Ἴδαῖοι θεράποντες ὀριτρεφέος Διονύσου:
ἐν δὲ πυρῇ μεσάτῃ στόρεσαν νέκυν. ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
Ἀστέριος Δικταῖος ἐπήρορον ἄορ ἐρύσσας
Ἴνδοὺς κυανέους δυοκαίδεκα δειροτομήσας
θῆκεν ἄγων στεφανηδὸν ἐπασσόντέρῳ τινὶ κόσμῳ:
50 ἐν δ' ἐτίθει μέλιτος καὶ ἀλείφατος ἀμφιφορῆας.
καὶ πολέες σφάζοντο βόες καὶ πῶεα ποιμνης
πρόσθε πυρῆς: κταμένων δὲ βοῶν ἐπενήνεε νεκρῷ
σώματα κυκλωθέντα καὶ ἀρτιτόμων στίχας ἵππων,
ὧν ἅπο δημὸν ἅπαντα λαβῶν στοιχηδὸν ἐκάστου,
55 ἀμφὶ νέκυν στορέσας, κυκλώσατο πίονα μίτρην.

[44] The Idaian servants of mountainbred Dionysos built the pyre a hundred feet this way and that way, and on the middle of the pyre they laid out the body.

Asterios of Dicte drew the sword that hung by his side, and cut the throats of twelve swarthy Indians over the body, then brought and laid them in a close orderly circle around it. There also he placed jars of honey and oil. Many oxen and sheep of the flock were butchered in front of the pyre; he heaped the bodies of the slain cattle round the body, together with rows of newly slaughtered horses, taking from each of them in turn all the fat which he laid like a rich girdle all round the body.

ἐνθα πυρὸς χρέος ἔσκε: φιλοσκοπέλοιο δὲ Κίρκης
Φαῦνος ἐρημονόμος, Τυρσηνίδος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
ὥς πάϊς ἀγροτέρης δεδαημένος ἔργα τεκούσης,
πυροστόκους λάιγγας, ὀρειάδος ὄργανα τέχνης,
60 ἦγαγεν ἐκ σκοπέλοιο, καί, ὀππόθι σήματα Νίκης
ἠερόθεν πίπτοντες ἐπιστάσαντο κεραυνοί,
λείψανα θεσπεσίου πυρὸς ἦγαγεν, ὥς κεν ἀνάψῃ
πυρκαϊὴν φθιμένοιο: Διοβλήτῳ δὲ θεεῖω
ἀμφοτέρων ἔχρισε λίθων κενεῶνας ἀλείψας
65 πυρσοτόκων: καὶ λεπτὸν Ἐρυθραίοιο κορύμβου
κάρφος ἀποξύσας διδυμάονι μίγνυε πέτρῳ:

τρίβων δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα καὶ ἄρσενι θῆλυν ἀράσσω
ἔγκρυφον αὐτολόχευτον ἀνείρυε λαΐνεον πῦρ,
πυρκαϊῇ δ' ὑπέθηκεν, ὅπῃ πέλεν ἀγριὰς ὕλη.

[56] Now fire was wanted. So Phaunos the son of rock-loving Circe, the frequenter of the wilderness, who dwelt in the Tyrsenian land, who had learnt as a boy the works of his wild mother, brought from a rock the firebreeding stones which are tools of the mountain lore; and from a place where thunderbolts falling from heaven had left trusty signs of victory, he brought the relics of the divine fire to kindle the pyre of the dead. With the sulphur of the divine bolt he smeared and anointed the hollows of the two firebreeding stones. Then he scraped off a light dry sprig of Erythraian growth and put it between the two stones; he rubbed them to and fro, and thus striking the male against the female, he drew forth the fire hidden in the stone to a spontaneous birth, and applied it to the pyre where the wood from the forest lay.

70 οὐ δὲ πυρὴν φθιμένου περιδέδρομεν ἀπτόμενον πῦρ,
ἀλλὰ θεὸς Φαέθοντος ἐναντίον ὄμμα τανύσσας
ἀγχιφανῆς ἐκάλεσεν Ἑώιον Εὐρον ἀήτην,
πυρκαϊῆς ἐπίκουρον ἄγειν ἀντίπνοον αὔρην.
καὶ Βρομίου καλέοντος Ἑωοδόρος ἔκλυε γείτων
75 ἱεσῆς, καὶ γνωτὸν ἐὼν προΐηκε Λυαίῳ,
ἄσθματι πυκνοτέρῳ φλογοειδέα πυρσὸν ἀνάπτειν.

[70] But the fire kindled would not run round the dead man's pyre; so the god came near, and fixing his eye on Phaethon, called upon Euros the eastern wind to bring him a breeze to blow on his pyre and help. As Bromios called, the Morning Star hard by heard his appeal, and sent his brother to Lyaïos, to make the pyre burn up by his brisker breath.

καὶ θάλαμον ῥοδόεντα λιπὼν μητρώιον Ἑοῦς
πυρκαϊὴν φλογόεσσαν ἀνερρίπιζεν ἀήτης
πάννυχος, αἰθύσσω ἀνεμοτρεφὲς ἀλλόμενον πῦρ:
80 καὶ σέλας ἠκόντιζον ἐς ἡέρα θυιάδες αὔαι,
γείτονες Ἑλίοιο. σὺν ἀχνυμένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
Ἀστέριος Δικταῖος, ὁμόγνιον αἶμα κομίσων,
Κνώσσιον ἀμφικύπελλον ἔχων δέπας ἡδέος οἴνου
εὐόδμου, δαπέδοιο χυτὴν ἐμέθυσε κονίην,
85 ψυχὴν ἠνεμόφοιτον Ἀρεστορίδαο γεραίρων.

[77] The Wind left the rosy chamber of Dawn his mother, and fanned the blazing pyre all night long, stirring up the windfed leaping fire; the wild breezes, neighbours of the sun, shot the gleams into the air. Along with

sorrowing Lyaïos, Asterios of Dicte who was one of his kindred, holding a twohanded cup of sweet fragrant wine, made the dust of the earth drunken in honour of the soul of Arestor's son now carried on the wind.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ δροσερίῳ προάγγελος ἄρματος Ἡοῦς
ὀρθρος ἐρευθίων ἀμαρύσσετο νύκτα χαράσων,
δὴ τότε πάντες ὄρουσαν, ἀμοιβαίνω δὲ κυτίλλω
πυρκαϊήν ἐτάροιο κατέαβυσαν ἱκμάδι Βάκχου.
90 καὶ βαλῖαις πτερύγεσσιν ἐχάζετο θερμὸς ἀήτης
εἰς δόμον Ἥελιοιο φασσφόρον. Ἀστέριος δὲ
ὅστέα συλλέξας κεκαλυμμένα δίπλακι δημῷ
εἰς χρυσέην φιάλην κατεθήκατο λείψανα νεκροῦ.
καὶ τροχαλοὶ Κκορύβαντες, ἐπεὶ λάχον ἔνδιον Ἴδης,
νεκροὸν ἐταρχύσσωτο, μιῆς οἰκήτορα πάτρης,
Κρήτης γνήσιον αἷμα, βαθυνομένων δὲ θεμέθλων
τύμβιον ἐτορνώσσωτο πεδοσκαφέος διὰ κόλπου:
καὶ κόνιν ὀθνείην πυμάτην ἐτέχευαν Ὀφέλτη,
καὶ τάφον αἰπυτέροισιν ἀνεστήσαντο δομαίοις,
100 τοῖον ἐπιγράψαντες ἔπος νεοπενθέϊ τύμβῳ:
'νεκρὸς Ἀρεστοριδῆς μινυῶριος ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
Κνώσσιος, Ἰνδοφόνος, Βρομίου συνάεθλος, Ὀφέλτης.'

[86] But when morning, the harbinger of Dawn's dewy car, scored the night with his ruddy gleams, then all awoke, and quenched their comrade's pyre with cups of Bacchos's juice in turn. Then the hot wind returned on quick pinions to the lightbringing mansion of Helios. Asterios collected the bones, and wrapping them in folded fat laid the relics of the dead in a golden urn. Then the whirling Corybants, since their lot was cast in the haunts of Ida, gave burial to the body as an inhabitant of one country, a true-born son of Crete, and digging the foundations deep they made his round tomb in a hollow dug in the earth, and last of all they poured foreign dust over Opheltes. They built up his barrow with taller stones, and engraved these lines on this monument of their recent sorrow: "Here lies Arestor's son who untimely died: Cnossian, Indianslayer, comrade of Bromios, Opheltes."

καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις ἐπιτύμβια δῶρα κομίζων
αὐτόθι λαὸν ἔρυκε, καὶ ἵζανεν εὐρύν ἀγῶνα,
105 τέρμα δρόμου τελέσας ἱππῆλατον: ἐν δαπέδῳ δὲ
ὀργυῖης ἰσόμετρος ἔην λίθος εὐρεὶ μέτρῳ,
ἡμιτόμου κύκλοιο φέρων τύπον, εἰκόνα μῆνης,
ἀντιτύποις λαγόνεσσιν ἐξοος, οἷον ὑφαίνων
ἐργοπόνοις παλάμησι γέρων τορνώσσωτο τέκτων,
110 ἔνθεον ἀσκήσαι ποθέων βρέτας: ὃν τότε γαίῃ

κουφίζων παλάμησι πέλωρ ἰδρύσατο Κύκλωψ
νύσσης λαϊνέης ἀντίρροπν, ἴσον ἐκείνῳ
ἀντόπορον λίθον ἄλλον ὁμόζυγον ἐν χθονὶ πῆξας.
ποικίλα δ' ἦεν ἄεθλα, λέβης, τρίπος, ἀσπίδες, ἵπποι,
115 ἄργυρος, Ἴνδὰ μέταλλα, βόες, Πακτώλιος ἰλὺς.

[103] Then the god of the vine brought the funeral prizes. He kept the people there, and marked out a wide space for games with the goal for a chariot-race. There was on the ground a stone of a fathom's width, rounded into a half-circle, like the moon, well smoothed on its two sides, such as an old craftsman has fashioned and rounded with industrious hands wishing to make the statue of a god. A giant Cyclops lifted this in his hands and set it in the earth for a stone turning-post, and fixed another like it at the opposite end. There were various prizes, cauldron, tripod, shields, horses, silver, Indian jewels, cattle, Pactolian silt.

καὶ θεὸς ἱππήεσσιν ἀέθλια θήκατο νίκης:
πρῶτῳ μὲν θέτο τόξον Ἀμαζονίην τε φαρέτρην
καὶ σάκος ἡμιτέλεστον Ἀρηιφίλην τε γυναιῖκα,
τὴν ποτε Θερμῶδοντος ὕπ' ὄφρυσι πεζὸς ὄδεύων
120 λουομένην ζώγρησε, καὶ ἦγαγεν εἰς πόλιν Ἴνδῶν:
δευτέρῳ ἵππον ἔθηκε Βορειάδι σύνδρομον αὔρῃ,
ξανθοφύῃ, δολιχῇσι κατάσκιον αὐχένα χαίταις,
ἡμιτελὲς κύνευσαν ἔτι βρέφος, ἧς ἔτι φόρτῳ
ἵππιον ὄγκον ἔχουσα γονῆς οἰδαίνετο γαστήρ:
125 καὶ τριτάτῳ θώρηκα, καὶ ἀσπίδα θῆκε τετάρτῳ:
τὸν μὲν ἀριστοπόνος τεχνήσατο Λήμνιος ἄκμων
ἀσκήσας χρυσέῳ δαιδάλματι, τῆς δ' ἐνὶ μέσσω
ὀμφαλὸς ἀργυρέῳ τροχόεις ποικίλλετο κόσμῳ:
πέμπτῳ δοιὰ τάλαντα, γέρας Πακτωλίδος ὄχθης.
130 ὀρθωθείς δ' ἀγόρευεν ἐπισπέρχων ἐλατῆρας:

[116] The god offered prizes of victory for the charioteers. For the first, a bow and Amazonian quiver, a demilune buckler, and one of those warlike women, whom once as he walked on the banks of Thermodon he had taken while bathing and brought to the Indian city. For the second, a bay mare swift as the north wind, with long mane overshadowing her neck, still in foal and gone half her time and her belly swollen with the burden her mate had begotten. For the third, a corselet, and a shield for the fourth. This was a masterpiece made on the Lemnian anvil and adorned with gold patterns; the round boss in the middle was wrought with silver ornaments. For the fifth, two ingots, treasure from the banks of Pactolos. Then he stood up and encouraged the drivers:

ὦ φίλοι, οὓς ἐδίδαξεν Ἄρης πολιπορθὸν ἔνυνώ,
 οἷς δρόμον ἵπποδύνης δωρήσατο κυανοχαίτης,
 οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ καμάτων ἀδαήμονας ἄνδρας ἐπείγω,
 ἀλλὰ πόνοις βριαροῖσιν ἐθήμονας· ἡμέτεροι γὰρ
 135 παντοίαις ἀρετῇσι μεμηλότες εἰσὶ μαχηταί·
 εἰ γὰρ ἀπὸ Τμῶλοιο γένος λάχε Λύδιος ἀνὴρ,
 ἵππεις τελέσει Πελοπηίδος ἄξια νίκης·
 εἰ δὲ πέδον Πισαῖον ἔχει μαιήιον ἵππων
 Ἥλιδος εὐδίφοιο καὶ Οἰνομαοιο πολίτης,
 140 οἷδεν Ὀλυμπιάδος κοτινηφόρον ὄζον ἐλαίης·
 ἀλλ' οὐκ Οἰνομάοιο πέλει δρόμος, οὐκ ἐλατῆρες
 ἐνθάδε κέντρον ἔχουσι κακοξείνων ὕμεναίων,
 ἀλλ' ἀρετῇς δρόμος οὗτος, ἐλεύθερος ἀφρογενείης·
 εἰ πέδον Ἀονίης ἢ Φωκίδος αἶμα κομίζει,
 145 Πύθιον Ἀπόλλωνι τετιμένον οἷδεν ἀγῶνα·
 εἰ μεθέπει σοφὸν οὐδας ἐλαιοκόμου Μαραθῶνος,
 ἔγνω πιαλῆς ἐγκύμονα κάλαπιν ἐέρσης·
 εἰ πέλεν εὐώδινος Ἀχαιίδος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
 Πελλήνην δεδάηκεν, ὅπῃ ῥιγῆλὸν ἀγῶνα
 150 ἄνδρες ἀεθλεύουσι φιλοχλαίνου περὶ νίκης,
 χειμερίῳ σφίγγοντες ἀθαλπέα γυῖα χιτῶνι·
 εἰ ναέτης βλάστησεν ἀλιζώνοιο Κορίνθου,
 Ἴσθμιον ἡμετέροιο Παλαίμονος οἷδεν ἀγῶνα·

[131] “My friends, whom Ares has taught citystorming war, to whom Seabluehair has given the racer’s horsemanship! You whom I urge are men not unacquainted with hardship, but used to heavy toils; for our warriors hold dear all sorts of manly prowess.

If one is of Lydian birth from Tmolos, he will do deeds worthy of the victorious racing of Pelops. If one comes from the land of Pisa, nurse of horses, a man of Elis with its fine chariots, a countryman of Oinomaos, he knows the sprigs of Olympian wild olive: but this is not the race of Oinomaos, our drivers here have not the goad of a marriage fatal to strangers — this is a race for honour and free from the Foamborn. If one has the land of Aonia or the blood of Phocis, he knows the Pythian contest honoured by Apollo. If he holds Marathon, rich in olives, the home of artists, he knows those jars teeming with rich juice. If one is a habitant of the fruitful land of Achaia, he has learnt of Pellene, where men wage a shivery contest for the welcome prize of a woollen cloak, a coat to huddle up their cold limbs in winter. If he has grown up to live in sea-girdled Corinth, he knows the Isthmian contest of our Palaimon.”

ὦς φαμένου σπεύδοντες ἐπέτρεχον ἡγεμονῆες,
 155 δίφρα περιτροχόωντες ἀμοιβαδίς· ὠκυπόδην δὲ

Ξάνθον ἄγων πρῶτιστος ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δῆσεν Ἐρεχθεὺς
 ἄρσενά, καὶ θήλειαν ἐπεσφῆκωσε Ποδάρκην,
 οὓς Βορέης ἔσπειρεν ἐνπτερύγων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
 Στθωίην Ἀρπυιαν ἀελλόπον εἰς γάμον ἔλκων,
 160 καὶ σφεας, Ὠρείθυιαν ὅθ' ἥρπασεν Ἀθθίδα νύμφην,
 ὥπασεν ἔδνον ἔρστος Ἐρεχθεὶ γαμβρὸς ἀήτης.

[154] He spoke, and the leaders came hastening up and ran round each to his chariot. First Erechtheus brought his horse Bayard under the yoke, and if they are from the regions near Delphi (144), they are neighbours of the Pythian Games (that these were not founded till centuries later does not seem to trouble Nonnos). If they are from the Isthmus of Corinth (152-153) they are to remember that the Games there are in honour of Palaimon (*cf* ix. 90). Apparently a chronological scruple prevents him naming the Nemean Games, said to have been founded by the Seven champions on their way to Thebes. Of the minor Games, the prizes for which were not wreaths but objects of value, he mentions (146) the (Heracleia at) Marathon, but obviously confuses them with the Panathenaia, for the Marathonian prizes were silver goblets (schol. Find. *Ol.* xiii. 110), oil being the prize of the Panathenaia. In 148-149 the allusion is to the Hermaia at Pellene in Achaia, where the prize was a woollen cloak. Probably he had his information from Pindar and his scholiast. fastened in his mare Swiftfoot; both sired by North-wind Boreas in winged coupling when he dragged a stormfoot Sithonian Harpy to himself, and the Wind gave them as loveprice to his goodfather Erechtheus when he stole Attic Oreithyia for his bride.

δεύτερος Ἀκταίων Ἰσμηνίδα πάλλεν ἱμάσθλην:
 καὶ τρίτος ὕδρομέδοντος ἀπόσπορος ἐννοσιγαίου
 Σκέλμις ἦν ταχύπωλος, ὃς ἔγραφε πολλάκις ὕδωρ
 165 πᾶτριον ἰθύνων Ποσιδήιον ἄρμα θαλάσσης.
 τέτρατος ἄνθορε Φαῦνος, ὃς εἰς μέσον ἦλθεν ἀγῶνος
 μοῦνος ἔχων τύπον ἴσον ἐῆς γενέταο τεκούσης,
 Ἥελιου μίμημα φέρων τετράζυγας ἵππους:
 καὶ Σικελῶν ὀχέων ἐπεβήσατο πέμπτος Ἀχάτης,
 170 οἷστρον ἔχων Πισαῖον ἐλαιοκόμου ποταμοῖο,
 ἵπποσύνης ἀκόρητος, ἐπεὶ πέδον ὥκεε νύμφης
 Ἀλοειοῦ δυσέρωτος ὃς εἰς Ἀπέθουσαν ἰκάνει
 ἄβροχον ἔδνον ἔρωτος ἄγων στεφανηφόρον ὕδωρ.

[162] Second, Actaion swung his Ismenian lash. Third was speedyfoal Scelmis, offspring of Earthshaker lord of the wet, who often cut the water of the sea driving the car of his father Poseidon. Fourth Phaunos leapt up, who came into the assembly alone bearing the semblance of his mother's father, with

four horses under his yoke like Helios; and fifth Achates mounted his Sicilian chariot, one insatiable for horsemanship, full of the passion which belongs to the river that feeds the olivetrees of Pisa. For he lived in the land of the nymph loved by hapless Alpheios, who brings to Arethusa as a gift of love his garlanded waters untainted by the brine.

καὶ θρασὺν Ἀκταίωνα λαβὼν ἀπάνευθεν ὁμίλου
175 παιδὶ πατὴρ σπεύδοντι φίλους ἐπετέλλετο μύθους:

[174] Bold Actaion was led away from the crowd by his father, who addressed these loving injunctions to his eager son:

‘Τέκνον Ἀρισταίιο περισσόνόοιο τοκῆος,
οἶδα μὲν, ὅττι φέρεις σθένος ἄριον, ὅττι κομίζεις
σύμφυτον ἡγορέῃ κεκερασμένον ἄνθεμον ἥβης,
πάτριον αἶμα φέρων Φοιβήιον, ἡμέτεραι δὲ
180 κρείσσονες αἰσσοῦσιν ἐπὶ δρόμον Ἀρκάδες ἵπποι:
ἀλλὰ ματην τάδε πάντα, καὶ οὐ σθένος, οὐ δρόμος ἵππων
νικῆσαι δεδάασιν, ὅσον φρένες ἡνιοχῆος:
μούνης κερδοσύνης ἐπιδεύει: ἵπποσύνη γὰρ
χρηίζει πινυτοῖο δαήμονος ἡνιοχῆος.

[176] “My son, your father Aristaios has more experience than you. I know you have strength enough, that in you the bloom of youth is joined with courage; for you have in you the blood of Apollo my father, and our Arcadian mares are stronger than any for the race. But all this is in vain, neither strength nor running horses know how to win, as much as the driver’s brains. Cunning, only cunning you want; for horseracing needs a smart clever man to drive.

185 ἀλλὰ σὺ πατρός ἄκουε, καὶ ἵππια κέρδεα τέχνης,
ὅσσα χρόνῳ δεδάηκα πολύτροπα, καὶ σὲ διδάξω.
σπεῦδε, τέκος, γενετῆρα τεαῖς ἀρετῇσι γεραίρειν:
καὶ δρόμος ἵπποσύνης μεθέπει κλῖος, ὅσον Ἐννώ:
σπεῦδε καὶ ἐν σταδίοισι μετὰ πτολέμους με γεραίρειν:

190 Ἄρεα νικήσας ἐτέρην ὑποδύσειο νίκην,
ὄφρα μετ’ αἰχμητῆρα καὶ ἀθλοφόρον σε καλέσσω.
ὦ τέκος, ἄξια ῥέξον ὁμογενήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἄξια καὶ Φοίβοιο καὶ εὐπαλάμοιο Κυρήνης,
καὶ καμάτους νίκησον Ἀρισταίιο τοκῆος:

195 ἵπποσύνην δ’ ἀνάφαινε, φέρων τεχνήμονα νίκην,
κερδαλέην σέο μῆτιν, ἐπεὶ κατὰ μέσσον ἀγῶνος
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ ἀδίδακτος ἀπόσσυτον ἄρμα παρέγκων
πλάζεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, καὶ ἀντιπόρων δρόμος ἵππων

ἄστατος οὐ μάστιγι βιάζεται, οὐδὲ χαλινῷ
 200 πείθεται, ἥνιοχος δὲ μετὰτροπος ἔκτοθι νύσσης
 ἔλκεται, ἧχι φέρουσιν ἀπειθέες ἄρπαγες ἵπποι·
 ὃς δὲ κε τεχνήεντι δόλῳ μεμελημένος εἴη
 ἥνιοχος πολύμητις, ἔχων καὶ ἐηάσσονας ἵππους,
 ἰθύνει, προκέλευθον ὀπιπεύων ἐλατῆρα,
 205 ἐγγὺς αἰεὶ περὶ νύσσαν ἄγων δρόμον, ἄρμα δὲ κάμπτει
 ἵππεύων περὶ τέρμα καὶ οὐ ποτε τέρμα χαράσσων.
 σκέπτεό μοι καὶ σφίγγε κυβερνητῆρι χαλινῷ
 δοχμώσας ὄνον ἵππον ἀπιστεπὸν ἐγγύθι νύσσης,
 λοξὸς ἐπὶ πλευρῇσι παρακλιδὸν ἄρμα βαρύνων,
 210 ἀγχιφανῆς ἄψαυστος ἀναγκαίῳ τινὶ μέτρῳ
 σὸν δρόμον ἰθύνων, πεφυλαγμένος, ἄχρι φανείῃ
 πλήμνη ἐλισσομένου σέθεν ἄρματος οἷά περ ἄκρου
 τέρματος ἀπτομένη τροχειδεὶ γείτονι κύκλῳ·
 ἀλλὰ λίθον πεφύλαξο, μὴ ἄξονι νύσσαν ἀράξας
 215 εἰν ἐνὶ δηλήσαιο καὶ ἄρματα καὶ σέθεν ἵππους.
 καὶ τεδὸν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατὰ δρόμον ἄρμα νομεύων
 ἕσσο κυβερνήτῃ πανομοίος· ἀμφότερον δέ,
 κέντρῳ ἐπισπέρχων, προχέων πλήξιππον ἀπειλήν,
 δεξιὸν ἵππον ἔλαυνε, θώτερον εἰς δρόμον ἔλκων
 220 ἀθλιβέος μεθέποντα παρειμένα κύκλα χαλινῷ·
 ἕσσο κυβερνήτῃ πανομοίος ἄρμα νομεύων
 εἰς δρόμον ἰθυκέλευθον, ἐπεὶ τεχνήμονι βουλῇ
 πηδάλιον δίφροιο πέλει νόος ἥνιοχῆος·

[185] “Then listen to your father, and I will teach you too all the tricks of the horsey art which time has taught me, and they are many and various. Do your best, my boy, to honour your father by your successes. Horseracing brings as great a repute as war; do your best to honour me on the racecourse as well as the battlefield. You have won a victory in war, now win another, that I may call you prizewinner as well as spearman. My dear boy, do something worthy of Dionysos your kinsman, worthy both of Phoibos and of skilful Cyrene, and outdo the labours of your father Aristaios. Show your horsemastery, win your event like an artist, by your own sharp wits; for without instruction one pulls the car off the course in the middle of a race, it wanders all over the place, and the obstinate horses in their unsteady progress are not driven by the whip or obedient to the bit, the driver as he turns back misses the post, he loses control, the horses run away and carry him back where they will. But one who is a master of arts and tricks, the driver with his wits about him, even with inferior horses, keeps straight and watches the man in front, keeps a course ever close to the post, wheels his car round without ever scratching the mark. Keep your eyes open, please, and tighten the guiding rein swinging the whole near horse about and just clearing the post, throwing your weight sideways to

make the car tilt, guide your course by needful measure, watch until as your car turns the hub of the wheel seems almost to touch the surface of the mark with the near-circling wheel. Come very near without touching; but take care of the stone, or you may strike the post with the axle against the turning-post and wreck both horses and car together. As you guide your team this way and that way on the course, act like a steersman; ply the prick, scold and threaten the whip without sparing, press the off horse, lift him to a spurt, slacken the hold of the bit and don't let it irk him. Manage your car like a good steersman; guide your car on a straight course, for the driver's mind is like a car's rudder if he drives with his head."

ὥς εἰπὼν παλινορσος ἐχάζετο, παῖδα διδάζας
225 ἡθάδος ἵπποσύνης ἑτερότροπα κέρδεα τέχνης.

[224] With this advice, he turned away and retired, having taught his son the various tricks of his trade as a horseman, which he knew so well himself.

καὶ κυνέης ἔντοσθεν ἐθήμονος ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
τυφλὴν χεῖρα τίττειν φυλασσομένοιο προσώπου,
κλῆρον ἔχειν ἐθέλων ἑτερότροπον, οἷά τις ἀνὴρ
εἰς κύβον ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἐκηβόλα δάκτυλα πάλλων.
230 καὶ λάχον ἡνιοχῆες ἀμοιβαδῖς ἵππομανῆς δὲ
Φαῦνος ἀειδομένης Φαεθοντίδος αἶμα γενέθλης
κλήρῳ πρῶτος ἔην, καὶ δεῦτερος ἦεν Ἀχάτης,
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Δαμναμενῆος ἀδελφεός, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ
ἔλλαχεν Ἀκταίων· ὁ δὲ φέρτατος εἰς δρόμον ἔσθη
235 ὕστατιου κλήροιο τυχὼν πλήξιππος Ἐρεχθεύς.

[226] One after another as usual each put a blind hand into the helmet, turning away his face, and hoping to get the uncertain lot in his favour, as one who shakes his fingers for a throw of the doubtful dice far from him. So the leaders in turn took their lots. Horsemad Phaunos, offspring of the famous blood of Phaethon, was first by lot, and Achates was second, next came the brother of Damnamenēs, and next to him Actaion; but the best racer of all got the last lot, horsewhipper Erechtheus.

καὶ βοέας μάστιγας ἐκούφισαν ἡνιοχῆες,
ἱστάμενοι στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ δίφρων.
καὶ σκοπὸς Αἰακὸς ἦεν ἐπήτυμος, ὄφρα νοήσας
καμπτομένους περὶ τέρμα φιλοστεφάνους ἐλατῆρας
240 μάρτυς ἀληθείης ἑτερόθροα νείκεα λύσῃ.
ὄμμασιν ἀπλανέεσσι διακρίνων δρόμον ἵππων.

[236] Then the drivers lifted their leather whips, and stood in a row each in his chariot. The umpire was honest Aiacos; his duty was to view the crown-eager drivers turning the post, and to watch with unerring eyes how the horses ran. He was the witness of truth, to settle quarrels and differences.

τοῖσι μὲν ἐκ βαλβίδος ἔην δρόμος· ἐσσυμένων δὲ
ὃς μὲν ἔην προκέλευθος, ὃ δὲ προθέοντα κιχῆσαι
ἤθελεν, ὃς δ' ἐδίωκε μεσαιτάτον, ὃς δὲ χαράξαι
245 ἀγχιφανῆς μενέαινεν ὀπίστερον ἡνιοχῆα.
καὶ τις ἐνὶ σταδίοις ἐλατῆρ ἐλατῆρα κιχῆσας
ἄρματι δίφρον ἔμιξε, καὶ ἥνία χερσὶ τινάσσων
ἵππους ἀγκυλόδοντι διεπτοίησε χαλινῶ·
ἄλλος ἐπαῖσσοντι συνέμπορος ἡνιοχῆι
250 εἰς ἔριν ἀμφήριστον ἰσόρροπον εἶχε πορείην,
δόχμιος ὀκλάζων, τετανυσμένος, ὀρθὸς ἀνάγκη,
ἰξὺι καμπτομένη, καὶ ἐκούσιον ἵππον ἐλαύνων,
φειδομένη παλάμη τεχνήμονι βαιὸν ἱμάσσων,
ἐντροπαλιζομένης δοχμώσατο κύκλον ὀπωπῆς·
255 δίφρον ὀπισθοπόρου πεφυλαγμένος ἡνιοχῆος·
καὶ νῦν κεν αἰίσσοντι ποδῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῶ
εἰς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον ὄνυξ ὠλίσθανεν ἵππων,
εἰ μὴ ἔτι σπεύδουσαν ἐὴν ἀνέκοψεν ἐρωὴν
ἡνίοχος, κατόπισθεν ἐπῆλυδα δίφρον ἐρύκων.
260 καὶ τις ἔχων προκέλευθος ὀπίστερον ἡνιοχῆα
ἀντίτυπον δρόμον εἶχεν ὁμοζήλων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
ἄστατος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περικλείων ἐλατῆρα
ἀγχιφανῆ. καὶ Σκέλμις, ἀπόσπορος ἐννοσιγαίου,
εἰναλίην μάλιστα Ποσειδάωνος ἐλίσσων
265 πάτριον ἡνιόχευε θαλασσονόμων γένος ἵππων·
οὐδὲ τόσον πεπόνητο τανύπτερος ἥερα τέμνων
Πήγασος ὑψιπότητος, ὅσον βυθίων πόδες ἵππων
χερσαῖν ἀκίχητον ἐποίησαντο πορείην.

[242] The race started from the barrier. Off they went — one leading in the course, one trying to catch him as he raced in front, another chasing the one between, and the last ran close to the latter of these two and strove to graze his chariot. As they got farther on driver caught driver and ran car against car, then shaking the reins forced off the horses with the jagged bit. Another neck and neck with a speeding rival ran level in the doubtful race, now crouching sideways, now stretching himself, now upright when he could not help it, with bent hips urging the willing horse, just a touch of the master's hand and a light flick of the whip. Again and again he would turn and look back for fear of the car of the driver coming on behind: or as he made speed, the horse's hoof in the spring of his prancing feet would be slipping into a somersault, had not the

driver checked his still hurrying pace and so held back the car which pressed him behind. Again, one in front with another driver following behind would change his course to counter the rival car, moving from side to side uncertainly so as to bar the way to the other who pressed him close. And Scelmis, offspring of the Earthshaker, swung Poseidon's sea-whip and drove his father's team bred in the sea; not Pegasos flying on high so quickly cut the air on his long wings, as the feet of the seabred horses covered their course on land unapproachable.

λαοὶ δ' εἰς ἓν ἰόντες, ἐν ὑψιλόφῳ τινὶ χώρῳ
270 ἔζόμενοι στοιχηδὸν ὀπιπευτῆρες ἄγῶνος,
τηλόθεν ἔσκοπιάζον ἐπειγομένων δρόμον ἵππων·
ὣν ὁ μὲν εἰστῆκει πεφοβημένος, ὃς δὲ τινάσσων
δάκτυλον ἄκρον ἔσειεν ἐπισπέρχων ἐλατῆρα,
ἄλλος ἀμιλλητῆρι πόθῳ δεδονημένος ἵππων
275 ἵππομανῆ νόον εἶχεν ὁμόδρομον ἠνιοχῆος·
καὶ τις ἐοῦ προκέλευθον ἰδὼν δρόμον ἠνιοχῆος
χερσὶν ἐπεπλατάγησε καὶ ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ
θαρσύνων, γελῶν, τρομέων, ἐλατῆρι κελεύων.

[269] The people collected together sat in rows on a high hill, to see the race, and watched from a distance the course of the galloping horses. One stood anxious, another shook a finger and beckoned to a driver to hurry. Another possessed with the fever of horses' rivalry, felt a mad heart galloping along with his favourite driver; another who saw a man running ahead of his favourite, clapt his hands and shouted in melancholy tones, cheering on, laughing, trembling, warning the driver.

ἄρματα δ' εὐπόητα θωώτερα θυιάδος ἄρκτου
280 ἄλλοτε μὲν πεπότητο μετάρσια, πῆ δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
ἄκροφανῇ πεφόρητο μόγισ ψαύοντα κονίης·
καὶ ταχινῷ ψαμαθῶδες ἔδος τροχοειδέι κύκλῳ
ἄρματος ἰθυπόροιο κατέγραφεν ὀλκὸς ἀλήτης·
συμφορτὴ δ' ἔρις ἦεν· ἐγειρομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
285 στήθεσιν ἵππείοισιν ἀνηώρητο κονίη,
χαῖται δ' ἠέριησιν ἐπερρώοντο θυέλλαις·
ὄτρηροὶ δ' ἐλατῆρες ὁμογλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ὄξυτέρην μάστιγος ἀπερροίβδησαν ἰωήν.

[279] The fine chariots, faster than the furious Bear, now flew high aloft, now skimmed the earth scarcely touching the surface of dust. The track of the car dashing straight on with quick circling wheel scratched the sandy soil as it passed. Then there was a confused struggle; the dust also was stirred and rose

to the horses' chests, their manes shook in the airy breezes, the busy drivers shouted all with one voice together louder than their cracking whips.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πύματον τέλεον δρόμον, ὀξὺς ὀρούσας

290 Σκέλμις ἔην πρῶτιστος ἀλίδρομον ἄρμα τιταίνων:

καὶ οἱ ὀμαρτήσας ἐπεμάστιεν ἵππον Ἐρεχθεὺς
ἀγχιφανής, καὶ δίφρον ὀπισθοπόρον τάχα φαίης
εἰναλίου Τελχίνος ἰδεῖν ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων:

καὶ γὰρ ἀερσιπότητος Ἐρεχθέος ἵππος ἀγῆνωρ

295 διχθαδίῳ μυκτῆρι παλὶμπνοον ἄσθμα τιταίνων

ἄλλοτρίου θέρμαινε μετάρφρενον ἠνιοχῆος,

καὶ νῦ κεν αὐχενίων ἐδράξατο χερσὶ κομῶν,

ἐντροπαλιζομένοις βλεφάροις ἐλατῆρα δοκεύων,

καὶ νῦ κε σειομένων τροχαλῇ στροφάλιγγι γενεῖων

ἀφριῶν στατὸς ἵππος ἀπέπτυνε ἄκρα χαλινοῦ,

300 ἀλλὰ παρατρέψας ἀνεσεύρασε δίφρον Ἐρεχθεὺς,

ἥνία δ' εὐποίητα κατέσπασεν ἄρπαγι παλμῷ,

ἀγχιφανῇ κατὰ βαιὸν ἐπισφιγγὼν γένυν ἵππων:

καὶ πάλιν ἐγγὺς ἔλασσε φυγῶν ἀχάλινον ἀνάγκην.

305 καὶ μιν ἐοῖς ὀχέεσσιν ἐπαῖσσοντα δοκεύων

Σκέλμις ἀπειλήτειραν ἀπερροῖβδησεν ἰωήν:

[289] Now they were on the last lap. Scelmis with a swift leap was first of all pressing on his seachariot. Erechtheus was close upon him whipping up his team, and you might almost say you saw the second car ready to climb aboard the car of the maritime Telchis; for the spirited stallion of Erechtheus was up in the air, panting and snorting with both nostrils, so as to warm the back of the other charioteer. The eyes of Scelmis were turned back again and again on the other driver, and he might have pulled Erechtheus' horse by the mane, and the foaming stallion might have shaken his jaw with a quick jerk and spat out the bit; but Erechtheus checked the car, and turned it to one side with a vigorous pull at the stout reins, wrenching the horses' jaws slowly towards himself. Then again he drove close, having escaped the disaster of a horse without bit and bridle. And Scelmis when he saw him making for his car shouted in threatening tones —

Ἀῆγε θαλασσαιόισι μάτην ἵπποισιν ἐρίζων:

ἄλλον ἐμοῦ γενέταο Πέλοψ ποτὲ δίφρον ἐλαύνων

Οἰνομάου νίκησεν ἀνικῆτων δρόμον ἵππων.

310 ἵπποσὺννης μὲν ἔγωγε κυβερνητῆρα καλέσσω

ἵππον ὕγρομέδοντα: σὺ δέ, πλήξιππε, τιταίνεις

νίκης ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐς ἰστοτέλειαν Ἀθήνην.

οὐδὲ τεῆς ὀλίγης μορίης χρέος, ἀλλὰ κομιζῶ

ἀμπελόεν στέφος ἄλλο καὶ οὐκ ἐλάχειαν ἐλαῖην.’

[307] “That will do now! It’s of no use to run a match with horses of the sea! Pelops long ago driving another car of my father’s beat in a race the unconquered horses of Oinomaos. As guide of my horsemanship I will call on the Horse God of the deep: you, my friend the horse flogger, direct all your hope to Athena the Perfect Webster. I do not want your paltry olive; I’ll carry off a different garland, a vine wreath and not your trumpery olive.”

315 ὥς φαμένου ταχύβουλος ἐχώσατο μᾶλλον Ἐρεχθεύς,
καὶ δόλον ἡπεροπῆα καὶ ἔμφρονα μῆτιν ὑφαίνων
χεροὶ μὲν ἡνιόχευεν ἐδὼν δρόμον, ἐν κραδίῳ δὲ
ἵπποσύνης πολιοῦχον ἐὼν ἐπίκουρον Ἀθήνην
κικλήσκων ταχύμυθον ἀνήρυγεν Ἀτθίδα φωνήν:

[315] Erechtheus was a hasty man, and these words of Scelmis made him angrier than before, and his quick intelligent mind began at once to weave plots and plans. His hands went on with his driving, but in his heart he uttered a quick prayer to Athena the queen of his own city in his own country language, to crave help in his horsemanship:

320 ‘Κοίρανε Κεκροπίης, ἵπποσσόε Παλλὰς ἀμήτωρ,
ὥς σὺ Ποσειδάωνα τεῶν νίκησας ἀγῶνι,
οὕτω σὺς ναέτης Μαραθῶνιον ἵππον ἐλαύνων
υἱέα νικήσειε Ποσειδάωνος Ἐρεχθεύς.’

[320] “Lady of Cecropia, horsemistress, Pallas unmothered! As thou didst conquer Poseidon in thy contest, so may Erechtheus thy subject, who drives a horse of Marathon, conquer Poseidon’s son!”

τοῖον ἔπος βοόων ἐπεμάστιεν ἰσχία πῶλων,
325 ἄρματι δ’ ἄρμα πέλασεν ἰσόζυγον: ἀντιπίου δὲ
λαίῃ μὲν βαρύδεσμον ἐπισφίγγων γένυν ἵππων,
σύνδρομον αὖ ἐρύων βεβημένον ἄρμα χαλινῶ,
δεξιτερῇ μάστιζεν ἐοὺς ὑψαύχενας ἵππους
ἔσσυμένους προτέρωσε: μεταστήσας δὲ κελεύθου
330 θῆκε παλινδίνητον ὀπίσπερον ἡνιοχῆα.
καὶ τροχαλοῖς στομάτεσσι χέων φιλοκέρτομον ἡχῶ
υἱὰ Ποσειδάωνος ἀμοιβάδι νείκεε φωνῇ,
ἐντροπαλιζομένην μεθέπων γελόωσαν ὀπωπὴν:

[324] With this appeal he touched up the flanks of his colts and brought up level

car to car and yoke to yoke, and with his left hand caught at the mouth of his rival's horse, and pulled at the heavy grip of the bit, forcing back by the bridle the car running by his side; with his right hand he lashed his own highnecked steeds putting on a spurt. So he took the place of Scelmis on the course, and made that charioteer fall behind. Then he looked back with a laughing countenance on the son of Poseidon, and mocked him in his turn with raillery, the words tumbling over his shoulder in a stream —

‘Σκέλμις, ἐνικήθης: σέο φέρτερός ἐστιν Ἐρεχθεύς,
335 ὅτι τεὸν Βαλίον, Ζεφυρηίδος αἶμα γενέθλης,
ἄρσενά καὶ νέον ἵππον ὁδοιπόρον ἄβροχον ἄλμης
γῆραλὴ νίκησεν ἐμὴ θήλεια Ποδάρκη.
εἰ μὲν ἀγνοοῖς Πελοπηίδος εἵνεκα τέχνης
ὑμετέρου γενετῆρος ἀλίδρομον ἄρμα γεραίων,
340 Μυρτίλος αἰολόμητις ἐπικλοπον ἥνυσεν νικῆν,
μιμηλῶ τελέσας ἀπατήλιον ἄξονα κηρῶ:
εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονέεις γενεῆς χάριν ἐννοσιγαίου,
ἵππιον ὃν καλέεις, βυθίων ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων,
πόντιον αὐτὸν ἄνακτα, κυβερνητῆρα τριαίνης,
345 ἄρσενά σὸν νίκησεν ἀρηγόνα θῆλυς Ἀθήνη.’

[334] “Scelmis, you’re beaten! Erechtheus is a better man than you, for my old ambling mare Swift-foot has beaten your Piebald, with Zephyros for sire, a horse too, and a young one, and one that can run on the sea without getting wet! If you are so proud of the skill of Pelops and praise the seacoursing car of your father, it was Myrtilos who contrived that cheating victory, with his clever invention, when he made a wax model of an axle to deceive his master. If you are haughty because of your father Earth-shaker, the Horse God as you call him, who rides in the chariot of the deep, himself lord of the sea and master of the trident, Athena, a female, has beaten your backer, the male!”

ὥς φάμενος Τελχῖνα παρέδραμεν ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης.
τῷ δ’ ἐπὶ Φαῦνος ἔλαυνεν ὄχου τέθριππον ἱμάσσων:
Ἀκταίων δὲ τέταρτος ἐπικλοπος ἔσπετο Φαῦνῳ,
πατρὸς Ἀρισταίου μεμνημένος εἰσέτι μύθων
350 κερδαλέων: καὶ λοῖσθος ἔην Τυρσηνὸς Ἀχάτης.

[346] As he said this, the man of Athena’s town ran past the Telchis. Next after him came Phaunos flogging his fourhorse team. Fourth was Actaion the cunning and artful, who had not forgotten his father’s good advice; and the last was Tyrsenian Achates.

καὶ θρασὺς Ἀκταίων δολίην ἐφράσσατο βουλήν:

Φαῦνον ἑοῖς ὀχέεσσιν ἔτι προθέοντα κιχήσας
 ὄξυτέρῃ μάστιγι μεταστρέψας δρόμον ἵππων
 σύνδρομος ἡνιόχευε, παρακλέπτων ἐλατῆρα,
 355 βαιὸν ὑποφθάμενος: καὶ ἐπ' ἄντυγι γούνατα πῆξας
 δίφρον ἀμιλλητῆρα κατέγραφεν ἄρματι λοξῷ,
 ἵππειους τροχόντι διαξύων πόδας ὀλκῷ.
 καὶ δαπέδῳ πέσεν ἄρμα: τινασσομένοιο δὲ δίφρου
 τρεῖς μὲν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο πέλον πεπτηότες ἵπποιοι,
 360 ὃς μὲν ὑπὲρ λαγόνων, ὃ δὲ γαστέρος, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ δειρήν,
 εἷς δὲ τις ὀρθὸς ἔμιμε παρακλιδόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
 ἄκρα ποδῶν ῥίζωσε, καὶ ἄστατον αὐχένα σείων
 σύζυγος ἐστήριξεν ὅλον πόδα γείτονος ἵππου,
 κουφίζων ζυγόδεσμα, καὶ ὑπόσε δίφρον ἀνέλκων.
 365 οἱ μὲν ἔσαν προχυθέντες ἐπὶ χθονός: αὐσταλεος δὲ
 ἡνίοχος κεκύλιστο παρὰ τροχόν, ἄρματι γείτων:
 θρύπτετο δ' ἄκρα μέτωπα, μαινομένου δὲ γενείου
 ὄξυτενῆς κεκόνιστο πέδῳ κεχαραγμένος ἀγκῶν.
 ἡνίοχος δ' ἀνέπαλτο θοώτερος: ἐσσυμένως δὲ
 370 εἷς χθόνα πεπτηῶτι παρίστατο γείτοσι δίφρῳ,
 αἰδομένη παλάμη τετανυσμένον ἵππον ἀνέλκων:
 καὶ βαλίῃ μάστιγι κατηφέα πῶλον ἱμάσσω.
 καὶ θρασὺς Ἀκταίων πεπονημένον ἐγγύθι δίφρου
 Φαῦνον ὀπιτεύων φιλοπαίγμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν:

[351] Now bold Actaion thought of a cunning plan. His car was just behind Phaunos and catching him up, when with a sharper cut of the whip, he turned his horses aside and drove them up level, slipping by the driver and getting a little in front, then pressing his knees against the rail, he scraped the rival car with his own crossing car and scratched the horse's legs with his running wheel. The car was upset, and over the wreckage three of the horses lay fallen on the ground, one on the flank, one on the belly, one on the neck. But one kept clear by a swerve and remained standing, his feet firmly rooted on the earth, shaking his trembling neck; he supported the whole leg of the horse yoked next to him, and lifting the yokeband pulled the car up again. There they were in a mess on the ground; the driver rolled in the dirt beside his wheel, close to the car, the skin of his forehead barked, his chin soiled, his arm stretched out in the dust and the elbow torn by the ground. The driver leapt up quickly, and in a moment he was standing beside his wrecked car, dragging up the prostrate horse with shamed hand and flogging the discomfited beast with quick lash. Bold Actaion watched Phaunos in difficulties beside his car, and made merry at his plight:

375 'Λῆγε μάτην ἀέκοντας ἐπισπέρχων σέθεν ἵππους,
 λῆγε μάτην: φθάμενος γὰρ ἀπαγγέλλω Διονύσω,

Φαῦνος ὅτι προθέοντας ὅλους, ἔλατῆρας ἑάσας
νόστιμος ὀψικέλευθος ἑλεύσεται ἄρματα σύρων·
φείδεο σῆς μάστιγος, ἐπεὶ ταμεσίχροϊ κέντρῳ

[375] “That will do now! It’s of no use to press your unwilling horses. That will do, it’s all of no use! I shall be there first, and I will inform Dionysos that Phaunos will let all the other drivers pass, and he will come in last dragging his own car. Spare your whip. It really makes me sorry to see your poor horses torn like that with a fleshcutting prick!”

380 σῶν ὁρώων ὥκτειρα δέμας κεχαραγμένον ἵππων·

ἔννεπεν ἀστήρικτον ὄχον προκέκρυθον ἐλαύνων

ὠκυτέρῃ μάστιγι· καὶ ἄχυντο Φαῦνος ἀκούων.

καὶ μόγις ἐν δαπέδῳ λαοίης δεδραγμένος οὐρῆς

κεκλιμένων ὠρθωσε δέμας κεκονιμένον ἵππων,

385 καὶ τινα λυομένοιο παραΐξαντα λεπάδνου

πῶλον ἄγων παλίνορσον ἐπεσφῆκωσε χαλινῷ·

στήσας δ’ ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παρεσσυμένων πόδας ἵππων

ἄρματος ὕψι βέβηκε, καὶ ἵχνιον ἄρματι πήξας

φρικαλέῃ μάστιξε τὸ δεύτερον ἵππον ἱμάσθλῃ·

390 καὶ πλέον ἥλασε Φαῦνος ἐπισπέρχων δρόμον ἵππων,

ὠκύτερον δ’ ἐδίωκε παροίτερον ἡνιοχῆα·

καὶ φθαμένους ἐκίχησεν, ἐπεὶ μένος ἔμβαλεν ἵπποις

ἵππος ἐννοσίγαιος ἐὼν θρασὺν υἷα γεραίρων·

στενωπὴν δέ κέλευθον ἰδὼν παρὰ κοιλάδι πέτρῃ

395 ἔμφρονα μῆτιν ὕφαινε δολοπλόκον, ὄφρα κιχήσας

ἄρματι τεχνήεντι παραΐξειεν Ἀχάτην.

[381] Phaunos was furious to hear these words, as the speaker drove his team quickly on with speeding whip. He pulled at the thick tails of the horses lying on the ground, and with great difficulty made the beasts get up from the dust. One colt which had struggled out of the untied yokestrap he brought back again and fastened into the bridle. He put the feet of the struggling horses into their places on both sides, and mounted the car, taking his stand firmly in it, then once more whipt up the team with his terrible lash. Harder than ever Phaunos drove and urged on his galloping horses, quicker than ever he pursued the driver in front of him — and he caught up the team ahead, for horsegod Earthshaker put spirit into the horses to honour his bold son. Then seeing a narrow pass by a beetling cliff, he wove a tangled web of deceitful artifice, to catch Achates and pass him by skilful driving.

ῥωγμὸς ἔην βαθύκολπος, ὃν ἐξέρρηξε κελεύθου
χειμερίῃ μάστιγι Διὸς μετανάστιον ὕδωρ

ἡερόθεν προχέοντος· ἔεργομένω δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
400 ὄμβρου γειστομόιο ῥάχιν κοιλαίνετο γαίης,
ἦχτ' μολῶν ἀέκων ἀνεσείρασε δίφρον Ἀχάτης,
φεύγων ἀγκικέλευθον ἐπηλυσίην ἐλατῆρος·
καὶ οἱ ἐπεσσυμένω τρομερὴν ἀνενεῖκατο φωνήν·

[397] There was a deep ravine, which the errant flood of rain pouring from the sky had torn by the side of the course under the wintry scourge of Zeus; the torrent of rain confined there had cut away a strip of earth and hollowed the ground so as to form a narrow ridge. Achates when he got there had unwillingly checked his car, to avoid a collision with the approaching driver; and as Phaunos galloped upon him, he called out in a trembling voice —

‘Εἰσέτι, νήπιε Φαῦνε, τεοὶ ῥυπόωσι χιτῶνες,
405 εἰσέτι σῶν ὀχέων ψαμαθῶδεές εἰσι κορώναι,
οὐ πῶ σῶν ἐτίναξας ἀκοσμήτων κόνιν ἵππων·
λύματα σεῖο κάθαιρε· τί σοι τόσον ἵππον ἐλαύνειν;
μὴ σε πάλιν πίπτοντα καὶ ἀσπαίροντα νοήσω.
τὸν θρασὺν Ἀκταίωνα φυλάσσεο, μὴ σε κιχήσας
410 ταυρεῖη σέο νῶτον ὑποστιζέειν ἱμάσθλῃ,
μὴ σε πάλιν προκάρηνον ἀκονίζεει κονίῃ.
εἰσέτι σῆς μεθέπεις κεχαραγμένα κύκλα παρειῆς·
Φαῦνε, τί μαργαίνεις, ξυνήονα μῶμον ἀνάπτων
πατρί Ποσειδάωνι καὶ Ἡελίῳ σέο πάππῳ;
415 ἄζεό μοι Σατύρων φιλοκέρτομον ἀνθερεῶνα.
Σειληνοὺς πεφύλαξο καὶ ἀμφιπόλους Διονύσου,
μὴ σοι ἐπεγγελάσωσι καὶ αὐσταλέῳ σέο δίφρῳ.
πῇ θρόνα; πῇ βοτάναι; πῇ φάρμακα ποικίλα Κίρκης;
πάντ’ σε, πάντα λέλοιπεν, ὅτ’ εἰς δρόμον ἦλθες ἀγῶνος.
420 τίς κεν ἀπαγγεῖλειεν ἀγήνορι σεῖο τεκούσῃ
καὶ σέο κύμβαχον ἄρμα καὶ αὐχμῶουσαν ἱμάσθλιν;’

[404] “Your dress is dirty still, foolish Phaunos! the tips of your harness are still covered with sand! You have not yet dusted your untidy horses! Clean off your dirt! What’s the good of all that driving? I fear I may see you tumbling and struggling again! Take care of that bold Actaion, or he may catch you and flick your back with his leather thong and shoot you headlong into the dust again. You still show scratches on your round cheeks. Why do you still rage, Phaunos, bringing disgrace alike on Poseidon your father and Helios your gaffer? Pray have respect for the mocking throat of the Satyrs — beware of the Seilenoi and the attendants of Dionysos, or they may laugh at your dirty car! Where are your herbs and your plants, where all the drugs of Circe? All have left you, all, as soon as you began this race. Who will tell your proud

mother the tale of a tumbling chariot and a filthy whip?"

τοῖον ἀπερροῖβδησεν ἀγήνορα μῦθον Ἀχάτης,
κερτομέων· νέμεσις δὲ τὸσσην ἐγράψατο φωνήν.
καὶ σχεδὸν ἦλυθε Φαῦνος ὁμήλυδα δίφρον ἐλαύνων:
425 ἄρματι δ' ἄρμα πέλασσε, καὶ ἄξονι γόμφον ἀράσσω
μεσσοπαγῇ συνάξε βαλῶν τροχοειδὲ κύκλῳ:
καὶ τροχὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἔλιξ ἐπεκέκλιτο γαίῃ,
ἄρμασιν Οἰνομάοιο πανεῖκελος, ὅππότε κηροῦ
θαλπομένου Φαέθοντι λυθεῖς ἀπατήλιος ἄξων
430 ἵπποσύνην ἀνέκοπτε μεμηνότος ἠνιοχῆος.
στενωπὴν δὲ κέλευθον ἔχων ἀνέμιμνεν Ἀχάτης,
εἰσόκε τετραπόρων ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος ἤμενος ἵππων
ὠκυτέρῃ μάστιγι παρήλυθε Φαῦνος Ἀχάτην,
οἷά περ οὐκ αἰών· καὶ ἐκούφισε μᾶλλον ἱμάσθλην,
435 μαστίζων ἀκίχητος ἐπειγομένων λόφον ἵππων:
καὶ πέλεν Ἀκταίωνος ὀπίστερος, ὅσσα θορόντος
δίσκου πεμπομένοιο πέλει δολιχόσκιος ὄρμη,
ὄν βριαρῇ παλάμῃ δονέων αἰζηὸς ἰάλλει.

[422] Such were the proud words that Achates shouted in mockery: but Nemesis recorded that big speech. Now Phaunos came close and drove alongside. Chariot struck chariot, and hitting the middle bolt with his axle he broke it with his rolling wheel — the other wheel rolled off by itself and fell twisting on the ground, as with the chariot of Oinomaos, when the wax of the false axle melted in Phaethon's heat and ended the horsemanship of that furious driver. Achates remained in the narrow way, while Phaunos in his car, leaning over the rail of his four-in-hand, passed him -with speeding whip as if he did not hear; he lifted his lash more than ever, flogging the necks of the galloping horses beyond pursuit. Now he was next behind Actaion, as far as the long throw of a hurtling quoit when some stout lad casts it with strong hand.

λαοῖς δ' ἔμεσε λύσσα· καὶ ἦρισαν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
440 συνθεσίας τεύχοντες ἀτεκμάρτου περὶ νίκης
ἔσσομένης· τὰ δὲ δῶρα θυελλοπόδων χάριν ἵππων
ἢ τρίπος ἢ ἐλέβης ἢ φάσγανον ἢ ἐβοεῖη:
καὶ ναέτης ναετῆρι, φίλος δ' ἐρίδαινεν ἑταίρῳ,
γηραλέος δὲ γέροντι, νέῳ νέος, ἀνέρι δ' ἀνὴρ.
445 ἦν δ' ἔρις ἀμφοτέρων ἐτερόθροος, ὃς μὲν Ἀχάτην
κυδαίνων, ἕτερος δὲ χερεῖονα Φαῦνον ἐλέγχων
ἐν χθονὶ πεπτηῶτα κυλινδομένων ἀπὸ δίφρων,
ἄλλος ἐριδμαίνων, ὅτι δεύτερος ἦεν Ἐρεχθεὺς

εἰναλίου Τελχῖνος ὀπίστερος ἥνιοχῆος:
450 ἄλλω δ' ἄλλος ἔριζον, ὅτι φθαμένων δρόμον ἵππων
ἀγχιφανῆς νίκησε πολύροπος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης,
Σκέλμιν ἔτι προθέοντα παραΐζας ἐλατῆρα.

[439] The spectators were mad with excitement, all quarrelling and betting upon the uncertain victory that was not yet. They lay their wagers on the storm-foot horses — tripod or cauldron or sword or shield; native quarrelled with native, friend with comrade, old with old and young with young, man with man. All took sides shouting in confusion, one praised up Achates, a second would prove Phaunos the worse, for falling to the ground from his upset car; another maintained that Erechtheus was second behind Telchis the driver from the sea; another would have it that the resourceful man of Athens was visible close by, that his team was in front and he had won after passing Scelmis the leading driver.

οὐ πω νεῖκος ἔλγηε, καὶ ἔφθασεν ἐγγὺς Ἐρεχθεύς,
ἵπποθς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατωμαδὸν αἰὲν ἱμάσσων:
455 καὶ πολὺς ἵππειοιο δι' αὐχένος ἔρρεεν ἰδρῶς
καὶ λασίου στέρνοιο, καθ' ἥνιόχοιο δὲ πυκναὶ
αὐχμηραὶ ῥαθάμιγγες ἐπερρώοντο κονίης:
ἄρματα δ' ἀγχιπόροισιν ἐπέτρεχεν ἵχνεσιν ἵππων
ἄλλομένῃ στροφάλιγγι: καὶ οὐ τροχόεντι σιδήρῳ
460 λεπταλέης ἀτίνακτα τινάσσετο νῶτα κονίης.
αὐτὰρ ὁ πωτήεντα μετὰ δρόμον ὑψόθι δίφρου
εἰς μέσον ἦλθεν ἀγῶνος: ἔω δ' ἔσμηξε χιτῶνι
μυδαλέων ἰδρῶτα διαστάζοντα μετώπων:
καὶ ταχὺς ἐκ δίφροιο κατήλε: μηκεδανὴν δὲ
465 εἰς ζυγὸν εὐποίητον ἐὴν ἔκλινεν ἱμάσθλην:
ἵπποθς δ' Ἀμφιδάμας θεράπων λύνει: ὠκύτερος δὲ
τερπομένη παλάμη πρμτάγρια κούφισε νίκη,
ἰοδόκην καὶ τόξα καὶ εὐπήληκα γυναιῖκα,
πάλλων ἡμιτόμοιο μεσόμφαλα νῶτα βοείης.

[453] The quarrel had not ended when Erechtheus came in first, a near thing! unceasingly lashing his horses right and left down from the shoulder. Sweat ran in rivers over the horses' necks and hairy chests, their driver was sprinkled with plentiful dry splatterings of dust; the car was running hard on the horses' footsteps amid rising whirls, and the undisturbed surface of the light dust was disturbed by the rolling tyres. After this flying race, he came into their midst in his car. He wiped off with his dress the sweat which poured from his wet brow, and quickly got out of the car. He rested his long whip against the fine yoke, and his groom Amphidamas unloosed the horses. Then quickly with

happy hand he lifted the first prize of victory, quiver and bow and helmeted woman, and shook the flat half-shield with the boss in the middle.

470 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ δευτέρως ἦλθε θαλασσαιῶν ἐπὶ δίφρων
Σκέλμις, ἐπισπέρχων Ποσιδήιον ἄρμα θαλάσσης,
κύκλος ὅσον τροχόεις ἀπολείπεται ὠκέος ἵππου,
τοῦ μὲν ἐπαΐσσοντος ἐπισσώτρων μόγις ἄκραι
ἐκταδὴς ψάουσιν ἐλισσομένης τρίχες οὐρῆς:
475 δευτέρα δ' εἶλεν ἄεθλα, καὶ ὥρεγε Δαμναμενῇ
ἔγκυον ἵππον ἔχειν, ζηλήμονι χειρὶ τιταίνων.

[470] Scelmis came second in his chariot from the sea — for he drove Poseidon's car from the sea, as far behind as the round wheel is behind the running horse — as he gallops, the hairy tip of his long waving tail just touches the tyre. He took the second prize, the mare in foal, and gave her in charge to Damnamenēs, offering her with jealous hand.

καὶ τρίτος Ἀκταίων ἀνεκούφισε σύμβολα νίκης
χρυσοφαῖ ἠώρηκα, παναίολον ἔργον Ὀλύμπου.

[477] Third Actaion lifted his token of victory, the corselet shining with gold, the gorgeous work of Olympos.

τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Φαῦνος ἵκανε: καὶ αὐτόθι δίφρον ἐρύσσας
480 ὀμφαλὸν ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀνέρταζε βοεΐης,
αὐχμηρῆς μεθέπων ἔτι λείψανα κεῖνα κονίης.

[479] Next came Phaunos, and there checked his car. He lifted the shield with rounded silver boss, and he still showed those relics of the dirty dust.

καὶ Σικελὸς θεράπων βραδυδινέος ἐγγύθι δίφρου
χρυσοῦ δισσὰ τάλαντα κατηφεί δειῖξεν Ἀχάτῃ,
οἰκτρὸν ἀγνηορέοντι φιλοστόργῳ Διονύσῳ.

[482] When Achates arrived despondent beside his slowrolling car, a Sicilian groom displayed two ingots of gold, a consolation from his kind friend the splendid Dionysos.

485 αὐτὰρ ὁ πυγμαχίης χαλεπῆς ἔστησεν ἀγῶνα:
πρώτῳ μὲν θέτο ταῦρον ἀπ' Ἰνδῶοιο βοαύλου
δῶρον ἄγειν, ἐτέρῳ δὲ μελαρρίνων κτέρας Ἰνδῶν
βάρβαρον αἰολόνωτον ἐλὼν κατέθηκε βοεῖην.

ὀρθωθείς δ' ἀγόρευεν ἀθλητῆρας ἐπείγων,
490 εὐπαλάμου δύο φῶτας ἐριδμαίνειν περὶ νίκης:

[485] Next the god put up the boxing, a hard match that. For the first man, he offered a bull from an Indian stall as a prize; for the second, he put up a barbaric manicoloured shield which had been a treasure of the blackskin Indians. Then standing up he called with urgent voice for competitors, inviting two men to contend for the prize of ready hands:

‘Πυγμαῖς οὗτος ἄεθλος ἀτειρέος· ἀλοφόρῳ δὲ
ἀνέρι νικήσαντι δασύτριχα ταῦρον ὀπάσσω,
ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθέντι πολὺπτυχον ἀσπίδα δώσω.’

[491] “This is the battle for hardy boxers. The victor in this contest shall have a shaggy bull, to the loser I will give a shield with many layers of good hide.”

ὥς φαμένου Βρομίῳ σακέσπαλος ὦρτο Μελισσεύς,
495 ἠθάδι πυγμαχίῃ μεμελημένος· εὐκεράου δὲ
ἀφάμενος ταύροιο τόσην ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν:

[494] When Bromios had spoken, shakeshield Melisseus stood up, one well practised and familiar with boxing; and seizing the bull’s horn he shouted these big words,

‘Ἐλθέτω, ὃς ποθέει σάκος αἰόλον· οὐ γὰρ ἔάσω
ἄλλῳ πῖονα ταῦρον, ἔως ἔτι χεῖρας ἀείρω.’

[497] “This way anyone who wants a painted shield! For I will not let another have the fat bull as long as I can hold up my hands!”

ὥς φαμένου ξύμπαντας ἐπεσφρήγισσε σιωπῇ:
500 Εὐρυμέδων δὲ οἱ οἶος ἀνίστατο, τῷ πόρεν Ἑρμῆς
ὄργανα πυγμαχίης γυιαλκέος, ὃς πάρος αἰεὶ
πατρῷῳ μεμέλητο παρήμενος ἐσχαρεῶνι,
Ἥφαιστηιάδης, σφυρήλατον ἄκμονα τύπτων.
τὸν μὲν ἐριπτοίητος ἀδελφεὸς ἄμφεπεν Ἄλκων,
505 ζῶμα δὲ οἱ παρέθηκε, καὶ ἥρμοσεν ἰξὺι μίτρην,
καὶ δολιχαῖς παλάμησι κασιγνήτοιο συνάπτων
ἄζαλέων ἔσφιγξε περίπλοκον ὀλκὸν ἱμάντων.
καὶ πρόμος εἰς μέσον ἦλθεν, ἐοῦ προβλήτα προσώπου
λαιὴν χεῖρα φέρων, σάκος ἔμφυτον· ἀντὶ δὲ λόγχης
510 ποιητῆς παλάμης ταμεσίχροες ἦσαν ἱμάντες.

αἰεὶ δ' ἀντιπάλοιο φυλάσσετο δύσμαχον ὄρμην,
 μὴ ποτὲ μιν πλήξειε κατ' ὄφρυος ἢ ἐ μετώπου,
 ἢ ἐ μιν αἰμάξειε, τετυμμένον ἄρθρον ἀμύξας,
 ἢ ἐ διατμήξειε, κατὰ κροτάφοιο τυχήσας,
 515 εἰς μέσον ἐγκεφάλιο νοήμονος ἄκρον ἀράξας,
 ἢ παλάμην τρηχεῖαν ἐπὶ κροτάφοισι τιταίνων
 ὄμματα γυμνώσειε λιπογλήνοιο προσώπου,
 ἢ ἐ δαφοινήεντος ἀρασσομένοιο γενεῖου
 ὀξυτέρων ἐλάσειε πολύστιχον ὄγμον ὀδόντων.

[499] At these words, silence sealed all lips. Only Eurymedon rose to face him, one to whom Hermes had given the gear of stronglimbed boxing. This man, a son of Hephaistos, had always been used to remain busy beside his father's furnace hammering away at the beaten anvil. Now his brother Alcon attended him full of excitement, placed his body-belt beside him and fitted the girdle to his loins, coiled the straps of dry leather neatly round his brother's long hands. Then the champion advanced into the ring, holding his left hand on guard before his face like a natural shield, and the fleshcutting straps of his artificial hand did for a wrought lance. Always he kept on his defence before the dangerous attack of his adversary, that he might not get one in upon brow or forehead, or land on the face and draw blood, or smash his temple with a lucky blow, tearing a way to the very centre of his busy brain, or with a hard hook over the temples tear the eyes out of his blinded face, and smash his bloody jaw and drive in a long row of his sharp teeth.

520 ἔνθα μὲν Εὐρυμέδοντος ἐπεσσυμένοιο μελισσεὺς
 στήθεος ἄκρον ἔλασσεν: ὁ δὲ σχεδὸν ἅντα προσώπου
 χεῖρα μάτην ἐτίτανε, καὶ ἥμβροτεν ἡέρα τύπτων:
 καὶ μιν αἰὲ τρομέων περιδέδrome, κόλπον ἀμείβων,
 δεξιτερὴν γυμνοῖο κάτω μαζοῖο τιταίνων.
 525 ἄμφω δ' εἰς ἓν ἵκανον ἐπήλυδες, ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω
 ἵχνεσι φειδομένοισι ποδὸς πόδα τυτθὸν ἀμείβων:
 χερσὶ δὲ χεῖρας ἔμιξαν: ἐπασσύτερησι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
 φρικτὸς ὁμοπλεκέων ἐπεβόμβεε δοῦπος ἱμάντων
 ἄκροτάτην περὶ χεῖρα: χαρασσομένης δὲ παρειῆς
 530 αἰμαλέαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐφοινίχθησαν ἱμάντες:
 καὶ γενύων πέλε δοῦπος: ἐπὶ θρωσμοῦ δὲ προσώπου
 εὐρυτέρου γεγαῶτος ἐκυμαίνοντο παρειαί,
 ὀφθαλμοὶ δ' ἐκάτερθεν ἐκοιλαίνοντο προσώπου.

[520] But now as Eurymedon rushed him, Melisseus landed one high up on the chest; he countered with a lead at the face but missed — hit nothing but air. Shaking with excitement, he skipt round the man past his chest with a side-

step and brought home his right on the exposed breast under the nipple. Then they clinched, one against the other, shifting a bit their feet carefully in short steps, hands making play against hands: as the blows fell in quick succession the straps wreathed about their fingers made a terrible noise. Cheeks were torn, drops of blood stained the handstraps, their jaws resounded under the blows, the round cheeks swelled and spread on the puffy face, the eyes of both sunk in hollows.

Εὐρυμέδων μὲν ἔκαμνε Μελισσέος ἰδοῖνι τέχνῃ,
535 ἄσχετον ἡελίοιο μένων ἀντώπιον αἴγλην,
ὄμμα καταυάζοντος: ἐπαΐξας δὲ Μελισσεὺς
ὄξυτέρῃ στροφάλιγγι μετάρσιον ἵχνος αἰείρων
ἄφρων γναθὸν ἔτυψεν ὑπ' οὐατος: αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμνων
ὑπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐρείσατο νῶτα κονίῃ,
540 θυμολιπῆς μεθύοντι πανεϊκελος: εἶχε δὲ κόρησιν
κεκλιμένην ἑτέρωσε, καὶ αἵματος ἔπτυνεν ἄχνην
λεπτὰ παχυνομένοιο: λαβὼν δέ μιν ἐκτὸς ἀγῶνος
στυγνὸς ὑπὲρ νώτοιο μετήγαγε σύγγονος Ἄλκων
πληγῇ ἀμερσινόφῳ βεβαρημένον. ἐσσύμενος δὲ
545 Ἴνδῶν περιμετρον ἀνέρταζε βοεῖην.

[534] Eurymedon was badly shaken by Melisseus and his artful dodging. He had to stand with the sun shining intolerably in his face and blinding his eyes; Melisseus rushed in, dancing about with quickened twists and turns, and popped in a sudden one on the jaw beneath the ear; and Eurymedon being distressed fell on his back and rolled in the dust helpless, fainting, like a drunken man. He inclined his head to one side and spat out a foam of thickish blood. His brother Alcon slung him over his back and gloomily carried him out of the ring, stunned by the blow and unconscious, then quickly lifted the great Indian shield.

καὶ διδύμους Διόνυσος ἀεθλητῆρας ἐπείγων
ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόροισι πάλης κήρυξεν ἀγῶνα:
καὶ τρίπος εἰκοσίμετρος ἀέθλιον ἵστατο νίκης
πρῶτῳ ἀεθλητῇρι: τίθει δ' εἰς μέσσον αἶρας
550 ἀνθεμόεντα λέβητα χερσὶνι φωτὶ φυλάσσων.
ὀρθωθείς δ' ἵαχθησε πάλιν σημαντόρι φωνῇ:

[546] Next Dionysos called for a couple of competitors in wrestling, and announced the contest for this prize. He offered a tripod of twenty measures as prize for the winner, and brought out a cauldron with flower-ornaments reserved for the defeated man. Then he rose, and called out with announcing voice,

‘Δεῦτε, φίλοι, καὶ τοῦτον ἐγείρατε καλὸν ἀγῶνα.’

[552]— “This way, friends, for the next fine contest!”

ἔννεπε: κεκλομένου δὲ φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου
πρῶτος Ἀρισταῖος, μετέπειτα δὲ δεῦτερος ἔστι
555 Αἰακὸς εὐπαλάμοιο πάλης δεδαημένος ἔργα.
ζῶματι δὲ σκεπὼντες ἀθηήτου φύσιν αἰδοῦς
γυμνοὶ ἀεθλεύοντες ἐφέστασαν: ἀμφοτέροι δὲ
πρῶτα μὲν ἀμφοτέρας παλάμας ἐπὶ δίζυγι καρπῷ
σὺμπλεκον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, χυτῆς ἐπὶ νῶτα κοινῆς
560 ἀλλήλους ἐρύοντες ἀμοιβαδῖς, ἄμματι χειρῶν
ἀκροτάτῳ σφίγγαντες: ἔην δ’ ἀμφίδρομος ἀνὴρ,
ἄνδρα παλινδίνητον ἄγων ἑτερόζυγι παλμῷ,
ἔλκων ἑλκόμενός τε: συνοχμάζοντο γὰρ ἄμφω
χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίῃσιν, ἐκυρτώσαντο δὲ δειρῇν,
565 μεσσαιτίῳ δὲ κάρηνον ἐπηρείδοντο μετώπῳ
ἀκλινέες, νεύοντες ἐπὶ χθονός: ἐκ δὲ μετώπῳ
θλιβομένων καμάτοιο προάγγελος ἔρρεεν ἰδρώς:
ἀμφοτέρων δ’ ἄρα νῶτα κεκυφότα πῆχεος ὀλκῷ
δίζυγι συμπλεκέος παλάμης ἐτρίβετο δεσμῷ:
σμῶδιξ δ’ αὐτοτέλεστος ἀνέδραμεν αἵματι θερμῷ,
575 αἰόλα πορφύρουσα: δέμας δ’ ἐστίζετο φωτῶν.

[553] He spoke, and at the summons of crownloving Dionysos, Aristaios first rose, then second Aiacos, one well schooled in the lore of strongarmed wrestling. The athletes came forward naked but for the body-belts that hid their unseen loins. They both began by grasping each the other’s wrists, and wreathed this way and that way, and pulled each other in turn over the surface of the widespread dust, holding the arms in a close grip of the fingers. Between the two men it was like ebb and flow, man drawing man with evenly balanced pulls, dragging and dragged; for they hugged each other with both arms and bent the neck, and pressed head to head on the middle of the forehead, pushing steadily downwards. Sweat ran from their rubbed foreheads to show the hard struggle; the backs of both were bent by the pull of the arms, and pressed hard by the two pairs of twined hands. Many a weal ran up of itself and made a purple pattern with the hot blood, until the fellows’ bodies were marked with it.

οἱ δὲ παλαισμοσύνῃς ἑτερότροπα μάγγανα τέχνης
ἀλλήλοις ἀνέφαινον ἀμοιβαδῖς: ἀντίβιον δὲ
πρῶτος Ἀρισταῖος παλάμης πηχύνατο καρπῷ,
ἐκ χθονὸς ὀχλίζων: δολίης δ’ οὐ λήθετο τέχνης

580 Αἰάκός αἰολόμητις, ὑποκλέπτοντι δὲ ταρσῶ
 λαῖον Ἀρισταίῳ ποδὸς κώληπα πατάξας
 ὕπτιον αὐτοκύλιστον ὄλον περικάββαλε γαίῃ,
 ἡλιβάτῳ πρηῶνι πανεῖκελον: ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
 τηλίκον αὐχέντα βοῶμενον υἷα Φοῖβου
 585 ὄμμασι θαμβάλεοισιν ἐθηήσαντο πεσόντα.
 δεῦτερος ἤέρταζε μετάρσιον ὑψόθι γαίης
 κουφίζων ἀμογητὶ πελώριον υἷα Κυρήνης
 Αἰάκός, ἐσσομένην ἀρετὴν τεκέεσσι φυλάσσων,
 ἀκαμάτῳ Πηλῇ καὶ εὐρυβίῃ Τελαμῶνι,
 590 ἀγκὰς ἔχων, οὐ νῶτον ἢ ὄρθιον αὐχένα κάμπτων,
 πήχεσιν ἀμφοτέροισι μεσαίτατον ἄνδρα κομίζων,
 ἴσον ἀμειβόντεσσιν ἔχων τύπον, οὓς κάμε τέκτων
 πρηῶνων ἀνέμοιο θυελλήεσσιν ἀνάγκῃν.
 καὶ πελάσας ὄλον ἄνδρα περιστρωθέντα κονίῃ
 595 Αἰάκός ἀντιπάλοιο μέσων ἐπεβήσατο νώτων
 καὶ πόδα πεπταμένης διὰ γαστέρος ἐκταδὰ πέμπων,
 καμπύλον ἀκροτάτῳ περὶ γούνατι δέσμα συνάπτων,
 ταρσῶ ταρσὸν ἔρειδε παρὰ σφυρὸν ἄκρον ἐλίξας:
 καὶ ταχὺς ἀντιβίου τετανυσμένος ὑψόθι νώτων,
 αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἔβαλλε βραχίονι, δάκτυλα κάμψας:
 μυδαλέῳ δ' ἰδρῶτι χυτὴν ἔρραινε κονίην,
 αὐχμηρῇ ψαμάθῳ διερὴν ῥαθάμιγγα καθαίρων,
 600 μὴ διολισθήσειε περίπλοκος ἄμματι χειρῶν
 θερμὴν τριβομένοιο κατ' αὐχένος ἱκμάδα πέμπων.

[576] So they showed each against the other all the various tricks of the wrestler's art. Then first Aristaios got his arms round his adversary and heaved him bodily from the ground. But Aiacos the crafty did not forget his cunning skill; with insinuating leg he gave a kick behind the left knee of Aristaios, and rolled him over bodily, helpless upon his back on the ground, for all the world like a falling cliff. The people round about all gazed with astonished eyes at the son of Phoibos, so grand, so proud, so famous, taking a fall! Next Aiacos without an effort lifted the gigantic son of Cyrene high above the ground, to be an example of valour for his future sons, Peleus the unwearying and Telamon the mighty: he held the man in his arms, bending neither back nor upright neck, carrying the man with both arms by the middle, so that they were like a couple of cross-rafters which some carpenter has made to calm the stormy compulsion of the winds. Aiacos threw down the man at full length in the dust, and got on his adversary's back as he lay, thrust both legs along under his belly and bent them in a close clasp just below the knees, pressing foot to foot, and encircling the ankles; quickly he stretched himself over his adversary's back and wound his two hands over each other round the neck like a necklace, interlacing his fingers, and so made his arms a

fetter for the neck. Sweat poured in streams and soaked the dust, but he wiped away the running drops with dry sand, that his adversary might not slip out of his encircling grip by the streams of hot moisture which he sent out of his squeezed neck.

τοῦ δὲ πιεζομένοιο συνέρρεον ὀξεὶ παλμῷ
κεκριμένοι κήρυκες, ὀπιπευτῆρες ἀγῶνος,
μὴ μιν ἀποκτείνειεν ὁμόζυγι πῆχeos ὀλκῷ.
605 οὐ γὰρ ἔην τότε θεσμὸς ὁμοίος, ὃν πάρος αὐτοὶ
ὀψίγονοι φράσσαντο, τιταινομένων ὅτε δεσμῶν
αὔχενίων πνικτῆρι πόνῳ βεβαρημένος ἀνὴρ
νίκην ἀντιπάλου μνηστεύεται ἔμφρονι σιγῇ,
ἀνέρα νικήσαντα κατηφεί χειρὶ πατάξας.

[602] As he lay in this tight embrace, the heralds came running up at full speed, men chosen to be overseers of the games, that the victor might not kill him with those strangling arms. For there was then no such law as in later days their successors invented, for the ease when a man overwhelmed by the suffocating pain of a noose round the neck testifies the victory of his adversary with significant silence, by tapping the victor with submissive hand.

610 καὶ τρίπον εἰκοσίμετρον ἐπηχύναντο λαβόντες
Μυρμιδόνες, θεράποντες ἀεθλοφόρου βασιλῆος:
Ἄκταιων δὲ λέβητα ταχίονι κούφισε ῥιπῇ,
δεύτερα πατρὸς ἄεθλα κατηφεί χειρὶ κομίζων.

[610] Then the Myrmidons laid hands on the twenty-measure tripod as the servants of the victorious prince; and Actaion quickly lifted the cauldron, his father's second prize, and carried it away with sorrowful hand.

καὶ τότε Βάκχος ἔθηκε ποδῶν ταχυτῆτος ἀγῶνα:
615 πρῶτῳ ἀεθλητῆρι τιθεὶς κειμήλια νίκης
ἀργῦρεον κρητῆρα δορικτήτην τε γυναῖκα,
δευτέρῳ αἰολόδειρον ἐθήκατο Θεσσαλὸν ἵππον,
καὶ πυμάτῳ ξίφος ὅξ' ὃν εὐτμήτῳ τελαμῶνι.
ὀρθωθεὶς δ' ἀγόρευε, ποδώκεας ἄνδρας ἐπέιγων:

[614] Then Bacchos set the contest of the footrace. For the first man he offered as treasures of victory a silver mixing-bowl and a woman captive of the spear; for the second he offered a Thessalian horse with dappled neck; for the last, a sharp sword with well-wrought sling-strap. He rose and made the announcement, calling for quickfoot runners:

620 ‘Ἀνδράσιν ὠκυπόροισιν ἀέθλια ταῦτα γενέσθω.’
ὥς φαμένου

[620] “Let these be the prizes for men who can run!”

Δικταῖος ἐθήμονα γούνατα πάλλων...
τῷ δ’ ἐπὶ ποικιλόμητις ἀνέδραμεν ὠκὺς Ἐρεχθεύς,
Παλλάδι Νικαίῃ μεμελημένος, αὐτὰρ ἐπ’ αὐτῷ
625 Πρίασος ὠκυπόδης, Κυβελήιδος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης.
625 τοῖσι μὲν ἐκ βαλβίδος ἔην δρόμος· Ὀκυθόος δὲ
πρῶτος ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν κουφίζετο παλμῷ,
ἰθυτενῇ προκέλευθον ἔχων δρόμον· ἐσσύμενος δὲ
δεύτερος ἀγχικέλευθος, ὀπίστερος ἦεν Ἐρεχθεύς,
γείτονος Ὀκυθόοιο μετάφρενον ἄσθματι βάλλων,
630 καὶ κεφαλὴν θέρμαινε· φιληλακάτοιο δὲ κούρης
οἷα κανὼν στέρνοιο πέλει μέσος, ὃν τινι μέτρῳ
παρθένος ἰστοπόνος τεχνήμονι χειρὶ τανύσση,
Ὀκυθόου πέλε τόσσον ὀπίστερος· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
ἴχνια τύπτε πόδεσσι, πάρος κόνιν ἀμφιχυθῆναι.
635 καὶ νῦ κεν ἀμφήριστος ἔην δρόμος· ἀλλὰ πορείην
μιμηλὴν ἰσόμετρον ἰδὼν ἐπιταίνετο ταρσῷ
κουφοτέρῳ, καὶ φῶτα παρέδραμε μείζονι μέτρῳ,
ὀππόσον ἀνέρος ἴχνος· ὅθεν τρομέων περὶ νίκης
τοῖον ἔπος βοόων Βορέην ἰκέτευεν Ἐρεχθεύς:

[621] At these words, came Dictaian Ocythoos, falls counted (in which A throws B off his feet while still standing himself). The name inferred from what follows. A line has dropt out. wagging his experienced knees. Next ran up fleet Erechtheus, a man full of craft, and dear to Victorious Pallas; after him fleetfoot Priasos, one from the arable land of Cybele. Off they went from scratch. Ocythoos led, light as the stormwind on his feet, going straight ahead and keeping his lead. Close behind came Erechtheus second at full speed, with his breath beating on the back of Ocythoos close by, and warming his head with it: as near as the rod lies between the web and the breast of a girl who loves the shuttle, when she holds it at measured distance with skilful hand working at the loom, so much was he behind Ocythoos, and he trod in his footmarks on the ground before the dust could settle in them. Then it would have been a dead heat; but Ocythoos saw this rival running pace for pace with himself, so he made a spurt and ran past the fellow by a longer distance, as much as a man’s pace. Then Erechtheus anxious for victory addressed a prayer to Boreas and cried out:

640 ‘Γαμβρέ, τεῶ χραίσμησον Ἐρεχθεῖ καὶ σέο νύμφῃ,

εἰ μεθέπεις γλυκὺν οἶστρον ἐμῆς ἔτι παιδὸς Ἑρώτων·
δὸς μοι σῶν περυγῶν βάλιον δρόμον εἰς μίαν ὥρην,
ᾠκύθοος ταχύγουνον ἵνα προθέοντα παρέλθω.’

[640] “Goodson, help your own Erechtheus and your own bride, if you still cherish a sweet passion for my girl, your sweetheart! Lend me the speed of your swift wings for one hour, that I may pass kneequick Ocythoos now in front!”

ὥς φαμένου Βορέης ἱκετήσιον ἔκλυε φωνήν,
645 καὶ μιν ἐυτροχάλοιο ταχίονα θῆκεν ἀέλλης.
τρεῖς μὲν ἐπερρώοντο ποδῶν ἀνεμώδεϊ παλμῶ,
ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἴσα τάλαντα· καὶ ὀππόσον ὠκέϊ ταρσῶ
ᾠκυθόου προθέοντος ὀπίστερος ἦεν Ἑρεχθεύς,
τόσσον ἀελλήεντος Ἑρεχθέος ἔπλετο γείτων
650 Πρίασος αὐχήμες, Φρύγιον γένος. ἐσσυμένων δὲ
ὀππότε λοισθιος ἦεν ἔτι δρόμος ἄλματι ταρσῶν,
ᾠκύθοος ταχύγουνος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίη,
ἧχι βοῶν πέλεν ὄνθος ἀθέσφατος, οὓς παπὰ τύμβῳ
Μυγδονίῃ Διόνυσος ἀπηλοίησε μαχαίρῃ·
655 ἀλλὰ παλιννόστοιο ποδὸς ταχυσιδινεῖ παλμῶ
ᾠκύθοος πεφόρητο μετάλμενος· ἐσσυμένως δὲ
ἀντιπάλου προθέοντος ἐπήλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,
εἰ τότε βαιὸς ἔην ἔτκ που δρόμος, ἧ τάχα βαινῶν
ἧ πέλεν ἀμφήριστος ἧ ἔφθασεν ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης.

[644] Boreas heard his supplicating voice, and made him swifter than the rapid gale. All three were moving their legs like the wind, but the balance was not equal for all: as far as Erechtheus was behind Ocythoos running before him with swift foot, so far behind, near stormswift Erechtheus, was Priasos the proud son of Phrygia. So they ran on, until just as the end of the race was coming for their bounding feet, kneeswift Ocythoos slipt in the dirt, where was an infinite heap of dung from those cattle which had been slaughtered by the Mygdonian knife of Dionysos beside the tomb. But he sprang backwards with a quick-whirling spring of his foot and jumped back again, then off he went — and he would have quickly passed the travelling step of his rival running in front if there had been even a little space to run: whereby he would either have made a dead heat by a spurt or he would have passed the Athenian.

660 καὶ κτέρας αἰολόνωτον ἐκούφισεν ὠκύς Ἑροχθεύς,
Σιδόνιον κρητῆρα τετυγμένον· ᾠκύθοος δὲ
εἵρυσσε Θεσσαλὸν ἵππον· ὁ δὲ τρίτος ἡρέμα βαινῶν

Πριάσος ἄορ ἔδεκτο σὺν ἀρυγρέῳ τελαμῶνι.
καὶ Σατύρων ἐγέλασσε χορὸς φιλοπαίγμονι θυμῷ,
665 παπταίνων Κορύβαντα χυτῇ ῥυπόωντα κονίῃ,
ὄνθον ἀποπτύοντα κατάρρυτον ἀνθερεῶνος.

[660] Swift Erechtheus then lifted the Sidonian mixing-bowl, that treasure adorned with curious workmanship on the surface; Ocythoos took off the Thessalian horse; Priasos quietly walked in third, and received the sword with silver sling-strap. The company of Satyrs laughed in mocking spirit when they saw the Corybant smeared all over with dirt, and spitting out the dung that filled his throat.

καὶ σόλον αὐτοχόωνον ἄγων ἐπέθηκεν ἀγῶνι
δισκοβόλους Διόνυσος ἀκοντιστῆρας ἐπειγών:
πρώτῳ μὲν δύο δοῦρα σὺν ἵπποκόμῳ τρυφαλεῖη
670 θῆκεν ἄγων, ἐτέρῳ δὲ διαυγέα κυκλάδα μίτρην,
καὶ τριτάτῳ φιάλην, καὶ νεβρίδα θῆκε τετάρτῳ,
ἦν χρυσέῃ κληῖδι Διὸς περονήσατα χαλκεύς.
ὀρθωθείς δ' ἀνὰ μέσσον ἐγερσινώῳ φάτο φωιῇ:

[667] Now Dionysos brought out a lump of crude ore and laid it before him, and summoned competitors to put the weight. For the first, he brought and offered two spears and a helmet with horsehair crest; for the second, a brilliant round body-girdle; for the third, a flat bowl; and for the fourth a fawnskin, which the craftsman of Zeus had fastened with a golden brooch. Then he rose, and made his announcement among them in a rousing tone:

‘Οὔτος ἀγὼν ἐπὶ δίσκον ἀεθλητῆρας ἐπείγει.’

[674] “This contest calls for competitors with the weight!”

675 ὥς φαμένου Βρομίοιο σακέσπαλος ὦρτο Μεγισσεύς,
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ δεῦτερος ἦλθεν ἀερσιπόδης Ἀλιμῆδης,
καὶ τρίτος Εὐρυμέδων καὶ τέτρατος ἦλυθρην Ἄκμων:
καὶ πίσυρες στοκκησὸν ἐφέστοασαν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ.
καὶ σόλον εὐδίωητον ἐλῶν ἔρριψε Μελισσεύς:
680 Σειληνοὶ δ' ἐγέλασαν ὀλίζονα φωτὸς ἐρῶν.
δεύτερος Εὐρυμέδων παλάμην ἐπερείσατο δίσκῳ...
καὶ σόλον εὐδίνητον ἐλῶν νωμήτορι καρπῷ
βριθὺ βέλος προέηκε περίτροχον εὖλοφος Ἄκμων:
καὶ βέλος ἠερόφοιτον ἐπέτρεχε σὺνσρομον αὔραις,
685 καὶ σκοπὸν Εὐρυμέδοντος ὑπέρβαλε μείζονι μέτρῳ
ὀξεῖη στρογάιγγι: καὶ ὑπιπόδης Ἀλιμῆδης

εἷς σκοπὸν ἠκόντιξεν ἐν ἥερι δίσκον ἀλήτην:
καὶ σόλος ἠερίησιν ἐπερροίζησεν ἀέλλαις
ἐκ βριαρῆς παλάμης πεφορημένος, ὥς ἀπὸ τόξου
690 ἵπταται ἀσταθέεσσι βέλος δεδονημένον αὔραις
ὄρθιον: ἠερόθεν δὲ πεσὼν ἐκυκίνετο γαίῃ
ἄλματι τηλεπόρῳ, πεφορημένος εἰσέτι παλμῷ
χειρὸς ἐυστρέτοιο, φέρων αὐτόσσυτον ὀρμήν,
εἰσόκε σήματα πάντα παρέσπαμεν: ἀγρόμενοι δὲ
695 πάντες ἐπεσμαράγησαν ὀπιευτῆρες ἀγῶνος,
ἄλλομένου δίσκοιο τεθηπότες ἄστατον ὀρμήν.

[675] At these words of Bromios up rose shakeshield Melisseus; second after him came footlifting Halimedes, and third, Eurymedon, and fourth, Acmon. The four stood in a row side by side. Melisseus took the lump, swung it well and threw: the Seilenoi laughed loudly at the fellow's miserable throw! Second, Eurymedon rested his hand on the weight [and threw it farther] . Then highcrested Acmon took the lump, swung it well with experienced wrist, and cast the heavy missile hurtling through the air; the missile travelled through the air like the wind, and passed Eurymedon's mark by a longer measure, whirling swiftly. Then Halimedes, towering high on his feet, sent the weight travelling through the air to the mark: the mass whistled amid the stormwinds in the sky when hurled by that strong hand — for it flew like an arrow straight from a bow, twirled by unstable breezes; down from the sky to the earth it fell after its long leap, and rolled along the ground still under the impulse of the accomplished hand, moving of itself, until it had passed all the marks. The spectators of the contest crowded and cheered all together, amazed at the unchecked movement of the weight bounding along.

καὶ δονέων δύο δοῦρα σὺν ὑψιλόφῳ τρυχαλεῖῃ
διπλόα δῶρα κόμιζεν ἀγηνορέων Ἀλιμήδης:
ἄκμων δ' εἰλιπόδης χρυσαυγέα κούφισε μίτρην:
700 καὶ τρίτος Εὐρυμέδων φιάλην ἀπύρωτον αἵρας
ἀμφίθετον κτέρας εἶλε: κατηφίῳν δὲ προσώπτῳ
νεβρίδα ποικλόνωτον ἀνέρταζε Μελισσεύς.

[697] Halimedes proudly received the double prize, and went off with the highplumed helmet shaking the pair of spears. Acmon came shuffling up and lifted the body-belt shining with gold; third Eurymedon took up his treasure, the brand-new bowl with two handles; Melisseus with downcast countenance lifted the dappled fawnskin.

καὶ προμάχοις Διόνυσος ἀέθλια θήκατο τόξου,
εὐστοχίης ἀνάθημα: καὶ ἑπταέτηρον ἐρύσας

705 ἡμίονον ταλαεργὸν ἐνεστήριξεν ἁγῶνι,
καὶ δέπας εὐποίητον ἀέθλιον ἴστατο νίκης
ἀνδρὶ χερειοτέρῳ πεφυλαγμένον. Εὐρύαλος δὲ
νήιον ὀρθώσας περιμήκετον ἱστὸν ἀρούρη
στῆσεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδου ψαμαθώδεος, ὑψιφανῇ δὲ
710 δέσμιον ἠώρησε πελειάδα σύμπλοκον ἱστῶ,
λεπραλέον δισοῖσι μίτον περὶ ποσσὶν ἐλίξας.
καὶ θεὸς ἀγρομένοις ἐναγώνιον ἴαχε φωνήν,
εἰς σκοπὸν ἡερόφοιτον ὀιστευτῆρας ἐπείγων:

[703] Now Dionysos put prizes ready for champions of the bow, the offering for good archery. He led out for the contest a hardy sevenyear mule, and made it stand before the company; and laid down a well-finished goblet as prize of victory to be kept for the less competent man. Then Euryalos planted a ship's tall mast in the ground, upright above the sandy soil, and fastened a wild pigeon by a string to the top of the mast, winding a light cord about the two feet. The god called to all those assembled for the games, inviting any to shoot at the flying mark:

‘ὅς μὲν ὀιστεύσειε πελειάδος ἄκρα τορήσας,
715 ἡμίονον φερέτω πολυαλφέα, μάρτυρα νίκης:
ὅς δὲ παραπλάζοιτο πελειάδος εἰς σκοπὸν ἔλκων,
ὄρνιν ἐνγλώχινι λιπῶν ἀχάρακτον ὀιστῶ,
ἄκρα δὲ μηρίνθοιο βαλὼν πετρόεντι βελέμνῳ,
ἥσσονα τοξεύσειε καὶ ἥσσονα δῶρα δεχέσθω:
720 ἀντὶ γὰρ ἡμιόνου δέπας οἴσεται, ὄφρ’ αἱ Φοῖβῳ
τοξοφόρῳ σπείσειε καὶ οἶνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ.’

[714] “Whoever shall pierce the skin of the pigeon, let him receive this valuable mule as witness to his victory: whoever shall draw at the mark and miss the pigeon, leaving the bird unwounded by the barbed arrow’, but shall touch the string with his feathered shaft, he will be a worse shot and he shall receive a worse prize; for instead of the mule he shall carry off the goblet, that he may pour a libation to Archer Apollo and Winegod Dionysos.”

τοῖον ἔπος βοόωντος ἔχεκτεάνοιο Λυαίου
εὐχαίτης Ὑμέναιος ἐκηβόλος εἰς μέσον ἔστη...
εἰς σκοπὸν ἰθυκέλευθον ἄγων ἀντῶπιον ἱστοῦ,
725 Κνώσσια τόξα φέρων τετανναμένα κυκλάδι νευρῇ,
Ἀστέριος προέηκε βέλος κλήροιο τυχήσας,
καὶ τῆς μηρίνθοιο: δαΐζομένης δὲ βελέμνῳ
ἥερι πεφόρητο μεφόρητο μετάρσιος ὄρνις ἀλήμων:
καὶ μίτος εἰς χθόνα πῦπτε. δι’ ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου

⁷³⁰ ὄμμα φέρων ἑλικηδόν, ὑπὲρ νεφέων δὲ δοκεῶν
 τοξευτὴρ Ὑμέναιος ἐτοιμοτάτης ἀπὸ νευρῆς
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἠερόφοιτον ὑπηνέμιον βέλος ἔλκων
 ὀξύτερον προέηκε, πελειάδος ἄντα τιταίνων·
 καὶ πτερόεις πεπότητο δι' ἥερος ἰὸς ἀλήτης
⁷³⁵ ἄκροφανῆς, μέσα νῶτα παραξύνων νεφελᾶων,
 συρίζων ἀνέμοιοι· βέλος δ' ἴθυνεν Ἀπόλλων
 πιστὰ φέρων δυαέρωτι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ·
 ἵπταμένης δ' ἐτύχησε πελειάδος, ἐσσυμένης δὲ
 στήθεος ἄκρον ἔτυψε· βαρυνομένου δὲ καρήνου
⁷⁴⁰ ὄρνις ἀελλήεσσα δι' ἥερος ἔμπεσε γαίῃ·
 ἡμιθανῆς δὲ πέλεια περὶ πτερὰ πάλλε κονίη,
 ποσσὶ περισκοίρουσα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου.

[722] Such was the proclamation of wealthy Lyaïos. Then Hymenaios the longshot, with his flowing hair, came forward [and after him Asterios. The lot fell to Asterios;] and he taking aim straight at the mast in front of him, with his Cnossian bow and the string pulled back from it, let fly the first shot, and hit the string. When the shaft cut the string, the bird flew away up into the sky and the cord fell to the ground. Archer Hymenaios followed round the bird's high course with his eye and watched for him over the clouds; he had his bowstring quite ready, and let fly a swift shot through the air at his highflying mark, aiming at the pigeon. The winged arrow sped travelling through the air visible on high, grazing the surface of the cloud in the middle, whistling at the winds. Apollo held the shot straight, keeping faith with his lovesick brother Dionysos; the point hit the flying pigeon and struck it upon the breast as it sped, and the bird fell through the air quick as the wind to the earth, with heavy head, and half-dead the pigeon beat about with its wings in the dust, fluttering about the feet of Dionysos weaver of dances.

καὶ θεὸς ἡβητῆρος ἀναθρώσκων ἐπὶ νίκῃ
 χεῖρας ἐπεπλάταγῃσεν ἐπικλάγξας Ὑμεναίῳ·
⁷⁴⁵ ξυνοὶ δ' εἰν ἐνὶ πάντες, ὅσοι παρέμινον ἀγῶνι,
 ἀγχινεφῇ θάμβησαν ἐκηβολίην Ὑμεναίου.
 καὶ γελῶν Διόνυσος ἑαῖς παλάμῃσιν ἐρύσσας
 ἡγίονον πόρε δῶρον ὀφειλομένην Ὑμεναίῳ·
 καὶ γέρας Ἀστερίοιο δέπας κούφιζον ἐταῖροι.

[743] Then the god leapt up on the young man's victory, and clapt his hands to applaud Hymenaios; and the company one and all who were present at the contest were astonished at the long shot of Hymenaios near the clouds. Dionysos laughing led forward with his own hands the mule which was due as a prize to Hymenaios, and gave it to him; and the comrades of Asterios lifted

his prize, the goblet.

750 καὶ φιλὴν ἐπὶ δῆριν ἄκοντιστῆρας ἐμείγων
Ἴνδικὰ Βάκχος ἄεθλα φέρων παρέθηκεν ἀγῶνι,
διχθαδίην κνημίδα καὶ Ἰνσῶης λίθον ἄλμης.
ὀρθωθεὶς δ' ἀγόρευε, δῶ δ' ἐκέλευσε μαχηταῖς,
ὄφρα μόθῳ παίζοντι καὶ οὐ κτείνοντι σιδήρῳ
755 μιμηλὴν τελέσωσιν ἀναιμόνος εἰκόνα χάρμης:

[750] Now Bacchos invited those present to a friendly match at casting the javelin, and brought forward Indian prizes, a pair of greaves, and a stone from the Indian sea. He rose and made his announcement, and called for two warriors, bidding them show a fictitious image of bloodless battle, with not-killing steel in sport:

‘Οὗτος ἀγὼν δύο φῶτας ἄκοντιστῆρας ἐγείρων
μείλιχον οἶδεν Ἄρηα καὶ κύδιόωσαν Ἐνυώ.’

[756] “This contest summons two javelin-men, and knows only Ares gentle and Enyo tranquil.”

ὥς φαμένου Βρομίοιο σιδήρεα τεύχεα πάλλων
Ἀστέριος κεκόρθετο, καὶ Αἰακὸς εἰς μέσον ἔστη
760 χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχων, πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα πάλλων,
οἷα λέων ἄγρηνος ἐπαίσσων τινὶ ταύρῳ
ἢ συὶ λαχνήεντι: σιδηρεῖω δέ χιτῶνι
εἰς μέσον ἐρρώνοντο καλυψάμενοι δέμας ἄμφω
Ἄρεος αἰχμητῆρες: ὁ μὲν δόρθο θυρὸν ἰάλλων
765 Ἀστέριος, Μίνωος ἔχων πατρώιον ἀλκήν,
οὕτασε δεξιτεροῖο βραχίονος ἄκρον ἀμύξας:
ὅς δ' ἐκ κατ' ἀσοαράγοιο σιδήρεον ἔγχος ἀείρων
Αἰακός, ὑψιμέδοντος ἐοῦ Διὸς ἄξια ῥέξων,
νύξαι μὲν μενέαινε μεσαίτατον ἀνθερεῶνα:
770 ἀλλὰ ἐ Βάκχος ἔρυκε καὶ ἤρπασε φοίνιον αἰχμήν,
αὐχένα μὴ πλήξειεν ἄκοντιστῆρι σιδήρῳ:

[758] So spoke Bromios, and Asterios came up armed, shaking his weapons of steel; and Aiacos stepped forward, holding a bronze spear and shaking a shield gorgeously adorned, like a lion in the country charging a bull or a shaggy boar. Both these spearmen of Ares marched forward covered with steel corselets. Asterios cast a furious spear with the vigour of Minos his father, and he wounded the right arm grazing the skin. Aiacos, doing a deed worthy of his father Zeus Lord in the highest, aimed his iron spear at the gullet and

tried to pierce the throat right in the middle; but Bacchos checked him and caught the deadly blade, that he might not strike the neck with the cast spear. Then he made them both stop, and called out with wild voice —

ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἀνέκοψε καὶ ἴαχε θυιάδι φωνῇ:
‘Ρίψατε τεύχεα ταῦτα φίλην στήσαντες Ἐνυώ:
ἄρθμιος οὗτος Ἄπης, καὶ ἀνούτατοι εἰσιν ἄγῶνες.’

[773] “Drop those spears! Yours was a friendly battle. This is a peaceful war, a contest without wounds.”

775 ἔννεπεν: ἔγρεμόθου δὲ λαβὼν πρεσβήια νίκης
Αἰακὸς αὐχῆεις χρυσέας κνημῖδας αἰείρων
δῶκεν ἔῳ θεράποντι: καὶ ὕστερα δῶρα κομιζων
Ἀστέριος κούφιζε δορικτήτην λίθον Ἴνδῶν.

[775] So he spoke. Aiacos proudly received the prize of battlestirring victory, and took the golden greaves, which he handed over to his servant. Asterios carried off the second prize, the Indian stone taken by force of arms.

BOOK 38

ἦχι τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ὄγδοον, αἴθοπι δαλῶ
δειλαίου Φαέθοντος ἔχεις μόρον ἠνιοχῆος.
λῦτο δ' ἄγών· λαοὶ δὲ μετήιον ἔνδια λόχμης,
καὶ σφετέραις κλισίῃσιν ὁμίλεον· ἀγρονόμοι δὲ
Πᾶνες ἐναυλίζοντο χαραδραίοισι μελάθροισι,
αὐτοπαγῇ ναίοντες ἐρημάδος ἄντρα λεαίνης
5 ἑσπέριοι· Σάτυροι δὲ δεδυκότες εἰς σπέος ἄρκτου
θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι καὶ οὐ τμητῆρι σιδήρῳ
πετραίην ἐλάχειαν ἐκοιλαίνοντο χαμεύνην,
εἰσόκεν ὄρθρος ἔλαμψε σελασφόρος, ἀρτιφανὲς δὲ
ἀμφοτέροις ἀνέτελλε γαληναίης φάος Ἡοῦς,
10 Ἴνδοις καὶ Σατύροισιν· ἐπεὶ τότε κυκλάδι νύσση
Μυγδονίου πολέμοιο καὶ Ἴνδῶοιο κυδοιμοῦ
ἀμβολίην ἐτάνυσσεν ἔλιξ χρόνος· οὐδέ τις αὐτοῖς
οὐ φόνος, οὐ τότε δῆρις· ἔκειτο δὲ τηλόθι χάρμης
Βακχιὰς ἐξαέτηρος ἀραχνιώσα βοεῖη.

BOOK XXXVIII

*When the thirty-eighth takes its turn, you have the fate of unhappy Phaethon
in the chariot, with a blazing brand.*

THE games were over. The people retired into the recesses of the forest, and entered their huts. The rustic Pans housed themselves under shelter in the ravines, for they occupied at evening time the natural caverns of a lioness in the wilds. The Satyrs dived into a bear's cave, and hollowed their little bed in the rock with sharp finger-nails in place of cutting steel; until the lightbringing morning shone, and the brightness of Dawn newly risen showed itself peacefully to both Indians and Satyrs. For then Time rolling in his ambit prolonged the truce of combat and strife between Indians and Mygdonians; there was no carnage among them then, no conflict, and the shield which Bacchos had borne for six years lay far from the battle covered with spiders' webs.

15 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολέμων ἔτος ἑβδομον ἦγαγον Ὠραι,
οὐράνιον τότε σῆμα προάγγελον οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ
φαίνεται, θάμβος ἄπιστον· ἐπεὶ ζόφος ἦματι μέσσω
ἀπροϊδῆς τετάνυστο, κελαινιόωντι δὲ πέπλω
κρυπτόμενον Φαέθοντα μεσημβριὰς εἶχεν ὁμίχλη,
20 κλεπτομένης δ' ἀκτῖνος ἐπεσκιόωντο κολῶναι·
καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατήριπε πυρσὸς ἀλήτης,

ἄρματος οὐρανίῳ καταρρυτος: ἄκρα δὲ γαίης
μυρίος ἔκλυσεν ὄμβρος, ἐκυμαίνοντο δὲ πέτραι
ἡερίαις λιβάδεσσιν, ἔως μόγις ὑπόθι διφρῶν
25 ὑψιφανῆς ἀνέτελλε πάλιν πυρόεις Ὑπερίων.

[15] But as soon as the Seasons brought the seventh year of warfare, a foreboding sign was shown to winefaced Bacchos in the sky, an incredible wonder. For at midday, a sudden darkness was spread abroad, and a midday obscurity covered Phaethon with its black pall, and the hills were overshadowed as his beams were stolen away. Many a stray brand fell here and there scattered from the heavenly car; thousands of rainshowers deluged the surface of the earth, the rocks were flooded by drops from the sky, until fiery Hyperion rose again shining high on his chariot after his hard struggle.

Βάκχῳ δ' ἀσχαλὼντι δι' ἡέρος αἴσιος ἔπτῃ
αἰετὸς ὑψικέλευθος, ὄφιν κερύοντα κομίζων
θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσιν: ὁ δὲ θρασὺν αὐχένα κάμπτων
κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησεν Ὑδάσπῃ.
30 καὶ τρομερὴ νήριθμον ὅλον στρατὸν εἶχε σιωπῇ:
Ἴδμων δ' αἰολόμητις, ἐπεὶ μάθεν ὄργια Μοῦσης
οὐρανίης εὐκυκλον ἐπισταμένης ἴτυν ἄστρον,
ἄτρομος ἴστατο μοῦνος, ἐπεὶ μάθεν Ἴδμονι τέχνη
συμπλεκέος Φαέθοντι κατάσκια κύκλα Σελήνης,
35 καὶ φλόγα πορφύρουσαν ὑπὸ ζοφοειδέϊ κώνω
κλεπτομένου Φαέθοντος ἀθηήτοιο πορείης,
καὶ πάταγον βρονταῖον ἀρασσομένων νεφελάων,
αἰθέριον μύκημα, καὶ ἀστράπτοντα κομήτην,
καὶ δοκίδων ἀκτῖνα, καὶ ἔμπυρον ἄλμα κεραυνοῦ
40 τοῖα παρ' Οὐρανίης δεδαημένος ἔργα θεαίνης
ἴστατο θαρσέεσσαν ἔχων φρένα: γυῖα δ' ἐκάστου
λύετο: μαντιπόλος δὲ γέρων γελῶντι προσώπῳ
Ἴδμων ἐμπεδόμυθον ἔχων ἐπὶ χεῖλεσι πειθῶ
λαὸν ὅλον θάρσυνεν, ὅτι χρόνιοιο κυδοιμοῦ
45 ἐσσομένην μετὰ βαιὸν ἐπίστατο γείτονα νίκην.

[26] Then a happy omen was seen by impatient Bacchos, an eagle flying high through the air, holding a horned snake in his sharp talons. The snake twisted his bold neck, and slipt away of itself diving into the river Hydaspes. Trembling silence held all that innumerable host. Idmon alone stood untrembling, Idmon the treasury of learned lore, for he had been taught the secrets of Urania, the Muse who knows the round circuit of the stars: he had been taught by his learned art the shades on the Moon's orb when in union with the Sun, and the ruddy flame of Phaethon stolen out of sight from his

course behind the cone of darkness, and the clap of thunder, the heavenly bellow of the bursting clouds, and the shining comet, and the flame of meteors, and the fiery leap of the thunderbolt. Having been taught all these doings by Urania the goddess he stood with dauntless heart, while the limbs of every man were loosened. But Idmon that ancient seer encouraged all the host, with laughing countenance, and words of confident persuasion upon his lips: "I know," he said, "that victory is near, and soon it will end this long struggle."

καὶ Φρύγιον πολὺιδριν ἀνείρετο μάντιν Ἐρεχθεὺς,
σύμβολα παπταίνων ὑπάρχοντος Διός, εἰ πέλε χάρμης
αἴσια δυσμενέεσσιν ἢ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ,
οὐτόσον ὑσμίνης ποθέων τέλος, ὅσσον ἀκοῦσαι
50 μυστιπόλοις ὁάροισι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ὀλύμπου,
καὶ στήχας ἀστραίων ἐλίκων καὶ κυκλάδα μήνην,
καὶ δύσιν ἡματιήν Φαεθοντίδος ἄμμορον αἴγλης
κλεπτομένης. αἰεὶ δὲ θεωρήτων περὶ μύθων
Ἀθίδος ἀρχαίης φιλοπευθέες εἰσὶ πολῖται.

[46] Erechtheus also inquired of the accomplished Phrygian prophet, when he saw the portents of Highest Zeus, whether they were favourable to the enemy or to Indian-slaying Dionysos. He did not so much wish for the end of the conflict, but rather to hear the message from Olympos, the theme of mystical tales, and the orders of circling stars, and the round moon, and the sunset at midday which has no light of Phaethon because this is stolen away. Always the citizens of ancient Athens are ready to hear discourses concerning the gods.

55 οὐδὲ γέρων ἀμέλησε θεοπρόπος, ἀλλὰ Λυαίου
σειῶν Εὐΐα θύρσα καὶ οὐ Πανοπηίδα δάφνην
τοῖον ἔπος μαντιῶν ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος:

[55] Nor was the old seer neglectful; but shaking his Euian thyrsus instead of the Panopeian laurel, he uttered these words of interpretation with his mouth:

Ἐἰσαΐειν ἐθέλεις φρενοθελγέα μῦθον, Ἐρεχθεῦ,
ὄν μοῦνοι δεδάσσι θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου;
60 λέξω δ', ὥς με δίδαξεν ἐμὸς δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων.
μὴ στεροπὴν τρομέοις, μὴ δεῖδιθι πυρσὸν ἀλήτην,
μὴ δρόμον Ἥελιου ζοφοειδέα, μηδὲ Λυαίου
νίκης ἐσσομένης πρωτάγγελον ὄρνιν Ὀλύμπου:
ὥς ὁ γε θηγαλέων ὀνύχων κεχαραγμένος αἰχμαῖς,
65 ἄρπαγος οἰωνοῖο πεπαρμένος ὁξεί ταρσῶ,

εἷς προχοῶς ποταμοῖο δράκων ὤλισθε κεράστης,
καὶ νέκυν ἔρπησθῆρα γέρων ἔκρυπεν Ὑδάσπη,
οὕτω Δηριάδην πατρώιον οἶδμα καλύψει
εἵκελον εἶδος ἔχοντα βοοκραίρῳ γενετῆρι.’

[58] “Do you wish, Erechtheus, to hear the heart-consoling tale which only the gods know who dwell in Olympus? Well, I will speak, as my laurelled Apollo has taught me. Tremble not at the lightning, fear not the travelling brand, nor the darkened course of Helios, nor the bird of Olympus, first harbinger of Lyaïos’s victory to come; as that horned snake, torn by the sharp pointed claws of the robber bird and pierced by its talons, slipt into the waters of the river, and old Hydaspes swallowed the reptile corpse, so Deriades shall be swallowed in the flood of his father’s stream under the likeness of his bullhorned sire.”

70 τοῖα γέρων ἀγόρευε θεηγόρος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μύθῳ
μαντιπόλῳ γήθησεν ὅλος στρατός· ἔξοχα δ’ ἄλλων
θαύματι χάρμα κέρασσεν ἀμήτορος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης,
τοῖος ἐὼν γλυκερῆσιν ἐπ’ ἐλπίσιν, ὥς ἐνὶ μέσσω
κωμάζων Μαραθῶνι μετ’ Ἀρεά Δηριαδῆος.

[70] Thus spoke the old prophet; and at the diviners words all the host was glad, but beyond others the citizen of unmothered Athene mingled gladness with wonder, as full of joy in his sweet hopes as if he were triumphing in Marathon itself after the war with Deriades.

75 καὶ τότε μουνωθέντι φιλοσκοπέλῳ Διονύσῳ
σύγγονος οὐρανόθεν Διὸς ἄγγελος ἦλυθεν Ἑρμῆς,
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπε παρηγορέων ἐπὶ νίκῃ:

[75] And now to Dionysos, alone among the rocks which he loved, came Hermes his brother from heaven as messenger of Zeus, and spoke assuring him of victory:

‘Μὴ τρομέοις τόδε σῆμα, καὶ εἰ πέλεν ἡματιή νύξ:
τοῦτ’ο σοι, ἄτρομε Βάκχε, πατήρ ἀνέφηνε Κρονίων

80 νίκης Ἴνδοφόνοιο προάγγελον· ἡελίῳ γὰρ
δεύτερον ἀστράπτοντι φεραυγέα Βάκχον εἴσκω,
καὶ θρασὺν ὀρφναίῃ μελανόχροον Ἴνδὸν ὁμίχλῃ:
αἰθέρι γὰρ τύπος οὗτος ὁμοίος· εὐφάεος δὲ
ὥς ζόφος ἡμάλδυνε καλυπτομένης φάος ἥοϋς,

85 καὶ πάλιν ἀντέλλων πυριφεγγέος ὑπόθι δίφρου
ἥελιος ζοφόεσσαν ἀπηκόντιζεν ὁμίχλην,

οὕτω σῶν βλεφάρων μάλα τηλόθι καὶ σὺ τινάξας
Ταρταρίης ζοφόεσσαν Ἑρινύος ἄσκοπον ἀχλὺν
ἀστράφεις κατ' Ἄρηα τὸ δεύτερον ὥς Ὑπερίων.

90 τηλικόν οὐ ποτε θαῦμα γέρων τροφὸς ἦγαγεν Αἰών,
ἐξ ὅτε δαιμονίοιο πυρὸς βεβολημένος ἀτμῷ
κὺμβαχος Ἡελίοιο φεραυγέος ἔκπεσε δίφρου
ἡμιδαῆς Φαέθων, ποταμῷ δ' ἐκρύπτετο Κελτῶ:
καὶ θρασὺν ἡβητῆρα παρ' ὀφρύσιν Ἡριδανοῖο
95 Ἥλιάδες κινυροῖσιν ἔτι στενάχουσι πετήλοις.'

[78] "Tremble not at this sign, even though night came at midday. This sign, fearless Bacchos, your father Cronion has shown you to foretell your victory in the Indian War. For I liken Bacchos the light-bringer to the sun shining again, and the bold black Indian to the thick darkness. That is what is meant by the picture in the sky. For as the darkness blotted out and covered the light of shining day, and then Helios rose again in his fire-shining chariot and dispersed the gross darkness, so you also shall shake from your eyes far far away the darksome sightless gloom of the Tartarian Fury, and blaze again on the battlefield like Hyperion. So great a marvel ancient eternal Time our foster-father has never brought, since Phaethon, struck by the steam of fire divine, fell tumbling half-burnt from Helios's light-bearing chariot, and was swallowed up in the Celtic river; and the daughters of Helios are still on the banks of Eridanos, lamenting the audacious youth with their whimpering leaves."

ὥς φαμένου Διόνυσος ἐγήθεεν ἐλπίδι νίκης:
Ἑρμείαν δ' ἐρέεινε, καὶ ἥθελε μᾶλλον ἀκοῦσαι
Κελτοῖς Ἑσπερίοισι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ὀλύμπου,
πῶς Φαέθων κεκύλιστο δι' αἰθέρος, ἢ πόθεν αὐταὶ
100 Ἥλιάδες παρὰ χεῦμα γοήμονος Ἡριδανοῖο
εἰς φυτὸν ἡμείβοντο, καὶ εὐπετάλων ἀπὸ δένδρων
δάκρυα μαρμαίροντα κατασταλάουσι ῥέεθροις.

[96] At these words, Dionysos rejoiced in hope of victory; then he questioned Hermes and wished to hear more of the Olympian tale which the Celts of the west know well: how Phaethon tumbled over and over through the air, and why even the daughters of Helios were changed into trees beside the moaning Eridanos, and from their leafy trees drop sparkling tears into the stream.

καὶ οἱ ἀνειρομένῳ πετάσας στόμα μείλιχος Ἑρμῆς
θέσκελον ἐρροῖβδησεν ἔπος φιλοπευθεῖ Βάκχῳ:

[103] In answer, friendly Hermes opened his mouth and noised out his inspired

tale to Bacchos eagerly listening:

105 Ἄνδρομέου, Διόνυσε, βίου τερψίμβροτε ποιμήν,
εἴ σε παλαιγενέων ἑπέων γλυκὺς οἷστρος ἐπείγει,
μῦθον ὅλον Φαέθοντος ἐγὼ στοιχηδὸν ἐνίψω.

[105] “Dionysos, joy of mankind, shepherd of human life! If sweet desire constrains you to hear these ancient stories, I will tell you the whole tale of Phaethon from beginning to end.

Ὠκεανὸς κελάδων, μιτρούμενος ἄντυγι κόσμου,
ἱκμαλέην περὶ νύσσαν ἄγων γαίηοχον ὕδωρ,
110 Τηθύος ἀρχεγόνοισιν ὁμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις
νυμφίος ὕδατόεις Κλυμένην τέκεν, ἣν ποτε Τηθύς
κρείσσονα Νηιάδων διερῶ μαιώσατο μαζῶ
παρθένον ὀπλοτέρην εὐώλενον, ἥς ἐπὶ μορφῇ
ἥελιος λυκάβαντα δυωδεκάμηνον ἐλίσσων,
115 αἰθέρος ἐπτάζωνον ἴτυν στεφανηδὸν ὀδεύων,
κάμνε πυρὸς ταμίης ἐτέρῳ πυρί: καὶ φλόγα διφρῶν
καὶ σέλας ἀκτίνων ἐβίησατο πυρσὸς Ἑρώτων,
ὅππότε φοινίσσοντος ὑπὲρ κέρας Ὠκεανοῖο,
ἔμπυρον Ἡώοισιν ἐὼν δέμας ὕδασι λούων,
120 παρθένον ἀγκικέλευθον ἐσέδρακεν, ὅππότε γυμνῇ
νήχετο πατρώοισιν ἐπισκαίρουσα ῥεέθροις,
λουομένη δ’ ἥστραπτεν: ἔην δέ τις, ὥς ὅτε δισοῆς
μαρμαρυγὴν τροχόεσσαν ἀναπλήσασα κεραίης
ἐσπερὶν σελάγιζε δι’ ὕδατος ὄμπνια Μῆνην.
125 ἡμιφανῆς δ’ ἀπέδιλος ἐν ὕδασι ἴστατο κούρη,
ἥελιον ῥοδέησιν ὀιστεῦουσα παρειαῖς:
καὶ προχοαῖς κεχάρακτο τύπος χροός: οὐ τότε μίτρη
κούρης στέρνα κάλυπτε, καταυγάζουσα δὲ λίμνην
ἀργυρέων εὐκυκλος ἴτυς φοινίσσετο μαζῶν.

[108] “Loudbooming Oceanos, girdled with the circle of the sky, who leads his water earth-encompassing round the turning point which he bathes, was joined in primeval wedlock with Tethys. The watery bridegroom begat Clymene, fairest of the Naiads, whom Tethys nursed on her wet breast, her youngest, a maiden with lovely arms. For her beauty Helios pined, Helios who spins round the twelvemonth licht-gang, and travels the sevenzone circuit garland-wise — Helios dispenser of fire was afflicted with another fire! The torch of love was stronger than the blaze of his car and the shining of his rays, when over the bend of the reddened Ocean as he bathed his fiery form in the eastern waters, he beheld the maiden close by the way, while she

swam naked and sported in her father's waves. Her body gleamed in her bath, she was one like the full Moon reflected in the evening waters, when she has filled the compass of her twin horns with light. Half-seen, unshod, the girl stood in the waves shooting the rosy shafts from her cheeks at Helios; her shape was outlined in the waters, no stomacher hid her maiden bosom, but the glowing circle of her round silvery breasts illuminated the stream.

130 αἰθερίῳ δ' ἐλατῆρι πατὴρ ἐξεύξατο κούρην:
καὶ Κλυμένης ὕμέναιον ἀνέκλαγον εὐποδες Ὠραὶ
καὶ γάμον Ἥελιοιο φαεσφόρον: ἀμφὶ δὲ Νύμφαι
Νηίδες ὠρχήσαντο: παρ' ὕδατόεντι δὲ παστῶ
εὖλοχος ἀστράπτοντι γάμῳ νυμφεύετο κούρη,
135 καὶ ψυχροῖς μελέεσσιν ἐδέξατο θερμὸν ἀκοίτην.
ἀστραίης δὲ φάλαγγος ἔην θαλαμηπόλος αἴγλη,
καὶ μέλος εἰς Ὑμέναιον ἀνέπλεκε Κύπριδος ἀστήρ,
συζυγίης προκέλευθος Ἑωσφόρος: ἀντὶ δὲ πεύκης
νυμφιδίην ἀκτῖνα γαμοστόλον εἶχε Σελήνη:
140 Ἑσπερίδες δ' ἀλάλαζον: ἔῃ δ' ἅμα Τηθύϊ νύμφῃ
Ὠκεανὸς κελάδησε μέλος πολυπίδακι λαίμῳ.

[130] "Her father united the girl to the heavenly charioteer. The lightfoot Seasons acclaimed Clymene's bridal with Helios Lightbringer, the Naiad Nymphs danced around; in a watery bridal-bower the fruitful maiden was wedded in a flaming union, and received the hot bridegroom into her cool arms. The light that shone on that bridal bed came from the starry train; and the star of Cypris, Lucifer, herald of the union, wove a bridal song. Instead of the wedding torch, Selene sent her beams to attend the wedding. The Hesperides raised the joy-cry, and Oceanos beside his bride Tethys sounded his song with all the fountains of his throat.

καὶ Κλυμένης γονόεντι γάμῳ κυμαίνεται γαστήρ:
καὶ βρέφος ὠδίνουσα πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο
γείνατο θέσκελον υἷα φαεσφόρον. ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρῳ
145 τικτομένῳ κελάδησε μέλος πατρώιος αἰθέρ:
Ὠκεανοῦ δὲ θυγάτρεις ἀποθρῶσκοντα λοετροῖς:
υἷα παππῳοῖσιν ἐφαιδρύναντο λοετροῖς:
σπάργαντα δ' ἀμφεβάλοντο: καὶ ἀστέρες αἰθοπι παλμῶ
εἰς ῥόον αἰσσοῦντες ἐθήμονος Ὠκεανοῖο
150 κοῦρον ἐκυκλώσαντο, καὶ Εἰλείθυια Σελήνη
μαρμαρυγὴν πέμπουσα σελασφόρον: ἥελιος δὲ
υἱὲ δῶκεν ἔχειν ἐὸν οὔνομα μάρτυρι μορφῇ
ἄρμενον: ἡιθέου γὰρ ἐπ' ἀστράπτοντι προσώπῳ
ἡελίου γενετῆρος ἐπέπρεπε σύγγονος αἴγλη.

[142] “Then Clymene’s womb swelled in that fruitful union, and when the birth ripened she brought forth a baby son divine and brilliant with light. At the boy’s birth his father’s ether saluted him with song; as he sprang from the childbed, the daughters of Oceanos cleansed him, Clymene’s son, in his grandsire’s waters, and wrapt him in swaddlings. The stars in shining movement leapt into the stream of Oceanos which they knew so well, and surrounded the boy, with Selene our Lady of Labour, sending forth her sparkling gleams. Helios gave his son his own name, as well suited the testimony of his form; for upon the boy’s shining face was visible the father’s inborn radiance.

155 πολλάκι παιδοκόμοισιν ἐν ἦθεσιν ἄβρὸν ἀθύρων
᾿Ωκεανὸς Φαέθοντα παλινδίνητον αἰείρων
γαστρί μέσῃ κούφιζε, δι’ ὕψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
ἄστατον αὐτοέλικτον ἀλήμονι σύνδρομον αὔρη
ἠερόθεν παλινόρσον ἐδέξατο κοῦρον ἀγοστῶ,
160 καὶ πάλιν ἠκόντιζεν· ὁ δὲ τροχοειδεὶ παλμῶ
χειρὸς ἐυστρέπτοιο παράτροπος ᾿Ωκεανοῖο
δινωτῇ στροφάλιγγι κατήριπεν εἰς μέλαν ὕδωρ,
μάντις ἐοῦ θανάτοιο· γέρων δ’ ὤμωξε νοήσας,
θέσφατα γινώσκων, πινυτῇ δ’ ἔκρυψε σιωπῇ,
165 μὴ Κλυμένης φιλόπαιδος ἀπενθέα θυμὸν ἀμύξει
πικρὰ προθεσπίζων Φαεθοντιάδος λῖνα Μοίρης.

[155] “Often in the course of the boy’s training Oceanos would have a pretty game, lifting Phaethon on his midbelly and letting him drop down; he would throw the boy high in the air, rolling over and over moving in a high path as quick as the wandering wind, and catch him again on his arm; then he would shoot him up again, and the boy would avoid the ready hand of Oceanos, and turn a somersault round and round till he splashed into the dark waters, prophet of his own death. The old man groaned when he saw it, recognizing the divine oracle, and hid all in prudent silence, that he might not tear the happy heart of Clymene the loving mother by foretelling the cruel threads of Phaethon’s Fate.

καὶ πάις ἄρतिकόμιστος ἔχων ἀνίουλον ὑπήνην
πῇ μὲν ἦξ Κλυμένης δόμον ἄμφεπε, πῇ δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
Θρινακίης λειμῶνα μετήιεν, ἦχι θαμίζων
170 Λαμπετίῃ παρέμιμνε, βόας καὶ μῆλα νομεύων ...
πατρὸς ἐοῦ ζαθέοιο φέρων πόθον ἠνιοχῆος,
ἄξονα τεχνήεντι συνήρμοσε δούρασι δεσμῶ,
κυκλώσας τροχόεντα τύπον ψευδήμονι δίφρῳ·
ἀσκήσας δὲ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀνθοκόμων ἀπὸ κήπων

175 πλέξας λεπταλέοισι λύγοις τριέλικτον ἱμάσθλην
 ἄρνειοῖς πισύροισι νέους ἐπέθηκε χαλινούς·
 καὶ νόθον εὐποίητον Ἐωσφόρον ἀστέρα τεύχων
 ἄνθεσιν ἄργεννοῖσιν, ἴσον τροχοειδέϊ κύκλῳ,
 θῆκεν ἑῆς προκέλευθον ἐυκνήμιδος ἀπῆνης,
 180 ἀστέρος Ἥωιο φέρων τύπον· ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίταις
 ὄρθιον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φερυγέα δαλὸν ἐρείσας
 ψευδομέναις ἀκτῖσιν ἐδὼν μιμεῖτο τοκῆα,
 ἵππεύων στεφανηδὸν ἀλίκτυπον ἄντυγα νήσου.

[167] “So the boy, hardly grown up, and still with no down on his lip, sometimes frequented his mother Clymene’s house, sometimes travelled even to the meadows of Thrinacia, where he would often visit and stay with Lampetie, tending cattle and sheep... There he would long for his father the charioteer divine; made a wooden axle with skilful joinery, fitted on a sort of round wheel for his imitation ear, fashioned yoke-straps, took three light withies from the flowering garden and plaited them into a lash, put unheard of bridles on four young rams. Then he made a clever imitation of the morning star round like a wheel, out of a bunch of white flowers, and fixed it in front of his spokewheeled waggon to show the shape of the star Lucifer. He set burning torches standing about his hair on every side, and mimicked his father with fictitious rays as he drove round and round the coast of the seagirt isle.

ἀλλ’ ὅτ’ ἀνηέξητο φέρων εὐάνθεμον ἦβην,
 185 πολλὰκι πατρώης φλογὸς ἤψατο, χειρὶ δὲ βαιῇ
 κούφισε θερμὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀστερόεσσιν ἱμάσθλην,
 καὶ τροχὸν ἀμφιπόλεψε, καὶ ἀμφαφῶν δέμας ἵππων
 χιονέαις παλάμῃσιν ἐτέρπετο κοῦρος ἀθύρων·
 δεξιτερῇ δ’ ἔψαυε πυριβλήτοιο χαλινοῦ.
 190 μαινέτο δ’ ἵπποσύνης μεθέπων πόθον· ἐζόμενος δὲ
 γούνασι πατρώοις ἱκετήσια δάκρυα λείβων
 ἦτεν ἔμπυρον ἄρμα καὶ αἰθερίων δρόμον ἵππων.
 καὶ γενέτης ἀνένευεν· ὁ δὲ πλέον ἡδεῖ μῦθῳ
 αἰτίζων λιτάνευε· παρηγορέων δ’ ἐπὶ δίφρῳ
 195 ὑψιπόρῳ νέον υἷα φιλοστόργῳ φάτο φωνῇ:

[184] “But when he grew up into the fair bloom of youth, he often touched his father’s fire, lifted with his little hand the hot yokestraps and the starry whip, busied himself with the wheel, stroked the horses’ coats with snow-white hands — and so the playful boy enjoyed himself. With his right hand he touched the fireshotten bridle, mad with longing to manage the horses. Seated on his father’s knees, he shed imploring tears, and begged for a run with the fiery chariot and heavenly horses. His father said no, but he only begged and

prayed all the more with gracious pleading. Then the father said in affectionate words to his young son in the highfaring car:

‘ὦ τέκος Ἡελίοιο, φίλον γένος Ὠκεανοῖο,
ἄλλο γέρας μάστευε: τί σοί ποτε δίφρος Ὀλύμπου;
ἵπποσύνης ἀκίχητον ἔα δρόμον: οὐ δύνασαι γάρ
ἰθύνειν ἐμὸν ἄρμα, τό περ μόγις ἠνιοχεύω.
200 οὐ ποτε θεῦρος Ἄρης φλογερῷ κεκόρυστο κεραυνῷ,
ἀλλὰ μέλος σάλπιγγι καὶ οὐ βρονταῖον ἀράσσει:
οὐ νεφέλας Ἥφαιστος ἐοῦ γενετῆρος ἀγείρει,
οὐ νεφεληγερέτης κικλήσκεται ὅλα Κρονίων,
ἀλλὰ παρ’ ἐσχαρεῶνι σιδήρεον ἄκμονα τύπτει,
205 ἄσθμασι ποιητοῖσι χέων ποιητὸν ἀήτην:
κύκνον ἔχει πτερόεντα, καὶ οὐ ταχὺν ἵππον Ἀπόλλων:
οὐ στεροπὴν πυρόεσσαν ἀερτάζει γενετῆρος
Ἑρμῆς ῥάβδον ἔχων, οὐκ αἰγίδα πατρὸς ἀεῖρει.
ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις: ‘Ζαγρῆι πόρεν σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ.’
210 Ζαγρεὺς σκηπτὸν ἄειρε, καὶ ὠμίλησεν ὀλέθρῳ.
ἄξο καὶ σὺ, τέκος, πανομοίᾳ πῆματα πάσχειν.’

[196] “‘Dear son of Helios, dear grandson of Oceanos, ask me another boon; what have you to do with the chariot of the sky? Let alone the course of horsemanship. You cannot attain it, for you cannot guide my car — I can hardly drive it myself! Furious Ares never armed him with flaming thunderbolt, but he blares his tune with a trumpet, not with thunder. Hephaistos never collects his father’s clouds; he is not called Cloudgatherer like Cronion, but hammers his iron anvil in the forge, and pours artificial blasts of artificial wind. Apollo has a winged swan, not a running horse. Hermes keeps his rod and wears not his father’s aegis, lifts not his father’s fiery lightning. But you will say—” He gave Zagreus the flash of the thunderbolt.” Yes, Zagreus held the thunderbolt, and came to his death! Take good care, my child, that you too suffer not woes like his.’

εἶπε, καὶ οὐ παρέπεισε: πᾶις δὲ γενήτορα νύσσω
δάκρυσι θερμοτέροισιν ἐοὺς ἐδίηνε χιτῶνας:
χερσὶ δὲ πατρώης φλογερῆς ἔψαυσεν ὑπῆνης,
215 ὀκλαδὸν ἐν δαπέδῳ κυκλούμενον αὐχένα κάμπτων,
λίσσόμενος: καὶ παῖδα πατὴρ ἐλέαιρε δοκεύων.
καὶ κινυρὴ Κηυμένη πλέον ἦτεεν: αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμῷ
ἔμπεδα γινώσκων ἀμετάτροπα νήματα Μοίρης
ἀσχαλῶν ἐπένευσεν, ἀποσμήξας δὲ χιτῶνι
220 μυρομένου Φαέθοντος ἀμειδέος ὄμβρον ὀπωπῆς
χειλεα παιδὸς ἔκυσσε, τὴν δ’ ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν:

[212] “So he spoke, but the boy would not listen; he prodded his father and wetted his tunic with hotter tears. He put out his hands and touched his father’s fiery beard; kneeling on the ground he bent his arched neck, pleading, and when the father saw, he pitied the boy. Clymene cried and begged too. Then although he knew in his heart the immovable inflexible spinnings of Fate, he consented regretful, and wiped with his tunic the rain of tears from the unsmiling face of sad Phaethon, and kissed the boy’s lips while he said:

ἑδώδεκα πάντες ἔασι πυρῶδεος αἰθέρος οἴκοι,
ζωδιακοῦ γλαφυροῖο πεπηγότες ἄντυγι κύκλου,
κεκριμένοι στοιχηδὸν ἐπήτριμοι, οἷς ἔνι μούνοις
225 λοξῇ πουλυέλικτος ἀταρπιτός ἐστι πλανήτων
ἄσταθέων. καὶ ἕκαστον ἔλιξ Κρόνος οἶκον ἀμείβει
ἐρπύζων βαρύγουνος, ἕως μόγις ὅπῃ τελέσση
εἴκοσι καὶ δέκα κύκλα παλιννόστοιο Σελήνης,
ζώνης ἐβδομάτης ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος: ὑπόθι δ’ ἔκτης
230 ὠκύτερον γενετῆρος ἔχει δρόμον ἀντίπορος Ζεὺς,
καὶ δρόμον εἰς λυκάβαντα διέρχεται: ἐν τριτάτῃ δὲ ...
ἡμασιν ἐξήκοντα παρέρχεται ἔμπυρος Ἄρης,
γείτων σεῖο τοκῆος: ἐπαντέλλων δὲ τετάρτῃ
αὐτὸς ἐγὼ στεφανηδὸν ὅλον πόλον ἄρμασι τέμνω
235 οὐρανίων Ἑλίκων πολυκαμπέα κύκλα διώκων,
μέτρα χρόνου πισύρῃσι φέρων κυκλοῦμενος ὦραις,
τὴν αὐτὴν περὶ νύσαν, ἕως ὅλον οἶκον ὀδεύσω,
πλήσας ἡθάδα μῆνα τελεσφόρον: οὐδὲ πορείην
καλλείψας ἀτέλεστον ὀπίστερον οἶμον ἀμείβω,
240 οὐδὲ πάλιν προκέλευθον, ἐπεὶ πολυκαμπέες ἄλλοι
ἀστέρες ἀντιθέοντες αἰεὶ στείχουσιν ἀλήται,
ἅψ δ’ ἀνασειράζοντες ἅμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω
ἡμιτελῇ μεθέπουσι παλίλλυτα μέτρα κελεύθου,
δέγμενοι ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐμὴν ἑτερόσσυτον αἴγλην:
245 οἷς ἔνι λευκαίνουσα πόλον κερόεσσα Σελήνη
κύκλον ὅλον πλήσασα σοφῶ πυρὶ μῆνα λοχεύει,
μεσσοφανῆς, ἐπίκυρτος, ὅλω πλήθουσα προσώπῳ:
Μῆνην δ’ ἀντικέλευθος ἐγὼ σφαιρηδὸν ἐλίσσων
μαρμαρυγὴν θρέπτειραν ἀμαλλοτόκου τοκετοῖο
250 Ζωδιακὴν περὶ νύσαν ἀτέρμονα κύκλον ὀδεύω,
τίκτων μέτρα χρόνοιο, καὶ οἴκοθεν οἶκον ἀμείβων
καὶ τελέσας ἕνα κύκλον ὅλον λυκάβαντα κομίζω.
ἄκρα δὲ συνδέσμοιο φυλάσσεο, μὴ σχεδὸν ἔρπων,
ἄρμασιν ὑμετέροις ζοφοειδέα κῶνον ἐλίξας,
255 φέγγος ὅλον κλέψειεν ἐπισκιάων σέο διφρῶ:
μηδὲ παριππεύσειας ἐθήμονος ἄντυγα κύκλου:
μηδὲ τανυπλέκτων ἑλίκων πολυκαμπεί δεσμῶ,

πέντε παραλλήλων δεδοκημένος ἄντυγα κύκλων,
οἷστρον ἔχοις, καὶ νύσσαν ὁμήθεα πατρὸς ἑάσης,
260 μὴ σε παραπλάγξειαν ἐν αἰθέρι φοιτάδες ἵπποι:
μηδὲ διοπτρεύων δυοκαίδεκα κύκλα πορείης
ἐκ δόμου εἰς δόμον ἄλλον ἐπείγεις: καὶ σέο διφρω
κριὸν ἐφιππεύων μὴ διζέο Ταῦρον ἐλαύνειν:
γείτονα μὴ μάστευε προάγγελον ἰστοβοῆος
265 σκορπίον ἄστερόφοιτον ὑπὸ Ζυγὸν ἥνιοχέων,
εἰ μὴ ἀναπλήσειας ἐείκοσι καὶ δέκα μοίρας.

[222] “‘There are twelve houses in all the fiery ether, set in the circle of the rounded Zodiac, one close after another in a row, each separate; through these alone is the inclined winding path of the restless planets rolling in their courses. All round these Cronos crawls from house to house on his heavy knees along the seventh zone upon the circle, until at last with difficulty he completes thirty circuits of returning Selene. On the sixth, quicker than his father, Zeus has his course opposite, and goes his round in a lichtgang. By the third, fiery Ares passes [one sign that is, of the Zodiac] in sixty days, near your father. I myself rise in the fourth, and traverse the whole sky garland-wise in my car, following the winding circles of the heavenly orbits. I carry the measures of time, surrounded by the four Seasons, about the same centre, until I have passed through a whole house and fulfilled one complete month as usual; I never leave my journey unfinished and change to a backward course, nor do I go forward again; since the other stars, the planets, in their various courses always run contrary ways: they check backwards, and go both to and fro; when the measures of their way are half done they run back again, thus receiving on both sides my one-sided light. One of these planets is the horned moon whitening the sky; when she has completed all her circuit, she brings forth with her wise fire the month, being at first half seen, then curved, then full moon with her whole face.

Against the moon I move my rolling ball, the sparkling nourisher of sheafproducing growth, and pass on my endless circuit about the turning-point of the Zodiac, creating the measures of time. When I have completed one whole circle passing from house to house I bring off the lichtgang. Take care of the crossing-point itself, lest when you come close, rounding the cone of darkness with your car, it should steal all the light from your overshadowed chariot. And in your driving do not stray from the usual circuit of the course, or be tempted to leave your father’s usual goal by looking at the five parallel circles with their multiple bond of long encompassing lines, or your horses may run away and carry you through the air out of your course. Do not, when you look about on the twelve circles as you cross them, hurry from house to house. When you are driving your car in the Ram, do not try to drive over the Bull. Do not seek for his neighbour, the Scorpion moving among the stars, the harbinger of the plowtree, when you are driving under the Balance, until you

complete the thirty degrees.

ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν κλύε μῦθον: ἐγὼ δέ σε πάντα διδάξω.
κέντρον ὅλου κόσμοιο, μεσόμφαλον ἄστρον Ὀλύμπου,
κριὸν ἐγὼ μεθέπων ὑφούμενος εἴαρ ἀέξω,
270 καὶ τροπικὴν Ζεφύροιο προάγγελον ἄντυγα βαίνων,
νύκτα ταλαντεύουσαν ἰσόρροπον ἡριγενεΐῃ,
ἰθύνω δροσόεντα χελιδονίης δρόμον Ὠρης:
κριοῦ δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἐνέρτερον οἶκον ἀμείβων,
χηλαῖς ἐν διδύμησιν ἰσημερα φέγγεα πέμπων,
275 ἐντύνω παλινόρσος ἰσόζυγον ἥμαρ ὁμίχλῃ,
καὶ δρόμον εἰνοσίφυλλον ἄγω φθινοπωρίδος Ὠρης,
φέγγει μειοτέρῳ χθαμαλὴν ἐπὶ νύσσαν ἐλαύνων
φυλλοχόῳ ἐνὶ μηνί: καὶ ἀνδράσι χεῖμα κομίζω
ὄμβριον ἰχθυόεντος ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν Αἰγοκερῆος,
280 ἀγρονόμοις ἵνα γαῖα φερέσβια δῶρα λοχεύσῃ,
νυμφίον ὄμβρον ἔχουσα καὶ εἰλείθυιαν ἐέρσην:
καὶ θέρος ἐντύνω σταχυηκόμον ἄγγελον ὄμπνης,
θερμοτέραις ἀκτῖσι πυρώδεα γαῖαν ἱμάσσω,
ὑπιδενῆς παρὰ νύσσαν ὅτ' εἰς δρόμον ἡνιοχεύω
285 καρκίνον, ἀντικέλευθον ἀθαλπέος Αἰγοκερῆος,
ἀμφοτέρους καὶ Νεῖλον ὁμοῦ καὶ βότρυν ἀέξων.

[267] “‘Just listen to me, and I will tell you everything. When I reach the Ram, the centre of the universe, the navel-star of Olympus, I in my exaltation let the Spring increase; and crossing the herald of the west wind, the turning-line which balances night equal with day, I guide the dewy course of that Season when the swallow comes. Passing into the lower house, opposite the Ram, I cast the light of equal day on the two hooves; and again I make day balanced equally with dark on my homeward course when I bring in the leafshaking course of the autumn Season, and drive with lesser light to the lower turning-point in the leafshedding month. Then I bring winter for mankind with its rains, over the back of fishtailed Capricorn, that earth may bring forth her gifts full of life for the farmers, when she receives the bridal showers and the creative dew. I deck out also corn-tending summer the messenger of harvest, flogging the wheatbearing earth with hotter beams, while I drive at the highest point of my course in the Crab, who is right opposite to the cold Capricorn: both Nile and grapes together I make to grow.

ἀρχόμενος δὲ δρόμοιο μετέρχεο γείτονα Κέρνην,
Φωσφόρον ἀπλανέος μεθέπων πομπῆα κελεύθου,
ἵπποσύνης προκέλευθον: ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ πορείῃ
290 σὸν δρόμον ἰθύνουσι δωδεκα κυκλάδες Ὠραι.’

[287] “When you begin your course, pass close by the side of Cerne, and take Lucifer as guide to lead the way for your ear, and you will not go astray; twelve circling Hours in turn will direct your way.’

ὥς εἰπὼν Φαέθοντος ἐπεστήριξε καρὴν
χρυσείην τρυφάλειαν, ἔῤῥ δὲ μιν ἔστεφε πυρσῶ,
ἐπτατόνους ἀκτῖνας ἐπὶ πλοκάμοισιν ἐλίξας,
κυκλῶσας στεφανηδὸν ἐπ’ ἱξὺι λευκάδα μίτρην:
295 καὶ μιν ἀνεχλαίνωσεν ἔῤῥ πυρόεντι χιτῶνι,
καὶ πόδα φοινίσσοντι διεσφήκωσε πεδίλῳ.
παιδὶ δὲ δίφρον ἔδωκε: καὶ ἠΰνης ἀπὸ φάτνης
ἵππους Ἡελίοιο πυρώδεας ἦγαγον Ὠραι:
καὶ θρασὺς εἰς ζυγὸν ἦλθεν Ἐωσφόρος, ἀμφὶ δὲ φαιδρῶ
300 ἵππιον αὐχένα δοῦλον ἐπεκλήσισε λεπάδνῳ.

[291] “After this speech, he placed the golden helmet on Phaethon’s head and crowned him with his own fire, winding the seven rays like strings upon his hair, and put the white kilt girdlewise round him over his loins; he clothed him in his own fiery robe and laced his foot into the purple boot, and gave his chariot to his son. The Seasons brought the fiery horses of Helios from their eastern manger; Lucifer came boldly to the yoke, and fastened the horses’ necks in the bright yokestraps for their service.

καὶ Φαέθων ἐπέβαινε: δίδου δὲ οἱ ἠνία πάλλειν,
ἠνία μαρμαίροντα καὶ αἰγλήσσαν ἱμάσθλην
ἠέλιος γενέτης: τρομερῇ δ’ ἐλελίζετο σιγῇ,
υἱέα γινώσκων μινυώριον: ἐγγῦθι δ’ ὄχθης
305 ἡμιφανῆς Κλυμένη φλογερῶν ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων
δερκομένη φιλότεκνος ἐπάλλετο χάρματι μήτηρ.

[301] “Then Phaethon mounted, Helios his father gave him the reins to manage, shining reins and gleaming whip: he shook in trembling silence, for he understood that his son had not long to live. Clymene his mother could be half seen near the shore, as she watched her dear son mounting the flaming car, and shook with joy.

ἦδη δὲ δροσόεις ἀμαρύσσετο Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ,
καὶ Φαέθων ἀνέτελλεν Ἐώιον ἄντυγα βαίνων,
ὕδασι παππῶοισι λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο.
310 καὶ θρασὺς εὐφάεων ἐλατῆρ ὑψίδρομος ἵππων
οὐρανὸν ἐσκοπίαζε χορῶ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρον,
ἐπταὶ περὶ ζώναις κυκλούμενον: εἶδεν ἀλῆτας
ἀντιπόρους, καὶ γαῖαν ὁμοῖον ἔδρακε κέντρῳ

μεσσοπαγῇ, δολιχῇσιν ἀνυψωθεῖσαν ἐρίπναις,
315 πάντοθι πυργωθεῖσαν ὑπωροφίοισιν ἀήταις:
καὶ ποταμοὺς σκοπίαζε, καὶ ὄφρυάς Ὠκεανοῖο
ἄψ ἀνασειράζοντος ἐδὼν ῥόον εἰς ἐδὼν ὕδωρ.

[307] “Already Lucifer was sparkling, that dewy star, and Phaethon rose traversing the eastern ambit, after his bath in the waters of Oceanos his grandsire. The bold driver of brilliant horses, running on high, scanned the heavens dotted with the company of the stars, girdled about by the seven Zones; he beheld the planets moving opposite, he saw the earth fixed in the middle like a centre, uplifted on tall cliffs and fortified on all sides by the winds in her caverns, he scanned the rivers, and the brows of Oceanos, driving back his own water into his own stream.

ὄφρα μὲν ὄμμα τίταινεν ἐς αἰθέρα καὶ χύσιν ἄστρον
καὶ χθονὸς αἰόλα φῦλα καὶ ἄστατα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
320 παπταίνων ἐλικηδὼν ἀτέρμονος ἔδρανα κόσμου:
τόφρα δὲ δινηθέντες ὑπὸ ζυγὸν αἰθοπες ἵπποι
ζωδιακοῦ παράμειβον ἐθήμονος ἄντυγα κύκλου.
καὶ Φαέθων ἀδίδακτος, ἔχων πυρόεσσαν ἱμάσθλην,
φαίνετο μαστίζων λόφον ἵππιον: οἱ δὲ μανέντες,
325 κέντρον ὑποπτήσσοντες ἀφειδέος ἡνιοχῆος,
ἀρχαίης ἀέκοντες ὑπὲρ βαλβῖδα κελεύθου
ἄξονιην παρὰ νύσσαν ἀλήμονες ἔτρεχον ἵπποι,
δεχνύμενοι κτύπον ἄλλον ἐθήμονος ἡνιοχῆος.
καὶ Νότιον παρὰ τέρμα καὶ ἄρκτια νῶτα Βορῆος
330 ἦν κλόνος. οὐρανίῳ δὲ παριστάμεναι πυλεῶνι
ἄλλοφανὲς νόθον ἦμαρ ἐθάμβεον εὐποδες Ὠραι:
ἔτρεμε δ’ ἡριγένεια: καὶ ἴαχε Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ:

[318] “While he directed his eye to the upper air and the flood of stars, the diverse races of earth and the restless back of the sea, gazing round and round on the foundations of the infinite universe, the shining horses rolled along under the yoke over their usual course through the zodiac. Now inexperienced Phaethon with his fiery whip could be seen flogging the horses’ necks; they went wild shrinking under the goad of their merciless charioteer, and all unwilling they ran away over the limit of their ancient road beyond the mark of the zodiac, expecting a different call from their familiar driver. Then there was tumult along the bounds of the South and the back of the North Wind: the quickfoot Seasons at the celestial gate wondered at the strange and unreal day, Dawn trembled, and star Lucifer cried out.

‘πῇ φέρεαι, φίλε κοῦρε; τί μαίνεαι ἵππον ἐλαύνων;

φειδεο σῆς μάστιγος ἀγήνορος· ἀμφοτέρων δὲ
 335 πλαζομένων πεφύλαξο καὶ ἀπλανέων χορὸν ἄστρον,
 μὴ θρασὺς Ὠρίων σε κατακτείνειε μαχαίρῃ,
 μὴ ῥοπάλῳ πυρόεντι γέρων πλήξειε Βοώτης,
 πλαγκτῆς δ' ἵπποσύνης ἔτι φειδεο, μηδὲ σε μακρῷ
 γαστέρι τυμβεύσειεν ἐν αἰθέρι Κῆτος Ὀλύμπου·
 340 μηδὲ σε δαιτρεύσειε Λέων, ἢ Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου
 αὐχένα κυρτώσας φλογερῇ πλήξειε κεραίῃ·
 ἄξιο Τοξευτῆρα, τιτανομένης ἀπὸ νευρῆς
 μὴ σε πυριγλώχινι κατακτείνειεν ὀιστῷ.
 μὴ χάος ἄλλο γένοιτο, καὶ αἰθέρος ἄστρα φανείη
 345 ἥματος ἱσταμένοιο, μεσημβρίζοντι δὲ δίφρῳ
 ἄστατος ἡριγένεια συναντήσσει Σελήνῃ·'

[333] “‘Where are you hurrying, dear boy? Why have you gone mad with reins in your hand? Spare your headstrong lash! Beware of these two companies — both planets and company of fixed stars, lest bold Orion kill you with his knife, lest ancient Bootes hit you with fiery cudgel. Spare this wild driving, and let not the Olympian Whale entomb you in his belly in high heaven; let not the Lion tear you to pieces, or the Olympian Bull arch his neck and strike you with fiery horn! Respect the Archer, or he may kill you with a firebarbed arrow from his drawn bowstring. Let there not be a second chaos, and the stars of heaven appear at the rising day, or erratic Dawn meet Selene at noonday in her car!’

ὥς φαμένου Φαέθων πλέον ἦλασεν, ἄρμα παρέλκων
 εἰς Νότον, εἰς Βορέην, Ζεφύρου σχεδόν, ἐγγύθεν Εὐρου.
 καὶ κλόνος αἰθέρος ἦεν, ἀκινήτοιο δὲ κόσμου
 350 ἁρμονίην ἐτίναξεν· ἐδοχμώθη δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
 αἰθέρι δινήεντι μέσος τετορημένος ἄξων.
 καὶ μόγῃς αὐτοέλικτον ἐλαφρίζων πόλον ἄστρον
 ὀκλαδὸν ἐστήρικτο Λίβυς κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας,
 μείζονα φόρτον ἔχων· καὶ ἰσημερον ἔκτοθεν Ἄρκτου
 355 κύκλον ἐπιζῶν ἐλικώδεϊ γαστέρος ὀλκῷ
 σὺνδρομος ἀστερόεντι Δράκων ἐπεσύρισε Ταύρῳ,
 καὶ Κυνὶ σειριάοντι Λέων βρυχήσατο λαιμῷ,
 αἰθέρα θερμαίνων μαλερῷ πυρὶ, καὶ θρασὺς ἔσθη
 καρκίνον ὀκταπόδην κλονέων λασιότρεχιν παλμῷ·
 360 οὐρανίου δὲ Λέοντος ὀπισθιδίῳ παρὰ ταρσῷ
 παρθένον ἀγκικέλευθον ἐμάστιε δίψιος οὐρῇ·
 κούρη δὲ πτερόεσσα παραίξασα Βοώτην
 ἄξονος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε καὶ ὠμίλησεν Ἀμάξῃ·
 καὶ δυτικὴν παρὰ νύσσαν ἀλήμονα φέγγεα πέμπων
 365 ἔσπερον ἀντικέλευθον Ἑωσφόρος ὥθειεν ἀστήρ·

πλάζετο δ' ἡριγένεια· καὶ ἡθάδος ἀντὶ Λαγωοῦ
Σείριος αἰθαλόεις ἐδράξατο διψάδος Ἄρκτου·
διχθὰ δὲ καλλεΐψαντες, ὁ μὲν Νότον, ὃς δὲ Βορῆα,
ἰχθύες ἀστερόεντες ἐπεσκίρτησαν Ὀλύμπῳ,
370 γείτονες Ὑδροχόοιο· κυβιστητῆρι δὲ παλμῷ
σύνδρομος Αἰγοκερῆος, ἔλιξ ὠρχήσατο Δελφίς·
καὶ Νοτίης ἐλικηδὸν ἀποπλαγχθέντα κελεύθου
σκορπίον ἀγκικέλευθον, ἔῃς ψαύοντα μαχαίρης,
ἔτρεμεν Ὠρίων καὶ ἐν ἄστρασι, μὴ βραδὺς ἔρπων
375 ἄκρα ποδῶν ξύσειε τὸ δεύτερον ὀξεί κέντρῳ·
καὶ σέλας ἡμιτέλεστον ἀποπτύουσα προσώπου
ἀκροκελαινιώωσα μεσημβριᾶς ἄνθορε Μῆνη·
οὐ γὰρ ὑποκλέπτουσα νόthon σέλας ἄρσενι πυρσῷ
ἀντιπόρου Φαέθοντος ἀμέλγετο σύγγονον αἰγλην·
380 πληιάδος δὲ φάλαγγος ἔλιξ ἐπτάστερος ἤχῳ
οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνον ἐπέβρεμε κυκλάδι φωνῇ·
καὶ κτύπον αἰθύσσοντες ἰσηρίθμων ἀπὸ λαϊμῶν
ἀστέρες ἀντιθέοντες ἐβακχεύθησαν ἀλῆται·
Ζῆνα μὲν ὥθεε Κύπρις, Ἄρης Κρόνον, εἰαρινῆς δὲ
385 Πλειιάδος ἐγγὺς ἵκανεν ἐμὸς μετανάστιος ἀστήρ,
ἄστρασι δ' ἐπταπόροις κεράσας ἐμφύλιον αἰγλην
ἡμιφανῆς ἀνέτελλεν ἐμῇ παρὰ μητέρι Μαίῃ,
ἄρματος οὐρανίοιο παράτροπος, ᾧ πέλεν αἰεὶ
σύνδρομος ἢ προκέλευθος ἐώιος, ἐσπέριος δὲ
390 ἥελιου δύνοντος ὀπίστερα φέγγεα πέμπει·
καὶ μιν, ὅτε δρόμον ἴσον ἔχων ἰσόμοιρος ὀδεύει,
ἥελιου κραδίην ἐπεφήμισαν ἴδμονες ἄστρων·
καὶ δροσεραῖς νιφάδεσσι διάβροχον αὐχένα τεινών
νυμφίος Εὐρώπης μυκήσατο Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,
395 εἰς δρόμον ὀρθώσας πόδα καμπύλον· ὀξυτενὲς δὲ
δοχμώσας Φαέθοντι κέρας λοξοῖο μετώπου
οὐρανήν φλογερῇσιν ἐπέκτυπεν ἄντυγα χηλαῖς·
καὶ θρασὺς ἐκ κολεοῖο παρήγορον αἶθοπι μηρῷ
Ὠρίων ξίφος εἵλκε· καλαύροπα πάλλε Βοώτης·
400 καὶ ποδὸς ἀστραίοιο μετάρσια γούνατα πάλλων
Πήγασος ἐχρεμέτιζε, καὶ αἰθύσσων πόλον ὀπλῇ
ἡμιφανῆς Λίβυς ἵππος ἐπέτρεχε γείτονι Κύκνω,
καὶ κοτέων πτερὰ πάλλεν, ὅπως πάλιν ἠνιοχῆα
ἄλλον ἀκοντίσσειεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος, οἷα καὶ αὐτὸν
405 ἄντυγος οὐρανής ἀπεσεΐσατο Βελλεροφόντην,
οὐκέτι δ' ὑψιπόροιο Βορειιάδος ἐγγύθι νύσσης
ἀλλήλων ἐχόρευον ἐπ' ἰξὺ κυκλάδες Ἄρκτοι,
ἀλλὰ Νότῳ μίσιγοντο, καὶ Ἑσπερίῃ παρὰ λίμνῃ
ἄβροχον ἶχνος ἔλουσαν ἀήθεος Ὠκεανοῖο.

[347] “As he spoke, Phaethon drove harder still, drawing his car aside to South, to North, close to the West, near to the East. There was tumult in the sky shaking the joints of the immovable universe: the very axle bent which runs through the middle of the revolving heavens. Libyan Atlas could hardly support the selfrolling firmament of stars, as he rested on his knees with bowed back under this greater burden. Now the Serpent scraped with his writhing belly the equator far away from the Bear, and hissed as he met with the starry Bull; the Lion roared out of his throat against the scorching Dog, heating the air with ravening fire, and stood boldly to attack the eight claws of the Crab with his shaggy hair bristling, while the heavenly Lion’s thirsty tail flogged the Virgin hard by his hind leg, and the winged Maiden darting past the Waggoner came near the pole and met the Wain. The Morning Star sent forth his straying light in the setting region of the West and pushed away the Evening Star who met him there. Dawn wandered about; blazing Sirius grabbed the thirsty Bear instead of his usual Hare. The two starry Fishes left one the South and one the North, and leapt in Olympos near Aquarius; the Dolphin danced in a ring and tumbled about with Capricorn. Scorpios also had wandered around from the southern path until he came near to Orion and touched his sword — Orion trembled even among the stars, lest he might creep up slowly and pierce his feet once again with a sharp sting. The Moon leapt up at midday, spitting off the half-completed light from her face and growing black on the surface, for she could no longer steal the counterfeit light from the male torch of Phaethon opposite and milk out his inborn flame. The sevenstar voices of the Pleiades rang circling round the sevenzone sky with echoing sound; the planets from as many throats raised an outcry and rushed wildly against them. Cypris pushed Zeus, Ares Cronos; my own wandering star approached the Pleiad of Spring, and mingling a kindred light with the seven stars he rose halfseen beside my mother Maia — he turned away from the heavenly chariot, beside which he always runs or before it in the morning, and in the evening when Helios sets he sends his following light, and because he keeps equal course with him and travels with equal portion, astronomers have named him the Sun’s Heart. Europa’s bridegroom the Olympian Bull bellowed, stretching his neck drenched with damp snowflakes; he raised a foot curved for a run, and inclining his head sideways with its sharp horn against Phaethon, stamped on the heavenly vault with fiery hooves. Bold Orion drew sword from sheath hanging by his glowing thigh; Bootes shook his cudgel; Pegasos neighed rearing and shaking the knees of his starry legs — halfseen the Libyan courser trod the firmament with his foot and galloped towards the Swan his neighbour, angrily flapping his wings, that again he might send another rider hurtling down from the sky as he had once thrown Bellerophontes himself out of the heavenly vault. No longer the circling Bears danced back to back beside the northern turningpost on high; but they passed to the south, and bathed their unwashed feet in the unfamiliar Ocean beside the western main.

⁴¹⁰ Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ Φαέθοντα κατεπρήνιξε κεραυνῷ
 ὑπόθεν αὐτοκύλιστον ὑπὲρ ῥόον Ἑριδανοῖο·
 δήσας δ' ἄρμονιην παλινάγρετον ἥλικι δεσμῷ
 ἵππους Ἑλίῳ πάλιν ὥπασεν, αἰθέριον δὲ
 ἄντολιη πόρεν ἄρμα, καὶ ἀρχαίη παρὰ νύσση.
⁴¹⁵ ἀμφίπολοι Φαέθοντος ἐπέτρεχον εὐποδες ὦραι.
 γαῖα δὲ πᾶσα γέλασσε τὸ δεῦτερον· ἡερόθεν δὲ
 ζωοτόκου Διὸς ὄμβρος ὅλας ἐκάθηρεν ἀρούρας,
 καὶ διερῇ ραθάμιγγι κατέσβεσε πυρσὸν ἀλήτην,
 ὅσσον ἐπὶ χθόνα πᾶσαν ἐριφλεγέων ἀπὸ λαϊμῶν
⁴²⁰ οὐρανόθεν χρεμέθοντες ἀπέπτυνον αἴθοπες ἵπποι.
 Ἥελιος δ' ἀνέτελλε παλίνδρομον ἄρμα νομεύων·
 καὶ σπόρος ἡέξητο, πάλιν δ' ἐγέλασσαν ἄλωαι.
 δεχνύμεναι προτέρην βιοτήσιον αἰθέρος αἴγλην.

[410] “Then Father Zeus struck down Phaethon with a thunderbolt, and sent him rolling helplessly from on high into the stream of Eridanos. He fixed again the joints which held all together with their primeval union, gave back the horses to Helios, brought the heavenly chariot to the place of rising; and the agile Hours that attended upon Phaethon followed their ancient course. All the earth laughed again. Rain from lifebreeding Zeus cleared all the fields, and with moist showers quenched the wandering fires, all that the glowing horses had spat whinnying from their flaming throats out of the sky over all the earth. Helios rose driving his car on his road again; the crops grew, the orchards laughed again, receiving as of yore the life-giving warmth from the sky.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ Φαέθοντα κατεστήριξεν Ὀλύμπῳ
⁴²⁵ εἵκελον Ἥνιοχῳ καὶ ἐπώνυμον· οὐράνιον δὲ
 πήχεϊ μαρμαίροντι σελασφόρον Ἄρμα τιταίνων
 εἰς δρόμον αἰσσοντος ἔχει τύπον Ἥνιοχῆος,
 οἷα πάλιν ποθέων καὶ ἐν ἄστρασιν ἄρμα τοκῆος.
 καὶ ποταμὸς πυρίκαυτος ἀνήλυθεν εἰς πόλον ἄστρον
⁴³⁰ Ζηνὸς ἐπαινήσαντος, ἐν ἄστερόεντι δὲ κύκλῳ
 Ἑριδανοῦ πυρόεντος ἐλίσσεται ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ.

[424] “But Father Zeus fixed Phaethon in Olympos, like a Charioteer, and bearing that name. As he holds in the radiant Chariot of the heavens with shining arm, he has the shape of a Charioteer starting upon his course, as if even among the stars he longed again for his fathers car. The fire-scorched river also came up to the vault of the stars with consent of Zeus, and in the starry circle rolls the meandering stream of burning Eridanos.

γνωτὰ δ' ὠκυμόροιο δεδοπότης ἡνιοχῆος

εἰς φυτὸν εἶδος ἄμειψαν, ὀδυρομένων δ' ἀπὸ δένδρων
ἀφνειήν πετάλοισι κατασταλάουσιν ἔερσην.

[432] “But the sisters of the charioteer fallen to his early death changed their shape into trees, and from the weeping trees they distil precious dew out of their leaves.”

BOOK 39

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἐνάτῳ μετὰ κύματα λεύσσεις
Δηριάδην φεύγοντα πυριφλεγέων στόλον Ἰνδῶν.

BOOK XXXIX

*In the thirty-ninth, you see Deriades after the flood trying to desert the host of
fire-blazing Indians.*

THIS story told, Hermes went into the heavens unapproachable, leaving joy
and amazement to his brother Dionysos.

ὥς εἰπὼν ἀκίχητος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἦλυθεν Ἑρμῆς,
χάρμα λιπὼν καὶ θαῦμα κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος ἀκοσμήτων χύσιν ἄστρον
θάμβεε καὶ Φαέθοντα δεδουπότα, πῶς παρὰ Κελτοῦς
5 Ἑσπερίῳ πυρίκαυτος ἐπωλίσθησε ῥέεθρῳ,
τόφρα δὲ νῆες ἱκανὸν ἐπήλυδες, ἃς ἐνὶ πόντῳ
στοιχάδας ἰθύνοντες ἐς Ἄρεα ναύμαχον Ἰνδῶν
ἀκλύστῳ Ῥαδαμᾶνες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσσει,
πόντον ἀμοιβαίῃσιν ἐπιρρήσσοντες ἔρωαῖς
10 Ὑαμίνης ἐλατῆρες: ἐπειγομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
ὀλκάσιν ἀντιτύποις ἐπεσύρισε πομπὸς ἀήτης.
καὶ Λύκος ἡγεμόνευεν ἐν ὕδασι δίφρον ἐλαύνων,
ἵππειαις ἀχάρακτον ἐπιζῶν ῥόον ὀρλαῖς.

[3] While Bacchos was wondering still at the confusion of the disordered stars,
and Phaëthon's fall, how he slipt down among the Celts into the Western
river, firescorched, the foreign ships were arriving, which the Rhadamanes
had been navigating over the tranquil sea, guiding their columns on the deep
towards the Indian War of ships, splashing into the deep with alternating
motions, oarsmen of battle; to suit the haste of Lyaïos, a following wind
whistled against the ships. And Lycos led them driving his car over the
waters, and skimmed over the flood, where the horses' hooves left no mark.

Δηριάδης δ' ἀπέλεθρος ὑπέρτερος ὑπόθι πύργων
15 ἔσσυμένων νεφεληδὼν ἐδέρκετο λαίφεα νηῶν
ὀφθαλμῷ κοτέοντι, καὶ ὥς ὑπέροπλος ἀκούων,
ἐγρεμόθους ὅτι νῆας Ἄραφ τορνώσατο τέκτων,
ᾧμοσεν ὑλοτόμοισιν ἄγειν Ἀράβεσσιν Ἐνυῶ,
καὶ πόλιν ἠπειλήσεν αἰστώσαι Λυκοόργου,
20 ἀμήσας Ῥαδαμᾶνας ἀλοιντῆρι σιδήρῳ.

καὶ στόλον ἀθρήσαντες ἀταρβέες ἔτρεμον Ἴνδοι,
Ἄρεα παπταίνοντες ἀλίκτυπον, ἄχρι καὶ αὐτοῦ
γούνατα τολμήεντος ἐλύετο Δηριαδῆος·
ποιητῷ δὲ γέλωτι γαλῆναίοιο προσώπου
25 Ἴνδός ἄναξ ἐκέλευσε τριηκοσίων ἀπὸ νήσων
ἧς ἐλεφαντοβότοιο παρά σφυρὰ δύσβατα γαίης
λαδὸν ἄγειν· καὶ κραιπνὸς ἐς ἀτραπὸν ἦιε κῆρυξ,
ποσὶ πολυγνάμπτοισιν ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰς χθόνα βαίνων
καὶ στόλος ὁξὺς ἵκανε πολυσπερέων ἀπὸ νήσων
30 κεκλωμένου βασιλῆος· ὁ δὲ θρασὺς αὐχένα τείνων,
ὀλκάδας εὐπῆληκας ἐς Ἄρεα πόντιον ἔλκων,
λαδὸν ὅλον θάρσυνε, καὶ ὑφινώω φάτο φωνῇ·

[14] But gigantic Deriades high on his battlements saw with angry eye the sails of the ships like a cloud; and in his overweening pride, as he heard that an Arabian shipwright had built battle-rousing ships, he swore to make war on the woodcutting Arabs, and threatened to mow down the Rhadamanes with destroying steel and to devastate the city of Lycurgos.” The fearless Indians trembled at sight of the fleet, when they surveyed the seabeaten armada, until even the knees of daring Deriades gave way. With a forced laugh on a calm face, the Indian king ordered men to be marshalled from three hundred islands along the unapproachable slopes of his elephantfeeding land. In haste a herald went on his way, travelling from land to land with many a twist and turn, and a fleet came with speed from the many scattered isles at the summons of their king: boldly he stretched his neck, and drew the helmeted ships into the maritime war, with words of encouragement to all his men which he uttered in high-hearted tones:

‘ Ἀνέρες, οὐς ἀτίταλλεν ἐμὸς μενέχαρμος Ὑδάσπης,
ἄρτι πάλιν μάρνασθε πεποιθότες· αἰθόμενον δὲ
35 ἄξατε πῦρ ἐς Ἄρηα, καὶ ἄσπετον ἄψατε πεύκην,
νῆας ἵνα φλέξοιμι νεήλυδας αἴθοπι δαλῶ,
καὶ στρατὸν ὑγροκέλευθον ἐνικρύψοιμι θαλάσση
σὺν δορί, σὺν θώρηκι, σὺν ὀλκάσι, σὺν Διονύσῳ.
εἰ θεὸς ἔπλετο Βάκχος, ἐμῷ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὀλέσσω·
40 οὐχ ἄλῖς, ὥς προχοῇσι πολύτροπα φάρμακα πάσσω
ἄνθεσι Θεσσαλικοῖσιν ἐμόν φοινιξεν Ὑδάσπην,
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν σίγησα, καὶ ἥσυχος εἰσέτι λεύσσειν
ἔτλην ξανθὰ ῥέεθρα μαινομένου ποταμοῖο;
εἰ γὰρ ἔην ῥόος οὗτος ἀπ’ ἀλλοτρίου ποταμοῖο,
45 μηδὲ πατήρ ἐμὸς ἦεν Ἀρήιος Ἴνδός Ὑδάσπης,
καὶ κεν ἐγὼ τόδε χεῦμα χυτῆς ἔπλησα κονίης
ὁδμήν βοτρυόεσσαν ἀμαλδύνων Διονύσου,
καὶ προχοὴν μεθύουσαν ἐμοῦ γενετῆρος ὀδεύων

ποσσί κονιομένοισι διέτρεχον ἄβροχον ὕδωρ,
50 οἷα παρ' Ἀργείοισι φατίζεται, ὡς ἐνοσίχθων
ξηρὸν ὕδωρ ποιήσε, καὶ αὐσταλέου ποταμοῖο
Ἰναχίην ὑπείους ὄνυξ ἐχάραξε κόνιν.

[33] “My men, bred beside my standfast Hydaspes, now fight again with confidence! Bring flaming fire into battle, light unquenchable torches, that I may burn those newly come ships with blazing brand and sink in the sea that waterfaring host, with spear, with corselet, with ships, with Dionysos! If Bacchos is a god, I will destroy Bacchos with my fire. Is it not enough, that he has sprinkled those cunning poisons in the water and reddened my Hydaspes with Thessalian flowers? That I have looked on him in silence, and let myself quietly behold the yellow streams of my maddened river? For if that stream came from a foreign river, if the warlike Indian Hydaspes were not my own father, then I would have filled that flood with heaps of dust to drown the viny stink of Dionysos; I would have walked upon the drunken stream of my father and crossed unwetting water with dusty feet, as once it is said among the Argives that Earthshaker made water dry, and a horse’s hoof left his prints on the dust of river Inachos dried up.

οὐ θεός, οὐ θεὸς οὗτος· ἐὴν δ' ἐψεύσατο φύτλην:
ποιὴν γὰρ Κρονίωνος Ὀλύμπιον αἰγίδα πάλλει;
55 ποῖον ἔχει σπινθῆρα Διοβλήτοιο κεραυνοῦ;
ποιὴν δ' οὐρανήν στεροπὴν γενετῆρος ἀείρει;
οὐ Κρονίδης κατ' Ἄρηα κορύσσεται οἴνοπι κισσῷ:
οὐ τυπάνων πατάγοισι μέλος βρονταῖον εἰσκω,
οὐδὲ Διὸς σκηπτοῖσιν ὁμοίια θύρσα καλέσσω,
60 οὐ χθονίῳ θώρηκι Διὸς νέφος ἶσον ἐνίψω:
νεβρίδι δαιδαλέῃ πότε ποικίλον ἄστρον εἰσκω;
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι βότρυν ἐδέξατο καὶ χύσιν οἴνου
δῶρα παρὰ Κρονίωνος ἀξιφύτοιο τοκῆος:
Τρώιον αἶμα φέροντι καὶ ἀγρονόμῳ τινὶ βοῦτῃ
65 Ζεὺς πόρεν οἶνοχόῳ Γανυμήδεϊ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου,
νέκταρι δ' οὐ πέλεν οἶνος ὁμοῖος· εἴξατε, θύρσοι.
Βάκχος ὁμοῦ Σατύροισιν ἐπὶ χθονὸς εἰλαπινάξει:
δαίνυνται οὐρανόισι σὺν ἀθανάτοισι Γανυμήδης.
εἰ δὲ πέλε βροτὸς οὗτος ἐπουρανίοιο τοκῆος,
70 σὺν Διὶ καὶ μακάρεσσι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης.
ἔκλυον, ὥς ποτε θῶκον ἐὸν καὶ σκῆπτρον Ὀλύμπου
δῶκε γέρας Ζαγρῆι παλαιοτέρῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἀστεροπὴν Ζαγρῆι καὶ ἄμπελον οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ.’

[53] “No god, no god is that man; he has lied about his birth. For what

Olympian aegis of Cronion does he brandish? What spark has he of Zeus-thrown thunderbolt? What heavenly lightning of his father's does he lift? No Cronides equips himself for war with vineleaf and ivy! I cannot compare the music of thunder to rattling cymbals. I will not call the thyrsus anything like the thunderbolt of Zeus, I will not allow an earthly corselet to be equal to the clouds of Zeus. How can I liken a dappled fawnskin to the pattern of the stars? — But you will say, he received the grapes and the liquid wine as gifts from Cronion his father, who blesses the crops with increase. Well, Zeus gave Olympian nectar to one of Trojan blood, a country clown, a cowman, Ganymede the cupbearer, and wine is not equal to nectar: thyrsus, you have the worst of it! Bacchos feasts on earth with Satyrs; Ganymede banquets with the heavenly immortals. If this mortal had a heavenly father, he would have touched one board with Zeus and the Blessed. I have heard how Zeus once gave his throne and the sceptre of Olympus as prerogative to Zagreus the ancient Dionysos — lightning to Zagreus, vine to wineface Bacchos!”

εἶπε καὶ εἰς μόθον ὤρτο: συνερρώοντο δὲ λαοὶ
75 σὺν δορί, σὺν σακέεσσι, καὶ ὄψιμον ἐλπίδα νίκης
χερσαίου πολέμοιο μετεστήσαντο θαλάσση.
καὶ προμάχοις Διόνυσος ἐκέκλετο θυιάδι φωνῇ:

[74] He spoke, and away to battle. The people rushed together armed with spears, with shields, and now transferred their last hope of victory from land to sea. Then Dionysos called to his leaders with wild voice:

‘ Ἄρεος ἄλκιμα τέκνα καὶ εὐθώρηκος Ἀθήνης,
οἷς βίος ἔργα μόθοιο καὶ ἐλπίδες εἰσὶν ἀγῶνες,
80 σπεύσατε καὶ κατὰ πόντον αἰστώσαι γένος Ἴνδῶν,
εἰναλίην τελέσαντες ἐπιχθονίην μετὰ νίκην.
ἀλλὰ θαλασσαιόιο διάκτορα δηιοτῆτος,
ἔγχεα διπλώσαντες ὁμόπλοκα δίζυγ, δεσμῶ
ναύμαχα κολλήεντα, περὶ στόμα εἰμένα χαλκῶ,
85 μίξατε δυσμενέεσιν ἀλιπτοίητον Ἐνυῶ,
προφθάμενοι, μὴ χειρὶ πυραυγέα δαλὸν αἰέρων
Δηριάδης φλέξειεν Ἀρήια δούρατα νηῶν.
νόσφι φόβου μάρνασθε, Μιμαλλόνες: ὕγρομόθων γὰρ
ἐλπίδες ἀντιβίων κενεαυχέες: εἰ δὲ μογήσας
90 φύλοπιν οὐκ ἐτέλεσσεν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὄρχαμος Ἴνδῶν,
ἡλιβάτων λοφιῇσιν ἐφεδρήσων ἐλεφάντων,
ἀγχινεφής, ἀκίχητος, αἰοῦτατος, ἥερι γείτων,
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ προμάχων ποτὲ δεύομαι, οὐδὲ καλέσσω
ἄλλον ἀοσητῆρα μετὰ Κρονίωνα τοκῆα,
95 ἡνίοχον πόντοιο καὶ αἰθέρος: ἦν δ’ ἐθέλῃσω,

γνωτὸν ἔμοῦ Κρονίδαο Ποσειδάωνα κορύσσω
 Ἴνδῶν στιχα πᾶσαν ἀμαλδύνοντα τριαινῇ:
 καὶ πρόμον εὐρυγένειον, ἀπόσπορον ἐννοσιγαίου,
 Γλαῦκον ἔχω συνάεθλον, ἐμῆς ἄτε γείτονα Θήβης,
 100 πόντιον Ἀονίης Ἀνθηδόνοιο ἀστὸν ἀρούρης:
 Γλαῦκον ἔχω καὶ Φόρκυν: ἱμασσομένην δὲ θαλάσση
 ὀλκάδα Δηριάδαο κατακρύψει Μελικίρτης,
 κυδαίνων Διόνυσον ὁμόγνιον, οὔ ποτε μήτηρ
 νήπιον ἔτρεφε Βάκχον, ἐπεὶ πόρε ποντιάς Ἴνῳ
 105 ἔν γλᾶγος ἀμφοτέροισι, Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ:
 μαντιπόλου δὲ γέροντος, ὃς ἡμετέρεν ποτὲ νίκη
 ἔσσομένην κατὰ πόντον ὑποβρυχίῃ φάτο φωνῇ,
 εἰμὶ φίλος Πρωτῆος: ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ κορύσσει
 θυγατέρας Νηρηῆος ἐμὴ Θέτις, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 110 Βασσαρίδων συνάεθλος ἐμὴ θωρήσεται Ἴνῳ:
 θωρήξω δ' ἐς Ἄρηα καὶ Αἰόλον, ὄφρα νοήσω
 εὖρον ἀκοντίζοντα καὶ αἰχμάζοντα Βορήα,
 γαμβρὸν ἔμοῦ προμάχου, Μαραθωνίδος ἄρπαγα νύμφης,
 καὶ Νότον Αἰθιοπῆα προασπιστῆρα Λυαίου:
 115 καὶ Ζέφυρος πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀελλήεντι κυδοιμῷ
 ὀλκάδας ἀντιβίων δηλήσεται: ἡμετέρου γὰρ
 εὐνέτιν Ἴριν ἔχει Διὸς ἄγγελον. ἀλλὰ σιωπῇ
 ἔκτοθεν εὐθύρσοιο καὶ Ἴνδῶοιο κυδοιμοῦ
 μιμνέτω ἡρεμέων θραχὺς Αἰόλος, ἡθάδι δεσμῷ
 120 ἀσκὸν ἐπισφίγξας ἀνεμώδεα, μηδ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
 ἄσθμασιν Ἴνσοφόνοισιν ἀριστεύσωναι ἀῖται:
 ἀλλὰ μόθον τελέσω νηοφθόρα θύρσα τιταίνων.'

[78] "Mighty sons of Ares and corseleted Athena, whose life is the works of war, whose hope is conflict!

Make haste now — destroy the Indian race on the sea as well, and finish your land victory with another by sea! Come, take in hand those messengers of sea-warfare, spears coupled together with double rings, welded seapikes with bronze fixed at the mouth, and join sea-terrifying battle with your enemies — get in before them, that Deriades may not lift his fireblazing torch and burn up the warlike timbers of our ships. Fight without fear, Mimallones! For the hopes of our seafighting adversaries are all empty boasts. If for all his efforts the Indian chieftain could not finish off his war on land, seated on the neck of mountainous elephants, near the clouds, unapproachable, unwounded, a neighbour to the sky, then I never lack champions, I will call on no other helper after my father Cronion, charioteer of sea and sky; or if it please me, I will arm Poseidon the brother of my Cronides, to wipe out all the Indian host with his trident, and I have as my ally Earthshaker's offspring Glaucos, the broadbearded champion, as neighbour of my own Thebes and seaborne

inhabitant of the land of Aonian Anthedon — yes, Glaucos I have and Phorcys. And Melicertes will drown the vessel of Deriades flogged by the sea; he shall glorify Dionysos his kinsman, for his mother once nursed baby Bacchos, since Ino of the sea gave one milk to both Palaimon and Dionysos. I am also the friend of Proteus the Old Man prophetic, who told with a voice out of the deep waters my coming victory on the sea. My Thetis also prepares the daughters of Nereus for war, and in the battle my Ino is arming to help the Bassarids. Aiolos too I will arm for warfare, that I may behold East Wind shooting arrows and North Wind hurling javelins — North Wind goodson of my champion and the spoiler of the Marathonian bride, South Wind the Ethiopian defender of Lyaïos. West Wind also much more shall destroy the ships of my adversaries with stormy tumult, for he has to wife Iris the messenger of my father Zeus. No, better let bold Aiolos keep away from the battle of Indian and thyrsus and remain in peace and quiet; let him tie up tight his windy bag by its usual cord, that the winds may not be heroes on the deep and slay the Indians with their blasts. I will finish the battle shaking a ship-destroying thyrsus.”

ὥς εἰπὼν ἐκόρυσσε πεποιθότας ἡγεμονῆας.
 ἦσῃ δὲ πτολέμοιο προάγγελος ἴστατο σάλπιγξ,
 125 καὶ μέλος ἐγρεκῦδοιμον ἀνέκλαγον Ἄρεος αὐλοὶ
 λαὸν ἀολλίζοντες, ἀρασσομένη δὲ βοεῖη
 εἰναλίου κελάδῃσε μόθου χαλκόκροτον ἦχώ,
 καὶ καναχήν ὁμόδουπον ἀγέστρατος ἴαχε σύριγξ·
 ἀντὶ δὲ πετραίης πολεμῆια λείψανα φωνῆς
 130 Πανιάς ὑστερόφωνας ἀμείβετο ποντιάς Ἥχώ.

[123] With these words, he armed his confident captains. Already the trumpet was there as harbinger of war, and the pipes of war gave out their battle-rousing tune collecting the army. The stricken shield sounded with bronze-rattling noise for the seafight, and the host-assembling syrinx mingled its piercing tones, and Pan's answering Echo came from the sea with faint warlike whispers instead of her rocky voice.

τοῖσι δὲ μαρναμένοισιν ἔην κλόνος, ὦρτο δ' ἰωὴ
 κεκλομένωνν: καὶ λαὸς ἐθήμονι μάρνατο τέχνη
 κυκλώσας στεφανηδὸν ὅλον στρατόν, ἐν δ' ἄρα μέσσω
 νηυσὶν ὁμοζυλέεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη στόλος Ἰνδῶν
 135 εἰς λίνον ἐργομένων νεπόδων τύπον: Αἰακίδαῖς δὲ
 Αἰακὸς ὕγρὸν Ἄρηα προθεσπίζων Σαλαμῖνος
 ἀρχόμενος πολέμοιο θεοῦδεά ῥήξατο φωνήν:

[131] Then there was din amongst the fighters, and the noise of clamour arose.

The host fought with their accustomed skill, and surrounded all the enemy in ring; the Indian fleet was in the middle girt about with an unbroken circle of ships like a shoal of fish enclosed in a net. Then Aiacos beginning the battle cried aloud with inspired voice this prophecy of the watery strife at Salamis for the descendants of Aiacos:

‘ Εἰ πάρος ἡμετέρην αἰὼν ἱκετήσιον ἤχῳ
ἄσπορον εὐρυάλως ἀπῆλασας αὐχμὸν ἀρούρης,
¹⁴⁰ διψαλέην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγων βιοτήσιον ὕδωρ,
δὸς πάλιν ὀψιτέλεστον ἴσῃν χάριν, ὕετιε Ζεῦ,
ὔδατι κυδαίνων με καὶ ἐνθάδε: καὶ τις ἐνὶ ψῇ
νίκην ἡμετέρην δεδοκημένους: ‘ὥς ἐνὶ γαίῃ
Ζεὺς ἔδῳ νῖα γέραιρε, καὶ ἐν πελάγεσσι γεραίρει.’
¹⁴⁵ ἄλλος ἀνὴρ λέξειεν Ἀχαικός: ‘εἶν ἐνὶ θεσμῷ
Αἰακὸς Ἴνδοφόνος φυσίζοος: ἀμφότερον γάρ,
κείρων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα καὶ αὐλακι καρπὸν ὀπάσσας
χάρμα πόρεν Δήμητρι καὶ εὐφροσύνην Διονύσῳ.’
ῥῦεο δ’ ἡμετέρης πλόον ὀλκάδος: αὐσταλέω δέ
¹⁵⁰ ὥς χθονίῳ κενεῶνι φερέσβιον ἦγαγον ὕδωρ,
καὶ βυθίων λαγόνων θανατηφόρον οἶδμα καρύσσω
μαρνάμενον στρατιῇσι καὶ ὀλκάσι Δηριαδῆος.

[138] “If ever, O Zeus of the rains, thou hast heard our voice of prayer, and driven away seedless drought from the broad threshing floors of our country, and brought lifegiving water upon the thirsty land, then give us again an equal boon now at last, and glorify me here also with water! Then men may say when they see our victory, ‘As Zeus showed honour to his son on land, so he shows him honour on the sea.’ Some other man of Achaia may say, ‘Aiacos is both Indian-slayer and lifebringer at once; he both cuts off his enemies’ heads and brings fruit to the furrow, giving joy to Demeter and a merry heart to Dionysos.’ Protect thou the sailing of our ship! As I brought lifegiving water to the hollow of the parched earth, so now I arm this flood from the hollows of the deep to bring death, battling against the armies and ships of Deriades.

ἀλλά, πάτερ, σκηπτοῦχε βίου, σκηπτοῦχε κυδοιμοῦ,
πέμπτε μοι αἰετὸν ὄρνιν ἐμῆς κήρυκα γενέθλης
¹⁵⁵ δεξιτερὸν προμάχοισι καὶ ὑμετέρῳ Διονύσῳ:
ἄλλος δ’ ἀντιβίοισιν ἀριστερὸς ὄρνις ἱκέσθω:
σύμβολα δ’ ἀμφοτέροις ἐτερότροπα ταῦτα γενέσθω:
τὸν μὲν ἐσαθρήσω πεφορημένον ἄρπαγι ταρσῷ
θηγαλέων ὀνύχων κεχαραγμένον ὀξεί κέντρῳ
¹⁶⁰ νεκρὸν ὄφιν περιμέτρον ἀερτάζοντα κεράσστην,
δυσμενέος κερόεντος ἀπαγγέλλοντα τελευτήν:

λαῶ δ' ἀντιβίων ἕτερος μελανόχροος ἔλθη
 κυανέαις πτερύγεσσι προθεσπίζων φόνον Ἴνδῶν,
 αὐτομάτου θανάτοιο μέλαν τύπον: ἦν δ' ἔθελήσῃς,
 165 βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἐμὴν μαντεύεο νίκην,
 καὶ στεροπὴν Βρομίῳ λεχώια φέγγεα πέμπων
 υἷέα σείο γέραιρε πάλιν πυρί, δυσμενέων δὲ
 ὀλκάδας εὐπῆληκας ὀιστεύσωσι κεραυνοί.
 ναί, πάτερ, Αἰγίνης μιμνήσκεο, μὴ σέο νύμφης
 170 νυμφίον αἰσχύνειας ὁμόπτερον ὄρνιν Ἐρώτων.'

[153] "Come, O Father, monarch of life, monarch of battle! Send me an eagle, the auspicious herald of my birth, on the right hand of my captains and your own Dionysos! Let another omen come on the left for my adversaries, and let these two be opposite tokens for both. Let me see the one sailing along with robber's wing and lifting a huge horned serpent, dead and torn by sharp points of his keen talons, proclaiming the end of my horned enemy: let the other come to my host of adversaries black-hued, with dark wings, foretelling the carnage of the Indians, the black image of self-inflicted death. If it be thy pleasure, foretell my victory with claps of thunder, and send the lightning which lighted the birth of Bromios to honour your son once again with fire, and let thunderbolts strike the helmeted ships of the foe. Yes, Father, remember Aigina, and do not shame the bridegroom ° of thy bride, the lovebird of like feather with this!"

ὥς εἰπὼν πολέμιζεν, ἐς ἡερίας δὲ κελεύθους
 ὄμμα παλιννόστοιο βαλὼν ἀντῶπιον Ἄρκτου
 γαμβρὸν ἐδὼν λιτάνευσεν καὶ ἴαχε μῦθον Ἐρεχθεὺς:

[171] After this prayer, he began the fight; Erechtheus also cast up his eye to the heavenly path of the ever-returning Bear, and prayed to his goodson in these words:

Ἰταμβρὸς ἐμὸς Βορέης, θωρήσσεο, καὶ σέο νύμφης
 175 μαρναμένῳ γενετῆρι βοηθῶον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
 ἔδνα τεοῦ θαλάμοιο θαλασσαῖην πόρε νίκην:
 ὀλκάσι μὲν Βρομίῳ φέρων νηοσσόον αὔρην
 δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροισιν, Ἐρεχθεὶ καὶ Διονύσῳ:
 νηυσὶ δὲ Δηριάδαο μεμνηνότα πόντον ἱμάσσων
 180 ἄσθματι κυματόεντι τεὰς θώρηξον ἀέλλας —
 ἔσσι γὰρ ὑσμίνης ἐμπείραμος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
 Θρήκην ναιετάεις, ἐμπείραμος, οἷά περ Ἄρης —
 ἀντιβίων δὲ φάλαγγι δυσήνεμον ἄσθμα κομίζων
 ἔγχεϊ παχυήντι κορύσσειο Δηριαδῆϊ:

185 στήσας δ' ἄωτιβίοισι θυελλήεσσαν Ἐνυῶ
 δυσμενέας τόξευε χαλαζήεντι βελέμνῳ,
 καὶ Διὶ πρστὰ φέρων καὶ Παλλάδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
 μνώεο Κεκροπίης εὐπαρθένου, ἥχι γυναῖκες
 κερκίδι ποικίλλουσι τεῶν ὕμναιον Ἐρώτων:
 190 Ἰλισσὸν δὲ γέραιρε γαμοστόλον, ὀππόθι κούρην
 Ἀθθίδα δὴν παράκοιτιν ἀνήρπασαν ἄρπαγες αὖραι
 ἐξομένην ἀτίνακτον ἀκινήτῳ σέθεν ὤμῳ.

[174] “Goodson Boreas, put on your armour, and send a helping blast to your bride’s father in battle! Give victory by sea as the price of your bride! Bring a ship-stirring wind for Bromios’s fleet and grant a boon to Erechtheus and Dionysos alike. For the ships of Deriades, flog the maddened deep into waves with your blast and arm your tempests — for you are well practised in fighting, as one whose habitation is Thrace, well-practised as Ares himself — then drive a stormy wind upon the host of our enemies, arm yourself against Deriades with your icy spear. Raise a hurricane of war against our enemies, shoot the foe with your frozen shafts, and keep faith with Zeus and Pallas and Dionysos. Remember Cecropia with its lovely girls, where the women weave with their shuttle the love-story of your wedding. Honour Ilissos who led the bridal train, when the robber breezes made robbery of your Attic bride, sitting unshaken upon your unmoving shoulder.

οἶδα μὲν, ὥς συνάεθλος ἐλεύσεται ἄλλος ἀήτης
 γείτων ἀντιβίοισιν Ἐώιος· ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
 195 οὐ τρομέω θρασὺν Εὖρον, ὅτι περὸντες αἴηται
 πάντες, ὅσοι πνείουσιν, ὀπάονές εἰσι Βορῆος:
 καὶ πρόμος Αἰθιόπων Νοτίην ἐπὶ πέζαν ἀρούρης
 μηκέτι νοστήσειε Κορύμβασος, ἀλλὰ δαμείη
 θερμὸν ἔχων συνάεθλον ἐὼν Νότον Αἰθιοπῆα,
 200 ψυχρὸν ὑπὲρ πόντοιο πίων θανατηφόρον ὕδωρ:
 οὐκ ἀλέγω Ζεφύροιο, κορυσομένιο Βορῆος.
 δεῖξον ὁμοφροσύνην ἐκυρῶ σέθεν: οὐρανόθεν δὲ
 σὺν σοὶ Βακχιάδεσσιν ἐμαῖς στρατιῇσιν ἀρήξει
 μαρνάμενος τριόδοντι Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀθήνῃ,
 205 ἢ μὲν ἑοῖς ναέτησιν, ὃ δὲ γνωτοῖο γενέθλη:
 καὶ πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος Ἐρεχθέος αἶμα γεραίρων
 ἵξεται εὐάντητος ἐς ὕδατόεσσας Ἐνυῶ,
 ὀλκάσι Δηριάδαο μαχήμονα πυρσὸν ἐλίσσων.
 δὸς δὲ με νικῆσαι καὶ ἐν ὕδασι, καὶ μετὰ νίκην
 210 Κεκροπίῃ κομίσειεν ἀπήμονα λαὸν Ἐρεχθεύς,
 καὶ Βορέην μέλψωσι καὶ Ὠρείθυιαν Ἀθῆναι.’

[193] “I know that another wind will come to help our adversaries, the East Wind their neighbour: but I fear not bold Euros in battle, because all the winged breezes that blow are servants of Boreas. Let Corymbasos the chief of the Ethiopians never return to the arable land of the south; let him be brought low, although he is helped by his own hot Ethiopian South, let him drink the cold water of death beyond the sea. I care nothing for Zephyros, when Boreas is under arms. Show that you are of one heart with your goodfather. From heaven by your side will come Poseidon fighting for my Bacchiad armies with his trident, and Athena, she helping her countrymen, he his brother’s son; and fiery Hephaistos honouring the blood of Erechtheus will come full welcome to the watery war, swinging a warlike torch against the ships of Deriades. Grant me victory on the sea also, and after victory let Erechtheus take his people home to Cecropia unhurt, and let Athens chant of Boreas and Oreithyia.”

τοῖον ἔπος βοόων ἀλιδίνεος ἦψατο χάρμης
ἔγχεϊ τεχνήεντι, καὶ ὡς ναέτης Μαραθῶνος
ναύμαχου εἶχεν ἔρωτα: φιληρέτμῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
215 εὐστολος ἦεν Ἄρης τότε ναυτίλος, ἐν παλάμῃ δὲ
πηδάλιον Φόβος εἶχε, κυβερνήτης δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
Δεῖμος ἀκοντοφόρων ἀνελύσατο πείσματα νηῶν.

[212] Thus he cried loudly, and fell to the fight on the eddies of the brine with well-skilled spear — as a man of Marathon he was in love with seafighting. In that tumult of many oars Ares was then an excellent mariner, Rout held rudder in hand, Terror was pilot of the fray and threw off the hawsers of the javelinbearing ships.

Κυκλώπων δὲ φάλαγγες ἑωαυτίλλοντο θαλάσση
ὀλκάδας ἀγχιάλοισιν ὁιστεῦντες ἐρίπναις:
220 Εὐρύαλος δ’ ἀλάλαζεν, ἀλιρροίζω δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ἀγχινεφῆς οἴστρησεν ἐς ὑσμίνην Ἀλιμήδης.
καὶ διδύμαις στρατιῇσιν ἐπέκτυπε πόντιος Ἄρης
χερσαῖην μετὰ δῆριν, ἀλιρροίζω δ’ ἀλαλητῷ
ὀλκάσι Βακχεῖησιν ἐπέρρεον ὀλκάδες Ἰνδῶν:
225 καὶ φόνος ἦν ἐκάτερθε, καὶ ἔζεε κύματα λύθρῳ,
καὶ πολὺς ἀμφοτέρων στρατὸς ἦριπεν: ἀρτιχῦτῳ δὲ
αἵματι κυανέης ἐρυθαίνετο νῶτα θαλάσσης.

[218] Troops of Cyclopians navigated the sea, showering rocks from the shore upon the ships; Euryalos shouted the warcry, and Halimedes high as the sky dashed raging into battle with brineblustering tumult. In both armies the sea-battle roared after the conflict on land, while Indian ships charged Bacchic ships with brineblustering yells. There was carnage on both sides, and the

waves boiled with gore; a great company fell from both armies, the back of the blue sea grew red with newly-shed blood.

πολλοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χυτῷ πίπτοντες ὀλέθρῳ
οἶδαλέοι πλωτῆρες ἐναντιλλοντο θαλάσση:
230 καὶ ῥοθίοις ἐλικηδὸν ἔχων πορθμῆας ἀήτας
σύρετο νεκρὸς ὄμιλος ἀφειδέι σύνδρομος αὖρη:
πολλοὶ δ' αὐτοκύλιστον ὑπὸ στροδάλιγγα κυδοιμοῦ
εἰς ῥόον ὠλισθησαν, ἀναγκαίῃ δὲ πόντες
πικρὸν ὕδωρ ἐνόησαν ὑποβρυχίης λῖνα Μοίρης,
235 βριθόμενοι θώρηκι: καὶ οἶδαλέων μέλαν ὕδωρ
κυανέων ἐκάλυπτεν ὁμόχροα σώματα νεκρῶν
βένθει φυκίοεντι, σὺν ὑγροπόρῳ δὲ φορῇ
χάλκεος ἰλυόεντι χιτῶν ἐκαλύπτετο πηλῷ:
καὶ τάφος ἔπλετο πόντος. ἐτυμβεύοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
240 κητείοις γενύεσσιν, ἐν ἰχθυόεντι δὲ λαιμῷ
ἄπνοον αἰθύσσουσα νέκυν τυμβεύσατο φώκη,
ξανθὸν ἐρευγομένη ῥόον αἵματος. ὀλλυμένων δὲ
τεύχεα πόντος ἔσεκτο, νεοσφαγέος δὲ φορῆος
αὐτομάτη λοφόεσσα δι' ὕδατος ἔπλεε πῆληξ
245 δεσμοῦ λυομένοιο, θυελλήεντι δὲ πολλῇς
χεύματι φοιταλέης ἐπενήχετο κύκλα βοείης
σὺν διερῷ τελαμῶνι. πολὺς δ' ὑπὸ κύμασιν ἄκροις
ἀφρὸς ἐρευθιῶν πολιῆς ἀνεκήκιεν ἄλμης
αἵμαλέῳ πάνλευκον ὑποσιζας χύσιν ὀλκῷ.

[228] Many on this side and that side fell into the mess of carnage, and navigated the sea swollen and floating. The merciless winds dragged with them the crowds of dead bodies, tossed about by the surge with breezes to ferry them. Many fell of themselves under the whirlwind of battle, and slipt into the flood, then drank of the bitter brine, for they could not help it, and weighed down with their corselets knew the threads of the Fate who drowned them in the waters. The black water covered the black livid bodies of the swollen dead with seaweed in the depths; slimy mud covered coat of mail and seafaring wearer together; the sea was their grave. Many again had sepulture in the maw of seamonsters, or the darting seal entombed the inanimate corpse in her fishy throat and belched out a stream of brownish blood. The sea took the armour of the dead; the plumed helmet worked loose from the strap and floated upon the water by itself, its owner newly slain; many a round shield swam at random on the flood with soaking sling driven by the gale, and under the surface of the waves masses of red foam bubbled up from the grey brine, marking the spread of white with streaks of blood.

250 καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἔφοινίχθη Μελικέρτης:
 Λευκοθέη δ' ὀλόλυξε, τιθηνήτειρα Λυαίον,
 αὐχένα γαῦρον ἔχουσα, καὶ Ἴνδοφόνου περὶ νίκης
 ἄνθει φυκίοεντι κόμην ἑστέψατο Νύμφη:
 καὶ Θέτις ἀκρήδεμνος ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης
 255 χεῖρας ἔρεισαμένη καὶ Δωρίδι καὶ Πανοπείῃ
 ἄσμενον ὄμμα τίταινεν ἐπ' εὐθύρσῳ Διονύσῳ.

[250] Melicertes also was stained by the drops of gore; Leucothea cried out for joy, she the nurse of Lyaaios, raising a proud neck, and the Nymph crowned her hair with flowers of seaweed for the Indian-slaying victory; and Thetis unveiled peeping up out of the sea, with her hands resting on Doris and Panopeia, turned a gladsome eye towards Dionysos with his thyrsus.

καὶ βυθίῃ Γαλάτεια θαλασσαιῶν διὰ κόλπου
 ἡμιφανῆς πεφόρητο διαξύνουσα γαλήνην,
 καὶ φονίου Κύκλωπος ἀλιπτοίητον ἔνυνώ
 260 δερκομένη δεδόνητο, φόβῳ δ' ἤμειψε παρεΐας:
 ἔλπετο γὰρ Πολύφημον ἰδεῖν κατὰ φύλοπιν Ἴνδῶν
 ἄντια Δηριάδαο συναιχμαζόντα Λυαίῳ:
 ταρβαλέη δ' ἰκέτευε θαλασσαιὴν Ἀφροδίτην
 υἱὰ Ποσειδάωνος ἀριστεύοντα σαῶσαι,
 265 καὶ γενέτην φιλότεκνον ἐφ' υἱεὶ κυανοχαίτην
 μαρναμένον λιτάνευε προασπίζειν Πολυφήμου.
 καὶ βυθίου τριόδοντος ἐκυκλώσαντο φορῆα
 θυγατέρες Νηρηῶς: ἔρειδόμενος δὲ τριαίνῃ
 πόντιος ἔννοσίγαιος ἑδέρκετο γείτονα χάρμην,
 270 καὶ στρατὸν εὐθώρηκος ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου,
 ζηλήμων ὀρώων ἑτέρου Κύκλωπος ἔνυνώ,
 ὕγρομόθῳ Βρομίῳ πολυμεμφέα ῥήξατο φωνήν:

[257] Galatea too came from the depths and moved half visible through the bosom of the deep sea, wrinkling the calm surface, and looking upon the sea-affrighting battle of murderous Cyclops she was shaken, and her cheeks changed colour from fear, for she thought she saw Polyphemos fighting for Lyaaios against Deriades in this Indian War; and in dismay she besought Aphrodite of the sea to protect the heroic son of Poseidon, and she prayed the loving father Seabluehair to defend his son Polyphemos in the battle. The daughters of Nereus gathered round the bearer of the deepsea trident; Earth-shaker the seagod leaning upon his trident watched the neighbouring conflict, and scanning the host of corseleted Dionysos, he observed with jealousy the valour of another Cyclops, and loudly reproached Bacchos for disturbing the waters with battle:

‘Εἰς ἔνοπῃν, φίλε Βάκχε, τόσους Κύκλωπας ἀγείρων,
 καλλείψας δ’ ἓνα μοῦνον ἀπόπροθι δῖοιτο, 275
 εἰς χρόνον ἑπταέτηρον ἔχεις πολύκυκλον ἀγῶνα,
 βόσκων ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἀτέρμονος ἐλπίδα χάρμης,
 ὅττι τεοῦ μέγαλοιο προασπιστῆρες ἀγῶνος
 πάντες ἐνὸς χατέουσιν ἀνικῆτου Πολυφήμου·
 εἰ δὲ τήν ἐπὶ δῆριν ἐμὸς πάις ἔκετο Κύκλωψ,
 πατρῶν δ’ ἐλέλιζεν ἐμῆς γλῶχῃνα τριαινης, 280
 καὶ κεν ὑπὲρ πεδίοιο συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ
 στήθεα βουκεράοιο διέθλασε Δηριαδῆος,
 καὶ πολὺν αἰνὸν ὄμιλον ἐμῷ τριόδοντι δαΐζων
 εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν ὅλον γένος ἔκτανεν Ἴνδῶν. 285
 υἱὸς ἐμὸς πάλαι ἄλλος ἔχων ἑκατοντάδα χειρῶν
 Τιτήνων ὀλετῆρι τεῷ χραίσμησε τοκῆι,
 Αἰγαίων πολὺπηχυς, ὅτε Κρόνον εἰς φόβον ἔλκων
 ἡλιβάτων ἐτίταινε πολυσπερὲς ἔθνος ἀγοστῶν,
 ἥελιον σκιόωσαν ἔχων ὑψαύχενά χαιτήν, 290
 καὶ βλοσυροὶ Τιτῆνες ἐνοσφίσθησαν Ὀλύμπου
 εὐπαλάμου Βριαρῆος ὑποπτήσσοντες Ἐνυῶ.’

[273] “Bacchos my friend, how many Cyclopians you have brought into your war, and left only one far from the battle! Your conflict has lasted through many cycles, seven years, feeding the varying hopes of endless strife, because all the foremost champions of your great contest lack one, Polyphemos the invincible. If my son the Cyclops had come to your conflict, and brandished the prong of my trident, his father’s, then indeed as the ally of Dionysos he would have pierced the chest of horned Deriades on this field — he would have destroyed a great and terrible host with my threetooth, and slain the whole Indian nation in one day! Before this another son of mine with a hundred hands helped your Father to destroy the Titans, Aigaion many arm, when he put Cronos to flight and stretched the farspread legion of his high-climbing arms and shadowed the sun with hair flying high over his neck, so that the grim Titans were driven from Olympos cringing, before the attack of Briareos and all his arms!”

τοῖον ἔπος φθονέων νεμεσήμενοι πέφραδε φωνῇ.
 αἰδομένη δὲ Θόωσα κατηφέας εἶχε παρειάς,
 Ἄρεϊ μὴ παρῆντος ἔρωμανέος Πολυφήμου.

[292] So he spoke, in a tone of grudging jealousy; and Thoosa sank down her cheeks in shame that lovesick Polyphemos was not present in the battle.

295 ὥς δὲ πόνου τέλος ἦεν ἐριφλοίσβοιο κυδοιμοῦ,

ἡ θάδα πόντον ὅπωπε κατάρρυτον αἵματι Νηρεὺς;
ξανθῆς δ' ἔννοσιγαίος ἐθάμβεε νῶτα θαλάσσης,
ἰχθύας ἀνδροφάγους ὀρώων καὶ πληθὺν νεκρῶν
γείτονος ἄβροχα νῶτα γεφυρωθέντα θαλάσσης...
300 Βακχιάδες τε φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον αἵθοπι λαῶ.

[295] But when the end came of this loudblustering conflict, Nereus saw his familiar sea flooded with blood; Earthshaker was amazed at the brownish surface of the deep, as he saw fishes eating men, and the back of the neighbouring sea bridged over dry with the heaps of corpses... The troops of Bacchos poured upon the swarthy people.

κεῖτο δὲ δυσμενέων στρατὸς ἄσπετος, ὦν ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
βαλλομένων ξιφέεσσι καὶ ὀξυτόροισιν ὀιστοῖς.
τοῦ μὲν ὑπὲρ λατάρην βέλος ἔμπεσε, τοῦ δὲ τυπέντος
ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ μεσάτης ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα κόρσης
305 ὠτειλῇ βεβᾶθυστο χαρασσομένοιο καρήνου.
πολλοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πολυσπερέων ἐλατήρων
πόντον ἀμοιβαίοισιν ἀνασχίζοντες ἐρετμοῖς
κυανέην λεύκαινον ἐπασσυτέρην χύσιν ἀφρῶ,
καὶ πόνος ἦν ἀνόνητος ἐπείγομένων ἐλατήρων,
310 συμφερτοὺς δὲ κάλῳας ἀοοσητῇρι σιδήρῳ
ἰθυνηρ ἀπέκοψε καὶ ἔσχισεν ἄορι σειρήν.

[301] There lay an infinite multitude of the enemy, struck down in the fight by swords and sharp arrows. One had a shaft lodged over the flank; one was struck by a bronze spear over the round of his temple, the wound running deep into the cloven head. Great numbers of the farscattered oarsmen on both sides cleft the dark flood with continuous strokes of alternating oars, and whitened it with foam; but the labour of the hurrying oarsmen was in vain, for the commander cut the ropes with his sword and severed with aiding steel the tangled mass of lashings.)

Ἀμφοτέρης δὲ φάλαγγος ἐν ἡέρι ροῖζον ἰάλλων
ἔρρεεν ἀπλανέων δολιχόσκιος ὄμβρος ὀιστῶν:
ὦν ὁ μὲν ἰστὸν ἔβαλλε μεσαίτατον, ὃς δὲ περήσας
315 ἰστίον εὐδίνητον ἐβόμβεε σὺνδρομος αὖραις,
ἄλλος ἔην προτόνοισι πεπαρμένος, ὃς δὲ μεσὸδμη
κεῖτο πεσών, ἕτερος δὲ δι' ἡέρος ἰὸς ἀλήτης
ἀκροτάτης ἐτύχησεν ἀερσιλόφοιο κεραίης,
σέλμασι δ' ἄλλος ἔην τετανυσμένος: ἀγχιφανῆ δὲ
320 ἄλλα κυβερνητῆρος ἀποπλαγχθέντα κελεύθου
ἄστατα πηδαλίοιο διέξεσεν ἄκρα κορύμβου:

καὶ Φλόγιος κλυτότοξος ὑπηνέμιον βέλος ἔλκων
 ἵκρια νηὸς ἔβαλλε καὶ οὐκ ἐτύχησε Λυαίου.
 ἦν δ' ἐσιδεῖν κατὰ πόντον ἐύπτερον ἰὸν ἀλήτηι
 325 πουλύποδος σκολιοῖο περιπλεχθέντα κορύμβοις:
 ἄλλου δ' ἤμβροτεν ἄλλος: Ἐρυθραίῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
 πομπίλον ἄλλος ἔτυψε καταιχμάζων Διονύσου:
 ἔγχεϊ δ' ἠκόντιζε Κορύμβασος, ὄφρα τυχήσῃ
 ὀλκαίης Σατύροιο, παραΐξασα δὲ λόγχῃ
 330 ἰχθύος ὑγροπόροιο κατέγραφε δίζυγον οὐρὴν
 θηγαλέῃ γλωχίνι: τιτυσκόμενος δὲ σιδήρῳ
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου
 Δηριάδης δόρυ πέμπεν, ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα δὲ Βάκχου
 εἰς ῥαχίην δελφίνος ἐποίπνυε λοίγιος αἰχμή,
 335 κυρτὸς ὅπῃ λοφιῇσι συνάπτεται ἰχθύος αὐχίν,
 δελφίς δ' αὐτοέλικτος ἐθήμονι κυκλάδι νύσση
 ἡμιθανὴς σκίρτησε χορίτιδος ἄλματι Μοίρης:
 πολλοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κυβιστητῆρες ὀλέθρου
 ἰχθύες ὠρχήσαντο χαρασσομένων ἀπὸ νώτων.

[312] From each army flew straight a shower of long-shafted arrows whizzing unerring through the air. One struck full upon a mast, one ran noisily through a flapping sail quick as the wind, another pierced the forestays, another fell and stuck in the mastbox; an arrow again flying through the air hit the end of the yard which supported the sail, another stuck straight up on the foredeck. Others came near the helmsman, but missed the way in which they had been sent and scraped the top of the moving rudder. Phlogios the famous archer drew a shot through the air, and hit the ship's deck but missed Lyaïos. You could see a winged arrow fly and skim over the sea, then embraced in the feelers of a curling squid. Many missed, but one with Erythraian steel aimed at Dionysos hit a pilot-fish. Corymbasos cast a lance at a Satyr's tail, but the lance missed him and scored the forked tail of a waterfaring fish with its sharp point. Deriades aimed his steel at a target impossible to hit, as he cast at unwounded Dionysos; the deadly point missed Bacchos and got to work on the backbone of a dolphin, where the curving neck of the fish joins the bristling back — the fish leapt of itself in its usual curving course, and already half-dead skipt with the leap of a dancing Fate. On all sides many a fish with pierced back tumbled about in his dance of death.

340 καὶ Στερόπης προμάχιζεν: ἀερσιπόδης δ' Ἀλιμήδης
 χειρὶ λαβὼν πρηῶνα θαλασσοτόκοιο κολώνης
 ῥίψεν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν: ἔδυνε δὲ φοιταλὴ νηῦς
 τρηχαλέου βληθεῖσα λίθου τροχοειδέϊ κύκλῳ.
 καὶ τις ἀκοντισθεῖσα δι' ὀλκάδος ὀλκάδι γείτων
 345 ἀμφοτέρως ἔξευξεν ἀλιδρομος ἔγχεος αἰχμή,

νῆας ἐπισφιγξασα δὺν ξυνήονι δεσμῷ
στεινομένων νεφεληδόν: ἔην δ' ἑτερόκτυπος ἡχώ.

[340] Steropes also fought in the forefront; Halimedes high uplifted upon his feet grasped the crag of a seaborne cliff and threw it at the foe — astray ship sank, struck by the rounded mass of hard stone. Or again, a spear cast over the sea at close quarters joined ship to ship and coupled the pair together, holding two vessels fast in a common bond, while they were all crushed together in a cloud — great was the clamour on both sides.

καὶ στόλος ἀμφοτέρων τετράζυγον εἶχεν Ἐνυῶ,
ὦν ὁ μὲν ἀντιπόροιο περὶ ῥάχιν αἴθοπος Εὐρου,
350 ὃς δὲ Λιβὸς δροσεροῖο παρὰ πτερόν, ὃς δὲ Βορῆος,
καὶ Νοτὴν παρὰ πέζαν. ἀμοιβαίησι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
Μορρεὺς μὲν ταχύγουνος ἀφ' ὀλκάδος ὀλκάδα βαίνων
Βασσαρίδων ἐφόβησεν ἀλιπτοίητον Ἐνυῶ,
Ἴσος ἀριστεύων καὶ ἐν ὕδασι: ἀλλὰ ἐ θύρσῳ
355 Εὐῖος οὐτήσας διερῆς ἀνεσείρασε χάρμης,
καὶ μογέων ὀδύνησιν ἐπὶ πτόλιν ὥχετο Μορρεὺς.

[348] The two fleets were engaged in four divisions: one facing the backbone of the scorching East Wind, one by the wing of the rainy Sou'west, one in the region of the North, one in the South. Morrheus with alternating rushes marched kneeswift from ship to ship and scattered the seascared array of Bassarids, a conquering hero equally on the sea; but Euios wounded him with his thyrsus and checked his valour on the deep — then Morrheus in agony was gone back to the city.

ὄφρα μὲν ἔνθεον ἔλκος, ὃ μιν λάχε, δαιμονίῃ χειρὶ
λυσιπόνου Βραχμῆνος ἀκέσσατο Φοιβάδι τέχνῃ,
θεσπεσίῃ λάλον ὕμνον ὑποτρύζοντος ἀοιδῇ,
360 τόφρα δὲ δυσμενέεσσιν ἐπέχραε Λύδιος Ἄρης.

[357] While the divine wound which had got him was being healed by the godly hand of a painquelling Brahman with Apollo's art, who cooed a verbose ditty of solemn incantation, so long the Lydian wargod prevailed against his enemies.

τοῖσι μὲν ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἔην πλόος, εἶχε δ' Ἐνυῶ
ναυτιλῆς προκέλευθον, ἀλισμαράγου δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
ἦν κλόνος ἀμφοτέρων ἑτερότροπος: ἀντιβίων γὰρ
ὅσσοι μὲν κραναοῖσιν ὀιστεύοντο βελέμνοις
365 ἢ φονίους πετάλοισιν ἢ ἔγχεσιν ἢ ἐ μαχαίραις,

χεῖρας ἔρετμώσαντες ἀήθεας εἰς μέλαν ὕδωρ
ἴθμασιν ἄσταθέεσσιν ἐτυμβεύοντο θαλάσσης·
εἰ δέ τις εἰς ἄλα πίπτε τυπεῖς Βρομίοιο μαχητῆς,
αἰθύσσων παλάμας ἐπενήχετο κύματα τέμνων
370 χερσὶ θαλασσομόθοισιν, ἄλιρροίζω δὲ κυδοιμῷ
μαρνάμενος ῥοθίοισι μετ' ἀνέρας ἔσχισεν ὕδωρ.

[361] Their assault awoke a new conflict: Enyo went before their sails, and the struggle of the two navies in the brineplashing battle was different. For those of the enemy who were struck by volleys of hard stones, or deadly leaves, or spears or swords, paddled the black water with unaccustomed hands and found a grave in the sea with staggering steps; but if any warrior of Bromios fell stricken into the brine, he darted out his arms and swam cutting the waves with seabattling hands, as he fought the surge with brineblustering noise and cleft water instead of men.

εἰναλῆς δὲ τάλαντα μάχης ἔκλινε Κρονίων,
νικὴν ὕδατόεσσαν ἐπεντύνων Διονύσω·
καὶ βυθίῳ τριόδοντι κορύσσετο κυανοχαίτης
375 μαρνάμενος δηίοισι, καὶ ἄβροχον ἥνιοχέων
ἄρμα Ποσειδάωνος ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης.
καὶ πισύραις κατὰ πόντον ἐφιππεύοντες ἀέλλαις
κύματα πυργώσαντες ἐθωρήχθησαν ἀῆται,
δυσμενέων ἐθέλοντες αἰστώσαι στίχα νηῶν,
οἱ μὲν Δηριαδῆος ἀρηγόνες, οἱ δὲ Λυαίου·
380 καὶ Ζέφυρος κεκόρυστο,
νότος δ' ἐπεσύρισεν Εὐρῷ,
καὶ Βορέης Θρήισαν ἄγων ἀντίπνοον αὔρην
ἄγρια μαινομένης ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα θαλάσσης.
385 καὶ στόλον ἰθύνουσα μαχήμονα Δηριαδῆος
385 ὕσμινος Ἔρις ἦρχε· Διωνύσοιο δὲ νηῶν
Ἴνδοφόνῳ παλάμῃ κολπώσατο λαίφεα Νίκη.
χείλεσι δ' ἱκμαλέοισι μαχήμονα κόχλον ἐρείσας
εἰναλίῃ σάλπιγγι μέλος μυκήσατο Νηρεὺς·
καὶ Θέτις ἐσμαράγησεν ἐνναλῆς μέλος Ἥχοϋς
390 κύμασι πατρώοισι προασπίζουσα Λυαίου.

[372] Now Cronion inclined the balance of the sea-fight, preparing a watery victory for Dionysos; Seabluehair armed him with his trident of the deep to fight the foe, and Melicertes madly drove the unwetted car of Poseidon. The winds also rode on four tempests over the sea, armed for the fray and towering up the waves, with a will to destroy the lines of their enemies' ships, these to help Deriades, those Lyaaios: Zephyros was ready, Notos whistled

against Euros, Boreas brought up his Thracian breeze as a counterblast and flogged the back of the maddened sea. Discord guided the warlike navy of Deriades and led the battle; but Victory filled out the sails of Dionysos with a hand which bore death for the Indians. Nereus pressed his conch of war with dripping lips and boomed a tune through the sea-trumpet, and Thetis shrilled a tune of warlike sound and defended Lyaïos with her father's billows.

Εὐρυμέδων δὲ Κάβειρος ἐθήμονα δαλὸν αἰείρων
ὕσμινης δόλον εὔρεν ἀρηγόνα: μηκεδανὴν γὰρ
νηῦν ἰδίην ἔφλεξεν ἑκούσιον ἀψάμενος πῦρ:

395 νεύμασι Βακχείοισι περισκαίρουσα θαλάσση,
καὶ λοξαῖς ἐλίκεσσιν ἀφ' ὀλκάδος ὀλκάδα βαίνων
κύκλον ἐς αὐτοέλικτον ἐνήχeto πυρσὸς ἀλήτης,
καίων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πολυσπερέων στίχα νηῶν.
καὶ σέλας ἀθρήσασα πυριβλήτοιο θαλάσσης

400 Νηρεῖς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐδύσατο βένθεα πόντου,
αἰθομένου φεύγουσα δι' ὕδατος ἰκμαλέον πῦρ.

[391] Eurymedon the Cabeiros lifting his familiar torch invented a useful stratagem of war. He set fire to his own long vessel on purpose; then the vessel was sent adrift bounding over the sea against the enemy at the command of Bacchos. The errant bonfire floated round of itself by wayward turns from ship to ship, and setting alight here and there the long line of far-scattered vessels. The Nereid unveiled seeing the glare of the fire-shotten sea dived into the depths, and fled from liquid fire through burning water.

χάζετο δ' Ἴνδὸς ὄμιλος ἐπὶ χθόνα, πόντον ἔασας:
καὶ Φαέθων ἐγέλασεν, ὅτι προτέρους μετὰ δεσμοῦς
ἐκ πυρὸς Ἥφαιστοιο πάλιν φύγε ναύμαχος Ἄρης.

405 Δηριάδης δ' ἀκίχητος ἰδὼν φλόγα σὺνδρομον αὔραις
εἰς πεδῖον πεπότητο θωώτερα γούνατα πάλλων,
φεύγων ὑγρὸν Ἄρηα θαλασσομόθου Διονύσου.

[402] Then the Indian host left the sea and retreated to the land; and Phaethon laughed, because Ares in the seafight had fled again before the fire of Hephaistos, as once before he fled from his chains. And Deriades when he saw the flame, fast as the wind fled to the land, wagging his knees too quick to catch, as he tried to escape the watery assault of seafighting Dionysos.

BOOK 40

τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει δεδαϊγμένον ὄρχαμον Ἴνδῶν,
πῶς δὲ Τύρον Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο, πατρίδα Κάδμου.
οὐδὲ Δίκην ἀλέεινε πανόψιον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
ἄρραγέος κλωστῆρος ἀκαμπέα νήματα Μοίρης:
ἀλλὰ μιν ἀθρήσασα πεφυζότα Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη —
ἔζετο γὰρ κατὰ πόντον ἐπὶ προβλήτος ἐρίπνης,
5 ναύμαχον εἰσορόωσα κορυσσομένων μόθον Ἴνδων —
ἐκ σκοπιῆς ἀνέπαλτο, καὶ ἄρσενά δύσατο μορφήν:
κλεψινόοις δ' ὁάροισι παρήπαφεν ὄρχαμον Ἴνδῶν,
Μορρέος εἶδος ἔχουσα, χαριζομένη δὲ Λυαίῳ
Δηριάδην ἀνέκοψε, καὶ ὥς ἀλέγουσα κυδοιμοῦ
10 φρικτὸν ἀπερροίβησεν ἔπος πολυμεμφέι φωνῇ:
‘Φεύγεις, Δηριάδη; τί νιν κάλλιπες Ἄρεα νηῶν;
πῶς δύνασαι ναέτησι φανήμεναι; ἢ πόθεν ἄντην
ὄψαι Ὀρσιβόην μενεδήιον, αἶ κεν ἀκούσῃ
Δηριάδην φεύγοντα καὶ οὐ μίμνοντα γυναικάς;
15 αἶδεο Χειροβίην ῥήξήνορα, μή σε νοήσῃ
ὕσμινην ἀσιδήρον ὑποπτήσσοντα Λυαίου,
ἢ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχουσα καὶ ὀχλίζουσα βοείην
μάρνατο Βασσαρίδεσσι, συνεσπομένη παρακοίτη.
χάζεό μοι Μορρῆι λιπῶν μόθον: ἦν δ' ἐθέλησῃς,
20 αὐτὸς ἀριστεύσω καὶ ἀνάγκιδα Βάκχον ὀλέσσω.
πενθερὸν οὐ καλέσω σε πεφυζότα, σέ το δὲ κούρης
ἔστω Χειροβίης ἕτερος πόσις: αἰδόμενος γὰρ
καλλείψω τέον ἄστυ, καὶ ἴξομαι εἰς χθόνα Μήδων,
ἴξομαι εἰς Σκυθίην, ἵνα μὴ σέο γαμβρὸς ἀκούσω.

BOOK XL

The fortieth has the Indian chief wounded, and how Dionysos visited Tyre, the native place of Cadmos.

YET he escaped not allseeing Justice, nor the inflexible threads of Fate herself the inexorable Spinner. No — Pallas Athena beheld him in flight, for she sat on a headland high over the sea, and watched the Indians contending in their battle on the sea. Down from the height she leapt, and put on the shape of a man, the form of Morpheus; and, all to please Dionysos, she checked Deriades, cajoling the Indian chieftain with mindstealing whispers. As if anxious about the conflict, she poured out words of affright in reproachful tones:

! "You flee, Deriades! Whom have you left in charge of the seafight? How can you show yourself to the people? Or how will you look in the face of

dauntless Orsiboe, if she hears that Deriades is in flight and will not stand before women? Have respect for manbreaking Cheirobie, let her not see you shrinking from fight with Lyaïos unarmed — why, she held a furious spear, she heaved up an oxhide and fought the Bassarids following her husband! Give place, please, to Morrheus — you have left the field, and if you please, I will be champion myself and destroy that weakling Bacchos. I call you good-father no more, you, a runaway — let your girl Cheirobie find another husband: for I am ashamed — I will leave your city and migrate to the Median country, I will go to Scythia, that I may not be called your goodson.

25 ἄλλ' ἑρέεις: 'εὖοπλος ἐμὴ δάμαρ οἶδεν Ἐννώ.'
εἰσὶν Ἀμαζονίδες περὶ Καύκασον, ὅπποθι πολλαὶ
Χειροβίης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι γυναῖκες:
κεῖθι δορικτήτην βριαρὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀκοίτης
εἰς γάμον, ἣν ἐθέλω, μίαν ἄξομαι: ἐν θαλάμοις γὰρ
30 οὐ δέχομαι σέο παῖδαφυγοπτολέμοιο τοκῆος.'

[25] "But you will say 'My wife is well armed, she understands warfare!' There are Amazons about Caucasos, and many women are there far better champions than Cheirobie. There I will carry off a strong one for my bed, captive of my spear, to wed me without brideprice, if I like. For I will never receive into my bridechamber your daughter, whose father is a fugitive from the battle!"

ὥς φαμένη παρέπεισεν ἀγήνορα Δηριαδῆα,
καὶ οἱ θάρσος ἔδωκε τὸ δεύτερον, ὄφρα δαμείη
μαρναμένου Βρομίου τυπεῖς φθισήγορι θύρσῳ.
καὶ θρασὺς ἀγνώσσων δολίην παρεοὔσαν Ἀθήνην
35 ψευδομένου Μορρηῆος ἐλεγχέα μῦθον ἀκούων
χείλεσιν αἰδομένοισι παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν:

[31] With this reproach she persuaded proud Deriades, and gave him courage again, that he might be struck down by the mandestroying thyrsus of warring Bromios. He knew not that it was deceitful Athena before him; he heard the reproachful voice of the pretended Morrheus, and bold again, spoke comforting words with shamed lips:

Ῥεῖδεο σῶν ἐπέων: τί με μέμφεαι, ἄτρομε Μορρεῦ;
οὐ πρόμος, οὐ πρόμος οὗτος, ἐὼν δέμας αἰὲν ἀμείβων.
καὶ γὰρ ἀμηχανέω, τίνι μάρναμαι ἢ τίνα βάλλω:
40 σπεύδων μὲν περόεντι βαλεῖν Διόνυσον ὀιστῶ,
ἢ ξιφεὶ πλῆξας μέσον αὐχένος, ἢ δόρυ πέμπων
οὐτῆσαι ποθέων διὰ γαστέρος, ἀντὶ Λυαίου

πορδαλιν αἰολόνωτον ἐπαΐσσοντα κιχάνω...
 μαρναμένου δὲ λέοντος ἐπείγομαι ἀύχένα τέμνειν,
 45 καὶ θρασὺν ἀντὶ λέοντος ὄφιν δασπλῆτα δοκεῦω:
 σπεύδων δ' ἀντὶ δράκοντος ὀπιπεύω ῥάχιν ἄρκτου:
 εἰς λοφιήν δ' ἐπικυρτον ἐμὸν δόρυ θοῦρον ἰάλλω,
 ἀλλὰ μάτην τανύω δολιχὸν βέλος: ἀντὶ γὰρ ἄρκτου
 φαίνεται ἡερόφοιτος ἀνούτατος ἵπταμένη φλόξ.
 50 κάπτρον ἰδὼν ἐπιόντα βοὸς μυκηθμὸν ἀκούω,
 ἀντὶ σὺός τινα ταῦρον ὑπὲρ λοξοῖο μετώπου
 παπταίνω χαροπῆσιν ἀκοντίζοντα κερααῖαις
 ἡμετέρους ἐλέφαντας: ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὸν ἄορ ἐλίσσω
 θηρσὶ πολυσπερέεσσι, καὶ οὐχ ἓνα θῆρα δαμάζω.
 55 καὶ φυτὸν ἀθρήσας τανύω βέλος, ἀλλὰ φυγόντος
 νύσσαν ἐς ἡερίην ὁρώ κυρτούμενον ὕδωρ.
 ἔνθεν ἐγὼ τρομέων πολυφάρμακα θαύματα τέχνης
 φύλοπιν ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἀλυσκάζω Διονύσου:
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν Βρομίῳ θωρήξομαι, ἄχρις ἐλέγξω
 60 μάγγανα τεχνήεντα δολορραφέος Διονύσου.'

[37] "Spare your words. Why do you reproach me, fearless Morrheus? No soldier is this, no soldier, who is always changing shape. Indeed I am at a loss who it is I am fighting and whom I strike. Eager to shoot Dionysos with a feathered arrow, or to cut through his neck with a sword, or desiring to cast a spear and pierce his belly — instead of Lyaïos I find a speckled panther charging upon me.... A lion is fighting and I hasten to shear his neck, and I see a bold horrible serpent instead of a lion — I attack, and instead of a serpent I behold a bear's back — I cast my furious spear at the curving neck, but in vain I hurl the long shaft, for instead of a bear appears a flame flickering up into the air uninjured! I see a boar rushing and I hear a bull's bellow, instead of the boar I see a bull lowering his head sideways and stabbing our elephants with flashing horns. I swing my sword against all sorts of beasts, and cannot overcome that one beast. I behold a tree and take aim, but it is off and I see a spout of water curving into the path of the sky. Therefore I tremble at the bewitched miracles of his art, and shrink from the changeable warfare of Dionysos. But I will confront Bromios again, until I lay bare the cunning enchantments of Dionysos the botcher of guile!"

ὥς εἰπὼν κεκόρυστο τὸ δεύτερον ἡθάδι λύσση,
 καὶ πάλιν ἐν πεδίῳ μόθος ἔβρεμε, μαρναμένῳ δὲ
 εἰναλίην μετὰ δῆριν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσω:
 καὶ προτέρης Βρομίῳ λελασμένος ἔπλετο νίκης,
 65 ὅππότε δενδρήεντι περίπλοκος ἀύχένα δεσμῶ
 ἵκεσιν πολύευκτον ἀνέσχεθε μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ:
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν πρόμος ἔσκε θεημάχος: εἶχε δὲ βουλήν

διχθαδὴν, ἧ Βάκχον ἔλεῖν ἧ δμῶα τελέσσαι.
τρὶς μὲν ἔδον δόρυ πέμπε, καὶ ἥμβροτεν ἡέρα βάλλων:
70 ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέδραμεν οἶνοσι Βάκχῳ
εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήστον ἐπήγορον ἔγχος ἰάλλων
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, ἐοῦ συνάεθλον ἀγῶνος
γαμβρὸν ἔδον καλέεσκε, καὶ οὐκέτι φαίνεται Μορρεὺς:
ἀλλὰ μεταστρέψασα δολοπλόκον εἶδος Ἀθήνην
75 δαίμονι βοτρυνόεντι παρίστατο: δερκομένου δὲ
δείματι θεσπεσίῳ λῦτο γούνατα Δηριαδῆος:
ἔγνω δ' ἀνδρομέης ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα μορφῆς
Μορρέος ἀντιτύποιο φέρειν μῖμημα προσώπου:
καὶ δόλον ἡπεροπῆα σοφῆς ἐνόησεν Ἀθήνη.
80 τὴν μὲν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἐγήθεεν, ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
ψευδομένην γίνωσκε συναιχμαζούσαν Ἀθήνην.

[61] He spoke, and a second time armed himself, wild as before; again the uproar of battle rose on the plain — there after the seafight he met Dionysos in arms. He had forgotten the former victory of Bromios, when his neck was entangled in leafy bonds and he offered his prayers of many supplications to Bacchos, who saw it all. Again he was a soldier fighting against the gods; doubtful only whether to kill or make Bromios a slave. Thrice he cast a spear, and missed, striking nothing but air; but when the fourth time in his arrogance Deriades rushed upon wineface Bacchos, and cast his spear through the air at a mark which could not be hit, he called his goodson to help him — and Morrheus was no longer to be seen, but Athena had changed her deceptive shape and stood beside the vinegod. Deriades saw her, and his knees trembled with overwhelming fear: he understood that the human shape which bore the likeness of Morrheus was all a deception, and recognized the deluding trick of wise Athena. But Dionysos was glad when he saw Athena, and knew in his heart that she had been helping him in disguise.

καὶ τότε βοτρυνόεις κοτέων βακχεύετο δαίμων
ὑψιτενὴς περίμετρος, ἶσος Παρνησιῖδι πέτρῃ:
Δηριάδην δ' ἐδίωκε ταχύδρομον: αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων
85 κοῦφος ἐπειγομέναις ἐτιταίνετο σύνδρομος αὔραις:
ἀλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἴκανον, ὅπῃ πολεμητόκον ὕδωρ
κύματι λυσσώνοντι γέρων κέλαρυζεν Ὑδάσπη,
ἦτοι ὁ μὲν ποταμοῖο παρ' ἥονας ἄπλετος ἔσθη,
ὥς γενέτην συνάεθλον ἔχων κελάδοντα μαχητὴν
90 ὕγρὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα κορυσσομένου Διονύσου,
δαίμων δ' ἀμπελόεις ταμεσίχροα θύρσον ἰάλλων
ἀκρότατον χροά μοῦνον ἐπέγραφε Δηριαδῆος.
αὐτὰρ ὁ κισσήεντι τυπεὶς φθισήνορι θαλλῶ
πατρῷ προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησε ῥέεθρῳ,

[82] Then the grapy deity was maddened with anger. He rose lofty and huge, like the rock of Parnassos, and pursued swiftrunning Deriades; he raced off light and quick as the hurrying winds, but when they reached the place where ancient Hydaspes rolled his warbreeding water in wild bubbling waves, he stood immense on the river bank as having now an ally, his father, roaring loud, to shoot with his waters against Dionysos in battle: there the vine-deity cast his fleshcutting thyrsus and just grazed the skin of Deriades. Struck with the mandestroying ivy bunch he slipt headfirst into his father's flood, and bridged all that water himself with his long frame.

αὐτόματος. χρονίην δὲ θεοὶ μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἴνδῶν
 σὺν Διὶ παμμεδέοντι πάλιν νόστησαν Ὀλύμπῳ.
 βάκχοι δ' ἀμφαλάλαζον ἀδριτοῦ Διονύσου
 δῆριν ἀνευάζοντες, ἀολλίζοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
 100 ἔγχεσιν οὐτάζοντες ὄλον χροά Δηριαδῆος.

[96] Now the long Indian War was ended, the gods returned again to Olympos with Zeus the Lord of all; the Bacchantes cheered in triumph around Dionysos the invincible, crying Euoi for the conflict, and many thronged round Deriades piercing him everywhere with their spears.

Ὅρσιβόη δ' ὤμωξε πολυθρήνων ἐπὶ πύργων,
 κείμενον ἀρτιδαίικτον ὄδυρομένη παρακοίτην:
 πενθαλέοις δ' ὀνύχεσσι κατέγραφε κύκλα προσώπου,
 καὶ σκολιῆς ὥλοψεν ἀκηδέα βότρυν ἐθείρης,
 105 καὶ κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν ἐοῦ κατέχευε καρήνου:
 Χειροβίη δ' ὀλόλυξε καταφθιμένοιο τοκῆος,
 κυανέους δ' ἤρασσε βραχίονας, ἀργυδέου δὲ
 στέρνον ὄλον γύμνωσε διχαζομένοιο χιτῶνος:
 Πρωτονόη δ' ἀπέδιλος ἑὰς ξύουσα παρειάς,
 110 κύκλα κονισαλέοιο καταισχύνουσα προσώπου,
 κλαῖεν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι καὶ ἀνέρι καὶ γενετῇρι,
 διπλόον ἄλγος ἔχουσα, καὶ ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ:

[101] Orsiboe wailed on the battlements with a loud lamentable dirge, sorrowing for her husband who lay so newly slain; she scratched her cheeks with her fingernails in sorrow, and heedlessly tore out bunches of her curling hair, and poured smoking ashes on her head. Cheirobie lamented for her dead father, and scored her black arms, rent her white robe and bared all her breast; Protonoe unshod tore her cheeks and smeared her face all over with dirty dust, weeping for both husband and father, with twofold agony, and cried in tones

ἄνερ, ἀπ' αἰῶνος νέος ὤλεο· κὰδ δ' ἐμὲ χήρην
 ἔλλιπες ἐν μεγάροις ἀπειρήτην τοκετοῖο·
 115 νήπιον οὐ τέκον υἷα παραιφασιν· οὐ μετὰ νίκην
 νόστιμον ἄνδρα νόησα τὸ δεῦτερον, ἀλλὰ σιδήρω
 αὐτὸς ἐῷ δέδμητο, καὶ οὖνομα δῶκε ῥεέθροις,
 καὶ θάνεν ἐν ξεινοῖσιν, ὅπως ἐμὸν ἄνδρα καλέσσω
 ἄσπορον αὐτοδάκτον ἀνόστιμον ὑγρὸν Ὀρόντην.
 120 μύρομαι ἀμφοτέρους καὶ Δηριάδην καὶ Ὀρόντην,
 ἴσον ἀποφθιμένους διερὸν μόρον· ἀνδροφόνον γὰρ
 Δηριάδην κρύφει κῦμα, ῥόος δ' ἐκάλυψεν Ὀρόντην.
 μητέρι δ' οὐ γενόμεν πανομοίος· Ὀρσιβόη γὰρ
 θυγατέρων ἦεισε καταφθαμένους ὑμεναίους·
 125 Πρωτονόης γάμον εἶδεν, ἐδέξατο γαμβρὸν Ὀρόντην,
 Χειροβίην δ' ἔξευξεν ἀνικῆτῳ παρακοίτῃ,
 ὃν τρομέει καὶ Βάκχος ὁ τηλίκος· ἀμφιέπει μὲν
 Χειροβίη ζῶντα φίλον πόσιν, οὐ δὲ ἐθύρσος,
 οὐ ῥόος ἐπρήνιξεν· ἐγὼ δ' ἄρα διπλὸα πάσχω,
 130 ἄνερὸς οἰχομένοιο καὶ ὀλλυμένου γενετῆρος.

[113] “Husband, how young you have lost your life! You have left me a widow in the house ere I have borne a child, no baby son I have to console me! I never saw my husband come home a second time after victory, but he slew himself with his own steel, and gave his name to the stream, and died among strangers, that I should have to call the watery Orontes my husband, childless, self-slain, never returned! I wail for both Deriades and Orontes, both perished by one watery fate: Deriades the death of many men was buried in the wave, the flood swallowed Orontes. But I am not like my mother; for Orsiboe sang her hymn over her daughters’ weddings accomplished, she saw the marriage of Protonoe, she received Orontes as goodson, she joined Cheirobie to an unconquered husband, whom Bacchos trembled at great as he is; Cheirobie has her dear husband alive, no thyrsus, no flood has brought him down — but I it seems doubly suffer, my husband gone and my father perished.

λῆγε, μάτην σέο παῖδα παρηγορέουσα, τιθήνη,
 δὸς μοι ἔχειν ἐμὸν ἄνδρα, καὶ οὐ γενετῆρα γοήσω·
 δεῖξον ἐμοὶ τινα παῖδα, παρήγορον ἀνδρὸς ἀνιῆς.
 135 τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειεν ἐς εὐρυρέεθρον Ὑδάσπην,
 ὄφρα κύσω φίλον οἶδμα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο;
 τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειεν ἐς ἱερὰ τέμπεα Δάφνης,
 ὄφρα περιπτύξαιμι καὶ ἐν προχοῇσιν Ὀρόντην;
 εἶην ἱμερόεις καὶ ἐγὼ ῥόος· αἶθε καὶ αὐτῇ

δάκρυσιν ὀμβρηθεῖσα φανήσομαι αὐτόθι πηγῇ,
 140 ἦχι θανῶν εὐυδρος ἐμὸς πόσις οἷδμα κυλινδει,
 εὐνέτις ὕδατόεσσα· καὶ ἔσσομαι οἷα Κομαιθῷ,
 ἦ πάρος ἱμερόεντος ἐρασσαμένη ποταμοῖο
 τέρπεται ἀγκὰς ἔχουσα καὶ εἰσέτι Κύδνον ἀκοίτην,
 145 ἀνδράσι πᾶρ Κιλίκεσσι μεμηλότα μῦθον ἀκούω·
 οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ ποθέουσα παρέρχομαι ἡδὺν Ὀρόντην,
 οἷα φυγὰς Περίβοια, καὶ οὐ ποτε καμπύλον ὕδωρ
 ἄψ ἀνασειράζουσα φυλάξομαι ὑγρὸν ἀκοίτην.
 εἰ δέ μοι οὐ πέπρωτο θανεῖν παρὰ γείτονι Δάφνῃ,
 150 κύμασι πατροπάτῳρ με κατακρύψειεν Ὑδάσπης,
 μὴ Σατύρου κερόεντος ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν ἰαύσω,
 μὴ Φρύγα κῶμον ἴδω, μὴ κύμβαλα χερσὶ τινάξω,
 μὴ τελετὴν τελέσω φιλοπαιγμονα, μηδὲ νοήσω
 Μαιονίην, μὴ Τμῶλον ἴδω, μὴ δῶμα Λυαίου
 155 ἢ ζυγὰ δουλοσύνης βαρυαχθέα, μὴ τις ἐνίψῃ·
 ‘κούρη Δηριάδαο δοριθρασέος βασιλῆος
 ληιδίη μετὰ δῆριν ὑποδρήσσει Διονύσῳ.’”

[131] “Cease to comfort your child, my nurse, all in vain. Let me have my husband, and I will not bewail my father; show me a child to console me for my husband’s loss! Who will take me and bring me to the broad stream of Hydaspes, that I may kiss the wave of that honeydropping river? Who will take me and bring me to the sacred vale of Daphne, that I may embrace Orontes even in the waters? O that I too could be a lovely stream! O that I might also become a fountain there, watered by my own tears, a watery bride where my husband dead rolls his beautiful waters! Then I shall be like Comaitho, who in olden days was enamoured of a lovely river and still has the joy of holding Cydnos her husband in her arms, as I hear is a favourite story among those Cilician men. So says Morrheus my goodbrother. But I am not like runaway Periboia; I will not pass charming Orontes whom I love, I will not draw back my winding water and avoid a watery spouse. If it was not ordained that I should die near his neighbour Daphne, may Hydaspes my father’s father drown me in his waves, and save me from sleeping in the arms of a horned Satyr, and seeing Phrygian revels, rattling their cymbals in my hands, joining their sportive rites; that I may not see Maionia and Tmolos, the house of Lyaïos or the all-burdensome yoke of slavery; that men may not say —’ The daughter of Deriades the spearbold king, taken captive after the war, is now a servant to Dionysos.’”

ὥς φαμένης ἐλεεινὰ συνεστενάχοντο γυναῖκες,
 ὦν πάις, ὦν τέθνηκεν ἀδελφεός, ὥς γενετῆρες
 160 ἢ πόσις ἀρτιγένειος ἄωριος. ἐκ δὲ καρήνου
 Χειροβίη τίλλουσα κόμην ἤμυξε παρειάς·

διχθαδίαις δ' ὀδύνησιν ἱμάσσετο, καὶ γενετῆρα
οὐτόσον ἐστενάχιζεν, ὅσον νεμέσιζεν ἀκοίτη·
ἔκλυε γὰρ Μορρήος ἐρωμανέουσιν ἀνάγκην
165 καὶ δόλον ἠπεροπῆα σαόφρονα Χαλκομεδείης.
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἐὼν ῥήξασα χιτῶνα:

[158] When she had finished the women groaned piteously with her, those who had lost a son or a brother, whose fathers were dead or husband untimely taken, with the down on his chin. And Cheirobie tore the hair from her head and scored her cheeks; she was tormented by double sorrow, and she groaned not so much for her father as she was indignant against her husband, for she had heard the enamoured passion of her husband and the delusive guile of chaste Chalcomedeia. She rent her dress and spoke:

‘Φειδόμενος μελῆς γενέτην ἐμὸν ἔκτανε Μορρεὺς:
οὐδὲ πέλε φθιμένου τιμήορος· ἐχθομένην δὲ
Χαλκομέδην ποθέων οὐκ ἤλασε θῆλυν ἔνυνώ,
170 ἀλλ’ ἔτι Βασσαρίδεσσι χαρίζεται. εἴπατε, Μοῖραι:
τίς φθόνος Ἰνδῶν πόλιν ἔπραθε; τίς φθόνος ἄφνω
ἔχραεν ἀμφοτέρησι θυγατράσι Δηριαδῆος;
θνήσκων μὲν κατὰ δῆριν ἐὴν παράκοιτιν Ὀρόντης
Πρωτονόην ἀκόμιστον ἐθήκατο πενθάδα χήρην,
175 Χειροβίην δ’ ἀπέειπεν ἔτι ζώουσιν ἀκοίτης.
γνωτῆς δ’ ἡμετέρης ὀλοώτερα πῆματα πάσχω:
Πρωτονόη πόσιν ἔσχεν ἀοσητήρα τιθήνης,
Χειροβίη πόσιν ἔσχεν ἐῆς δηλήμονα πάτρης,
αἰχμητὴν ἀνόνητον, ὁπάονα Κυπρογενεῖς
180 ἄλκιμον, ἄλλοπρόσαλλον, ὁμοφρονέοντα Λυαίῳ.
εἰς ἐμὲ θωρήχθη καὶ ἐμὸς γάμος· ἡμετέρου γὰρ
Μορρέος ἱμείροντος ἐσυλήθη πόλις Ἰνδῶν:
πατρὸς ἐνοσφίσθην χάριν ἀνέρος· ἢ πρὶν ἀγῆνωρ
καὶ θυγάτηρ βασιλῆος, ἐγὼ ποτε δεσπότης Ἰνδῶν.
185 ἔσσομαι ἀμφιπόλων καὶ ἐγὼ μία· καὶ τάχα δειλὴ
δμῳίδα Χαλκομέδειαν ἐμὴν δέσποιναν ἐνίψω.
σήμερον Ἰνδὸν ἔδεθλον ἔχεις, ἀπατήλιε, Μορρεῦ:
αὔριον αὐτοκέλευστος ἐλεύσειαι εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν,
Χαλκομέδης διὰ κάλλος ὑποδρήσων Διονύσω.
190 ἀμφαδὰ Χαλκομέδης ἔχε δέμνια, νυμφίε Μορρεῦ:
οὐκέτι γὰρ τρομέεις βλοσυρὸν στόμα Δηριαδῆος.
χάζεο, κικλήσκει σε δράκων πάλιν, ὅς σε διώκει
φρουρὸν ἀσυλήτοιο γάμου συριγμὸν ἰάλλων.’

[167] “By sparing his spear Morrheus killed my father, and no one avenged his

death. For desire of that hateful Chalcomede he did not rout the women on the field — nay, he still shows favour to the Bassarids. Tell me, Fates; what jealousy destroyed the Indian city? What jealousy came down suddenly upon both daughters of Deriades? Dying on the battlefield, Orontes made his wife Protonoe a widow to mourn uncared-for; Cheirobie still living was repudiated by her husband. And I have more cruel things to suffer than my sister. Protonoe had a husband who defended her that nursed him; Cheirobie had a husband who destroyed his country, a useless warrior, the lackey of Cyprogeneia, a strong man unstable, a partisan of Lyaïos. Even my marriage was my enemy, for the Indian city was sacked because my Morrheus fell in love. I was robbed of my father for my husband's sake; I so proud once, and daughter of a king, I once the mistress of the Indians, I too shall be one of the servants; perhaps I shall be so unhappy as to give the title of mistress to Chalcomedeia the serf! Traitor Morrheus, to-day India is your home; to-morrow unbidden you will go to the Lydian land, a menial of Dionysos because of Chalcomede's beauty. Husband Morrheus, make no secret of your union with Chalcomede; for you fear no longer the threatening tongue of Deriades. Begone! the serpent calls you back, the one that chased you away with hisses from the wedding which you failed to force!"

τοῖα μὲν ἀχνυμένη βαρυδάκρυος ἔννεπε νύμφη:

195 Πρωτονόη δ' ὀλόλυξε τὸ δεῦτερον. ἀμφοτέραις δὲ
χεῖρας ἐπικλίναςα κατηφέας ἴαχε μήτηρ:

[194] Thus lamented the wife with heavy tears, and Protonoe wailed a second time. Their mother rested an arm on each and dolorously cried —

‘Πατρίδος ἡμετέρης πέσον ἐλπίδες: οὐκέτι λεύσσω
ἀνέρα Δηριαδῆα καὶ οὐκέτι γαμβρὸν Ὀρόντην.

Δηριάδης τέθνηκεν: ἐσυλήθη πόλις Ἰνδῶν,

200 ἄρραγές ἦριπε τεῖχος ἐμῆς χθονός: αἶθε καὶ αὐτὴν

Βάκχος ἐλὼν ὀλέσῃ με σὺν ὀλλυμένῳ παρακοίτῃ,

καὶ με λαβὼν ῥίψειεν ἐς ὠκυρέεθρον Ὑδάσπην,

γαῖαν ἀναινομένην: ἐχέτω δέ με πενθερὸν ὕδωρ,

Δηριάδην δ' ἐσίδω καὶ ἐν ὕδασι: μηδὲ νοήσω

205 Πρωτονόην ἀέκουσαν ἐφροσπομένην Διονύσῳ,

μὴ ποτε Χειροβίης ἕτερον γόον οἰκτρὸν ἀκούσω

ἐλκομένης ἐς ἔρωτα δορικτήτων ὕμεναίων:

μὴ πόσιν ἄλλον ἴδοιμι μετ' ἀνέρα Δηριαδῆα.

εἶην Νηιάδεσσιν ὁμέστιος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴν

210 Λευκοθέην ζώουσιν ἐδέξατο κυανοχαίτης,

καὶ μία Νηρεΐδων κικλήσκεται, ἀντὶ δὲ λευκῆς

ἄλλῃ κυανόπεζα φανήσομαι ὕδριᾶς Ἰνῶ.'

[197] “ The hopes of our country have perished! No longer I see Deriades my husband, no longer Orontes my son. Deriades is dead; the city of the Indians is plundered. The unbreakable citadel of my country has fallen: would that I myself may be taken by Bacchos and slain with my dead husband! May he seize and cast me into the swift-flowing Hydaspes, for I refuse the earth. Let my goodfather’s water receive me, may I see Deriades even in the waters; may I not see Protonoe following Dionysos perforce, may I never hear another piteous groan from Cheirobie while she is dragged to a captive wedlock; may I not see another husband after Deriades, my man. May I dwell with the Naiads, since Seabluehair received Leucothea also living and she is called one of the Nereids; and may I appear another watery Ino, no longer white, but blackfooted.” °

τοῖα μὲν ἔλκεχίτωνες ἐπωδύροντο γυναῖκες
ἰστάμεναι στοιχηδὸν ἐρίσμαράγων ἐπὶ πύργων.

[213] Such were the lamentations of the longrobed women, standing in a row upon the loud-echoing battlements.

215 βάκχοι δ’ ἐκροτάλιζον ἀπορριψάντες Ἐνυώ,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωντες ὁμογλώσσων ἀπὸ λαϊμῶν:
“Ἡράμεθα μέγα κῦδος: ἐπέφνομεν ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν.”

[215] But the Bacchoi rattled their cymbals, having now made an end of warring, and they cried with one voice: “We have won great glory! we have slain the Indian chieftain!”

καὶ γελῶν Διόνυσος ἐπάλλετο χάρματι νίκης,
ἀμπνεύσας δὲ πόνοιο καὶ αἱματόεντος ἀγῶνος
220 πρῶτα μὲν ἐκτερείξεν ἀτυμβεύτων στίχα νεκρῶν,
δωμήσας ἓνα τύμβον ἀπείριτον εὐρέι κόλπῳ
ἄκριτον ἀμφὶ πυρὴν ἐκατόμπεδον: ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκροῖς
Μυγδονὶς αἰολόμολπος ἐπέκτυπεν αἶλινα σύριγξ,
καὶ Φρύγες αὐλητῆρες ἀνέπλεκον ἄρσενά μοι λπὴν
225 πενθαλέοις στομάτεσσιν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
ἄβρὰ μελιζομένοιο Γανύκτορος Εὐάδι φωνῇ:
καὶ Κλεόχου Βερέκυντες ὑπὸ στόμα διζυγες αὐλοὶ
φρικτὸν ἐμυκήσαντο Λίβυν γόον, ὃν πάρος ἄμφω
Σθεννώ τ’ Εὐρυάλη τε μιῇ πολυδειράδι φωνῇ
230 ἀρτιτόμῳ ῥοιζηδὸν ἐπεκλαύσαντο Μεδοῦσῃ
φθεγγομένων κεφαλῇσι διηκοσίῃσι δρακόντων,
ὧν ἄπο μυρομένων σκολιδὸν σύριγμα κομάων
θρῆνον πουλυκάρηγον ἐφημίξαντο Μεδοῦσῃς.

[218] And Dionysos laughed aloud, trembling with the joy of victory. Now resting from his labours and the bloody contest, he first gave their due to the crowd of unburied dead. He built round the pyre one vast tomb for all alike with a wide bosom, a hundred feet long. Round about the bodies the melodious Mygdonian syrinx sounded their dirge, and the Phrygian pipers wove their manly tune with mournful lips, while the Bacchant women danced and Ganyctor trolled his dainty song with Euian voice. The double Bercyntian pipes in the mouth of Cleochos drooned a gruesome Libyan lament, one which long ago both Sthenno and Euryale with one manythroated voice sounded hissing and weeping over Medusa newly gashed, while their snakes gave out voice from two hundred heads, and from the lamentations of their curling and hissing hairs they uttered the “manyheaded dirge of Medusa.”

παυσάμενος δὲ πόνοιο, καὶ ὕδατι γυῖα καθήρας,
235 ὥπασε λυσιμόθοισι θεουδέα κοίρανον Ἴνδοις,
κρινάμενος Μωδαῖον· ἐπὶ ξυνῶ δὲ κυπέλλῳ
Βάκχοις δαινυμένοισι μιῆς ἤψαντο τραπέζης
ξανθὸν ὕδωρ πίνοντες ἀπ’ οἰνοπόρου ποταμοῖο.
καὶ χορὸς ἄσπετος ἔσκεν· ἐπεσκίρτησε δὲ πολλῇ
240 Βασσαρίδς οἰστρήεντι πέδον κρούουσα πεδίλῳ,
καὶ Σάτυρος βαρύδουπον ἐπιρρήσων χθόνα ταρσῶ
λοξὰ κυβιστητῆρι ποδῶν βακχεύετο παλμῶ,
πῆχυν ἐπικλίνων μανιώδεος αὐχένι Βάκχης·
καὶ πρυλῆες Βρομίοιο συνωρχήσαντο βοείαις,
245 καὶ τροχαλῆς κλονέοντες ἐνόπλια κύκλα χορείης
ῥυθμὸν ἐμιμήσαντο φερεσσακέων Κορυβάντων,
καὶ στρατὸς ἱππῶν κορυθαιόλον εἰς χορὸν ἔστη
νίκην πανδαμάτειραν ἀνευάζων Διονύσου·
οὐδέ τις ἄσφορος ἦεν· ὁμογλώσσω δ’ ἀλαλητῶ
250 εἰς πόλον ἐπτάζωνον ἀνέδραμεν εὖϊος ἥχῳ.

[234] Now resting from his labours, he cleansed his body with water, and assigned a governor for the Indians, choosing the godfearing Modaios; they now pacified touched one table with banqueting Bacchoi over a common bowl, and drank the yellow water from the winebreeding river. There was dancing without end. Many a Bassarid skipt about, tapping the floor with wild slipper; many a Satyr stormed the resounding ground with heavy foot, and revelled with side-trippings of his tumbling feet as he rested an arm on the neck of some maddened Bacchant. The foot-soldiers of Bromios danced round with their oxhides and mimicked the pattern of the shieldbearing Corybants, wildly circling in the quick dance under arms. The horsemen in their glancing helmets also stood up for the dance, acclaiming the all vanquishing victory of Dionysos. Not a soul was silent — the Euian tones

went up to the sevenzone sky with shouts of triumph from every tongue.

ἀλλ' ὅτε λυσιπόνοιο παρήλυθε κῶμος ἑορτῆς,
νίκης ληίδα πᾶσαν ἐλὼν μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἴνδῶν
ἀρχαίης Διόνυσος ἔῃς ἐμνήσατο πάτρης,
λύσας ἑπταέτηρα θεμείλια δηιοτῆτος.

255 καὶ δηίων ὄλον ὄλβον ἐληίζοντο μαχηταί
ὦν ὁ μὲν Ἴνδὸν ἱασπιν, ὁ δὲ γραπτῆς ὑακίνθου
Φοιβάδος εἶχε μέταλλα καὶ ἔγχλοα νῶτα μαράγδου:
ἄλλος ἐυκρήπιδος ὑπὸ σκοπιῇσιν Ἰμαίου
ὄρθιον ἶχνος ἔπειγε δορικτήτων ἐλεφάντων,
260 ὃς δὲ παρ' Ἡμωδοῖο βαθυσπήλυγι κολώνῃ
ἦλασεν Ἴνδῶν μετανάστιον ἄρμα λεόντων
κυδιόων, ἕτερος δὲ κατ' αὐχένος ἄμμι πεδήσας
Μυγδονίην ἔσπευδεν ἐς ῥήονα πόρδαλιν ἔλκειν:
καὶ Σάτυρος πεφόρητο, φιλακρήτῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
265 στικτὸν ἔχων προκέλευθον ἐκώμασε τίγριν ἱμάσσων:
ἄλλος ἄγων νόστησεν ἐῆ Κυβελῆιδι νύμφῃ
φυταλιῇν εὖοδμον ἀλιτρεφένων δονακῆων,
καὶ λίθον ἀστράπτουσαν Ἐρυθραίης γέρας ἄλμης:
πολλὴ δ' ἐκ θαλάμοιο σὺν ἀρτιγάμῳ παρακοίτῃ
270 ληιδίῃ πλοκάμων μελανόχροος ἔλκετο νύμφῃ,
δέσμιον αὐχένα δοῦλον ὑποζεύξασα λεπάδνῳ.
χειρὶ δὲ κουφίζουσα ῥυηφενέος χύσιν ὄλβου
εἰς σκοπίας Τμῶλοιο θεόσσυτος ἦιε Βάκχη,
κῶμον ἀνευάζουσα παλιννόστῳ Διονύσῳ.

[251] But when the revels of the carefree feast were over, and Dionysos had gathered all the spoil after his Indian War, he remembered the land of his ancient home, now he had swept away the foundations of that seven years' conflict. The whole wealth of the enemy was given to the army as their plunder. One got an Indian jasper, one the jewel of Phoibos's patterned sapphire and the smooth green emerald; another hurried under the lofty peaks of broad-based Imaios the straight-legged elephants which he had captured by his spear. Here was one by the deepcaverned mountain of Hemodos driving to exile a team of Indian lions, in triumph; there was another pulling a panther to the Mygdonian shore with a chain fast about its neck. A Satyr rushed along with a striped tiger before him, which he flogged in his wild way with a handful of tipling-leaves. Another returned with a gift for his Cybeleid bride, the fragrant plants of seagrown reeds and the shining stone which is the glory of the Erythraian brine. Many a blackskin bride was dragged out of her chamber by the hair, her neck bound fast under the yoke of slavery, spoil of war along with her newly wedded husband. The Bacchant woman god-possessed returned to the hills of Tmolos with hands full of streaming riches,

chanting Euoi for the return of Dionysos.

275 καὶ στρατιῇ Διόνυσος ἐδάσσατο ληίδα χάρμης
λαὸν ὅλον συνάεθλον ὑπότροπον οἴκαδε πέμπων
Ἰνδῶν μετὰ δῆριν: ἀπεσσεύοντο δὲ λαοὶ
μάρμαρα κουφίζοντες Ἑῷα δῶρα θαλάσσης,
ὄρνεά τ' αἰολόμορφα: παλιννόστῳ δὲ πορεῖη
280 κῶμον ἀνευάζοντες ἀνικῆτῳ Διονύσῳ
πάντες ἐβακχεύοντο, πολυκμήτοιο λιπόντες
μνηστῖν ὅλου πολέμοιο, Βορειάδι σύνδρομον αὔρη
σκιδναμένην: καὶ ἕκαστος ἔχων ἀναθήματα νίκης
ὄψιμον εἰς δόμον ἦλθε παλίνδρομος. ἀντὶ δὲ πάτρης
285 Ἀστέριος τότε μοῦνος ἀνιπτοπόδων σχεδὸν Ἄρκτων
Φάσιδος ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρον ἀθαλπέι νάσσατο γαίῃ
Μασσαγέτην παρὰ κόλπον, ἐοῦ γενέταο τοκῆος
ναίων ἀστερόεντος ὑπὸ σφυρὰ δύσνιφα Ταύρου,
φεύγων Κνώσσιον ἄστῳ καὶ ἀρσενόπαιδα γενέθλην,
290 Πασιφάνην στυγέων καὶ ἐὼν Μίνωα τοκῆα,
καὶ Σκυθίην προβέβουλεν ἔης χθονός: αὐτὰρ ὁ μούνοις
Βάκχος ἐοῖς Σατύροισι καὶ Ἰνδοφόνοις ἅμα Βάκχαις
Καυκασίην μετὰ δῆριν Ἀμαζονίου ποταμοῖο
Ἀρραβίης ἐπέβαινε τὸ δεύτερον, ἧχι θαμιζών
295 λαὸν ἀβακχεύτων Ἀράβων ἐδίδαξεν ἀεὶρειν
μυστιπόλους νάρθηκας: ἀξιφύτοιο δὲ λόχμης
Νύσια Βοτρυόεντι κατέστεφεν οὔρεα θαλλῶ.

[275] So Dionysos distributed the spoils of battle among his followers, after the Indian War, and sent returning home the whole host who had shared his labours. The people made haste to go, laden with shining treasures of the Eastern sea and birds of many strange forms. Their return was a triumphal march with universal acclaim to Dionysos the invincible; all revelled, for they left behind them all memory of that toilsome war, to blow away with the north wind, and each came returning home at last with his thank-offerings for victory. Asterios alone did not now return to his own country; instead, he settled near the foot-unwashen Bears, about the river Phasis in a cold land by the Massagetic Gulf, where he dwelt under the snowburdened feet of his father's father, Tauros the Bull, translated to the stars. He avoided the Cnossian city and the sons of his family, hating Pasiphae and his own father Minos, and preferring Scythia to his own country. But Bacchos, followed only by his Satyrs and the Indianslaying Bacchant women, after a war in the Caucasos beside the Amazonian River, visited Arabia the second time, where he stayed and taught the Arabian people who knew not Bacchos to uplift the mystic fennel, and crowned the Nysian hills with the vineclusters of his fruitful plant.

Ἀρραβίης δὲ τένοντα βαθύσκιον ἄλσος ἑάσας
 ἀτραπὸν Ἀσσυρίην διεμέτρεε πεζὸς ὁδίτης,
 300 καὶ Τυρίων μενέαιεν ἰδεῖν χθόνα πατρίδα Κάδμου·
 κεῖθι γὰρ ἶχνος ἔκαμψε, καὶ ἄσπετα πέπλα δοκεῦν
 θάμβεεν Ἀσσυρίης ἑτερόχροα δαίδαλα τέχνης,
 ἄργυρον εἰσορόων Βαβυλωνίδος ἔργον Ἀράχνης·
 καὶ Τυρίη σκοπίαζε δεδευμένα φάρεα κόχλῳ,
 305 πορφυρέους σπινθῆρας ἀκοντίζοντα θαλάσσης,
 ἦχι κύων ἀλιεργὸς ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖσιν ἐρέπτων
 ἐνδόμυχον χαροπῇσι γενειάσι θέσκελον ἰχθὺν
 χιονέας πόρφυρε παρηίδας αἵματι κόχλου,
 χεῖλεα φοινίξας διερῶ πυρί, τῷ ποτε μούνῳ
 310 φαιδρὸν ἀλιχλαίνων ἐρυθαίνετο φᾶρος ἀνάκτων.

[298] Leaving the long stretch of Arabia with its deep-shadowy forests he measured the Assyrian road on foot, and had a mind to see the Tyrian land, Cadmos's country; for thither he turned his tracks, and with stuffs in thousands before his eyes he admired the manycoloured patterns of Assyrian art, as he stared at the woven work of the Babylonian Araehne; he examined cloth dyed with the Tyrian shell, shooting out sea-sparklings of purple: on that shore once a dog busy by the sea, gobbling the wonderful lurking fish with joyous jaws, stained his white jowl with the blood of the shell, and reddened his lips with running fire, which once alone made scarlet the sea-dyed robes of kings.

καὶ πόλιν ἀθρήσας ἐπεγήθεεν, ἦν ἐνοσίχθων
 οὐ διερῶ μίτρωσεν ὄλῳ ζωστήρι θαλάσσης,
 ἀλλὰ τύπον λάχε τοῖον Ὀλύμπιον, οἷον ὑφαίνει
 ἀγχιτελῆς λείπουσα μιῇ γλῶχῃνι σελήνῃ.
 315 καὶ οἱ ὀπιπεύοντι μέσσην χθόνα σύζυγον ἄλμῃ
 διπλόον ἔλλαχε θάμβος, ἐπεὶ Τύρος εἶν ἀλὶ κεῖται
 εἰς χθόνα μοιρηθεῖσα, συναπτομένη δὲ θαλάσση
 τριχθαδαίας λαγόνεσσι μίαν ξυνώσατο μίτρην·
 νηχομένη δ' ἀτίνακτος ὁμοίος ἔπλετο κούρῃ,
 320 καὶ κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα καὶ αὐχένα δῶκε θαλάσση,
 χεῖρας ἐφαπλώσασα μέση διδυμάονι πόντῳ,
 γείτονι λευκαίνουσα θαλασσαίῳ δέμας ἀφρῶ,
 καὶ πόδας ἀμφοτέρους ἐπερείσατο μητέρι γαίῃ.
 καὶ πόλιν ἐννοσίγαιος ἔχων ἀστεμφεῖ δεσμῷ
 325 νυμφίος ὕδατόεις περινήχεται, οἷα συνάπτων
 πῆχεϊ παφλάζοντι περίπλοκον αὐχένα νύμφης.

[311] He was delighted to see that city, which Earth-shaker surrounded with a

liquid girdle of sea, not wholly, but it got the shape which the moon weaves in the sky when she is almost full, falling short of fullness by one point. And when he saw the mainland joined to the brine, he felt a double wonder, since Tyre lies in the brine, having her own share in the land but joined with the sea which has joined one girdle with the three sides together. Unshakable, it is like a swimming girl, who gives to the sea head and breast and neck, stretching her arms between under the two waters, and her body whitened with foam from the sea beside her, while she rests both feet on mother earth. And Earthshaker holding the city in a firm bond floats all about like a watery bridegroom, as if embracing the neck of his bride in a splashing arm.

καὶ Τύρον εἰσέτι Βάκχος ἐθάμβεε, τῇ ἔνι μούνη
βουκόλος ἀγκικέλευθος ὁμίλεε γείτοني ναύτη
συρίζων παρὰ θῖνα, καὶ αἰπόλος ἰχθυβολῆι
330 δίκτυον αἶ ἔρϋοντι, καὶ ἀντιτύποισιν ἔρετμοῖς
σχιζομένων ὑδάτων ἐχαράσσετο βῶλος ἀρότρω·
εἰναλῆς δ' ὀάριζον ὁμήλυδες ἐγγύθι λόχμης
ποιμένες... ὕλοτόμοισι, καὶ ἔβρεμεν εἰν ἐνὶ χώρῳ
φλοῖστος ἄλος, μύκημα βοῶν, ψιθύρισμα πετῆλων,
335 πεῖσμα, φυτόν, πλόος, ἄλσος, ὕδωρ, νέες, ὀλκάς, ἐχέτλη,
μῆλα, δόναξ, δρεπάνη, σκαφίδες, λῖνα, λαίφεα, θώρηξ.
καὶ τάδε παπταίνων πολυθαμβέα ῥήξατο φωνήν:

[327] Still more Bacchos admired the city of Tyre; where alone the herdsman's way was near the fisherman, and he kept company with his piping along the shore, and goatherd with fisher again when he drew his net, and the glebe was cleft by the plow while opposite the oars were cutting the waters. Shepherds near the seaside woods gossiped in company [with boatmen, fisher with] woodmen, and in one place was the loud noise of the sea, the lowing of cattle, the whispering of leaves, rigging and trees, navigation and forest, water, ships, and lugger, plowtail, sheep, reeds, and sickle, boats, lines, sails, and corselet. As he surveyed all this, he thus expressed his wonder:

Ἥησον ἐν ἡπείρῳ πόθεν ἔδρακον; εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
τηλίκον οὐ ποτε κάλλος ἐσέδρακον· ὕψιτενῇ γὰρ
340 δένδρεα συρίζειι παρὰ κύματα, Νηρεΐδος δὲ
φθεγγομένης κατὰ πόντον Ἀμαδρυὰς ἐγγὺς ἀκούει,
καὶ Τυρίοις πελάγεσσι καὶ ἀγκιάλοισιν ἀρούραις
πνείων ἐκ Λιβάνοιο μεσημβρινὸς ἀβρὸς ἀήτης
ἄσθματι καρποτόκῳ προχέει νηοσσόον ἀήτην,
345 ψύχων ἀγρονόμον καὶ ναυτίλον εἰς πλόον ἔλκων,
καὶ χθονίην δρεπάνην βυθίῃ πελάσασα τριαίνῃ
φθέγγεται ὕδρομέδοντι θαλυσιάς ἐνθάδε Δηῶ,

κωφῆς ἄβροχον ἄρμα καθιπτεύοντι γαλήνης,
ἰθύνειν δρόμον ἴσον ὁμοζήλων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
350 ὄμπνια μαστίζουσα μετάρσια νῶτα δρακόντων.
ὦπι πασιμέλουσα, τύπος χθονός, αἰθέρος εἰκῶν,
συμφυέος τρίπλευρον ἔχεις τελαμῶνα θαλάσσης.’

[338] “How’s this — how do I see an island on the mainland? If I may say so, never have I beheld such beauty. Lofty trees rustle beside the waves, the Nereid speaks on the deep and the Hamadryad hears hard by. A delicate breeze of the south breathes from Lebanon upon Tyrian seas and seaside plowland, pouring a breath of wind which fosters the corn and speeds the ships at once, cools the husbandman and draws the seaman to his voyage. Here harvesthome Deo brings the sickle of the land close to the trident of the deep, and speaks to the monarch of the wet, who drives his car unwetted upon the soundless calm, while she asks him to guide her rival car on the same course, and herself whips the bounteous backs of her aerial dragons. O world-famous city, image of the earth, picture of the sky! You have a belt of sea grown into one with your three sides!”

ὥς εἰπὼν παράμειβε δι’ ἄστεος ὄμμα τιταίνων:
καὶ οἱ ὀπιτεύοντι λιθογλώχινες ἀγυιαί
355 μαρμαρυγὴν ἀνέφαινον ἀμοιβαίῳ μετᾴλου:
καὶ προγόνου δόμον εἶδεν Ἀγήνορος, ἔδρακεν αὐλάς
καὶ θάλαμον Κάδμοιο, καὶ ἀρπαμένης ποτὲ νύμφης
Εὐρώπης ἀφύλακτον ἐδύσατο παρθενεῶνα,
μνηστὶν ἔχων κερόεντος ἐοῦ Διός: ἀρχεγόνους δὲ
360 πηγὰς θάμβεε μᾶλλον ὄπη χθονίου διὰ κόλπου
νάματος ἐκχυμένου παλινάγρετον εἰς μίαν ὥρην
χεύμασιν αὐτογόνοισι πολυτρεφὲς ἔλυνεν ὕδωρ:
εἶδεν Ἀβαρβαρέης γόνιμον ῥόον, ἔδρακε πηγὴν
Καλλιρόην ἐρόεσσαν ἐπώνυμον, εἶδε καὶ αὐτῆς
365 ἄβρὸν ἐρευγομένης Δροσερῆς νυμφῆιον ὕδωρ.

[353] So he spoke, and wandered through the city casting his eyes about. He gazed at the streets paved with mosaic of stones and shining metals; he saw the house of Agenor his ancestor, he saw the courtyards and the women’s apartments of Cadmos; he entered the ill-guarded maiden chamber of Europe, the bride stolen long ago, and thought of his own horned Zeus. Still more he wondered at those primeval fountains, where a stream comes pouring out through the bosom of the earth, and after one hour plenty of water bubbles up again with flood self-produced. He saw the creative stream of Abarbaree, he saw the lovely fountain named after Callirhoe, he saw the bridal water of Drosera herself spouting daintily out.

ἀλλ' ὅτε πάντα νόησεν ἔῳ φιλοτερπέι θυμῷ,
εἰς δόμον Ἀστροχίτωνος ἑκώμασε, καὶ πρόμον ἄστρον
τοῖον ἔπος βοῶων ἐκαλέσσατο μύστιδι φωνῇ:

[366] But when he had noted all this and gratified his curiosity, he went
revelling to the temple of the Starclad and there called loudly upon the leader
of the stars in mystic words:

‘Ἀστροχίτων Ἡρακλες, ἀναξ πυρός ὄρχαμε κόσμου,
370 ἥελιε, βροτέοιο βίου δολιχόσκιε ποιμήν,
ἵππευόν ἐλικηδὸν ὅλον πόλον αἴθοπι δίκη,
υἷα χρόνου λυκάβαντα δυωδεκάμηνον ἐλίσσων,
κύκλον ἄγεις μετὰ κύκλον: ἀφ’ ὑμετέροιο δὲ δίφρου
γῆραϊ καὶ νεότητι ῥέει μορφούμενος αἰών:
375 μαῖα σοφῆς ὠδίνος ἀμήτορος εἰκόνα Μήνης
ὠδίνεις τριέλικτον, ὅτε δροσόεσσα Σελήνη
σῆς λοχίης ἀκτίνος ἀμέλγεται ἀντίτυπον πῦρ,
ταυρεῖην ἐπικυρτον ἀολλίζουσα κεραίην:
παμφαῆς αἰθέρος ὄμμα, φέρεις τετράζυγι δίφρῳ
380 χεῖμα μετὰ φθινόπωρον, ἄγεις θέρος εἷαρ ἀμείβων.
νῦξ μὲν ἀκοντιστῆρι διωκομένη σέο πυρσῷ
χάζεται ἀστήρικτος, ὅτε ζυγὸν ἄργυρον ἔλκων
ἀκροφανῆς ἵππειος ἱμάσσεται ὄρθιος αὐχὴν,
σεῖο δὲ λαμπομένοιο φαάντερον οὐκέτι λάμπων
385 ποικίλος εὐφαέεσσι χαράσσεται ἄστροσι λειμών,
χεύμασι δ’ ἀντολικοῖο λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο
σεισάμενος γονόεσσαν ἀθαλπέος ἱκμάδα χαίτης
ὄμβρον ἄγεις φερέκαρπον, ἐπ’ εὐώδινι δὲ Γαίῃ
ἡερίης ἡῶν ἐρεύγει ἀρδμὸν ἐέρσης,
390 καὶ σταχῶν ὠδῖνας ἀναλδαίνεις σέο δίσκῳ
ῥαίνων ζωτόκοιο δι’ αὖλακος ὄμπνιον ἀκτὴν.

[369] “Starclad Heracles, lord of fire, prince of the universe! O Helios,
longshadowed shepherd of human life, coursing round the whole sky with
shining disk and wheeling the twelvemonth lichtgang the son of Time! Circle
after circle thou drivest, and from thy car is shaped the running lifespace for
youth and age! Nurse of wise birth, thou bringest forth the threefold image of
the motherless Moon, while dewy Selene milks her imitative light from thy
fruitful beam, while she fills in her curving bulls-horn. Allshining Eye of the
heavens, thou bringest in thy four-horse chariot winter following autumn, and
changest spring to summer. Night pursued by thy shooting torch moves and
gives place, when the first morning glimpse comes of thy straightnecked
steeds drawing the silver yoke under thy lashes; when thy light shines, the

varied heavenly meadow no longer shines brighter dotted with patterns of bright stars. From thy bath in the waters of the eastern Ocean thou shakest off the creative moisture from thy cool hair, bringing the fruitful rain, and discharging the early wet of the heavenly dew upon the prolific earth. With thy disk thou givest increase to the growth of harvest, irrigating the bounteous corn in the life-nourishing furrows.

Βῆλος ἐπ' Εὐφρήταο, Λίβυς κεκλημένος Ἄμμων,
Ἄπις ἔφυς Νειλῶος, Ἄραψ Κρόνος, Ἀσσύριος Ζεὺς:
καὶ ξύλα κηῶεντα φέρων γαμψώνυχι ταρσῷ
395 χιλιέτης σοφὸς ὄρνις ἐπ' εὐόδμῳ σέο βωμῷ
φοῖνιξ, τέρμα βίοιο φέρων αὐτόσπορον ἀρχήν,
τίκτεται ἰσοτύποιο χρόνου παλινάγρετος εἰκῶν,
λύσας δ' ἐν πυρὶ γῆρας ἀμείβεται ἐκ πυρὸς ἥβην:
εἴτε Σάραπις ἔφυς, Αἰγύπτιος ἀννέφελος Ζεὺς,
400 εἰ Κρόνος, εἰ Φαέθων πολυώνυμος, εἴτε σὺ Μίθρης,
ἥελιος Βαβυλῶνος, ἐν Ἑλλάδι Δελφὸς Ἀπόλλων
εἰ Γάμος, ὃν σκιεροῖσιν Ἔρως ἔσπειρεν ὄνειροις
μιμηλῆς τελέων ἀπατήλιον ἕμερον εὐνῆς,
ἐκ Διὸς ὑπνώνοντος ὅτε γλωχῖνι μαχαίρης
405 αὐτογάμῳ σπόρον ὑγρὸν ἐπιξύσαντος ἀρούρης
οὐρανίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐμαιώθησαν ἐρίπναι,
εἴτε σὺ Παιήων ὀδυνήφατος, εἰ πέλες Αἰθήρ
ποικίλος, Ἀστροχίτων δὲ φατίζεαι — ἐννύχοι γὰρ
οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντες ἐπανυάζουσι χιτῶνες — :
410 οὔασιν εὐμενέεσσιν ἐμὴν ἀσπάξεο φωνήν.'

[392] "Belos on the Euphrates, called Ammon in Libya, thou art Apis by the Nile, Arabian Cronos, Assyrian Zeus! On thy fragrant altar, that thousand-year-old wise bird the phoenix lays sweetsmelling woods with his curved claw, bringing the end of one life and the beginning of another; for there he is born again, self-begotten, the image of equal time renewed — he sheds old age in the fire, and from the fire takes in exchange youthful bloom. Be thou called Sarapis, the cloudless Zeus of Egypt; be thou Cronos, or Phaethon of many names, or Mithras the Sun of Babylon, in Hellas Delphic Apollo; be thou Gamos, whom Love begat in shadowy dreams, fulfilling the deceptive desire of a mock union, when from sleeping Zeus, after he had sprinkled the damp seed over the earth with the self-wedding point of the sword, the heights brought forth by reason of the heavenly drops; be thou painquelling Paieon, or patterned Heaven; be thou called the Starclad, since by night starry mantles illuminate the sky — O hear my voice graciously with friendly ears!"

τοῖον ἔπος Διόνυσος ἀνήρυγεν. ἑξαπίνης δὲ

ἔνθεον εἶδος ἔχων θεοδέγμονος ἔνδοθι νηοῦ
 Ἀστροχίτων ἦστραψε: πυριγλήνου δὲ προσώπου
 μαρμαρυγὴν ῥοδόεσσαν ἀπηκόντιζον ὅπως αἶ:
 415 καὶ θεὸς αἰγλήεις παλάμην ὥρεξε Λυαίῳ,
 ποικίλον εἶμα φέρων, τύπον αἰθέρος, εἰκόνα κόσμου,
 στίλβων ξανθὰ γένεια καὶ ἀστερόεσσαν ὑπὴν νην:
 καὶ μιν ἔνφραϊνων φιλήει μείλιξε τραπέζῃ.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμὸν ἔτερπεν ἀδαιτρεῦτῳ παρὰ δειπνῳ
 420 ψαύων ἀμβροσίης καὶ νέκταρος: οὐ νέμεσις δέ,
 εἰ γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἔπινε μετὰ γλάγος ἄμβροτον Ἥρης:
 εἶρετο δ' Ἀστροχίτωνα χέων φιλοπευθεῖα φωνήν:

[411] Such was the hymn of Dionysos. Suddenly in form divine the Starclad flashed upon him in that dedicated temple. The fiery eyes of his countenance shot forth a rosy light, and the shining god, clad in a patterned robe like the sky, and image of the universe, with yellow cheek sparkling and a starry beard, held out a hand to Lyaïos, and entertained him with good cheer at a friendly table. He enjoyed a feast without meatcarving, and touched nectar and ambrosia: why not indeed, if he did drink sweet nectar, after the immortal milk of Hera? Then he spoke to the Starclad in words full of curiosity:

‘Ἀστροχίτων με δίδασκε, τύπῳ χθονός, εἰκόνι νήσου,
 τίς θεὸς ἄστῳ πόλιν οἶσε, τίς ἔγραψεν οὐρανίῃ χεῖρ;
 425 τίς σκοπέλους ἀνάειρε καὶ ἑρρίζωσε θαλάσση;
 τίς κάμε δαίδαλα ταῦτα; πόθεν λάχον οὖνομα πηγῶν;
 τίς χθονὶ νῆσον ἔμιξεν ὁμόζυγα μητρὶ θαλάσσῃ;’

[423] “Inform me, Astrochiton, what god built this city in the form of a continent and the image of an island? What heavenly hand designed it? Who lifted these rocks and rooted them in the sea? Who made all these works of art? Whence came the name of the fountains? Who mingled island with mainland and bound them together with mother sea?”

εἶπε: καὶ Ἡρακλῆς φιλήει μείλιξατο μύθῳ:

[428] He spoke, and Heracles satisfied him with friendly words:

‘Βάκχε, σὺ μὲν κλύε μῦθον: ἐγὼ δέ σε πάντα διδάξω.
 430 ἐνθάδε φῶτες ἔναιον, ὁμόσπορος οὐς ποτε μούνοισιν
 ἀενάου κόσμοιο συνήλικας ἔδρακεν Αἰῶν,
 ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτοιο γένος χθονός, ὧν τότε μορφῇν
 αὐτομάτην ὥδινεν ἀνήροτος ἄσπορος ἰλὺς:
 οἱ πόλιν ἰσοτύπων δαπέδων αὐτόχθονι τέχνῃ

435 πετραίοις ἀτίνακτον ἐπυργώσαντο θεμέθλοις.
καὶ ποτε πηγαίησι παρ' εὐὺδροισι χαμευναῖς
ἡελίου πυρόεντος ἱμασσομένης χθονὸς ἀτμῷ
τερψινόου Ληθαῖον ἀμεργόμενοι πτερὸν Ὑπνου
εὔδον ὁμοῦ, κραδίη δὲ φιλόπτολιν οἷστρον ἀέξων
440 γηγενέων στατὸν ἶχνος ἐπὶ ῥῶρησιν καρήνων,
καὶ βροτέου σκιοειδὲς ἔχων Ἰνδαλμα προσώπου
θέσφατον ὁμψήεντος ἀνήρυγον ἀνθερεῶνος:

[429] “Hear the story, Bacchos, I will tell you all. People dwelt here once whom Time, bred along with them, saw the only agemates of the eternal universe, holy offspring of the virgin earth, whose bodies came forth of themselves from the unplowed unsown mud. These by indigenous art built upon foundations of rock a city unshakable on ground also of rock. Once on their watery beds among the fountains, while the fiery sun was beating the earth with steam, they were resting together and plucking at the Lethean wing of mind-rejoicing sleep. Now I cherished a passion of love for that city; so I took the shadowed form of a human face, and stayed my step overhanging the head of these earthborn folk, and spoke to them my oracle in words of inspiration:

ὑπνον ἀποσκεδάσαντες ἀεργέα, παῖδες ἀρούρης,
τεύξατέ μοι ξένον ἄρμα βατῆς ἀλός: ὀξυτόμοις δὲ
445 κόψατέ μοι πελέκεσσι ῥάχιν πιτυώδεος ὕλης:
τεύξατέ μοι σοφὸν ἔργον: ὑπὸ σταμίνεσσι δὲ πυκνοῖς
ἱκρία γομφώσαντες ἐπασσυντέρῳ τινὶ κόσμῳ
συμπερτὴν ἀτίνακτον ἀρηρότι δῆσατε δεσμῷ,
δίφρον ἀλός, σχεδίην πρωτόπλοον, ἣ διὰ πόντου
450 ὑμέας ὀχλίζειε: καὶ ἀγκύλον ἄκρον ἀπ' ἄκρου
πρωτοπαγὲς δόρυ μακρὸν ὅλον στήριγμα δεχέσθω:
ἱκρία δὲ σταμίνεσσιν ἀρηρότα δῆσατε κύκλῳ,
τοίχου δουρατέου πυκινὸν τύπον: ὑψιτενὲς δὲ
σφιγγόμενον δεσμοῖσι μέσον ξύλον ὄρθιον ἔστω:
455 καὶ λίνεον πλατὺ φᾶρος ἐφάψατε δούρατι μέσσω,
συμπλεκέας δὲ κάλῳας ἀμοιβαδίς, ὣν ἀπὸ δεσμῶν
ἐκταδὸν ἡερίῳ κολπώσατε φᾶρος ἀήτη
ἔγκυον ἐξ ἀνέμου νηοσσόον: ἀρτιπαγῇ δὲ
φράξατε λεπταλέοις σεσηρότα δούρατα γόμφοις,
460 πυκνὰ περιστρώσαντες ὁμοζυγέων ἐπὶ τοίχων
ῥίπτεσιν οἰσύνοις, μὴ φώριον οἶδμα χυθείη
ἐνδόμυχον γλαφυροῖο κεχηνότι δούρατος ὀλκῷ.
καὶ σχεδὶς οἷκα κυβερνητῆρα πορείης
ὕγρῃς ἀτραπιτοῖο πολὺστροφον ἡνιοχῆα
465 πάντοθι δινεῦντες, ὅπῃ νόος ὑμέας ἔλκει,
δουρατέῳ κενεῶνι χαράξατε νῶτα θαλάσσης,

εἰσόκε χῶρον ἱκοισθε μεμορμένον, ὀππῶθι δισσαὶ
ἄσταθές πλῶουσιν ἀλήμονες εἰν ἀλὶ πέτραι,

[443] ““Shake off idle sleep, sons of the soil! Make me a new kind of vehicle to travel on the brine. Clear me this ridge of pinewoods with your sharp axes and make me a clever work. Set a long row of thickset standing ribs and rivet planks to them, then join them firmly together with a wellfitting bond — the chariot of the sea, the first craft that ever sailed, which can heave you over the deep! But first let it have a long curved beam running from end to end to support the whole, and fasten the planks to the ribs fitted about it like a close wall of wood. Let there be a tall spar upright in the middle held fast with stays. Fasten a wide linen cloth to the middle of the pole with twisted ropes on each side. Keep the sail extended by these ropes, and let it belly out to the wind of heaven, pregnant by the breeze which carries the ship along. Where the newfitted timbers gape, plug them with thin pegs. Cover the sides with hurdles of wickerwork to keep them together, lest the water leak through unnoticed by a hole in the hollow vessel. Have a tiller as guide for your craft, to steer a course and drive you on the watery path with many a turn — twist it about everywhere as your mind draws you, and cleave the back of the sea in your wooden hull, until you come to the fated place, where driven wandering over the brine are two floating rocks, which Nature has named the Ambrosial Rocks.

ἃς Φύσις Ἀμβροσίας ἐπεφήμισεν, αἷς ἔνι θάλλει

470 ἥλικος αὐτόρριζον ὁμόζυγον ἔρνος ἐλαίης,
πέτρης ὕγροπόροιο μεσόμφαλον: ἀκροτάτοις δὲ
αἰετὸν ἀθρήσητε παρεδρήσσοντα κορύμβοις
καὶ φιάλην εὐτυκτον: ἀπὸ φλογεροῖο δὲ δένδρου
θαμβαλέους σπινθῆρας ἐρεύγεται αὐτόματον πῦρ,
475 καὶ σέλας ἀφλεγέος περιβόσκεται ἔρνος ἐλαίης:
καὶ φυτὸν ὑψιπέτηλον ἔλιξ ὄφιν ἀμφιχορεύει,
ἀμφοτέρον βλεφάροισι καὶ οὔασιν θάμβος ἀέξων:
οὐ γὰρ ἀερσιπότητον ἐς αἰετὸν ἄσφορος ἔρπων
λοξὸς ἀπειλητῆρι δράκων περιβάλλεται ὀλκῷ,
480 οὐδὲ διαπτῦων θανατηφόρον ἰὸν ὀδόντων
ὄρνιν ἐαῖς γενύεσσι κατεσθίει, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
αἰετὸς ἐρρηστῆρα πολυσπεύρητον ἀκάνθαις
ἀρπάξας ὀνύχεσσι μετάρσιος ἡέρα τέμνει,
οὐδὲ μιν ὀξύοδοντι καταγράψει γενεΐῳ:

485 οὐδὲ τανυπρέμνοιο φυτοῦ πεφορημένος ὄζοις
πυρσὸς ἀδηλήτου περιβόσκεται ἔρνος ἐλαίης,
οὐδὲ δρακοντείων φολίδων σπεύρημα μαραινέει
σύννομον ἀγκικέλευθον, ὁμοπλεκέων δὲ καὶ αὐτῶν
οὐ πτερύγων ὄρνιθος ἐφάπτεται ἀλλόμενον πῦρ,

ἀλλὰ φυτοῦ κατὰ μέσσα φίλον σέλας ἄμδον ἰάλλει:

490 οὐδὲ κύλιξ ἀτίνακτος ἐπήορος ὑψόθι πίπτει
σειομένων ἀνέμοισιν ὀλισθήσασα κορύμβων.

[469] ““On one of them grows a spire of olive, their agemate, selfrooted and joined to the rock, in the very midst of the waterfaring stone. On the top of the foliage you will see an eagle perched, and a well-made bowl. From the flaming tree fire selfmade spits out wonderful sparks, and the glow devours the olive tree all round but consumes it not. A snake writhes round the tree with its highlifted leaves, increasing the wonder both for eyes and for ears. For the serpent does not creep silently to the eagle flying on high, and throw itself at him from one side with a threatening sweep to envelop him, nor spits deadly poison from his teeth and swallows the bird in his jaws; the eagle himself does not seize in his talons that crawler with many curling coils and carry him off high through the air, nor will he wound him with sharp-toothed beak; the flame does not spread over the branches of the tall trunk and devour the olive tree, which cannot be destroyed, nor withers the scales of the twining snake, so close a neighbour, nor does the leaping flame catch even the bird’s interlaced feathers. No — the fire keeps to the middle of the tree and sends out a friendly glow: the bowl remains aloft, immovable though the clusters are shaken in the wind, and does not slip and fall.

καὶ σοφὸν ἀγρεύσαντες ὁμόχρονον ὄρνιν ἐλαίης
αἰετὸν ὑψιπέτην ἱερεύσατε κυανοχαίτῃ,

495 λύθρον ἐπισπένδοντες ἀλιπλανέεσσι κολώναις
καὶ Διὶ καὶ μακάρεσσι: καὶ ἄστατος οὐκέτι πέτρῃ
πλάζεται ὑγροφόρητος, ἀκινήτοις δὲ θεμέλοις
αὐτομάτῃ ζωσθεῖσα συνάπτεται ἄζυγι πέτρῃ.
πήξατε δ’ ἀμφοτέραις ἐπικείμενον ἄστρῳ κολώναις
500 ἀμφοτέρῃς ἐκάτερθεν ἐπὶ κρηπῖδι θαλάσσης.’

[493] ““You must catch this wise bird, the highflying eagle agemate of the olive, and sacrifice him to Seabluehair. Pour out his blood on the seawandering cliffs to Zeus and the Blessed. Then the rock wanders no longer driven over the waters; but it is fixed upon immovable foundations and unites itself bound to the free rock. Found upon both rocks a builded city, with quays on two seas, on both sides.’

τοῖον ἔπος μαντῶον ἀνήρυγον: ἐγρόμενοι δὲ
Γηγενέες δεδόνηντο, καὶ οὔασιν αἰὲν ἐκάστου
θέσκελος ἀπλανέων ἐπεβόμβεε μῦθος ὀνείρων.
τοῖσι δ’ ἐγὼ τέρας ἄλλο μετὰ πεπερόντας ὀνείρους
505 ἀχνυμένοις ἀνέφηνα, φιλόκτιτον ἦθος ἀέξων

ἔσσόμενος πολιοῦχος· ὑπερκύψας δὲ θαλάσσης
 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα φέρων ἰσόζυγι μορφῇ
 εἰς πλόον αὐτοδίδακτον ἐνήχετο ναυτίλος ἰχθύς·
 τὸν τότε παπταίνοντες εἰκότα νηὶ θαλάσσης
 510 καὶ πλόον εὐποίητον ἄτερ καμάτοιο μαθόντες,
 καὶ σχεδὶν πῆξαντες ὁμοίον ἰχθύι πόντου
 ναυτιλίας τύπον ἴσον ἐμιμήσαντο θαλάσσης.
 καὶ πλόος ἦν· πυσύρων δὲ λίθων ἰσοελκέϊ φόρτῳ
 ναυτιλὴν ἰσόμετρον ἐπιστώσαντο θαλάσση,
 515 καὶ γεράνων ἀτίνακτον ἐμιμήσαντο πορείην.
 αἶ στομάτων ἔντοσθεν ἀοοσητῆρα κελεύθου
 λαῖαν ἐλαφρίζουσι καταχθέα, μή ποτε κείνων
 ἵπταμένων περὰ κοῦφα παραπλάγξειεν ἀήτης,
 εἰσόκε χῶρον ἐκεῖνον ἐσέδρακον, ἦχι θυέλλαις
 520 εἰς πλόον αὐτοκέλευθον ἐναυτίλλοντο κολῶναι.

[501] “Such was my prophetic message. The Earthborn awaking were stirred, and the divine message of the unerring dreams still rang in the ears of each. I showed yet another marvel after the winged dreams to these troubled ones, indulging my mood of founding cities, myself destined to be City-holder: out of the sea popped a nautilus fish, perfect image of what I meant and shaped like a ship, sailing on its voyage selftaught. Thus observing this creature so like a ship of the sea, they learnt without trouble how to make a voyage, they built a craft like to a fish of the deep and imitated its navigation of the sea. Then came a voyage: with four stones of an equal weight they trusted their balanced navigation to the sea, imitating the steady flight of the crane; for she carries a ballast-stone in her mouth to help her course, lest the wind should beat her light wings aside as she flies. They went on until they saw that place, where the rocks were driven by the gales to navigate by themselves.

καὶ σχεδὶν ἔστησαν ἀλίστεφάνῳ παρὰ νήσῳ,
 καὶ σπινάδων ἐπέβαινον, ὅπη φυτὸν ἦεν Ἀθήνης.
 τοῖσι δὲ μαιομένοισιν ἐφέστιον ὄρνιν ἐλαίης
 αἰετὸς ἡερόφοιτος ἐκούσιον εἰς μόρον ἔστη·
 525 Γηγενέες δὲ λαβόντες εὐπτερον ἔνθεον ἄγρην,
 ἅψ ἀνασειράζοντες ὀπισθοτόνοιο καρήνου
 γυμνὸν ἐφαπλώσαντες ἐλεύθερον ἀνθερεῶνα,
 αἰετὸν αὐτοκέλευθον ἐδαιτρεύσαντο μαχαίρῃ
 Ζηνὶ καὶ ὕδρομέδοντι· δαΐζομένου δὲ σιδήρῳ
 530 ἔμφρονος οἴωνοιο νεοσφαγέων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 θέσκελον ἔρρεεν αἶμα, θαλασσοπόρους δὲ κολῶνας
 δαιμονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐπερρίζωσε θαλάσση
 ἄγχι Τύρου παρὰ πόντον· ἐπ’ ἄρραγέεσσι δὲ πέτραις
 Γηγενέες βαθύκολπον ἐδωμήσαντο τιθήνην.

[521] “There they stayed their craft beside the seagirt isle, and climbed the cliffs where the tree of Athena stood. When they tried to catch the eagle which was at home on the olive tree, he flew down willingly and awaited his fate. The Earthborn took their winged prey inspired, and drawing the head backwards they stretched out the neck free and bare, they sacrificed with the knife that selfsurrendered eagle to Zeus and the Lord of the waters. As the sage bird was sacrificed, the blood of prophecy gushed from the throat newly cut, and with those divine drops rooted the seafaring rocks at the bottom near to Tyre on the sea; and upon those unassailable rocks the Earthborn built up their deepbreasted nurse.

535 σοὶ μὲν, ἄναξ Διόνυσε, πεδοτρεφὲς αἶμα Γιγάντων
ἐννεπον αὐτολόχευτον Ὀλύμπιον, ὄφρα δαεῖης
ὑμετέρων προγόνων Τυρίην αὐτόχθονα φύτλην:
ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγῶν μυθήσομαι: ἀρχέγονοι γὰρ
παρθενικαὶ πάρος ἦσαν ἐχέφρονες, ὧν ἐπὶ μίτρῃ
540 θερμὸς Ἔρως κεχόλωτο, καὶ ἱμερόεν βέλος ἔλκων
τοῖον ἀλεξιγάμοισιν ἔπος ξυνώσατο Νύμφαις:
Νηὶς Ἀβαρβαρὲφ φιλοπάρθενε, δέξο καὶ αὐτὴ
τοῦτο βέλος, τὸ περ ἔσχεν ὅλη φύσις: ἐνθάδε πῆξω
παστάδα Καλλιρόης, Δροσερῆς δ’ ὑμέναιον αἰείσω.
545 ἄλλ’ ἐρέεις: ‘μεθέπω διερὸν γένος, ἐκ δὲ ῥόαν
αὐτοτελὲς γενόμεν, καὶ ἐμὴ τροφὸς ἔπλετο πηγῇ.’
νηϊὰς ἦν Κλυμένη καὶ ἀπόσπορος Ὠκεανοῖο:
ἀλλὰ γάμοις ὑπόειξεν, ἐνυμφεύθη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ,
ὥς ἶδε λάτριν Ἔρωτος ἀρείονα κυανοχαίτην
550 οἷστρω Κυπριδίῳ δεδονημένον: ἀρχέγονος δὲ
Ὠκεανὸς ποταμοῖσι καὶ ὕδασι πᾶσι κελεύων
Τηθύος οἶδεν ἔρωτα καὶ εὐύδρους ὑμεναιούς.
τέτλαθι καὶ σὺ φέρειν ἴσα Τηθύι. τοσσατίης δὲ
ἐξ ἁλὸς αἶμα φέρουσα καὶ οὐκ ὀλίγης ἀπὸ πηγῆς
555 ἱμεῖρει Γαλάτεια μελιζομένου Πολυφήμου,
καὶ βυθίῃ χερσαῖον ἔχει πόσιν, ἐκ δὲ θαλάσσης
πηκτιδί θελγομένη μετανάστιος εἰς χθόνα βαίνει.
καὶ πηγαὶ δεδάσιν ἐμὸν βέλος: οὐ σε διδάξω
ἱμερον ὕδατόεντα: ποθοβλήτοιο δὲ πηγῆς
560 ἔκλυες ὑγρὸν ἔρωτα Συρηκοσίης Ἀρεθοῦσης:
Ἀλφειὸν δεδάηκας, ὃς ἱκμαλέω παρὰ παστῶ
ὕδρηλαῖς παλάμαις περιβάλλεται ἡθάδα Νύμφην.
πηγῆς αἶμα φέρουσα τί τέρπεαι ἰοχεαίρῃ;
Ἄρτεμις οὐ βλάστησεν ἀφ’ ὕδατος, ὥς Ἀφροδίτη.
ἐννεπε Καλλιρόη: Δροσερῇ μὴ κρύπτε καὶ αὐτῇ.
565 Κυπριδί μᾶλλον ὀφελлес ἄγειν χάριν, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
αὐχένα κάμψεν Ἔρωτι, καὶ εἰ τροφὸς ἐστὶν Ἐρώτων.

δέχνησο κέντρα πόθοιο, καὶ ὕγρονόμον σε καλέσσω
εἰς γενεήν, ἔς ἔρωτα κασιγνήτην Ἀφροδίτης.'

570 τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξεν: ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ τόξου
τριπλόα πέμπε βέλεμνα, καὶ εὐὺδρῳ παρὰ παστῶ
Νηιάδων φιλότῃτι συνήρμοσεν ὕϊας ἀρούρης,
καὶ Τυρίης ἔσπειρε θεηγενὲς αἶμα γενέθλης.'

[535] "There, Lord Dionysos, I have told you of the soilbred race of the Earthborn, selfborn, Olympian, that you might know how the Tyrian breed of your ancestors sprang out of the earth. Now I will speak of the fountains. In the olden days they were chaste maidens primeval, but hot Eros was angered against their maiden girdles, and drawing a shaft of love he spoke thus to the marriage-hating nymphs: 'Naiad Abarbarie, so fond of your maidenhood, you too receive this shaft, which nature has felt. Here I will build Callirhoe's bridechamber, here I will sing Drosera's wedding hymn — But you will say, Mine is a watery race, I came selfborn from the streams, and my nurse was a fountain. — Yes, Clymene was a Naiad, and the offspring of Oceanos; but she yielded to wedlock, she also was a bride, when she saw Seabluehair the mighty a lackey of Eros, and shaken with the passion of Cypris. Primeval Oceanos, who commands all rivers and waters, knows love for Tethys and a watery wedding. Make the best of it, and endure as Tethys did. Another sprung from the sea so great and not from a little fountain, Galateia, has desire for melodious Polyphemos; the deepsea maiden has a husband from the land, she migrates from sea to land, enchanted by the lute. Fountains also have known my shafts. I need not teach you of love in the waters; you have heard of the watery passion of Syracusan Arethusa, that lovestricken fountain; you have heard of Alpheios, who in a watery bower embraces the indwelling nymph with watery hands. You — the offspring of a fountain — why are you pleased with the Archeress? Artemis did not come from the water like Aphrodite. Tell that to Callirhoe, do not hide it from Drosera herself. You ought rather to please Cypris, because she herself bent her neck to Eros even though she is nurse of the loves. Accept the stings of desire, and I will call you by birth one waterwalking, by love sister of Aphrodite.' So he spoke; and from his backbent bow let fly three shots. Then in that watery bower he joined in love sons of the soil to the Naiads, and sowed the divine race of your family."

τοῖα μὲν Ἡρακλῆης πρόμος αἰθέρος ἔννεπε Βάκχῳ

575 τερψινόοις ὀάροισιν: ὃ δὲ φρένα τέρπετο μύθῳ,
καὶ πόρεν Ἡρακλῆϊ, τὸν οὐρανή κάμε τέχνη,
χρυσοφαῖ κρητῆρα σελασφόρον: Ἡρακλῆς δὲ
ἀστραίῳ Διόνυσον ἀνεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνι

[574] So much Heracles leader of heaven said to Bacchos in pleasant gossip. He was delighted at heart by the tale, and offered to Heracles a mixing-bowl of gold bright and shining, which the art of heaven had made; Heracles clad Dionysos in a starry robe.

καὶ θεὸν ἀστροχίτωνά Τύρου πολιοῦχον ἔασας
580 Ἀσσυρίης ἑτέρης ἐπεβήσατο Βάκχος ἀρούρης.

[579] Then Bacchos left the Starclad god, cityholder of Tyre, and went on to another district of Assyria.

BOOK 41

πρῶτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει, πῖθεν υἱέι Μύρρης
ἄλλην Κύπριν ἔτικτεν Ἀμυμώνην Ἀφροδίτη.
ἄρτι μὲν ὄφρυόεντος ὑπὲρ Λιβάνοιο καρήνων
πήξας ἀγλαόκαρπον ἐπὶ χθονὶ βότρυν ὀπώρης
οἰνοτόκους ἐμέθυσεν ὅλης κενεῶνας ἀρούρης:
καὶ Παφίης δόμον εἶδε γαμήλιον: ἡμερίδων δὲ
5 ἔρνεσιν ἄρτιφύτοισι βαθύσκιον ἄλσος ἐρέφας
ἀμπελόεν πόρε δῶρον Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυthereίῃ.
καὶ Χαρίτων χορὸς ἦεν: ἀξιφύτοιο δὲ λόχμης
ἡμερίδων ζωστήρι θορῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
κισσὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἐμιτρώθη κυπαρίσσῳ

BOOK XLI

The forty-first tells how Aphrodite bore Amymone a second Cypris to the son of Myrrha.

ALREADY he had planted in the earth the clustering vintage of his glorious fruit under the beetling crags of Lebanon, and intoxicated all the winebearing bottoms of the land. He saw the wedding-chamber of Paphia; there with newgrown shoots of the gardenvine he roofed a deep-shaded grove, then presented the viny gift to Adonis and Cythereia. There was also a troop of Graces; and from the luxuriant coppice high leapt the ivy in his girdle of cultivated vine, and climbed aloft embracing the cypress.

10 ἀλλὰ θεμιστοπόλου Βερόης παρὰ γείτοني πέζη
ῥυμνον Ἀμυμόνης, Λιβανηίδες εἴπατε Μοῦσαι,
καὶ βυθίου Κρονίδαο καὶ εὐῤυμνοιο Λυαίου

[10] Come now, ye Muses of Lebanon on the neighbouring land of Beroe, that handmaiden of law! recite the lay of Amymone, the war between Cronides of the deep and well-besung Lyaïos, the war of waters and the strife of the vine.

Ἄρεα κυματόεντα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσας Ἐνυῶ.
ἔστι πόλις Βερόη, βιότου τρόπις, ὄρμος Ἐρώτων,
15 ποντοπαγῆς, εὐνησος, ἐύχλοος, οὗ ῥάχιν ἰσθημοῦ
στεινὴ μῆκος ἔχοντος, ὅπῃ διδύμης μέσος ἄλμης
κύμασιν ἀμφοτέροισιν ἱμάσσεται ὄρθιος αὐχὴν:
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν βαθύδενδρον ὑπὸ ῥάχιν αἶθοπος Εὐρου
Ἀσσυρίῳ Λιβάνῳ παραπέπταται, ἧχι πολιταῖς
20 ὄρθια συρίζουσα βιοσσόος ἔρχεται αὖρη,

εὐδόμοις ἀνέμοισι τινασσομένων κυπαρίσσων...
 σύννομος ἰχθυβολῇ γέρων ἐμελίζετο ποιμήν.
 καὶ δόμος ἀγρονόμων, ὅθι πολλάκις ἐγγύθι λόχμης
 Πανὶ μελιζομένῳ δρεπανηφόρος ἦντετο Δηῶ,
 καὶ τις ἐφ' ἱστοβοῇ γεωμόρος αὐχένα κάμψας,
 25 ῥαίνων ἀρτιχάρακτον ὀπισθοβόλῳ χθόνα καρπῷ,
 γείτονι μηλοβοτῇρι παρὰ σφυρὰ φορβάδος ὕλης,
 σφιγξας σύζυγα ταῦρον, ὁμίλει κυρτὸς ἀροτρεὺς.
 ἄλλα δὲ πὰρ πελάγεσσιν ἔχει πόλιν, ἥχι τιταίνει
 στέρνα Ποσειδάωνι, καὶ ἔμβρυον αὐχένα κούρης
 30 πῆχέι μυδαλέῳ περιβάλλεται ὕγρὸς ἀκοίτης,
 πέμπων ὕδατόεντα φιλήματα χεῖλεσι νύμφης·
 καὶ βυθίη ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὁμευνέτις ἡθάδι κόλπῳ
 ἔδνα Ποσειδάωνος ἀλίτροφα πῶεα λίμνης
 δέχνυται, ἰχθυόεντα πολύχροα δεῖπνα τραπέζης,
 35 εἰναλίη Νηρῆος ἐπισκαίροντα τραπέζῃ,
 ἀρκτώην παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ βαθυκύμονος ἀκτῆς
 μηκεδανῷ κενεῶνι βορήιος ἔλκεται αὐλῶν.
 ἀμφὶ δὲ τερψινόοιο μεσημβρινὸν αὐχένα γαίης
 εἰς ῥαχίνην Νοτίην ψαμαθώδεές εἰσιν ἀταρποῖ
 40 εἰς χθόνα Σιδονίην, ὅθι ποικίλα δένδρεα κήπων
 καὶ σταφυλαὶ κομόωσι, τανυπτόρθοις δὲ πετήλοισι
 δάσκιος ἀπλανέεσσι τιταίνεται οἶμος ὁδίταις.
 δοχμῶσας δὲ ῥέεθρον ἐπ' ἧόνι πόντος ἀράσσει
 ἀμφὶ δύσιν κυανωπόν, ὅπῃ λιγυηχεὶ ταρσῷ
 45 ἔσπερίων Ζεφύροιο καθιππεύοντος ἐναύλων
 συριγμῷ δροσόεντι Λίβυς ῥιπίζεται ἀγκῶν,
 ἀνθεμόεις ὅθι χῶρος, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι πόντῳ
 φυταλιαὶ θαλέουσι, καὶ εὐπετάλων ἀπὸ δένδρων
 ἄσθματι βομβήεντι μελίζεται ἔμπνοος ὕλη.

[13] There is a city Beroe, the keel of human life, harbour of the Loves, firmbased on the sea, with fine islands and fine verdure, with a ridge of isthmus narrow and long, where the rising neck between two seas is beaten by the waves of both. On one side it spreads under the deepwooded ridge of Assyrian Lebanon in the blazing East, and there comes for its people a lifesaving breeze, whistling loud and shaking the cypress trees with fragrant winds. There the ancient shepherd shared his domain and made his music along with the fisherman; there was the dwelling of the farmers, where often near the woodland, Deo sickle in hand met Pan playing on his pipes; and the husbandman bending his neck over the plowpole, and showering the corn behind him into the newcut furrows with backturned wrist, the bowed plowman gripping his yoke of bulls, had converse with his neighbour the shepherd along the foothills of the woodland pasture. The other part by the

seas the city possesses, where she offers her breast to Poseidon, and her watery husband embraces the girl's pregnant neck with wet arm, putting moist kisses on the bride's lips; his bedfellow in her well-accustomed bosom accepts Poseidon's familiar bride-gifts from his hand out of the deep, the sea-bred flocks of the waters, the fishes of many colours for her banqueting-table, which dance on the table of Nereus in the brine, in the region of the Bear, where the northerly coast receives the deep waves into its long channel. About the southern neck of this delightful country sandy roads lead to the southern hills and the Sidonian land, where are all manner of trees and vines thick with foliage in the gardens, and a highway stretches that no traveller can miss, overshadowed with long leafy branches. The sea bending its course beats on the shore about the darkfaced west, while the bight of Libya is fanned by the dewy whistle of Zephyros as he rides with shrill-sounding heel over the western channels, where is a flowery land, where nurseries bloom hard by the sea, and the fragrant forest pervaded by humming winds sings from its leafy trees.

ἐνθάδε φῶτες ἔναιον ὀμήλικες ἡριγενεῖς,
οὐς Φύσις αὐτογένεθλος ἀνυμφεύτω τινὶ θεσμῷ
ἤροσε νόσφι γάμων, ἀπάτωρ, ἀλόχευτος, ἀμήτωρ,
ὅπποτε συμμιγέων ἀτόμων τετράζυγι δεσμῷ
55 ὕδατι καὶ πυρόεντι πεφυρμένον ἥερος ἀτμῷ
σύζυγα μορφώσασα σοφὸν τόκον ἄσπορος ἰλὺς
ἔμπνοον ἐψύχωσε γονὴν ἐγκύμονι πηλῷ,
οἷς Φύσις εἶδος ὅπασσε τελεσφόρον: ἀρχεγόνου γὰρ
Κέκροπος οὐ τύπον εἶχον, ὃς ἰοβόλῳ ποδὸς ὀλκῷ
60 γαῖαν ἐπιζῶν ὀφιώδεϊ σύρετο ταρσῷ,
νέρθε δράκων, καὶ ὑπερθεν ἀπ' ἰξὺος ἄχρι καρήνου
ἄλλοφυῆς ἀτέλεστος ἐφαίνετο δίχροος ἀνήρ:
οὐ τύπον ἄγριον εἶχον Ἐρεχθεός, ὃν τέκε Γαίης
αὐλακι νυμφεύσας γαμῖν Ἥφαιστος ἐέρσην:
65 ἀλλὰ θεῶν Ἰνδαλμα γονῆς αὐτόχθονι ρίζῃ
πρωτοφανῆς χρύσειος ἐμαιώθη στάχυσ ἀνδρῶν.
καὶ Βερόης νάσαντο πόλιν πρωτόσπορον ἔδρην,
ἣν Κρόνος αὐτὸς ἔδειμε, σοφῆς ὅτε νεύματι Πείης
ὀκρυόεν θέτο δόρπον ἐῷ πολυχανδεῖ λαμῷ.
70 καὶ λίθον Εἰλείθυιαν ἔων βεβριθότι φόρτῳ,
θλιβομένης πολὺπαιδος ἀκοντιστῆρα γενέθλης,
χανδὸν ὄλου ποταμοῖο ῥόον νεφεληδὸν ἀφύσσω
στήθεϊ παφληάροντι μογοστόκον ἔστασεν ὕδωρ,
λύσας γαστέρος ὄγκον: ἐπασσυτέρους δὲ διώκων
75 δισσοτόκους υἱῆς ἀνήρυγεν ἔγκυος αὐχὴν,
πορθμὸν ἔχων τοκετοῖο λεχώιον ἀνθερεῶνα:

[51] Here dwelt a people agemates with the Dawn, whom Nature by her own breeding, in some unwedded way, begat without bridal, without wedding, fatherless, motherless, unborn: when the atoms were mingled in fourfold combination, and the seedless ooze shaped a clever offspring by commingling water with fiery heat and air, and quickened the teeming mud with the breath of life. To these Nature gave perfect shape: for they had not the form of primeval Cecrops, who crawled and scratched the earth with snaky feet that spat poison as he moved, dragon below, but above from loins to head he seemed a man half made, strange in shape and of twyform flesh; they had not the savage form of Erechtheus, whom Hephaistos begat on a furrow of Earth with fertilizing dew; but now first appeared the golden crop of men brought forth in the image of the gods, with the roots of their stock in the earth. And these dwelt in the city of Beroe, that primordial seat which Cronos himself builded, at the time when invited by clever Rheia he set that jagged supper before his voracious throat, and having the heavy weight of that stone within him to play the deliverer's part, he shot out the whole generation of his tormented children. Gaping wide, he sucked up the storming flood of a whole river, and swallowed it in his bubbling chest to ease his pangs, then threw off the burden of his belly; so one after another his pregnant throat pushed up and disgorged his twiceborn sons through the delivering channel of his gullet.

Ζεὺς τότε κοῦρος ἔην, ἔτι που βρέφος· οὐ ποτε πυκνῶ
θερμὸν ἀνασχίζουσα νέφος βητάρμονι παλμῶ
ἀστεροπὴ σελάγιζε, καὶ οὐ Τιτηνίδι χάρμη
80 Ζηνὸς ἀοσσητῆρες ὀιστεῦοντο κεραυνοί·
οὐδὲ συνερχομένων νεφέων μυκῆτορι ρόμβω
βρονταίῃ βαρύδουπος ἐβόμβεεν ὄμβριος ἥχῳ.
ἀλλὰ πόλις Βερόη προτέρη πέλεν, ἦν ἅμα γαίῃ
πρωτοφανῆς ἐνόησεν ὁμήλικα σύμφυτος Αἰῶν·
85 οὐ τότε Ταρσὸς ἔην τερψίμβροτος, οὐ τότε Θήβη,
οὐ τότε Σάρδιες ἦσαν, ὅπῃ Πακτωλίδος ὄχθης
χρυσὸν ἐρευγομένης ἀμαρύσσεται ὄλβιος ἱλὺς,
Σάρδιες, Ἑλίοιο συνήλικες· οὐ γένος ἀνδρῶν,
οὐ τότε τις πόλις ἦεν Ἀχαιιάς, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
90 Ἀρκαδίη προσέληνος· ἀνεβλάστησε δὲ μούνη
πρεσβυτέρη Φαέθοντος, ὅθεν φάος ἔσχε Σελήνη.
καὶ φθαμένη χθόνα πᾶσαν, ἐῷ παμμήτορι κόλπῳ
ἡελίου νεοφεγγὲς ἀμελγομένη σέλας αἴγλης
καὶ φάος ὀψιτέλεστον ἀκοιμήτοιο Σελήνης,
95 πρώτη κυανέης ἀπεσείσαστο κῶνον ὁμίχλης,
καὶ χάος ζοφόεσσαν ἀπεστυφέλιξε καλύπτην·
καὶ φθαμένη Κύπροιο καὶ Ἴσθμιον ἄστρῳ Κορίνθου
πρώτη Κύπριν ἔδεκτο φιλοξεῖνῳ πυλεῶνι
ἐξ ἁλὸς ἀρτιλόχευτον, ὅτε βρυχίην Ἀφροδίτην

100 οὐρανίης ὥδινεν ἅπ' αὐλακος ἔγκυν ὕδωρ,
 ὀππόθι νόσφι γάμων ἄρόσας ῥόον ἄρσενε λύθρῳ
 αὐτοτελῆς μορφοῦτο θυγατρογόνῳ γόνος ἀφρῶ,
 καὶ Φύσις ἔπλετο μαῖα: συναντέλλων δὲ θεαίνῃ
 στικτὸς ἱμάς, στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἰξυὶ κύκλον ἐλίξας,
 105 αὐτομάτῳ ζωστήρι δέμας μίτρωσεν ἀνάσσης.
 καὶ θεὸς ἰχνεύουσα δι' ὕδατος ἄφοφον ἀκτῆν
 οὐ Πάφον, οὐκ ἐπὶ Βύβλον ἀνέδραμεν, οὐ πόδα χέρσῳ
 Κωλιάδος ῥηγμῖνος ἐφήρμοσεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῶν
 ὠκυτέρῃ στροφάλιγγι παρέτρεχεν ἄστρῳ Κυθήρων:
 110 καὶ χροὰ φυκιδέντι περιτρίψασα κορύμβῳ
 πορφυρέῃ πέλε μᾶλλον: ἀκυμάντοιο δὲ πόντου
 χεῖρας ἐρετμώσασα θεητόκον ἔσχισεν ὕδωρ
 νηχομένη, καὶ στέρνον ἐπιστορέσασα θαλάσση
 σιγαλέην ἀνέκοπτε χαρασσομένην ἄλα ταρσῶ,
 115 καὶ δέμας ἥώρησε, διχαζομένης δὲ γαλήνης
 ποσσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ὀπίστερον ὥθειεν ὕδωρ:
 καὶ Βερόης ἐπέβαινε: ποδῶν δ' ἐπίβαθρα θεαίνης
 ἐξ ἁλὸς ἐρχομένης ναέτης ἐφεύσατο Κύπρου.

[77] Zeus was then a child, still a baby methinks; not yet the lightning flashed and cleft the hot clouds with many a dancing leap, not yet bolts of Zeus were shot to help in the Titans' war, not yet the rainy sound of thunderclaps roared heavily with bang and boom through colliding clouds: but before that, the city of Beroe was there, which Time with her first appearing saw when born together with her agemate Earth. Tarsos the delight of mankind was not then, Thebes was not then, nor then was Sardis where the bank of Pactolos sparkles with opulent ooze disgorged, Sardis agemate of Helios. The race of men was not then, nor any Achaian city, nor yet Arcadia itself which came before the moon. Beroe alone grew up, older than Phaethon, from whom Selene got her light, even before all the earth, milking out from Helios the shine of his newmade brightness upon her allmothering breast and the later perfected light of unresting Selene Beroe first shook away the cone of darkling mist, and threw off the gloomy veil of chaos. Before Cyprus and the Isthmian city of Corinth, she first received Cypris within her welcoming portal, newly born from the brine; when the water impregnated from the furrow of Uranos was delivered of deepsea Aphrodite; when without marriage, the seed plowed the flood with male fertility, and of itself shaped the foam into a daughter, and Nature was the midwife — coming up with the goddess there was that embroidered strap which ran round her loins like a belt, set about the queen's body in a girdle of itself. Then the goddess, moving through the water along the quiet shore, ran out, not to Paphos, not to Byblos, set no foot on land by the dry beach of Colias, even passed by Cythera's city itself with quicker circuit: aye, she rubbed her skin with bunches of seaweed and made it purpler

still; paddling with her hands she cleft the birthwaters of the waveless deep, and swam; resting her bosom upon the sea she struck up the silent brine, marking it with her feet, and kept her body afloat, and as she cut through the calm, pushed the water behind her with successive thrusts of her feet, and emerged at Beroe. Those footsteps of the goddess coming out from the sea are all lies of the people of Cyprus.

πρώτη Κύπριν ἔδεκτο: καὶ ὑψόθι γείτονος ὄρμου
120 αὐτοφυεῖς λειμῶνες ἐρευγόμενοι βρύα ποιῆς
ἦνθεον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, πολυψαμάθῳ δ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ
ἥιόνες ῥοδέοισιν ἐφοινίσσοντο κορύμβοις,
πέτρη δ' ἀφριώσα θυώδεος ἔγκυος οἴνου
πορφυρέην ὠδίνα χαραδραίῳ τέκε μαζῶ,
125 ληναίαις λιβάδεσσι κατάσκιον ὄμβρον ἐέρσης...
ἀργεννὴ κελάρυζε γαλαξαίῳ χύσις ὀλκῶ:
αὐτοχύτου δὲ μύροιο μετάρσιον ἀτμὸν ἐλίσσων
ἡερίους ἐμέθυσσε πόρους εὖοδμος ἀήτης.
καὶ τότε τοῦρον Ἔρωτα, γονῆς πρωτόσπορον ἀρχήν,
130 ἀρμονίης κόσμοιο φερέσβιον ἡνιοχῆα,
ἀρτιφανῆς ὠδινεν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι γείτονος ὄρμου:
καὶ πάις ὠκυπόδης, κόπον ἄρσενά ποσσὶ τινάξας,
γαστρὸς ἀμαιοῦτοιο μογοστόκον ἔφθασεν ὥρην,
μητρὸς ἀνυμφεύτοιο μεμυκότα κόλπον ἀράξας,
135 θερμὸς ἔτι πρὸ τόκοιο: κυβιστητῆρι δὲ παλμῶ
δινεῦων περὰ κοῦφα πύλας ὥιξε λοχείης.
καὶ ταχὺ αἰγλήεντι θορῶν ἐπὶ μητρὸς ἀγοστῶ
ἄστατος ἀκλινέεσσιν Ἔρωσ ἀνεπάλλετο μαζοῖς,
στήθεϊ παιδοκόμῳ τετανυσμένος: εἶχε δὲ φορβῆς
140 ἱμερον αὐτοδίδακτον: ἀνημέλκτοιο δὲ θηλῆς
ἄκρα δακῶν γονίμων λιβάδων τεθλιμμένον ὄγκῳ
οἰδαλέων ἀκόρητος ὅλον γλάγος ἔσπασε μαζῶν.

[119] Beroe first received Cyprus; and above the neighbouring roads, the meadows of themselves put out plants of grass and flowers on all sides; in the sandy bay the beach became ruddy with clumps of roses, the foamy stone teemed with sweetsmelling wine and brought forth purple fruit on its rocky bosom, a shadowing shower of dew with the liquor of the winepress,... a white rill bubbled with milky juice: the fragrant breeze wafted upwards the curling vapours of scent, selfspread, and intoxicated the paths of the air. There, as soon as she was seen on the brows of the neighbouring harbourage, she brought forth Mild Eros, first seed and beginning of generation, quickening guide of the system of the universe; and the quickleg boy, kicking manfully with his lively legs, hastened the hard labour of that body without a nurse, and beat on the closed womb of his unwedded mother; then a hot one even before

birth, he shook his light wings and with a tumbling push opened the gates of birth. Thus quickly Eros leapt into his mother's gleaming arms, and pounced at once upon her firm breasts spreading himself over that nursing bosom. Untaught he yearned for his food; he bit with his gums the end of the teat never milked before, and greedily drank all the milk of those breasts swollen with the pressure of the lifegiving drops.

ρίζα βίου, Βερόη, πολίων τροφός, εὖχος ἀνάκτων,
πρωτοφανής, Αἰῶνος ὁμόσπορε, σύγχρονε κόσμου,
¹⁴⁵ ἔδρανον Ἑρμείαιο, Δίκης πέδον, ἄστρῳ θεμιστῶν,
ἔνδιον Εὐφροσύνης, Παφίης δόμος, οἶκος Ἑρώτων,
Βάκχου τερπνὸν ἔδεθρον, ἐναύλιον ἰοχεαίρης,
Νηρείδων ἀνάθημα, Διὸς δόμος, Ἄρεος αὐλή,
Ὅρχομενὸς Χαρίτων, Λιβανηίδος ἄστρον ἀρούρης,
¹⁵⁰ Τηθύος ἰσοέτηρος, ὁμόδρομος Ὠκεανοῖο,
ὃς Βερόην ἐφύτευσεν ἐὼ πολυπίδακι παστῶ
Τηθύος ἱκμαλέοισιν ὁμιλήσας ὕμεναιόις,
ἦν περ Ἀμυμώνην ἐπεφήμισαν, εὐτέ ἐ μήτηρ
ὑδρηλῆς φιλότητος ὑποβρυχίῃ τέκεν εὐνῇ

[143] O Beroe, root of life, nurse of cities, the boast of princes, the first city seen, twin sister of Time, coeval with the universe, seat of Hermes, land of justice, city of laws, bower of Merryheart, house of Paphia, hall of the Loves, delectable ground of Bacchos, home of the Archeress, jewel of the Nereids, house of Zeus, court of Ares, Orchomenos of the Graces, star of the Lebanon country, yearsmate of Tethys, running side by side with Oceanos, who begat thee in his bed of many fountains when joined in watery union with Tethys — Beroe the same they named Amymone when her mother brought her forth on her bed in the deep waters!

¹⁵⁵ ἀλλὰ τις ὀπλοτέρη πέλεται φάτις, ὅττι μιν αὐτὴ
ἄνδρομέης Κυθήρεια κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης
Ἀσσυρίῳ πάνλευκον Ἀδώνιδι γείνατο μήτηρ:
καὶ δρόμον ἐννεάκυκλον ἀναπλήσασα Σελήνης
φόρτον ἐλαφρίζει: φθάμενος δὲ μιν ὠκέϊ ταρσῶ,
¹⁶⁰ ἔσσομένων κήρυκα, Λατινίδα δέλτον, αἰείρων,
εἰς Βερόης ὠδῖνα μογοστόκος ἦλυθεν Ἑρμῆς,
καὶ Θέμις Εἰλείθυια, καὶ οἰδαλέου διὰ κόλπου
στεινομένης ὠδῖνος ἀναπτύξασα καλύπτρην
ὄξυ βέλος κούφιζε πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο,
¹⁶⁵ θεσμὰ Σόλωνος ἔχουσα: πιεζομένη δὲ λοχείῃ
λυσιστόκῳ βαρὺ νῶτον ἐπικλίναςα θεαίνῃ
Κύπρις ἀνωδίνεσκε, καὶ Ἀτθίδος ὑπόθι βίβλου

παῖδα σοφὴν ἐλόχευσε, Λακωνίδες οἷα γυναῖκες
υἱέας ὠδίνουσιν ἐπ' εὐκύκλοιο βοείης:

170 καὶ τόκον ἄρτιλόχευτον ἀπέπτυε θήλει κόλπω
ἄρσενά μαῖαν ἔχουσα δικασπόλον υἱέα Μαίης:
καὶ βρέφος εἰς φάος ἦγεν. ἐχυτλώσαντο δὲ κούρην
τέσσαρες ἄστεα πάντα διιππεύοντες ἀῖται,
ἐκ Βερόης ἴνα γαῖαν ὅλην πλήσωσι θεμίστων:

175 τῇ δὲ λοχευομένη πρωτάγγελος εἰσέτι θεσμῶν
᾿Ωκεανὸς πόρε χεῦμα λεχώιον ἱξὺ κόσμου
ἀενάῳ τελαμῶνι χέων μιτροῦμενον ὕδωρ:
χερσὶ δὲ γηραλέησιν ἐς ἄρτιτόκου χροά κούρης
σπάργανα πέπλα Δίκης ἀνεκούφισε σύντροφος Αἰών,
180 μάντις ἐπεσσομένων, ὅτι γήραος ἄχθος ἀμείβων,
ὥς ὄφρις ἀδρανέων φολίδων σπεῖρημα τινάξας,
ἔμπαλιν ἠβήσειε λελουμένος οἷδμασι θεσμῶν:
θεσπεσίην δὲ θύγατρα λοχευομένης Ἀφροδίτης
σύνθροον ἐκρούσαντο μέλος τετράζυγες ᾿Ωραι.

[155] But there is a younger legend, that her mother was Cythereia herself, the pilot of human life, who bore her all white to Assyrian Adonis. Now she had completed the nine circles of Selene's course carrying her burden: but Hermes was there in time on speedy foot, holding a Latin tablet which was herald of the future. He came to help the labour of Beroe, and Themis was her Eileithyia — she made a way through the narrow opening of the swollen womb for the child, and unfolded the wrapping, and lightened the sharp, pang of the ripening birth, with Solon's laws in hand. Cypris under the oppression of her travail leaned back heavily against the ministering goddess, and in her throes brought forth the wise child upon the Attic book, as the Laconian women bring forth their sons upon the round leather shield. She brought forth her newborn child from her motherly womb with Hermes the Judge to help as man-midwife. So she brought the baby into the light. The girl was bathed by the four Winds, which ride through all cities to fill the whole earth with the precepts of Beroe. Oceanos, first messenger of the laws for the newborn child, sent his flood for the childbed round the loins of the world, pouring his girdle of water in an everflowing belt. Time, his coeval, with his aged hands swaddled about the newborn girl's body the robes of Justice, prophet of things to come; because he would put off the burden of age, like a snake throwing off the rope-like slough of his feeble old scales, and grow young again bathed in the waves of Law. The four Seasons struck up a tune together, when Aphrodite brought forth her wonderful daughter.

185 καὶ Παφίης ὠδῖνα τελεσιγόνου μαθόντες
θῆρες ἐβακχεύοντο: λέων δὲ τις ἄβρὸν ἀθύρων
χειλεῖ μελιχίῳ ῥαχίην ἠσπάζετο ταύρου,

ἄκροτέροις στομάτεσσι φίλον μυκηθμόν ἰάλλων,
 καὶ τροχαλῇ βαρύδουπον ἐπιρρήσων πέδον ὄπλῃ
 190 ἵππος ἀνεκροτάλιζε γενέθλιον ἦχον ἀράσσων,
 καὶ ποδὸς ὑψιπόροιο θορῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
 πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἐπεσκίρτησε λαγωῷ,
 ὠρυγῆς δ' ὀλόλυγμα χέων φιλοπαίγμονι λαίμῳ
 ἄδρυπτοις γενύεσσι λύκος προσπτύξατο ποιμήνην,
 195 καὶ τις ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισι λιπῶν κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρην,
 ἄλλον ἔχων γλυκὺν οἷστρον, ἀμιλλητῆρι χορεῖν
 ὀρχηστήρ ἐρίδαινε κύων βητάρμονι κάπρῳ,
 καὶ πόδας ὀρθώσασα, περιπλεχθεῖσα δὲ δειρῇ,
 ἄρκτος ἀδηλήτῳ δαμάλην ἠγκάσασατο δεσμῷ,
 200 πυκνὰ δὲ κυρτώσασα φιλέψιον ἄντυγα κόρσης
 πόρτις ἀνεσκίρτησε, δέμας λιχμῷσα λεαίνης,
 ἡμιτελὲς μύκημα νέων πέμπουσα γενείων,
 καὶ φιλίων ἐλέφαντι δράκων ἔψαυεν ὀδόντων:

[185] The beasts were wild with joy when they learnt of the Paphian's child safely born. The lion in playful sport pressed his mouth gently on the bull's neck, and uttered a friendly growl with pouting lips. The horse rattled off, scraping the ground with thuds of galloping feet, as he beat out a birthday tune. The spotted panther leaping on high with bounding feet capered towards the hare. The wolf let out a triumphal howl from a merry throat and kissed the sheep with jaws that tore not. The hound left his chase of the deer in the thickets, now that he felt a passion strange and sweet, and danced in tripping rivalry with the sportive boar. The bear lifted her forefeet and threw them round the heifer's neck, embracing her with a bond that did no hurt. The calf bending again and again in sport her rounded head, skipt up and licked the lioness's body, while her young lips made a half-completed moo. The serpent touched the friendly tusks of the elephant, and the trees uttered a voice.

καὶ δρῦες ἐφθέγγαντο: γαληναίῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
 205 ἡθάδα πέμπε γέλῳτα φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτῃ,
 τερπομένων ὀρώσα λεχώια παίγνια θηρῶν.
 πᾶσι μὲν ἀμφελέλιζε γεγηθότα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
 πᾶσιν ὁμοῦ: μούνην δὲ συῶν οὐκ ἤθελε λεύσσειν
 τερπωλὴν, ἅτε μάντις, ἐπεὶ συὸς εἰκόνι μορφῆς
 210 Ἄρης καρχαρόδων θανατηφόρον ἰὸν ἰάλλων
 ζηλομανῆς ἤμελλεν Ἀδώνιδι πότμον ὑφαίνειν.

[204] With calm face ever-smiling Aphrodite rang out her unfailing laugh, when she saw the birthday games of the happy beasts. She turned her round eyes delighted in all directions; only the boars she would not watch in their

pleasures, for being a prophet she knew, that in the shape of a wild boar, Ares with jagged tusk and spitting deadly poison was destined to weave fate for Adonis in jealous madness.

καὶ Βερόην γελώωσαν ἔτι βρέφος ἄμματι χειρῶν
δεξαμένη παρὰ μητρὸς ὅλου κόσμοιο τιθήνη
παρθένος Ἀστραίῃ, χρυσῆς θρέπτειρα γενέθλης,
215 ἔννομα παππάζουσαν ἀνέτρεφεν ἔμφρονι μαζῶ:
παρθενίῳ δὲ γάλακτι ῥοὰς βλύζουσα θεμίστων
χείλεα παιδὸς ἔδευσε, καὶ ἔβλυνεν εἰς στόμα κούρης
Ἀτθίδος ἡδυτόκοιο περιθλίψασα μελίσσης
δαίδαλεν ὠδῖνα πολυτρήτοιο λοχείης,
220 κηρία φωνήεντα σοφῶ κεράσασα κυπέλλῳ:
εἴ ποτε διψαλέῃ ποτὸν ἦτεεν, ὥρεγε κούρῃ
Πύθιον Ἀπόλλωνι λάλον πεφυλαγμένον ὕδωρ
ἢ ῥόον Ἴλισσοῖο, τὸν ἔμπνοον Ἀτθίδι Μούσῃ
Πιερικαὶ δονέουσιν ἐπ' ἥόνι Φοιβάδες αὔραι:
καὶ στάχυν ἀστερόεντα περιγνάμψασα κορύμβῳ
χρύσειον, οἷ᾽ ἀπερ ὀρμόν, ἐπ' αὐχένι θήκατο κούρης.
225 κοῦραι δ' ἄβρὰ λοετρὰ χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο
ἀμφίπολοι Παφίης μεμελημένον ἑννέα Μούσαις
ἐκ κρήνης ἀρύοντο νοήμονος ἵππιον ὕδωρ.

[212] Virgin Astraia, nurse of the whole universe, cherisher of the Golden Age, received Beroe from her mother into the embrace of her arms, laughing, still a babe, and fed her with wise breast as she babbled words of law. With her virgin milk, she let streams of statutes gush into the baby's lips, and dropt into the girl's mouth the sweet produce of the Attie bee; she pressed the bee's riddled travail of many cells, and mixed the voiceful comb in a sapient cup. If the girl thirsting asked for a drink, she gave the speaking Pythian water kept for Apollo, or the stream of Ilissos, which is inspired by the Attic Muse when the Pierian breezes of Phoibos beat on the bank. She took the golden Cornstalk from the stars, and entwined it in a cluster to put round the girls neck like a necklace. The dancing maidens of Orchomenos, handmaids of the Paphian, drew from the horsehoof fountain of imagination, dear to the nine Muses, delicate water to wash her.

230 καὶ Βερόη βλάστησεν ὁμόδρομος ἰοχεαίρῃ,
δίκτυα θηρητῆρος ἀερτάζουσα τοκῆος:
καὶ Παφίης ὅλον εἶδος ὁμόγονιον εἶχε τεκούσης
καὶ πόδας αἰγλήεντας: ὑπερκύψασα δὲ πόντου
χιονέῳ σκαίρουσα Θέτις βητάρμονι ταρσῶ
235 ἄλλην ἀργυρόπεζαν ἶδεν Θέτιν: αἰδομένη δὲ

κρύπτετο δειμαίνουσα πάλιν στόμα Κασσιεπείης.
Ἀσσυρίην δ' ἑτέρην δεδοκημένος ἄζυγα κούρην
Ζεὺς πάλιν ἐπτοίητο, καὶ ἤθελεν εἶδος ἀμεΐψαι:
καὶ νῦ κε φόρτον Ἑρωτος ἔχων ταυρώπιδι μορφῇ
240 ἀκροβαφῆς πεφόρητο δι' ὕδατος ἵχνος ἐρέσσω,
κουφίζων ἀδιάντον ὑπὲρ νώτοιο γυναιῖκα,
εἰ μὴ μνηστis ἔρυκε βοοκραίρων ὕμεναιων
Σιδονίς, ἀστερόεν δὲ μέλος ζηλήμονι λαίμῳ
νυμφίος Εὐρώπης μυκήσατο, Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,
245 μὴ βοῶς ἰσοτύποιο δι' αἰθέρος εἰκόνα τεύχων
ποντοπόρων στήσειε νεώτερον ἄστρον Ἑρώτων:
καὶ Βερόν διεροῖσιν ὀφειλομένην ὕμεναιόis
γνωτῷ λέϊπεν ἄκοιτιν, ἐπιχθονίης περὶ νύμφης
ὕσμινην γαμίης πεφυλαγμένος ἐννοσιγαίου.

[230] Beroe grew up, and coursed with the Archeress, carrying the nets of her hunter sire. She had the very likeness of her Paphian mother, and her shining feet. When Thetis came up out of the sea to skip with snowy dancing foot, she saw another silverfoot Thetis, and hid in shame, fearing the raillery of Cassiepeia once again. Zeus perceiving another unwedded maiden of Assyria, was fluttered again and wished to change his form: certainly he would have carried the burden of love in bull's form again, skimming away with his legs in the water, paddling along, bearing the woman unwetted on his back, had he not been held back by the memory of that Sidonian bullhorned wedding, and had not the Bull of Olympos, Europa's bridegroom, bellowed from out the stars with jealous throat, to think that he might set up there a new star of seafaring amours and make the image of a rival bull in the sky. So he left Beroe, who was destined for a watery bridal, as his brother's bedfellow, for he wished not to quarrel with Earth-shaker about a mortal wife.

250 τοίη ἔην Βερόη, Χαρίτων θάλος: εἴ ποτε κούρη
λαροτέρην σίμβλοιο μελίρρυτον ἤπνε φωνήν,
ἡδυεπῆς ἀκόρητος ἐφίστατο χεῖλεσι Πειθῷ
καὶ πινυτὰς οἷστροησεν ἀκηλήτων φρένας ἀνδρῶν:
Ἀσσυρίης δ' ἔκρυπτον ὁμήγυριν ἥλικος ἦβης
255 ὀφθαλμοὶ γελῶντες, ἀκοντιστῆρες Ἑρώτων,
φαιδροτέραις χαρίτεσσιν, ὅσον πλέον ἄστρον καλύπτει
ἀννεφέλους ἀκτῖνας ἀκτῖνας ὀιστεῦσασα Σελήνη
πλησιφαῆς: λευκοὶ δὲ παρὰ σφυρὰ νείατα κούρης
πορφυρέοις μελέεσσιν ἐφοινίσσοντο χιτῶνες.
260 οὐ νέμεσις ποτε τοῦτο, καὶ εἰ πλέον ἥλικος ἦβης
τηλίκον ἔλλαχεν εἶδος, ἐπεὶ νῦ οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
κάλλεα διχθαδίων ἀμαρύσσετο φαιδρὰ τοκῆων.

[250] Such was Beroe, flower of the Graces. If ever the girl uttered her voice trickling sweeter than honey and the honeycomb, winning Persuasion sat ever upon her lips and enchanted the clever wits of men whom nothing else could charm. Her laughing eyes outshone all the company of her young Assyrian agemates as they shot their shafts of love, with brighter graces, like the moon at the full, when showering her cloudless rays and hiding the stars. Her white robes falling down to the girl's feet showed the blush of her rosy limbs. There is no wonder in that, even if she had such fairness beyond her young yearsmates, since bright over her countenance sparkled the beauties of both her parents.

τὴν τότε Κύπρις ἰδοῦσα, νοήμονος ἔγκυος ὁμφῆς,
ὠκυτέρην ἐλέλιζε περιστρωφῶσα μενοιγνῆν,
265 καὶ νόον ἱππεύσασα περὶ χθόνα πᾶσαν ἀλήτην
φαιδρὰ παλαιγενέων διεμέτρεε βάθρα πολήων,
ὅττι φερωνυμίην ἐλικώπιδος εἶχε Μυκῆνης
στέμματι τειχιόεντι περιζωσθεῖσα Μυκῆνην
Κυκλώπων κανόνεσσι, καὶ ὡς νοτίῳ παρὰ Νεῖλῳ
270 Θήβης ἀρχεγόνοιο φερώνυμος ἔπλετο Θήβη:
καὶ Βερόης μενέαιεν ἐπώνυμον ἄστρῳ χαράξαι,
ἀντιτύπων μεθέπουσα φιλόπτολιν οἷστρον Ἐρώτων.
φραζομένη δὲ Σόλωνος ἀλεξικάκων στίχα θεσμῶν
δόχμιον ὄμμα τίτταιεν ἐς εὐρύαγυιαν Ἀθήνην,
275 γνωτῆς ζῆλον ἔχουσα δικασπόλον: ἐσσυμένῳ δὲ
ἡερίην ἀψῖδα διερροίζησε πεδίλῳ
εἰς δόμον Ἀρμονίης παμμήτορος, ὀππόθι νύμφη
εἵκελον οἶκον ἔναιε τύπῳ τετράζυγι κόσμου
280 ἄρραγέες πισύρεσσιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἀήταις:
καὶ δόμον ἐρρύνοντο περίτροχον εἰκόνα κόσμου
δμῳίδες ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα: μεριζομένων δὲ θυρέτρων
Ἄντολιν θεράπαινα πύλην περιδεδρομεν Εὐρου,
καὶ Ζεφύρου πυλεῶνα Δύσις, θρέπτειρα Σελήνης,
285 καὶ Νότιον πυρόεντα Μεσημβριάς εἶχεν ὄχῃα,
καὶ πυκινὴν νεφέεσσι, παλυνομένην δὲ χαλάζῃ
ἄρκτος ὑποδρήστειρα πύλην ἐπέτασσε Βορρῆος.

[263] Then Cypris saw her: pregnant with prophetic intelligence she sent her imagination wandering swiftly round, and driving her mind to wander about the whole earth surveyed the foundations of the brilliant cities of ancient days. She saw how Mycene girt about with a garland of walls by the Cyclopians took the name of twinkle-eye Mycene; how Thebes beside the southern Nile took the name of primeval Thebe; and she decided to design a city named after Beroe, being possessed with a passion to make her city as good as theirs. She observed there the long column of Solon's Laws, that

safeguard against wrong, and turned aside her eye to the broad streets of Athens, and envied her sister the just Judge. With hurrying shoe, she whizzed along the vault of heaven to the hall of Allmother Harmonia, where that nymph dwelt in a house, self-built, shaped like the great universe with its four quarters joined in one. Four portals were about that stronghold standing proof against the four winds. Handmaids protected this dwelling on all sides, a round image of the universe: the doors were allotted — Antolia was the maid who attended the East Wind's gate; at the West Wind's was Dysis the nurse of Selene; Mesembrias held the bolt of the fiery South; Arctos the Bear was the servant who opened the gate of the North, thick with clouds and sprinkled with hail.

κεῖθι Χάρις προθοροῦσα, συνέμπορος ἀφρογενεΐη,
Εὐρου κόψε θύρετρον Ἑώιον· ἐνδόμυχος δὲ
290 Ἄντολις κροκόεντος ἀρασσομένου πυλεῶνος
ἄνδραμιν Ἀστυνόμεια διάκτορος, ἰσταμένην δὲ
Κύπριν ἐσαθρήσασα παρὰ προπύλαια μελάθρου
ποσσί παλιννόστοισι προάγγελος ἦλθεν ἀνάσση.
ἡ μὲν ἐποικομένη πολυδαίδαλον ἰστὸν Ἀθήνης
295 κερκίδι πέπλον ὕφαινε· ὕφαινομένου δὲ χιτῶνος
πρώτην γαῖαν ἔπασσε μεσόμφαλον, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
οὐρανὸν ἐσφαίρωσε τύπῳ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρον,
συμφερτὴν δὲ θάλασσαν ἐφήρμοσε σύζυγι γαίῃ·
καὶ ποταμοὺς ποίκιλλεν, ἐπ' ἀνδρομέῳ δὲ μετώπῳ
300 ταυροφυῆς μορφοῦτο κερασφόρος ἔγχλοος εἰκῶν·
καὶ πυμάτην παρὰ πέζαν ἐυκλώστοιο χιτῶνος
ὠκεανὸν κύκλωσε περιδρομον ἄντυγι κόσμου.
ἀμφίπολος δὲ οἱ ἦλθε καὶ ἐγγύθι θήλεος ἱστοῦ
ἰσταμένην ἡγγεῖλε παρὰ προθύροις Ἀφροδίτην.
305 καὶ θεός, ὥς ἤκουσε, μίτους ῥίψασα χιτῶνος
θέσκελον ἱστοπόνων ἀπεσεΐσατο κερκίδα χειρῶν·
καὶ ταχινὴν πυκάσασα δέμας χιονώδεϊ πέπλῳ
φαιδροτέρῃ χρυσῆς ὑπερίζανεν ἡθάδος ἔδρης,
δεχνυμένη Κυθήρειαν, ἀναΐξασα δὲ θώκου
310 τηλεφανῇ κύδηνεν ἐπερχομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
καὶ Παφίην ἴδρυσεν ἐπὶ θρόνον ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης
Εὐρυνόμῃ τανύπεπλος· ἀτυζομένου δὲ προσώπου
Κύπριν ὀπιπεύουσα κατηφέι μάρτυρι μορφῇ
παντρόφος Ἀρμονίῃ φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·

[288] To that place went Charis, fellow-voyager with the Foamborn, and running ahead she knocked at the eastern gate of Euros. As the rap came on the saffron portal of sunrise, Astynomeia an attendant ran up from within; and when she saw Cypris standing in front of the gatehouse of the dwelling, she

went with returning feet to inform her mistress beforehand. She was then busy at Athena's loom, weaving a patterned cloth with her shuttle. In the robe she was weaving, she worked first Earth as the navel in the midst; round it she balled the sky dotted with the shape of stars, and fitted the sea closely to the embracing earth; she embroidered also the rivers in a green picture, shaped each with a human face and bull's horns; and at the outer fringe of the wellspun robe she made Ocean run all round the world in a loop. The maid came up to the woman's loom, and announced that Aphrodite stood before the gatehouse. When the goddess heard, she dropt the threads of the robe and threw down the divine shuttle from her hands busy at the loom. Quickly she wrapped a snow-white ° The names mean Rising, Setting, She of Midday. robe about her body, and brighter than the gold took her place on her usual seat to await Cythereia. As soon as Aphrodite appeared in the distance, she leapt from her throne to show due respect. Eurynome in her long robe led the Paphian to a seat near her mistress; Harmonia the Nurse of the world saw the looks and dejected bearing of Cypris that showed her distress, and comforted her in friendly tones:

315 ‘Ρίζα βίου, Κυθήρεια φυτοσπόρε, μαῖα γενέθλης,
ἐλπίς ὅλου κόσμοιο, τεῆς ὑπὸ νεύματι βουλῆς
ἀπλανέες κλώθουσι πολύτροπα νήματα Μοῖραι...’

[315] “Cythereia, root of life, seedsower of being, midwife of nature, hope of the whole universe, at the bidding of your will the unbending Fates do spin their complicated threads! [Tell me your trouble.”]

‘... εἰρομένη θέσπιζε, καὶ ὥς βιότοιο τιθήνη,
ὥς τροφὸς ἀθανάτων, ὥς σύγχρονος ἥλικι κόσμῳ,
320 εἰπέ: τίνι πτολίων βασιληίδος ὄργανα φωνῆς
λυσιπόνων ἀτίνακτα φυλάσσεται ἡνία θεσμῶν ;
ὅττι πολυχρονίῳ πόθου δεδονημένον οἷστρον
Ἥρης κέντρον ἔχοντα κασιγνήτων ὑμεναίων
εἰς χρόνον ἱμείροντα τριηκοσίων ἐνιαυτῶν
325 Ζῆνα γάμοις ἔζευξα: χάριν δέ μοι ἄξιον ἔργων
μισθὸν ἐοῦ θαλάμοιο νοήμονι νεῦσε καρήνῳ,
ὅττι μιῇ πολίων, ὣν ἔλλαχον, ἐγγυαλίζει
θεσμὰ Δίκης, ποθέω δὲ δαήμεναι, εἰ χθονὶ Κύπρου
ἢ Πάφῳ τάδε δῶρα φυλάσσεται ἢ ἐ Κορίνθῳ
330 ἢ Σπάρτῃ, Λυκόοργος ὅθεν πέλεν, ἢ καὶ αὐτῇς
κούρης ἡμετέρης Βερόης εὐήνορι πάτρῃ.
ἀλλὰ δίκης ἀλέγιζε καὶ ἁρμονίην πόρε κόσμῳ
Ἄρμονιη γεγαῖα βιοσσόος: εἰς σὲ γὰρ αὐτῇ
πέμψεν ἐπειγομένην με θεμιστοπόλων τροφὸς ἀνδρῶν,

335 παρθένος ἀστερόεσσα: τὸ δὲ πλεόν ἔννομος Ἑρμῆς
τοῦτο γέρας μεθέηκε, βιαζομένους ἵνα μὴ
ἀνέρας, οὐς ἔσπειρα, γάμου θεσμοῖσι σαώσω.’

[318] [She replied] : “... Reveal to your questioner, and tell me, as nourisher of life, nurse of immortals, as coeval with the universe your agemate; which of the cities has the organ of sovereign voice? which has reserved for it the unshaken reins of troublesolving Law? I joined Zeus in wedlock with Hera his sister, after he had felt the pangs of longlasting desire and desired her for three hundred years: in gratitude he bowed his wise head, and promised as a worthy reward for the marriage that he would commit the precepts of Justice to one of the cities allotted to me. I wish to learn whether the gift is reserved for land of Cyprus or Paphos or Corinth, or Sparta whence Lycurgos came, or the noblemen’s country of my own daughter Beroe. Have a care then for Justice, and grant harmony to the world, you who are Harmonia the saviour of life! For I was sent here in haste by the Virgin of the Stars herself, the nurse of law-abiding men; and what is more, law-loving Hermes has passed on this honour to me, that I alone by enforcing the laws of marriage may preserve the men whom I have sown.”

ὥς φαμένην θάρσυνε θεὰ καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ:

[338] To these words of hers the goddess replied with an encouraging speech:

‘ Γίνεο θαρσαλέη, μὴ δειδιθι, μήτηρ Ἑρώτων:
340 ἑπτὰ γὰρ ἐν πινάκεσσιν ἔχω μαντήια κόσμου,
καὶ πίνακες γεγάασιν ἐπώνυμοι ἑπτὰ πλανήτων.
πρῶτος ἐντροχάλιοι φερώνυμος ἐστὶ Σελήνης:
δεύτερος Ἑρμείας πίναξ χρύσειος ἀκούει
στοίλων, ὃ ἔνι πάντα τετεύχεται ὄργια θεσμῶν:
345 οὐνομα σὸν μεθέπει ῥοδόεις τρίτος: ὑμετέρου γὰρ
ἀστέρος Ἡώοιο φέρει τύπον: ἑπταπόρων δὲ
τέτρατος Ἡελίοιο μεσόμφαλός ἐστι πλανήτων:
πέμπτος ἐρευθιῶν πυρόεις κικλήσκεται Ἄρης:
καὶ Φαέθων Κρονίδαο φατίζεται ἕκτος ἀλήτης:
350 ἔβδομος ὑπὶ πόροιο Κρόνου πέλεν οὐνομα φαίνων.
τοῖς ἔνι ποικίλα πάντα μεμορμένα θέσφατα κόσμου
γράμματι ξοινικόνεντι γέρων ἐχάραξεν Ὀφίων.
ἀλλ’, ἐπεὶ ἰθυνόνων με διεῖραι εἵνεκα θεσμῶν,
πρεσβυτέρῃ πολίων πρεσβήια ταῦτα φυλάσσω:
355 εἴτ’ οὐν Ἀρκαδίῃ προτέρῃ πέλεν ἢ πόλις Ἥρης,
Σάρδιες εἰ γεγάασι παλαιότεραι, εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
Ταρσὸς αἰδομένη πρωτόπτολις, εἰ δὲ τις ἄλλη.

οὐκ ἔδ᾿αην: Κρόνιος δὲ πίναξ τάδε πάντα διδάσκει,
τις προτέρη βλάστησε, τις ἔπλετο σύγχρονος Ἴοῦς.’

[339] “Be of good cheer, fear not, mother of the Loves! For I have oracles of history on seven tablets, and the tablets bear the names of the seven planets. The first has the name of revolving Selene; the second is called of Hermes, a shining ° tablet of gold, upon which are wrought all the secrets of law; the third has your name, a rosy tablet, for it has the shape of your star in the East; the fourth is of Helios, central navel of the seven travelling planets; the fifth is called Ares, red and fiery; the sixth is called Phaethon, the planet of Cronides; the seventh shows the name of highmoving Cronos. Upon these, ancient Ophion has engraved in red letters all the divers oracles of fate for the universe. But since you ask me about the directing laws, this prerogative I keep for the eldest of cities. Whether then Arcadia is first or Hera’s city, whether Sardis be the oldest, or even Tarsos celebrated in song be the first city, or some other, I have not been told. The tablet of Cronos will teach you all this, which first arose, which was coeval with Dawn.”

360 εἶπε: καὶ ἡγεμόνευεν ἐς ἀγλαὰ θέσφατα τοίχου,
εἰσόκεν ἔδρακε χώρον, ὅπῃ Βερόης περὶ πάτρης
θέσφατον ὀψιτέλεστον Ὀφιοῖνι γράφε τέχνη
ἐν πίνακι Κρονίῳ κεχαραγμένον οἴνοπι μίλτῳ:
‘πρωτοφανὴς Βερόη πέλε σύγχρονος ἥλικι κόσμῳ,
365 νύμφης ὀψιγόνοιο φερώνυμος, ἦν μετανάσται
υἱέες Αὐσονίων, ὑπατήια φέγγεα Ῥώμης,
Βηρυτὸν καλέουσιν, ἐπεὶ Λιβάνῳ πέσε γείτων...’

[360] She spoke; and led the way to the glorious oracles of the wall, until she saw the place where Ophion’s art had engraved in ruddy vermilion on the tablet of Cronos the oracle to be fulfilled in time about Beroe’s country. “Beroe came the first, coeval with the universe her agemate, bearing the name of the nymph later born, which the colonizing sons of the Ausonians, the consular lights of Rome, shall call Berytos, since here fell a neighbour to Lebanon...

τοῖον ἔπος δεδάηκε θεοπρόπον. ἀλλ’ ὅτε δαίμων
θέσκελον ἐβδομάτου πίνακος παρεμέτρεεν ἀρχήν,
370 δεύτερον ἐσκοπίαζεν, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι τοίχῳ
ποικίλα παντοίης ἐχαράσσετο δαίδαλα τέχνης
μαντιπόλοις ἐπέεσσιν, ὅτι πρώτιστα νοήσει
Πᾶν νόμιος σύριγγα, λύρην Ἑλικώνιος Ἑρμῆς,
διθροον ἄβρὸς Ὑάνις ἐντρήτου μέλος αὐλοῦ,
375 Ὀρφεὺς μυστιπόλοιο θεηγόρα χεῦματα μολπῆς,

καὶ Λίνος εὐεπὶν Φοιβήιος, Ἀρκὰς ἀλήτης
μέτρα δυωδεκάμηνα καὶ Πελλίοιο πορείην,
μητέρα τικτομένων ἐτέων τετράζυγι δίφρῳ,
καὶ σοφὸς Ἐνδυμίων ἐτερότροπα δάκτυλα κάμψας
380 γνῶσεται ἄστατα κύκλα παλιννόστοιο Σελήνης
τριπλόα καὶ στοιχεῖον ὁμόζυγον ἄζυγι μίξας
Κάδμος ἐνγλώσσοιο διδάξεται ὄργια φωνῆς,
θεσμὰ Σόλων ἄχραντα, καὶ ἔννομον Ἀτθίδι πύκνῃ
συζυγίῃς ἀλύτοιο συνωρίδα δίζυγα Κέκροφ.

[368] Such was the word of prophecy that she learnt. But when the deity had scanned the prophetic beginning of the seventh tablet, she looked at the second, where on the neighbouring wall many strange signs were engraved with varied art in oracular speech: how first shepherd Pan will invent the syrinx, Heliconian Hermes the harp, tender Hyagnis the music of the double pipes with their clever holes, Orpheus the streams of mystic song with divine voice, Apollo's Linos eloquent speech; how Arcas the traveller will find out the measures of the twelve months, and the sun's circuit which is the mother of the years brought forth by his fourhorse team; how wise Endymion with changing bends of his fingers will calculate the three varying phases of Selene; how Cadmos will combine consonant with vowel and teach the secrets of correct speech; how Solon will invent inviolable laws, and Cecrops the union of two yoked together under the sacred yoke of marriage made lawful with the Attic torch.

385 καὶ Παφίη μετὰ πάντα πολύτροπα δαίδαλα Μούσης
πυκνὰ πολυσπερέων παρεμέτρεεν ἔργα πολλῶν:
καὶ πίνακος γραπτοῖο μέσην ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα κόσμου
τοῖν ἔπος σοφὸν εὔρε πολὺστιχον Ἑλλάδι Μούσῃ:

[385] Now the Paphian, after all these manifold wonders of the Muse, scanned the various deeds of the scattered cities; and on the written tablet which lay in the midst on the circuit of the universe, she found these words of wisdom inscribed in many lines of Grecian verse:

Ἑκῆππρον ὅλης Αὔγουστος ὅτε χθονὸς ἡνιοχεύσει,
390 Ῥώμῃ μὲν ζαθέῃ δωρήσεται Αὐσόνιος Ζεὺς
κοιρανίην, Βερόῃ δὲ χαρίζεται ἡνία θεσμῶν,
ὅπποτε θωρηχθεῖσα φερεσσακέων ἐπὶ νηῶν
φύλοπιν ὕδρομόθοιο κατευνήσει Κλεοπάτρης:
πρὶν γὰρ ἄτασθαλίῃ πολυπόρθιος οὐ ποτε λήξει
395 εἰρήνην κλονέουσα σάοπτολιν, ἄχρι δικάζει
Βηρυτὸς βιότοιο γαληναίοιο τιθήνῃ

γαῖαν ὁμοῦ καὶ πόντον, ἀκαμπτεῖ τειχεῖ θεσμῶν
ἄστεα πυργώσασα, μία πτόλις ἄστεα κόσμου.’

[389] “When Augustus shall hold the sceptre of the world, Ausonian Zeus will give to divine Rome the lordship, and to Beroe he will grant the reins of law, when armed in her fleet of shielded ships she shall pacify the strife of battlestirring Cleopatra. For before that, citysacking violence will never cease to shake citysaving peace, until Berytos the nurse of quiet life does justice on land and sea, fortifying the cities with the unshakable wall of law, one city for all cities of the world.”

καὶ θεός, ὁππότε πᾶσαν Ὀφιονίην μάθεν ὁμφήν,
400 εἰς ἔδν οἶκον ἔβαινε παλινδρομος: ἔζομένου δὲ
υἱέος ἐγγυὺς ἔθηκεν ἔην χρυσήλατον ἔδρην,
καὶ μέσον ἀγκᾶς ἐλοῦσα γαληνιῶντι προσώπῳ
πεπταμένῳ πῆχυνε γεγηθότι κοῦρον ἀγοστῶ,
γούνασι κουφίζουσα φίλον βάρος: ἀμφότερον δὲ
405 καὶ στόμα παιδὸς ἔκυσε καὶ ὄμματα: θελξινόου δὲ
ἀπτομένη τόξοιο καὶ ἀμφαφώσασα φαρέτρην,
οἷᾶ περ ἀσχαλόωσα, δολόφρονα ῥήξατο φωνήν:

[399] Then the goddess, having learnt all the oracles of Ophion, returned to her own house. She placed her own goldwrought throne beside the place where her son sat, and throwing an arm round his waist, with quiet countenance opened her glad arms to receive the boy and held the dear burden on her knees; she kissed both his lips and eyes, touched his mind-bewitching bow and fingered the quiver, and spoke in feigned anger these cunning words:

‘Ἐλπίς ὅλου βιότοιο, παραίφασις ἀφρογενείης,
νηλειῆς ἐμὰ τέκνα βιήσατο μοῦνα Κρονίων:
410 ἐννέα γὰρ πλήσασα μογοστόκα κύκλα Σελήνης
δριμύ βέλος μεθέπουσα δυηπαθέος τοκετοῖο
Ἄρμονίην ἐλόχευσα, καὶ ἄλγεα ποικίλα πάσχει
ἀχνυμένη: κούρην δὲ μογοστόκον ἔλλαχε Λητώ,
Ἄρτεμιν Εἰλειθυίαν, ἀρηγόνα θηλυτεράων.
415 τέκνον Ἀμυμώνης ὁμογάστριον, οὗ σε διδάξω,
ὥς λάχον ἐξ ἀλὸς αἷμα καὶ αἰθέρος: ἀλλὰ τελέσσαι
ἤθελον ἄξιον ἔργον, ὅπως παρὰ μητρὶ θαλάσση
οὐρανόθεν γεγαυῖα καὶ οὐρανὸν ἐν χθονὶ πῆξω:
ἀλλὰ κασιγνήτης ἐπὶ κάλλει σεῖο... τιταίνων
420 θέλγε θεούς, καὶ μᾶλλον ἴσον βέλος εἶν ἐνὶ θεσμῷ
πέμπε Ποσειδάωνι καὶ ἀμπελόεντι Λυαίῳ,
ἀμφοτέροις μακάρεσσιν: ἐγὼ δὲ σοι ἄξια μόχθων

δῶρον ἐκηβολίης ἐπεικότα μισθὸν ὀπάσσω:
δώσω σοι χρυσέην γαμῖν χέλυν, ἣν παρὰ παστῶ
425 Ἀρμονίῃ πόρε Φοῖβος, ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἐγγυαλιξω
ἄστεος ἔσσομένου μνημήιον, ὄφρα κεν εἴης
καὶ μετὰ τοξευτῆρα λυροκτύπος, ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων.’

[408] “You hope of all life! You cajoler of the Foamborn! Cronion is a cruel tyrant to my children alone! After nine full months of hard travail I brought forth Harmonia, suffering the bitter pangs of painful childbirth; and now she suffers all sorts of grief and tribulation. But Leto has borne Artemis Eileithyia, the Lady of Travail, the ally of womankind. You Amymones brother, son of the same mother, need not to be told how I got my blood from brine and ether; but I would perform a worthy deed, and being born of heaven, I will plant heaven on earth beside the sea my mother. Come then — for your sisters beauty draw your bow and bewitch the gods, or say, shoot one shaft and hit with the same shot Poseidon and vinegod Lyaïos, Blessed Ones both. I will give you a gift for your long shot which will be a proper wage worthy of your feat — I will give you the marriage harp of gold, which Phoibos gave to Harmonia at the door of the bridal chamber; I will place it in your hands in memory of a city to be, that you may be not only an archer, but a harpist, just like Apollo.”

BOOK 42

τεσσαρακοστὸν ὕφηνά τὸ δεῦτερον, ἦχι λιγαίνω
Βάκχου τερπνὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἱμερον ἐννοσιγαίου.
ὥς φαμένη παρέπεισε: μεταχρονίῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
θερμὸς Ἔρωσ ἀκίχητος ὑπηνέμιον πόδα πάλλων
ὑψινεφῆς πτερόεντι κατέγραφεν ἡέρα ταρσῶ,
τόξα φέρων φλογόεντα. κατωμαδίῃ δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ
5 μειλιχίου πλήθουσα πυρὸς κεχάλαστο φαρέτρῃ.
ὥς δ' ὅπότε' ἀννεφέλοιο δι' αἰθέρος ὀξὺς ὀδίτης
ἐκταδίῳ σπινθῆρι τιταίνεται ὄρθιος ἀστήρ,
ἢ στρατιῇ πολέμοιο φέρων τέρας ἢ τινι ναύτῃ,
αἰθέρος ἔγραφε νῶτον ὀπισθιδίῳ πυρὸς ὀλκῶ:
10 ὥς τότε τοῦρος Ἔρωσ πεφορημένος ὀξεὶ ῥοίζῳ,
παλλομένων πτερύγων ἀνεμώδεα βόμβον ἰάλλων,
ἡερόθεν ῥοίζησε: καὶ Ἀσσυρίῃ παρὰ πέτρῃ
ἔμπυρα δισσὰ βέλεμνα μιῇ ξυνώσατο νευρῇ,
παρθενικῆς ὑπ' ἔρωτος ὁμοίον εἰς πόθον ἔλκων
15 διχθαδίους μνηστῆρας ὁμοζήλων ὑμεναίων,
δαίμονα βοτρύοντα καὶ ἡνιοχῆα θαλάσσης.

BOOK XLII

*The forty-second web I have woven, where I celebrate a delightful love of
Bacchos and the desire of Earthshaker.*

HE obeyed her request; treading on Time's heels hot Love swiftly sped, plying his feet into the wind, high in the clouds scoring the air with winged step, and carried his flaming bow; the quiver too, filled with gentle fire, hung down over his shoulder. As when a star stretches straight with a long trail of sparks, a swift traveller through the unclouded sky, bringing a portent for a warhost or some sailor man, and streaks the back of the upper air with a wake of fire — so went furious Eros in a swift rush, and his wings beat the air with a sharp whirring sound that whistled down from the sky. Then near the Assyrian rock he united two fiery arrows on one string, to bring two wooers into like desire for the love of a maid, rivals for one bride, the vinegod and the ruler of the sea.

τῆμος ὁ μὲν βαθὺ κῦμα λιπὼν ἀλιγείτονος ὄρμου,
ὅς δὲ Τύρου μετὰ πέζαν, ἔσω Λιβάνοιο καρήνων
ἦντεον εἰς ἓνα χῶρον. ἀπὸ βλοσυροῖο δὲ δίφρου
20 πόρδαλιν ἰδρώοντα Μάρων ἀνέλυσε λεπάδνων,
καὶ κόνιν ἐξετίναξε καὶ ἔκλυσεν ὕδατι πηγῆς

θερμὸν ἀναψύχων κεχαραγμένον αὐχένα θηρῶν.
 ἔνθα μολῶν ἀκίχητος Ἔρως ἐπὶ γείτονι κούρῃ
 δαίμονας ἀμφοτέρους διδυμάονι βάλλεν οἷστώ,
 25 βακχεύσας Διόνυσον ἄγειν κειμήλια νύμφῃ,
 εὐφροσύνην βιότοιο καὶ οἶνοπα βότρυν ὀπώρης,
 οἷστρήσας δ' ἐς ἔρωτα κυβερνητῆρα τριαίνης
 διπλόον ἔδνον ἔρωτος ἄγειν ἀλιγείτονι κούρῃ,
 ναύμαχον ὕγρὸν Ἄρηα καὶ αἰόλα δεῖπνα τραπέζης.
 30 καὶ πλέον ἔφλεγε Βάκχον, ἐπεὶ νόον οἶνος ἐγείρει
 εἰς πόθον, ὀπλοτέρων δὲ πολὺ πλέον ἄφρονι κέντρῳ
 θελγομένην ἀχάλινον ἔχων πειθήνιον ἥβην:
 Βάκχον Ἔρως τόξευεν, ὅλον βέλος εἰς φρένα πήξας:
 ἔφλεγε δ', ὅσσον ἔθελγεν ἐπιστάξας μέλι πειθοῦς.
 35 ἀμφοτέρους δ' οἷστρησε: δι' αἰθερίης δὲ κελεύθου
 κυκλώσας βαλίοισιν ὁμόδρομον ἵχνος ἀήταις
 νηχομένῳ νόθος ὄρνις ἀνηώρητο πεδίλῳ,
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόων φιλοκέρτομον: 'άνερας οἶνω
 εἰ κλονέει Διόνυσος, ἐγὼ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὀρίνω.'

[17] Meanwhile one came from the deep waters of the sea-neighbouring roadstead, and one left the land of Tyre, and among the mountains of Lebanon the two met in one place. Maron loosed the panther sweating from the yoke of his awful car, and brushed off the dust and swilled the beasts with water of the fountain, cooling their hot scarred necks. Then Eros came quickly up to the maiden hard by, and struck both divinities with two arrows. He maddened Dionysos to offer his treasures to the bride, life's merry heart and the ruddy vintage of the grape; he goaded to love the lord of the trident, that he might bring the sea-neighbouring maid a double lovegift, seafaring battle on the water and varied dishes for the table. He set Bacchos more in a flame, since wine excites the mind for desire, and wine finds unbridled youth much more obedient to the rein when it is charmed with the prick of unreason; so he shot Bacchos and drove the whole shaft into his heart, and Bacchos burnt, as much as he was charmed by the trickling honey of persuasion. Thus he maddened them both; and in the counterfeit shape of a bird circling his tracks in the airy road as swift as the rapid winds, he rose with paddling feet, and cried these taunting words: "If Dionysos confounds men with wine, I excite Bacchos with fire!"

40 καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις ἀντῶπιον ὄμμα τιταίνων
 ἄβρὸν ἐυπλοκάμοιο δέμας διεμέτρεε νύμφης,
 θάμβος ἔχων ὀχετηγὸν ἐς ἡμερον: ἀρχομένων δὲ
 ὀφθαλμοὺς προκέλευθος ἐγένετο πορθμὸς Ἐρώτων.
 πλάζετο μὲν Διόνυσος ἔσω τερψίφρονος ὕλης,
 45 λάθριος εἰς Βερόην πεφυλαγμένον ὄμμα τιταίνων,

καὶ κατὰ βαιὸν ὀπισθεν ἐς ἀτραπὸν ἦιε κούρης:
οὐδὲ οἱ εἰσορώοντι κόρος πέλεν: ἵσταμένην γὰρ
παρθένον ὅσπον ὅπωπε, τόσον πλέον ἤθελε λεύσσειν.
καὶ Κλυμένης φιλότητος ἀναμνήσας πρόμον ἄστρον
50 ἠέλιον λιτάνευεν, ὀπισθοτόνων ἐπὶ δίφρων
αἰθερίῳ στατὸν ἵππον ἀνασφίγγοντα χαλινῷ
μηκύνειν γλυκὺ φέγγος, ἵνα βραδὺς εἰς δύσιν ἔλθῃ
φειδομένη μάστιγι παλιμφυῆς ἡμαρ ἀέξων.
καὶ Βερόης μετρηδὸν ἐπ' ἵχνεσιν ἵχνος ἐρείδων,
55 οἷά περ ἀγνώσσω, περιδέδρομεν: ἐκ Λιβάνου δὲ
ὀκναλέου ποδὸς ἵχνος ὑποκλέπτων ἐννοσίχθων
ἐντροπαλιζομένῳ βραδυπαιθεὶ χάζετο ταρσῷ,
καὶ νόον ἀστήρικτον ὁμοίον εἶχε θαλάσση,
κύμασι παφλάζοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο μερίμνης.

[40] The vinegod turned his eye to look, and scanned the tender body of the longhaired maiden, full of admiration the conduit of desire; his eye led the way and ferried the newborn love. Dionysos wandered in that heart rejoicing wood, secretly fixing his careful gaze on Beroe, and followed the girls path a little behind. He could not have enough of his gazing; for the more he beheld the maid standing there, the more he wanted to watch. He called to Helios, reminding the chief of stars of his love for Clymene, and prayed him to hold back his car and check the stalled horses with the heavenly bit, that he might prolong the sweet light, that he might go slow to his setting and with sparing whip increase the day to shine again. Pressing measured step by step in Beroe's tracks the god passed round her as if noticing nothing; while Earthshaker stole from Lebanon with lingering feet, and departed with steps slow to obey, turning again and again, his mind shifting like the sea and rippling with billows of ever-murmuring care.

60 καὶ γλυκερῆς ἀκόρητος ἔσω Λιβανηίδος ὕλης
οἰώθη Διόνυσος ἐρημαίῃ παρὰ νύμφῃ,
οἰώθη Διόνυσος. Ὀρειάδες εἶπατε Νύμφαι.
τί πλέον ἤθελεν ἄλλο φιλαίτερον, ἢ χρὸα κούρης
μοῦνος ἰδεῖν δυσέρωτος ἐλεύθερος ἐννοσιγαίου;
καὶ κύσε νηρίθοισι φιλήμασι λάθριος ἔρπων
χῶρον, ὅπῃ πόδα θῆκε, καὶ ἦν ἐπάτησε κονίην
παρθενικὴ ῥοδὸεντι καταυγάζουσα πεδίλῳ:
καὶ γλυκὺν αὐχένα Βάκχος ἐδέσκετο, καὶ σφυρὰ κούρης
75 νισσομένης καὶ κάλλος, ὃ περ φύσις ὥπασε νύμφῃ,
κάλλος, ὃ περ φύσις εὔρε: καὶ οὐ ξανθόχροϊ κόσμῳ
χρῖσαμένη Βερόη ῥοδοειδέα κύκλα προσώπου
ψευδομένας ἐρύθηνε νόθῳ σπινθῆρι παρειάς,
οὐ χροὸς ἀντιτύποιο διαυγεί μάρτυρι χαλκῷ

80 μιμηλῆς ἐγέλασεν ἐς ἄπνοον εἶδος ὅπωπῆς
 κάλλος ἐὼν κρίνουσα, καὶ οὐ τεχνήμονι θεσμῷ
 πολλάκις ἰσάζουσα παρ' ὄφρυσιν ἄκρα κομῶν
 πλαζομένης ἔστησε μετήλυδα βότρυν ἐθείρης.
 ἀλλὰ γυναιμανέοντα πολὺ πλεον ὅξει κέντρῳ
 85 ἀγλαΐαι κλονέουσιν ἀκηδέστοιο προσώπου,
 καὶ πλόκαμοι ῥυπόωντες ἀκοσμήτοιο καρήνου
 ἀβρότεροι γεγάσιν, ὅτ' ἀπλεκέες καὶ ἀλῆται
 χιονέῳ στιχόωσι παρήγοροι ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ.

[60] Unsated, in the delicious forests of Lebanon, Dionysos was left alone beside the lonely girl. Dionysos was left alone! Tell me, Oreiad Nymphs, what could he wish for more lovely than to see the maiden's flesh, alone, and free from lovesick Earth-shaker? He kissed with a million kisses the place where she set her foot, creeping up secretly, and kissed the dust where the maiden had trod making it bright with her shoes of roses. Bacchos watched the girl's sweet neck, her ankles as she walked, beauty which nature had given her, the beauty which nature had made: for no ruddy ornament for the skin had Beroe smeared on her round rosy face, no meretricious rouge put a false blush on her cheeks. She consulted no shining mirror of bronze with its reflection a witness of her looks, she laughed at no lifeless form of a mimic face to estimate her beauty, she was not for ever arranging the curls over her brows, and setting in place some stray wandering lock of hair by her eyebrows with cunning touch. But the natural beauties of a face confound the desperate lover with far sharper sting, and the untidy tresses of an unbedizened head are all the more dainty, when they stray unbraided down the sides of a snow-white face.

καὶ ποτε διψήσασα μετέστιχε γείτονα πηγὴν,
 90 οὐρανίου πυρόεντος ἱμασσομένη Κυνὸς ἄτμῳ,
 χεῖλεσι καρχαλέοισι: καθελκομένῳ δὲ καρήνῳ
 κάμπτετο κυρτωθεῖσα, καὶ εἰς στόμα πολλάκι κούρην
 χερσὶ βαθυνομένησιν ἀρύετο πάτριον ὕδωρ,
 ἄχρι κορεσσαμένη λίπε νάματα: χαζομένης δὲ
 95 ἱμερτῇ Διόνυσος ὑποκλίνας γόνυ πηγῇ
 κοιλαίνων παλάμας ἐρατὴν μιμήσατο κούρην,
 νέκταρος αὐτοχύτοιο πίων γλυκερώτερον ὕδωρ.
 καὶ μιν ἐσαθρήσασα πόθου δεδονημένον οἷστρον
 πηγαίῃ βαθύκολπος ἀσάμβαλος ἴαχε Νύμφη:

[89] Sometimes athirst when beaten by the heat of the fiery Dog of heaven, the girl sought out a neighbouring spring with parched lips; the girl bent down her curving neck and stooped her head, dipping a hand again and again and

scooping the water of her own country to her mouth, until she had enough and left the rills. When she was gone, Dionysos would bend his knee to the lovely spring, and hollow his palms in mimicry of the beloved girl: then he drank water sweeter than selfpoured nectar. And the unshod deep-bosomed nymph of the spring, seeing him struck by the sting of desire, would say:

100 ‘Ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ, Διόνυσσε, μάτην πίεις: οὐ δύναται γὰρ
σβέσσαι διψαν ἔρωτος ὅλος ῥόος Ὠκεανοῖο,
εἴρεο σὸν γενέτην, ὅτι τηλίκον οἶδμα περήσας
νυμφίος Εὐρώπης οὐκ ἔσβεσεν ἱμερόεν πῦρ,
ἀλλ’ ἔτι μᾶλλον ἔκαμνεν ἐν ὕδασιν: ὕδροπόρου δὲ
105 μάρτυρα λάτριν Ἑρωτος ἔχεις Ἀλφειὸν ἀλήτην,
ὅττι τόσοις ῥοθίοισι δι’ ὕδατος ὕδατα σύρων
οὐ φύγε θερμὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ πέλεν ὕγρὸς ὁδίτης.’

[100] “Cold water to drink, Dionysos, is of no use to you; for all the stream of Oceanos cannot quench the thirst of love. Ask your own father! Europa’s bridegroom traversed that wide gulf and yet did not quench the fire of longing, but he suffered still more on the waters. Witness wandering Alpheios, whom you see the servant of waterfaring love, in that trailing water through water in all those floods he escaped not hot love, though he was a watery traveller!”

ὥς φαμένη πηγαῖον ἐδύσατο σύγχροον ὕδωρ
νηϊὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπεγγελώσα Λυαίῳ.
110 καὶ θεὸς ὕδρομέδοντι Ποσειδάωνι μεγαίρων
εἶχε φόβον καὶ ζῆλον, ἐπεὶ πίε παρθένος ὕδωρ
ἀντὶ μέθης, καὶ κωφὸν ἐς ἡέρα ῥήξατο φωνήν,
οἷά περ εἰσαΐουσιν ἔχων πειθήμονα κούρην:

[108] So said the unveiled Naiad, and laughed at Lyaïos, diving into her spring, which had one colour with her body. And the god grudging at Poseidon ruler of the waves felt fear and jealousy, since the maiden drank water and not wine. He uttered his voice to the unhearing air, as if the girl were there to hear and obey:

‘Παρθένε, δέχνυσο νέκταρ: ἕα φιλοπάρθενον ὕδωρ:
115 φεῦγε ποτὸν κρηναῖον, ὅπως μὴ σεῖο κορείην
ὕδατόεις κλέψειεν ἐν ὕδασι κυανοχαίτης,
ὅττι γυναιμανέων δολόεις πέλε: Θεσσαλίδος δὲ
Τυροῦς οἷδας ἔρωτα καὶ ὕδροπόρους ὕμεναιους:
καὶ σὺν ῥόον δολόεντα φυλάσσεο, μὴ σέο μήτηρ
120 ψευδαλέος λύσειε, γαμοκλόπος ὥς περ Ἐνιπέυς.
ἦθελον εἰ γενόμην καὶ ἐγὼ ῥόος, ὥς ἐνοσίχθων,

καὶ κελάδων πήχυνα ποθοβλήτω παρὰ πηγῇ
διψαλέην ἀφύλακτον ἐμὴν Λιβανηίδα Τυρῶ.'

[114] "Maiden, accept the nectar — leave this water that maidens love! Avoid the water of the spring, lest Seabluehair steal your maidenhood in the water — for a mad lover and a crafty one he is! You know the love of Thessalian Tyro ° and her wedding in the waters; then you too take care of the crafty flood, lest the deceiver loose your girdle just as the wedding-thief Enipeus did. O that I also might become a flood, like Earthshaker, and murmuring might embrace my own Tyro of Lebanon, thirsty and careless beside the lovestricken spring!"

εἶπε θεός: μελέων δὲ μετὰτροπον εἶδος ἀμείψας,
125 ὀππὸθι παρθένος ἦεν, ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην
Εὖιος ἀγρευτῆρι πανεῖκελος: ἀβροκόμῳ δὲ
ἄλλοφυῆς ἄγνωστος ὁμίλεεν ἄζυγι κούρη
εἵκελος ἡβητῆρι, καὶ ἀκλινὲς ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
ψευδαλέον μίμημα σαόφρονος ἔπλασεν αἰδοῦς:
130 καὶ πῇ μὲν σκοπίαζεν ἐρημάδος ἄκρον ἐρίπνης,
πῇ δὲ τανυπτόρθοιο βαθύσκιον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
εἰς πίτυν ὄμμα φέρων λελητημένον, ἄλλοτε πεύκη
ἣ πτελέην ἐδόκευε: φυλασσομένου δὲ προσώπου
ὄμμασι λαθριδίοισιν ἐδέρκετο γείτονα κούρην,
135 μὴ μιν ἀλυσκάζειε μετὰτροπος: ἡθέω γὰρ
κάλλος ὀπιπεύοντι καὶ ἥλικος ὄμματα κούρης
Κυπριδίων ἐλάχεια παραιφασίς ἐστιν Ἐρώτων.

[124] So the god spoke; and changing his form for another he plunged into the shady thicket where the maiden was, Euios wholly like a hunter; in a new and unknown aspect he joined the softhaired unyoked maid, like a youth, moulding a false image of modesty with steady looks on his face. Now he surveyed the peak of a lonely rock, now he spied into the long-branching trees on the uplands, turning an eager eye on a pine or again inspecting a fir-tree, or an elm — but with cautious countenance and stolen glances he watched the girl so close to him, lest she should turn and run away; for beauty and the eyes of a girl of his own age have little consolation to a lad who gazes at her for the loves which the Cyprian sends.

καὶ Βερόης σχεδὸν ἦλθε καὶ ἤθελε μῦθον ἐνίψαι,
ἀλλὰ φόβῳ πεπέδητο: φιλεῦιε, πῇ σέο θύρσοι
140 ἀνδροφόνοι; πῇ φρικτὰ κεράατα; πῇ σέο χαιτή
γλαυκὰ πεδοτρεφῶν ὀφιδέα δεσμὰ δρακόντων;
πῇ στομάτων μύκημα βαρὺβρομον; ἃ μέγα θαῦμα,
παρθένον ἔτρεμε Βάκχος, ὃν ἔτρεμε φῦλα Γιγάντων:

γηγενέων ὀλετῆρα φόβος νίκησεν Ἑρώτων:
 145 τοσσατίων δ' ἤμησεν ἀρειμανέων γένος Ἴνδῶν,
 καὶ μίαν ἱμερόεσσαν ἀνάλκιδα δείδιε κούρην,
 δείδιε θηλυτέρην ἀπαλόχροον: ἐν δὲ κολώναις
 θηρονόμῳ νάρθηκι κατεπρήνυε λεόντων
 φρικαλέον μύκημα, καὶ ἔτρεμε θῆλυν ἀπειλήν:
 150 καὶ οἱ ἐριπτοίητον ὑπὸ στόμα μῦθος ἀλήτης
 γλῶσσαν ἐς ἀκροτάτην ἐτιταίνετο χεῖλεϊ γείτων,
 ἐκ φρενὸς αἰσῶν καὶ ἐπὶ φρένα νόστιμος ἔρπων:
 ἀλλὰ φόβον γλυκύπικρον ἔχων αἰδήμονι σιγῇ
 εἰς φάος ἐσσυμένην παλινάγρετον ἔσπασε φωνήν.
 155 καὶ μόγις ὑστερόμυθον ὑπὸ στόμα δεσμὸν ἀράξας
 αἰδοῦς ἀμβολιεργὸν ἀπεσφήκωσε σιωπῇν,
 καὶ Βερόην ἐρέεινε χέων ψευδήμονα φωνήν:

[138] He came near to Beroe and would have spoken a word, but fear held him fast. God of jubilation, where is your manslaying thyrsus? Where your frightful horns? Where the green snaky ropes of earthfed serpents in your hair? Where is your heavy-booming bellow? See a great miracle — Bacchos trembling before a maid, Bacchos before whom the tribes of the giants trembled! Love's fear has conquered the destroyer of giants. He mowed down all that warmad nation of the Indians, and he fears one weak lovely girl, fears a tender woman. On the mountains he quieted the terrifying roar of lions with his beast-ruling fennel, and he trembled before a woman's threat. A word strayed into his trembling mouth to the tip of his tongue close behind the lips — it came from his heart and crept back to his heart again, but the bittersweet fear held it in shamefast silence, and drew back the voice, as it tried to issue into the light. Too late he spoke, and hardly then, when he burst the chain of shame from his lips and undid the procrastinating silence, and asked Beroe in a voice of pretence,

Ἄρτεμι, πῇ σέο τόξα; τίς ἤρπασε σεῖο φαρέτρην;
 πῇ λίπες, ὃν φορέεις ἐπιγουνίδος ἄχρι χιτῶνα;
 160 πῇ σέο κεῖνα πέδιλα, θοώτερα κυκλάδος αὖρης;
 πῇ χορὸς ἀμφιπόλων; πῇ δίκτυα; πῇ κύνες ἀργαί;
 οὐ δρόμον ἐντύνεις κεμαδοσσόον; οὐκ ἐθέλεις γὰρ
 ἀγρώσσειν, ὅθι Κύπρις Ἀδώνιδος ἐγγὺς ἰαύει.

[158] “Artemis, where are your arrows? Who has stolen your quiver? Where did you leave the tunic you wear, just covering the knees? Where are those boots quicker than the whirling wind? Where is your company in attendance? Where are your nets? Where your fleet hounds? You are not making ready for chase of the pricket, for you do not wish to hunt where Cypris is sleeping

ἔννεπε θάμβος ἔχων ἀπατήλιον: ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
165 παρθενικὴ μείδῃσεν: ἀπειροκάκῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρεν ἀγαλλομένη χάριν ἥβης,
ὅττι, γυνὴ περ ἐοῦσα, φυὴν ἦικτο θεαίνῃ:
οὐδὲ δόλον γίνωσκε νοοπλανέος Διονύσου.
καὶ πλέον ἄχνητο Βάκχος, ἐπεὶ πόθον οὐ μάθε κούρη
νήπιον ἦθος ἔχουσα, καὶ ἤθελεν, ὄφρα δαεῖη
170 οἷστρον ἐδὼν βαρὺμοχθον, ἐπισταμένης ὅτι κούρης
ὄψιμος ἡιθέω περιλείπεται ἐλπίς Ἑρώτων
ἔσσομένης φιλότητος, ἐπ’ ἀπρήκτῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
ἄνδρες ἱμείρουσιν, ὅτ’ ἀγνώσσουσι γυναιῖκες.

[164] So he spoke, feigning astonishment, and the maiden smiled in her heart; she lifted a proud neck in unsuspecting pleasure, rejoicing in her youthful freshness, because she, a mortal woman, was likened to a goddess in beauty, and did not see the trick of mindconfusing Dionysos. But Bacchos was yet more affected, because the girl in her childish simplicity knew not desire; he wished she might learn his own overpowering passion, since when the girl knows, there is always hope for the lad that love will come at last, but when women do not notice, man’s desire is only a fruitless anxiety.

175 καὶ θεὸς ἦμαρ ἐπ’ ἦμαρ ἔσω πιτυώδεος ὕλης
δειέλος, εἰς μέσον ἦμαρ, Ἑώιος, Ἑσπερος ἔρπων,
παρθενικῇ παρέμιμνε, καὶ ἤθελεν εἰσέτι μίμνειν:
πάντων γὰρ κόρος ἐστὶ παρ’ ἀνδράσιν, ἡδέος ὕπνου
μολπῆς τ’ εὐκελάδοιο καὶ ὀππότε κάμπτεται ἀνήρ
180 εἰς δρόμον ὀρχηστῆρα: γυναιμανέοντι δὲ μούνῳ
οὐ κόρος ἐστὶ πόθων: ἐψεύσατο βίβλος Ὀμήρου.

[175] Thus day after day, midday and afternoon, morning and evening, the god lingered in the pine-wood, waiting for the girl and ever willing to wait; for men can have enough of all things, of sweet sleep and melodious song, and when one turns in the moving dance — but only the man mad for love never has enough of his longing; Homer’s book did not tell the truth!

καὶ μογέων Διόνυσος ὑπεβρυχᾷτο σιωπῇ,
δαιμονίῃ μάστιγι τετυμμένος, ἔνδοθι πέσσων
κρυπτὸν ἀκοιμήτων ὑποκάρδιον ἔλκος Ἑρώτων,
185 ὥς δ’ ὅτε βοῦς ἀκίχητος ἔσω πλαταμῶνος ὁδεύων
ἔσμον ὀρεσσινόμων παρεμέτρεεν ἡθάδα ταύρων
οἷστρηθεὶς ἀγέληθεν, ὃν εὐπετάλῳ παρὰ λόχημῃ

βοῦτύπος ὀξυόεντι μύωψ ἔχαράσσετο κέντρῳ
ἀπροιδῆς, ὀλίγῳ δὲ δέμας βεβολημένος οἴστρῳ
190 τηλικός ἐστυφέλικτο, καὶ ὄρθιον ὑπόθι νώτου
ἄψ ἀνασειράζων παλινάγρετον ἔσπασεν οὐρὴν
κυρτὸς ἐπιτρίβων σκοπέλων ῥάχιν, ἀντίτυπον δὲ
ὄξυ κέρας δόχμωσεν ἀνούτατον ἡέρα τύπτων:
οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσον, ὃν ἔστεφε πολλάκι νίκη,
195 βαιὸς Ἔρωσ οἴστρησε βαλὼν πανθελγεί κέντρῳ.

[182] Dionysos suffered and moaned in silence, struck with the divine whip, stewing the hidden wound of love in his restless heart. As an ox goes scampering over the flats past the well-know swarm of hillranging bulls, driven from the herd when a gadfly has pierced his hide with sharp sting under the leafy trees unnoticed: how small the sting that strikes, how vast the bulk of the routed beast! he lifts the tail straight over his back and lashes back, bends and scratches his chine on the rocks, and darts a sharp horn at his side striking only the unwounded elastic air — so Dionysos, crowned so often with victory, was pricked by little Love and his allbewitching sting.

ὄψὲ δὲ μαστεύων γλυκὺ φάρμακον εἰς Ἀφροδίτην
Κυπριδίην ἄγρυπνον ἔην ἀνέφαινεν ἀνάγκην,
καὶ βουλὴν ἐρέεινε, ἀλεξήτειραν Ἑρώτων.
200 καὶ καμάτους Βάκχοιο πυριπνείοντας ἀκούων
Πὰν κερόεις ἐγέλασσε, κατεκλάσθη δὲ μενοινῆ
οἰκτεῖρων δυσέρωτα δυσίμερος: εἶπε δὲ βουλὴν
Κυπριδίην: ὀλίγην δὲ παραιφασιν εἶχεν Ἑρώτων
ἄλλον ἰδὼν φλεχθέντα μιῆς σπινθῆρι φαρέτρης:

[196] At length, seeking a sweet medicine for love, he disclosed to bushybreasted Pan in words full of passion the unsleeping constraint of his desire, and craved advice to defend him against love. Horned Pan laughed aloud, when he heard the firebreathing torments of Bacchos, but, a luckless lover himself, heartbroken he pitied one unhappy in love, and gave him love-advice; it was a small alleviation of his own love to see another burnt with a spark from the same quiver:

205 Ἐυνὰ παθὼν, φίλε Βάκχε, τεὰς ὥκτειρα μερίμνας:
καὶ σὲ πόθεν νίκησεν Ἔρωσ θρασύς; εἰ θέμις εἰπέῃν,
εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ Διόνυσον Ἔρωσ ἐκένωσε φαρέτρην.
ἀλλὰ πόθου δολίοιο πολύτροπον ἦθος ἐνίψω.

[205] “We are companions in suffering, friend Bacchos, and I pity your feelings. How comes it that bold Love has conquered you too? If I dare to say so, Eros

has emptied his quiver on me and Dionysos! But I will tell you the multifarious ways of deception in love.

πᾶσα γυνή ποθέει πλέον ἄνέρος, αἰδομένη δὲ
210 κεῦθει κέντρον Ἔρωτος ἐρωμανέουσα καὶ αὐτή,
καὶ μογέει πολὺ μᾶλλον, ἐπεὶ σπινθῆρες Ἐρώτων
θερμότεροι γεγάσιν, ὅτε κρύπτουσι γυναιῖκες
ἐνδόμυχον πραπίδεςσι πεπαρμένον ἰὸν Ἐρώτων.
καὶ γὰρ ὅτ' ἀλλήλησι πόθων ἐνέπουσιν ἀνάγκην,
215 λυσιπτόνοις ὁάροισιν ὑποκλέπτουσι μερίμνας
Κυπριδίας. σὺ δέ, Βάκχε, τεῶν ὀχετηγὸν Ἐρώτων
μιμηλῆς ἐρύθημα φέρων ἀπατήλιον αἰδοῦς.
οἷα σαοφρονέουσιν ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπὴν,
ὥς ἄεκων Βερόης σχεδὸν ἴστασο: καὶ λῖνα πάλλων
220 θαύματι μὲν δολίῳ ῥοδοειδέα δέρκεο κούρην,
κάλλος ἐπαινήσας, ὅτι τηλίκον οὐ λάχεν Ἥρη,
καὶ Χάριτας κίκλησκε χερείονας, ἀμφοτέρων δὲ
225 μορφῇ μῶμον ἄναπτε, καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος καὶ Ἀθήνης,
καὶ Βερόην ἀγόρευε φαεινότερην Ἀφροδίτης:
κούρη δ' εἰσαΐουσα τεὴν ψευδήμονα μομφὴν
αἶνῳ τερπομένη πλέον ἴσταται: οὐκ ἐθέλει γὰρ
ὄλβον ὅλον χρῦσειον, ὅσον ῥοδέης περὶ μορφῆς
230 εἰσαΐειν, ὅτι κάλλος ὑπέρβαλεν ἥλικος ἥβης.
παρθενικὴν δ' ἔς ἔρωτα νοήμονι θέλγε σιωπῇ,
κινυμένων βλεφάρων ἀντώπια νεύματα πέμπων:
πεπταμένη δὲ μέτωπον ἀφειδέι χειρὶ πατάξας
ψευδαλέον δέο θάμβος ἐχέφρονι δείκνυε σιγῇ
ἀλλὰ φόβος μεθέπει σε σαόφρονος ἐγγύθι κούρης:
εἶπέ, τί σοὶ ῥέξει μία παρθένος; οὐ δόρυ πάλλει,
235 οὐ ῥοδέη παλάμη τανῦναι βέλος: ἔγχεα κούρης
ὀφθαλμοὶ γεγάσιν ἀκοντιστῆρες Ἐρώτων,
παρθενικῆς δὲ βέλεμνα ῥοδώπιδες εἰσι παρειαί.
ἔδνα δὲ σοῖο πόθοιο, τεῆς κειμήλια νύμφης,
μὴ λίθον Ἰνδῶν, μὴ μάργαρα χειρὶ τινάξης,
240 οἷα γυναιμανέοντι πέλει θέμις: εἰς Παφίην γὰρ
ἀμφιέπεις τεὸν εἶδος ἐπάρκιον, εὐαφέος δὲ
κάλλεος ἱμείρουσι καὶ οὐ χρυσοῖο γυναιῖκες.

[209] "Every woman has greater desire than the man, but shamefast she hides the sting of love, though mad for love herself; and she suffers much more, since the sparks of love become hotter when women conceal in their bosoms the piercing arrow of love. Indeed, when they tell each other of the force of desire, their gossip is meant to soothe the pain and deceive their voluptuous longings. And you, Bacchos, must wear a deceptive blush of pretended shame

to carry your love along. You must keep an unsmiling countenance as if through modesty, and stand beside Beroe as if by mere chance. Hold your nets in hand, and look at the rosy girl with pretended amazement, praising her beauty; say that not Hera has the like, call the Graces less fair, find fault with the good looks of both Artemis and Athena, tell Beroe she is more brilliant than Aphrodite. Then the girl when she hears your feigned faultfinding, stands there more delighted with your praise; more than mountains of gold she would hear about her rosy comeliness, how her beauty surpasses all the friends of her youth. Charm the maiden to love with a meaning silence. Let your eyelids move, send wink and beck towards her. Open your hand and slap your brow without mercy, and show your feigned amazement by prudent silence. You will say, fear restrains you in the presence of a modest maid; tell me, what will a lonely girl do to you? She shakes no spear, she draws no shaft with that rosy hand; the girl's weapons are those eyes which shoot love, her batteries are those rose-red girlish cheeks. For lovegifts to be treasures for your bride, do not display the Indian jewel, or pearls, as is the way of mad lovers; for to get love, your own handsome shape is enough — to touch your beautiful body is what women want, not gold!

μαρτυρίης ἐτέρης οὐ δεύομαι: ἀβροκόμου γὰρ
ποῖα πὰ Ἐνδυμίωνος ἐδέξατο δῶρα Σελήνη;
245 Κύπριδι ποῖον Ἄδωνις ἐδείκνυεν ἔδνον Ἑρώτων;
ἄργυρον Ὀρίων οὐκ ὤπασεν ἥριγενειῇ:
οὐ Κέφαλος πόρεν ὄλβον ἐπήρατον: ἀλλ' ἄρα μοῦνος
χωλὸς ἐὼν Ἥφαιστος ἀθελγέος εἵνεκα μορφῆς
ὤπασε ποικίλα δῶρα, καὶ οὐ παρέπεισεν Ἀθήνην:
250 οὐ πέλεκυς χραίσμησε λεχώιος: ἀλλὰ θεαίνης

[243] "I need no other testimony — what gifts did Selene take from softhaired Endymion? What love-gift did Adonis produce for Cypris? Orion gave no silver to Dawn; Cephalos provided no delectable wealth; but the only one it seems who did offer handsome gifts was Hephaistos, being lame, to make up for his unattractive looks, and then he failed to persuade Athena — his birthdelivering axe did not help him, but he missed the goddess he wanted.

ἱμείρων ἀφάμαρτε. σὲ δὲ ζυγίων ὕμεναιων
φέρτερον, ἣν ἐθέλης, θελκτῆριον ἄλλο διδάξω:
βάρβιτα χειρὶ λιγαινέ, τεῆς ἀναθήματα Πείης,
Κύπριδος ἀβρὸν ἄγαλμα παροίνιον: ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
255 πλήκτροις καὶ στομάτεσσι χέων ἐτερόθροον ἤχω.
δάφνην πρῶτον ᾄειδε καὶ ἀσταθέος δρόμον Ἥχοϋς
καὶ κτύπον ὕστερόφωνον ἀσιγήτοιο θεαίνης,
ὅττι θεοὺς ποθέοντας ἀπέστυγον: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν

μέλπε Πίτυν φυγόδεμνον, ὀρειάσι σύνδρομον αὔραις,
 260 Πανὸς ἀλυσκάζουσας ἀνυμφεύτους ὕμεναιους:
 μέλπε μόνον φθιμένης αὐτόχθονα: μέμφεο γαίῃ.
 καὶ τάχα δακρύσειε γοήμονος ἄλγεα νύμφης
 καὶ μόνον οἰκτείρουσα: σὺ δὲ φρένα τέρπεο σιγῇ
 μυρομένης ὁρώων μελιηδέα δάκρυα κούρης:
 265 οὐδὲ γέλως πέλε τοῖος, ἐπεὶ πλέον οἴνοπι μορφῇ
 ἱμερταὶ γεγάασιν, ὅτε στενάχουσι γυναῖκες.
 μέλπον ἔρωμανέουσας ἐπ' Ἐνδυμίωνι Σελήνῃ,
 μέλπε γάμον χαρίεντος Ἀδώνιδος, εἰπὲ καὶ αὐτὴν
 αὐχμηρὴν ἀπέδilon ἀλωομένην Ἀφροδίτην,
 270 νυμφίον ἱχνεύουσας ὀρίδρομον: οὐδὲ σε φεύγει
 πατρώων αἰουσα μελίφρονα θεσμόν Ἑρώτων.
 σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ τάδε πάντα, δυσίμερε Βάκχε, πιφαύσκω:
 ἀλλὰ με καὶ σὸ διδάζον ἐμῆς θελκτῆριον Ἥχοϋς.
 ὥς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμπε γεγηθότα παῖδα Θυώνης.
 65 καὶ δολιὴν Διόνυσος ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπὴν
 παρθενικὴν ἐρέεινεν Ἀδώνιδος ἀμφὶ τοκῆος,
 ὥς φίλος, ὥς ὁμόθηρος ὀρίδρομος: ἵσταμένης δὲ
 στήθεϊ χεῖρα πέλασσε δυσίμερον, ἄκρα δὲ μίτρης

[251] “But there is a stronger charm for wedded union, which I will teach you if you like. Twang the lyre which was dedicated to your Rheia, the delicate treasure of Cypris beside the winecup. Pour out the varied sounds together, voice and striker! Sing first Daphne, sing the erratic course of Echo, and the answering note of the goddess who never fails to speak, for these two despised the desire of gods. Yes, and sing also of Pitys who hated marriage, who fled fast as the wind over the mountains to escape the unlawful wooing of Pan, and her fate — how she disappeared into the soil herself; put the blame on the Earth! Then she may perhaps lament the sorrows and the fate of the wailing nymph; but you must let your heart rejoice in silence, as you see the honey-sweet tears of the sorrowing maid. No laugh was ever like that, since women become more desirable with that ruddy flush when they mourn. Sing Selene madly in love with Endymion, sing the wedding of graceful Adonis, sing Aphrodite herself wandering dusty and unshod, and tracking her bridegroom over the hills. Beroe will not run away from you when she hears the honeyhearted lovestories of her home. There you have all I can tell you, Bacchos, for your unhappy love! Now you tell me something to charm my Echo.”

ὥς ἀέκων ἔθλιψεν: ἐπιπαύουσα δὲ μαζῶν
 70 δεξιτερὴ νάρκησε γυναιμανέος Διονύσου.
 275 καὶ ποτε νηπιάχοισιν ἐν ἡθεσιν εἴρετο κούρη
 υἷα Διὸς παρεόντα, τίς ἔπλετο καὶ τίνοσ εἶη:

καὶ πρόφασιν μόγις εὔρε παρὰ προθύροις Ἀφροδίτης
ὄρχατον ἀμπελόεντα καὶ ὄμπνια λήια γαίης
καὶ δροσερὸν λειμῶνα καὶ αἰόλα δένδρα δοκεῦν
280 ἦθεσι κερδαλέοισι: καί, οἷά τε γηπόνος ἀνὴρ,
ἀμφὶ γάμου τινὰ μῦθον ἀσημάντῳ φάτο φωνῇ:

[274] Having said his say, he dismissed the son of Thyone comforted. Then Dionysos put on a serious look, the trickster! and questioned the maiden about her father Adonis, as a friend of his, as a fellow-hunter among the hills. She stood still, he brought a longing hand near her breast, and stroked her belt as if not thinking what he did: but touching her breast, the lovesick god's right hand grew numb. Once in her childlike way, the girl asked the son of Zeus beside her who he was and who was his father. With much ado he found an excuse, when he saw before the portals of Aphrodite the vineyard and the bounteous harvest of the land, the dewy meadow and all the trees; and in the cunning of his mind, he made as if he were a farm-labourer and spoke of wedding in words that meant more than they said:

‘Εἰμὶ τεοῦ Λιβάνοιο γεωμόρος: ἦν ἐθελήσης,
ἀρδεύω σέο γαῖαν, ἐγὼ σέο καρπὸν ἀέξω.
ὥράων πισύρων νοέω δρόμον: ἵσταμένην δὲ
285 νύσσαν ὀπιπεύων φθινοπωρίδα τοῦτο βοήσω:
Σκορπίος ἀντέλλει βιοτήσιος, ἔστι δὲ κῆρυξ
αὔλακος εὐκάρποιο: βόας ζεύζωμεν ἀρότρῳ.
Πληιάδες δύνουσι: πότε σπεῖρωμεν ἀρούρας;
αὔλακες ὠδίνουσιν, ὅτε δρόσος εἰς χθόνα πίπτει
290 αὐομένην Φαέθοντι.’ καὶ Ἀρκάδος ἐγγὺς Ἀμάξης
χειμάτος ὀμβρήσαντος ἰδὼν Ἀρκτοῦρον ἐνίψω:
‘διψαλή ποτὲ γαῖα Διὸς νυμφεύεται ὄμβρῳ.’
εἷαρος ἀντέλλοντος ἐώιος εἰς σὲ βοήσω:
‘ἄνθεα σεῖο τέθηλε: πότε κρίνα καὶ ῥόδα τίλλω;
ἠνίδε, πῶς ὑάκινθος ἐπέτρεχε γείτονι μῦρτῳ,
πῶς γέλαα νάρκισσος ἐπιθρώσκων ἀνεμώνῃ.’
295 καὶ σταφυλὴν ὀρόων θέρεος παρεόντος ἐνίψω:
‘ἄμπελος ἡβώουσα πεπαινέται ἄμμορος ἄρπης:
παρθένε, σύγγονος ἦλθε: πότε τρυγῶμεν ὀπώρην;
σὸς στάχυς ἡέξητο καὶ ἀμητοῖο χατίζει:
λήιον ἀμήσω σταχυηφόρον, ἀντὶ δὲ Διοῦς
300 μητρὶ τεῇ ῥέξαιμι θαλύσια Κυπρογενεῖη.’
δέξο δὲ γειοπόνον με τεῆς ὑποεργὸν ἄλωῃς:
ὑμετέρης με κόμισσε φυτηκόμον ἀφρογενεῖς,
305 ὄφρα φυτὸν πῆξαιμι φερέσβιον, ἡμερίδων δὲ

[282] “I am a countryman of your Lebanon. If it is your pleasure, I will water your land, I will grow your corn. I understand the course of the four Seasons. When I see the limit of autumn is here, I will call aloud—’ Scorpion is rising with his bounteous plenty, he is the herald of a fruitful furrow, let us yoke oxen to the plow. The Pleiads are setting: when shall we sow the fields? The furrows are teeming, when the dew falls on land parched by Phaethon.’ And in the showers of winter when I see Arcturos close to the Arcadian wain, I will exclaim—’ At last thirsty Earth is wedded with the showers of Zeus.’ As the spring rises up, I will cry out in the morning—’ Your flowers are blooming, when shall I pluck lilies and roses? Just look how the iris has run over the neighbouring myrtle, how narcissus laughs as he leaps on anemone!’ And when I see the grapes of summer before me I will cry—’ The vine is in her prime, ripening without the sickle: Maiden, your sister has come — when shall we gather the grapes? Your wheatear is grown big and wants the harvest; I will reap the crop of corn-ears, and I will celebrate harvest home for your mother the Cyprus - born instead of Deo.’

ὄμφακα γινώσκω νεοθηλέα χερσὶν ἀφάσσω.
οἶδα, πόθεν ποτὲ μῆλα πεπαίνεται: οἶδα φυτεῦσαι
καὶ πτελὲν τανύφυλλον ἔρειδομένην κυπαρίσσω:
ἄρσενά καὶ φοίνικα γεγηθότα θήλει μίσγω,
310 καὶ κρόκον, ἣν ἐθέλης, παρὰ μίλακι καλὸν ἀέξω.
μὴ μοι χρυσὸν ἄγοις κομιδῆς χάριν: οὐ χρέος ὄλβου:
μισθὸν ἔχω δύο μῆλα, μιῆς ἕνα βότρυν ὀπώρης.’

[303] “Accept me as your labourer to help on your fertile lands. Take me as planter for your Foam-born, that I may plant that lifebringing tree, that I may detect the half-ripe berry of the tame vine and feel the newgrowing bud. I know how apples ripen; I know how to plant the widespreading elm too, leaning against the cypress. I can join the male palm happily with the female, and make pretty saffron, if you like, grow beside bindweed. Don’t offer me gold for my keep; I have no need of wealth — my wages will be two apples and one bunch of grapes of one vintage.”

τοῖα μάτην ἀγόρευε, καὶ οὐκ ἡμείβετο κούρη
Βάκχου μὴ νοέουσα γυναιμανέος στίχα μύθων.

[313] All this he said in vain; the girl answered nothing, for she understood nothing of the mad lover’s long speech.

315 ἀλλὰ δόλῳ δόλον ἄλλον ἐπέφραδεν Εἰραφιώτης:
καὶ Βερόης ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἐδέχοντο δίκτυα θήρης
οἷα τε θαμβήσας τεχνήμονα, πυκνὰ δὲ σείων

εἷς χρόνον ἀμφελέλιξε, καὶ εἶρετο πολλάκι κούρην:
‘Τίς θεὸς ἔντεα ταῦτα, τίς οὐρανή κάμε τέχνη;
320 τίς κάμε; καὶ γὰρ ἄπιστον ἔχω νόον, ὅττι τελέσσει
ζηλομανῆς Ἥφαιστος Ἀδώνιδι τεύχεα θήρης.’

[315] But Eiraphiotes thought of trick after trick. He took the hunting-net from Beroe's hands and pretended to admire the clever work, shaking it round and round for some time and asking the girl many questions—"What god made this gear, what heavenly art? Who made it? Indeed I cannot believe that Hephaistos mad with jealousy made hunting-gear for Adonis!"

εἶπεν ἀκηλήτοιο παραπλάζων φρένα κούρης.
καὶ ποτε πεπταμένων ἀνεμωνίδος ὑψόθι φύλλων
νήδυμον ὕπνον ἴαυεν: ὄναρ δέ οἱ ἔπλετο κούρη
325 εἴματι νυμφιδίῳ πεπυκασμένη. ἀντίτυπον γάρ
ἔργον, ὃ περ τελέει τις ἐν ἥματι, νυκτὶ δοκεύει:
βουκόλος ὑπνῶων κεραοὺς βόας εἰς νομὸν ἔλκει:
δίκτυα θηρητῆρι φαίνεται ὄψις ὀνείρου:
γειοπόνοι δ' εὐδόντες ἀροτρεύουσιν ἀρούρας,
330 αὐλακα δὲ σπείρουσι φερέσταχυν: ἀζαλέῃ δὲ
ἄνδρα μεσημβρίζοντα κατάσχετον αἴθοπι δίψῃ
εἰς ῥόον, εἰς ἀμάρην ἀπατήλιος ὕπνος ἐλαύνει.
οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσος, ἔχων ἰνδάλματα μόχθων,
μιμηλῶ πτερόεντα νόον πόμπευεν ὀνείρῳ,
335 καὶ σκieroῖσι γάμοισιν ὀμίλεεν. ἐγρόμενος δὲ
παρθένον οὐκ ἐκίχησε, καὶ ἤθελεν αὖτις ἰαίνειν:
καὶ κενεὴν ἐκόμισσε μινυνθαδίης χάριν εὐνῆς,
εὐδὼν ἐν πετάλοισι ταχυφθιμένης ἀνεμώνης.
μέμφετο δ' ἀφθόγγων πετάλων χύσιν: ἀχνύμενος δὲ
340 ὕπνον ὁμοῦ καὶ Ἔρωτα καὶ ἑσπερίην Ἀφροδίτην
τὴν αὐτὴν ἰκέτευεν ἰδεῖν πάλιν ὄψιν ὀνείρου,
δάσμα γάμου ποθέων ἀπατήλιον. ἄγχι δὲ μύρτου
πολλάκι Βάκχος ἴαυε, καὶ οὐ γαμίου τύχεν ὕπνου.
ἀλλὰ πόνον γλυκὺν εἶχε, ποθοβλήτῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
345 λυσιμελὲς Διόνυσος ἐλύετο γυῖα μερίμνῃ.

[322] So he tried to bewilder the wits of the girl who would not be so charmed. Once it happened that he lay sound asleep on a bed of anemone leaves; and he saw the girl in a dream decked out in bridal array. For what a man does in the day, the image of that he sees in the night; the herdsman sleeping takes his horned cattle to pasture; the huntsman sees nets in the vision of a dream; men who work on the land plow the fields in sleep and sow the furrow with corn; a man parched at midday and possessed with fiery thirst is driven by deceiving

sleep to a river, to a channel of water. So Dionysos also beheld the likeness of his troubles, and let his mind go flying in mimic dreams until he was joined to her in a wedding of shadow. He awoke — and found no maiden, and wished once again to slumber: he carried away the empty largess of that short embrace, as he slept on the leaves of the anemone which perishes so soon. He reproached the dumb leaves there spread; and sorrowfully prayed to Sleep and Love and Aphrodite of the evening, all at once, to let him see the same vision of a dream once more, longing for the deceptive phantom of an embrace. Bacchos often slept near the myrtle and never dreamt of marriage. But sweet pain he did feel; and limb-relaxing Dionysos found his own limbs relaxed by lovestricken cares.

καὶ Βερόης γενετῆρι συνέμπορος, υἱεὶ Μύρρης,
θηροσύνην ἀνέφηνεν: ἀκοντιστῆρι δὲ θύρῳ
στικτὰ νεοσφαγέων ὑπεδύσατο δέρματα νεβρῶν,
λάθριος εἰς Βερόην δεδοκίμενος: ἴσταμένου δὲ
350 παρθένος ἄστατον ὄμμα φυλασσομένη Διονύσου
φάρει μαρμαίρουσαν ἔην ἔκρυψε παρειήν.
καὶ πλεόν ἔφλεγε Βάκχον, ὅτι δρηστῆρες Ἐρώτων
αἰδομένας ἔτι μᾶλλον ὀπιπεύουσι γυναῖκας,
καὶ πλεόν ἱμείρουσι καλυπτομένοιο προσώπου.

[346] In company with Beroe's father, the son of Myrrha, he showed his hunting-skill. He cast his thyrsus, and wrapt himself in the dappled skins of the newslain fawns, ever with his eye secretly on Beroe; as he stood, the maiden covered her bright cheeks with her robe, to escape the wandering eye of Dionysos. She made him burn all the more, since the servants of love watch shamefast women more closely, and desire more strongly the covered countenance.

355 καὶ ποτε μουνωθεῖσαν Ἀδώνιδος ἄζυγα κούρην
ἄθρήσας σχεδὸν ἦλθε, καὶ ἀνδρομέης ἀπὸ μορφῆς
εἶδος ἐὼν μετὰμειψε, καὶ ὡς θεὸς ἴστατο κούρη:
καὶ οἱ ἐὼν γένος εἶπε καὶ οὔνομα, καὶ φόνον Ἴνδῶν,
καὶ χορὸν ἀμπελόεντα, καὶ ἡδυπότου χύσιν οἴνου,
360 ὅττι μιν ἀνδράσιν εὗρε: φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
θάρσος ἀναιδείῃ κεράσας ἀλλότριον αἰδοῦς
τοίην ποικιλόμυθον ὑποσσαίνων φάτο φωνήν:

[355] Once he caught sight of the unyoked girl of Adonis alone, and came near, and changed his human form and stood as a god before her. He told her his name and family, the slaughter of the Indians, how he found out for man the vine-dance and the sweet juice of wine to drink; then in loving passion he

mingled audacity with a boldness far from modesty, and his flattering voice uttered this ingratiating speech:

‘Παρθένε, σὸν δι’ ἔρωτα καὶ οὐρανὸν οὐκέτι ναίω:
σῶν πατέρων σπήλυγγες ἀρειόνες εἰσιν Ὀλύμπου.

365 πατριδα σὴν φιλέω πλεον αἰθέρος: οὐ μενεαίνω
σκῆπτρα Διὸς γενετῆρος, ὅσον Βερόης ὕμεναιους:
ἀμβροσίης σέο κάλλος ὑπέρτερον: αἰθερίου δὲ
νέκταρος εὐόδοιο τεοὶ πνείουσι χιτῶνες.

παρθένε, θάμβος ἔχω σέο μητέρα Κύπριν ἀκούων,
370 ὅττι σε κεστὸς ἔλειπεν ἀτελγέα: πῶς δὲ σὺ μούνη
σύγγονον εἶχες Ἔρωτα καὶ οὐ μάθες οἷστρον Ἐρώτων;
ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις γλαυκῶπιν ἀπειρήτην ὕμεναιων:

375 νόσφι γάμου βλάστησε καὶ οὐ γάμον οἶδεν Ἀθήνη:
οὐ σε τέκε γλαυκῶπις Ἥ Ἄρτεμις. ἀλλὰ σὺ, κοῦρη,
Κύπριδος αἷμα φέρουσα τί Κύπριδος ὄργια φεύγεις;
μὴ γένος αἰσχύνῃς μητρώιον: Ἀσσυρίου δὲ

εἰ ἐτέον χαρίεντος Ἀδώνιδος αἷμα κομίζεις,
ἄβρὰ τελεσσιγάμοιο διδάσκειο θεσμὰ τοκῆος,
καὶ Παφίης ζωστῆρι συνήλικι πείθεο κεστῶ,

380 καὶ γαμίων πεφύλαξο δυσάντεα μῆνιν Ἐρώτων:
νηλέες εἰσὶν Ἔρωτες, ὅτε χρέος, ὅπποτε ποιήνῃ
ἀπρήκτου φιλότητος ἀπαιτίζουσι γυναῖκας:

[363] “Maiden, for your love I have even renounced my home in heaven. The caves of your fathers are better than Olympus. I love your country more than the sky; I desire not the sceptre of my Father Zeus as much as Beroe for my wife. Your beauty is above ambrosia; indeed, heavenly nectar breathes fragrant from your dress! Maiden, when I hear that your mother is Cypris, my only wonder is that her cestus has left you uncharmed. How is it you alone have Love for a brother, and yet know not the sting of love? But you will say Brighteyes had nothing to do with marriage; Athena was born without wedlock and knows nothing of wedlock. Yes, but your mother was neither Brighteyes nor Artemis. Well, girl, you have the blood of Cypris — then why do you flee from the secrets of Cypris? Do not shame your mother’s race. If you really have in you the blood of Assyrian Adonis the charming, learn the tender rules of your sire whose blessing is upon marriage, obey the cestus girdle born with the Paphian, save yourself from the dangerous wrath of the bridal Loves! Harsh are the Loves when there’s need, when they exact from women the penalty for love unfulfilled.

οἶσθα γάρ, ὥς πυρόεσσαν ἀτιμήσασα Κυθήρην
μισθὸν ἀγνηορίης φιλοπάρθενος ὥπασε σύριγξ,

385 ὅττι φυτὸν γεγαυῖα νόθη δονακῶδεϊ μορφῇ
 ἔκφυγε Πανὸς ἔρωτα, πόθους δ' ἔτι Πανὸς ἀεΐδει:
 καὶ θυγάτηρ Λάδωνος, ἀειδομένου ποταμοῖο,
 ἔργα γάμων στυγέουσα δέμας δενδρώσατο Νύμφη,
 ἔμπνοα συρίζουσα, καὶ ὁμψήεντι κορυμβῷ
 390 Φοῖβου λέκτραφυγοῦσα κόμην ἐστέψατο Φοῖβου.
 καὶ σὺ χόλον δασπλῆτα φυλάσσεο, μὴ σε χαλέψη
 θερμὸς Ἔρως βαρύμηνης: ἀφειδήσασα δὲ μήτρης
 διπλόον ἄμφεπε Βάκχον ὀπάονα καὶ παρακοίτην:
 καὶ λῖνα σοῖο τοκῆρος Ἀδώνιδος αὐτὸς ἀείρων
 395 λέκτρον ἐγὼ στορέσοιμι κασιγνήτης Ἀφροδίτης.

[383] “For you know how Syrinx disregarded fiery Cythera, and what price she paid for her too-great pride and love for virginity; how she turned into a plant with reedy growth substituted for her own, when she had fled from Pan’s love, and how she still sings Pan’s desire! And how the daughter of Ladon, that celebrated river, hated the works of marriage and the nymph became a tree with inspired whispers, she escaped the bed of Phoibos but she crowned his hair with prophetic clusters. You too should beware of a god’s horrid anger, lest hot Love should afflict you in heavy wrath. Spare not your girdle, but attend Bacchos both as comrade and bedfellow. I myself will carry the nets of your father Adonis, I will lay the bed of my sister Aphrodite.

ποῖά σοι ἐννοσίγαιος ἐπάξια δῶρα κομίσει;
 ἦ ῥά σοι ἔδνα γάμοιο λελέξεται ἄλμυρὸν ὕδωρ,
 καὶ στορέσει πνείοντα δυσώδεα πόντιον ὁδμήν
 δέρματα φωκᾶων, Ποσιδῆια πέπλα θαλάσσης;
 400 δέρματα φωκᾶων μὴ δέχνυσο: σείο δὲ παστῶ
 βάκχας ἀμφιπόλους, Σατύρους θεράποντας ὀπάσω:
 δέξο μοι ἔδνα γάμοιο καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην:
 εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις δόρυ θοῦρον Ἀδώνιδος οἷά τε κούρη,
 θύρσον ἔχεις ἐμὸν ἔγχος: ἔα γλωχίνα τριαίνης.
 405 φεῦγε, φίλη, κακὸν ἦχον ἀσιγήτοιο θαλάσσης,
 φεῦγε δυσαντήτων Ποσιδῆιον οἷστρον Ἐρώτων.
 ἄλλῃ Ἀμυμώνῃ παρελέξατο κυανοχαίτης,
 ἀλλὰ γυνὴ μετὰ λέκτρον ὁμώνυμος ἔπλετο πηγῇ:
 καὶ Σκύλλῃ παρίαυε καὶ εἰναλίην θέτο πέτρην:
 410 Ἀστερίην δ' ἐδίωκε, καὶ ἔπλετο νῆσος ἐρήμη:
 παρθενικὴν δ' Εὐβοίαν ἐνερρίζωσε θαλάσση.
 οὗτος Ἀμυμώνην μνηστεύεται, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν
 λαϊνέην τελέσῃ μετὰ δέμνιον: οὗτος ὀπάσσει
 ἔδνον ἐὼν θαλάμων ὀλίγον ῥόον ἢ βρύον ἄλμης
 415 ἢ βυθίην τινὰ κόχλον. ἐγὼ δέ σοι εἵνεκα μορφῆς
 ἵσταμαι ἀσχαλῶν, τίνα σοι, τίνα δῶρα κομίσω:

οὐ χατέει χρυσοῖο τέκος χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης.
 ἀλλὰ σοι ἐξ Ἀλύβης κειμήλια πολλὰ κομίσσω:
 ἄργυρον ἄργυρόπηχυς ἀναίνεται. εἰς σὲ κομίσσω
 420 δῶρα διαστίλβοντα φεραυγέος Ἥριδανοῖο:
 Ἥλιάδων δ' ὅλον ὄλβον ἐπαισχύνει σέο μορφῇ
 λευκὸν ἐρευθιώσα, βολαῖς δ' ἀντίρροπος Ἡοῦς
 εἵκελος ἡλέκτρῳ Βερόης ἀμαρύνσεται αὐχὴν...
 καὶ λίθον ἀστράπτοντα: τεοῦ χροὸς εἶδος ἐλέγχει
 425 μάρμαρα τιμήντα: μὴ εἵκελον αἶθοπι λύχνῳ
 λυχνίδα σοι κομίσοιμι, σέλας πέμπουσιν ὀπωπαί:
 μὴ καλύκων ῥοδόεντος ἀναΐσσοντα κορύμβου
 σοὶ ῥόδα δῶρα φέροισι, ῥοδῶπιδές εἰσι παρειαί.'

[396] "What worthy gifts will Earthshaker bring? Will he choose his salt water for a bridegift, and lay sealskins breathing the filthy stink of the deep, as Poseidon's coverlets from the sea? Do not accept his sealskins. I will provide you with Bacchants to wait upon your bridechamber, and Satyrs for your chamberlains. Accept from me as bridegift my grape-vintage too. If you want a wild spear also as daughter of Adonis, you have my thyrsus for a lance — away with the trident's tooth! Flee, my dear, from the ugly noise of the neversilent sea, flee the madness of Poseidon's dangerous love! Seabluehair lay beside another Amymone, but after the bed the wife became a spring of that name. He slept with Scylla, and made her a cliff in the water. He pursued Asterie, and she became a desert island; Euboia the maiden he rooted in the sea. This creature woos Amymone just to turn her too into stone after the bed; this creature offers as gift for his wedding a drop of water, or seaweed from the brine, or a deepsea conch. And I, distressed for your beauty as I stand here, what have I for you, what gifts shall I offer? The daughter of golden Aphrodite needs no gold. Shall I bring you heaps of treasure from Alybe? Silverarm cares not for silver! Shall I bring you gleaming gifts from brilliant Eridanos? Your beauty, your blushing whiteness, puts to shame all the wealth of the Heliades; the neck of Beroe is like the gleams of Dawn, it shines like amber, [outshines] a sparkling jewel; your fair shape makes precious marble cheap. I would not bring you the lampstone blazing like a lamp, for light comes from your eyes. I would not give you roses, shooting up from the flowercups of a rosy cluster, for roses are in your cheeks."

τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε: καὶ οὐατος ἔνδοθι κούρη
 430 χεῖρας ἐρεισάμενη διδύμας ἔφραξεν ἀκούας,
 μὴ πάλιν ἄλλον Ἔρωτι μεμηλότα μῦθον ἀκούσῃ,
 ἔργα γάμου στυγέουσα: ποθοβλήτῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
 μόχθῳ μόχθον ἔμιξε. τί κύντερόν ἐστιν Ἐρώτων,
 ἢ ὅτε θυμοβόροιο πόθου λυσσῶδεϊ κέντρῳ
 435 ἀνέρας ἱμείροντας ἀλυσκάζουσι γυναῖκες

καὶ πλέον οἷστρον ἄγουσι σαόφρονες; ἐνδόμυχος δὲ
διπλὸς ἐστὶν ἔρωσ, ὅτε παρθένος ἀνέρα φεύγει.

[429] Such was his address; and the girl pressed the fingers of her two hands into her ears to keep the words away from her hearing, lest she might hear again another speech concerned with love, and she hated the works of marriage. So she made trouble upon trouble for lovestricken Lyaïos. What is more shameless than love, or when women avoid men who yearn with the heart-eating maddening urge of desire, and only make them more passionate by their modesty? The love within them is doubled when a maiden flees from a man.

ὥς ὁ μὲν οἷστρήεντι πόθου μαστίζετο κεστῷ:
παρθενικῆς δ' ἀπέμιμνεν: ἀμιτροχίτωνι δὲ κούρη
440 σύνδρομον ἀγρώσσοντα νόον πόμπευεν ἀλήτην,
κέντρον ἔχων γλυκύπικρον. ἀνεσσόμενος δὲ θαλάσσης,
ἱκμία διψαλέοιο δι' οὖρεος ἱχνία πάλλων,
παρθενικὴν μάστευε Ποσειδάων μετανάστης,
ἄβροχον ὕδατόεντι περιρραίνων χθόνα ταρσῷ:
445 καὶ οἱ ἔτι σπεύδοντι παρὰ κλέτας εὖβοτον ὕλης
οὖρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῷ...
εἰς Βερόην σκοπίαζε, καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρήνου
κούρης ἱσταμένης διεμέτρεεν ἔνθεον ἥβην:
ὄξυ δὲ λεπταλέοιο δι' εἵματος οἷα κατόπτρω
450 ὄμμασιν ἀπλανέεσσι τύπον τεκμαίρετο κούρης,
οἷά τε γυμνωθέντα παρακλιδὸν ἄκρα δοκεύων
στήθεα μαρμαίροντα, πολυπλεκέεσσι δὲ δεσμοῖς
μαζῶν κρυπτομένων φθονερὴν ἐπεμέμφετο μήτηρ,
δινεύων ἐλικηδὸν ἔρωμανὲς ὄμμα προσώπου,
455 παπταίνων ἀκόρητος ὅλον δέμας: οἷστρομανῆς δὲ
εἰναλὶν Κυθήρειαν ἀλὸς μεδέων ἐνοσίχθων
μοχθίζων ἰκέτευε, καὶ ἀγραύλῳ παρὰ ποιμνῇ
παρθένον ἱσταμένην φιλίῳ μειλίζετο μύθῳ:

[438] So he was flogged by the maddening cestus of desire; and he kept away from the girl, but full of bittersweet pangs, he sent his mind to wander a-hunting with the girl with ungirt tunic. Then out from the sea came Poseidon, moving his wet footsteps in search of the girl over the thirsty hills, a foreign land to him, and sprinkling the unwatered earth with watery foot; and as he hastened along the fertile slope of the woodland, the topmost peaks of the mountains shook under the movement.... He espied Beroe, and from head to foot he scanned her divine young freshness while she stood. Clear through the filmy robe he noted the shape of the girl with steady eyes, as if in a mirror;

glancing from side to side he saw the shining skin of her breasts as if naked, and cursed the jealous bodice wrapt about in many folds which hid the bosom, he ran his lovestruck eye round and round over her face, he gazed never satisfied on her whole body. Then mad with passion Earth-shaker lord of the brine appealed in his trouble to Cythereia of the brine, and tried with flattering words to make friends with the maiden standing beside the country flock:

‘ Ἑλλάδα καλλιγύναικα γυνὴ μία πᾶσαν ἐλέγχει:

460 οὐ Πάφος, οὐκέτι Λέσβος αἰεῖδεται, οὐκέτι Κύπρου

οὕνομα καλλιτόκοιο φατίζεται: οὐκέτι μέλψω

Νάξον αἰδομένην εὐπάρθενον: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ

εἰς τόκον, εἰς ὠδῖνας ἐνικήθη Λακεδαιμῶν:

οὐ Πάφος, οὐκέτι Λέσβος, Ἀμυμώνης δὲ πιθήνη

465 ἀντολίη σύλησεν ὅλον κλέος Ὀρχομενοῖο,

μούνην ἀμφιέπουσα μίαν Χάριν: ὀπλοτέρη γὰρ

τρισάων Χαρίτων Βερόη βλάστησε τετάρτη.

[459] “One woman outshines all the lovely women of Hellas! Paphos is celebrated no longer, nor Lesbos, Cyprus no longer has a name as mother of beauty; no longer will I sing Naxos which the singers call isle of fair maids; yes, even Lacedaimon is worsted for children and childbirth! No more Paphos, no more Lesbos — the land of the rising sun, Amymone’s nurse, has plundered all the glory of Orchomenos, for one single Grace of her own! For Beroe has appeared a fourth grace, younger than the three!

παρθένε, κάλλιπε γαῖαν, ὃ περ θέμις: οὐ σέο μήτηρ

ἐκ χθονὸς ἐβλάστησεν, ἀλὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη:

470 πόντον ἔχεις ἐμὸν ἔδνον ἀτέρμονα, μείζονα γαίης:

σπεῦσον ἐριδμαίνειν ἀλόχῳ Διός, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ,

ὅττι δάμαρ Κρονίδαο καὶ εὐνέτις ἐννοσιγαίου

πάντοθι κοιρανέουσιν, ἐπεὶ νιφόντος Ὀλύμπου

Ἥρη σκῆπτρον ἔχει, Βερόη κράτος ἔσχε θαλάσσης.

475 οὐ σοὶ Βασσαρίδας μανιώπας ἐγγυαλίξω,

οὐ Σάτυρον σκαίροντα καὶ οὐ Σειληνὸν ὀπάσσω:

ἀλλὰ τελεσσιγάμοιο τεῆς θαλαμηπόλου εὐνῆς

Πρωτέα σοὶ καὶ Γλαῦκον ὑποδρηστῆρα τελέσσω:

δέχνυσο καὶ Νηρῆα καί, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, Μελικέρτην:

480 καὶ πλατὺν ἀενάου μιτρούμενον ἄντυγι κόσμου

ὠκεανὸν κελάδοντα τεδὸν θεράποντα καλέσσω:

σοὶ ποταμοὺς ξύμπαντας ὀπάοντας ἔδνον ὀπάσσω.

εἰ δὲ καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι ἐπιτέρπεται, εἰς σὲ κομίσσω

θυγατέρας Νηρῆος: ἀναινομένη δὲ γενέσθω

485 μαῖα Διωνύσοιο τετὴ θαλαμηπόλος Ἰνώ.’

[468] “Maiden, leave the land. That is just, for your mother grew not from the land, she is Aphrodite daughter of the brine. Here is my infinite sea for your bridegift, larger than earth. Hasten to challenge the consort of Zeus, that men may say that the lady of Cronides and the wife of Earthshaker hold universal rule, since Hera has the sceptre of snowy Olympos, Beroe has gotten the empire of the sea. I will not provide you with mad-eyed Bassarids, I will give you no dancing Satyr and no Seilenos, but I will make Proteus chamberlain of your marriage-consummating bed, and Glaucos shall be your underling — take Nereus too, and Melicertes if you like; and I will call murmuring Oceanos your servant, broad Oceanos girdling the rim of the eternal world. I give you as a bridal gift all the rivers together for your attendants. If you are pleased to have waiting maids also, I will bring you the daughters of Nereus; and let Ino the nurse of Dionysos be your chambermaid, whether she likes it or not!”

ἐννεπε: χωομένην δὲ λιπὼν δυσπειθέα κούρην
ἥέρι μῦθον ἔειπε χέων ἀνεμώδεα φωνήν:

[486] Thus he pleaded, but the maiden was angry and would not listen; so he left her, pouring out his last words into the air —

‘Μύρρης Ὀλβιε κοῦρε, λαχὼν εὖπαιδα γενέθλην
τιμὴν μοῦνος ἔχεις διδυμάονα: μοῦνος ἀκοῦεις
490 καὶ γενέτης Βερόης καὶ νυμφίος ἀφρογενεijs.’

[488] “Happy son of Myrrha, you have got a fine daughter, and now a double honour is yours alone; you alone are named father of Beroe and bridegroom of the Foamborn.”

τοῖα μὲν ἐννοσιγαιος ἱμάσσετο κέντορι κεστῶ:
πολλὰ δὲ δῶρα τίταινεν Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυthereίῃ,
κούρης ἔδνον ἔρωτος. ὁμοφλέκτῳ δὲ βελέμνῳ
Ὀλβον ἄγων Διόνυσος, ὅσον παρὰ γείτονι Γάγγῃ
495 χρυσοφαεῖς ὠδῖνες ἐμαιώσαντο μετάλλων,
πολλὰ μάτην ἰκέτευε θαλασσαιὴν Ἀφροδίτην.

[491] Thus Earthshaker was flogged by the blows of the cestus; but he offered many gifts to Adonis and Cythereia, bride gifts for the love of their daughter. Dionysos burning with the same shaft brought his treasures, all the shining gold that the mines near the Ganges had brought forth in their throes of labour; earnestly but in vain he made his petition to Aphrodite of the sea.

καὶ Παφίη δεδόνητο, πολυμνήστοιο δὲ κούρης
 ἀμφοτέρους μνηστῆρας ἐδειδιεν: ἀμφοτέρων δὲ
 ἰσοτύπων ὁρώωσα πόθον καὶ ζῆλον Ἑρώτων
 500 Ἄρεϊ νυμφιδίῳ Βερόης κήρυξεν ἀγῶνα
 καὶ γάμον αἰχμητῆρα καὶ ἱμερόεσσαν Ἐνυῶ.
 καὶ μιν ὅλην πυκάσασα γυναικείῳ τινὶ κόσμῳ
 Κύπρις ἐπ' ἀκροπόλῃος ἔῃς ἰδρύσατο πάτρης
 παρθένον ἀμφήριστον ἀέθλιον ἀβρόν Ἑρώτων:
 505 ἀμφοτέροις δὲ θεοῖσι μίαν ξυνώσατο φωνήν:

[497] Now Paphia was anxious, for she feared both wooers of her much wooed girl. When she saw equal desire and ardour of love in both, she announced that the rivals must fight for the bride, a war for a wedding, a battle for love. Cypris arrayed her daughter in all a woman's finery, and placed her upon the fortress of her country, a maiden to be fought for as the dainty prize of contest. Then she addressed both gods in the same words:

“Ἦθελον, εἰ δύο παῖδας ἐγὼ λάχον, ὄφρα συνάψω
 τὴν μὲν ὀφειλομένην ἐνοσίχθονι, τὴν δὲ Λυαίῳ:
 ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ οὐ γενόμην διδυγητόκος, οὐδὲ κελεύει
 θεσμὰ γάμων ἄχραντα μίαν ξυνήονα κούρην
 510 ζεῦξαι διχθαδίοισιν ἀμοιβαίοις παρακοίταις,
 ἀμφὶ μιῆς ἀλόχοιο μόθος νυμφοστόλος ἔστω:
 οὐ γάρ ἄτερ καμάτου Βερόης λέχος: ἀμφὶ δὲ νύμφης
 ἄμφω ἀεθλεύσοιτε γάμου προκέλευθον ἀγῶνα:
 ὅς δέ κε νικήσει, Βερόην ἀνάεδνον ἀγέσθω...
 515 ἀμφοτέροις φίλος ὄρκος: ἐπεὶ περιδεΐδια κούρης
 γείτονος ἀμφὶ πόλῃος, ὅπῃ πολιοῦχος ἀκούω,
 πατρίδα μὴ Βερόης Βερόης διὰ κάλλος ὀλέσσω:
 συνθεσίας πρὸ γάμοιο τελέσσετε, μὴ μετὰ χάρμην
 πόντιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἀτεμβόμενος περὶ νίκης
 520 γαῖαν αἰστώσειεν ἔῃς γλωχῖνι τριαίνης,
 μὴ κοτέων Διόνυσος Ἄμυμώνης περὶ λέκτρων
 ἄστεος ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀμαλδύνειεν ἁλώῃν.
 εὖμενέες δὲ γένεσθε μετὰ κλόνον: ἀμφότεροι δὲ
 φίλτρου ζῆλον ἔχοντες ὁμοφροσύνης ἐνὶ θεσμῷ
 525 κάλλει φαιδροτέρῳ κοσμήσατε πατρίδα νύμφης.”

[506] “I could wish had I two daughters, to wed one as is justly due to Earthshaker, and one to Lyaïos; but since my child was not twins, and the undefiled laws of marriage do not allow us to join one girl to a pair of husbands together change and change about, let battle be chamberlain for one single bride, for without hard labour there is no marriage with Beroë. Then if

you would wed the maid, first fight it out together; let the winner lead away Beroe without brideprice. Both must agree to an oath, since I fear for the girl's neighbouring city where I am known as Cityholder, that because of Beroe's beauty I may lose Beroe's home. Make treaty before the marriage, that seagod Earthshaker if he lose the victory shall not in his grief lay waste the land with his trident's tooth; and that Dionysos shall not be angry about Amymone's wedding and destroy the vineyards of the city. And you must be friends after the battle: both be rivals in singlehearted affection, and in one contract of goodwill adorn the city of the bride with still more brilliant beauty."

ὥς φαμένης μνηστῆρες ἐπήνεον: ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
ἔμπεδος ὄρκος ἔην Κρονίδης καὶ Γαῖα καὶ Αἰθήρ
καὶ Στύγιοι ῥαθάμιγγες: ἐπιστώσαντο δὲ Μοῖραι
συνθεσίας: καὶ Δῆρις ἀέξετο πομπὸς Ἑρώτων
530 καὶ Κλόνοιο: ἀμφοτέρους δὲ γαμοστόλοιο ὥπλισε Πειθώ.
οὐρανόθεν δὲ μολόντες ὀπιπευτῆρες ἀγῶνοιο
σὺν Διὶ πάντες ἔμμινον, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
μάρτυρες ὑσμίνης Λιβανηίδος ὑπόθι πέτρης.

[526] The wooers agreed to this proposal. Both took a binding oath, by Cronides and Earth, by Sky and the floods of Styx; and the Fates formally witnessed the bargain. Then Strife grew greater to escort the Loves, and Turmoil also; Persuasion the handmaid of marriage, armed them both. From heaven came all the dwellers on Olympos, with Zeus, and stayed to watch the combat upon the rocks of Lebanon.

ἐνθα φάνη μέγα σῆμα ποθοβλήτω Διονύσω:
535 κίρκος ἀελλήεις χαλάσας πτερὸν ἔγκυον αὔρης
βοσκομένην ἐδίωκε πελειάδα: τὴν δὲ τις ἄφρων
ἐκ χθονὸς ἀρπάξας ἀλκίαιετος εἰς βυθὸν ἔπτῃ,
φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσι μετάρσιον ὄρνιν αἰείρων.
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἀπέπτυνεν ἐλπίδα νίκης:
540 ἔμπης δ' εἰς μόθον ἦλθεν. ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρων δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ὄμματι μειδιῶντι πατήρ κεχάρητο Κρονίων,
δῆριν ἀδελφειοῖο καὶ υἱέος ὕψι δοκεύων.

[534] Then appeared a great portent for lovestricken Dionysos. A stormswift falcon was in chase of a feeding pigeon; he drooped his breeze-impregnated wings, when suddenly an osprey caught up the pigeon from the ground and flew to the deep, holding the bird high in gentle talons. When Dionysos beheld this, he cast away hope of victory; nevertheless he entered the fray. Father Cronion was pleased with the contest of these two, as he watched from on high the match between his brother and his son with smiling eye.

BOOK 43

Δίξεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔτι τρίτον, ὅππῳθι μέλπω
Ἄρεα κυματόεντα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἐνυῶ.
ὥς ὁ μὲν ἐγρεκῦδοιμος Ἄρης, ὀχετηγὸς Ἐρώτων,
νυμφιδίης ἀλάλαζε μάχης θαλαμηπόλον ἦχῳ,
καὶ γαμίου πολέμοιο θεμείλια πῆξεν Ἐνυῶ:
καὶ κλόνον αἰθύσσω ἐνοσίχθονι καὶ Διονύσῳ
5 θοῦρος ἔην Ὑμέναιος, ἐς ὕσμινην δὲ χορεύων
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἄειρεν Ἀμυκλαίης Ἀφροδίτης,
Ἄρεος ἀρμονίην Φρυγίῳ μυκώμενος αὐλῶ.
καὶ Σατύρων βασιλῆι καὶ ἡνιοχῇ θαλάσσης
παρθένος ἦεν ἄεθλον: ἀναινομένη δὲ σιωπῇ
10 εἰναλίου μνηστῆρος ἔχειν μετανάστιον εὐνὴν
ὕγρὸν ὑποβρυχίων ἐπεδείδιε παστὸν Ἐρώτων,
καὶ πλεόν ἤθελε Βάκχον: εἵκτο δὲ Διανειρίῃ,
ἥ ποτε νυμφιδίῳ περιβρομέοντος ἀγῶνος
ἤθελεν Ἡρακλῆα, καὶ ἀσταθέος ποταμοῖο
15 ἴστατο δειμαίνουσα βοοκραίρους Ὑμεναίους.

BOOK XLIII

Look again at the forty-third, in which I sing a war of the waters and a battle of the vine.

So battlestirring Ares, who leads the channel for Love, shouted the warcry to prepare for the bridal combat. Enyo laid the foundations of the war for a wedding: and lusty Hymenaios was he that kindled the quarrel for Earthshaker and Dionysos — he danced into the battle, holding the bronze pike of Amyclaian Aphrodite, while he drooned a tune of war on a Phrygian hoboy. For King of Satyrs and Ruler of the Sea, a maiden was the prize. She stood silent, but reluctant to have a foreign wedding with a wooer from the sea; she feared the watery bower of love in the deep waves, and preferred Bacchos: she was like Deianeira, who once in that noisy strife for a bride preferred Heracles, and stood there fearing the wedding with a fickle bullhorn River.

καὶ δρόμον αὐτοκέλευστον ἔχων ἐλικώδεϊ ρόμβῳ
ἀννέφελος σάλπιζε μέλος πολεμήιον αἰθήρ:
καὶ βλοσυρὸν μῦκημα χέων λυσσώδεϊ λαίμῳ
Ἄσσυρίῳ τριόδοντι κορύσσετο κυανοχαίτης,
20 σείων πόντιον ἔγχος. ἀπειλήσας δὲ θαλάσση
εἰς ἐνοπὴν Διόνυσος ἐκώμασεν οἶνοπι θύρῳ,
μητρὸς ὀρεσσινόμοιο καθήμενος ἄρματι Ῥεῖης:

καὶ τὶς ἀεζομένη παρὰ Μυγδόνοιο ἄντυγα δίφρου
ἄμπελος αὐτοτέλεστος ὅλον δέμας ἔσκεπε Βάκχου,
25 βόστρυχα μιτρώσασα κατάσκια σύζυγι κισσῶ:
καὶ τὶς ὑπὸ ζυγόδεσμα περίπλοκον αὐχένα σειῶν
θηγαλέω χθονὸς ἄκρα λέων ἔχαράξατο ταρσῶ,
τρηχαλέον μῦκημα σεσηρότι χεῖλεϊ πέμπων:
καὶ βραδὺς ἐρπύζων ἐλέφας παρὰ γείτονι πηγῇ
30 ὄρθιον ἀγνάμπτοιο ποδὸς στήριγμα κολάφας,
ὄμβριον ἀζαλέοισιν ἀνήφυσε χεῖλεσιν ὕδωρ,
καὶ προχοᾷς ξήραινε: κονιομένων δὲ ῥοάων
πηγαίην ἀχίτωνα μετήγαγε διψάδα Νύμφην.

[16] Heaven unclouded by its own spinning whirl trumpeted a call to war; and Seabluehair armed himself with his Assyrian trident, shaking his maritime pike and pouring a hideous din from a mad throat. Dionysos threatening the sea danced into the fray with vineleaves and thyrsus, seated in the chariot of his mother mountainranging Rheia; and round the rim of the Mygdonian car was a vine self-grown, which covered the whole body of Bacchos, and girdled its overshadowing clusters under entwined ivy. A lion shaking his neck entwined under the yokestrap scratched the earth's surface with sharp claw, as he let out a harsh roar from snarling lips. An elephant slowly advanced to a spring hard by, striking straight into the ground his firm unbending leg, lapped the rainwater with parched lips and dried up the stream; and as the waters became bare earth, he drove elsewhere the Nymph of the spring thirsty and uncovered.

καὶ θεὸς ὕγρομέδων ἐκορύσσετο: Νηρεΐδων δὲ
35 ἦν κλόνοιο: ἱκμαλέοι δὲ θαλασσαιῶν ἀπὸ νώτων
δαίμονες ἐστρατόωντο: τανυπτόρθοις δὲ κορυμβοῖς
δῶμα Ποσειδάωνος ἱμάσσετο, πόντιον ὕδωρ:
καὶ χθονίου λοφόντος ἀρασσομένου κενεῶνος
ἡμερίδες. Λιβάνοιο μετοχλίζοντο τριαίνη.
40 καὶ τίνα βοσκομένην μελανόχροον ἐγγύθι πόντου
εἰς βοέην ἀγέλην Ποσιδήιον ἄλματι λάβρω
θυιάδες ἐρρώνοντο: τανυγλήνοιο δὲ ταύρου
ἢ μὲν ἐφαπτομένη ῥάχιν ἔσχισεν, ἢ δὲ μετώπου
διχθαδῆς ἀτίνακτα διέθλασεν ἄκρα κεραίης:
45 καὶ τὶς ἀλοιητῆρι διέτμαγε γαστέρα θύρσῳ:
ἄλλη πλευρὸν ἔτεμνεν ὅλον βοός: ἡμιθανὴς δὲ
ὑπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ὑπώκλασε ταῦρος ἀρούρη:
καὶ βοὸς ἀρτιτόμοιο κυλινδομένοιο κονίη
ἢ μὲν ὀπισθιδίους πόδας ἔσπασεν, ἢ δὲ λαβοῦσα
50 προσθιδίους ἐρύεσκε, πολυστροφάλιγγι δὲ ῥιπίῃ
ὄρθιον ἐσφαίρωσεν ἐς ἡέρα δίζυγα χηλῆν.

[34] Meanwhile, the lord of the waters prepared for conflict. There was confusion among the Nereids; the deities of the waters came from the stretches of the sea to form array. Poseidon's house, the water of the sea, was flogged with long bunches of leaves; the caverns of the mountains were shaken by the trident, and the vines of Lebanon were rooted up. With wild leaps the Thyiades threw themselves upon a herd of black cattle of Poseidon's, feeding near the sea. One with a touch cut through the back of a glaring bull, another sheared off from its forehead the two stiff projecting horns, one pierced the belly with destroying thyrsus, another slit the whole side of the creature: halfdead the bull sank down and rolled helpless on his back on the ground — as he rolled in the dust with these fresh wounds, one pulled off his hind legs, one tugged at the forefeet, and threw up the two hooves tumbling over and over straight up in the air.

καὶ στρατιῆς Διόνυσος ἐκόσμεεν ἡγεμονῆας,
στήσας πέντε φάλαγγας ἐς ὕδατόεσσαν Ἐνῶ.
τῆς πρώτης στιχὸς ἦρχε Κίλιξ εὐάμπελος Οἶνεὺς
55 υἱὸς Ἐρευθαλίωνος, ὃν ἦροσεν ἐγγύθι Ταύρου
Φυλλίδος ἀγραῦλοισιν ὁμιλήσας ὕμεναιοις:
τῆς δ' ἑτέρης ἡγεῖτο μελαγχαίτης Ἑλικάων
ξανθοφυῆς ῥοδέησι παρησίην, ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρή
πλοχμὸς ἐυστροφάλιγγος ἔλιξ ὑπεσίρετο χαίτης:
60 Οἶνοπιὼν τριτάτης, Στάφυλος προμάχιζε τετάρτης,
Οἶνομάου δύο τέκνα, φιλακρήτοιο τοκῆος:
πέμπτης δ' ἡγεμόνευε Μελάνθιος, ὄρχαμος Ἴνδῶν,
ὃν τέκεν Οἰνῶνη Κισσηιάς, ἀμφὶ δὲ κοῦρῳ
φυταλιῆς πλέξασα θυώδεος ἄκρα πετήλων
65 σπάργανα βοτρυνόεντα πέριξ εἰλίξατο μήτηρ,
υἱέα χυτλώσασα μέθης ἐγκύμονι ληνῷ.
τοίῃ κισσοφόροισιν ὀιστεῦουσα βελέμνοις
σύνδρομος ἀμπελόεντι φάλαγγι ἐκορύσσετο βάκχῳ.
καὶ στρατιὴν θώρηξε χέων λαοσσόον ἡχώ:

[52] Then Dionysos mustered his captains, and made five divisions for the watery conflict. The first line was led by him of the vine, Cilician Oineus, son of Ereuthalion, whom he begat near the Tauros of Phyllis, in the open air. The second was led by blackhair Helicaon, a blond man with rosy cheeks, and long curls of hair hanging down over his neck. Oinopion led the third, Staphylos stood before the fourth, two sons of a tippling sire, Oinomaos; Melantheus was captain of the fifth, an Indian chief and the son of Oinone the Ivy-nymph: his mother had wrapt her boy in leafy tips of the sweet-smelling vine for swaddlings, and bathed her son in the winepress teeming with strong drink. Such was the host armed with missiles of ivy which followed Bacchos the vinegod; and when he had armed them, Bacchos called to the host in

70 ‘Βασσαρίδες, μάρνασθε: κορυσσομένου δὲ Λυαίου
αὐλὸς ἐμὸς κερόεις πολεμῆιον ἦχον ἀράσσω
ἀντίτυπον φθέγγαιτο μέλος μυκήτορι κόχλῳ,
καὶ διδύμοις πατάγοισι μόθου χαλκόθορον ἤχῳ
τύμπανα δουπήσειεν: Ἐνυαλίῳ δὲ χορεύων
75 Γλαῦκον ὀιστεύσειε Μάρων ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ:
καὶ πλοκάμους Πρωτῆος ἀθήει δήσατε κισσῷ,
καὶ Φαρίου πόντοιο λιπῶν Αἰγύπτιον ὕδωρ,
νεβρίδα ποικιλόνωτον ἔχων μετὰ δέρματα φώκης,
αὐχένα κυρτώσειεν ἐμοὶ θρασύν: εἰ δύναται δέ,
80 Σειληνῷ μεθύνοντι κορυσσέσθω Μελικέρτης:
καὶ ναέτην Τμῶλοιο μετὰ βρυόεντας ἐναύλους
γηραλέον Φόρκυνα διδάξατε θύρσον αἰερίην,
85 ἀμπελόεις δὲ γένοιτο γέρων χερσαῖος ἄλωεύς:
καὶ Σάτυρος μενέχαρμος ἐὼν νάρθηκα τινάσσων
διψαλέον Νηρῆα μεταστήσειε θαλάσσης
ἀγραυλοῖς παλάμησι: καὶ ἀρτιφύτων ἀπὸ κήπων
βόστρυχα μιτρώσασθε Παλαίμονος οἶνοπι δεσμῷ,
καὶ μιν ὑποδρήσσοντα μετ’ Ἰσθμιάδος βυθὸν ἄλμης
πόντιον ἠνιοχῆα κομίσσατε μητέρι Ρεῖῃ,
90 εἰναλίῃ μάλιστα κυβερνητῆρα λεόντων:
οὐ γὰρ ἐμὸν κατὰ πόντον ἀνεψιὸν εἰσέτ’ ἐάσω.
ἄθρήσω δὲ φάλαγγα δορικτήτοιο θαλάσσης
νεβρίδι κοσμηθεῖσαν: ἀπειρήτησι δὲ Νύμφαις
κύμβαλα Νηρεΐδεσσιν ὀπάσσατε: μίξατε Βάκχαις
95 Ὑδριάδας: Θέτιδος δέ, καὶ εἰ γένος ἐστὶ θαλάσσης,
μουνῆς ξεινοδόκοιο φυλάξατε δῶμα θεαίνης:
Λευκοθέης δ’ ἀπέδιλα συνάψατε ταρσὰ κοθόρνοις:
χερσαῖη δὲ φανεῖσα συνέμπορος Εὐάδι Βάκχῃ
Δωρὶς ἀερτάζειεν ἐμὴν θιασώδεα πεύκην:
100 καὶ βυθίη Πανόπεια τιναξαμένη βρῦον ἄλμης
βόστρυχα μιτρώσειεν ἐχιδνήεντι κορυμβῳ:
Εἰδοθέη δ’ ἀέκουσα περικροτα ρόπτρα δεχέσθω:
καὶ πόθον Ἴσον ἔχουσιν ἐρωμανέοντι καὶ αὐτῷ
τίς νέμεσις Γαλάτειαν ὑποδρήσσειν Διονύσῳ,
105 ἔδνον Ἀμυμώνης θαλαμηπόλον ὄφρα τελέσῃ
ἰστοπόνῳ παλάμῃ Λιβανηίδι πέπλον ἀνάσσει;
ἀλλὰ γένος Νηρῆος ἐάσατε: ποντοπόρους γὰρ
δμῳίδας οὐκ ἐθέλω, Βερόη μὴ ζῆλον ἐγείρω.

[70] “Fight, Bassarids! When Lyaïos is under arms, let my pipes of horn strike up a warlike tune, answering the booming sound of the conch, let the cymbals

of bronze beat a loud noise with double clashing. Let Maron dancing in battle shoot Glaucos with manbreaking thyrsus. Go, tie up the hair of Proteus with ivy, something new for him! Let him leave the Egyptian water of the Pharian Sea, and change his sealskins for a speckled fawnskin, and bow his bold neck to me. Let Melicertes fight against drunken Seilenos, if he can. Teach old Phorcys to leave the seaweedy deeps and dwell in Tmolos holding a thyrsus, and let the old man become a vinegrower on land. Let the Satyr stand fast and brandish his fennel, and with his countryman's hands transport thirsty Nereus out of the sea; enwreath Palaimon's hair with bonds of vine from newly planted gardens, and bring that charioteer of the sea from the depths of the Isthmian brine to be a servant for Mother Rheia and to guide her lions with his whip, for I will no longer leave my cousin in the deep: I will behold the host of the spear conquered sea decked out in the fawn skin. Give cymbals to the inexperienced Nereid Nymphs, mingle Hydriads with Bacchants — spare only the hospitable house of goddess Thetis, although she is one of the seabrood. Fit the unshod feet of Leucothea in buskins; let Doris appear on dry land and lift my mystic torch along with the revelling Bacchants; let Panopeia shake off the seaweed of the deep and wreath her locks in clustering vipers; let Eidothea unwilling receive the rattling tambourine. What harm is there that Galateia should be servant to Dionysos, when she has a passion like his own mad love, that her hands may make a woven robe as a gift for the wedding pomp of Amymone the queen of Lebanon? — No, leave alone the family of Nereus; for I want no handmaids from the sea, or Beroe might be jealous.

καὶ κομόων γλαῦχ' ἰνι τανυπτόρθοιο μετώπου
110 Πᾶν ἔμδος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀτευχέι χειρὶ πιέζων
θηγαλέῃ πλήξειε Ποσειδάωνα κεραίῃ,
στέρνου μεσσατίοιο τυχῶν εὐκαμπέσιν αἰχμαῖς
ἢ σκοπέλῳ λοφόνεντι, διαρρήξειε δὲ χηλαῖς
δισσοφυῇ Τρίτωνος ὁμόζυγα κύκλον ἀκάνθης.
115 Γλαῦκος ἀλιβρέκτοιο διάκτορος ἔννοσιγαίου
Βάκχῳ ὑποδρήσσειε, περίκροτα χερσὶν αἰείρων
αὔχενίῳ τελαμῶνι παρήορα τύμπανα ῥεῖης.
οὐ μούνης Βερόης περιμάρναμαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῆς
νύμφης ἡμετέρης περὶ πατρίδος: οὐ μιν ἀράξας
120 ἴσταμένην ἀτίνακτον ἀλὸς μεδέων ἔνοσιχθων,
εἰναλίην περ ἐοῦσαν, ἀμαλδύνειε τριαινῇ,
ὅττι κορυσσομένῳ θωρήξομαι: ἀμφότερον γάρ,
εἰ λάχε γείτονα πόντον, ἔχει φυτὰ μυρία Βάκχου,
νίκης ἡμετέρης σημῆιον: ἀγχιάλου γάρ ...
125 ἀλλὰ παλαιότερην μετὰ Παλλάδα μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ
Κέκροψ ἄλλος ἵκοιτο δικασπόλος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτῇ
ἄμπελος αἰείδοιτο φερέπτολις, ὥς περ ἑλαίη.
καὶ πόλιος τελέσας ἕτερον τύπον οὐ μιν ἔασω

ἔγγυς ἄλός, κραναᾶς δὲ ταμῶν νάρθηκι κολῶνας
130 γείτονα Βηρυτοῖο γεφυρώσω βυθὸν ἄλμης,
χερσῶσας σκοπέλοισιν ἄλός πετροῦμενον ὕδωρ:
τρηχαλέη δὲ κέλευθος ἰσάζεται ὀξεί θυρσῷ.

[109] “Let Pan my old mountainranger, proud with the longbranching points on his forehead, press Poseidon with unarmed hand and butt him with sharp horn, strike him full in the chest with those curving prongs, or with a rocky stone, let him break with his hooves the ring of Triton’s backbone where his two natures join. Let Glaucos the attendant of brinesoaken Earthshaker be servant to Bacchos, and lift in his hands the rattling cymbals of Rheia which hang by a strap beside his neck. Not for Beroe alone I fight, but for the native city of my bride. Earthshaker must not strike it, but it must stand unshaken, although it lies in the sea and he is lord of the sea — he must not destroy it with his trident because I will face him in arms: it is as much one as the other — if the sea is its neighbour, it has ten thousand plants of mine, a sign of my victory; for close to the shore [are my vineyards] . But as for Pallas of old, so for the appeal of Bacchos, may a new Cecrops come as umpire, that the vine may be celebrated as citysustainer, like the olive. Then I will make the city of another shape: I will not leave it near the sea, but I will cut off rugged hills with my fennel and dam up the deep brine beside Berytos, making the water dry land and stony with rocks, and the rough road is smoothed by the sharp thyrsus.

ἀλλὰ πάλιν μάρνασθε, Μιμαλλόνες, ἡθάδι νίκη
θαρσαλέαι: καταμένων δὲ νεόρρυτον αἶμα Γιγάντων
135 νεβρίς ἐμὴ μεθέπουσα μελαινεται: εἰσέτι δ’ αὐτῇ
ἀντολίῃ τρομέει με, καὶ εἰς πέδον αὐχένα κάμπτει
Ἴνδός Ἀρης, Βρομίῳ δὲ λιτήσια δάκρυα λείβων
δάκρυα κυματόεντα γέρων ἔφριξεν Ὑδάσπη.
καὶ διερῆν μετὰ δῆριν ἔχων Λιβανηίδα νύμφην
140 ἔν γέρας ἱμείροντι χαρίζομαι ἐννοσιγαίῳ:
ἦν ἐθέλῃ, μέλψειεν ἐμῶν ὑμέναιον Ἑρώτων,
μοῦνον ἐμῇ Βερόῃ μὴ δόχμιον ὄμμα τανύσση.

[133] “Come, fight again, Mimmallones, confident in your constant victory — my fawnskin is red with the newly-shed blood of slain Giants, the very east still trembles before me, Indian Ares bows his neck to the ground, old Hydaspes shivers, and sheds tears of supplication, tears like his own flood! When I have won my bride of Lebanon after the battle in the sea, I grant one boon to Earthshaker the lover. If he will, he may sing a song at my wedding, only let him not look askance at my Beroe.”

‘τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξεν: ἀπειλητῆρι δὲ μύθῳ

κερτομένων Διόνυσον ἀμείβετο κυανοχαίτης:

[143] So spoke Dionysos; and Seabluehair replied in threatening tones and mocked at him:

145 Ἀιδόμενος, Διόνυσε, κορύσσομαι, ὅττι τριαίνης
ἥρισας αἰχμητῆρι φυγῶν βουπλῆγα Λυκούργου:
δεῦρο, Θέτις, σκοπιάζε: τεὸς Διόνυσος ἀλύξας
καλὰ φιλοξείνῳ ζῶαγρια δῶκε θαλάσῃ:
οὐκ ἄγαμαί ποτε τοῦτο, σελασφόρε: μητροφόνου γάρ
ἐκ πυρὸς ἐβλάστησας, ὅθεν πυρὸς ἄξια ῥέζεις.

[145] “I am ashamed to confront you, Dionysos, because you want to fight the swinger of the trident, when you fled from Lycurgos’s poleaxe! Look here, Thetis! Here is a fine return for life and safety that your fugitive Dionysos gives to the hospitable sea! I am not surprised, Torch bearer: fire killed your mother when you were born, so you act like the fire.

ἀλλὰ, φίλοι Τρίτωνες, ἀρήξατε, δῆσατε Βάκχας
150 ποντοπόρους τελέσαντες: ὀρεσσαύλου δὲ φορῆος
τύμπανα Σειληνοῖο κατακλύζοιτο θαλάσῃ,
κύματι συρομένοιο, καὶ οἰδαίνοντι ῥέεθρῳ
νηχομένου Σατύροιο φιλεύιος αὐλὸς ἀλάσθω
εἰς πλόον αὐτοέλικτον: ἐν εὐύδρῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ
155 Βασσαρίδες στορέσειαν ἐμὸν λέχος ἀντὶ Λυαίου.
οὐ χατέω Σατύρων, οὐ Μαινάδας εἰς βυθὸν ἔλκω:
Νηρείδες γεγάασιν ἀρείονες: ἀλλὰ θαλάσῃ
διψαλέαι κρύπτοιτο Μιμαλλόνες, οἶνοχύτου δὲ
ἀντὶ μέθης πιέτωσαν ἐμῆς ἀλὸς ἀλμυρὸν ὕδωρ:
160 καὶ τις ἐλαυνομένη διερῇ Πρωτῆος ἄκωκῇ
Βασσαρὶς αὐτοκύλιστος ὀλισθήσειε θαλάσῃ,
ὀρχηθμὸν θανάτοιο κυβιστήσασα Λυαίῳ.
165 Αἰθιόπων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐρύσσατε καὶ στίχας Ἴνδῶν,
ληίδα Νηρείδεσσι, κακογλώσσοιο δὲ νύμφης
Δωριδι δούλια τέκνα κομίσσατε Κασσιεπείης,
ποινὴν ὀψιτέλεστον: ἀμαιμακέτῳ δὲ ῥέεθρῳ
Ὠκεανὸς πυρόεντα λελουμένον ἄστέρῃ Μαίρης,
170 ληναίης προκέλευθον ἀκοιμήτοιο χορείης,
Σείριον ἀμπελόεντα μεταστήσειεν Ὀλύμπου.

[149] “Up, my dear Tritons, help — tie up the Bacchants and make them seafarers! May the cymbals that mountain harboured Seilenos holds be swallowed up in the sea, may the wave drag him along, may the Satyr float on

the swelling flood and his Euian pipe toss on the rolling water; may Bassarids lay the bed for me instead of Lyaïos in my watery hall. — Nay, I want no Satyrs, I drag no Mainads to the deep: Nereids are better. But let the Mimallones quench their thirst in the sea and drown there; instead of flowing draughts of wine let them drink my salt water. Let many a Bassarid driven by the wet pike of Proteus drift and toss aimlessly on the sea, tripping the dance of death for Lyaïos. Drag down companies of Ethiopians and ranks of Indians as spoil for the Nereids; bring the daughters of nymph Cassiepeia, that tongue of evil, as slaves for Doris in tardy expiation. Let Oceanos banish viny Seirios from Olympos, the leader of that unresting dance in the winepress, and bathe in his resistless flood the fiery star of Maira.

ἀλλὰ σὺ, Λύδιε Βάκχε, χερεῖονα θύρσον ἑάσας
δίξεο σοι βέλος ἄλλο, καὶ αἰόλα δέρματα νεβρῶν
κάτθεο, σῶν μελέων ὀλίγον σκέπας· οὐρανίου δὲ
175 εἴ σε Διὸς γαμῖη μαιώσατο νυμφιδίῃ φλόξ,
ἄρτι πυρὶ πτολέμιζε, πυριτρεφές, ἄρτι κεραυνῷ
πατρῷω προμάχιζε κυβερνητῇρι τριαίνης,
καὶ στεροπὴν κούφιζε καὶ αἰγίδα πάλλε τοκῆος·
οὐ γὰρ Δηριάδης σε μένει πρόμος, οὐ Λυκοόργου
180 οὔτος ἄγων, Ἀράβων ὀλίγος μόθος, ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
τοσσατίης, τρομέων δὲ καὶ εἰσέτι πόντιον αἰχμὴν
οὐρανὸς ἡμετέρην βυθίην δεδάηκεν Ἐννώ·
καὶ πρόμος ὑψικέλευθος ἐμῆς τριόδοντος ἄκωκῆς
πειρήθη Φαέθων, ὅτε δύσμαχος ἀμφὶ Κορίνθου
185 εἰς μόθον ἄστερόεντα κορύσσετο πόντιος Ἄρης·
ὑψώθη δὲ θάλασσα κατ' αἰθέρος, Ὠκεανῷ δὲ
λούετο διψᾶς Ἀμαξα, καὶ ὕδασι γείτονος ἄλμης
βάψας θερμὰ γένεια Κύων ἐψύχετο Μαίρης,
καὶ βυθίων κενεῶνες ἀνυψώθησαν ἐναύλων
190 κύματα πυργώσαντες, ἱμασσομένοιο δὲ πόντου
οὐρανίῳ Δελφῖνι θαλάσσιος ἦντετο δελφίς·

[172] “And you, Lydian Bacchos, leave your miserable thyrsus and seek you another weapon; put off your speckled fawnskins, the scanty covering of your limbs. If in that marriage the wooing flame of Zeus was your midwife, now fight with fire, O fireborn! now battle with the thunderbolt of your father against the helmsman of the trident, hurl the lightning and wield your father’s aegis. No champion Deriades faces you now: this is no contest with Lycurgos, no little Arabian fight, but your adversary is the sea so mighty. Heaven still trembles at my spear of the deep, Heaven knows what a battle with the sea is like. Champion Phaethon too in his celestial course felt the point of my trident, when the deep waged formidable war in that starry battle for Corinth. The sea rose to the sky, the thirsty wain bathed in the Ocean, Maira’s dog

found salt water at hand to bathe in and cooled his hot chin; the deep bottom of the waters was uplifted in towering waves, the dolphin of the sea met the dolphin of the sky amid the lashing surges!"

ὥς εἰπὼν τριόδοντι μυχοὺς ἐτίναξε θαλάσσης,
καὶ ῥοθίῳ κελάδοντι καὶ οἰδαίνοντι ῥεέθρῳ
ἤέρα μαστιζόντες ἐβόμβεον ὕδατος ὄλκοι.
195 καὶ διεροῖς σακέεσσιν ἐθωρήχθη στρατὸς ἄλμης:
καὶ βυθίου Κρονίωνος ἀλιβρέκτῳ παρὰ φάτνῃ
ἐγχείην ἐλέλιζεν ὑποβρυχίην Μελικέρτης,
ζεῦξας Ἴσθμιον ἄρμα, καὶ ὑγροπόρου βασιλῆος
ἐγχος ἀλικνήμιδι παρηώρησεν ἀπήνῃ,
200 τριχθαδίῃ γλαγχίνι θαλάσσια νῶτα χαράσσω,
ζεῦξας Ἴσθμιον ἄρμα: καὶ Ἴππείῳ χρεμετισμῷ
Ἰνδῶν κελάδημα συνεπλάταγχε λεόντων.

[192] As he spoke, he shook with his trident the secret places of the sea, roaring surf and swelling flood flogged the sky with booming torrents of water. The army of the brine took up their wet shields. Under the water beside the brinesoaked manger of Cronion, Melicertes shook the spear of the deep, and yoked the Isthmian team; he slung to the side of the seaborne car the spear of the seafaring king, and scored the back of the water with its triple prong — he yoked the Isthmian team, and the roar of Indian lions resounded along with the neighing of the horses.

καὶ δρόμον ὑγρὸν ἔλαυνε: τιταινομένοιο δὲ δίφρου
ἄκρον ὕδωρ ἀδιαντος ἐπέγραφεν ἄβροχος ὀπλή.
205 τρίτων δ' εὐρυγένειος ἐπέκτυπε θυιάδι χάρμῃ,
ὃς διδύμοις μελέεσσιν ἔχει βροτοειδέα μορφήν
ἄλλοφυῇ, χλοάουσαν, ἀπ' ἱξύος ἄχρι καρήνου
ἡμιτελής: διερῆς δὲ παρήορος ἱξύος ὀλκῷ
δίπτυχος ἰχθυόεντι τύπῳ περικάμπτεται οὐρή.
210 καὶ διερῇ μάλιστα, θαλασσαιῇ παρὰ φάτνῃ
ζεῦξας ὠκυπόρῳ πεφορημένον ἄρμα θυέλλῃ,
Γλαῦκος ἀνιπτοπόδων λοφιὴν ἐπεμάστιεν ἵππων
καὶ Σατύρους ἐδίωκεν. ἀλirroίζῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Πᾶν κερόεις, ἀβάτοισιν ἐν ὕδασι κοῦφος ὁδίτης,
215 ἄβροχος αἰγείησιν ἀνακρούων ἄλα χηλαῖς,
ἄστατος ἐσκίρτησε, καλαῦροπι πόντον ἀράσσω,
πηκτιδί συρίζων πολέμου μέλος: ἐν ῥοθίοις δὲ
μιμηλὴν αἰών ἀνεμώλιον εἰκόνα φωνῆς
ποσσὶν ὀρεσσινόμοισι διέτρεχε πόντιον ὕδωρ,
220 μαστεύων κτύπον ἄλλον: ὑπηνέμιος δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ

τικτομένη σύριγγι διώκετο ποντιὰς ἡχώ.
ἄλλος ἐυκρήπιδα λόφον νησαῖον ἐλίξας
ῥῖψεν ἐφ' Ὑδριάδεσσιν, ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα δὲ πέτρῃ
Νηρείδων ἐτίναξε Παλαίμονος ἔμβρυον αὐλήν.

[203] He drove his watery course; as the car sped, the hoof unwetted, unmoistened, scored only the surface. The broadbearded Triton sounded his note for the mad battle — he has limbs of two kinds, a human shape and a different body, green, from loins to head, half of him, but hanging from his trailing wet loins a curving fishtail, forked. So Glaucos yoked beside their manger in the sea the team that travels in the swift gale, and as they galloped along dryfoot he touched up the necks of the horses with dripping whip, and chased the Satyrs. In the loud sea-tumult horned Pan, lightly treading upon the untrodden waters and splashing up the brine with his goats-hooves himself unwetted, skipt about quickly beating the sea with his crook and whistling the tune of war on his pipes; then hearing on the waves the shadow of a counterfeit sound carried by the wind, he ran all over the sea with his hillranging feet seeking the other sounds — and so the sea-echo produced by his pipes in the wind was hunted itself. Some one else tore up a firmbased island cliff and threw it at the Hydriads — the rock missed the Nereids and shook the hall of Palaimon among the seaweed.

225 Πρωτεὺς δ' Ἴσθμιον οἶδμα λιπὼν Παλληνίδος ἄλμης
εἰναλίῳ θώρηκι κορύσσετο, δέρματι φώκης:
ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν στεφανηδὸν ἐπέρρεον αἰθοπες Ἴνδοι
Βάκχου κεκλομένοιο, καὶ οὐλοκόμων στιχες ἀνδρῶν
φωκᾶων πολὺμορφον ἐπηχύναντο νομῆα.

230 σφιγγομένου δὲ γέροντος ἔην ἑτερόχροος εἰκῶν:
Πρωτεὺς γὰρ μελέεσσι τύπον μιμηλὸν ὑφαίνων
πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἐήν ἐστιξάτο μορφήν:
καὶ φυτὸν αὐτοτέλεστον ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὄρθιον ἔσθι
δενδρώσας ἐὰ γυῖα, τινασσομένων δὲ πετήλων

235 ψευδαλέον ψιθύρισμα Βορειάδι σύρισεν αὖρη:
καὶ γραπταῖς φολίδεσσι κεκασμένα νῶτα χαράξας
εἶρπε δράκων, μεσάτου δὲ πιεζομένου κενεῶνος
σπεῖραν ἀνηώρησεν, ὑπ' ὀρχηστῆρι δὲ παλμῷ
ἄκρα τιταινομένης ἐλελίζετο κυκλάδος οὐρῆς,

240 καὶ κεφαλὴν ὠρθωσεν, ἀποπτύων δὲ γενεῖων
ἰὼν ἀκοντιστῆρα κεχηνότι σύρισε λαιμῷ:
καὶ δέμας ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἔχων σκιοειδέι μορφῇ
φρῖξε λέων, σὺτο κάπρος, ὕδωρ ῥέε: καὶ χορὸς Ἰνδῶν
ὕγρὸν ἀπειλητῆρι ῥόον σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ

245 χερσὶν ὀλισθηρῆσιν ἔχων ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ:
κερδαλέος δὲ γέρων πολυδαιδαλον εἶδος ἀμείβων

εἶχε Περικλυμένοιο πολύτροπα δαίδαλα μορφῆς,
ὄν κτάμεν Ἡρακλῆης, ὅτε δάκτυλα δισσὰ συνάψας
ψευδαλέον μίμημα νόθης ἔθραυσε μελίσσης.
250 χερσαίην δὲ γέροντος ἔκυκλώσαντο πορείην
πῶεα κητώνεντα, φιλοψαμάθοιο δὲ φώκης
οἴγομένῳ βαρύδουπον ὕδωρ ἐπεπάφλασε λαιμῷ.

[225] Proteus left the flood of the Isthmian sea of Pallene, and armed him in a cuirass of the brine, the sealskin. Round him in a ring rushed the swarthy Indians at the summons of Bacchos, and crowds of the woollyheaded men embraced the shepherd of the seals in his various forms. For in their grasp the Old Man Proteus took on changing shapes, weaving his limbs into many mimic images. He spotted his body into a dappleback panther. He made his limbs a tree, and stood straight up on the earth a selfgrown spire, shaking his leaves and whistling a counterfeit whisper to the North Wind. He scored his back well with painted scales and crawled as a serpent; he rose in coils squeezing his belly, and with a dancing throb of his curling tail's tip he twirled about, lifted his head and spat hissing from gaping throat and grinning jaws a shooting shower of poison. So from one shadowy shape to another in changeling form he bristled as a lion, charged as a boar, flowed as water — the Indian company clutched the wet flood in threatening grasp, but found the pretended water slipping through their hands. So the crafty Old Man changed into many and varied shapes, as many as the varied shapes of Periclymenos, whom Heracles slew when between two fingers he crushed the counterfeit shape of a bastard bee. Flocks of sea-monsters ringed round the Old Man on his expedition to dry land, water splashed with a heavy roar from the open mouths of the sand-loving seals.

θυγατέρων δὲ φάλαγγα φιλεῦιον εἰς μόθον ἔλκων
ἔγχεϊ κυματόεντι γέρων ὠπλίζετο Νηρεῦς,
255 ποντοπόρῳ τριόδοντι καταθρώσκων ἑλεφάντων,
δεινὸς ἰδεῖν: πολλαὶ δὲ παρ' ἡόνα γείτονες ὄχθαι
εἰναλίῃ Νηρῆος ἐδοχμώθησαν ἄκωκῇ.
Νηρεΐδων δὲ γένεθλα συνεκρούσαντο τοκῇ
ὕσμινος ἀλάλαγμα: καὶ εἰς μόθον ὑπόθι πόντου
260 ἡμιφανῆς ἀπέδιλος ἐβακχεύθη χορὸς ἄλμης.
καὶ Σατύρων ἀσίδηρος ἐπαΐσσουσα κυδοιμῷ
ἄρχαιην ἐπὶ λύσσαν ἀνέδραμεν ἄστατος Ἴνώ,
λευκὸν ἐρευγομένη μανιώδεος ἀφρὸν ὑπῆνης.
καὶ βλοσυρὴ Πανόπεια διαΐσσουσα γαλήνης
265 γλαυκὰ θαλασσαιῆς ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα λεαίνης:
καὶ ῥόπαλον δυσέρωτος ἀειρομένη Πολυφήμου
εἰναλίῃ Γαλάτεια κορύσσετο λυσσάδι Βάκχῃ:
κουφίζων δ' ἀτίνακτον ἀλιτρεφῶν ἐπὶ νώτων

[253] Ancient Nereus armed himself with a watery spear, and led his regiment of daughters into the Euian struggle. With sea-traversing trident he leapt at the elephants, terrible to behold: many a neighbouring cliff along the shore toppled sideways under the seapike of Nereus. The tribes of Nereids sounded for their sire the cry of battle-triumph: unshod, half hidden in the brine, the company rushed raging to combat over the sea. Restless Ino speeding unarmed into strife with the Satyrs, fell again into her old madness spitting white foam from her maddened lips. Terrible Panopeia also shot through the quiet water flogging the greeny back of a sealioness. Galateia too the sea-nymph lifting the club of her lovesick Polyphemos attacked a wild Bacchant. Eido rode unshaken, unwetted, over the water mounted on the back of a seabred pilot fish.

270 ὥς δέ τις ἱππεύων ἐλατήρ ὑπὸ κυκλάδι τέχνῃ.
δοχμῶσας ὅλον ἵππον ἀριστερὸν ἐγγῦθι νύσσης,
δεξιτερὸν κάμψειε, παριεμένοιο χαλινοῦ
κέντρῳ ἐπισπέρχων, προχέων πλῆξιππον ἀπειλὴν,
ὀκλάζων ἐπικυρτος, ἐπ' ἄντυγι γούνατα πῆξας
275 ἰξὺ καμπτομένη, καὶ ἐκούσιον ἵππον ἐλαύνων
φειδομένη παλάμῃ τεχνήμονι βαιὸν ἱμάσσει,
ὄμμα βαλὼν κατόπισθε, παρελκομένου δὲ προσώπου
δίφρον ὀπισθοπόροιο φυλάσσεται ἡνιοχῆος:
ὥς τότε Νηρεΐδες διερεῖν περὶ νύσσαν ἀγῶνος
280 ἰχθύας ὠκυπόροισιν ἑοικότας ἤλασαν ἵπποισι.
ἄλλῃ δ' ἄντικέλευθον ἀλίδρομον εἶχε πορείην
ἡνίοχος δελφῖνος ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης,
νῶτῳ δ' ἰχθυόεντι καθιπτεύουσα γαλήνης
ὕγρομανῇ δρόμον εἶχε: μανεῖς δὲ τις ὕγρὸς ὀδίτης
285 μεσσοφανῆς δελφῖνας ὁμόζυγας ἔσχισε δελφίς.

[270] As a driver in the circus rounding the post with skill, turns about the near horse to hug the post and lets the off horse follow along on a slackened rein, goading him on and yelling horselashing threats — he stoops and crouches, resting his knees on the rail, and leans to the side: as he drives a willing horse with the sparing hand of a master, and a little touch of the whip, as he turns his face casting an eye behind while he watches the car of the driver behind — so then the Nereids drove their fishes like swift-moving horses about the watery goal of their contest. Another opposite handling her reins on a dolphin's back peeped out over the water, and moved on her seaborne course as she rode down the quiet sea on the fish in a wild race over the waters; then the mad dolphin travelling in the sea half-visible cut through his fellow-

καὶ ποταμοὶ κελάδησαν ἐς ὕσμινην Διονύσου
 θαρσύνοντες ἄνακτα, καὶ ἀενάων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 ὕδατόεν μύκημα κεχηνότος Ὠκεανοῖο
 ἄγγελος ὕσμινης Ποσιδήιος ἔβρεμε σάλπιγξ:
 290 καὶ πελάγη κυρτοῦτο συναιχμαζόντα τριαίνει:
 Ἰκαρίῳ Μυρτώος ἐπέτρεχεν, ἀγχιφανῆς δὲ
 ἔσπερίῳ Σαρδῶος, Ἴβηρ ἐπεσύρετο Κελτῶ
 οἰδαίνων πελάγεσσι, καὶ ἡθάδι δίζυγι πόντῳ
 Βόσπορος ἀστήρικτος ἐμίγνυε καμπύλον ὕδωρ,
 295 Αἰγαίου δὲ ῥέεθρα συναιθύσσοντες ἀέλλη
 Ἰονίης κενεῶνες ἐμαστιζόντο θαλάσσης
 συζυγέες, Σικελῆς δὲ παρὰ σφυρὰ θυιάδος ἄλμης
 κύμασι πυργωθεῖσα συνέκτυπεν Ἀδριᾶς ἄλμη
 ἀγχιγεφής: καὶ κόχλον ἐλὼν ὑπὸ Σύρτιος ὕδωρ
 300 εἰναλίῃ σάλπιγγι Λίβυς μυκήσατο Νηρεὺς:
 καὶ τις ἀναΐξας ῥοθίων χερσαῖος ὁδίτης
 εἰς σκοπιῇν πόδα λαιὸν ἐρεῖσατο, δεξιτερῶ δὲ
 οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ταμῶν ἐνοσίχθονι ταρσῶ
 μαινάδος ἀψαύστοιο κατηκόντιζε καρήνου:
 305 καὶ βυθίῳ τριόδοντι καταιχμαζών Διονύσου
 ἄλμασι μητρώοισιν ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης.

[286] The Rivers came roaring into the battle with Dionysos, encouraging their lord, and Oceanos gaped a watery bellow from his overflowing throat while Poseidon's trumpet sounded to tell of the coming strife; the deeps rounded into a swell rallying to the Trident. Myrtoan hurried up to Icarian, Sardinian came near Hesperian, Iberian with swelling waves rolled along to Celtic; Bosporos never still mingled his curving stream with both his familiar seas; the deeps of the Ionian Sea rolling with the stormwind beat together upon the streams of Aegean, and the wild Adriatic brine rose high as the clouds and in towering waves beat on the feet of the raging Sicilian. Libyan Nereus caught up his conch under the water by Syrtis, and boomed on his sea-trumpet. Then one rising from the surge and stepping on land rested his left foot on a rock, and with right broke off the top of the cliff with earthshaking tread and hurled it at a Mainad's inviolate head; and Melicertes lunging at Dionysos with his trident of the sea went madly along in leaps like his mother's.

Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῶ,
 ὦν ἢ μὲν δονέουσα μετήλυδα βότρυν ἐθείρης
 εἰς μόθον ὕδατόεντα κορύσσετο φοντάδι λύσση,
 310 ἄστατος οἰστροθεῖσα ποδῶν βητάρμονι παλμῶ:

ἡ δὲ Σάμου Θρήισαν ὑπὸ σπήλυγγα Καβείρων
 νασσαμένη Λιβάνοιο παρεσκίρτησεν ἑρίπνῃ,
 βάρβαρον αἰθύσσουσα μέλος Κορυβαντίδος ἤχοϋς·
 ἄλλῃ ἀπὸ Τμώλοιο λεχωίδος ὕψι λεαίνης
 315 ἄρσενά μιτρώσασα κόμην ὀφιώδεϊ δεσμῷ,
 Μαιονίς ἀκρήδεμνος ὑπεβρυχάτο Μιμαλλῶν,
 καὶ ποδὸς ἶχνος ἔπηξε μετήορον ὑπόθεν ὄχθης,
 μιμηλαῖς γενύεσσιν ὑπαφριώωσα θαλάσση.
 Σειληνοὶ δὲ Κίλισσαν ἀναβλύζοντες ἐέρσην
 320 Μυγδονίων ἐλατῆρες ἐθωρήσσοντο λεόντων,
 καὶ βυθίῳ καναχηδὸν ἐπισκιρτῶντες ὀμίλῳ
 ἀμπελόεν παλάμησιν ἀνέσχεθον ἔρνος Ἐννοϋς,
 καὶ παλάμας τανύσαντο λεοντεῖην ἐπὶ δειρὴν
 δραξάμενοι πλοκαμῖδος, ἀμαιομακέτους δὲ φορῆας
 325 θαρσαλέοι λασίοισιν ἀνεκρούσαντο χαλινοῖς.
 ἀρπάξας δὲ τένοντα χαραδρήεντος ἐναύλου
 Σειληνὸς πολέμιζε Παλαίμονι, φοιταλέην δὲ
 ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι δι' ὕδατος ἤλασεν Ἴνῳ.
 ἄλλω δ' ἄλλος ἔριζε· καὶ οὐκ ἠδέσσατο Βάκχη
 330 θύρσῳ ἀκοντιστῆρι καταΐσσουσα τριαίνης,
 Βάκχη θῆλυς ἐοῦσα· προασπίζων δὲ θαλάσσης
 Πανὶ φιλοσκοπέλῳ μετανάστιος ἦρισε Νηρεῦς
 πῆχξει παφλάζοντι· δαφοινῆεντι δὲ κισσῷ
 δαίμονα Παλληναῖον ὀρεστιάς ἤλασε Βάκχη,
 335 οὐ δὲ μιν ἐστυφέλιξεν· ἐπερχόμενον δὲ Λυαίῳ
 Γλαῦκον ἀκοντιστῆρι Μάρων ἀπεσείσατο θύρσῳ.
 ὕψινεφῆς δ' ἐλέφας μελέων ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ
 δινεύων στατὸν ἶχνος ἀκαμπεὶ γούνατος ὀγκῷ
 χεῖλεσι μηκεδανοῖσι χαμευνάδι μάρνατο φώκῃ·
 340 καὶ Σάτυροι ῥώνοντο κυβιστητῆρι κυδοιμῷ
 ταυροφυεῖς κεράεσσι πεποιθότες, ἐσσυμένων δὲ
 ἄλλοφανῆς κεχάλαστο δι' ἱζύος ὄρθιος οὐρῇ.
 Σειληνῶν δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
 ποσσὶ διχαζομένοις ἐποχημένος ἱζὺι ταύρου
 345 συμπλεκέων ἔθλιψε μέλος διδυμόθορον αὐλῶν.
 καὶ πλοκάμους βαλῆσι συναιθύσσουσα θυέλλαις
 Μυγδονίς ἐκροτάλιζεν ὁμόζυγα κύμβαλα Βάκχη,
 καὶ λοφιὴν ἐπίκυρτον ἐμάστιε λυσσάδος ἄρκτου
 θηρὸς ὑποβρυχίης ἀντώπιον· ἀγροτέρῃ δὲ
 350 πόρδαλις οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐλαύνετο κέντορι θύρσῳ.
 καὶ τις ἀμερσινόοιο κατάσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης
 ἶχνεσιν ἀβρέκτοισιν ἐπεσκίρτησε θαλάσση,
 οἷα Ποσειδάωνος ἐπισκαίρουσα καρήνῳ·
 λάξ ποδὶ κύματα τύψεν, ἐπηπείλησε δὲ πόντῳ

355 σιγαλέω, καὶ κωφὸν ὕδωρ ἔπεμάστιε θύρσῳ
 Βασσαρίδς ὕγροφόρητος: ἀπὸ πλοκάμοιο δὲ νύμφης
 ἀφλεγέος σελαγίζε κατ' αὐχένος αὐτόματον πῦρ,
 θάμβος ἰδεῖν. κινυρὴ δὲ παρ' ἥῳνι γείτονι πόντῳ
 φύλοπιν εἰσορόωσα θαλασσομόθου Διονύσου
 360 αἰνοπαθῆς Ψαμάθη πολυταρβέα ῥήξατο φωνήν:

[307] Companies of Bassarids marched to battle. One shaking the untidy clusters of her tresses to and fro, armed herself with raging madness for battle with the waters, driven wildly along with restless dancing feet. One whose home was in the Samothracian cavern of the Cabeiroi, skipt about the peaks of Lebanon crooning the barbarous notes of Corybantian tune. Another from Tmolos on a lioness newly whelped, having wreathed snakes in her own manly hair, a Maonian Mimallon unveiled, bellowed and set her foot on the lofty slope, with foam on her lips like the seafoam. Seilenoi spluttering drops of Cilician wine-dew equipt themselves as riders of Mygdonian lions, and danced "with a din against the crowd from the sea, brandishing in their hands their viny warpole, as they stretched their hands over the lions' necks and plucked at the mane and boldly checked their furious mounts by this bristly bridle. A Seilenos tore off a roof from a rocky hole and attacked Palaimon, and drove Ino wandering through the water with his ivy spear. One fought with another: a Bacchant did not shrink but cast a thyrsus hurtling against the trident, she, a Bacchant and a woman; Nereus defending the sea came on land to fight with foaming arms against a rock-loving Pan; a mountain Bacchant chased the god of Pallene with blood-dripping ivy, but did not shake him! Glaucos assailed Dionysos, but Maron shot his thyrsus at him and shook him off. A cloudhigh elephant with earthshaking motions of his limbs stamped about his stiff legs with massive unbending knee, and attacked an earth-bedding seal with his long snout. Satyrs also bustled about in dancing tumult, trusting to the horns on their bull-heads, while the straight tail dragged from their loins for a change as they hurried. Hosts of Seilenoi rushed along, and one of them with his two legs straddling across the back of a bull, squeezed out a tune on his two pipes tied together. A Mygdonian Bacchant rattled her pair of cymbals, with hair fluttering in the brisk winds; she flogged the bowed neck of a wild bear against a monster of the deep, and the wild panther of the mountains was driven by a thyrsus-goad. One Bassarid possessed with mindrobbing throes of madness skipt over the sea with unwetted feet, as if she were dancing upon Poseidon's head — she stamped on the waves, threatened the silent sea, flogged the deaf water with her thyrsus, that Bassarid who never sank; from her hair blazed fire selfkindled over her neck and burnt it not, a wonder to behold. Psamathe sorrowful on the beach beside the sea, watching the turmoil of seabattling Dionysos, uttered the dire trouble of her heart in terrified words:

‘Εἰ Θέτιδος χάριν οἶσθα καὶ εὐπαλάμου Βριαρήος,
 εἰ μάθες Αἰγαίωνα τεῶν χραισμήτορα θεσμῶν,
 Ζεῦ ἄνα, Βάκχον ἔρυκε μεμνηνότα: μηδὲ νοήσω
 δουλοσύνην Νηρήος ἐπὶ Γλαύκοιο τελευτῇ:
 365 μὴ Θέτις αἰολόδακρυς ὑποδρήσσειε Λυαίω,
 δμῳίδα μὴ μιν ἴδοιμι παρὰ Βρομίῳ, χθόνα Λυδῶν
 ὀφρομένην μετὰ πόντον, Ἀχιλλέα, Πηλέα, Πύρρον,
 υἱὼνόν, πόσιν, υἷα μῆ στενάχουσαν ἀνίη:
 Λευκοθέην δ’ ἐλέαιρε γοήμονα, τῆς παρακοίτης
 370 υἷα λαβῶν ἐδάϊξε, τὸν ἀστόργοιο τοκῆος
 παιδοφόνου γλωχίνες ἐδαιτρεύσαντο μαχαίρης.’

[361] “O Lord Zeus! if thou hast gratitude for Thetis and the ready hands of Briareus, if thou hast not forgot Aigaion the protector of thy laws, save us from Bacchos in his madness! Let me never see Glaucos dead and Nereus a slave! Let not Thetis in floods of tears be servant to Lyaios, let me not see her a slave to Bromios, leaving the deep, to look on the Lydian land, lamenting in one agony Achilles, Peleus, Pyrrhos, grandson, husband, and son! Pity the groans of Leucothea, whose husband took their son and slew him — the heartless father butchered his son with the blade of his murderous knife!”

ὧς φαμένης ἤκουσε δι’ αἰθέρος ὕψιμέδων Ζεὺς,
 καὶ Βερόης ὕμέναιον ἐπέτρεπεν ἐννοσιγαίω,
 καὶ μόθον ἐπρήνυε γαμοστόλον: οὐρανόθεν γάρ
 375 νυμφιδίην ἀτέλεστον ἀναστέλλοντες Ἐνυῶ
 Βάκχον ἀπειλητῆρες ἐκυκλώσαντο κεραυνοί.
 καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις γαμίῳ δεδονημένος ἰῶ
 κούρην μὲν μενέαινε: πατήρ δέ μιν ὕψιμέδων Ζεὺς
 βρονταῖης ἀνέκοπτε μέλος σάλπιγγος ἀράσσων,
 380 καὶ πόθον ὕσμίνης ἀνεσεύρασε πάτριος ἡχώ.
 ὀκναλέοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐχάζετο νωθρὸς ὀδίτης,
 στυγνὸς ὀπισθοβόλῳ δεδοκμημένος ὄμματι κούρην:
 οὔασι δ’ αἰδομένοισιν αἰδομένων ἐνὶ πόντῳ
 ζῆλον ἔχων ἤκουεν Ἀμυμώνης ὕμεναιων.
 385 καὶ γάμον ἡμιτέλεστον ἀλίβρομος ἤπνε σύριγξ,
 καὶ δονέων ἄσβεστον ἐν ὕδασι νυμφίδιον πῦρ
 παστὸν Ἀμυμώνης θαλαμηπόλος ἤπνε Νηρεὺς,
 καὶ μέλος ἔπλεκε Φόρκυς: ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ πορεῖη
 Γλαῦκος ἀνεσκίρτησεν, ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης:
 390 καὶ ζυγίην Γαλάτεια διακρούουσα χορείην
 ἄστατος ὀρχηστῆρι ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῶ,
 καὶ γάμιον μέλος εἶπεν, ἐπεὶ μάθε καλὰ λιγαίνειν
 ποιμενίῃ σύριγγι διδασκομένη Πολυφήμου.

[372] She spoke her prayer, and Zeus on high heard her in heaven. He granted the hand of Beroe to Earthshaker, and pacified the rivals' quarrel. For from heaven to check the bridebattle yet undecided came threatening thunderbolts round about Dionysos. The vinegod wounded by the arrow of love still craved the maiden; but Zeus the Father on high stayed him by playing a tune on his trumpet of thunder, and the sound from his father held back the desire for strife. With lingering feet he departed, with heavy pace, turning back for a last gloomy look at the girl; jealous, with shamed ears, he heard the bridal songs of Amymone in the sea. The syrinx sounding from the brine proclaimed that the rites were already half done. Nereus as Amymone's chamberlain showed the bridal bed, shaking the wedding torches, the fire which no water can quench. Phorcys sang a song; with equal spirit Glaucos danced and Melicertes romped about. And Galateia twangled a marriage dance and restlessly twirled in capering step, and she sang the marriage verses, for she had learnt well how to sing, being taught by Polyphemos with a shepherd's syrinx.

καὶ Βερόης διεροῖσιν ὀμιλήσας ὕμεναιοις
395 νυμφίος ἐννοσίγαιος ἐφίλατο πατρίδα νύμφης:
καὶ Βερόης ναέτησιν ἐῆς κειμήλιον εὐνῆς
Ἄρεος εἰναλίοιο θαλασσαιὴν πόρε νίκην.
καὶ γάμος ὄλβιος ἦεν, ἐπεὶ βυθίῳ παρὰ παστῶ
ἄξιον ἔδνον Ἔρωτος Ἄραψ ἐκομίσσατο Νηρεὺς,
400 Ἥφαιστου σοφὸν ἔργον, Ὀλύμπια δαίδαλα, νύμφη,
ὄρμον ἄγων κάλυκάς τε φέρων ἔλικάς τε τιταίνων,
ὀππόσα Νηρεΐδεσσιν ἀμιμήτῳ κάμε τέχνη
Λήμνιος ἐργοπόνος παρὰ κύμασι καὶ μέσον ἄλμης
ἔμπυρον ἄκμονα πάλλεν ὑποβρυχίην τε πυράγρην,
405 φυσαλέου χοάνοιο περιδρομον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
ποιητοῖς ἀνέμοισιν, ἀναπτομένης δὲ καμίνου
ἐν ῥοθίοις ἄσβεστον ἐβόμβεεν ἐνδόμυχον πῦρ.
Νηρεὺς μὲν τάδε δῶρα πολύτροπα, δῶκε δὲ κούρη
Περσικὸς Εὐφρήτης πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀράχνης:
410 χρυσὸν Ἴβηρ πόρε Ῥῆνος: ἐχεκτεάνων δὲ μετάλλων
ἤλυθεν εἴκελα δῶρα γέρων Πακτωλὸς αἶρων
χεροῖ φυλασσομένησιν, ὅτι πρόμον ἔτρεμε γείτονα Ῥεῖην
Βάκχον ἐὼν βασιλῆα, καὶ ἔτρεμε γείτονα Ῥεῖην
Μυγδονίης πολιοῦχον ἐῆς χθονός: Ἥριδανὸς δὲ
415 Ἥλιάδων ἤλεκτρα ῥυηφενέων ἀπὸ δένδρων
δῶρα πόρε στίλβοντα: καὶ ἀργυρέης ἀπὸ πέτρης
Στρυμῶν ὅσσα μέταλλα καὶ ὀππόσα Γεῦδις αἶρει,
ἔδνον Ἀμυμώνῃ δωρήσατο κυανοχαίτης.

[394] After celebrating Beroe's wedding in the sea, her bridegroom Earthshaker was a friend to her native place. He gave her countrymen victory in war on the

sea as a precious treasure in return for his bride. It was a wealthy wedding. Arabian Nereus brought to the bridechamber in the deep a worthy gift of love, a clever work of Hephaistos, Olympian ornaments, for the bride; necklace and earrings and armlets he brought and offered, all that the Lemnian craftsman had made for the Nereids with inimitable workmanship in the waves — there in the midst of the brine he shook his fiery anvil and tongs under water, blowing the enclosed breath of the bellows with mimic winds, and when the furnace was kindled the fire roared in the deep unquenched. Nereus then brought these gifts in great variety. But Persian Euphrates gave the girl the webspinner's embroidered wares; Iberian Rhine brought gold; old Pactolos came bringing the like offerings from his opulent mines, with cautious hands, for he feared the Lydian master, Bacchos his king, and he feared Rheia his neighbour, the cityholder of his country Mygdonia. Eridanos brought shining gifts, amber from the Heliad trees that trickle riches; and from the silver rock, all the metals of Strymon and all that Geudis has were brought as a marriage-gift to Amymone by Seabluehair.

ὥς ὁ μὲν ἄρτιχόρευτος ὑποβρυχίῳ παρὰ παστῶ
420 γήθεεν ἐννοσίγαιος· ἀμειδίητ' δὲ Λυαίῳ
γυνωτὸς Ἔρως φθονέοντι παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν:

[419] And so the dances were over, and Earthshaker was happy in the bridechamber beneath the waters; but Lyaïos never smiled, and his brother Eros came to console him in his jealous mood:

Ἵνυφοκόμῳ, Διόνυσε, τί μέμφεαι εἰσέτι κεστῶ;
οὐ Βρομίῳ Βερόης γάμος ἔπρεπεν, ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
ἄρμενος ἦν γάμος οὗτος, ὅτι βρυχίης Ἀφροδίτης
425 παῖδα λαβὼν ἔξευξα θαλασσοπόρῳ παρακοίτῃ:
ἄβροτέρην δ' ἐφύλαξα τεοῖς θαλάμοις Ἀριάδην,
ἐκ γενεῆς Μίνωος ὁμόγνιον: οὐτιδανὴν δὲ
πόντιον αἶμα φέρουσιν Ἀμυμώνην λίπε πόντῳ.
ἀλλὰ λιπὼν Λιβάνοιο λόφον καὶ Ἀδώνιδος ὕδωρ
430 ἴξαι εἰς Φρυγίην εὐπάρθενον, ἧχι σε μίμνει
ἄβροχον Ἡελίοιο λέχος Τιτηνίδος Αὔρης:
καὶ στέφος ἀσκήσασα μάχης καὶ παστάδα κούρης
Θρήκη νυμφοκόμος σε δεδέξεται, ἧχι καὶ αὐτὴ
Παλλήνη καλεῖ σε δορυσσόος, ἧς παρὰ παστῶ
435 ἀθλοφόρον γαμίοισι περιστέψω σε κορύμβοις
ἱμερτὴν τελέσαντα παλαιμοσύνην Ἀφροδίτης.'

[422] "Dionysos, why do you still bear a grudge against the cestus that makes marriages? Beroe was no proper bride for Bacchos, but this marriage of the

sea was quite fitting, because I joined the daughter of Aphrodite of the sea to a husband whose path is in the sea. I have kept a daintier one for your bridechamber, Ariadne, of the family of Minos and your kin. Leave Amymone to the sea, a nobody, one of the family of the sea herself. You must leave the mountains of Lebanon and the waters of Adonis and go to Phrygia, the land of lovely girls; there awaits you a bride without salt water, Aura of Titan stocks Thrace the friend of brides will receive you, with a wreath of victory ready and a bride's bower; thither Pallene also the shakespear summons you, beside whose chamber I will crown you with a wedding wreath for your prowess, when you have won Aphrodite's delectable wrestling-match."

τοῖα γυναιμανέοντι κασιγνήτῳ φάτο Βάκχῳ
θοῦρος Ἔρως· πετερυγῶν δὲ πυρώδεα βόμβον ἰάλλων
ἡερίῃ νόθος ὄρνις ἀνηώρητο πορείῃ,
440 καὶ Διὸς εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν. ἀπ' Ἀσσυρίοιο δὲ κόλπου
ἀβροχίτων Διόνυσος ἀνήιεν εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
Πακτωλοῦ παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ χρυσαυγεί πηλῷ
ἀφνειῇς τιτάνοιο μέλαν φοινίσσεται ὕδωρ·
Μαιονίης δ' ἐπέβαινε, καὶ ἴστατο μητέρι Ῥεῖῃ
445 Ἰνδῶνς ὀρέγων βασιλήϊα δῶρα θαλάσσης.
καλλείφας δὲ ῥέεθρα βαθυπλούτου ποταμοῖο
καὶ Φρυγίον κενεῶνα καὶ ἀβροβίων γένος ἀνδρῶν
Ἀρκτῶν παρὰ πέζαν ἐὼν ἐφύτευσεν ὀπώρην,
Εὐρώπης πτολίεθρα μετ' Ἀσίδος ἄστεα βαινῶν.

[437] So wild Eros spoke to his lovemad brother Bacchos: then he flapt his whizzing fiery wings, and up the sham bird flew in the skies travelling until he came to the house of Zeus. And from the Assyrian gulf Dionysos went daintily clad into the Lydian land along the plain of Pactolos, where the dark water is reddened by the goldgleaming mud of wealthy lime; he entered Maionia, and stood before Rheia his mother, offering royal gifts from the Indian sea. Then leaving the stream of this river of deep riches, and the Phrygian plain, and the nation of softliving men, he planted his vine on the northerly plain, and passed from the towns of Asia to the cities of Europe.

BOOK 44

τεσσαρακοστὸν ὕφηνα τὸ τέτρατον, ἧχι γυναῖκας
δέρκεο μαινομένας καὶ Πενθέος ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς.
ἦδη δ' Ἰλλυρίας Δαυλάντιον ἔθνος ἀρούρης
καὶ πέδον Αἰμονίης καὶ Πήλιον ἄκρον ἐάσας
Ἑλλάδος ἐγγὺς ἴκανε, καὶ Ἀονίη παρὰ πέτρῃ
στῆσε χορούς. αἶων δὲ μέλος μυκήτορος αὐλοῦ
5 Πανὶ Ταναγραίῳ θιάσους ἐστήσατο ποιμήν:
καὶ κρήνη κελάδησεν, ὅπῃ χθονὸς ἄκρον ἀράξας
ὕγρὸς ὄνυξ ἵππειος ἐπώνυμον ἔγλυφεν ὕδωρ:
Ἀσωπὸς δ' ἐχόρευε πυρίπνοα χεῦματα σύρων
καὶ προχοὰς ἐλέλιξε: σὺν Ἴσμηνῶ δὲ τοκῇ
10 κυκλάδας αἰθύσσουσα ῥοὰς ὠρχήσατο Δίρκη.
καὶ ποτὲ τις δρυόντος ἀναΐξασα κορύμβου
ἡμιφανῆς ἐλίγαινεν Ἀμαδρυὰς ὑπόθι δένδρου,
οὔνομα κυδαίνουσα κορυμβοφόρου Διονύσου:
πηγαίη δ' ὁμόφωνος ἀσάμβαλος ἴαχε Νύμφη.

BOOK XLIV

*The forty-fourth web I have woven, where you may see maddened women and
the heavy threat of Pentheus.*

ALREADY he had passed the Daulantian tribe of Illyrian soil, and the plain of Haimonia and the Pelion peak, and was nearing Hellas; there he established dances on the Aonian plain. The shepherd hearing the tune of the drooning pipes formed congregations for Pan at Tanagra. A fountain bubbled on the spot where the horse's wet hoof scratched the surface of the ground and made a hollow for the water which took its name from him. Asopos danced breathing fiery streams, as he swept his floods along and twirled his waters. Dirce danced, spouting her whirling waters along with her father Ismenos. At times a Hamadryad shot out of her clustering foliage and half showed herself high in a tree, and praised the name of Dionysos cluster-laden; and the unshod nymph of the spring sang in tune with her.

15 καὶ κτύπος οὔρεσίφοιτος ἀδεψήτοιο βοείης
Πενθέος ἀσπόνδοισιν ἐπεσμαράγησεν ἀκουαῖς:
οἶνοφόρῳ δ' ἀθέμιστος ἄναξ ἐπεχώσατο Βάκχῳ,
καὶ στρατιῇν ἐκόρυσσε μαχήμονα, κέκλετο δ' ἀστοῖς
ἄστεος ἐπταπόροιο περιφράξαι πυλεῶνας:
20 οἱ μὲν ἐπεκλήρισαν ἀμοιβαδῖς, ἐξαπίνης δὲ
αὐτόματοι κληῖδες ἀνωίγνυντο πυλάων,

καὶ δολιχοὺς πυλεῶνι μάτην ἐπέβαλλον ὀχῆας
 ἡερίοις θεράποντες ἐριδμαίνοντες ἀήταις.
 οὐ τότε τις πυλαωρὸς ἰδὼν ἀνεσείρασε Βάκχην:
 25 Σειληνοὺς δὲ γέροντας ἀτευχέας ἀσπιδιῶται
 ἔτρεμον αἰχμητῆρες: ὁμογλώσσῳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
 κεκλομένου βασιλῆος ἀφειδήσαντες ἀπειλῆς
 πολλακίς ὠρχήσαντο, σὺν εὐτύκτοις δὲ βοείαις
 κυκλάδος ἐστήσαντο σακεσπάλον ἄλμα χορείης,
 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα φιλοσμαράγων Κορυβάντων.
 30 φρικαλέαι δ' ἰάχησαν ἐν οὔρεσι λυσσάδες ἄρκτοι:
 καὶ γένυν αἰθύσσουσα καὶ ὑψιπότητον ἐρωήν
 πόρδαλις ῥώρητο: λέων δὲ τις ἄβρὸν ἀθύρων
 μειλίχιον βρύχημα συνήλικι πέμπε λεαίνῃ.

[15] The noise of the raw cowhide resounded over the mountains, and reached the ears of irreconcilable Pentheus. The impious king was angry with winegod Bacchos, and he armed a hostile host, calling to the people to bar the portals of the sevenway city. One by one they were shut, but the locks of the gates suddenly opened of themselves: in vain the servants resisted the winds of heaven and set the long bars at each gate. Then no gatewarden could check a Bacchant if he saw her; but shielded spearmen trembled before old Seilenoi unarmed — disregarding often the threats of their clamouring king, they danced with singlethroated acclaim; with their well-made oxhides they danced the round in shieldshaking leaps, the very picture of the noisy Corybants. Terrible bears growled madly in the hills, the panther gnashed her teeth and leapt high in the air, the lion in playful sport gave a gentle roar to his comrade lioness.

35 ἤδη δ' αὐτοέλικτος ἐσειέτο Πενθέος αὐλή
 ἄκλινέων σφαιρηδὸν ἀναΐσσουσα θεμέθλων:
 καὶ πυλεῶν δεδονητο θορῶν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ,
 πήματος ἐσσομένοιο προάγγελος: αὐτόματος δὲ
 λάινος Ὀγκαίης ἐλελίζετο βωμὸς Ἀθήνης,
 40 ὃν ποτε Κάδμος ἔδειμεν, ὅτε βραδυπειθεὶ ρίπῃ
 μόσχου πυργοδόμοιο φερέπτολις ὠκλασε χηλῇ:
 ἀμφὶ δὲ θεῖον ἄγαλμα πολισσοῦχοιο θεαίνης
 αὐτομάτῃ ραθάμιγγι θεόσσυτος ἔβλυεν ἰδρώς
 δεῖμα φέρων ναέτησι: καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρῆνον
 45 ἄγγελος ἐσσομένων βρέτας Ἄρεος ἔρρεε λύθρῳ.

[35] Already the palace of Pentheus began of itself to tremble and quake, and started from its immovable foundations all about; the gatehouse quivered and sprang up with earthshaking throbs, foretelling the trouble to come. The stone

altar of Oncaian Athena tottered of itself, that which Cadmos had built, when with slow-convincing movement the heifer's hoof sank, to bid him build a wall and found a city; over the divine image of the cityholding goddess, godsent sweat beaded in drops of itself, bringing fear to the people — from head to foot the statue of Ares ran with gore, telling of things to come.

καὶ ναέται δεδόνηντο: φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο μήτηρ
Πενθέος αὐχέντος, ἐβακχεύθη δὲ μενοινῆ,
μνησαμένη προτέρωιο δαφονήεντος ὀνείρου
πικρὰ προθεσπίζοντος, ἐπεὶ πάρος ὑψόθι λέκτρων
50 ἐξ ὅτε κοιρανίην πατρώιον ἥρπασε Πενθεύς,
πάννυχον ὑπναλέοις ὁάροις εὐδουσας Ἀγαυὴν
φάσματα μιμηλοῖο διεπτοίησεν ὀνείρου,
ἀπλανέος θρώσκοντα δι' εὐκεράου πυλεῶνος:
ἔλπετο γὰρ Πενθῆα χοροίτυπον ἀβρὸν ὀδίτην
55 ἄρσενά κοσμήσαντα γυναικείῳ χροῶ πέπλῳ
ῥῖψαι πορφυρόνωτον ἐπὶ χθόνα φᾶρος ἀνάκτων,
θύρσον ἐλαφρίζοντα καὶ οὐ σκήπτρωιο φορῆα:
καὶ μιν ἰδεῖν ἐδόκησε πάλιν Καδμηὶς Ἀγαυὴ
ἐξόμενον σκιεροῖο μετάρσιον ὑπόθι δένδρου:
60 καὶ φυτὸν ὑψικάρηνον, ὅπῃ θρασὺς ἔξετο Πενθεύς,
θῆρες ἐκυκλώσαντο, καὶ ἄγριον εἶχον ἐρωήν
δένδρον ἀπειλητῆρι μετοχλίζοντες ὀδόντι,
τρηχαλέαις γενύεσσι: τινασσομένοιο δὲ δένδρου
κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἔλιξ δινεύετο Πενθεύς,
65 καὶ μιν ἐδηλήσαντο δεδουπότα λυσσάδες ἄρκτοι:
ἀγροτέρῃ δὲ λέαινα καταΐσσοῦσα προσώπου
πρυμνόθεν ἔσπασε χεῖρα, καὶ ἄσχετα μαινομένη θῆρ
ἡμιτόμου Πενθῆος ἐρεισασμένη πόδα λαιμῷ
θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι διέθρισεν ἀνθρεῶνα,
70 αἵμαλέον δὲ κάρηνον ἐκούφισεν ἄρπαγι ταρσῶ
οἰκτρὰ δαΐζομένου, καὶ ἐδείκνυε μάρτυρι Κάδμῳ
παλλομένη, βροτέην δ' ἀλιτήμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν:

[46] The inhabitants also were shaken. The mother of boastful Pentheus quivered with fear, mad with anxiety, remembering that bloody dream of old with its prophecy of bitterness; how once, after Pentheus had seized his father's sovereignty, Agaue slumbering on her bed had been terrified all night in her sleep, when the unreal phantom of a dream had leapt through the Gate of Horn which never deceives, and whispered in her sleepy ear. For she thought she saw Pentheus a dainty dancer on the road, his manly form dressed up in a woman's robe, throwing to the ground the purple robe of kings, bearing the sceptre no longer but holding a thyrsus. Again, Cadmeian Agaue thought she saw him perched high up in a shady tree; round the lofty trunk

where sat bold Pentheus was a circle of wild beasts, furiously pushing to root up the tree with the dangerous teeth of their hard jaws. The tree shook, and Pentheus came tumbling over and over of himself, and when he dumped down, mad she-bears tore him; a wild lioness leapt in his face and tore out an arm from the joint — then the mad raging monster set one paw on the throat of Pentheus cut in two, and tore through his gullet with her sharp claws, and lifted the bloody head in her ferocious paw piteously lacerated, and showed it to Cadmos, who saw it all, swinging it about as she spoke in human voice these wicked words:

‘Εἰμὶ τεῖ θυγάτηρ θηροκτόνος· εἰμὶ δὲ μήτηρ
Πενθέος ὀλβίοιο, τεῖ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαυή.
75 τηλικόν ὤλεσα θῆρα· λεοντοφόνειο δὲ νίκης
δέχνησο τοῦτο κάρηνον ἐμῆς πρωτάριον ἀλκῆς·
τηλικόν οὐ ποτε θῆρα κατέκτανε σύγγονος Ἴνω,
οὐ κτάνεν Αὐτονόη· σὺ δὲ σύμβολα παιδὸς Ἀγαυῆς
πῆξον ἀριστοπόνειο τεοῦ προπάροιθε μελάθρου.’

[73] “I am your daughter, the slayer of wild beasts! I am the mother of Pentheus, happiest of men, your Agaue, the loving mother! See what a beast I have killed! Accept this head, the firstfruits of my valour, after victorious slaughter of the lion. Such a beast Ino my sister never slew, Autonoe never slew. Hang up before your hall this keepsake from Agaue your doughty daughter.”

80 τοῖον ὄναρ βλοσυρῶπὸν ὑπὸ χλοος εἶδεν Ἀγαυή.
ἐνθεν ἐριπτοίητος ἀπώσαμένη πτερὸν Ὕπνου,
ὀρθρινὴ καλέσασα θεηγόρον νῖα Χαρικλοῦς,
μάντιας ἐσσομένων φονίους ἐδίδαξεν ὀνειρούς·
Τειρεσίας δ’ ἐκέλευσε θεοπρόπος ἄρσενά ῥέξαι
85 ταῦτον, ἀοσητῆρα δαφεινέηντος ὀνειρού,
Ζηνὸς ἀλεξικάκοιο θεοκλήτῳ παρὰ βωμῷ,
μηκεδανῆς ἐλάτης παρὰ δένδρεον, ἧχι Κιθαιρῶν
πέπταται ὑψικάρηνος· Ἀμαδρυάδεσσι δὲ Νύμφαις
θῆλυν ὄιν σήμαινε θυηπολέειν παρὰ λόχη.
90 ἔγνω δ’ ἔμφρονα θῆρα καὶ ἀγρώσσουσιν Ἀγαυήν
γαστρὸς ἐῆς ὠδῖνα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον ἀγῶνα
καὶ κεφαλὴν Πενθῆος· ἐν ἀφθόγγῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
κρύψεν ὀνειρείης ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα νίκης,
Πενθέα μὴ βαρύμηνιν ἐὼν βασιλῆα χαλέψῃ.
95 πειθομένη δὲ γέροντι σοφῷ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαυή
εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ὁμόστολος ἦιε Κάδμῳ
Πενθέος ἐσπομένοιο· καὶ εὐκεράῳ παρὰ βωμῷ

θῆλυν δὲν κερόεντι συνέμπορον ἄρσενι ταύρῳ,
 ἦχι Διὸς πέλεν ἄλσος ὀρειάδος ἔμπλεον ὕλης,
 100 Ζηνὶ καὶ Ἀδρυάδεσσι μίαν ξύνωσε θυηλὴν
 Κάδμος Ἀγηνορίδης, θεοτερπέα βωμὸν ἀνάψας,
 ῥέζων ἀμφοτέροισιν: ἀναπτομένοιο δὲ πυρσοῦ
 κνίσῃ μὲν περίφοιτος ἔλιξ συνενήχeto καπνῷ
 εὐδόμῳ στροφάλιγγι, δαΐζομένου δ' ἄρα ταύρου
 105 ὄρθιος αἰμαλέης αὐτόσσυτος αὐλὸς ἐέρης
 χεῖρας ἐρευθιόωντι φόνῳ πόρφυρεν Ἀγαυῆς ...
 αὐχένιον δὲ τένοντα πέριξ στεφανηδὸν ἐλίξας
 οἶδαλέην ἐπίκυρτον ἐὴν δοχμώσατο δειρὴν
 μειλίχος εἰλικόεντι δράκων μιτρούμενος ὀλκῷ,
 110 στέμματι δ' ὀλκαίῳ κεφαλὴν κυκλώσατο Κάδμου
 πρηῦς ὄφης, καὶ γλῶσσα πέριξ λίχμαζεν ὑπήνην
 μειλιχίων φίλον ἰὸν ἀποπτύουσα γενεῖων
 οἰγομένων: καὶ θῆλυς ὄφης μιτρώσατο κόρσῃ
 Ἀρμονίης ξανθοῖσι περιπλεχθεῖσα κορύμβοις.
 115 καὶ διδύμων ὀφίων πετρώσατο γυῖα Κρονίων,
 ὅττι παρ' Ἰλλυρικοῖο δρακοντοβότου στόμα πόντου
 Ἀρμονίη καὶ Κάδμος ἀμειβομένοιο προσώπου
 λαϊνέην ἤμελλον ἔχειν ὀφιδέα μορφήν.
 καὶ φόβον ἄλλον ἔχουσα μετὰ προτέρου φόβον ὕψνου
 νόστιμος εἰς δόμον ἦλθε σὺν νιέει καὶ γενετῇρι.

[80] Such was the horrible vision that pale Agaue saw. Then after she had shaken off sleep's wing, trembling with terror, in the morning she called in the seer, Chariclo's son, and revealed to him her dream, the bloody prophecy of things to come. Teireisias the diviner bade her sacrifice a male bull to help against the bloody dream, at the altar where men call upon Zeus the Protector, beside the trunk of a tall pinetree where Cithairon spreads his lofty head; he told her to offer a female sheep to the Hamadryad Nymphs in the thicket. He knew the beast as human, he knew Agaue hunting the fruit of her own womb, the struggle that killed her son, the head of Pentheus; but he concealed in wordless silence the deceptive vision of victory in the dream, that he might not provoke the heavy wrath of Pentheus his king. Agaue the tender mother obeyed the wise old man, and went to the lofty hill together with Cadmos while Pentheus followed. At the horns of the altar Cadmos Agenorides made one common sacrifice to Zeus and the Hadryads, female and male together, sheep and horned bull, where stood the grove of Zeus full of mountain trees; he lit the fire on the altar to do pleasure to the gods, and did sacrifice to both. When the flame was kindled, the rich savour was spread abroad with the smoke in fragrant rings. When the bull was slaughtered, a jet of bloody dew spouted straight up of itself and stained the hands of Agaue with red blood.... A serpent crept with its coils, surrounding the throat of Cadmos like a garland,

twining and trailing a crooked swollen collar about it in a lacing circle but doing no harm — the gentle creature crept round his head like a trailing chaplet, and his tongue licked his chin all over dribbling the friendly poison from open mouth, quite harmless; a female snake girdled the temples of Harmonia like a wreath of clusters in her yellow hair. Then Cronion turned the bodies of both snakes into stone, because Harmonia and Cadmos were destined to change their appearance and to assume the form of stone snakes, at the mouth of the snakebreeding Illyrian gulf. Then Agaue returned home with her son and her father, having a new fear besides the fear of the dream.

τοῖον ἶδεν ποτὲ φάσμα, καὶ ὁμφέντος ὀνείρου
120 μνησαμένη δεδόνητο φόβῳ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαυή.

[119] Such was the vision which Agaue had seen, and remembering this ominous dream the fond mother was shaken with fear.

ἤδη δ' ἑπταπόροιο δι' ἄστεος ἵπτατο Φήμη
ὄργια κηρύσσουσα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου:
125 οὐδὲ τις ἦν ἀχόρευτος ἀνὰ πόλιν: ἀγρονόμων δὲ
εἰαρινοῖς πετάλοισιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἀγνυαί:
καὶ θάλαμον Σεμέλης χλοερῶ σκιόωσα κορύμβῳ
νυμφιδίου σπινθῆρος ἔτι πνείοντα κεραυνοῦ
αὐτοφυῆς ἐμέθυσσεν ἔλιξ εὐώδεϊ καρπῶ.
130 φρικτὰ δὲ παπταίνων πολυειδέα θαύματα Βάκχου,
ζῆλον ἔχων ὑπέροπλον, ἄναξ κυμαίνετο Πενθεύς:
καὶ κενεῆς προχέων ὑπερήνορα κόμπον ἀπειλῆς
τοῖον ἔπος δμώεσσιν ἀτάσθαλος ἴαχε Πενθεύς:

[123] Already Rumour was flying about the sevensgated city proclaiming the rites of danceweaving Dionysos. No one there was throughout the city who would not dance. The streets were garlanded with spring leafage by the country people. The chamber of Semele, still breathing sparks of the marriage thunders, was shaded by selfgrowing bunches of green leaves which intoxicated the place with sweet odours. King Pentheus swelled with arrogance and jealousy to see the terrible wonders of Bacchos in so many shapes. Then Pentheus uttered proud boasts and empty threats to his servants in these insulting words:

‘Λυδὸν ἐμὸν θεράποντα κομίσσατε, θῆλυν ἀλήτην,
135 δαινυμένου Πενθῆος ὑποδρηστῆρα τραπέζης,
οἶνοδόκῳ ποτὸν ἄλλον διαστάζοντα κυπέλλῳ,
ἢ γλάγος ἢ γλυκὺ χεῦμα: κασιγνήτην δὲ τεκούσης
Αὐτονόην πληγῆσιν ἀμοιβαίησιν ἱμάσσω,

καὶ πλοκάμους τμήζωμεν ἀκερσικόμου Διονύσου:
140 κύμβαλα δ' ἤχηεντα διαρρίψαντες ἀήταις
καὶ πάταγον Βερέκυντα καὶ Εὐία τύμπανα Ρείης
ἔλκετε Βασσαρίδας μανιώδεας, ἔλκετε Βάκχας,
ἀμφιπόλους Βρομίοιο συνήλυδας, ἃς ἐνὶ Θήβῃ
Ἴσμηνοῦ διεροῖσιν ἀκοντίζοντες ἐναύλοις
145 Νηίδας Ἀονίαις ποταμῆισι μίξατε Νύμφαις
145 ἡλίκας, Ἀδρυάδας δὲ γέρων δέξαιτο Κιθαιρῶν
ἄλλαις Ἀδρυάδεσσιν ὁμόζυγας ἀντὶ Δυαίου.
ἄξατε πῦρ, θεράποντες, ἐπεὶ ποινήτορι θεσμῷ,
ἐκ πυρὸς εἰ πέλε Βάκχος, ἐγὼ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὀπάσσω:
150 Ζεὺς Σεμέλην ἐδάμασσεν, ἐγὼ Διόνυσον ὀλέσσω.
εἰ δέ κε πειρήσαιτο καὶ ἡμετέροιο κεραυνοῦ,
γνώσεται, οἷον ἔχω χθόνιον σέλας: οὐρανίου γὰρ
θερμοτέρους σπινθῆρας ἐμὸν λάχεν ἀντίτυπον πῦρ:
σήμερον αἰθαλόεντα τὸν ἀμπελόεντα τελέσσω.
155 εἰ δὲ μόθον στήσειε μαχήμονα θύρσον ἀείρων,
γνώσεται, οἷον ἔχω χθόνιον δόρυ: καὶ μιν ὀλέσσω,
οὐ ποδός, οὐ λαγόνων, οὐ στήθεος, οὐ κενεώνων,
ὥτειλῃν μεθέποντα: καὶ οὐ βουπλῆγι δαΐξω
κυρτὰ βοοκραίριοι κεράατα δισσὰ μετώπου,
160 οὐδὲ διατμήξω μέσον αὐχένος: ἀλλὰ ἐ τύψω
ἔγχρ' χαλκείῳ τετορημένον εἰς πτύχα μηροῦ,
ὅττι Διὸς μέγαλοιο γονὴν ἐψεύσατο μηροῦ
καὶ πόλον ὥς ἐδὸν οἶκον: ἐγὼ δὲ μιν ἀντὶ μελάρου
ἀντὶ Διὸς πυλεῶνος ἐνέρτερον Ἄιδι πέμψω,
165 ἢ ἐ μιν αὐτοκύλιστον ἄλυσκάζοντα καλύψω
κύμασιν Ἴσμηνοῖο, καὶ οὐ χρέος ἐστὶ θαλάσσης.

[134] “Bring here my Lydian slave, that womanish vagabond, to serve the table of Pentheus at his dinner; let him fill his winebeaker with some other drink, milk or some sweet liquor; I will flog my mother’s sister Autonoe with retributive strokes of my hands, and we will crop the uncropt locks of Dionysos. Throw to the winds his tinkling cymbals, and the Berecyntian din and Euian tambourines of Rheia. Drag hither the mad Bassarids, drag the Bacchants hither, the handmaids who attend on Bromios — hurl them into the watery beds of Ismenos here in Thebes, mingle the Naiads with the Aonian river nymphs their mates, let old Cithairon receive Hadryads to join his own Hadryads instead of Lyaïos. Bring fire, men, for by the law of vengeance I will throw Bacchos into the fire, if he came out of the fire: Zeus tamed Semele, I will destroy Dionysos! If he would like to try my thunder also, he shall learn what fire I have from earth! For my fire has hotter sparks to match the heavenly fire. To-day I will make the viny one a scorchy one! If he lift his thyrsus and give battle, he shall learn what kind of a spear I have from earth. I

will destroy him without a wound in foot or flank, breast or belly! I will not cut off the two crooked horns from his bullhorned head with a poleaxe, I will not cut through his neck: I will pierce the fork of his thigh with a blow from a spear of bronze, because of his lies about the thigh of great Zeus, and heaven as his home. Instead of the palace of Zeus, instead of his gatehouse, I will send him down to Hades, or make him roll himself helpless into the waves of Ismenos to hide — we can do without the sea!

οὐδέχομαι βροτὸν ἄνδρα νόθον θεόν: εἰ θέμις εἵπεῖν,
ψεύσομαι, ὥς Διόνυσος, ἐμὸν γένος: οὐκ ἀπὸ Κάδμου
αἶμα φέρω χθονίοιο, πατήρ δ' ἐμός, ὄρχαμος ἄστρων,
170 ἥελιός με φύτευσε, καὶ οὐκ ἔσπειρεν Ἐχίων:
τίκτε Σεληναίη με, καὶ οὐκ ἐλόχευσεν Ἀγαυή:
εἰμὶ γένος Κρονίδαο, καὶ αἰθέρος εἰμὶ πολίτης:
οὐρανὸς ἀστερόφοιτος ἐμὴ πόλις: ὕλατε, Θῆβαι:
Παλλὰς ἐμὴ παράκοιτις, ἐμὴ δάμαρ ἄμβροτος Ἥβη:
175 Πενθέϊ μαζὸν ὄρεξε μετ' Ἄρεα δεσπότης Ἥρη,
καὶ ζαθέη μετὰ Φοῖβον ἐγείνατο Πενθέα Λητώ:
Ἄρτεμιν ἱεμένην νυμφεύσομαι: οὐδέ με φεύγει,
ὥς ποτε Φοῖβον ἔφευγεν ἑῆς μνηστῆρα κορείης,
μῶμον ἀλυσκάζουσα κασιγνήτων ὕμεναιων.
180 εἰ δέ τήν Σεμέλην οὐκ ἔφλεγεν οὐρανή φλόξ,
παιδὸς ἑῆς διὰ μῶμον ἐὼν δόμον ἔφλεγε Κάδμος,
ἀστεροπὴν δ' ἐκάλεσσε χαμαιγενὲς ἀπτόμενον πῦρ,
καὶ δαΐδων ὀνόμηγε σέλας σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ.'

[167] "I will not receive a mortal man as a bastard god. If I dare say it, I will deny my own breeding, like Dionysos. I have not in me the blood of mortal Cadmos, but my father is the chief of stars — Helios begat me, not Echion; Selene brought me forth, not Agaue; I am the offspring of Cronides and a citizen of heaven, the sky with its wandering stars is my home — so forgive me, Thebes! Pallas is my concubine, immortal Hebe my consort. Queen Hera gave me the breast after Ares, divine Leto brought me forth after Phoibos. I will woo Artemis, who wants me — she does not run from me as she did from Phoibos, the wooer of her maidenhood, because she feared blame for wedding with a brother. And if the heavenly flame did not burn your Semele, Cadmos did burn his house for his daughter's shame, and gave the name of lightning to the earthly fire he kindled, called the flame of torches the spark of the thunderbolt."

ὧς φαμένου βασιλῆος ἐπεστρατώνοντο μαχηταί
185 ὅπλοφόροι κενεοῖσιν ἐριδμαίνοντες ἀήτατος:
καὶ στρατὸς ἄσπετος ἦεν ἔσω πιτυώδεος ὕλης,

ἴχνια μαστεύοντες ἀθηήτοιο Λυαίου.

[184] When the king had spoken, his men of war mustered in arms to fight the empty winds; there was an infinite host in the pinewood, seeking the tracks of Lyaios ever unseen.

ὄφρα μὲν ἐνναέτησιν ἄναξ ἐπετέλλετο Πενθεύς,
τόφρα δὲ καὶ Διόνυσος ἀφεγγέα νύκτα δοκεύων
190 τοῖον ἔπος πρὸς Ὀλύμπον ἀνίαχε κυκλάδι Μῆνη:

[188] But while Pentheus was giving his commands to the people, Dionysos waited for darksome night, and appealed in these words to the circling Moon in heaven:

ᾧ τέκος Ἡελίοιο, πολύστροφε, παντρόφε Μῆνη,
ἄρματος ἀργυρέοιο κυβερνήτειρα Σελήνη,
εἰ σὺ πέλεις Ἑκάτη πολυώνυμος, ἐννυχίη δὲ
πυρσοφόρῳ παλάμῃ δονέεις θιασώδεα πεύκη,
195 ἔρχεο, νυκτιπόλος, σκυλακοτρόφος, ὅττι σε τέρπει
κνυζηθμῶ γοῶντι κυνοσσός ἐννυχος ἦχώ:
Ἀρτεμις εἰ σὺ πέλεις ἔλαφιβόλος, ἐν δὲ κολώναις
νεβροφόνῳ σπεύδουσα συναγρώσσεις Διονύσῳ,
ἔσσο κασιγνήτοιο βοηθός: ἀρχεγόνου γὰρ
200 αἶμα λαχὼν Κάδμοιο διώκομαι ἔκτοθι Θήβης,
μητρὸς ἐμῆς Σεμέλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος: ὠκύμορος γὰρ
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ κλονέει με θεημάχος: ὥς νυχίη δὲ
νυκτελίῳ χραίσμησον ἐλαυνομένῳ Διονύσῳ:
εἰ δὲ σὺ Περσεφόνεια νεκυσσός, ὕμέτεραι δὲ
205 ψυχὰι Ταρταρίοισιν ὑποδρήσσονσι θωόκοις,
νεκρὸν ἴδω Πενθῆα, καὶ ἀχνυμένου Διονύσου
δάκρυον εὐνήσειε τὸς ψυχοστόλος Ἑρμῆς:
σεῖο δὲ Τισιφόνης μανιδέος ἡ δὲ Μεγαίρης
Ταρταρίῃ μάστιγι λαθίφρονα παῦσον ἀπειλήν
210 γηγενέος Πενθῆος, ἐπεὶ δυσμήχανος Ἥρη
ὀψίγονον Τιτῆνα νέω θώρηξε Λυαίῳ.
ἀλλὰ σὺ φῶτα δάμασσον ἀθέσμιον, ὄφρα γεραίρης
ἀρχεγόνου Ζαγρῆος ἐπωνυμίην Διονύσου.
Ζεῦ ἄνα, καὶ σὺ δόκευε μεμηνότος ἀνδρὸς ἀπειλήν:
215 κλυθι, πάτερ καὶ μήτερ: ἐλεγχομένου δὲ Λυαίου
σὴ στεροπῇ γαμῖη Σεμέλης τιμήορος ἔστω.’

[191] “O daughter of Helios, Moon of many turnings, nurse of all! O Selene, driver of the silver car! If thou art Hecate of many names, if in the night thou

dost shake thy mystic torch in brandcarrying hand, come nightwanderer, nurse of puppies because the nightly sound of the hurrying dogs is thy delight with their mournful whimpering. If thou art staghunter Artemis, if on the hills thou dost eagerly hunt with fawnkilling Dionysos, be thy brother's helper now! For I have in me the blood of ancient Cadmos, and I am being chased out of Thebes, out of my mother Semele's home. A mortal man, a creature quickly perishing, an enemy of god, persecutes me. As a being of the night, help Dionysos of the night, when they pursue me! If thou art Persephoneia, whipper-in of the dead, and yours are the ghosts which are subservient to the throne of Tartaros, let me see Pentheus a dead man, and let Hermes thy musterer of ghosts lull to sleep the tears of Dionysos in his grief. With the Tartarean whip of thy Tisiphone, or furious Megaira, stop the foolish threats of Pentheus, this son of earth, since implacable Hera has armed a lateborn Titan against Lyaïos. I pray thee, master this impious creature, to honour the Dionysos who revived the name of primeval Zagreus. Lord Zeus, do thou also look upon the threat of this madman. Hear me, father and mother! Lyaïos is contemned: let thy marriage lightning be the avenger of Semele!"

ὥς φαμένου ταυρῶπις ἀνίαχεν ὑπόθι Μῆνη:

[217] To this appeal bullface Mene answered on high:

Ἦνκτιφαῆς Διόνυσε, φυτηκόμε, σύνδρομε Μῆνης,
 σῆς σταφυλῆς ἀλέγιζε: μέλει δέ μοι ὄργια Βάκχου,
 220 ὑμετέρων; τι γαῖα φυτῶν ὠδῖνα πεπαινει
 μαρμαρυγὴν δροσόεσσαν ἀκοιμήτοιο Σελήνης
 δεχνυμένη: σὺ δέ, Βάκχε χοροίτυπε, θύρσα τιταίνων
 σῆς γενετῆς ἀλέγιζε, καὶ οὐ τρομέεις γένος ἀνδρῶν
 ἀδρανέων, οἷς κοῦφος αἰὲ νόος, ὦν καὶ ἀνάγκη
 225 Εὐμενίδων μάστιγες ἀναστέλλουσιν ἀπειλάς.
 σὺν σοὶ δυσμενέεσσι κορύσσομαι: ἴσα δὲ Βάκχῳ
 κοιρανέω μανίης ἐτερόφρονος: εἰμὶ δὲ Μῆνη
 Βακχιάς, οὐκ ὅτι μοῦνον ἐν αἰθέρι μῆνας ἔλισσω,
 ἀλλ' ὅτι καὶ μανίης μεδέω καὶ λύσσαν ἐγείρω.
 230 οὐ χθονίην σέθεν ὕβριν ἐγὼ νήποινον ἔασω:
 ἦδη γὰρ Λυκόοργος ἀπειλήσας Διονύσω,
 ὁ πρὶν ἐὼν ταχύγουνος, ὁ Μαινάδας ὀξὺ διώξας,
 τυφλὸς ἀλητεύει καὶ δεύεται ἡγεμονῆος.
 ἦδη δ' ἀμφὶ τένοντας Ἐρυθραίων δονακῶν
 235 κέκλιται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, τεῆς αὐτάγγελος ἀλκῆς,
 Ἴνδῶν νεκρὸς ὄμιλος, ἀναινομένῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
 ἄφρονα Δηριαδῆα πατὴρ ἔκρυπεν Ὑδάσπης
 ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι τετυμμένον: αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων

πατρῷῳ βαρύθοντι κατηφεί πῖπτε ῥέεθρῳ:

240 Τυρσηνοὶ δεδάσσι τεὸν σθένος, ὅπποτε νηῶν
ὄρθιος ἰστὸς ἄμειπτο καὶ ἀμπελόεις πέλεν ὄρηξ
αὐτοτελής, τὸ δὲ λαῖφος ὑπὸ σκιεροῖσι πετήλοις
ἡμερίδων εὖβοτρυς ἀνῆξῆτο καλύπτρη,
καὶ πρότονοι σύριζον ἐχιδνήεντι κορύμβῳ
245 ἰοβόλοι, βροτέην δὲ φυὴν καὶ ἐχέφρονα βολήν
δυσμενέες ῥίψαντες ἀμειβομένοιο προσώπου
ἀφραδέες δελφῖνες ἐνιπλώουσι θαλάσση:
εἰσέτι κωμάζουσι καὶ ἐν ῥοθίοις Διονύσῳ,
οἷα κυβιστητῆρες ἐπισκαίρουσι γαλήνῃ.
250 καὶ νέκυς ὑμετέρῳ βεβολημένος ὅξεί θύρῳ
χεύμασιν Ἀσσυρίοισι καλύπτεται Ἰνδὸς Ὀρόντης,
εἰσέτι δειμαίνων καὶ ἐν ὕδασι νῶμα Βάκχου.’

[218] “Night-illuminating Dionysos, friend of plants, comrade of Mene, look to your grapes; my concern is the mystic rites of Bacchos, for the earth ripens the offspring of your plants when it receives the dewy sparkles of unresting Selene. Then do you, dancing Bacchos, stretch out your thyrsus and look to your offspring; and you need not fear a race of puny men, whose mind is light, whose threats the whips of the furies repress perforce. With you I will attack your enemies. Equally with Bacchos, I rule distracted madness. I am the Bacchic Mene, not alone because in heaven I turn the months, but because I command madness and excite lunacy. I will not leave un-punished earthly violence against you. For already Lycurgos who threatened Dionysos, so quick of knee once, who sharply harried the Mainads, is a blind vagabond who needs a guide. Already over the stretches of Erythraian reedbeds a crowd of Indians lie dead here and there, dumb witnesses to your valour, and foolish Deriades has been swallowed up in the unwilling stream of his father Hydaspes, pierced with an ivy spear — yes, he fled and fell into the sad stream of his despondent father. The Tyrsenians learnt your strength, when the standing mast of their ship was changed, and turned into a vinestock of itself, the sail spread into a shady canopy of leaves of garden-vine and rich bunches of grapes, the forestays whistled with clumps of serpents hissing poison, your enemies threw off their human shape and intelligent mind and changed their looks to senseless dolphins wallowing in the sea — still they make revel for Dionysos even in the surge, skipping like tumblers in the calm water. Indian Orontes also is dead, struck by your sharp thyrsus, and drowned in the Assyrian floods, still fearing the name of Bacchos even under the waters.”

τοῖον ἔπος Βρομίῳ χρυσήνιος ἴαχε δαίμων.

ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος ὁμίλει κυκλάδι Μήνῃ,

255 τόφρα δὲ καὶ Ζαγρῆι χαρίζομένη Διονύσῳ

Περσεφόνη θώρηξεν Ἑρινύας, ἀχνυμένη δὲ
ὀφιγόνῳ χραίσμησε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.

[253] Such was the answer of the goldenrein deity to Bromios. But while Bacchos yet conversed with circling Mene, even then Persephone was arming her Furies for the pleasure of Dionysos Zagreus, and in wrath helping Dionysos his later born brother.

αἱ δὲ Διὸς χθονίοιο δυσάντεϊ νεύματι κόρης
εὐμενίδες Πενθῆος ἐπεστράτωντο μελάθρῳ,
260 ὦν ἡ μὲν ζοφεροῖο διαθρώσκουσα βερέθρου
Ταρταρίην ἐλέλιζεν ἐχιδνήεσσαν Ἰμάσθλην,
Κωκυτοῦ δὲ ῥέεθρον ἀρύετο καὶ Στυγὸς ὕδωρ,
καὶ χθονίῃ ραθάμιγγι δόμους ἔρραινεν Ἀγαυῆς...
οἷα προθεσπίζοντα γόον καὶ δάκρυα Θήβης:
265 Ἀκταίην δὲ μάχαιραν ἀπ' Ἀτθίδος ἤγαγε δαίμων,
ἀρχαίην Ἰτύλοιο μαιφόνον, ἣ ποτε μήτηρ
Πρόκην θυμολέαινα σὺν ἀνδροφόνῳ Φιλομήλῃ
τηλυγέτην ὠδῖνα διατμήξασα σιδήρῳ
παιδοβόρῳ Τηρῇι φίλῃν δαιτρεύσατο φορβήν:
270 κείνην χειρὶ φέρουσα φόνων ὀχετηγὸν Ἑρινὺς
ἀρχεκάκοις ὀνύχεσσι διαγλύψασα κονίην
Ἀττικὸν ἔκρυφεν ἄορ ὀρεσσιφύτῳ παρὰ ῥίζῃ
μηκεδανῆς ἐλάτης, ἣ Μαινάδες, ὀππόθι Πενθεὺς
μέλλε θανεῖν ἀκάρηνος: ἐπαμήσασα δὲ κόχλῳ
275 Γοργόνοσ ἀρτιφόνιοιο νεόρρυτον αἷμα Μεδοῦσης
πορφυρέαις ἔχρισε Λιβυστίσι δένδρον ἐέрсαις.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν σκοπέλοις τεχνήσατο μαινὰς Ἑρινύς.

[258] Then at the grim nod of Underworld Zeus, the Furies assailed the palace of Pentheus. One leapt out of the gloomy pit swinging her Tartarean whip of vipers; she drew a stream from Cocytos and water from Styx, and drenched Agaue's rooms with the infernal drops as if with a prophecy of tears and groanings for Thebes; and the deity brought that Attic knife from Attica, which long before murdered Itylos, when his mother Procne with heart like a lioness, helped by murderous Philomele, cut with steel the throat of the beloved child of her womb, and served up his own son for cannibal Tereus to eat. This knife, the channel of bloodshed, the Fury held, and scratching up the dust with her pernicious fingernails she buried the Attic blade among the hillgrown roots of a tall fir, among the Mainads, where Pentheus was to die headless. She brought the blood of Gorgon Medusa, scraped off into a shell fresh when she was newly slain, and smeared the tree with the crimson Libyan drops. This is what the mad Fury did in the mountains.

ὄρφναισι δὲ πόδεσσι δόμων ἐπεβήσατο Κάδμου
νυκτιφαῖς Διόνυσος ἔχων ταυρώπιδα μορφήν,
280 αἰθύσων Κρονίην μανιώδεα Πανὸς ἱμάσθλην·
βακχεύσας δ' ἀχάλινον Ἀρισταίοιο γυναῖκα
Αὐτονόην ἐκάλεσσε, καὶ ἴαχε θυιάδι φωνῇ:

[278] Now with darkling steps night-illuminating Dionysos entered the palace
of Cadmos, wearing the head of a bull, cracking Pan's Cronian whip of
madness, and put madness into the unbridled wife of Aristaios. He called
Autonoe and cried in wild tones —

Ὀλβίη, Αὐτονόη, Σεμέλης πλέον· ἀρτιγάμου γὰρ
υἱέος εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐριδμαίνεις καὶ Ὀλύμπω:
285 αἰθέρος ἥρπασας εὖχος, ἐπεὶ λάχεν ἄβρὸν ἀκοίτην
Ἄρτεμις Ἀκταίωνα καὶ Ἐνδυμίωνα Σελήνη.
οὐ θάνεν Ἀκταίων, οὐκ ἔλλαχε θηρὸς ὀπωπὴν,
οὐ στικτῆς ἐλάφοιο τανυγλώχινᾳ κεραίην,
οὐ νόθον εἶδος ἔδεκτο, καὶ οὐκ ἐψεύσατο μορφήν,
290 οὐ κύνας ἀγρευτῆρας ἐοῦς ἐνόησε φονῆας·
ἀλλὰ κακογλώσσων στομάτων κενεόφρονι μύθῳ
υἱέος ὑμετέροιο μόρον ψεύσαντο βοτῆρες,
νυμφίον ἐχθαίροντες ἀνυμφεύτοιο θεαίνης.
οἶδα, πόθεν δόλος οὗτος· ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίοις ὑμεναιοῖς
295 εἰς γάμον, εἰς Παφίην ζηλήμονές εἰσι γυναῖκες.
ἀλλὰ θεελλήεντι διαθρώσκουσα πεδίλῳ
σπεῦδε μολεῖν ἀκίχητος ἐς οὖρεα· κεῖθι μολοῦσα
ὄψεται Ἀκταίωνα συναγρώσσοντα Λυαίῳ,
Ἄρτεμιν ἐγγὺς ἔχοντα, καὶ αἰόλα δίκτυα θήρης
300 ἐνδρομίδας φορέοντα, καὶ ἀμφαφώοντα φαρέτρην.
Ὀλβίη, Αὐτονόη, Σεμέλης πλέον, ὅτι θεαίνης
εἰς γάμον ἐρχομένης ἐκυρὴ πέλες ἰοχεαίρης·
Ἴνοῦς καλλιτόκοιο μακαρτέρη, ὅτι θεαίνης
σὸς πάς ἔλλαχε λέκτρα, τὰ μὴ λάχεν ὦτος ἀγῆνωρ.
305 οὐ θρασὺς Ὀρίων πέλε νυμφίος ἰοχεαίρης.
χάρματι δ' ἤσας σέθεν υἱέος εἵνεκα νύμφης
κωμάζει σέο Κάδμος ὀρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ παστῶ,
σειῶν ἡερίοις ἀνέμοις χιονώδεα χαίτην.
ἔγρεο, καὶ σὺ γένοιο γαμοστόλος, εὖλοχε μήτηρ·
310 ἄρμενος οὗτος Ἔρως, ὅτι νυμφίον Ἄρτεμις ἀγνή
υἷα κασιγνήτοιο καὶ οὐ ξένον εἶχεν ἀκοίτην.
ἀλλὰ θεὰ φυγόμενος ἐπὴν ποτε παῖδα λοχεύσῃ,
υἱέα κουφίζουσα σαόφρονος ἰοχεαίρης
πήχεϊ παιδοκόμῳ ζηλήμονι δεῖξον Ἀγαυή.
315 τίς νέμεσις ποτε τοῦτο, κυνοσσόος εἰ παρὰ παστῶ

ἦθελε θηρητῆρα λαγωβόλον υἱά λοχεῦσαι,
εἵκελον Ἀκταίωνι φιλοσκοπέλω τε Κυρήνῃ,
μητρῶων ἑλάφων ἐποχημένον ὠκέϊ δίφρῳ;’

[283] “Autonoe, happier far than Semele — for by your son’s late marriage you can rival Olympus itself! You have seized the honours of the skies, now Artemis has got Actaion for her dainty leman, and Selene Endymion! Actaion never died, he never took the shape of a wild creature, he had no antlered horn of a dappled deer, no bastard shape, no false body, he saw no hounds hunting and killing him. No, these were all herdsmen’s lies, empty-minded fables of malicious tongues about your son’s fate, because they hated the bridegroom of an unwedded goddess. I know where this invention came from: women are jealous about marriage and love in others. Come, leap up with stormy shoe! Make haste, speed into the mountains! There you shall see Actaion beside Lyaïos on the hunt, with Artemis not far off, woven nets in his hands and hunting-boots on his feet, fingering his quiver. Happier far than Semele, Autonoe! for a goddess came to you for marriage, a goddess became your gooddaughter, the Archeress herself! More blessed than that mother Ino proud of her son, for your son got the bed of a goddess, which proud Otos never got. Bold Orion was never bridegroom of the Archeress. Your Cadmos is young again with joy for your son’s bride, and holds revel beside their bridal bed in the mountains, with his snowy hair fluttering in the airy breeze. Wake up, and make one in the marriage company, happy mother! This is a proper love, for holy Artemis has a brother’s son for bridegroom, not a stranger husband. And when the goddess who hated marriage brings forth a child, you shall dandle the son of the chaste Archeress in your cherishing arms and make Agaue jealous at the sight! Why should not the huntress be pleased to bear a son in her bridal chamber, a hunter himself and a marksman, like Actaion, or Cyrene who loved the mountains, and let him ride behind his mother’s team of swift deer?”

BOOK 45

πέμπτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐπόψεαι, ὀππόθι Πενθεὺς
ταῦρον ἐπισφίγγει κεραελκέος ἀντὶ Λυαίου.
ὦς φαμένου Βρομίοιο δόμων ἐξέδραμε νύμφη
χάρματι λυσσῆεντι κατάσχετος, ὄφρα νοήσῃ
νυμφίον Ἀκταίωνα παρήμενον ἰοχεαίρῃ:
καὶ οἱ ἐπειγομένη σφαλερῶ ποδὶ σύνδρομος αὔραις
5 εἰς ὄρος ἀκρήδεμνος ὁμάρτεε μαινὰς Ἀγαυή,
καὶ Κρονίης μάστιγος ἱμασσομένη φρένα κέντρῳ
ἄσκοπον ἐρροίβησε μεμνηνὸτι χεῖλει φωνήν:

BOOK XLV

*See also the forty-fifth, where Pentheus binds the bull instead of stronghorn
Lyaïos.*

WHEN Bromios had spoken, the nymph rushed from the house possessed by joyous madness, that she might see Actaion as bridegroom seated beside the Archeress; along with her as she hastened swift as the wind sped Agauë to the mountain, with staggering steps, unveiled, frenzied, the sting of the Cronian whip flogging her wits, while she poured out these heedless words from her maddened lips:

‘Οὐτιδανῶ Πενθῆι κορύσσομαι, ὄφρα δαεῖν,
θαρσαλέην ὅτι Κάδμος Ἀμαζόνα τίκτεν Ἀγαυήν.
10 ἔμπλεος ἠνορέης καὶ ἐγὼ πέλον: ἦν ἐθελήσω,
καὶ γυμναῖς παλάμῃσιν ὅλον Πενθῆα δαμάσσω,
καὶ στρατιήν εὖοπλον ἀτευχεῖ χειρὶ δαΐζω.
θύρσον ἔχω: μελῆς οὐ δεύομαι, οὐ δόρυ πάλλω:
ἔγχεϊ δ’ ἀμπελόεντι δορυσσόον ἀνέρα βάλλω:
15 οὐ φορέω θώρηκα, καὶ εὐθώρηκα δαμάσσω.
κύμβαλα δ’ αἰθύσσουσα καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγα βοεῖην
κυδαίνω Διὸς υἱά, καὶ οὐ Πενθῆα γεραίρω.
Λυδία μοι δότε ῥόπτρα: τί μέλλετε, θυιάδες ὦραι;
ἴξομαι εἰς σκοπέλους, ὅθι Μαινάδες, ἦχι γυναικες
20 ἥλικες ἀγρώσσοντι συναγρώσσουσι Λυαίῳ.
ζῆλον ἔχω, Λιόνυσε, λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης:
φειδέο μοι Βρομίοιο, θεημάχε, φεῖδεο, Πενθεῦ:
εἰς σκοπέλους ἀκίχητος ἐλεύσομαι, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴ
εὖιον αἰίδουσα χοροῖτυπον ἶχνος ἐλίξω:
25 οὐκέτι βοτρυόεντος ἀναίνομαι ὄργια Βάκχου,
οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδων στυγέω χορόν: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ

δαιμαίνω Διόνυσσον, ὃν ἤροσεν ἄφθιτος εὐνή,
ὃν Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἐχυτλώσαντο κεραυνοί.
ἔσσομαι ὠκυπέδιλος, ὁμήλυδος ἰοχαίρης
30 δίκτυα κουφίζουσα, καὶ οὐ κλωστήρας Ἀθήνης.’

[8] “I rebel against that ridiculous Pentheus, to teach him what a bold Amazon is Agauë the daughter of Cadmos! I too am chockfull of valour. If I like, I will tame all Pentheus even with my bare hands, and I will destroy his well-armed host with no weapon in my hand! I have a thyrsus; ashplant I want not, no spear I shake — with viny lance I strike the spearshaking man! I wear no corselet, but I will tame the man who wears the best. Shaking my cymbals and my tambour which I beat on both sides I magnify the son of Zeus, I honour not Pentheus. Give me the Lydian drums — why do ye delay, ye hours of festival? I will come to the hills, where Mainads, where women of like years, join the hunt of hunting Lyaïos. O Dionysos, I am jealous of Cyrene lionslayer! Spare me Bromios, O thou rebel against heaven — spare him, O Pentheus! I will come at speed into the hills, that I too may sing Euïos and twirl a dancing foot. No longer I refuse the rites of grapegod Bacchos, no longer I hate the Bassarids’ dance; but I too stand in awe of Dionysos, offspring of the bed incorruptible, bathed by thunderbolts from Zeus on high. Swift will my shoes go, as I carry nets beside the Archeress, no longer the skeins of Athena.”

ὥς φαμένη πεπότητο νέη σκαίρουσα Μιμαλλών,
ληναίης μεθέπουσα φιλεῖον ἄλμα χορείης,
Βάκχον ἀνευάζουσα καὶ ἀείδουσα Θυώνην:
καὶ Σεμέλην ὑπάτοιο Διὸς κίκλησκε γυναῖκα,
35 καὶ σέλας εὐφάεων γαμίων ἐλίγαινε κεραυνῶν.

[31] So crying she flew away, a new skipping Mimallon, practising the Euian leap of the winepress, calling Euoi to Bacchos and lauding Thyone — aye, and she called to Semele, wife of Zeus the highest, and loudly sang the brightness of those bridal lightnings.

καὶ χορὸς ἐν σκοπέλοισιν ἔην πολὺς: ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτραι
ἴαχον: ἐπταπύλου δὲ πέδον περιδέδρομε Θήβης
ἡγή ποικιλόμορφος: ὁμογλώσσῳ δ’ ἀλαλητῶ
μελπομένων βαρὺδουπος ἐπεσμαράγησε Κιθαιρῶν:
40 καὶ δροσόεις κελάδησεν ἄλὸς κτύπος: ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
δένδρεα κωμάζοντα καὶ αὐδήεσαν ἐρίπνην.
καὶ τις ἐοῦ θαλάμοιο χοροίτυπος ἔκθορε κούρη,
αὐλὸς ὅτε τρητοῖσι πόροις ἰάχησε κεράσσης:
καὶ κτύπος ἀμφιβόητος ἀδεψήτοιο βοείης

45 παρθενικὰς βάκχευσεν, ἀπ' εὐτύκτων δὲ μελάθρων
 εἰς ὄρος ὕψικάρηνον ἐρημάδας ἤλασε Βάκχας.
 καὶ τις ἀνοιστρηθεῖσα θυελλήεντι πεδίλῳ
 κούρη λυσιθέιρα διέσσυτο παρθενεῶνος,
 κερκίδα καλλείψασα καὶ ἱστοτέλειαν Ἀθήνην:
 50 καὶ πλοκάμων ἀκόμιστον ἀπορρίψασα καλύπτρην
 μίογετο Βασσαρίδεσσι καὶ Ἀονὶς ἔπλετο Βάκχη.

[36] Then there was great dancing on the hills. The rocks resounded all about, a thousand new noises rolled round the land of sevendate Thebes; the one concordant chorus of the singers filled Cithairon with heavy-echoing din; the dewy salt sea roared; one could see trees making merry, and hear voices from the rocks. Many a maiden ran out of her room to foot it in the dance, when the pipe of horn tootled through its drilled holes, and the double blows on the raw hide made the girls go mad, and drove them from their well-built halls to be Bacchantes in the wilderness of the lofty mountains. Many a maiden driven crazy shook her hair loose and rushed with stormy shoe from her chamber, leaving loomcomb and Athena with her craft, cast away the veil unheeded from her hair, mingled with Bassarids — and lo! Aionian turned Bacchant!

Τειρεσίας δ' ἱέρευσεν ἀλεξικάκῳ Διονύσῳ
 βωμὸν ἀναστήσας, ἵνα Πενθέος ὕβριν ἐρύξῃ
 καὶ χόλον ἀπρήνυντον ἀποσκεδάσειε Λυαίου:
 55 ἀλλὰ μάτην ἰκέτευσεν, ἐπεὶ λίνον ἤλυθε Μοίρης.
 καὶ Σεμέλης γενέτην ἐκαλέσσατο μάντις ἐχέφρων,
 ὄφρα μετασχίσωσι χοροστασίην Διονύσου.
 βριθομένοις δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ὠρχήσατο Κάδμος
 στέψας Ἀονίῳ χιονώδεα βόστρυχα κισσῶ:
 60 Τειρεσίας δ' ὁμόφοιτος ἐδὼν πόδα νωθρὸν ἐλίσσων,
 Μυγδονίῳ Φρύγα κῶμον ἀνακρούων Διονύσῳ,
 εἰς χορὸν αἶσσοντι συνέμπορος ἦιε Κάδμῳ
 γηραλέον νάρθηκι θεουδεῖ πῆχυν ἐρείσας.
 ἀθρήσας δὲ γέροντας ὁμήλудας ὄμματι λοῖζω
 65 Τειρεσίαν καὶ Κάδμον ἀτάσθαλος ἴαχε Πενθεύς:

[52] Teiresias built an altar to Protecting Dionysos and sacrificed there, that he might prevent the defiance of Pentheus and avert the wrath of Lyaos yet unappeased; but his prayers were in vain, since the thread of Fate was there. The wise seer called Semele's father also, that they might share the dance of Dionysos. With heavy feet ancient Cadmos danced, crowning his snowy hair with Aonian ivy, and Teiresias his old comrade wheeled a sluggish foot, beating a Phrygian revelstep for Mygdonian Dionysos; so he joined the eager efforts of Cadmos hastening to the dance, and supported his old arm on a

pious fennel stalk. Pentheus the hothead saw old Teiresias and Cadmos there together, and looking askance at them cried out —

‘Κάδμε, τί μαργαίνεις; τίνι δαίμονι κῶμον ἐγείρεις;
Κάδμε, μαινομένης ἀποκάτθεο κισσὸν ἐθείρης,
κάτθεο καὶ νάρθηκα νοσπλανέος Διονύσου:
Ὅγκαις δ’ ἀνάειρε σαόφρονα χαλκὸν Ἀθήνης.
70 νῆπιε Τειρεσία, στεφανηφόρε, ῥῖψον ἅηταις
σῶν πλοκάμων τάδε φύλλα, νόθον στέφος: ἀντὶ δὲ θύρσου
Φοίβου μᾶλλον ἄειρε τεῖν Ἴσμηνίδα δάφνην.
αἰδέομαι σέο γῆρας, ἀμετροβίωv δὲ καὶ αὐτῶν
μάρτυρα δῶν ἐτέων πολίην πλοκαμῖδα γεραίρω:
75 εἰ μὴ γάρ τόδε γῆρας ἐρήτυε καὶ σέο χαίτη,
καὶ κεν ἀλυκτοπέδησιν ἐγὼ δέο χεῖρας ἐλίξας
δέσμιον ἀχλυόεντι κατεσφρήγισσα μελάθρῳ.

[66] “Why this madness, Cadmos? What god do you honour with this revel? Tear the ivy from your hair, Cadmos, it defiles it! And drop that fennel of Dionysos, the deluder of men’s wits! Take up the bronze of Athena Oncaia, which makes men sane. Foolish Teiresias to wear that garland! Throw these leaves to the winds, that false chaplet on your hair. Take up rather the Ismenian laurel of your own Phoibos, instead of a thyrsus. I respect your old age, I honour the hoary locks that witness to the years of your life, as old as theirs. But if this old age and this your hair did not save you, I had twisted galling bonds about your hands and sealed you up in a gloomy cell.

σὸς νόος οὐ με λέληθε: σὺ γὰρ Πενθῆι μεγαίρων
μαντοσύναις δολίῃσι νόθον θεὸν ἀνέρα τεύχεις,
80 δῶρα λαβὼν Λυδοῖο παρ’ ἀνέρος ἡπεροπτήος,
δῶρα πολυχρύσοιο φατιζομένου ποταμοῖο.
ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις, ὅτι Βάκχος ἐποίνιον εὖρεν ὀπώρην:
οἶνος αἰὲ μεθύνοντας ἐφέλκεται εἰς Ἀφροδίτην,
εἰς φόνον ἀσταθέος νόον ἀνέρος οἶνος ἐγείρει.
85 ἀλλὰ Διὸς γενετῆρος ἔχει δέμας ἢ ἐ χιτῶνας:
χρύσεα πέπλα φέρων, οὐ νεβρίδας, ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
ἀστράπτει μακάρεσσι: καὶ ἀνδράσι μάρναται Ἄρης
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχων, οὐκ οἶνοπα θύρσον αἰείρων:
οὐ βοέοις κεράεσσι κερασφόρος ἐστὶν Ἀπόλλων.
90 μὴ ποταμὸς Σεμέλην νυμφεύσατο, καὶ τέκε νύμφη
υἷα νόθον κερόεντα βοοκραίρῳ παρακοίτη;
ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις: ‘γλαυκῶπις ἐς ἄρσενά δῆριν ἰκάνει
σύγγονον ἔγχος ἔχουσα καὶ ἀσπίδα Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη’ ...
αἰγίδα καὶ σὺ τίταινε τεοῦ Κρονίδαο τοκῆος.’

[78] “I understand what is in your mind. You have a grudge against Pentheus, and you make a man into a bastard god by lying oracles — that Lydian impostor has bribed you by promising plenty of gold from the famous golden river. But you will say, Bacchos has invented the wine-fruit. — Yes, and what wine always does is to drag drunken men into lust; what vine does is to excite an unstable man’s mind to murder. But he wears the shape and garments of Zeus his father! — Golden robes are what Lord Zeus wears, not fawnskins, when he thunders in the heights among the Blessed; when Ares fights with men, he carries a spear of bronze, not a thyrsus of vineleaves in his hand; Apollo is not horned with bull’s horns. Was it a River that wedded Semele? did the bride bear a horned bastard to her bullhorned husband? But you will say, Brighteyes Pallas Athena marches to battle with men, holding the spear and shield that were born with her.... Then you should hold the aegis of your father Cronides.”

95 ὥς φαμένου Πενθῆος ἀμείβετο μάντις ἐχέφρων:

[95] When Pentheus ended, the wise seer replied:

‘Τὶ κλονέεις Διόνυσον, ὃν ἤροσεν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς,
ὃν Κρονίδης ὤδινε πατὴρ ἐγκύμονι μηρῷ,
παιδοκόμῳ δὲ γάλακτι θεητόκος ἔτρεφε Πείη,
ὃν πάρος ἡμιτέλεστον ἔτι πνείοντα τεκούσης
100 ἀφλεγέες σπινθήρες ἐχυτλώσαντο κεραυνοῦ;
οὗτος ἀμαλλοτόκῳ Δημήτερι μοῦνος ἐρίζει
ἀντίτυπον σταχέεσσιν ἔχων εὖβοτρυν ὀπώρην.
ἀλλὰ χόλον Βρομίῳ φυλάσσειο: δυσσεβίης δὲ
σοί, τέκος, ἦν ἐθέλης, Σικελὸν τινα μῦθον ἐνίψω.

[96] “Why do you persecute Dionysos, begotten by Zeus the Lord on high, whom Cronides brought forth from a pregnant thigh, whom Rheia mother of the gods nursed with her cherishing milk, who halfcomplete, with a whiff of his mother still about him, was bathed by lightnings which burnt him not? This is the only rival to Demeter mother of harvest, with his fruit of grapes against the corn! Nay, beware of the wrath of Bromios. About impiety, I will tell you, if you wish, my son, a Sicilian story.

105 Τυρσηνῶν ποτε παῖδες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσση,
ξεινοφόνοι, πλωτῆρες ἀλήμονες, ἄρπαγες ὄλβου,
πάντοθεν ἀρπάζοντες ἐπάκτια πῶεα μῆλων:
καὶ πολὺς ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα δορικτήτων ἀπὸ νηῶν
εἰς μόρον ὑδατόεντα γέρων ἐκυλίνδετο ναύτης
110 ἡμιθανής, ἕτερος δὲ προασπίζων ἔο ποιμήνης

ἀμφιλαφῆς πολιῆσι φόνῳ φοινίσσετο ποιμήν.
ἔμπορος εἰ τότε πόντον ἐπέπλεεν, εἴ ποτε Φοῖνιξ
ᾧνια Σιδονίης ἀλιπόρφυρα πέπλα θαλάσσης
εἶχεν, ὑπὲρ πόντοιο λαβὼν Τυρσηνὸς ἀλήτης
115 ἀπροΐδῃς πεφόρητο ῥυφενέων ἐπὶ νηῶν:
καὶ τις ἀνὴρ νήποινον ἀπείρονα φόρτον ὀλέσσας
εἰς Σικελὴν Ἀρέθουσαν ἀνὴρ πορθμεύετο Φοῖνιξ
δέσμιος, ἀρπαμένοιο λιπόπτολις ἄμμορος ὄλβου.
ἀλλὰ δόλῳ Διόνυσος ἐπὶ κλοπὸν εἶδος ἀμείψας

[105] “Sons of the Tyrsenians once were sailing on or possibly his hair (one way of dressing the hair was called “the horn”). the sea — wandering mariners, murderers of the stranger, pirates of the rich, stealing from every side the flocks of sheep near the coast. Many an old sailor man from the ships which they captured here and there was rolled half dead to his fate in the waters; many a stout shepherd fighting for his herd dyed his grey hairs in his red blood. If any merchant then sailed the seas, if any Phoinician with sea-purple stuffs from Sidonian parts for sale, the Tyrsenian pirate caught him suddenly out at sea, and set upon his vessels laden with riches; and so many a man lost infinite cargo without a penny paid, and the Phoinician was carried to Sicilian Arethusa in chains, far from home, his fortune stolen and gone. But Dionysos disguised himself in a deceptive shape, and outwitted the Tyrsenians.

120 Τυρσηνοὺς ἀπάφησε: νόθην δ’ ὑπεδύσατο μορφήν,
ἡμερόεις ἄτε κοῦρος ἔχων ἀχάρακτον ὑπήνην,
αὐχένι κόσμον ἔχων χρυσήλατον: ἀμφὶ δὲ κόρσῃν
στέμματος ἀστράπτοντος ἔην αὐτόσσυτος αἶγλη
λυχνίδος ἀσβέστοιο, καὶ ἔγχλοα νῶτα μαράγδου,
125 καὶ λίθος Ἰνδῶν χαροπῆς ἀμάρυγμα θαλάσσης:
καὶ χροῖ δύσατο πέπλα φαάντερα κυκλάδος Ἡοῦς
ἄρτι χαρασσομένης, Τυρίῃ πεπαλαγμένα κόχλῳ.
ἴστατο δ’ αἰγιαλοῖο παρ’ ὀφρύσιν, οἷα καὶ αὐτὸς
ὀλκάδος ἡμείρων ἐπιβήμεναι. οἱ δὲ θορόντες
130 παιδρὸν ἐληίσσαντο δολοπλόκον υἷα Θυώνης
καὶ κτεάνων γύνωσαν: ὑποτροχώσῃ δὲ σειρῇ
χερσὶν ὀπισθοτόνοισιν ἐμιτρώθη Διονύσου.
καὶ νέος ἐξαπίνης μέγας ἔπλετο θέσπιδι μορφῇ
ἀνδροφυῆς κερόεις ὑψούμενος ἄχρῃ Ὀλύμπου,
135 νύσσων ἡερίων νεφέων σκέπας: εὐκελάδῳ δὲ
ὡς στρατὸς ἐννεάχιλος ἐῷ μυκήσατο λαιμῷ.
μηκεδανοὶ δὲ κάλῳ ἐχιδναῖοι πέλον ὀλκοί,
ἔμπνοα μορφωθέντες ἐς ἀγκύλα νῶτα δρακόντων:
καὶ πρότονοι σύριζον: ὑπηνέμιος δὲ κεράστης

140 Ὀλκαίαις ἐλίκεσσιν ἀνέδραμεν εἰς κέρας ἱστοῦ·
 καὶ χλοεροῖς πετάλοισι κατάσκιος ἤερι γείτων
 ἱστὸς ἔην κυπάρισσος ὑπέρτατος· ἐν δὲ μεσόδμη
 κισσὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἀνήιεν αἰθέρι γείτων,
 σειρὴν αὐτοέλικτον ἐπιπλέξας κυπαρίσσω·
 145 ἀμφὶ δὲ πηδαλίοισιν ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης
 Βακχιάς ἀμπελόεντι κάμαξ ἐβαρύνετο καρπῶ·
 πρύμνης δ' ἠδυπότοιο βαρυνομένης Διονύσου
 οἶνον ἀναβλύζουσα μέθης βακχεύετο πηγῇ.
 ἀμφὶ δὲ σέλματα πάντα διὰ πρῶρης ἀνιόντες
 150 θῆρες ἀεξήθησαν· ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ ταῦροι,
 καὶ βλοσυρὸν κελάδημα λέων βρυχήσατο λαίμῳ.

[120] “He put on a false appearance, like a lovely boy with smooth chin, wearing a gold necklace upon his neck; about his temples was a chaplet shining with selfsped gleams of a light unquenchable, broad green emeralds and the Indian stone,” a scintillation of the bright sea. His body was clad in robes streaked with dye from the Tyrian shell more brilliant than the circling Dawn, when she has just been marked with lines. He stood on the brow of the shore, as if he wished to embark in their ship. They leapt ashore and captured the radiant son of Thyone in his guile; they stript him of his possessions, and tied Dionysos’s hands fast with ropes running behind his back. Suddenly the lad grew tall with wonderful beauty, as a man with horned head rising up to Olympus, touching the canopy of aerial clouds, and with booming throat roared as loud as an army of nine thousand men. The long hawsers became trailing snakes, changed into live serpents twisting their bodies about, the stayropes hissed, up into the air a horned viper ran along the mast to the yard in trailing coils: near the sky, the mast was a tall cypress with a shade of green leaves; ivy sprang up from the mastbox and ran into the sky wrapping its tendrils about the cypress of itself, the Bacchic stem popped out of the sea round the steering-oars all heavy with bunches of grapes; over the laden poop poured a fountain of wine bubbling the sweet drink of Dionysos. All along the decks wild beasts were springing up over the prow: bulls were bellowing, a lion’s throat let out a fearsome roar.

Τυρσηνοὶ δ' ἰάχησαν, ἐβακχεύοντο δὲ λύσση
 εἰς φόβον οἰστρηθέντες. ἀξιφύτοιο δὲ πόντου
 ἄνθεα κυματόεντες ἀπέπτυνον ὕδατος ὀλκοί·
 155 καὶ ῥόδον ἐβλάστησε, καὶ ὑπόθεν, ὥς ἐνὶ κήπῳ,
 ἀφροτόκοι κενεῶνες ἐφοινίσσοντο θαλάσσης,
 καὶ κρίνον ἐν ῥοθίοις ἀμαρύσσετο. δερκομένων δὲ
 ψευδομένων λειμῶνας ἐβακχεύθησαν ὀπωπαί,
 καὶ σφιν ὄρος βαθύδενδρον ἐφαίνετο καὶ νομὸς ὕλης
 160 καὶ χορὸς ἀγρονόμων καὶ πῶεα μηλοβοτήρων,

καὶ κτύπον ὥϊσαντο λιγυφθόγγοιο νομῆος
ποιμενίῃ σὺριγγι μελιζομένοιο νοῆσαι,
καὶ λιγυρῶν ἄιοντες ἐντρήτων μέλος αὐλῶν
μεσσατίου πλῶντες ἀτέρμονος ὑψόθι πόντου
165 γαῖαν ἰδεῖν ἐδόκησαν: ἀμερσινῶ δ' ὑπὸ λύσση
εἰς βυθὸν αἰσσοντες ἐπωρχήσαντο γαλήνῃ,
ποντοπόροι δελφῖνες: ἀμειβομένου δὲ προσώπου
εἰς φύσιν ἰχθυόεσσαν ἐμορφώθη γένος ἀνδρῶν.

[152] “The Tyrsenians shrieked and rushed wildly about goaded with fear. Plants were sprouting in the sea: the rolling waves of the waters put out flowers; the rose grew there, and reddened the rounded foaming swell upon it as if it were a garden, lilies gleamed in the surge. As they beheld these counterfeit meadows their eyes were bewitched. The place seemed to be a hill thick with trees, and a woodland pasturage, companies of countrymen and shepherds with their sheep; they thought they saw a tuneful herdsman playing a tune on his shepherd’s pipes; they thought they heard the melody from the loud pipes’ holes, and saw land while still sailing upon the boundless sea; then deluded by their madness they leapt into the deep and danced in the quiet water, now dolphins of the sea — for the shape of the men was changed into the shape of fish.

καὶ σὺ, τέος, δολόεντα χόλον πεφύλαξο Λυαίου.
170 ἄλλ’ ἐρέεις: ‘ μεθέπω δέμας ἄλκιμον, ἀμφιέπω δὲ
φρικτὸν ὄδοντοφύτων αὐτόσπορον αἶμα Γιγάντων.’
δαιμονίην φύγε χεῖρα Γιγαντοφόνου Διονύσου,
ὅς ποτε Τυρσηνοῖο παρὰ κρηπῖδα Πελώρου
Ἄλπον ἀπηλοίησε, θεημάχον υἱὸν Ἀρούρης,
175 μαρνάμενον σκοπέλοισι καὶ αἰχμάζοντα κολώναις:
μαιομένου δὲ Γίγαντος ὑποπτήσων στίχα λαιμῶν
οὐ τότε κεῖνο κάρηνον ὀδοιπόρος ἔστιχε πέτρης:
εἰ δέ τις ἀγνώσσω ἀβάτω πεφόρητο κελεῦθω
μαστιζων θρασὺν ἵππον, ὑπὲρ σκοπέλοιο νοήσας
180 χερσὶ πολυπερέεσσι περίπλοκον υἱὸς Ἀρούρης
ἥνιοχον καὶ πῶλον ἐῷ τυμβεύσατο λαιμῷ.
πολλάκι δ’ εὐδένδροιο δι’ οὖρεος εἰς νομὸν ἔλκων
μῆλα μεσημβρίζοντα γέρων δαιτρεῦετο ποιμήν.
οὐ τότε δ’ αἰπολίοισι παρήμενος ἢ παρὰ μάνδραις
185 συμφορτοῖς δονάκεσσι μελιζετο μουσοπόλος Πάν,
οὐ κτύπου ὑστερόφωνος ἀμείβετο πηκτίδος Ἥχῳ:
ἀλλὰ, λάλον περ ἐοῦσαν, ἐθήμονι σύνθροον αὐλῷ
Πανὸς ἀσιγήτοιο κατεσφρηγίσσατο σιγή,
ὅττι Γίγας τότε πᾶσιν ἐπέχραεν: οὐ τότε βούτης,
190 οὐ χορὸς ὑλοτόμων τις ὁμήλικας ἦκαχε Νύμφας

τέμνων νήια δοῦρα, καὶ οὐ σοφὸς ὀλκάδα τέκτων
 δουροπαγῆς γόμφωσεν ὁδοιπόρον ἄρμα θαλάσσης,
 εἰσόκε κείνα κάρηνα παρέστιχε Βάκχος ὀδεύων,
 σείων Εὐΐα θύρσα: παρερχομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
 195 ὑψινεφῆς περίμετρος ἐπέχραεν υἱὸς Ἀρούρης,
 ἀσπίδα πετρήεσαν ἐοῖς ὤμοισιν αἰείρων:
 καὶ σκόπελον βέλος εἶχεν, ἐπεσκίρτησε δὲ Βάκχῳ
 γείτονα δενδρήεσαν ἔχων ὑψίδρομον αἰχμὴν,
 ἥ πίτυν ἥ πλατάνιστον ἀκοντίζων Διονύσῳ.
 200 ὥς ῥόπαλον πίτυν εἶχε, καὶ ὥς θοὸν ἄορ ἐλίσσων
 πρυμνόθεν αὐτόρριζον ἐκούφισε θάμνον ἐλαίης.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε τηλεβόλους ὀρέων ἐκένωσε κολῶνας,
 καὶ σκιερῆς βαθύδενδρος ἐγυμνώθη ῥάχισ ὕλης,
 θυρσομανῆς τότε Βάκχος ἐὼν βέλος ἠθάδι ῥοίζῳ
 205 εἰς σκοπὸν ἠκόντιζε, καὶ ἠλιβάτου τύχεν Ἄλπου
 εἰς πλατὺν ἀνθερεῶνα, κατ' ἀσφαράγοιο δὲ μέσσου
 ὄξυτενῆς χλοάουσα διέσσυτο Βακχιᾶς αἰχμῇ:
 ἔνθα Γίγας ὀλίγῳ τετορημένος ὄξεϊ θύρσῳ
 ἡμιθανῆς κεκύλιστο καὶ ἔμπεσε γείτοني πόντῳ,
 210 πλησάμενος βαθύκολπον ὅλον κενεῶνα θαλάσσης:
 ὑψώσας δὲ ῥέεθρα Τυφαιονίης διὰ πέτρης
 θερμὰ κασιγνήτοιο κατέκλυσε νῶτα χαμευνῆς,
 ἔμπυρον ὕδατόεντι καταψύχων δέμας ὀλκῷ.
 ἀλλὰ, τέκος, πεφύλαξο, μὴ εἴκελα καὶ σὺ νοήσης,
 215 Τυρσηνῶν ἅτε παῖδες, ἅτε θρασὺς υἱὸς Ἀρούρης.'

[169] "So you also, my son, should beware of the resourceful anger of Lyaïos. But you will say — I have mighty strength, I have in my nature the blood of the terrible giants that sprang of themselves from the sown Teeth. Then avoid the divine hand of Dionysos Giantslayer, who once beside the base of Tyrsenian Peloros smashed Alpos, the son of Earth who fought against gods, battering with rocks and throwing hills. No wayfarer then climbed the height of that rock, for fear of the raging Giant and his row of mouths; and if one in ignorance travelled on that forbidden road whipping a bold horse, the son of Earth spied him, pulled him over the rock with a tangle of many hands, entombed man and colt in his gullet! Often some old shepherd leading his sheep to pasture along the wooded hillside at midday was gobbled up. In those days melodious Pan never sat beside herds of goats or sheepcotes playing his tune on the assembled reeds, no imitating Echo returned the sounds of his pipes; but prattler as she was, silence sealed those lips which were wont to sound with the pipe of Pan never silent, because the Giant then oppressed all. No cowherd then came, no band of woodmen cutting timbers for a ship troubled the Nymphs of the trees, their agemates, no clever shipwright clamped together a barge, the woodriveted car that travels the roads of the sea,

until Bacchos on his travels passed by that peak, shaking his Euian thyrsus. As Lyaïos passed, the huge son of Earth high as the clouds attacked him. A rock was the shield the Alps in some way; the syllable *alp*-is found in other place-names. upon his shoulders, a hilltop was his missile; he leapt on Bacchos, with a tall tree which he found near for a pike, some pine or planetree to cast at Dionysos. A pine was his club, and he pulled up an olive spire from the roots to whirl for a quick sword. But when he had stript the whole mountain for his long shots, and the ridge was bare of all the thick shady trees, then Bacchos thyrsus-wild sped his own shot whizzing as usual to the mark, and hit this towering Alpos full in the wide throat — right through the gullet went the sharp point of the greeny spear. Then the Giant pierced with the sharp little thyrsus rolled over half dead and fell in the neighbouring sea, filling the whole deephollowed abyss of the bay. He lifted the waters and deluged Typhaon's rock, flooding the hot surface of his brother's bed and cooling his scorched body with a torrent of water. Nay, my son, be careful, that you too may not see what the sons of Tyrsenia saw, what the bold son of Earth saw."

εἶπε καὶ οὐ παρέπεισεν· ἀταρβήτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
εἰς ὄρος ὕψικάρηνον ὁμόσσυτος ἦιε Κάδμῳ,
ὄφρα χοροῦ ψαύσειε. σιδηροφόροις δὲ μαχηταῖς
ἀσπίδα κουφίζων κορυθαιόλος ἶαχε Πενθεύς·

[216] He spoke, but could not convince; and so with undaunted shoe he hurried to the high mountains with Cadmos, that he might share the dance. But Pentheus in flashing helm, shield on arm, cried to his armed warriors —

220 ‘Δμῶες ἔμοί, στείχοντες ἐν ἄστει καὶ μέσον ὕλης
ἄξατέ μοι βαρὺδεσμον ἀνάγκιδα τοῦτον ἀλήτην,
ὄφρα τυπεῖς Πενθῆος ἀμοιβαιῆσιν ἱμάσθλαις
μηκέτι φαρμακόντι ποτῶ θέλξειε γυναῖκας,
ἀλλὰ γόνυ κλίνειεν· ἀπὸ σκοπέλων δὲ καὶ αὐτὴν
225 μητέρα βακχευθεῖσαν ἐμὴν φιλότεκνον Ἀγαυὴν
φοιτάδος ἀγρύπνοιο μεταστήσασθε χορεῖης,
λυσσαλέης ἐρύσαντες ἀνάμπυκα βότρυν ἐθείρης.’

[220] “My servants, make haste through the city and the depth of the woods — bring me here in heavy chains that weakling vagabond, that flogged by the repeated lashes of Pentheus he may cease to bewitch women with his drugged potion, and bend the knee instead. Bring back also out of the hills my fond mother Agaue now gone mad, separate her from the sleepless wandering dance — drag her by the hair now snoodless in her frenzy!”

ὧς φασμένον Πενθῆος ὀπάονες ὠκέϊ ταρσῶ
 ἔδραμον ὑψικόμοιο δυσέμβατον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης
 230 ἵχνια μαστεύοντες ὀριπλανέος Διονύσου.
 καὶ μόγῃς ἀθρήσαντες ἐρημάδος ἀγχόθι πέτρης
 θυρσομανῇ Διόνυσον ἐπερρώσαντο μαχηταί:
 καὶ παλάμαις Βρομίῳ περὶ ἔσφιγξαν ἱμάντας,
 δεσμὰ βαλεῖν ἐθέλοντες ἀνικῆτῳ Διονύσῳ:
 235 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἦεν ἄφαντος, ἐὼ περὶ πτερόεντι πεδίλῳ
 αἶξας ἀκίχητος, ἐν ἀφθόγγῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
 δαιμονίῃ θεράποντες ἐδουλώθησαν ἀνάγκῃ,
 μῆνιν ἀλυσκάζοντες ἀθηήτοιο Λυαίου
 ταρβαλέοι. καὶ Βάκχος ὁμοῖος ἀσπιδιώτῃ
 240 ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἔχων ἐδράξατο χειρὶ κεραίης,
 ὡς θεράπων Πενθῆος ἀπειλείων Διονύσῳ
 ψευδομένῳ κερόεντι, καὶ ὡς κοτέοντι προσώπῳ
 Πενθέος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε μεμηνότος, ἐζομένου δὲ
 λυσσαλέου βασιλῆος ἀγήνορα κόμπον ἀθύρων
 245 φρικαλέην ἀγέλαστος ἐπὶ κλοπὸν ἴαχε φωνήν:

[228] At this command, Pentheus's men with swift foot ran to the rugged ridge of leafy woodland seeking the tracks of hill-ranging Dionysos. With difficulty the soldiers found the thyrsus-maddened god near a lonely rock; they rushed upon him and wound straps about Bromios's hands, binding him fast — that is how they meant to imprison invincible Dionysos! But he disappeared — gone in a flash, untraceable, on his winged shoes. The men stood silent — speechless, cowed by divine compulsion, shrinking before the wrath of Lyaïos unseen, terrified. And Bacchos in the likeness of a soldier with shield in hand, seized a wild bull by the horn, making as if he were one of the servants of Pentheus, crying out upon this false horned Dionysos. He put on a look of rage and came near to mad Pentheus where he sat, and mocked at the proud boasts of the frenzied king as he spoke unsmiling these deceitful threatening words:

‘Οὗτος ἀνὴρ, σκηπτοῦχε, τὴν οἴστρον Ἀγαυὴν:
 οὗτος ἀνὴρ ἐθέλει βασιλεῖδα Πενθέος ἔδρην:
 ἀλλὰ λαβὼν κερόεντα δολόφρονα Βάκχον ἀλήτην
 δῆσον ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι τεῶν μνηστῆρα θοώκων,
 250 καὶ κεφαλὴν πεφύλαξο βοοκράϊρου Διονύσου,
 μὴ σε λαβὼν πλῆξῃε τανυγλώχινι κεραίῃ.’

[246] “This is the man, your Majesty, who has sent your Agaue mad! This is the man who covets the royal throne of Pentheus! Take this horned vagabond Bacchos full of tricks — bind in galling fetters the pretender to your throne —

and beware of the bull's horns of Dionysos's head, or he may catch you and pierce you with the long point of his horn!"

ὥς φαμένου Βρομίιο κατάσχετος ἔμφροني λύσση
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα θεημάχος ἴαχε Πενθεύς:

[252] When Bromios had finished, god-defiant Pentheus uttered reckless words, his mind being possessed by the delirium of Bromios:

‘Δήσατε, δήσατε τοῦτον, ἐμῶν συλήτορα θώκων:
255 οὔτος ἐμοῖς σκήπτροισι κορύσσεται, οὔτος ἰκάνει
Καδμείην ἐθέλων Σεμέλης πατρώιον ἔδρην.
καλὸν ἐμοὶ Διόνυσον, ὃν ἦροσε λάθριος εὐνῇ,
ἀνδροφυῇ τινα ταῦρον ἔχειν ξυνήονα τιμῆς,
βουκεράῳ νόθον εἶδος ἐπαυγάζοντα μετώπῳ,
260 ὃν μετὰ Πασιφάνην Σεμέλη τάχα γείνατο ταύρῳ,
βοσκομένῳ κερόεντι συναπτομένη παρακοίτῃ.’

[254] “Bind him, bind him, the robber of my throne! This is the enemy of my sceptre, this is he that comes coveting the royal seat of Semele and her father! A fine thing for me to share my honour with Dionysos, the son of an illicit bed, a bull in human form, with a shape of borrowed glory upon his oxhorned face, whom Semele perhaps mothered for a bull, like another Pasiphae, mated with a grazing horned bedfellow!”

εἶπε καὶ ἀγραύλοιο πόδας ταύροιο πιέζων
σφίγξεν ἄλυκτοπέδησι λαβῶν δέ μιν ἀντὶ Λυαίου
ἦγαγεν ἱππέιης πεπεδημένον ἐγγῦθι φάτνης,
265 ὥς Σεμέλης θρασὺν υἱὰ καὶ τινα ταῦρον ἐέργων
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα περίπλοκον ἄμματι χειρῶν
δέσμιον εὐρώεντι κατεσφρήγισσε μελᾶθρῳ,
εἰς γλαφυρόν τινα κοῖλον ἀτερπέος οἶκον ἀνάγκης,
Κιμμερίων μίμημα δυσέκβατον, ἄμμορον Ἡοῦς,
270 ἀμφιπόλους Βρομίου θιασώδεας, ὧν ὑπὸ δεσμῷ
θλιβομέναις παλάμησιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἱμάντες,
χαλκείῃ δὲ πόδεσιν ἐπεσφρηγίζετο σειρή.

[262] He spoke, and bound fast the legs of the wild bull in galling shackles. Taking him for Lyaïos he led him shackled near the horses' manger, thinking his captive Semele's bold son and no bull. He tied together with ropes the hands of all the ranks of Bassarids, sealed them up in a mouldy dungeon, a vaulted cavern, a house of joyless constraint, whence none could escape, dark as the Cimmerians, far from the light of day, these followers of Bromios in the

revels; their arms were bound in a clasp of galling straps, chains of bronze were sealed on their legs.

ἀλλὰ ταχυστροφάλιγγος ὅτε δρόμος ἦλθε χορείης,
μαινάδες ὥρχήσαντο: θυελλήεσσα δὲ Βάκχη
275 ἄστατα δινηθεῖσα ποδῶν βητάρμονι παλμῶ
ἄρραγέων ἀνέκοπτε παλίλλυτον ὀλκὸν ἱμάντων,
καὶ παλάμαις κροτάλιζεν ἐλεύθερον Εὐϊον ἦχῳ
εὐρύθοις πατάγοισιν: ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι δὲ ταρσῶν
χαλκοβαρῆς σφριγώουσα ποδῶν ἐσχίζετο σειρῇ.
280 καὶ δόμον ἀχλυόεντα θεόσσυτος ἔστεφεν αἶγλη
Βασσαριδῶν ζοφεροῖο καταστάζουσα μελάθρου:
καὶ σκοτίου πυλεῶνες ἀνεπτύσσοντο βερέθρου
αὐτόματοι: τρομερῷ δὲ τεθηπότες ἄλματι ταρσῶν
Βασσαριδῶν βρύχημα καὶ ἄγριον ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων

[273] But when the time came for the quickturning dance, then danced the Mainads. The Bacchantes like a storm shook loose the wrappings of their straps unbroken and circled quickly in tripping step, rattling a free Euian noise with rhythmic claps, while the turning of their feet broke the thick heavy fetters of bronze round their legs. A heavensent radiance filled the dark dungeon of the Bassarids, diffused over the gloomy roof; the doors of the darksome den opened of themselves; the jailers were stupefied at the cries and the ferocious foaming teeth of the Bassarids, and their leaping feet, and fled in terror.

285 εἰς φόβον ἠπείγοντο φυλάκτορες. αἱ δὲ φυγοῦσαι
νόστιμον ἶχνος ἔκαμψαν ἐρημάδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλην,
ὣν ἢ μὲν βοέην ἀγέλην δαιτρεύσατο θύρσῳ
ῥινοτόρῳ, καὶ χεῖρας ἐὰς ἐμῆνατο λύθρῳ
ταυρεῖην ὀνύχεσσι διασχιζούσα καλύπτρην
290 τρηχαλέην, ἐτέρη δὲ δαφοινήεντι κορὺμβῳ
εἰροπόκων ἄρρηκτα διέτμαγε πῶεα μήλων,
ἄλλη δ' αἶγας ἔπεφνεν: ἐφοινίσσοντο δὲ λύθρου
αἵμαλέαις λιβάδεσσι δαΐζομένης ἀπὸ ποίμνης.
ἄλλη δὲ τριέτηρον ἀφαρπάξασα τοκῆος
295 ἄτρομον ἀστυφέλικτον ἀδέσμιον ὑπόθεν ὦμων
ἴστατο κουφίζουσα μεμηλότα παῖδα θυέλλαις,
ἐζόμενον γελῶντα καὶ οὐ πίπτοντα κονίῃ:
καὶ γλάγος ἦτε κοῦρος, ἐὴν ἄτε μητέρα, Βάκχην,
στήθεα δ' ἀμφαφάσκειν: ἀνυμφεύτοιο δὲ κούρης
300 αὐτομάτην γλαγόεσαν ἀνέβλυνον ἱκμάδα μαζοί.
παιδί δὲ πειναλέῳ λασίους πετάσασα χιτῶνας

χειλεσι νηπιάχοισι νεόρρυτον ὥρεγε θηλὴν,
παρθενικὴ δ' ἐκόρεσσεν ἀήθεϊ κοῦρον ἔερση:
πολλὰ δ' ἄρτιτόκοιο μετοχλίσθεντα τεκούσης
305 τέκνα δασυστέρνοιο τιθηνήσαντο λεαίνης.
ἄλλη δίψιον οὔδας ἐπέκτυπεν ὅξει θύρσῳ
ἄκρον ὄρος πλήξασα νεοσχιδές: αὐτοτελῇ δὲ
οἶνον ἐρευγομένη κραναὴ πορφύρετο πέτρῃ,
λειβομένου δὲ γάλακτος ἀρασσομένης ἀπὸ πέτρης
310 πίδακες αὐτοχῦτοισιν ἐλευκαίνοντο ῥέεθροις.
ἄλλη ῥίψε δράκοντα κατὰ δρυός: ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρῳ
σπεῖραν ὄφις κύκλωσε, καὶ ἔπλετο κισσὸς ἀλήτης
πρέμνον ἐλισσομένῳ σκολιῷ μιτρούμενος ὀλκῷ,
ἀμφελελιζομένων μιμούμενος ἄμμα δρακόντων.
315 καὶ Σάτυρος πεφόρητο σεσηρότα θῆρα κομίζων
τίγριν ἀπειλητῆρα καθήμενον ὑπόθι νώτου,
ἄγριον ἦθος ἔχοντα καὶ οὐ ψαύοντα φορῆος:
καὶ συὸς ἄκρα γένεια γέρων Σειληνὸς ἐρύσσας
κάρχαρον ἠκόντιζεν ἐς ἡέρα κάπρον ἀθύρων:
320 ἄλλος ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
εἰς λοφιὴν ἀκίχητος ἐπηώρητο καμήλου:
καὶ τις ὑπὲρ νώτοιο θορῶν ἐποχήσατο ταύρῳ.

[285] So they escaped and turned their way back to the forest in the lonely hills. One slew a herd of bulls with skinpiercing thyrsus, and soiled her hands in the gore, tearing the rough bull's hide with her fingernails. Another cut to pieces a flock of sheep with bloody twigs, not tearing their soft wool; another killed goats, and all were dyed with bloody streams of gore from the slaughtered herd. Another snatched from the father a three year child, and set it upon her shoulder untrembling, unshaken, unbound, balancing the boy in the winds' charge — there he sat laughing, never falling in the dust. The boy asked the Bacchant for milk, thinking it was his mother, and pawed her breast — and milky drops ran of themselves to the breasts of the unwedded maiden, she opened her hairy wrap for the hungry boy, and offered a newly flowing teat to his childish lips; so a virgin stilled the boy with an unfamiliar drink. Many forced away newborn cubs from a shaggy chested lioness and nursed them. Another struck the thirsty soil with the point of a thyrsus; the top of the hill split at once, and the hard rock poured out purple wine of itself, or with a tap on the rock fountains of milk ran out of themselves in white streams. Another threw a snake at an oak; the snake coiled round the tree, and turned into moving ivy running round girdling the trunk, just as snakes run their coils round and round. A Satyr rushed along carrying a snarling beast, a dangerous tiger which sat on his back, which for all its wild nature did not touch the bearer. One old Seilenos dragged a boar by the snout and threw the tusked swine up in the air for fun. Another with stormy leaps of his feet in a moment

mounted upon a camel's neck; and one jumped on a bull and rode on his back.

καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν σκοπέλοισι: λυροδμήτῳ δ' ἐνὶ Θήβῃ
θαύματα ποικίλα Βάκχος ἐδείκνυε πᾶσι πολίταις:
325 καὶ σφαλεροῖσι πόδεσσιν ἐβακχεύοντο γυναῖκες ...
χειλέσιν ἀφροκόμοισιν: ὅλῃ δ' ἐλελίζετο Θήβῃ,
καὶ φλογεροὺς σπινθῆρας ἀπηκόντιζον ἀγυαί:
σεῖετο πάντα θέμεθλα, καὶ ὥς βοέων ἀπὸ λαϊμῶν
ἀκλινέες πυλεῶνες ἐμυκήσαντο μελάθρων:
330 καὶ δόμος ἀστυφέλικτος ἀναβρομέεσκε κυδοιμῷ
λαϊνέῃ σάλπιγγι χέων αὐτόσσυτον ἤχῳ.

[323] So much for the mountains; but in music-built Thebes, Bacchos manifested many wonders to all the people. The women danced wildly with staggering feet... with foaming lips. All Thebes was shaken, and sparks of fire shot up from the streets; all the foundations quaked, the immovable gates of the mansions bellowed as if they had throats like a bull; even the unshaken building rumbled in confusion, as if giving voice with a stone trumpet of its own.

οὐδὲ χόλου Διόνυσος ἐπαύσατο: δαιμονίῃν δὲ
φθογγὴν ἡερόφοιτον ἐς ἑπταπόρων ἴτυν ἄστρων,
λυσσῆεις ἄτε ταῦρος, ἐῷ μυκήσατο λαϊμῷ:
335 καὶ κλονέων Πενθῆα μεμνηότα μάρτυρι πυρσῷ
μαρμαρυγῆς ἔπλησεν ὅλον δόμον: ἀμφὶ δὲ τοίχους
ἀντιπόρους σελάγιζε πολυσχιδὲς ἀλλόμενον πῦρ
δαιομένῳ σπινθῆρι κατάσσυτον, ἀμφὶ δὲ πέπλοις
πορφυρέοις καὶ στέρνον ἀλιχλαίνου βασιλῆος
340 πυρσὸς ἔλιξ πεφόρητο, καὶ οὐκ ἔφλεξε χιτῶνας:
κεκριμέναις δ' ἀκτῖσιν ἀποσπάδες ἄλματι θερμῷ
ἐκ ποδὸς εἰς μέσα νῶτα, δι' ἱξύος εἰς ῥάχιν ἄκρην
Πενθεὸς ἀμφὶ τένοντα μετήλυδες ἔτρεχον αὐγαί:
πολλάκι δ' αὐτοπόροιο πυρὸς βητάρμονι παλμῷ
345 γηγενέος βασιλῆος ἐυστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
ἀφλεγέας σπινθῆρας ἀπέπτυε θέσκελος αἴγλη.
καὶ σέλας αὐτοέλικτον ἰδὼν βρυχήσατο Πενθεύς,
κέκλετο δὲ δμώεσσιν ἄγειν ἀλκτῆριον ὕδωρ,
ὄφρα κατασβέσσωσιν ἀναπτομένην φλόγα πυρσοῦ
350 δῶμα περιρραίνοντες ἀλεξικάκοισι ῥέεθροις:
καὶ γλαφυρῶν γυάλων ἐφάνη γυμνούμενον ὕδωρ,
καί, μεγάλη περ ἐοῦσα, ῥόον τερσαίνετο πηγῇ
ἄγγεσι νηρίθμοισιν ἀφυσσομένου ποταμοῖο.
καὶ πόνος ἀχρήιστος ἔην καὶ ἐτώσιον ὕδωρ.

355 καὶ διεραῖς λιβάδεσσιν ἀέξετο βαλλόμενον πῦρ
θερμοτέραις ἀκτῖσι: καὶ ὡς πολίων ἀπὸ τὰρων
μυκηθμοῦ κελάδοντος ὑπωροφίη πέλεν ἡχώ,
βροντᾷς δ' ἐνδομύχοισιν ἐπέκτυπε Πενθέος αὐλή.

[332] Yet Dionysos did not abate his wrath. He sent his divine voice into the sky as far as the seven orbits of the stars, bellowing with his own throat like a mad bull. He pursued frenzied Pentheus with his witnesses, the fires, and filled the whole house with the blaze. Tongues of fire danced gleaming over the walls right and left with showers of burning sparks; over the king's brilliant robes and the seapurple stuff about his chest ran spirals of fire which did not burn his garments. Separate streaks of fire went in hot leaps from foot to middleback, across his loins to the top of his backbone and round his neck ran the travelling flashes: often the divine light spat sparks that did not burn on the splendid bed of the earthborn king, the fire dancing about at random. Pentheus seeing this fire moving about of itself roared aloud and called his slaves to help, to bring saving water to drench the place with protective torrents and quench the burning flames. And the rounded cisterns were emptied, bared of water, the fountain of the river great as it was, dried up when those thousands of vessels were dipt in the water. Their trouble was useless, the water did no good, wet floods poured on the fire only made its flames grow hotter still; there was a sound as of the echoing bellow of many bulls under that roof, and the palace of Pentheus resounded with internal thunders.

BOOK 46

ἔκτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἶδε πλέον, ἧχι νοήσεις
Πενθέος ἄκρα κάρηνα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον Ἀγαυήν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ γίνωσκεν ἄναξ θρασύς, ὅτι λυθέντος
αὐτομάτου δεσμοῖο σιδηροφόρων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
μαινάδες ἐσσεύοντο μετῆλυδες εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
καὶ δόλον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἀθηήτου Διονύσου,
5 ἄστατος ὕβριστῆρι χόλῳ κυμαίνεται Πενθεύς:
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν παρεόντα παλινδρομον ἠθάδι κισσῷ
βόστρυχα μιτρωθέντα, καὶ ἄπλοκον ὑπόθεν ὦμων
μηκεδανῆς ὀρόων κεχαλασμένον ὀλκὸν ἐθείρης,
τοῖον ἀπερροιβήσεν ἔπος λυσσώδεϊ λαίμῳ:

BOOK XLVI

*See also the forty-sixth, where you will find the head of Pentheus and Agaue
murdering her son.*

As soon as Pentheus, that audacious king, understood that the fetters of iron had dropt of themselves from the prisoners' hands, and the Mainads were rushing abroad to the mountain forest, as soon as he knew the crafty plan of unseen Dionysos, restless at once he swelled with violent wrath. Then he saw him returned there, with wreaths of the usual ivy about his head, and the long locks of hair flowing in unkempt trails over his shoulders, and blustered out these wild words from his frenzied throat —

10 “Ἦδὺς ὁ Τειρεσίαν ἀπατήλιον εἰς ἐμέ πέμπων:
οὐ δύναται σέο μάντις ἐμὸν νόον ἠπεροπεύειν:
ἄλλοις ἔννεπε ταῦτα. θεὰ πόθεν υἱεὶ Πρῆι
οὐ Διὶ μαζὸν ὄρεξε, καὶ ἔτρεφεν υἷα Θυώνης;
εἴρεο Δικταίης κορυθαιόλον ἄντρον ἐρίπνης,
εἴρεο καὶ Κορύβαντας, ὅπη ποτὲ κοῦρος ἀθύρων
μαζὸν Ἀμαλθείης κουροτρόφον αἰγὸς ἀμέλγων
15 Ζεὺς μένος ἠέξεσε, καὶ οὐ γλάγος ἔσπασε Πρῆις.
ἦθεα σῆς δολίης ἀπεμάξαο καὶ σὺ τεκούσης:
ψευδομένην Σεμέλην Κρονίδης ἔφλεξε κεραυνῷ:
20 ἄζεο, μὴ Κρονίδης μετὰ μητέρα καὶ σέ δαμάσσει.
βάρβαρον οὐ μεθέπω καὶ ἐγὼ γένος: ἀρχέγονος δὲ
Ἴσμηνός με φύτευσε, καὶ οὐ τέκεν ὕγρὸς Ὑδάσπης:
Δηριάδην οὐκ οἶδα καὶ οὐ Λυκόοργος ἀκούω.
ἀλλὰ σὺν ὑμετέροις Σατύροις καὶ θυιάσι Βάκχαις
25 Δίρκης λείπε ῥέεθρα, καί, ἦν ἐθέλης, σέο θύρσῳ

κτεῖνε παρ' Ἀσσυρίοισι νεώτερον ἄλλον Ὀρόντην.
οὐ σὺ γένος Κρονίωνος Ὀλύμπιον: ὄλλυμένης γὰρ
ἄστεροπαὶ βοῶσιν ὀνειδεα σεῖο τεκούσης,
καὶ κρυφίων λεχέων ἐπιμάρτυρές εἰσι κεραυνοί.
30 οὐ Δανάην μετὰ λέκτρα κατέφλεγεν ὕετιος Ζεὺς,
καὶ γνωτὴν ἀδόνητον ἔμοῦ Κάδμοιο κομίζων
Εὐρώπην ἐφύλαξε, καὶ οὐκ ἔκρυψε θαλάσση.
οἶδα μὲν, ὥς ἀλόχευτον ἔτι βρέφος αἰθερίῃ φλὸς
ὤλεσεν αἰθομένης μετὰ μητέρος, ἡμιτελῇ δὲ
35 λῦσε νόθην ὠδῖνα μαραινομένου τοκετοῖο:
εἰ δέ μιν οὐκ ἐδάμασσεν, ὅτι χθονίων ὕμεναίων
κρυπταδῆς φιλότητος ἀναίτιός ἐσσι τεκούσης,
πειθομαι, ὥς ἐνέπεις, ἀέκων δέ σε παῖδα καλέσσω
Ζηγὸς ἐπουρανίοιο, καὶ οὐ φλεχθέντα κεραυνῶ.
40 καὶ σὺ με τοῦτο διδάξον ἀληθείῃ μάρτυρι μῦθῳ:
Ζεὺς γενέτης πότε Φοῖβον ἢ Ἄρεα γείνατο μηρῶ;
εἰ Διὸς ἔλλαχες αἶμα, μετέρχεο κύκλον Ὀλύμπου
αἰθέρα ναιετάων, λίπε Πενθεί πατρίδα Θήβην.
ὦφελος ἄρμενον ἄλλον ἀμεμφέα μῦθον ἐνίψαι
45 ψεῦδεϊ κερδαλέῳ κεράσας θελξιφρονα Πειθῷ,
ὅττι σε παιδοτόκῳ Κρονίδης τέκεν ἡθάδι κόρσῃ:
οὐ τάχα τόσσον ἄπιστον ἔην ἔπος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸν
Βάκχον ἀνυμφεύτῳ μετὰ Παλλὰδα τίκτη καρήνῳ.
ἦθελον, εἰ γένος ἔσχες Ὀλύμπιον, αἶθε Κρονίων
50 ὕψιμέδων σε φύτευσεν, ὅπως Διὸς αἶμα διώκων
νικήσω Διόνυσον, Ἐχίονος υἱὸς ἀκούων.'

[10] "I like you for sending that swindler Teiresias to me! Your seer cannot deceive my mind. Tell all that to someone else. How could goddess Rhea refuse her breast to Zeus her own son, and yet nurse the son of Thyone? Ask the cave in the rock of Dicte with its flashing helmets, ask the Corybants too, where little Zeus used to play, when he sucked the nourishing pap of goat Amaltheia and grew strong in spirit, but never drank Rhea's milk. You also have a touch of your deceitful mother. Semele was a liar, and Cronides burnt her with his thunders: take care that Cronides does not crush you like your mother. I too have no share of barbaric race in me. I am sprung from primeval Ismenos, not from watery Hydaspes; I know nothing of Deriades, my name is not Lycurgos. Now leave the streams of Dirce and take your Satyrs and mad Bacchantes with you; use your thyrsus, if you like, to kill another and a younger Orontes among the Assyrians. You are no Olympian offspring of Cronion: for the lightnings cry aloud the shame of your perishing mother, the thunders are witnesses of her illicit bed. Zeus of the Rains burnt not Danae after the bed; he carried Europa, the sister of my Cadmos, and kept her unshaken — he did not drown her in the sea. I know that fire from heaven

consumed the babe unborn along with the burning mother, and released the bastard fruit of this scorching delivery half-formed: if it did not destroy the babe, because you are innocent of your mother's furtive love of an earthly bedfellow, I believe it as you declare, and unwillingly I will call you son of heavenly Zeus and one not burnt up by the thunder. Now tell me in your turn, and bear true witness: when did their father Zeus ever produce Ares or Apollo from his thigh? If you have in you the blood of Zeus, migrate to the vault of Olympus and live in heaven, leave to Pentheus his native Thebes. You should find another tale to fit the case, something plausible, and mix with your cunning imposture persuasion to enchant the mind — that Cronides brought you forth from his prolific brow as usual. Perhaps it would not be quite so incredible a story that he produced Bacchos too like Pallas from that unwedded brow. I would wish if you had been of the Olympian breed, yes if only Cronion Lord on High had got you, that I might hunt the offspring of Zeus and conquer Dionysos, I, called the son of Echion!"

ὥς φαμένου νεμέσιζε θεὸς καὶ ἀμείβετο μῦθω,
κρύπτων δαιμονίης ὑποκάρδιον ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς:

[52] At these words the god was indignant, and replied, concealing the weight of a fatal threat deep in his heart:

‘Βάρβαρα θεσμὰ φέρουσιν ἐπολβίζω χθόνα Κελτῶν,
55 ἧχι νέων βρεφέων καθαρὴν ὠδῖνα δικάζων
Ῥῆνος ἀσημάντοιο θεμιστοπόλος τοκετοῖο
αἷματος ἀγνώστοιο νόθον γένος οἶδεν ἐλέγξαι.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ Ῥήνοιο φατιζομένου ποταμοῖο
χεύμασιν οὐτιδανοῖσι δικάζομαι, ἀλλὰ ῥεέθρων
60 πιστότεροι κήρυκες ἐμοὶ γεγάσι κεραυνοί:
κρείσσονα μαρτυρίην στεροπῆς μὴ δίξω, Πενθεῦ:
ὔδατι μὲν Γαλάτης, σὺ δὲ πείθεο μάρτυρι πυρσῷ.
οὐ χατέω Πενθῆος ἐπιχθονίοιο μελάθρου:
δῶμα Διωνύσοιο πέλει πατρώιος αἰθήρ:
65 καὶ χθονός εἰ κρίσις ἦεν ἢ ἀστερόεντος Ὀλύμπου,
εἶπέ μοι εἰρομένω, τίνα φέρτερον αὐτὸς ἐνίφης,
οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνον ἢ ἐπταπύλου χθόνα Θήβης;
οὐ χατέω Πενθῆος ἐπιχθονίοιο μελάθρου.

[54] “I admire the Celtic land with its barbarous law, where the Rhine tests the pure birth of a young baby: he is judge of a doubtful birth, and knows how to detect the bastard offspring of unknown blood. But my appeal is not to the insignificant stream of that river called Rhine, but I have heralds more trustworthy than rivers, in the thunderbolts. Seek no better testimony than the

lightning, Pentheus. The Gaul believes the water, do you believe the testifying fire. I need not the earthly palace of Pentheus; the home of Dionysos is his father's heaven. If there were a choice between earth and starry Olympos, tell me I ask, which could you call better yourself, sevenzone heaven or the land of sevendate Thebes? I need not the earthly palace of Pentheus!

μοῦνον ἐμῆς κύδαινε μελισταγῆς ἄνθος ὀπώρας:
70 μὴ ποτὸν ἀμπελόεντος ἀτιμῆσης Διονύσου.
Ἴνδοφόνῳ Βρομίῳ μὴ μάρναο, θηλυτέρῃ δέ,
εἰ δύνασαι, πολέμιζε μιῇ ῥήξηνορι Βάκχῃ.
σοὶ τάχα καλὸν ἔθεντο προμάντιες οὔνομα Μοῖραι
ὑμετέρου θανάτοιο προάγγελον: αἰνοπαθῆ δέ
75 οὐ νέμεσις Πενθῆα πεδοτρεφέος γενετῆρος
γηγενὲς αἶμα φέροντα φέρειν μίμημα Γιγάντων,
οὐ νέμεσις καὶ Βάκχον Ὀλύμπιον αἶμα γενέθλης
Ζητὸς ἔχειν μίμημα Γιγαντοφόνοιο τοκῆος.
εἴρεο Τειρεσίαν, τίνι χῶεαι: εἴρεο Πυθῶ,
80 τίς Σεμέλῃ παρίαυε, τίς ἦροσε παῖδα Οὐώνης.

[69] "Only respect the honeydripping bloom of my fruit, do not despise the drink of Dionysos and his vine. War not against Bromios the slayer of Indians, but only one woman, fight if you can only with one manbreaking Bacchant! Perhaps the prophetic Fates named you well, to foreshow your death. No wonder that Pentheus having the earthborn breed of his ancestor sprung from the soil, should suffer the direful fate of the Giants. No wonder that Bacchos too, having the Olympian breed of his race, should play the part of Zeus his giantslaying father. Ask Teiresias who it is you are defying; ask Pytho who it is that slept with Semele, who it is beget Thyone's child.

εἰ δὲ μαθεῖν ἐθέλεις χοροτερπέος ὄργια Βάκχου,
φάρεα καλλείψας βασιλῆα τέτλαθι, Πενθεῦ,
θήλεα πέπλα φέρειν, καὶ γίνεο θῆλυς Ἀγαυή:
μὴ δέ σε θηρεύοντα παραῖξωσι γυναῖκες.
85 ἦν δὲ τεῇ παλάμῃ θηροκτόνα τόξα τανύσσης,
Κάδμος ἐπαινῆσει σε συναγρώσσοντα τεκούσῃ.
Βάκχῳ μοῦνος ἔριζε, καί, εἰ θέμις, ἰοχεαίρῃ,
ὄφρα λεοντοφόνον σε μετ' Ἀκταίωνα καλέσσω.
κάτθεο τεύχεα ταῦτα: σιδηροφόρους δὲ μαχητὰς
90 χερσὶν ἄθωρήκτοισιν ἐμαὶ κτείνουσι γυναῖκες:
εἰ δέ σε νικήσωσιν ἀτευχεῖ θήλεϊ χάρμῃ
ἔντεσι κοσμηθέντα, τίς αἰνήσειε πολίτης
ἄνδρα γυναικείῃ κεκαφηότα δηιοτῆτι;
Βασσαρίς οὐ τρομέει πτερόεν βέλος, οὐ δόρυ φεύγει:

95 ἄλλὰ δόλῳ κρυφίῳ πυκάσας ἄγνωστον ὀπωπὴν
ὄφραι ὄργια πάντα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου.’

[81] “And if you are willing to learn the mysteries of dancedelighting Bacchos, put off your royal robes, Pentheus, condescend to wear the garments of a woman and become the woman Agaue, and let not the women escape you when you hunt them. Or if your hand draws the bow to slay wild beasts, Cadmos will praise you when you join your mother in the hunt. Alone, rival Bacchos, and if it be lawful, the Archeress, that I may call you a new Actaion lionslayer. Put off these arms. My women slay steel-armed warriors with their bare hands; if they conquer with unarmed female onset you clad in armour, which of your people would praise a man outworn in a battle with women? The Bassarid fears no feathered shaft, she flees no spear. No — be crafty and secret, disguise your aspect that none may know, and you shall see all the mysteries of dancewreaving Dionysos.”

ὥς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν, ἐπεὶ νόον ἀνδρὸς ἱμάσσων
φοιταλέης ἐδόνησε κατάσχετον ἄλματι λύσσης ...
καὶ Βρομίῳ συνάεθλος ἐπέχραε Πενθεί Μῆνη
100 δαιμονίῃ μάστιγι: συνερχομένης δὲ Λυαίῳ
λυσσήεις θρασὺς οἷστρος ἀμερσινόοιο Σελήνης
φάσματα ποικιλόμορφα μεμνηνὸτι Πενθεί δείξας
φρικτὸν Ἐχιονίδην προτέρης μετέθηκε μενοινῆς,
καὶ σφαλερῇ Πενθῆος ἐπεσμαράγησεν ἀκουῆ,
105 δαιμονίης σάλπιγγος ἀλάστορα δοῦπον ἀράσσων:

[97] Thus he persuaded Pentheus, since he lashed the man’s mind, and shook him, in the clutches of throbbing madness and distraction.... Mene also helped Bromios, attacking Pentheus with her divine scourge; the frenzied reckless fury of distracting Selene joining in displayed many a phantom shape to maddened Pentheus, and made the dread son of Echion forget his earlier intent, while she deafened his confused ears with the bray of her divine avenging trumpet, and she terrified the man.

ἀνέρα δ’ ἐποίησε. καὶ εἰς δόμον ἦλυθε Πενθεὺς
οἷστρομανῆς, ποθέων θιασώδεος ὄργια Βάκχου:
φωριαμοὺς δ’ ὦξε θυώδεας, ἦχι γυναικῶν
κέκλιτο Σιδονίης ἀλιπόρφυρα πέπλα θαλάσσης:
110 καὶ χροῖ ποικιλόντων ἐδύσατο πέπλον Ἀγαυῆς:
Αὐτόνοῆς δ’ ἔσφιγξεν ἐπὶ πλοκάμοισι καλύπτρην,
στήθεα μιτρώσας Βασιλῆια κυκλάδι τέχνῃ:
καὶ πόδας ἐσφῆκωσε γυναικείοισι πεδίλοις:
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσου ἄειρε: μετερχομένοιο δὲ Βάκχας

[106] Pentheus entered the house goaded to madness with a desire to see the secrets of Bacchos's congregation. He opened the scented coffers, where lay the women's garments dyed in purple of the Sidonian sea. He donned the embroidered robe of Agaue, bound Autonoe's veil over his locks, laced his royal breast in a rounded handwork, passed his feet into women's shoes; he took a thyrsus in hand, and as he walked after the Bacchantes a brodered smock trailed behind his hunting heel.

Μιμηλοῖς δὲ πόδεσσιν ἔλιξ ὠρχήσατο Πενθεὺς
 ἡδυμανής· λοξῶ δὲ πέδον κροτάλιζε πεδίλῳ
 ἐκ ποδὸς αἰθύσσων ἕτερον πόδα· χεῖρα δὲ δισσήν
 θηλύνων ἐλέλιζεν ἀμοιβάδα διζυγί παλμῶ,
 120 οἷα γυνὴ παίζουσα χοροῖτυπος· οἷα δὲ ῥόπτρῳ
 δίκτυπον ἀρμονίην κροτέων ἑτερόζυγι χαλκῶ
 ἡερίαις μεθέηκεν ἀλήμονα βόστρυχον αὔραις,
 Λυδὸν ἀνακρούων μέλος Εὐιον. ἧ τάχα φαίης
 ἄγρια κωμάζουσιν ἰδεῖν λυσσωδεα βάκχην.
 125 καὶ διδύμους Φαέθοντας ἐδέεκετο καὶ δύο Θήβας·
 ἔλπετο δ' ἄκαμάτων ἐπικείμενον ὑπόθεν ὤμων
 Θήβης ἐπταπόροιο μετοχλίζειν πυλεῶνα.

[116] With mimicking feet Pentheus twirled in the dance, full of sweet madness; he rattled the ground with sidelong boot, darting one foot away from another. Unmanning his two hands he shook them in alternate beats, like a dancing woman at play; as drumming a double tune on the two plates of the cymbals, he loosed his long hair to float on the breezes of heaven and struck up a Euian melody of Lydia. You might fairly say you saw a wild Bacchant woman madly rollicking. Yes, and he saw two suns and two cities of Thebes; he thought he could hold a gatehouse of sevendate Thebes, hoisting it upon his untiring shoulders."

ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν στεφανηδὸν ἐκυκλώσαντο πολῖται,
 ὃς μὲν ἔχων τροχόντα λόφον χθονός, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ πέτρῳ
 130 ὑψιφανής, ὃ δὲ πῆχυν ἐπ' ἀνέρος ὤμον ἐρείσας
 ἶχνος ἀνηώρησεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ δάκτυλα πῆξας·
 καὶ τις εὐγλώχινᾳ μετήιεν ὄγκον ἀρούρης,
 ἄλλος ἐπὶ προβλήτης ἐπάλξιός, ὃς δὲ δοκεῦν
 δόχμιον ὄμμα τίταινεν ἀερσιλόφων ἀπὸ πύργων·
 135 ὃς δὲ μέσας στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἄντυγι χεῖρας ἐλίξας
 ἶχνεσιν ἀκροπόροισιν ἀνῆιε κίονα βαίνων,
 Πενθεᾶ παπταίνων δεδονημένον ἄλματι λύσσης,

θῦρσον ἀεργάζοντα καὶ αἰθύσσοντα καλύπτρην.

[128] Round him the people assembled in a ring, climbing one on a round tump of earth, one conspicuous high on a rock, while a third rested an arm over the shoulder of a neighbour and raised his foot on tiptoe above the ground: here one made for some lump sticking out of the earth, another was on a projecting bastion, another watched with slanting eye from the towering ramparts; another hugging a round pillar swarmed up with the flat of his feet, and watched Pentheus waving his thyrsus and fluttering his veil and leaping in the throes of madness.

ἦδη δ' ἑπταπόροιο παρέδραμε τείχεα Θήβης,
140 αὐτομάτοις ἐλίκεσσιν ἀνοιγομένων πυλώνων:
ἦδη δὲ πρὸ πόλης ἐς ἡέρα βόστρυχα σείων
ἄβρ' αὖ δρακοντοβότοιο παρέστιχε νάματα Δίρκης:
καὶ ποδὶ λυσσήεντι χοροῖτυπον ἶχνος ἐλίσσων
δαίμονος ἀμπελόεντος ὀπίστερον εἶχε πορείην.

[139] Already he had gone round the walls of Thebes while the portals of the seven gates opened on selfmoving pivots, already he had passed the soft waters of dragonfeeding Dirce before the city, with his hair blowing on the wind; and beating mad feet in the circling dance he followed his course behind the vinegod.

145 ἄλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἵκανεν, ὅθι δρῦες, ἦχι χορεῖται,
καὶ τελεταὶ Βρομίου θιασώδεις, ἦχι καὶ αὐτὴ
Βασσαρίδων ἀπέδιλος ἔην κεμαδοσσόος ἄγρη,
ἀμπελόεις τότε Βάκχος ὀρειάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης
ἀρχαίην ἐλάτην ἰσομήκεα γείτονι πέτρῃ
150 δένδρον ἰδὼν περιμετρον ἐγήθεεν, ἦς ὑπὸ θάμνῳ
ἀγχινεφεῖς πετάλοισιν ἐπεσκιόωντο κολῶναι:
ἄκρότατον δὲ κόρυμβον ἀφειδέι χειρὶ πέζων
εἰς πέδον, εἰς πέδον εἶλκε κατὰ χθονὸς ἑκταδὰ Πενθεὺς...
θαλλὸν ἀερσιπότητον, ἐπισφίγγων δὲ φορῆα
155 ὕψι τιταινομένων ἐδράξατο χειρὶ κορύμβων,
καὶ πόδας ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλινδίνητος ἐλίσσων
ἄστατος ὀρχηστῆρι τύπῳ κουφίζετο Πενθεύς.

[145] But when he came to the place where the trees were, and the dances and rites of the congregation of Bromios, where also was the hunting of their prickets by the unshod Bassarids, then vinegod Bacchos was glad, and espied in the mountain forest an ancient fir-tree tall as the neighbouring rock, which cast a shade with its bushy leaves over the cloudhigh hills. With unflinching

hand he seized the top of the tree and dragged it down, down to the ground. Pentheus lay along the ground [and Bacchos let go] the soaring spire, Pentheus clung to the tree that carried him on high, grasped the branches with his hands as they were borne aloft, and whirling his legs about this way and that way restlessly, moved lightly like a dancer.

καὶ τότε βασσαρίδεσσι χορίτιδες ἤλυθον ὦραι:
ἀλλήλαις δ' ἐκέλευον, ἀνεζώννυντο δὲ πέπλοις,
160 νεβρίδα δ' ἀμφεβάλοντο: καὶ οὐρεσίφοιτος Ἀγαυὴ
ἀφροκόμοις στομάτεσσιν ἀπερροίβησεν ἰωήν:

[158] Then came the dancing-hours for the Bassarids. They called to one another and tucked up their robes and threw on the fawnskins. Hillranging Agaue shouted aloud with foam on her lips —

‘Αὐτονόη, σπεύσωμεν, ὅπη χορός ἐστι Λυαίου
καὶ κτύπος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀκούεται ἡθάδος αὐλοῦ,
ὄφρα μέλος πλέξαιμι φιλεῦιον, ὄφρα δαείω,
165 τίς φθαμένη στήσειε χοροστασίην Διονύσῳ,
τίς τίνα νικήσειε θυηπολέουσα Λυαίῳ.
δηθύνεις, ἀχόρευτε, καὶ ἡμέας ἔφθασεν Ἴνώ:
οὐκέτι πόντον ἔχει μετανάστιος, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
ἐξ ἁλὸς ἦλθε θεούσα σὺν ὕγροπόρῳ Μελικέρτῃ,
170 ἦλθε προασπίζουσα διωκομένου Διονύσου,
μὴ Πενθεὺς ἀθέμιστος ἐπιβρίσειε Λυαίῳ.
Μύστιδες, εἰς σκοπέλους, Ἴσμηνίδες ἔλθετε Βάκχαι,
καὶ τελετάς στήσωμεν, ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ χορείῃ
Λυδαῖς Βασσαρίδεσσιν ἐρίζομεν, ὄφρ’ αἱ τις εἴπῃ:
175 ‘Μυγδονίην νίκησε Μιμαλλόνα Μαινὰς Ἀγαὺν.’”

[162] “Autonoe, let us make haste to the dance of Lyaaios, where the hillranging voice of the familiar pipe is heard, that I may recite the song that Euaios loves, that I may learn who first will lead the dance for Dionysos, who will beat whom in doing worship to Lyaaios! You’re late, you slack dancer, Ino has got there before us! She is no longer an exile in the sea, but here she too comes running from the brine with Melicertes the seafarer, she has come to defend hunted Dionysos, lest impious Pentheus overwhelm Lyaaios. Mystics, to the mountains! Ismenian Bacchantes, here! Let us celebrate our rites, and match the Lydian Bassarids with rival dances, that some one may say — Mainad Agaue has beaten Mygdonian Mimallon!”

ὥς φαμένη σκοπίαζε καθήμενον ὑπόθι δένδρου,
ἄγριον οἷα λέοντα, θεημάχον νιέα μήτηρ:

καί μιν ἄγειρομέναις ἔπεδείκνυε θυιάσι Βάκχαις:
 υἱέα δ' ἔμφρονα θῆρα καλέσσατο λυσσάδι φωνῇ.
 180 ἄμφι δέ μιν στεφανηδὸν ἔκυκλώσαντο γυνᾶίκες
 ἐζόμενον πετάλοισι: καὶ εὐπαλάμῳ τινὶ δεσμῷ
 δένδρον ἐπηχύναντο, καὶ ἤθελον εἰς χθόνα ῥίπτειν
 ἔρνος ὁμοῦ Πενθῆϊ: περισφιγξασα δὲ θάμνω
 ὀλκὸν ὁμοζυγέος παλάμης ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ
 185 πρυμνόθεν αὐτόρριζον ἀνέσπασε δένδρον Ἀγαυή.
 καὶ φυτὸν εἰς χθόνα πῆπτεν: ἐγυμνώθη δὲ Κιθαιρῶν:
 καὶ θρασὺς αὐτοέλικτος ἄναξ βητάρμονι παλμῷ
 κύμβαχος ἠερόθεν κεκυλισμένος ἤριπε Πενθεύς.
 καὶ τότε μιν λίπε λύσσα νοσοφαλέος Διονύσου,
 190 καὶ προτέρας φρένας ἔσχε τὸ δεύτερον: ἄμφι δὲ γαίῃ
 γείτονα πότμον ἔχων κινυρὴν ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν:

[176] As the words were spoken, she saw sitting high in a tree, like a savage lion — the mother saw her impious son. She pointed him out to the frenzied Bacchants gathering there, and in the voice of a maniac called her own human son a wild beast. The women thronged round him girdlewise as he sat amid the leaves; they embraced the trunk with a ring of skilful hands and tried to throw down the tree with Pentheus in it — but Agaue threw her two arms about the trunk, and with earthshaking heave pulled the tree up from its base, roots and all. The tree fell to the ground, and Cithairon was bare. Pentheus the audacious king shot through the air of himself with a dancing leap, rolling and tumbling like a diver. At that moment the madness left him which Dionysos had sent to confuse his mind, and he recovered his senses again. He saw fate near him on the earth, and cried in lamentable tones:

‘Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες με καλύψατε, μή με δαμάσση
 παιδοφόνοις παλάμησιν ἐμὴ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαυή.
 μήτηρ ἐμὴ, δύσμητερ, ἀπηνέος ἴσχεο λύσσης:
 195 θῆρα πόθεν καλέεις με τὸν υἱέα; ποῖα κομιζῶ
 στήθεα λαχνήεντα; τίνα βρυχηθμὸν ἰάλλω;
 οὐκέτι γινώσκεις με, τὸν ἔτρεφες, οὐκέτι λεύσσεις:
 σὴν φρένα καὶ τεὸν ὄμμα τίς ἤρπασε; χαῖρε, Κιθαιρῶν:
 χαίρετε, δένδρεα ταῦτα καὶ οὖρεα: σῶζεο, Θῆβη
 200 σῶζεο καὶ σὺ, φίλη παιδοκτόνε μήτηρ Ἀγαυή.
 δέρκεο ταῦτα γένεια νεότριχα, δέρκεο μορφὴν
 ἀνδρομένην: οὐκ εἰμὶ λέων: οὐ θῆρα δοκεύεις.
 φεῖδεο σῆς ὠδῖνος, ἀμείλιχε, φεῖδεο μαζῶν:
 Πενθέα παπταίνεις με, τὸν ἔτρεφες. ἴσχεο, φωνή,
 205 μύθους σεῖο φύλαξον: ἀνήκοός ἐστιν Ἀγαυή.
 εἰ δὲ κατακτείνεις με χαριζομένη Διονύσω,
 μούνη παῖδα δάμασσον, ἀγάστονε, μηδὲ δαμῆναι

[192] “Cover me, Hamadryad Nymphs! Let not Agaue my loving mother destroy her son with her own hands! O my mother, cruel mother, cease from this heartless frenzy! How can you call me your son a wild beast? Where is my shaggy chest? Where is my roaring voice? Do you not know me any longer whom you nursed, do not you see any longer? Who has robbed you of sense and sight? Farewell, Cithairon, farewell these mountains and trees! Be happy, Thebes, be happy you too, Agaue my dear mother and my murderer! See this chin with its young beard, see the shape of a man — I am no lion; no wild beast is what you see. Spare the fruit of your womb, pitiless one, spare your breasts. Pentheus is before you, your nursling. Silence, my voice, keep your tale to yourself, Agaue will not hear! But if you kill me to please Dionysos, let no other destroy your son, unhappy one, let not your son be destroyed by the alien hands of Bassarids.”

ὥς φάμενος λιτάνευε, καὶ οὐκ ἤκουσεν Ἀγαυή.
 210 ἀμφὶ δέ μιν δασπλῆτες ἐπερρώοντο γυναιῖκες
 χερσὶν ὁμοζήλοισι: κυλινδομένου δὲ κονίῃ
 ἢ μὲν ὀπισθιδίους πόδας εἴρυσεν, ἢ δὲ λαβοῦσα
 δεξιτερὴν προθέλυμον ἀνέσπασεν, Αὐτονόῃ δὲ
 λαιὴν ἀντερύεσκε: παραπλαγχθεῖσα δὲ μήτηρ
 215 στήθεϊ παιδὸς ἔπηξεν ἐὼν πόδα, κεκλιμένου δὲ
 αὐχένα τολμήεντα διέθρισεν ὅξει θύρσω:
 καὶ φονίῳ ταχύγουνος ἀνέδραμε χάρματι λύσσης,
 αἱματόεν δὲ κάρηνον ἀτερπεί δείκνυε Κάδμῳ:
 ψευδομένου δὲ λέοντος ἀγαλλομένη χάριν ἄγρης
 220 τοῖον ἀπερροῖβδυσεν ἔπος λυσσώδεϊ λαιμῷ:

[209] Such was his prayer, and Agaue heard him not; but the terrible women attacked him with one accord; as he rolled in the dust, one pulled on his legs, one seized his right arm and wrenched it out at the joint, Autonoe dragged opposite at the left; his deluded mother set her foot on his chest, and cut through that daring neck as he lay with sharp thyrsus — then ran nimbleknee with frenzied joy in his murder, and displayed the bloody head to unwelcoming Cadmos. Triumphant in the capture of a lion, as she thought, she cried out these words of madness:

‘Κάδμε μάκαρ, καλέω σε μακάρτερον: ἐν σκοπέλοις γὰρ
 χερσὶν ἄθωρήκτοισιν ἀριστεύουσας Ἀγαυήν
 Ἄρτεμις ἐσκοπίαζε, καὶ εἰ πέλε δεσπότης ἄγρης,
 ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτουσα λεοντοφόνου σέο κούρης:
 225 καὶ Δρυάδες θάμβησαν ἐμὸν πόνον: ἡμετέρης δὲ

Ἀρμονίης γενέτην κεκορυθμένος ἡθάδι λόγχῃ
παῖδα τεῖν ἀσίδηρον ἐθάμβεε χάλκεος Ἄρης
θύρσον ἀκοντίζουσιν ἀλοιητῆρα λεόντων,
कुदि॑ων: σὺ δέ, Κάδμε, τεῶν ἐπιβήτορα θῶκων
230 Πενθέα δεῦρο κάλεσσον, ὅπως φθονερῇσιν ὅπωπαῖς
θηροφόνους ἰδρῶτας ὀπιπεύσειε γυναιῖου.

[221] “Blessed Cadmos, more blessed now I call you! For in the mountains Artemis has seen Agaue triumphant with no weapon in her hands; and even if she is queen of the hunt, she must hide her jealousy of your lionslaying daughter. The Dryads also wondered at my work. And the father of our Harmonia, armed with his familiar lance, brazen Ares, wondered full of pride at your child without a spear, casting a thyrsus and destroying lions. Pray call the king on your throne, Cadmos, call Pentheus here, that with envious eyes he may see the beastslaying sweat of a weak woman!

δμῶες ἔμοι, στείχεσθε, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ Κάδμου
πήξατε τοῦτο κάρηνον ἐμῆς ἀναθήματα νίκης.
τηλίκον οὐ ποτε θῆρα κατέκτανε σύγγονος Ἴνω:
235 Αὐτονόη, σκοπίαζε καὶ αὐχένα κάμψον Ἀγαυή:
οὐ γὰρ ἔμοι λάχες εὖχος ὁμοῖον, ὑμετέρου δὲ
μητρὸς Ἀρισταῖοιο φατιζομένην ἔτι νίκην
οῆς ἐκυρῆς ἥσυχνα λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης.’

[232] “ This way, my men, hang up this head as a votive offering of my victory on the gatehouse of Cadmos. Sister Ino never killed a beast like this! Look here Autonoe, and bow your neck to Agaue! For you have never won glory like mine — the still famous victory of lionslaying Cyrene, mother of your Aristaios and your own goodmother, has been put to shame by mine!”

ἔννεπε κουφίζουσα φίλον βάρος: εἰσαῖων δὲ
240 Κάδμος ἀγαλλομένης ἑτερόφρονα παιδὸς ἀπειλήν,
μῖζας δάκρυσι μῦθον ἀμείβετο πενθάδι φωνῇ:

[239] While she spoke, she lifted her dear burden; but Cadmos hearing the distracted boasts of his exulting daughter, answered in mourning voice and mingled his tears with his words:

‘Οἷον θῆρα δάμασσας ἐχέφρονα, τέκνον Ἀγαυή;
οἷον θῆρα δάμασσας, ὃν ὑμετέρη τέκε γαστήρ;
οἷον θῆρα δάμασσας, ὃν ἐσπέρμηνεν Ἐχίων;
245 δέρκεο σεῖο λέοντα, τὸν εἰσέτι τυτθὸν ἀείρων
παιδοκόμῳ κούφιζε γεγηθότι Κάδμος ἀγοστῶ:

δέρκεο σείο λέοντα, τὸν Ἀρμονίη σέο μήτηρ
πολλάκις ἤέρταξε καὶ ὥρεγε μαζὸν ἀμέλγειν.
μαστεύεις σέο παῖδα τεῶν θηήτορα μόχθων:
250 πῶς καλέσω Πενθῆα, τὸν ἐν παλάμῃσιν αἰερεῖς;
ὄν κτάνες ἀγνώσσοις, πόθεν σέο παῖδα καλέσω;

[242] “Ah, what a beast you have brought down, Agaue my child, one with human reason! What a beast you have brought down, one which your own womb brought forth! What a beast you have brought down, one that Echion begat! Look upon your lion, one that Cadmos lifted upon his nursing arm when he was still a little tot, held in his joyful arms. Look upon your lion, one that your mother Harmonia often caught up and held to your suckling breast. You search for your son to see your work: how can I call Pentheus, when you hold him in your hands? How can I call your son, whom you have killed in ignorance? Look at your beast, and you will recognize your son.

θῆρα τεδὸν σκοπιάζε, καὶ νίεα σείο νοήσεις.
καλὰ φέρεις, Διόνυσε, τεῶν θρεπτήρια Κάδμω:
καλὰ μοι Ἀρμονίης νυμφεύματα δῶκε Κρονίων:
255 Ἄρεος ἄξια ταῦτα καὶ Οὐρανίης Ἀφροδίτης:
Ἴνῳ πόντον ἔχει, Σεμέλην ἔφλεξε Κρονίων,
μύρεται Αὐτονόν κερὸν τέκος, ἃ μέγα δειλὴ
ἔκτανεν, ὃν τέκε μοῦνον, ἄωριον υἷον Ἀγαυή.
καὶ μογέει Πολύδωρος ἐμὸς λιπόπατρις ἀλήτης.
260 μοῦνος ἐγὼ λιπόμην νέκυς ἔμπνοος: εἰς τίνα φεύγω,
Πενθέος ὀλλυμένοιο καὶ οἰχομένου Πολυδώρου;
τίς πόλις ὀθνεῖ με δεδέξεται; ἔρρε, Κιθαιρῶν:
γηροκόμους Κάδμοιο κατέκτανες, ἀφοτέρους δὲ
νεκρὸν ἔχεις Πενθῆα, καὶ Ἀκταίωνα καλύπτεις.’

[252] “O Dionysos! A fine return you bring to Cadmos who reared you! Fine bridal gifts Cronion gave me with Harmonia! They are worthy of Ares and heavenly Aphrodite. Ino is in the sea, Semele was burnt by Cronion, Autonoe mourns her horned son, and Agaue — what misery for Agaue! She has killed her only son, her own son untimely; and my Polydoros wanders in sorrow, a banished man. Alone I am left, in a living death. Who will be my refuge, now Pentheus is dead and Polydoros gone? What foreign city will receive me? Curse you, Cithairon! You have slain those two who should cherish Cadmos in old age: Pentheus is with you, dead, Actaion is buried in your soil.”

265 ὥς φαμένου Κάδμοιο γόνον κρουνηδὸν ἰάλλων
δάκρυσι πηγαίοισι γέρων ἔκλαυσε Κιθαιρῶν:
καὶ δρῦες ὠδύροντο, καὶ ἔκλαγον αἴλινα Νύμφαι

νηιάδες. πολὺν δὲ κόμην ἤδεσσατο Κάδμου
καὶ στοναχὴν Διόνυσος: ἄπενθήτου δὲ προσώπου
270 μίξας δάκρυ γέλωτι νόον μετέθηκεν Ἀγαυῆς,

[265] When Cadmos had ended, ancient Cithairon groaned from his springs and poured forth tears in fountains; the trees lamented, the Naiad Nymphs chanted dirges. Dionysos was abashed before the hoary head of Cadmos and his lamentations; mingling a tear with a smile on that untroubled countenance, he gave reason back to Agaue and made her sane once more, that she might mourn for Pentheus.

καὶ πάλιν ἔμφρονα θῆκεν, ὅπως Πενθῆα γοήσῃ.
ἡ δὲ μεταστρέψασα νόον καὶ ἄπιστον ὁπωπὴν
αὐτοπαγῆς ἄφθογγος ἐπὶ χρόνον ἴστατο μήτηρ:
καὶ κεφαλὴν Πενθῆος ὀπιτεύουσα θανόντος
275 ἤριπεν αὐτοκύλιστος, ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δὲ δειλὴ
βόστρυχον αἰσχύνουσα χυτῇ κεκύλιστο κονίῃ:
καὶ λασίους ἔρριψεν ἀπὸ στέρνοιο χιτῶνας
καὶ Βρομίου φιάλας θιασώδεας, αἵματος ὀλκῷ
στήθεα φοινίξασα καὶ ἄσκεπέων πτύχα μαζῶν:
280 καὶ κύσεν υἱέος ὄμμα καὶ ἔγχλοα κύκλα προσώπου
καὶ πλοκάμους χαρίεντας ἐρευθομένοιο καρήνου:
ὄξυ δὲ κωκύουσα τόσῃν ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν:

[271] The mother, herself again with eyes that she could trust, stood awhile rigid and voiceless. Then seeing the head of Pentheus dead she threw herself down, and rolled in helpless misery on the ground smearing the dust on her hair. She tore the shaggy skins from her breast and threw down the goblets of Bromios's company, scoring her chest and the cleft between her bare breasts with red scratches. She kissed her son's eyes and his pallid cheeks, and the charming locks of his bloodstained hair; then with bitter lamentation she spoke:

Ἥλπει δὲ Διόνυσε, τεῆς ἀκόρητε γενέθλης,
δὸς προτέρην ἔτι λύσσαν ἐμοὶ πάλιν: ἄρτι γὰρ ἄλλην
285 χεῖρονα λύσσαν ἔχω πινυτόφρονα: δὸς μοι ἐκείνην
ἀφροσύνην, ἵνα θῆρα τὸ δεύτερον νῖα καλέσω.
θῆρα βαλεῖν ἐδόκησα: νεοτμήτοιο δὲ κόρσης
ἀντὶ λεοντείης κεφαλὴν Πενθῆος αἶρω.
ὀλβιῇ Αὐτονόῃ βαρυδάκρυος, ὅτι θανόντα
290 ἔστενεν Ἀκταίωνα, καὶ οὐ κτάνεν υἱέα μήτηρ:
μὴν ἐγὼ γενόμην παιδοκτόνος: οὐ Μελικέρτην
ἔκτανεν ἢ Λέαρχον ἐμὴ μετανάστιος Ἰνώ,

ἀλλὰ πατήρ ἐδάμασσε, τὸν ἦροσεν. ἃ μέγα δειλή,
 Ζεὺς Σεμέλῃ παρίαυεν, ὅπως Πενθῆα γοήσω:
 295 Ζεὺς γενέτης Διόνυσον ἐῷ τεκνώσατο μηρῶ,
 Καδμείην ἵνα πᾶσαν ἀιστώσειε γενέθλην.
 ἰλήκοι Διόνυσος: ὅλον γένος ὤλεσε Κάδμου.
 ἀλλὰ θεοκλήτου γαμῖν μετὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης,
 Ἀρμονίης μετὰ λέκτρον, ἔμοῦ μετὰ παστάδα Κάδμου
 300 ἀρχαίην κιθάρην δονέων πάλιν αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων
 θρῆνον ἔνα πλήξειε καὶ Αὐτονόῃ καὶ Ἀγαυῇ,
 ὠκύμορον Πενθῆα καὶ Ἀκταίωνα λιγαίνων.
 ἡμετέρης, φίλε κοῦρε, τί φάρμακόν ἐστιν ἀνίης;
 οὐ πω σοῖς θαλάμοισιν ἐκούφισα νυμφοκόμον πῦρ:
 305 οὐ ζυγίων ἦκουσα τεῶν ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων:
 ποῖον ἴδω δέο παῖδα παρήγορον; αἰθέ σε Βάκχῃ
 ἄλλῃ ἀπηλοίησε, καὶ οὐ πολύμοχθος Ἀγαυῇ.
 μητέρι μαινομένη μὴ μέμφω, δύσμορε Πενθεῦ:
 Βάκχῳ μέμφω μᾶλλον: ἀναίτιός ἐστιν Ἀγαυῇ.
 310 χεῖρες ἐμαί, φίλε κοῦρε, τεῆν στάζουσιν ἔερσην
 αὐχένος ἀμηθέντος: ἀπ' αὐτοχύτου δὲ καρήνου
 αἶμα τεὸν μητρῶον ὅλον φοῖνιξε χιτῶνα.
 ναί, λίτομαι, Βρομίου δότε μοι δέπας: ἀντὶ γὰρ οἶνον
 λῦθρον ἐμοῦ Πενθῆος ἐπισπένδω Διονύσῳ.
 315 σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ φιλόδακρυς, ἄωριε, τύμβον ἐγείρω
 χερσὶν ἐμαῖς ἀκάρηνον ἐνικρύψασα κονίῃ
 σὸν δέμας: ὑμετέρῳ δ' ἐπὶ σήματι τοῦτο χαράξω:
 'εἰμὶ νέκυσ Πενθῆος, ὁδοιπόρε: νηδὺς Ἀγαυῆς
 παιδοκόμος με λόχευσε καὶ ἔκτανε παιδοφόνος χεῖρ.'

[283] "Cruel Dionysos, insatiable persecutor of your family! Give me back my former madness — for a worse madness possesses me now in my sanity. Give me back that delirium, that I may call my son a wild beast once more. I thought I had struck a beast — I hold a head newly cut from the neck, but no lions head, it is Pentheus! Autonoe is happy for all her heavy tears, for she mourned Actaion dead, and the mother slew not her son. I alone have become a childmurderer. Ino slew not Melicertes or Learchos, Ino my banished sister, but the father destroyed the son he had begotten. How unhappy I am! Zeus slept with Semele only that I might mourn Pentheus; Zeus the father childed Dionysos from his own thigh, only to destroy the whole family of Cadmos. May Dionysos forgive me, he has destroyed the whole race of Cadmos. Now may even Apollo strike his harp again as before, as at the marriage feast where the gods were guests, as by Harmonia's bed, as in the bridechamber of my father Cadmos, let him twangle one dirge for Autonoe and Agaue both, and chant loudly of Actaion and Pentheus so quickly to perish. What medicine is there for my sorrow, O my dearest boy? I have never lifted the marriage

torch at your wedding; I have never heard the bridal hymn for your wedded love. What son of yours can I see to comfort me? Would that some other, some Bacchant, had destroyed you, not allwretched Agaue! Blame not your frenzied mother, illfated Pentheus, blame Bacchos rather — Agaue is innocent! My hands, dear lad, are dripping with the dew from your shorn neck, the blood from your head has incarnadined all the robe of the mother who shed it. Yes, I beseech you, give me the cup of Bromios; for instead of wine I will pour the blood of my Pentheus as a libation to Dionysos. For you, untimely dead, I will build amid my tears a tomb with my own hands. I will lay in the earth your headless body; and on your monument I will carve these words: ‘Wayfarer, I am the body of Pentheus; the cherishing womb of Agaue brought me forth, and the murdering hand of Agaue slew her son.’”

320 ἔννεπε λυσσώουσα σοφῇ φρενί: μυρομένης δὲ
Αὐτονόη γοόωσα παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν:

[320] So spoke the maddened creature in words of sanity — and while she lamented, Autonoe spoke with a sorrowful voice of consolation:

‘Ζῆλον ἔχω καὶ ἔρωτα τεῆς κακότητος, Ἀγαυή,
ὅττι περιπτύσσεις γλυκερὴν Πενθῆος ὀπωπὴν
καὶ στόμα καὶ φίλον ὄμμα καὶ υἱέος ἄκρα κομάων.
325 γνωτῇ, ἐπολβίζω σε, καὶ εἰ κτάνες υἱέα μήτηρ:
ἀντὶ γὰρ Ἀκταίωνος ἀμειβομένης ἀπὸ μορφῆς
νεβρὸν ἐγὼ δάκρυσα, καὶ υἱέος ἀντὶ καρήνου
μηκεδανὴν ἐλάφοιο νόθην κτερείζα κεραῖην.
σῆς δ’ ὀδύνης ἐλάχεια παραίφασις, ὅττι θανόντος
330 οὐκ ἶδες ἄλλοῖον τύπον υἱέος, οὐ τρίχα νεβροῦ,
οὐ χηλὴν ἀνόνητον ἐκούφισας ἢ κεραῖην:
μούνῃ δ’ ἔδρακον υἷα νόθον νέκυν, ἄλλοφυῇ δὲ
καὶ στικτῇ καὶ ἄναυδον ἐκώκυον εἰκόνα μορφῆς,
καὶ μήτηρ ἐλάφοιο καὶ οὐκέτι παιδὸς ἀκούω.
335 ἀλλὰ σὺ κυδαινουσα, Διὸς φιλοπάρθενε κούρη,
ἀνδρὸς ἐμοῦ σέο Φοῖβον Ἀρισταίοιο τοκῆα
εἰς ἔλαφον μετὰμειψον ἐμὴν βροτοειδέα μορφήν:
δὸς χάριν Ἀπόλλωνι: μετ’ Ἀκταίωνα δὲ δειλὴν
τοῖς αὐτοῖς σκυλάκεσσι καὶ Αὐτονόην πόρε φορβήν:
340 ἢ κυσὶν ὑμετέροισιν: ἐσαθρήσῃ δὲ Κιθαιρῶν
μητέρα καὶ μετὰ παῖδα κυνοσπάδα: μηδὲ με δειλὴν
σῶν ἐλάφων μεθέπουσαν ἴσῃν κεραελκέα μορφήν
ἄγρια μαστίζουσα τεῇ ζεύξεως ἀπήνῃ.

[322] “I envy and desire your unhappiness, Agaue; for you kiss the sweet face

of Pentheus, his lips and his dear eyes and the hair of your son. Sister, I think you happy, even if you the mother slew your own son. But I had no Actaion to mourn; his body was changed, and I wept over a fawn — instead of my son's head I buried the long antlers of a changeling stag. It is a small consolation to you in your pain, that you have seen your dead son in no alien shape, no fawn's fell, no unprofitable hoof, no horn you took up. I alone saw my son as a changeling corpse, I lamented an image of alien shape dappled and voiceless; I am called mother of a stag and not a son. But I pray to thee, prudish daughter of Zeus, glorify thy Phoibos the begetter of Aristaios my husband, and change my mortal shape to a deer — do grace to Apollo! Give unhappy Autonoe also as a prey to the same dogs as Actaion, or to your own hounds; let Cithairon see the mother torn by dogs even after the son, but when I am changed to the same horned shape as thy deer, yoke me not, unhappy, to thy car nor flog me fiercely with thy whip.

χαῖρε φυτὸν Πενθῆος, ἀμείλιχε χαῖρε Κιθαιρῶν:

³⁴⁵ χαίρετε καὶ νάρθηκες ἀμερσινόου Διονύσου:

σῶζεό μοι, Φαέθων τερψίμβροτε: λάμπε κολώναις:

λάμπε καὶ ἀμφοτέροις, Λητωίδι καὶ Διονύσῳ:

εἰ δὲ τεαῖς ἀκτῖσι καὶ ἀνέρας οἷσθα δαμάσσαι,

σῶ καθαρῶ πυρὶ βάλλε καὶ Αὐτονόην καὶ Ἀγαυήν:

³⁵⁰ ἔσσο δὲ Πασιφάης τιμήορος, ὄφρα γελάσσης

Ἀρμονίης γενέτειραν ἀνιάζων Ἀφροδίτην.'

[344] "Farewell, tree of Pentheus, farewell pitiless Cithairon; farewell also ye fennels of mind-deluding Dionysos! Happy be thou, Phaethon men's delight! Shine on the hills; show thy light both for Leto's daughter and Dionysos! And if thou knowest how to destroy men also with thy rays, strike with thy pure fire Autonoe and Agaue. Be Pasiphae's avenger, to plague with a laugh Harmonia's mother Aphrodite."

εἶπε, καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνος ὁδύρετο μᾶλλον Ἀγαυή.

καὶ νέκυν, ὃν κατέπεφνε, φίλῃ τυμβεύσατο μήτηρ

πίδακα δακρυόεσσαν ἀναβλύζουσα προσώπου:

³⁵⁵ καὶ τάφον εὐποίητον ἔτεκτῆναντο πολῖται.

[352] She spoke; and Agaue childmurderer sorrowed yet more. The loving mother entombed the dead son whom she had slain, pouring a fountain of tears over her face, and the people built a goodly sepulchre.

ὥς αἱ μὲν στενάχοντο κατηφέες: εἰσορόων δὲ

Βάκχος ἄναξ ἐλέαιρε, φιλοθρήνους δὲ γυναῖκας

μυρομένας ἀνέκοψεν, ἐπεὶ στοιχηδὸν ἐκάστη

λυσίπονον κεράσας μελιηδέι φάρμακον οἴνω
360 δῶκε ποτὸν ληθαῖον· ὀδυρομένοιο δὲ Κάδμου
πένθιμον ἐπρήνυε γόον παιήوني μύθῳ·
ἀμφοτέρας δ' εὕνησε καὶ Αὐτονόην καὶ Ἀγαῦν,
ἐλπίδος ἐσσομένης πρωτάγγελα θέσφατα φαίνων.
Ἴλλυριν δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐς Ἑσπερίου χθόνα πόντου
365 Ἀρμονίην λιπόπατριν ὁμόστολον ἥλικι Κάδμῳ
ἀμφοτέρους πόμπευεν ἀλήμονας, οἷς χρόνος ἔρπων
ῶπασε πετρήεσσαν ἔχειν ὀφιώδεα μορφήν.

[356] So they mourned in dejection; Lord Bacchos saw and pitied, and checked the dirge of the lamenting women, when he had mingled a medicine with honeysweet wine and passed it to each in turn as a drink to lull their troubles. He gave them the drink of forgetfulness, and when Cadmos lamented he soothed his sorrowful moans with healing words. He sent Autonoe and Agaue to their beds, and showed them oracles of god to tell of coming hope. Over the Illyrian country to the land of the Western sea he sped, and banished Harmonia with Cadmos her agemate, both wanderers, for whom creeping Time had in store a change into the shape of snaky stone.

καὶ Σατύρους καὶ Πᾶνας ἔχων καὶ λύγκας ἱμάσσων
ἄβρὸς ἀσιγήτοισιν ἐκώμασε Βάκχος Ἀθήναις.

[368] Then Bacchos with his Pans and Satyrs whipt up his lynxes, and went in gorgeous pomp to farfamed Athens.

BOOK 47

ἔρχεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ἑβδομον, ὁππῶθι Περσεὺς
καὶ μῶρος Ἰκαρίοιο καὶ ἄβροχίτων Ἀριάδνη.
ἦδη δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα δι' ἄστεος ἵπτατο Φῆμη
ἄγγελος αὐτοβόητος ἐρίσταφύλου Διονύσου
Ἀθίδι φοιτήσαντος: ἀκοιμήτου δὲ Λυαίου
εἰς χορὸν εὐώδινες ἐβακχεύθησαν Ἀθῆναι.
5 καὶ πολὺς ἔβρεμε κῶμος: ὀμηγερέες δὲ πολῖται
εἵμασι δαιδαλέοισιν ἀνεχλαίνωσαν ἀγνιᾶς
χερσὶ πολυσπερέεσσιν: ἀεξιφύτοιο δὲ Βάκχου
ἡμερίδων πετάλοισιν ἐμιτρώθησαν Ἀθῆναι
αὐτόματοι: φιάλας δὲ σιδηροφόρων διὰ μαζῶν
10 στήθεσι μυστιπόλοισιν ἀνεζώννυντο γυναῖκες,
παρθενικαὶ δ' ἐχόρευον, ἐπεστέφαντο δὲ κόρης
ἄνθει κισσῆεντι περίπλοκον Ἀθίδα χαίτην.
Ἴλισσός δ' ἐλέλιξε περὶ πτόλιν ἔμπνοον ὕδωρ
κυδαίνων Διόνυσον: ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ χορεῖη
15 εὖιον ἐκρούοντο μέλος Κηφισίδες ὄχθαι.
φυταλιή δ' ἀνέτελλεν, ἀπὸ χθονίοιο δὲ κόλπου
αὐτοφυῆς γλυκεροῖο πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο
βότρυς ἐλαίηεντος ἐφοινίχθη Μαραθῶνος,
καὶ δρῦες ἐψιθύριζον, ἀνοιγομένων δὲ πετῆλων
20 δῖχροον ἠρεῦγοντο ῥόδον λειμωνίδες Ὠραι,
καὶ κρίνον αὐτοτέλεστον ἐμαιώσαντο κολῶναι.
καὶ Φρυγίοις αὐλοῖσιν ἐπέκτυπεν αὐλὸς Ἀθήνης,
καὶ διδυμον κελάδημα δόναξ ἐλίγαιεν Ἀχαρνεὺς
θλιβόμενος παλάμησιν: ὁμογλώσσων δ' ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
25 Μυγδονίῃ βαρύδουπος ὁμόθροος ἄζυγι κούρῃ
δίθροον ἀρμονίην ἐπιδήμιος ἴαχε Βάκχη
πῆχυν ἐπικλίνουσα νέη Πακτωλίδι νύμφῃ,
καὶ φλόγα νυκτιχόρευτον ἀνέσχεθε δίζυγι πεῦκη
ἀρχεγόνῳ Ζαγρῇ καὶ ὀψιγόνῳ Διονύσῳ:
30 μνησαμένη δ' Ἰτύλοιο καὶ ἰστοπόνου Φιλομήλης
σύνθροος αἰολόδειρος ἀνέκλαγεν Ἀθίς ἀηδῶν,
καὶ Ζεφύρου λάλος ὄρνις ὑπωροφίην χέε μολπὴν,
μνηστὴν ὅλην Τηρῆος ἀπορρίψασα θυέλλαις.

BOOK XLVII

*Come to the forty-seventh, in which is Perseus, and the death of Icarious, and
Ariadne in her rich robes.*

ALREADY Rumour was flitting up and down the city, announcing of herself

that Dionysos of the grapes had come to visit Attica; and prolific Athens broke out into wild dancing for unresting Lyaïos. Loud was the sound of revelling; crowds of citizens with forests of fluttering hands decked out the streets in hangings of many colours, and vineleaves which Bacchos made to grow wreathed themselves all over Athens. [The women hung mystic plates of iron over their breasts and bound them round their bodies:] the maidens danced and crowned their brows with flowers of ivy braided in Attic hair. Ilissos rolled round the city living water to glorify Dionysos; the banks of Cephisos echoed the Euian tune to the universal dance. The plant shot up from the bosom of the earth, grapes selfgrown with sweet fruit ripening reddened the olive-groves of Marathon. Trees whispered, meadows put forth in season roses of two colours with opening petals, the hills gave birth to the lily selfgrown. Athena's pipes answered the Phrygian pipes, the Acharnian reed pressed by the fingers played its double ditty. The native Bacchant leaned her arm on the young Pactolian bride, and sounded a double harmony with deep note answering the Mygdonian girl, or held up the dancing nightly flame of double torches, for Zagreus born long ago and Dionysos lately born. The melodious-throated nightingale of Attica sang her varied notes in the chorus, remembering Itylos and Philomela busy at the loom; and the chattering bird of Zephyros twittered under the eaves, casting to the winds all memory of Tereus.

οὐδέ τις ἦν ἀχόρευτος ἀνὰ πόλιν. αὐτὰρ ὁ χαίρων
35 Βάκχος ἐς Ἰκαρίου δόμον ἦλυθεν, ὃς πέλεν ἄλλων
φέρτερος ἀγρονόμων ἑτερότροπα δένδρα φυτεύειν.
ἀγραύλοισι δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ἐχόρευεν ἄλωεὺς
ἀθρήσας Διόνυσον ἐπήλυδα, καλλιφύτων δὲ
κοίρανον ἡμερίδων ὀλίγη ξείνισσε τραπέζῃ:
40 Ἑριγόνῃ δ' ἐκέρασσεν ἀψυσσασμένη γλάγος αἰγῶν:
ἀλλὰ ἐ Βάκχος ἔρυκε, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ γεραιῷ
ᾧπασε λυσιπόνοιο μέθης ἐγκύμονας ἄσκοῦς,
δεξιτερῇ δ' εὖοδμον ἔχων δέπας ἡδέος οἴνου
ᾠρεγεν Ἰκαρίῳ: φιλίῳ δ' ἡσπάζετο μύθῳ:

[34] No one in the city did not dance. Then Bacchos glad went to the house of Icarïos, who excelled the other countrymen in planting new sorts of trees. The old gardener danced on his clownish feet when he saw Dionysos as his visitor, and entertained the lord of noble gardenvines at his frugal board. Erigone went to draw and mingle milk of the goats, but Bacchos checked her, and handed to the kindly old man skins full of curetrouble liquor. He took in his right hand and offered Icarïos a cup of sweet fragrant wine, as he greeted him in friendly words:

45 ‘Δέξο, γέρον, τόδε δῶρον, ὃ μὴ δεδάσιν Ἀθηναί.
 ὦ γέρον, ὀλβίζω σε: σὲ γὰρ μέλψουσι πολῖται
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόωντες, ὅτι κλέος εὔρεν ἑλέγξει
 Ἰκάριος Κελεοῖο καὶ Ἑριγόνῃ Μετανείρης.
 ζῆλον ἔχω προτέρης Δημήτερος, ὅτι καὶ αὐτῇ
 50 ἄλλω γειοπόνῳ στάχυν ὄμπνιον ὥπασε Δηῶ.
 Τριπτόλεμος στάχυν εὔρε, σὺ δ’ οἴνοπα βότρυν ὀπώρης:
 Ἥλαος οὐρανίῳ Γανυμήδεϊ μοῦνος ἐρίζεις,
 Τριπτολέμου προτέροιο μακάρτερε: θυμοβόρους γὰρ
 οὐ στάχυες λύουσι μεληδόνας, οἶνοτόκοι δὲ
 55 βότρυες ἀνδρομέης παιήονές εἰσιν ἀνιης.’

[45] “Accept this gift, Sir, which Athens knows not. Sir, I deem you happy, for your fellow-citizens will celebrate you, proclaiming aloud that Icarios has found fame to obscure Celeos, and Erigone to outdo Metaneira. I rival Demeter of the olden days, because Deo too brought a gift, the harvest-corn, to another husbandman. Triptolemos discovered corn, you the winecheeked grape of my vintage. You alone rival Ganymedes in heaven, you more blessed than Triptolemos was before; for corn does not dissolve the sorrows that eat the heart, but the winebearing grape is the healer of human pain.”

τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε, φιλοξείνῳ δὲ γεραιῷ
 ἄβρὸν ἐγερσινόοιο δέπας πόρεν ἔμπλεον οἴνου:
 καὶ πῖεν ἄλλο μετ’ ἄλλο γέρον φυτοεργὸς ἄλωεύς,
 οἷστρον ἔχων ἀκόρητον ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἐέρσης:
 60 κούρη δ’ ἀντὶ γάλακτος ἀφυσσαμένη χύσιν οἴνου
 ὥρεγε χειρὶ κύπελλον, ἕως ἐμέθυσε τοκῆα.
 ἀλλ’ ὅτε δὴ κόρον εὔρε κυπελλοδόκοιο τραπέζης,
 δόχμιος ἀμφιέλικτος ἐρισφαλὲς ἶχνος ἐλίσσων
 ποσσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ἀνεσκίρτησεν ἄλωεύς,
 65 Ζαγρέος Εὐίου ὕγνον ἀνακρούων Διονύσῳ.
 ἀγρονόμῳ δὲ γέροντι φυτηκόμος ὥπασε δαίμων
 κλήματα βοτρυνόεντα, φιλεῦα δῶρα τραπέζης:
 καὶ μιν ἄναξ ἐδίδαξεν ἀξιφύτῳ τινὶ τέχνῃ
 κλάσσαι βοηρίασαι τε βαλεῖν τ’ ἐνὶ ἐνὶ κλήματα γύροις.

[56] Such were the words he spoke, as he offered a handsome cup full of mindawakening wine to the hospitable old man. The old hardworking gardener drank, and drank again, with desire insatiable for the dewy trickling drops. His girl poured no more milk, but reached him cup after cup of wine until her father was drunken; and when at last he had taken enough of that table spread with cups, the gardener skipt about with changing step, staggering and rolling sideways, and struck up the Euian chant of Zagreus for

Dionysos. Then the plantloving god presented to the old countryman Euian shoots of vine in return for his hospitable table, and the Lord taught him the art of making them grow, by breaking and ditching and curving the shoots round into the soil.

70 ἄλλοις δ' ἀγρονόμοισι γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἄλωεὺς
δῶρα φέρων Βρομίῳ καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην
οἴνοφύτους ἐδίδαξε φυτηκομίας Διονύσου:
καὶ νομῷ κρητῆρι βαλὼν ῥόον ἄσπετον οἴνου
δαινυμένους ἡϋφραινεν ἑπασσύτεροισι κυπέλλοις,
75 οἴνοδόκων θυόεσσαν ἀναπτύξας χύσιν ἄσκῶν.
καὶ τις ἐγερσινόοιο πῶν ῥόον ἡδέος οἴνου
Ἥριγόνης γενετῆρα φίλῳ μειλίζατο μύθῳ:

[70] So the industrious old gardener passed on to other countrymen the gifts of Bromios with their vintage of grapes, and taught them how to plant and care for the viny growth of Dionysos; he poured into his rustic mixer streams of wine inexhaustible, and cheered the hearts of banqueters with cup after cup, releasing the fragrant liquid from his wineskins. Many a one would compliment Erigone's father with grateful words as he drank the sweet liquor of mind-awakening wine:

Ἐἰπέ, γέρον, πόθεν εὔρες ἐπὶ χθονὶ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου;
οὐκ ἀπὸ Κηφισοῖο φέρεις ξανθόχροον ὕδωρ,
80 οὐκ ἀπὸ Νηιάδων μελιηδέα δῶρα κομίζεις:
οὐ γὰρ ἀναβλύζουσι μελίρρυτα χεῦματα πηγαί,
οὐ ῥόος Ἰλισσοῖο χυτῶ φοινίσσεται ὀλκῶ:
οὐ ποτὸν ἔπλετο τοῦτο φιλοπτόρθοιο μελίσσης,
ὄξυτατον μερόπεσσι φέρον κόρον: ἄλλοφυνες δὲ
85 καὶ μέλιτος γλυκεροῖο φέρεις γλυκερώτερον ὕδωρ:
πάτριον οὐ πόμα τοῦτο λοχεύεται Ἀτθίς ἐλαίῃ:
λαρότερον δὲ γάλακτος ἔχεις ποτὸν ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ
συμπερταῖς λιβάδεσσι μελικρήτου κυκεῶνος.
εἰ δὲ ποτὸν μερόπεσιν ἀεξιφύτων ἀπὸ κήπων
90 ἐκ καλύκων δεδάασιν ἄγειν ῥοδοπήχεες ὦραι,
καὶ κεν ἐγὼ καλέεσκον Ἀδώνιδος ἢ Κυθερείης
εἰαρινὸν πόμα τοῦτο, ῥόδων εὐοδμον ἐέρσην.
λυσίπονον καὶ ξεῖνον ἄγεις ποτόν: ἡερίοις γὰρ
πλαζομένας ἀνέμοισιν ἐμὰς ἐκέδασσε μερίμνας.

[78] "Tell us, gaffer, how you found on earth the nectar of Olympus? This golden water never came from Cephisos, this honeysweet treasure was not brought from the Naiads! For our fountains do not bubble up honey-streams

like this, the river Ilissos does not run in such a purple flood. This is no drink from the plantloving bee, which quickest of all brings satiety to mortal man. This is another kind of water, sweeter than sweet honey; this is no national draught born from the Athenian olive. You have a drink richer than milk which ever keeps its taste, mingled with drops of honey-posset. If the rosyarm Seasons have learnt to distil a drink for mortals from all the flowercups that grow in our gardens, I would call this a spring-time beverage of Adonis or Cythereia, the sweetsmelling dew of roses! A strange drink yours, which dissolves trouble! for it has scattered my cares wandering in the winds of heaven.

95 μή σοι δῶρον ἔδωκεν ἅπ' αἰθέρος ἄμβροτος Ἥβη;
μή σοι τοῦτο κόμισσε τεῇ πολιοῦχος Ἀθήνη;
οὐρανόθεν κρητῆρα τίς ἤρπασεν, ἔνθεν ἀφύσσει
Ζηνὶ καὶ ἀθανάτοισι δέπας κεράσας Γανυμήδης;
ξεινοδόκου Κελεοῖο μακάρτερε, μή σὺ καὶ αὐτὸς
100 ἴλαον οὐρανόθεν ναέτην ξείνισσας Ὀλύμπου;
πείθομαι, ὥς θεὸς ἄλλος ἐκώμασε σέϊο μελάρω,
καὶ φιλῆς πόμα τοῦτο τεῆς διὰ δελτνα τραπέζης
Ἀτθίδι δῶρον ἔδωκεν, ἅτε στάχυν ὥπασε Δηῶ.'

[95] "Can it be that immortal Hebe has given you this gift from heaven? Can it be that Athena your city holder has provided this? Who has stolen the mixing-bowl from the sky, from which Ganymedes mixes the liquor and ladles out a cup for Zeus and the immortals? O more blessed than hospitable Celeos, can it be you also have yourself entertained some gracious Olympian who dwells in the heavens? I believe some other god came in mirth to visit your roof, and gave this drink to our country in friendship for your hospitable table, as Deo gave us corn!"

ἐννεπε θαμβήσας γλυκερὸν ποτόν: ἐκ στομάτων δὲ
105 ἡδυμανῆς ἀλάλαξε χέων ἄγραυλον αἰοιδήν.

[104] Thus he spoke, admiring the delicious drink; and from his lips rang out a stream of rustic song in sweet madness.

ἄγρονόμοι δ' ἄρῦντες ἐπασσύτεροισι κυτέλλοις
πάντες ἐβακχεύθησαν ἀμερσινόῳ φρένας οἶνω:
ὄμματα δ' ἐπλάζοντο, φιλακρήτοις δὲ κυτέλλοις
ἄργυφα πορφύροντο παρήια, γειοπόνων δὲ
110 στήθεα θερμαίνοντο, ποτῶ δ' ἐβαρύνετο κόρη,
καὶ φλέβες οἰδαίνοντος ἐκυμαίνοντο καρήνου:
τοῖσι δὲ δερκομένοισιν ἐσειέτο κόλπος ἀρούρης

καὶ δρῦες ὠρχήσαντο καὶ ἐσκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι·
καὶ σφαλεραῖς λιβάδεσσιν ἀήθεος ἔμπλεος οἴνου
115 ὕππιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπὶ χθόνα κάππεσεν ἀνὴρ.

[106] So the countrymen quaffed cup after cup, and made a wild revel over the wine which dazed their wits. Their eyes rolled, their pale cheeks grew red — for they drank their liquor neat, their peasant-breasts grew hot, their heads grew heavy with the drink, the veins were swollen upon their foreheads. The bosom of the earth shook before their eyes, the trees danced and the mountains skipt. Men fell on their backs rolling helplessly over the ground, full of the unfamiliar wine with its slippery drops.

καὶ χορὸς ἀγρονόμων φονίῳ δεδονημένος οἷστρω
τλήμονος Ἰκαρίοιο κατέτρεχε θυιάδι λύσση,
οἷα τε φαρμακόμεντα κερασασμένου δόλον οἴνου,
ὃς μὲν ἔχων βουπλῆγα σιδήρεον, ὃς δὲ μακέλλῃ
120 θωρήξας ἔο χειῖρας, ὃ δὲ σταχυητόμον ἄρπην
κουφίζων, ἕτερος δὲ λίθον περίμετρον αἰείρων,
ἄλλος ἀνεπτοίητο καλαύροπα χειρὶ τιταίνων,
γῆραλέον πλήσσοντες· ἐλὼν δὲ τις ἐγγὺς ἱμάσθλην
Ἰκαρίου τέτρηνε δέμας ταμεσίχροϊ κέντρῳ.

[116] Then the company of countrymen driven by murderous infatuation charged upon poor Icarios in maniac fury, as if the wine were mixt with a deceiving drug — one holding an iron poleaxe, one with a shovel for a weapon in his hands, one holding the cornreaping sickle, another raising an immense block of stone, while another, beside himself, brandished a cudgel in his hand — all striking the old man: one came near with a goad and pierced his body with its fleshcutting spike.

125 καὶ μογέων χθονὶ πῦπτε γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἀλωεὺς
τυπτόμενος ῥοπάλοιςιν, ἐπισκαίρων δὲ τραπέζῃ
τύψε μέθης κρητῆρα, καὶ αἶθοπος εἰς χύσιν οἴνου
ἡμιθανὴς κεκύλιστο· βαρυνομένου δὲ καρήνου
ἀγρονόμων πληγῆσιν ἀμοιβαίησι τυπέντος
130 αἰμαλέῃ φοινίξεν ὁμόχροον οἶνον ἔερση.
καὶ μόγις ἐκ στομάτων ἔπος ἴαχεν Ἄϊδι γείτων:

[125] The unhappy old industrious gardener thus beaten with blows fell to the ground, then leaping upon the table upset the mixing-bowl and rolled half-dead in the flood of ruddy wine: his head sank under the shower of blows from the countrymen, and drops of his red blood mingled with the red wine. Now next-door to death he stammered out these words:

‘ Οἶνος ἔμοῦ Βρομίου, βροτέης ἄμπαυμα μερίμνης,
ὁ γλυκὺς εἰς ἔμὲ μοῦνον ἀμείλιχος· εὐφροσύνην γὰρ
ἀνδράσι πᾶσιν ὄπασσε, καὶ Ἰκαρίῳ πόρε πότμον·
135 ὁ γλυκὺς Ἡριγόνῃ πολεμήιος· ἡμετέρην γὰρ
νηπενθής Διόνυσος ἐθήκατο πενθάδα κούρην.’

[132] “The wine of my Bromios, the comfort of human care, that sweet one is pitiless against me alone! It has given a merry heart to all men, and it has brought fate to Icarios. The sweet one is no friend to Erigone, for Dionysos who mourns not has made my girl to mourn.”

οὐ πω μῦθος ἔλγηε· μόρος δὲ οἱ ἔφθασε φωνήν.
καὶ νέκυς αὐτόθι κεῖτο, σαόφρονος ἔκτοθι κούρης,
ὄμμασι πεπταμένοισιν. ἐν ἀστρώτῳ δὲ χαμευνῇ
140 νήδυμον ὕπνον ἱαυον ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο φονῆς
οἶνοβαρεῖς, νεκύεσσιν ἐοικότες· ἐγρόμενοι δέ,
ὄν κτάνον ἀγνώσσοντες, ἀνέστενον· ὑψόθι δ’ ὤμων
νεκρὸν ἐλαφρίζοντες ἀνήγαγον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης
ἔμφορνα θυμὸν ἔχοντες, ἐν εὐύδρῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
145 ὠτειλᾶς ἐκάθηραν ὀρεσσιχύτῳ παρὰ πηγῇ·
καὶ νέκυν ἀρτιδάικτον, ὃν ἔκτανον ἄφρονι λύσση,
ἀνδροφόνους παλάμησιν ἐτυμβεύσαντο φονῆες.

[137] Before he could finish his words, fate came first and stayed his voice: there he lay dead with eyes wide open, far from his modest daughter. His murderers heavy with wine slumbered careless on the bare ground like dead men. When they awoke, they mourned aloud for him they had unwittingly slain, and in their right mind now they carried his body on their shoulders up to a woody ridge, and washed his wounds in the abundant waters of a mountain brook. So they who had slain buried him they had slain in their senseless fury, the same murderous hands buried the body which they had lately torn.

ψυχὴ δ’ Ἰκαρίοιο πανεῖκελος ἔσσυτο καπνῷ
εἰς δόμον Ἡριγόνης· βροτέῃ δ’ ἰσάζετο μορφῇ
150 κοῦφον ὄνειρειῆς σκιερῆς εἶδωλον ὀπωπῆς,
ἀνδρὶ νεουτήτῳ πανομοίος, εἶχε δὲ δειλὴ
στικτὸν ἀσημάντοιο φόνου κήρυκα χιτῶνα,
αἶματι φοινίσσοντα καὶ αὐχμῶντα κονίῃ,
ῥωγαλέον πληγῇσιν ἀμοιβαίοιο σιδήρου.
155 καὶ παλάμας ὥρεξε· νεοσφαγέων δὲ δοκεύειν
ὠτειλᾶς μελέων ἐπεδείκνυε γείτονι κούρῃ.
παρθενικὴ δ’ ὀλόλυξε φιλοθρήνοις ἐν ὀνείροις,

ὥς ἶδεν ἔλκεα τόσσα καρήατος, ὥς ἶδε δειλὴ
λύθρον ἐρευθομένοιο νεόρρυτον ἀνθερεῶνος:
160 καὶ σκιοεῖς γενέτης ἔπος ἔννεπε πενθαδὶ κούρη:

[148] The soul of Icaros floated like smoke to the room of Erigone. It was a light phantom in mortal shape, the shadowy vision of a dream, like a man newly slain; the wretched ghost wore a tunic with marks that betrayed the unexplained murder, red with blood and dirty with dust, torn to rags by blows on blows of beating steel. The phantom stretched out its hands and came close to the girl, and pointed out the wounds on the newly mangled limbs for her to see. The maiden shrieked in this melancholy dream, when she saw so many wounds on that head, when the poor thing saw the blood which had lately poured from that red throat. And the shade of her father spoke these words to his sorrowing child:

‘ Ἐγρεο, δειλαιη, καὶ διζεο σεῖο τοκῆα:
ἔγρεο, καὶ μεθύοντας ἐμοὺς μάστευε φονῆας:
εἰμὶ τεδὸς γενέτης βαρυῶδυνος, ὃν χάριν οἴνου
ἀγρονόμοι δασπλῆτες ἐδηλήσαντο σιδήρῳ.
165 ὦ τέκος, ὀλβίζω σε: σὺ γὰρ κταμένοιο τοκῆος
οὐ καναχὴν ἤκουσας ἀρασσομένοιο καρήνου,
οὐ πολιὴν ἐνόησας ἐρευθομένην ὑπὸ λύθρῳ,
οὐ νέκυν ἀρτιδαίκτον ἐπισπαίροντα κονίη,
πατροφόνους κορύνας οὐκ ἔδρακες: ἀλλὰ σε δαίμων
170 ἔκτοθι πατρὸς ἔρυκε, τήν δ’ ἐφύλαξεν ὀπωπὴν,
μὴ μόρον ἀθρήσειε δαϊζομένου γενετῆρος.
αἷματι πορφύροντας ἐμοὺς σκοπίαζε χιτῶνας:
χχιζὰ γὰρ οἴνωθέντες ἀμοιβαίοισι κυπέλλοις
ἀγρονόμοι βλύζοντες ἀήθεος ἱκμάδα Βάκχου
175 ἀμφ’ ἐμὲ κυκλώσαντο: δαϊζόμενος δὲ σιδήρῳ
μηλονόμους ἐκάλεσσα, καὶ οὐκ ἤκουσαν ἰωήν:
μούνῃ δ’ ὑστερόφωνος ἐμὸν κτύπον ἔκλυεν Ἥχῳ
θρήνοις ἀντιτύποισι τεδὸν στενάχουσα τοκῆα.
οὐκέτι κουφίζουσα καλαῦροπα μεσσόθεν ὕλης
180 εἰς νομὸν ἀνθεμόεντα καὶ εἰς λειμῶνας ἱκάνεις,
σὴν ἀγέλην βόσκουσα σὺν ἀγραύλῳ παρακοίτῃ:
οὐκέτι δενδροκόμοιο τεῆς ψαύουσα μακέλλης
κῆπον ἐς εὐώδινα φέρεις ἀμαρήιον ὕδωρ:
ἀλλὰ μελιρραθάμιγγος ἐμῆς ἀκόρητος ὀπώρης
185 κλαῖε τεδὸν γενέτην με δεδουπότα: καὶ σε νοήσω
ὀρφανικὴν ζώουσαν ἀπειρήτην ὕμεναιών.’

[161] “Wake, poor creature, go and seek your father! Wake, and search for my

drunken murderers! I am your much-afflicted father, whom the savage country folk have destroyed because of wine with cold steel. I call you happy, my child; your father was killed, but you heard not the smashing of my beaten head, you saw not the hoary hair stained with gore, the body new-mangled panting on the ground, you saw not the clubs that killed your father. No: Providence kept you far away from your father, and guarded your eyes that they might not see the death of a murdered sire. Look at my clothes, red with blood! For yesterday country people drunken with cup after cup of wine and dribbling the unfamiliar juice of Bacchos, thronged about me. As the steel tore me, I called on the shepherds, and they heard not my voice: only Echo heard the noise of me and followed with answering tones, and mourned your father with a copy of my lamentable words. Never now will you lift your crook in the midst of the woodlands and go to the meadows and flowery pasture along with a rustic husband, feeding your flock; never will you handle your hoe to work about the trees and bring water along the channels to make the garden grow. Yet be not too greedy with my honeydripping fruit, but weep for me your father low fallen in death. I shall see you living as an orphan and knowing nothing of marriage.”

ὥς φαμένη πετρώεσσα παρέδραμεν ὄψις ὀνείρου.
κούρη δ' ἔγρομένη ῥοδέας ἤμυξε παρειάς,
πενθαλέοις δ' ὀνύχεσσιν ἀκαμπέας ἔξεσε μαζούς,
¹⁹⁰ καὶ δολιχῆς προθέλυμνον ἀνέσπασε βότρυν ἐθείρης:
καὶ βόας ἀθρήσασα παρισταμένους ἔτι πέτρη
παρθένος ἀχνυμένη κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ:

[187] So spoke the vision of the dream, and then flew away. But the girl awaking tore her rose-red cheeks, and mourning scored her firm breasts with her finger-nails, and tore long locks of hair from the roots; then seeing the cattle still standing by her on the rock, the sorrowful maiden cried in a voice of lamentation:

‘Πῇ νέκυς Ἰκαρίοιο, φίλαι φθέγξασθε κολῶναι:
πότμον ἔμοῦ γενετῆρος ἐθήμονες εἴπατε ταῦροι:
¹⁹⁵ πατρός ἔμοῦ κταμένοιο τίνες γεγάσι φονῆες;
πῇ μοι ἔμὸς γενέτης γλυκὺς οἶχεται; ἦ ῥα διδάσκων
γείτονα καλλιφύτοιο νέους ὄρηκας ὀπώρης
πλάζεται ἀγρονόμοισι παρήμενος, ἦ τινι βούτῃ
δενδροκόμῳ παρέμιμνε συνέστιος εἰλαπινάζων;
²⁰⁰ εἴπατε μυρομένη, καὶ τλήσομαι, εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃ.
εἰ μὲν ἔτι ζῶει γενέτης ἔμός, ἔρνεα κήπου
ἀρδεύσω παλινόρσος ἅμα ζώουσα τοκῆι:
εἰ δὲ πατὴρ τέθηκε καὶ οὐκέτι δένδρα φυτεύει,

ἀθρήσω μόρον Ἴσον ἐπὶ φθιμένῳ γενετῆρι.’

[193] “Where is the body of Icarios? Tell me, beloved hills! Tell me my father’s fate, ye bulls that knew him well! Who were the murderers of my father slain? Where has my darling father gone? Is he wandering over the countryside, staying with the countrymen and teaching a neighbour to plant the young shoots of his fair vintage, or is he the guest of some pastoral gardener and sharing his feast? Tell his mourning daughter, and I will endure till he come. If my father is still alive, I will live with my parent again and water the plants of his garden: but if my father is dead and plants trees no more, I will face death like his over his dead body.”

205 ὥς φαμένη ταχύγουνος ἀνέδραμεν εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
ἶχνια μαστεύουσα νεοσφαγέος γενετῆρος.
οὐ δέ οἱ εἰρομένη θρασὺς αἰπόλος, οὐ παρὰ λόχμαις
παρθένον οἰκτεῖρων ἀγελήκομος ἔννεπε βούτης
ἶχνιον ἀστήρικτον ἀκηρύκτοιο τοκῆος,
210 οὐ νέκυν Ἰκαρίοιο γέρων ἔπεδείκνυε ποιμήν:
ἀλλὰ μάτην ἀλάλητο: μόγις δέ μιν εὔρεν ἄλωεὺς
καὶ κινυροῖς στομάτεσσι δυσάγγελον ἴαχε φωνήν,
καὶ τάφον ἐγγὺς ἔδειξε νεοδμήτοιο τοκῆος.

[205] So she spoke, and ran with swift knee up into the mountain forest, seeking the tracks of her father newly slain. But to her questions no goatherd was bold to reply, no herdsman of cattle in the woodlands pitied the maiden or pointed to a faint trace of her father still unheard-of, no ancient shepherd showed her the body of Icarios, but she wandered in vain. At last a gardener found her and told the sad news in a sorrowful voice, and showed the tomb to her father lately slain.

παρθενικὴ δ’ αἰούσα σάοφρονι μαίνεται λύσση:
215 καὶ πλοκάμους τίλλουσα φίλῳ παρακάτθετο τύμβῳ
παρθένος ἀκρήδεμνος ἀσάμβalos, αὐτοχύτοις δὲ
δάκρυσιν ἀενάοισι λελουμένον εἶχε χιτῶνα.
χειλεσι δ’ ἀφθόγγοισιν ἔπεσφρηγίσσατο σιγῇν
εἰς χρόνον: Ἡριγόνῃ δὲ κῶν ὁμόφοιτος ἐχέφρων
220 κνυζηθμῶ γοόωντι συνέστιχε πενθάδι κούρη,
καὶ οἱ ὀδυρομένη συνοδύρετο. μαινομένη δὲ
εἰς φυτὸν ὑψικάρηνον ἀνέδραμεν: ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρῳ
ἀγχονίῳ σφιγξάσα περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῶ
αὐτοφόνῳ στροφάλιγγι μετάρσιος ὤλετο κούρη,
ἀμφοτέρους δονέουσα πόδας βητάρμονι παλμῶ:
225 καὶ θάνε, καὶ μόρον εἶχεν ἐκούσιον: ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρην

πυκνὰ κύων δεδόνητο, καὶ ἴαχε πένθιμον ἥχῳ
ὄμμασι θηρείοισι νοήμονα δάκρυα λείβων.

[214] When the maiden heard it, she was distracted but with sober madness: she plucked the hair from her head and laid it upon the beloved tomb, a maiden unveiled, unshod, drenching her clothes with selfshed showers of ever-flowing tears. Speechless for a time, Erigone kept her lips sealed with silence; the dog the companion of Erigone shared her feelings, he whimpered and howled by the side of his mourning mistress, sorrowing with her sorrow. Wildly she ran up to a tall tree: she tied upon it a rope with a noose fast about her neck and hung herself high in the air, twisting in self-sought agonies with her two twitching feet. So she died, and had a willing fate; her dog ran round and round the girl with sorrowful howls, a dumb animal dropping tears of sympathy from his eyes.

οὐδὲ κύων ἀφύλακτον ἐρημάδα κάλλιπε κούρην,
230 ἀλλὰ φυτῷ παρέμιμνεν ἐπήλυδα θῆρα διώκων,
πόρδαλιν ἢ ἐλέοντα: παρερχομένοισι δ' ὀδίταις
νεύμασιν ἀφθόγοις ἐπεδείκνυν ἄζυγα κούρην
δεσμοῖς ἀγχονίοισι περίπλοκον ὑψόθι δένδρου.
οἱ δέ μιν οἰκτείροντες ἀνήιον εἰς φυτὸν ὕλης
235 ἴχνεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν, ἀπ' εὐπετάλων δὲ κορύμβων
παρθενικὴν ἀδμήτα κατήγαγον: ἀχιφανῇ δὲ
γαῖαν ἐκοιλαίνοντο πεδοσκαφέεσσι μακέλλαις.
τοῖς ἅμα καὶ πεπόνητο κύων πινυτόφρονι θυμῷ,
πενθαλέῳ δ' ἐβάθυνε πέδον τεχνήμονι ταρσῷ,
240 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι χυτῆς χθονὸς ἄκρα χαράσσων.
καὶ νέκυν ἀρτιδάικτον ἐπεκτερέϊξαν ὀδίται:
καὶ ξυνῆς μεθέπων ὑποκάρδιον ὄγκον ἀνίης
εἰς ἐὼν ἔργον ἕκαστος ἀνέδραμεν ὀξεῖ ταρσῷ:
αὐτὰρ ὁ μοῦνος ἔμιμνε κύων παρὰ γείτονι τύμβῳ
245 Ἑριγόνης ὑπ' ἔρωτι, θελήμονι δ' ὠλολε πτότμῳ.

[229] The dog would not leave his mistress alone, unguarded, but there he stayed by the tree, and chased off the preying beasts, panther or lion. Then wayfarers passed, and he showed with mute gestures the unwedded maid hanging in the tree with a noose about her neck. Full of pity they came up to the tree on tiptoe, and took down dog knew what they did, and helped them, scratching and scattering the surface of the soil with sharp claws and grubbing with clever feet. So the wayfarers buried the body but lately dead, and they went away on their business quickfoot with a weight of sorrow under their hearts one and all. But the dog remained near the tomb alone, for love of Erigone, and there he died of his own free will.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ ἔλεαιρεν: ἐν ἄστερόεντι δὲ κύκλῳ
 Ἥριγόνην στήριξε Λεοντείῳ παρὰ νώτῳ:
 παρθενικὴ δ' ἄγραυλος ἔχει στάχυν: οὐ γὰρ αἰεῖρειν
 ἤθελεν οἶνοπα βότρυν ἐοῦ γενέταο φονῆα.
 250 Ἰκάριον δὲ γέροντα συνήλυδα γείτονι κούρῃ
 εἰς πόλον ἄστερόφοιτον ἄγων ὀνόμηνε Βοώτην
 φαιδρόν, Ἀμαξαίης ἐπαφώμενον Ἀρκάδος Ἄρκτου:
 καὶ Κῦνα μαρμαίροντα καταΐσσοντα Λαγωοῦ
 ἔμπυρον ἄστρον ἔθηκεν, ὅπῃ περὶ κύκλον Ὀλύμπου
 255 ποντίας ἄστερόεντι τύπῳ ναυτίλλεται Ἀργῶ.

[246] Father Zeus had pity, and he placed Erigone in the company of the stars near the Lion's back. The rustic maid holds an ear of corn; for she did not wish to carry the red grapes which had been her father's death. And Zeus brought old Icarios into the starspangled sky to move beside his daughter, and called him Bootes, the Plowman, shining bright, and touching the Wain of the Arcadian Bear. The Dog he made also a fiery constellation chasing the Hare, in that part where the starry image of seafaring Argo voyages round the circle of Olympus.

καὶ τὰ μὲν ἔπλασε μῦθος Ἀχαικὸς ἠθάδα πειθῶ
 ψεύδει συγκεράσας: τὸ δ' ἐτήτυμον, ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
 ψυχὴν Ἥριγόνης σταχυώδεος ἀστέρι Κούρης
 οὐρανίης ἐπένειμεν ὁμόζυγον, αἰθερίου δὲ
 260 ἄγχι Κυνὸς κύνα θῆκεν ὁμοῖον εἶδει μορφῆς,
 Σεῖριον, ὃν καλέουσιν ὀπωρινόν, Ἰκαρίου δὲ
 ψυχὴν ἡερόφοιτον ἐπεξύνωσε Βοώτῃ.
 καὶ τὰ μὲν οἶνοφύτῳ Κρονίδης πόρεν Ἀτθίδι γαίῃ,
 ἐν γέρας ἐντύνων καὶ Παλλάδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.

[256] Such is the fiction of the Achaian story, mingling as usual persuasion with falsehood: but the truth is: Zeus our Lord on high joined the soul of Erigone with the star of the heavenly Virgin holding an ear of corn, and near the heavenly Dog he placed a dog like him in shape, Seirios of the autumn as they call him, and the soul of Icarios he combined with Bootes in the heavens. These are the gifts of Cronides to the vinelands of Attica, offering one honour to Pallas and Dionysos together.

265 Ἴλισσοῦ δὲ ῥέεθρα μελίρρυτα Βάκχος ἔασας
 ἄβρὸς ἐς ἀμπελόεσσας ἐκώμασεν ἄντυγα Νάξου:
 ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν πτερὰ πάλλεν Ἔρως θρασὺς, ἐρχομένου δὲ
 μελλογάμου Κυθήρεια προηγεμόνευε Λυαίου.
 ἄρτι γὰρ ὑπνώουσας ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖσιν ἔασας

270 παρθενικὴν λιπόπατριν ἁμείλιχος ἔπλεε Θησεύς,
συνθεσίας δ' ἀνέμοισιν ἐπέτρεπεν. ὕπναλέην δὲ
ἁθρήσας Διόνυσος ἐρημαίην Ἀριάδην
θαύματι μῖξεν ἔρωτα· χοροπλεκέεσσι δὲ Βάκχαις
γλώσση θαμβαλὲν πεφυλαγμένον ἔννεπε μῦθον·

[265] Now Bacchos left the honeyflowing streams of Ilissos, and went in dainty revel to the vineclad district of Naxos. About him bold Eros beat his wings, and Cythereia led, before the coming of Lyaïos the bridegroom. For Theseus had just sailed away, and left without pity the banished maiden asleep on the shore, scattering his promises to the winds. When Dionysos beheld deserted Ariadne sleeping, he mingled love with wonder, and spoke out his admiration cautiously to the danceweaving Bacchantes:

275 ‘Βασσαρίδες, μὴ ῥόπτρα τινάξατε, μὴ κτύπος ἔστω
ἢ ποδὸς ἢ σύριγγος· ἑάσατε Κύπριν ἰαυεῖν·
ἀλλ’ οὐ κεστὸν ἔχει σημάντορα Κυπρογενεῖης.
πειθομαι, ὥς δολόεντι Χάρις νυμφεύεται Ὕπνω·
ἀλλ’ ἐπεὶ ὄρθρος ἔλαμψε καὶ ἐγγύθι φαίνεται Ἡώς,
280 Πασιθέην εὐδουσάν ἐγείρατε· τίς παρὰ Νάξῳ,
τίς Χάριν ἐχλαίνωσεν ἀνείμονα; μὴ πέλεν Ἥβη;
ἀλλὰ δέπας μακάρων τίνι κάλλιπε; μὴ παρὰ πόντῳ
κέκλιται αἰγλήεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνῃ;
καὶ πόθεν Ἐνδυμίωνος ἐθήμονος ἐκτός ἰαυεῖ;
285 μὴ Θέτιν ἀργυρόπεζαν ἐπ’ αἰγιαλοῖσι δοκεῦω;
ἀλλ’ οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχει ῥοδόεν δέμας. εἰ θέμις εἰπέιῃ,
Ναξιάς ἰοχέαιρα πόνων ἀμπαύεται ἄγρης,
θηροφόνους ἰδρῶτας ἀποσμήξασα θαλάσση·
τίκτει γὰρ γλυκὺν ὕπνον αἰὲς πόνοτος· ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ λόχμῃ
290 Ἄρτεμιν ἐλκεχίτωνά τίς ἔδρακε; μίμνετε, Βάκχαι.
στήθι, Μάρων· μὴ δεῦρο χορεύσατε· λῆγε λιγαίωνων,
Πάν φίλε, μὴ σκεδάσειας ἐώιον ὕπνον Ἀθήνης·
καὶ τινὶ Παλλάς ἔλειπεν ἐὼν δόρυ; καὶ τίς αἶρει
χαλκείην τρυφάλειαν ἢ αἰγίδα Τριτογενεῖς;’

[275] “Bassarids, shake not your tambours, let there be no sound of pipes or feet. Let Cypris rest! — But she has not the cestus which marks the Cyprian. I believe it is the Grace that wedded Hypnos, cunning creature! But since dawn is bright and morning seems near, awaken sleeping Pasithea. But who has given a dress to the naked Grace in Naxos, who? Is it Hebe? But to whom has she left the goblet of the Blessed? Can this be Selene, that bright driver of cattle, lying on the seashore? Then how can she be sleeping apart from her inseparable Endymion? Is it silverfoot Thetis I see on the strand? No, it is not

naked, that rosy form. If I may dare to say so, it is the Archeress resting here in Naxos from her labours of the hunt, now she has wiped off in the sea the sweat of hunting and slaying. For hard work always brings sweet sleep. But who has seen Artemis in the woods in long robes? Stay, Bacchants — stand still, Maron — dance not this way, stop singing, dear Pan, that you may not disturb the morning sleep of Athena. No — with whom did Pallas leave her spear? and who bears the bronze helmet or aegis of Tritogeneia?”

295 τοῖα μὲν ἔννεπε Βάκχος· ἀπὸ ψαμάθοιο δὲ δειλὴ
ὔπνον ἀποσκεδάσασα δυσίμερος ἔγρετο κούρη,
καὶ στόλον οὐκ ἐνόησε καὶ οὐ πόσιν ἠπεροπῆα·
ἀλλὰ σὺν ἀλκυόνεσσι Κυδωνιάς ἔστενε νύμφη
ἠίονας μεθέπουσα, βαρύβρομον ἔδνον Ἑρώτων·
300 ἠΐθεον δ' ὀνόμηνεν· ἐμαίνεται δ' ἐγγύθι πόντου
ὀλκάδα διζομένη· φθονερῶ δ' ἐπεμήνιεν ὕπνω,
καὶ Παφίης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐμέμφετο μητρὶ θαλάσση·
καὶ Βορέην ἰκέτευε, καὶ ὄρκιον εἶπεν ἀήτην,
ὄρκιον Ὠρείθυιαν, ὅπως πάλιν εἰς χθόνα Νάξου
305 κοῦρον ἄγοι, γλυκερὴν δὲ τὸ δεῦτερον ὀλκάδα λεύσσει·
Αἰόλον ἦτεε μᾶλλον ἀτελγέα· λισσομένη δὲ
πείθετο καὶ κατένευσε, καὶ ἀντικέλευθον ἀήτην
πέμψεν, ἵνα πνεύσειε· ποθοβλήτοιο δὲ κούρης
οὐ Βορέης ἀλέγιζε δυσίμερος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐταὶ
310 παρθενικῇ κοτέοντο τάχα ζηλήμονες αὔραι,
αἱ τότε νῆα κόμισσαν ἐς Ἀτθίδα· παρθενικὴν δὲ
αὐτὸς Ἔρως θάμβησεν, ἀπενθήτω δ' ἐνὶ Νάξῳ
εἰσιδέειν ἐδόκησεν ὀδυρομένην Ἀφροδίτην·
ἦν δὲ φαεινότερῃ καὶ ἐν ἄλγεσι, καὶ μιν ἀνιή
315 ἀχνυμένην κόσμησε· κινυρομένη δ' Ἀριάδνῃ
εἵκαθεν εἰς κρίσιν ἦκα φιλομειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη
ἱμερόεν γελώωσα, καὶ εἵκαθεν ὄμματα Πειθοῦς
καὶ Χαρίτων καὶ Ἑρωτος ἐπήρατα δάκρυσι κούρης.
ὧς δὲ δακρυόεσσα τόσῃν ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν·

[295] So cried Bacchos — Sleep flew away, the poor lovelorn girl scattered sleep, awoke and rose from the sand, and she saw no fleet, no husband — the deceiver! But the Cydonian maiden lamented with the kingfishers, and paced the heavy murmuring shore which was all that the Loves had given her. She called on the young man's name, madly she sought his vessel along the seaside, scolded the envious sleep, reproached even more the Paphian's mother, the sea; she prayed to Boreas and adjured the wind, adjured Oreithyia to bring back the boy to the land of Naxos and to let her see that sweet ship again. She besought hardhearted Aiolos yet more; he heard her prayer and obeyed, sending a contrary wind to blow, but Boreas lovelorn himself cared

nothing for the maid stricken with desire — yes, even the breezes themselves must have had a spite against the maiden when they carried the ship to the Athenian land. Eros himself admired the maiden, and thought he saw Aphrodite lamenting in Naxos where all is joy. She was even more resplendent in her grief, and pain was a grace to the sorrower. Compare the two, and Aphrodite gently smiling and laughing with love must give place to Ariadne in sorrow, the delectable eyes of Peitho or the Graces or Love himself must yield to the maiden's tears. At last in her tears she found voice to speak thus:

320 “Υπνος ἔμοι γλυκὺς ἦλθεν, ἕως γλυκὺς ὥχετο Θησεὺς:

αἶθε με τερπομένην ἔτι κάλλιπεν: ὑπναλή δὲ

Κεκροπὶν ἐνόησα, καὶ ἔνδοθι Θησέος αὐλῆς

ἄβρὸς ἔην ὑμέναιος ἀειδομένης Ἀριάδνης

καὶ χορὸς, ἡμετέρη δ' ἐπεκόσμεε τερπομένη χεῖρ

325 εἰαρινοῖς πετάλοισι τεθελότα βωμὸν Ἑρώτων:

καὶ γάμιον στέφος εἶχον: ἔην δέ μοι ἐγγύθι Θησεὺς

εἵμασι νυμφιδίοισι θυηπολέων Ἀφροδίτῃ.

ὦμοι, ποῖον ὄνειρον ἴδον γλυκύν: ἀλλὰ με φεύγων

ὥχετο καλλείψας ἔτι παρθένον: Ἰλαθι, Πειθό:

330 ταῦτά μοι ἀχλυόεσσα γαμοστόλος ὥπασεν ὀρφνῇ,

καὶ φθονερῇ τάδε πάντα φασφόρος ἤρπασεν Ἥως:

ἐγρομένη δ' οὐχ εὖρον ἐμὸν πόθον: ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐταῖ

εἰκόνες ἀντιτύπων ζηλήμονές εἰσιν Ἑρώτων,

ὅττι τελεσσιγάμων ἀπατήλιον ὄψιν ὀνείρων

335 ἱμερτὴν ἐνόησα, καὶ ἱμερόεις φύγε Θησεὺς;

[320] “Sweet sleep came to me, when sweet Theseus left me. Would that I had been still happy when he left me! But in my sleep I saw the land of Cecrops; in the palace of Theseus was a splendid wedding and dance with songs for Ariadne, and my happy hand was adorning the Loves' blooming altar with luxuriant spring flowers. And I wore a bridal wreath; Theseus was beside me in wedding garments, sacrificing to Aphrodite. Alas, what a sweet dream I saw! But now it is gone, and I am left here yet virgin. Forgive me, Peitho! All this bridal pomp the misty darkness marshalled for me, all this the envious dawn of day has torn from me — and awaking I found not my heart's desire! Are the very images of Love and Love Returned jealous of me? for I saw a delightful vision of marriage accomplished in a deceitful dream, and lovely Theseus was gone.

εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ φίλος Ὑπνος ἀνάρσιος: εἴπατε, πέτραι,

εἴπατέ μοι δυσέρωτι: τίς ἤρπασεν ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης;

εἰ Βορέης πνεύσειεν, ἔς Ὠρεΐθυιαν ἰκάνω:

ἀλλὰ μοι Ὠρειθυία χολώεσθαι, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
340 αἴμα φέρει Μαραθῶνος, ὅθεν φίλος ἔπλετο Θησεύς.
εἰ Ζέφυρος κλονέει, Ζεφυρηίδι δείξατε νύμφη
Ἴριδι μητρὶ Πόθοιο βιαζομένην Ἀριάδνην:
εἰ Νότος, εἰ θρασὺς Εὖρος, ἐς ἡριγένειαν ἰκάνω
μεμφομένη ῥοθίων ἀνέμων δυσέρωτι τεκούσῃ.

[336] “To me, even kind Sleep is cruel. Tell me, ye rocks, tell the unhappy lover — who stole the man of Athens? If it should be Boreas blowing, I appeal to Oreithyia: but Oreithyia hates me, because she also has the blood of Marathon, whence beloved Theseus came. If Zephyros torments me, tell Iris the bride of Zephyros and mother of Desire, to behold Ariadne maltreated. If it is Notos, if bold Euros, I appeal to Eos and reproach the mother of the blustering winds, lovelorn herself.

345 δὲς κενεὴν πάλιν, Ὑπνε, φίλην χάριν, ἶσον ἐκείνῳ
πέμπων ἄλλον ὄνειρον ἐπήρατον, ὄφρα νοήσω
Κύπριδος ὑπναλέης γλυκερὴν ἀπατήλιον εὐνὴν:
μοῦνον ἐμοῖς δῆθυνον ἐπ’ ὄμμασιν, ὄφρα νοήσω
ἄπνοον οἴστρον Ἔρωτος ὀνειρείων ὑμεναίων.
350 εἰ μὲν ἐς Ἀθίδα γαῖαν, ἐπὶ κλοπε νυμφίῃ Θησεῦ,
σὸν πλὸν ἐκ Νάξοιο μετήγαγον ἄρπαγες αὔραι,
εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένη, καὶ ἐς Αἰόλον αὐτίκα βαῖνω
μεμφομένη φθονεροῖσι καὶ οὐχ ὁσίοισιν ἀήταις:
εἰ δέ με τὴν λιτόπατριν ἐρημάδι πάρθετο Νάξῳ,
355 καὶ σέθεν ἀγνώσσοντος ἀμείλιχος ἔπλεε ναύτης,
ἤλιτεν εἰς Θησῆα καὶ εἰς Θέμιν, εἰς Ἀριάδνην:
μηκέτι ναυτίλος οὗτος ἴδοι ποτὲ πομπὸν ἀήτην,
μηδὲ μιν ἀσταθέεσσι συνιπτεύοντα θυέλλαις
Ἰλαος ἀθρήσειε γαληναῖος Μελικέρτης:
360 ἀλλὰ Νότος πνεύσειεν, ὅτε χρέος ἐστὶ Βορῆος:
εὖρον ἴδοι Ζεφύρου κεκρημένος: εἰαρινοὶ δὲ
ποντοπόροις ὅτε πᾶσιν ἐπιπνείουσιν ἀῆται,
χειμερίῃ τότε μοῦνος ὁμιλήσειε θαλάσσει.

[345] “Give me again, Sleep, your empty boon, so pleasant; send me another delectable dream like that, so that I may know the sweet bed of love in a deceptive dream! Only linger upon my eyes, that I may know the unreal passion of married love in a dream! O Theseus my treacherous bridegroom, if the marauding winds have carried your course from Naxos to the Athenian land, tell me now I ask, and I will resort to Aiolos at once reproaching the jealous and wicked winds. But if some cruel seaman without your knowledge left me outlawed in desert Naxos, and sailed away, he sinned against Theseus

and against Themis, against Ariadne. May that sailor never see a favourable wind; if he rides the raging storm, may Melicertes never look on him graciously or bring him a calm sea; but may Notos blow when he wants Boreas, may he see Euros when he needs Zephyros; when the winds of springtime blow upon all mariners, may he alone meet with a wintry sea.

ἤλιτε ναυτίλος οὔτος ἀθέσμιος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
365 ἄσάμην ποθέουσα σαόφρονος ἄστον Ἀθήνης.
αἰθέ μιν οὐκ ἐπόθησα δυσίμερος· εἰς Παφίην γὰρ
ὀππόσον ἱμερόεις, τόσον ἄγριος ἔπλετο Θησεὺς·
οὐ τὰδε μοι κατέλεξεν ἐμὸν μίτον εἰσέτι πᾶλλων·
οὐ τὰδε μοι κατέλεξε παρ' ἡμετέρῳ λαβυρίθῳ.
370 αἰθέ μιν ἔκτανε ταῦρος ἀμείλιχος· ἴσχεο, φωνή,
ἄφροσύνῃς, μὴ κτεῖνε νέον γλυκύν· ὦμοι Ἐρώτων·
Θησεὺς ἔπλεε μοῦνος ἐς εὐώδινας Ἀθήνας.
οἶδα, πόθεν με λέλοιπε· μιῆς τάχα παρθενικᾶν
σύμπλοον ἔσχεν ἔρωτα, καὶ ἐν Μαραθῶνι χορεύει
375 εἰς ἐτέρης γάμον ἄλλον, ἐγὼ δ' ἔτι Νάξον ὁδεύω.
παστὸς ἐμὸς πέλε Νάξος, ἐπὶ κλοπε νυμφίε Θησεῦ·
ὦλεσα καὶ γενέτην καὶ νυμφίον· ὦμοι Ἐρώτων·
οὐχ ὁρώ Μίνωα, καὶ οὐ Θησῆα δοκεύω·
Κνωσσὸν ἐμὴν προλέλοιπα, τεὰς δ' οὐκ εἶδον Ἀθήνας·
380 πατρὸς ἐνοσφίστην καὶ πατρίδος· ἃ μέγα δειλὴ,
ἔδνον ἐμῆς φιλότητος ὕδωρ ἁλός· εἰς τίνα φεύγω;
τίς θεὸς ἀρπάξει με καὶ εἰς Μαραθῶνα κομίσει
Κύπριδι καὶ Θησῇ δικαζομένην Ἀριάδνην;
τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειε δι' οἶδματος; αἶθε καὶ αὐτὴ
385 ἡμετέρης μίτον ἄλλον ἴδω πομπῇα κελεύθου·
τοῖον ἔχειν ἐθέλω καὶ ἐγὼ μίτον, ὥς κεν ἀλύξω
Αἰγαίης ἁλός οἶδμα καὶ εἰς Μαραθῶνα περήσω,
ὄφρα περιπτύξω σε, καὶ εἰ στυγέεις Ἀριάδνην,
ὄφρα περιπτύξω σε τὸν ὀρκαπάτην παρακοίτην.
390 δέξο με σὼν λεχέων θαλαμηπόλον, ἣν ἐθέλησῃς·
καὶ στορέσω σέο λέκτρα... μετὰ Κρήτην Ἀριάδνη,
οἷά τε ληισθεῖσα· καὶ ὀλβίστη σέο νύμφῃ
τλήσομαι, ὥς θεράπαινα, πολὺ κροτον ἴστων ὑφαίνειν
καὶ φθονεροῖς ὥμοισιν ἀήθεα κάλπιν ἀεῖρειν,
395 καὶ γλυκερῷ Θησῇ φέρειν ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ·
μοῦνον ἴδω Θησῆα· καὶ ἡμετέρῃ ποτὲ μήτηρ
ἄγρονόμοις θήτευε, καὶ αὐχένα κάμψε νομῇ,
βοσκομένῳ δ' ὀάριζεν ἀφωνήτῳ τινὶ ταύρῳ,
καὶ βοῖ ταῦρον ἔτικτε· μελιζομένου δὲ βοτῆρος
400 πηκτίδος οὐ πόθον ἔσχεν, ὅσον μυκηθμὸν ἀκούειν.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ φαῦσαιμι καλαῦροπος, οὐ παρὰ φάνη

στήσομαι: ἡμετέρης δὲ παρέσσομαι ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης
φθεγγομένῳ Θηοῇ, καὶ οὐ μυκηθμὸν ἀκούσω:
καὶ τεδὸν ἱμερόντα γάμων ὑμέναιον αἰίσω
405 ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτουσα νεοζυγέος σέο νύμφης.

[364] “That lawless sailor sinned: but I myself was blinded when I desired the countryman of chaste Athena. Would that I had not desired him, love-lorn! For Theseus is as savage as he is charming in love. This is not what he said to me while yet he handled my thread, this is not what he said at our labyrinth! O that the cruel bull had killed him! Hush, my voice, no more folly, do not kill the delightful boy. Alas, my love! Theseus has sailed alone to Athens his happy mother. I know why he left me — in love no doubt with one of the maidens who sailed with him, and now he holds wedding dance for the other at Marathon while I still walk in Naxos. My bridal bower was Naxos, O Theseus my treacherous bridegroom! I have lost both father and bridegroom: alas my love! I see not Minos, I behold not Theseus; I have left my own Cnossos, but I have not seen your Athens; both father and fatherland are lost. O unhappy me! Your gift for my love is the water of the brine. Who can be my refuge? What god will catch me up and convey to Marathon Ariadne, that she may claim her rights before Cypris and Theseus? Who will take me and carry me over the flood? If only I could myself see another thread, to guide my way too! Such a thread I want for myself, to escape from the Aigaian flood and cross to Marathon, that I may embrace you even if you hate Ariadne, that I may embrace you my perjured husband. Take me for your chambermaid, if you like, and I will lay your bed, and be your Ariadne (in Marathon) instead of Crete, like some captive girl. I will endure to serve your most happy bride; I will ply the rattling loom, and lift a pitcher on envious shoulders, an unfamiliar task, and bring handwash after supper for sweet Theseus — only let me see Theseus! My mother too once was the menial of a farmer, and bowed her neck for a herdsman, and prattled of love to a dumb bull in the pasture, and brought the bull a calf. She cared not to hear the herdsman make music on his pipe so much as to hear the bellowing bull. I will not touch the crook, I will not stand in the stall; but I will be ready beside my queen to hear the voice of Theseus, not the bellowing of a bull. I will sing a lovely song for your wedding, and hide my jealousy of your newly wedded bride.

στήσον Ναξιάδεσσι παρ’ ἧόσι ποντοπορεύων,
στήσον ἐμοὶ σέο νῆα: τί, ναυτίλε, καὶ σὺ χαλέπτεις;
ὥς ἄρα καὶ σὺ πέλεις Μαραθώνιος: εἰ μὲν ἰκάνεις
εἰς ἐρατὴν σέο γαῖαν, ὅπη δόμος ἐστὶν Ἑρώτων,
410 δέξο με δειλαίην, ἵνα Κέκροπος ἄστρῳ νοήσω:
εἰ δέ με καλλείψεις καί, ἀμείλιχε, ποντοπορεύεις,
εἰπὲ τεῶι Θηοῇ κινυρομένην Ἀριάδην,

μεμφομένην ἀτέλεστον ἐπικόλοπον ὄρκον Ἐρώτων.
οἶδα, πόθεν Θησῆος ὑπόσχεσιν ἠπεροπῆος
415 θῆκεν Ἐρωσ βαρύμηνης ἀνήνυτον: ἀντὶ γὰρ Ἥρης,
ἦν Ζυγίην καλέουσιν, ἀπειρογάμοιο θεαίνης
ὤμοσεν ἀχράντοιο γαμήλιον ὄρκον Ἀθήνης:
Παλλάδος ὄρκον ὅμοσσε: τί Παλλάδι καὶ Κυthereίη;

[406] “Stay your voyage by the sands of Naxos, sailor, stay your ship for me! What — are you angry too? So you too come from Marathon? If you are bound for your lovely land, where is the home of love, take this unhappy girl on board that I may behold the city of Cecrops. If you must leave me, pitiless, and go on your voyage, tell your Theseus of mourning Ariadne, how she reproaches the treacherous oath of love unfulfilled. I know why angry Eros has left unfulfilled Theseus the deceiver’s promise. He swore his marriage-oath not by Hera, whom they call the Nuptial goddess, but by the immaculate Athena, the goddess who knows nothing of marriage. He swore by Pallas — and what has Pallas to do with Cythereia?”

τοῖα κινυρομένης ἐπετέρπετο Βάκχος ἀκούων:
420 Κεκροπίην δ’ ἐνόησε καὶ οὔνομα Θησέος ἔγνω
καὶ στόλον ἐκ Κρήτης ἀπατήλιον: ἄγχι δὲ κούρης
ἔνθεον εἶδος ἔχων ἀμαρύσσετο: παρθενικὴν δὲ
φέρτερον εἰς πόθον ἄλλον ἐμάσπε κέντορι κεστῷ
θοῦρος Ἐρωσ περίφοιτος, ὅπως Μινωίδα κούρην
425 πειθομένην ζεύξειε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ κινυρὴν δυσέρωτα παρηγορέων Ἀριάδην
τοῖον ἔπος φάτο Βάκχος ἐπὶ φρενοθελγεί φωνῇ:

[419] Bacchos was enraptured to hear this lament. He noticed Cecropia, and knew the name of Theseus and the deceitful voyage from Crete. Before the girl he appeared in his radiant godhead; Eros moved swiftly about, and with stinging cestus he whipt the maiden into a nobler love, that he might lead Minos’s daughter to join willingly with his brother Dionysos. Then Bacchos comforted Ariadne, lovelorn and lamenting, with these words in his mindcharming voice:

‘Παρθένε, τί στενάχεις ἀπατήλιον ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης;
μνηστὴν ἔα Θησῆος: ἔχεις Διόνυσον ἀκοίτην,
430 ἀντὶ μινυνθαδίου πόσιν ἄφθιτον: εἰ δὲ σε τέρπει
ἡλικος ἠιθέου βρότεον δέμας, οὐ ποτε Θησεὺς
εἰς ἀρετὴν καὶ κάλλος ἐριδμαίνει Διονύσῳ.
ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις: ’ναετῆρα πεδοσκαφέος λαβυρίνθου
δισσοφυῇ φοινίξεν ὁμόζυγον ἀνέρα ταύρῳ:

435 οἶδας ἀοσσητῆρα τεδὼν μίτον· οὐ γὰρ ἀγῶνα
 εὔρεν ἀεθλεύειν κορυνηφόρος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης,
 εἰ μὴ θῆλυς ἄμυνε ῥοδόχροος· οὐ σε διδάξω
 καὶ Παφίην καὶ Ἑρωτα καὶ ἠλακάτην Ἀριάδνης.
 αἰθέρος οὐκ ἔρέεις ὅτι μείζονές εἰσιν Ἀθῆναι·
 440 οὐ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι πανεῖκελος ἔπλετο Μίνως,
 σὸς γενέτης· οὐ Κνωσσὸς ὁμοίος ἐστὶν Ὀλύμπῳ.
 οὐδὲ μάτην στόλος οὗτος ἐμῆς ἀπεβήσατο Νάξου,
 ἀλλὰ Πόθος σε φύλαξεν ἀρειοτέροις ὕμεναισι·
 ὀλβίη, ὅττι λιποῦσα χερεῖονα Θησέος εὐνὴν
 445 δέμνιον ἱμερόεντος ἐσαθρήσεις Διονύσου.
 τί πλέον ἤθελες εὖχος ὑπέρτερον; ἀμφότερον γὰρ
 οὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχεις, ἐκυρὸς δέ σοι ἐστὶ Κρονίων.
 οὐ σοι Κασσιέπεια δυνήσεται ἰσοφαρίζειν
 παιδὸς ἑῆς διὰ κόσμον Ὀλύμπιον· αἰθερίου γὰρ
 450 δεσμοὺς Ἀνδρομέδῃ καὶ ἐν ἄστρασιν ὥπασε Περσεύς·
 ἀλλὰ σοι ἀστερόεν τελέσω στέφος, ὥς κεν ἀκούσῃς
 εὐνέτις αἰγλήσασα φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου.’

[428] “Maiden, why do you sorrow for the deceitful man of Athens? Let pass the memory of Theseus; you have Dionysos for your lover, a husband incorruptible for the husband of a day! If you are pleased with the mortal body of a youthful yearsmate, Theseus can never challenge Dionysos in manhood or comeliness. But you will say, ‘He shed the blood of the halfbull man whose den was the earthdug labyrinth!’ But you know your thread was his saviour: for the man of Athens with his club would never have found victory in that contest without a rosy-red girl to help him. I need not tell you of Eros and the Paphian and Ariadne’s distaff. You will not say that Athens is greater than heaven. Minos your father was not the equal of Zeus Almighty, Cnossos is not like Olympos. Not for nothing did that fleet sail from my Naxos, but Desire preserved you for a nobler bridal. Happy girl, that you leave the poor bed of Theseus to look on the couch of Dionysos the desirable! What could you pray for higher than that? You have both heaven for your home and Cronion for your goodfather. Cassiopeia will not be equal to you because of her daughter’s Olympian glory; for Perseus has left her heavenly chains to Andromeda even in the stars, but for you I will make a starry crown, that you may be called the shining bedfellow of crownloving Dionysos.”

εἶπε παρηγορέων· καὶ ἐπάλλετο χάρματι κούρη
 μνηστὴν ὅλην Θησῆος ἀπορρίψασα θαλάσση,
 455 οὐρανίου μνηστῆρος ὑποσχέσιν ὕμεναιων
 δεξαμένη. καὶ παστὸν Ἑρῶς ἐπεκόσμεε Βάκχῳ·
 καὶ χορὸς ἐσμαράγησε γαμήλιος· ἀμφὶ δὲ παστῷ
 ἄνθεα πάντα τέθηλε· καὶ εἰαρινοῖσι πετήλοις

Νάξον ἔκυκλώσαντο χορίπιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο:

460 καὶ θαλάμους ἐλίγαινεν Ἀμαδρυάς, ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγαῖς
νηϊὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀσάμβαλος ἦνεσε Νύμφη
δαίμονι βοτρυνόεντι συναπτομένην Ἀριάδην:
Ὀρτυγίη δ' ὀλόλυξε, πολιισσοῦχοιο δὲ Φοίβου
γνωτῷ νυμφίον ὕμνον ἀνακρούουσα Λυαίῳ
465 εἰς χορὸν ἐσκίρτησε καὶ ἀστυφέλικτος ἐοῦσα.
πορφυρεῖος δὲ ῥόδοισι περίτροχον ἄνθος ἐρέπτων
μάντις Ἔρως πυρὸεις στέφος ἔπλεκε, σύγχροον ἄστρον,
οὐρανίου Στεφάνοιο προάγγελον: ἀμφὶ νύμφης
Ναξιάδος σκίρτησε γαμοστόλος ἐσμὸς Ἐρώτων.

[453] So he comforted her; the girl throbbed with joy, and cast into the sea all her memories of Theseus when she received the promise of wedlock from her heavenly wooer. Then Eros decked out a bridal chamber for Bacchos, the wedding dance resounded, about the bridal bed all flowers grew; the dancers of Orchomenos surrounded Naxos with foliage of spring, the Hamadryad sang of the wedding, the Naiad nymph by the fountains unveiled unshod praised the union of Ariadne with the vine-god: Ortygia cried aloud in triumph, and chanting a bridal hymn for Lyaïos the brother of Phoibos cityholder she skipt in the dance, that unshakable rock. Fiery Eros made a round flowergarland with red roses and plaited a wreath coloured like the stars, as prophet and herald of the heavenly Crown; and round about the Naxian bride danced a swarm of the Loves which attend on marriage.

470 καὶ ζυγίοις θαλάμοισιν ὀμιλήσας ὕμεναίοις
Χρυσοπάτωρ πολὺπαιδα γονὴν ἔσπειρεν ἀκοίτης.
καὶ δολιχὴν πολιοῖο χρόνου στροφάλιγγα κυλινδῶν
μητέρος εὐώδινος ἔῃς ἐμνήσατο Ῥεῖης:
καὶ Χαρίτων πλήθουσιν ἀμεμφέα Νάξον ἔασας
475 Ἑλλάδος ἅσπεα πάντα μετήιεν: ἵπποβότου δὲ
Ἄργεος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε, καὶ εἰ λάχεν Ἴναχον Ἥρῃ.
οἱ δὲ μιν οὐκ ἐδέχοντο, χοροπλεκέας δὲ γυναῖκας
καὶ Σατύρους ἐδίωκον, ἀπηρνήσαντο δὲ θύρους,
μὴ ποτε δηλήσαιτο Πελασγικὸν ἔδρανον Ἥρῃ
480 ζηλήμων, βαρὺμηνις ἐπιβρίθουσα Λυαίῳ:
Σειληνοὺς δὲ γέροντας ἐρήτυον. ἀχνύμενος δὲ
Ἴναχίδας Διόνυσος ὅλας οἴστρησε γυναῖκας:
μυκηθμῷ δ' ἀλάλαζον Ἀχαιίδες: ἀντομένοις δὲ
ἔχραον ἐν τριόδοισιν: ἐπὶ σφετέροισι δὲ δειλαί
485 ἀρπιτόκοις βρεφέεσσιν ἐπωξύνοντο μαχαίρας,
ὦν ἡ μὲν ξίφος εἶλκε καὶ ἔκτανεν υἷέα μήτηρ,
ἄλλη δὲ τριέτηρον ἀπηλοίησε γενέθλην,
καὶ τις ἀνηκόντιζεν ἐς ἡέρα κοῦρον ἀλήτην

εἰσέτι μαστεῦοντα φίλον γλάγος· ὀλλυμένων δὲ
 490 Ἴναχος ἄρπιτόκων βρεφέων ἐπεμαίνετο πότημῳ·
 μήτηρ δ' ἔκτανεν υἷα, καὶ οὐ πόθος ἔπλετο μαζῶν
 παιδοκόμων, οὐ μνηστis ἀναγκαίου τοκετοῖο·
 Ἀστερίων δ' , ὅθι πολλὰ θαλύσια μείζονος ἥβης
 ἠιθέων κείροντο λιπότριχος ἄνθεα κόρσης,
 495 αὐτοὺς παῖδας ἔδεκτο καὶ οὐκέτι βόστρυχα χαίτης.

[470] The Golden Father entering the chamber of wedded love sowed the seed of many children. Then rolling the long circle of hoary time, he remembered Rheia his prolific mother; and leaving faultless Naxos still full of Graces he visited all the towns of Hellas. He came near horsebreeding Argos, even though Hera ruled the Inachos. But the people would not receive him; they chased away the danceweaving women and Satyrs; they repudiated the thyrsus, lest Hera should be jealous and destroy her Pelasgian seat, if her heavy wrath should press hard on Lyaïos; they checked the old Seilenoi. Then Dionysos, angry, sent madness upon all the Inachian women. The women of Achaia loudly bellowed; they attacked those they met at the threeways; the poor creatures sharpened knives for their own newborn babies — one mother drew sword and slew her son, another destroyed her three year old child, one again hurled into the air her baby boy still searching for the welcome milk. Inachos was stained with the death of perishing newborn babes; a mother killed a son, never missed him at her nursing breast, never thought of the pangs of travail. Asterion, where the young men so often cut the flower of their bared brows as firstfruits of growing age, now received the children themselves and no longer locks of hair.

καὶ τις ἰδὼν τινα λάτριν ἐπερχομένοιο Λυαίου
 τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε Πελασγίδας ἀστὸς ἀρούρης:

[496] As Lyaïos came up, a man of the Pelasgian country thus called out to one of the servants of the god:

‘Οὔτος ὁ βότρυν ἔχων, διφυῆς γένος· ἄξιον Ἥρης
 Ἀργος ἔχει Περσῆα καὶ οὐ χατέει Διονύσου·
 500 ἄλλον ἔχω Διὸς υἷα καὶ οὐ Βάκχοιο χατίζω.
 ποσσὶ πολυσκάρθοισι πατεῖ Διόνυσος ὀπώρην·
 ἔχνεσιν ὑψιπόροισιν ἐμὸς γόνος ἡέρα τέμνει.
 μὴ κισσῷ δρεπάνην ἰσάζετε· καὶ γὰρ ἀρείων
 Βάκχου θυρσοφόρου δρεπανηφόρος ἔπλετο Περσεύς·
 505 εἰ στρατὸν Ἰνδὸν ἔπεφνε, ἀέθλιον Ἴσον ἐνίψω
 Γοργοφόνῳ Περσῇ καὶ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ·
 εἰ δὲ πολυκλύστοιο παρ' Ἑσπέριον κλίμα πόντου

ὀλκάδα λαϊνέην Τυρσηνίδα πῆξε θαλάσση,
κῆτος ὄλον περίμετρον ἐμὸς πετρώσατο Περσεύς.
510 εἰ δὲ τεὸς Διόνυσος ἐρημονόμῳ παρὰ πόντῳ
ὑπναλέην ἐσάωσεν ἐπ' ἠιόνων Ἀριάδην,
δεσμοὺς Ἀνδρομέδης περὶοῖς ἀνελύσατο Περσεύς,
ἄξιον ἔδνον ἔχων πετρώδεα θῆρα θαλάσσης:
οὐ πως Ἀνδρομέδην Παφίης χάριν, οὐ ποτε Περσεύς
515 Θησέος ἱμείρουσαν ἐὴν ἐρρύσατο νύμφην:
ἀλλὰ σαοφρονέοντα γάμον λάχεν. ὥς Σεμέλῃν δέ,
οὐ Δανάην πυρόεντες ἐτεφρώσαντο κεραυνοί:
ἀλλὰ πατήρ Περσῆος Ὀλύμπιος ὄμβρος Ἐρώτων
χρύσεος εἰς γάμον ἦλθε, καὶ οὐ φλογόεις παρακοίτης.

[498] “You there with the grapes, you hybrid! Argos has her Perseus, one worthy of Hera, and needs not Dionysos. I have another son of Zeus and I want no Bacchos. Dionysos treads the vintage with dancing feet; my countryman cuts the air with high-travelling steps. Do not think ivy as good as the sickle, for Perseus with his sickle is better than Bacchos with his ivy; if Bacchos destroyed the Indian host, I will announce an equal prize for Perseus Gorgonslayer and Dionysos Indianslayer. If Bacchos once in the western region of the rolling sea turned into stone a Tyrrhenian ship and fixt it in the sea, my Perseus turned into stone a whole huge monster of the deep. If your Dionysos saved Ariadne, sleeping on the sands beside an empty sea, Perseus on the wing loosed the chains of Andromeda and offered the stone seamonster as a worthy bridal gift. Not for the Paphian’s sake, not while she longed for Theseus did Perseus save Andromeda to be his bride; a chaste wedding was his. No fiery lightnings burnt Danae to ashes, like Semele; but the father of Perseus came to his wedding as a golden shower of love from heaven, not as a flaming bedfellow.

520 οὐκ ἄγαμαί ποτε τοῦτον ἐγὼ πρόμον: ἐν παλάμῃ γὰρ
ποῖον ἔχει δόρυ θοῦρον Ἀρήιον; ἴσχεο, Περσεῦ:
Γοργοφόνῳ δρεπάνῃ μὴ μάρναο θήλεϊ κισσῷ:
μὴ σέο χεῖρα μίαινε γυναικείοισι κοθόρνοις:
μὴ κυνέην Αἰδαο τεοῖς κροτάφοισι τινάξης
525 στέμματος ἀμπελόεντος ἐναντίον: ἦν δ' ἐθελήσης,
Ἀνδρομέδην θώρηξον ἄθωρήκτῳ Διονύσῳ:
χάζεο μοι, Διόνυσε, καὶ ἵππιον Ἄργος ἐάσας
Θήβης ἐπταπύλοιο πάλιν βάκχευε γυναῖκας:
κτεῖνε νέον Πενθῆα: τί Περσεῖ καὶ Διονύσῳ;
530 Ἴναχον ὠκυρέεθρον ἀναινεο: καὶ σε δεχέσθω
Θήβης Ἀοινῆς ποταμὸς βραδύς: οὐ σε διδάξω
Ἀσωπὸν βαρύγουνον ἔτι ζείοντα κεραυνῷ.’

[520] “I do not admire this hero at all. For what lusty spear of war does he hold? Stay, Perseus, do not fight the woman’s ivy with your Gorgonslayer sickle, do not defile your hand with a woman’s buskins, do not shake the cap of Hades upon your brow against a wreath of vineleaves — but if you wish, arm Andromeda against unarmed Dionysos. Begone, Dionysos, I tell you; leave Argos and its horses and madden once more the women of sevengeate Thebes. Find another Pentheus to kill — what has Perseus to do with Dionysos? Let be the swift stream of Inachos, and let the slow river of Aonian Thebes receive you. I need not remind you of heavyknee Asopos boiling still with the thunderbolt.”

τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξεν ἐπεγγελῶν Διονύσῳ.

Ἀργεῖν δὲ φάλαγγα Πελασιγᾶς ὤπλισεν Ἥρη:

535 μαντιπόλῳ δ’ ἦικτο Μελάμποδι: χωομένη δὲ
Γοργοφόνῳ Περσῇι μαχήμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν:

[533] So the man spoke, deriding Dionysos. Meanwhile Pelasgian Hera equipped her Argive army; she took the shape of the seer Melampus, and angrily called to Perseus Gorgonslayer in martial words:

‘Οὐρανίης βλάστημα γονῆς, κορυθαιόλε Περσεῦ,

σὴν δρεπάνην ἀνάειρε, μὴ ἀπτολέμῳ τινὶ θύρσῳ

ἄδρανέες τεδὼν Ἄργος αἰστώσῳσι γυναῖκες

540 μὴ τρομέοις ἓνα μοῦνον ὄφιν ζωστήρα κομάων,

ὅττι δαφοινήεσσα τεῖη θηροκτόνος ἄρπη

λήια τοσσατίων ὀφίων ἤμησε Μεδοῦσης:

Βασσαριδῶν δὲ φάλαγγι κορύσσειο: χαλκορόφου δὲ

μνώεο παρθενεῶνος, ὅπῃ Δανάης διὰ κόλπου

545 χρύσειον ὄμβρον ἔχευε γαμοκλόπον ὑέτιος Ζεῦς,

μὴ Δανάη μετὰ λέκτρα, μετὰ χρυσέους ὑμεναίους

οὐτιδανῶ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑπογνάμψειε Λυαίῳ:

δεῖξον, ὅτι Κρονίωνος ἐτήτυμον αἶμα κομίζεις,

δεῖξον, ὅτι χρύσειον ἔχεις γένος, οὐρανίου δὲ

550 λέκτρα τεοῦ κήρυξον ἐχεκτεάνου νιφετοῖο:

καὶ Σατύροις πολέμιζε: κορυσσομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ

φοίνιον ὄμμα τίταινε δρακοντοκόμοιο Μεδοῦσης,

καὶ μετὰ πικρὸν ἄνακτα πολυκλύστοιο Σερίφου

λαΐνεον νέον ἄλλον ἐσαθρήσω Πολυδέκτην.

555 σὺν σοὶ πανδαμάτειρα κορύσσεται Ἀργολὶς Ἥρη

μητρυιῇ Βρομίῳ προασπίζων δὲ Μυκῆνης

σὴν δρεπάνην κούφιζε σαόπτολιν, ὄφρα νοήσω

ἐσπομένην Περσῇι δορικτήτην Ἀριάδνην:

κτεῖνε βοοκραίρων Σατύρων στίχα: Βασσαριδῶν δὲ

560 Ὀμματι Γοργεῖω βροτέην μετὰμειψον ὅπωπῃν
εἰς βρέτας αὐτοτέλεστον ὁμοῖον· ἀντιτύπῳ δὲ
κάλλει πετρήεντι τεὰς κόσμησον ἀγνιάς,
Ἰναχίαις ἀγορήσιν ἀγάλματα ποικίλα τεύχων.
τί τρομέεις Διόνυσον, ὃν οὐ Διὸς ἤροσαν εὐναί;
565 εἰπέ, τί σοι ῥέξειε; μετάρσιον ἡεροφοίτην
πεζὸς ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο πότε πτερόεντα κιχήσει;

[537] “Perseus Flashhelm, offspring of heavenly race! Lift your sickle, and let not weak women lay waste your Argos with an unwarlike thyrsus. Tremble not before only one snake wreathed in the hair, when your monsterslaying sickle reaped such a harvest as the vipers of Medusa! Attack the army of Bassarids; remember the brazen vault which was Danae’s chamber, where Rainy Zeus poured in her bosom a shower of bridestealing gold — let not Danae after that bed, after the wedding of gold, bend a slavish knee to that nobody Dionysos. Show that you have in you the true blood of Cronion, show that you have the golden breed, proclaim the bed that received that snowstorm of heavenly riches. Make war on the Satyrs too: turn towards battling Lyaïos the deadly eye of snake hair Medusa, and let me see a new Polydectes made stone after the hateful king of wave washed Seriphos. By your side is Argive Hera in arms, all vanquishing, the stepmother of Bromios. Defend Mycene lift your sickle to save our city, that I may behold Ariadne captive of your spear following Perseus. Kill the array of bullhorned Satyrs, change with the Gorgon’s eye the human countenances of the Bassarids into like images selfmade; with the beauty of the stone copies adorn your streets, and make statues like an artist for the Inachian market-places. Why do you tremble before Dionysos, no offspring of the bed of Zeus? Tell me, what could he do to you? When shall a foot-farer on the ground catch a winged traveller of the air?”

ἔννεπε θαρσύνουσα: καὶ εἰς μόθον ἔπτατο Περσεύς.
καὶ ναέτας καλέουσα Πελασγιάς ἔβρεμε σάλπιγξ,
ὣν ὁ μὲν αἰχμητῆρος ἐκούφισε Λυγκέος αἰχμήν,
570 ὃς δὲ παλαιότεροιο Φορωνέος, ὃς δὲ Πελασγοῦ,
ἄλλος ἀνῆρταζεν Ἀβαντίδα χειρὶ βοεῖην
καὶ μελίην Προίτοιο, καὶ Ἀκρισίοιο φάρετρην
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ κούφισεν, ὁ δὲ θρασὺς εἰς μόθον ἔστη
ἄορ ἔχων Δαναοῖο, τὸ πέρ ποτε γυμνὸν αἰείρων
575 θυγατέρας θώρηξεν ἐς ἀνδροφόνους ὑμεναίους,
ἄλλος ἔην κρατέων πέλεκυν μέγαν, ὃν παρὰ βωμῷ
Ἰναχος ἀστυόχοιο θυηπόλος ἔνθεος Ἥρης
ἴστατο κουφίζων βοέων τμητῆρα μετώπων.
καὶ στρατὸς ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἀερσιπόδων ὑπὲρ ἵππων
580 ἔδραμε μαρναμένου μετὰ Περσέος: ὃς δὲ παρέστη

τρηχάλεοις στομάτεσσι μάχης ἀλαλαγμὸν ἰάλλων,
πεζὸς ἀνὴρ, καὶ τόξα συνήρμοσε κυκλάδι νευρῇ,
καὶ γλαφυρὴν ἤειρεν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο φαρέτρην:
καὶ πρόμος Ἀργείων δρεπανηφόρος ἔπλετο Περσεύς,
585 καὶ πόδας ἡερίοισιν ἐπεσφῆκωσε πεδίλοις,
καὶ κεφαλὴν κούφιζεν ἀθηήτοιο Μεδούσης.

[567] So she encouraged him, and Perseus flew into the fray. The Pelasgian trumpet blared calling the people. They came, one lifting the spear of spearman Lynceus, one the spear of Phoroneus more ancient still, one that of Pelasgos, one carried on his arm the oxhide of Abas, and the ashplant of Proitos, another bore the quiver of Acrisios; this bold man stood up to fight holding the sword of Danaos, which once he raised naked when he armed his daughters for those husband-murdering bridals; another again grasped the great axe which Inachos held to strike the bulls' foreheads, when he stood as the inspired priest of Hera Cityholder. The battlestirring host behind their prancing teams ran with Perseus to the field; and he stood before them shouting the warcry with harsh voice, on foot himself, and shook back the rounded quiver over his shoulder, and fitted arrows to curving bow. Perseus of the sickle was champion of the Argives; he fitted his feet into the flying shoes, and he lifted up the head of Medusa which no eyes may see.

Λυσικόμους δ' Ἰόβακχος ἐὰς ἐκόρυσσε γυναῖκας
καὶ Σατύρους κερδέντας: ἐβακχεύθη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ἡερίην πτερόεντος ἰδὼν προμάχοιο πορείην:
590 χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἄειρεν, ἐοῦ προβλήτα προσώπου
κούφιζων ἀδάμαντα, Διὸς πετροῦμενον ὄμβρῳ
λᾶαν, ἀλεξητῆρα λιθογλήνοιο Μεδούσης,
ὄφρα φύγῃ σέλας ἐχθρὸν ἀθηήτοιο προσώπου.

[587] But Iobacchos marshalled his women with flowing locks, and Satyrs with horns. Wild for battle he was when he saw the winged champion coursing through the air. The thyrsus was held up in his hand, and to defend his face he carried a diamond, the gem made stone in the showers of Zeus which protects against the stony glare of Medusa, that the baleful light of that destroying face may do him no harm.

Βασσαριδων δὲ φάλαγγας ἰδὼν καὶ θύσθλα Λυαίου,
595 φρικαλέον γελῶν κορυθαῖολος ἔννεπε Περσεύς:

[594] And Flashhelm Perseus when he saw the ranks of the Bassarids and the gear of Lyaïos, laughed terribly and cried —

‘Ἡδὺς ὁ θύρσον ἔχων, χλοερὸν βέλος, εἰς ἔμῃ βαίνων
 οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισι κορύσσεαι, Ἄρεα παίζων·
 εἰ Διὸς ἔλλαχες αἶμα, τήν ἀνάφαινε γενέθλην·
 εἰ ποταμοῦ χρύσειον ἔχεις Πακτώλιον ὕδωρ,
 600 χρυσὸν ἔχω γενετῆρα, πατὴρ δ’ ἐμὸς ὑέτιος Ζεὺς·
 ἦνιδε φοινίσσοντα θεμείλια παρθενεῶνος,
 λείψανα κεῖνα φέροντα ῥυηφενέος νιφετοῖο.
 ἀλλὰ φύγε κλυτὸν Ἄργος, ἐπεὶ μενεδήιος Ἥρη
 ἔλλαχεν ἔδρανα ταῦτα τεῆς ὀλέτειρα τεκούσης,
 605 μὴ σε τὸν οἰστρήσαντα καὶ οἰστρηθέντα τελέσση
 μὴ σε πάλιν μανίῃ τεθωμένον ὧψέ νοήσω.’

[596] “It’s nice to see you there with that thyrsus, that greenleaf shaft, marching against me armed with your wretched foliage, playing at war! If you have in you the blood of Zeus, show your breeding! If you have the water of golden Pactolos River, I have a golden Father — my father is Zeus of the Rains. See the crimson foundations of my mother’s chamber, still keeping relics of that snowstorm of wealth! Go, flee now from famous Argos, since these buildings belong to steadfast Hera, your mother’s destroyer, lest she make you the maddener mad, lest I see you once more driven with frenzy at last.”

ὧς εἰπὼν προμάχιζεν· ἀνεπτοίησε δὲ Βάκχας
 Ἄρεα θωρήξασα καὶ ἀμητῆρα Μεδοῦσης
 Ἥρη πανδαμάτειρα· καταιθύσσουσα δὲ Βάκχον
 610 ἄστεροπῆς μίμημα, θεόσσυτον ἀλλόμενον πῦρ,
 ῥίψε κατὰ Βρομίοιο σελασφόρον αἶθοπα λόγχην.
 καὶ γελῶν Διόνυσος ἀμείβετο θυιάδι φωνῇ·

[607] He spoke, and advanced to the fight. All-vanquishing Hera marshalled the battle, and scattered the Bacchants with Medusa’s reaper; she dashed upon Bacchos like the lightning, a godsent leaping fire, and cast at Bromios her gleaming flashing lance. But Dionysos laughing replied in a wild voice —

‘Οὐτόσον ἀστράπτουσαν ἔχεις ἀσιδήρον ἀκωκὴν·
 οὐ δύνασαι κλονέειν με, καὶ εἰ λάχες ἔμπυρον αἰχμὴν·
 615 οὐδέ με πημαίνει στεροπὴ Διός· ἡμιτελῇ γὰρ
 νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐχυτλώσαντο κεραυνοὶ
 ἀφλεγῆς ἄσθμα χέοντες ἀδηλήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
 καὶ σὺ μέγα φρονέων δρεπανηφόρε πάυεο Περσεῦ·
 Γοργόνος οὐ μόθος οὗτος ὀλίζονος, οὐ μία νύμφη
 620 Ἀνδρομέδη βαρύνδεσμος ἀέθλιον· ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ
 δῆριν ἄγεις, ὃς Ζηνὸς ἔχει γένος, ᾧ ποτε μούνῳ
 Ῥεῖη μαζδὸν ὄρεξε φερέσβιον, ὃν ποτε πυρσῶ

ἀστεροπῆς γαμῖης μαιώσατο μειλιχίῃ φλόξ,
ὄν δύσις, ὄν θάμβησεν Ἑωσφόρος, ᾧ στίχες Ἴνδῶν
625 εἴκαθον, ὄν τρομέων καὶ Δηριάδης καὶ Ὀρόντης
ἡλιβάτων ἀπέλεθρον ἔχων Ἴνδαλμα Γιγάντων
ἥριπεν, ᾧ θρασὺς Ἄλπος ὑπώκλασεν, υἱὸς Ἀρούρης,
ἀγχινεφὲς περίμετρον ἔχων δέμας, ᾧ γόνυ κάμπτει
λαὸς Ἄραψ, Σικελὸς δὲ μελίζεται εἰσέτι ναύτης
630 Τυρσηνῶν νόθον εἶδος ἀλιδρομον, ὧν ποτε μορφήν
ἀνδρομένην ἤμειψα μετὰτροπον, ἀντὶ δὲ φωτῶν
ἰχθυὲς ὀρχηστῆρες ἐπισκαίρουσι θαλάσσην.

[613] “Not so much of a flash you make in that blade of yours, with no iron; you cannot scare me, though your point is on fire! Even the lightning of Zeus does not hurt me; for when I was half-made and still a baby the thunders bathed me, pouring breath which burnt not upon inviolate Dionysos. You too, Perseus of the sickle, proud as you are, make an end! This is no battle for a feeble Gorgon, the prize is not a lone girl in heavy chains, Andromeda. Lyaïos is your enemy, the offspring of Zeus, to whom alone long ago Rheia offered the life-giving breast; for whom long ago the flame of marriage lightning was a gentle midwife; the admiration of East and of West, before whom the armies of India gave way; at whom Deriades trembled, and Orontes with his towering giant-stature fell; to whom bold Alpos bent his knee, that son of Earth with huge body rising near the clouds; to whom the Arabian nation kneels down, and the Sicilian mariner still sings the changeling shape of sea-scouring Tyrrhenian pirates, when once I transformed their human bodies and now instead of men they are fishes dancing and leaping in the sea.

Θήβης δ’ ἐπταπύλου γόον ἔκλυες· οὐ σε διδάξω
αἰνομανῇ Πενθῆα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον Ἀγαυήν·
635 φήμης δ’ οὐ χατέεις ἢ μάρτυρος, ὅττι Λυαίου
πειρήθη τεδὸν Ἄργος, Ἀχαιῶδες δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ
σφωιτέρας ὠδῖνας ἔτι στενάχουσι γυναῖκες.
ἀλλὰ, φίλος, πολέμιζε, καὶ αἰχμάζοντα κορύμβοις
αἰνήσεις τάχα Βάκχον ὅτι πτερὰ σεῖο πεδίλων
640 ὄψεαι ἄρραγέεσσιν ἑμοῖς εἴκοντα κοθόρνοις·
οὐ ποτε Βασσαρίδων σκεδάσεις μόθον, οὐ ποτε λήξω
πέμπων οἶνοπα θύρσον, ἕως τεδὸν Ἄργεϊ δειξω
ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι πεπαρμένον ἀνθερεῶνα
καὶ δρέπανον πετάλοις νικώμενον· οὐ σε σαώσει
645 Ζεὺς ἐμός, οὐ γλαυκῶπις ὁμόγνιος, οὐ σέθεν Ἥρη,
καὶ μάλα περ κοτέουσα μενεπτολέμῳ Διονύσῳ·
ἀλλὰ κατακτείνω σε, καὶ αὐχῆεσσα Μυκῆνην
ὄψεται ἀμηθέντα τὸν ἀμητῆρα Μεδούσης·
ἢ σε περισφιγξας ἐνὶ λάρνακι μείζονι δεσμῷ

650 πλωτὸν ἄκοντίζω σε τὸ δεῦτερον ἡθάδι πόντῳ:
ἦν δ' ἐθέλης, ἐπίβηθι τεῆς πάλιν ὀψὲ Σερίφου.
ἦν δὲ τεῇ χρυσέῃ μεγαλίζεαι ἀμφὶ γενέθλῃ,
οὐτιδανῆν συνάεθλον ἔχε χρυσῆν Ἀφροδίτην.'

[633] "You have heard the groaning of sevengeate Thebes; I need not remind you of Pentheus in dire madness and Agaue who slew her child; you need no tale or witness how your Argos has felt Lyaïos, and the wives of Achaia themselves are still mourning for their children. Very well, fight, my friend, and soon you shall praise Bacchos with his weapons of leafage, when you see the wings of your shoes yielding to my unconquerable buskins. Never shall you scatter my battling Bassarids, never will I cease casting my vine-wand, until I show Argos your throat pierced by my spear of ivy and your sickle beaten by my leaves. Zeus my father will not save you, nor Brighteyes my sister, nor your own Hera, however she hates the steadfast Dionysos: but I will kill you, and boastful Mycene shall see beheaded the man who beheaded Medusa. Or I will bind you in a chest with greater bonds, and throw you to float again on the sea you know so well; you may land again at Seriphos by and by, if you like. If you are so proud of your golden birth, you may take the golden Aphrodite, that good-for-nothing, to help you."

ὦς εἰπὼν προμάχιζεν: ἐπεστρατόωντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
655 καὶ Σάτυροι πολέμιζον. ὑπὲρ Βρομίου δὲ καρήνου
αἰθύσσων περὰ κοῦφα μετάρσιος ἵπτατο Περσεύς:
ὑψώσας δ' Ἴοβακχος ἔδον δέμας, αἰθέρι γείτων
ἄπτερος ὑψικέλευθος αἶρετο μείζονι ταρσῶ
ἵπταμένου Περσηῖος ὑπέρτερος, ἔπταπόρῳ δὲ
660 αἰθέρι χεῖρα πέλασσε, καὶ ὠμίλησεν Ὀλύμπῳ,
καὶ νεφέλας ἔθλιψε: φόβῳ δ' ἐλέλιζετο Περσεύς
δεξιτερὴν ἀκίχητον ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου
ἡελίου ψαύουσαν, ἐφαπτομένην δὲ σελήνης.

[654] When he had ended, he went on fighting: the Bacchants fell to, the Satyrs joined the battle. Over the head of Bromios Perseus flew in the air, flapping his light wings; but Iobacchos lifted his body and rose wingless on high near to the heavens with larger limbs over flying Perseus, and brought his hand near the sevenring sky, and touched Olympos, and crushed the clouds: Perseus quivered with fear as he saw the right hand of Dionysos out of reach and touching the sun, catching hold of the moon.

ἀλλὰ λιπὼν Διόνυσον ἐμάρνατο θυιάσι Βάκχαις:
665 καὶ παλάμῃ δονέων θανατηφόρον ὄμμα Μεδούσης
λαϊνὴν ποίησε κορυσσομένην Ἀριάδνην.

καὶ πλέον ἔβρεμε Βάκχος ἰδὼν πετρώδεα νύμφην·
καὶ νῦ κεν Ἄργος ἔπερσε καὶ ἐπρήνιξε Μυκίνας
καὶ Δαναῶν ἤμησεν ὅλην στίχα, καὶ νῦ κεν αὐτὴν
670 μαρναμένην ἄγνωστον ἀνούτατον οὕτασεν Ἥρην
μάντιος ἀντιτύποιο νόθη βροτοειδέϊ μορφῇ,
καὶ νῦ κεν ὠκυπέδιλος ὑπὲρ μόρον ἔφθιτο Περσεύς.
εἰ μὴ μιν κατόπισθε φανεῖς πτερόεντι πεδίλῳ
χρυσεῖς πλοκαμῖδος ἐλὼν ἀνεσεύρασεν Ἑρμῆς,
675 καὶ μιν ἀλεξικάκῳ φιλίῳ μειλίζατο μύθῳ:

[664] So he left Dionysos and fought with the mad Bacchantes. He shook in his hand the deadly face of Medusa, and turned armed Ariadne into stone. Bacchos was even more furious when he saw his bride all stone. He would have sacked Argos and razed Mycene to the ground and mowed down the whole host of Danaans, yes even wounded invulnerable Hera herself, who was fighting unrecognized in the false borrowed shape of a mortal, a seer, and Swiftshoe Perseus would have perished, fate or no fate, — but Hermes appeared behind him with winged shoes and pulled him back by his golden hair, and calmed him with friendly words to avert the ruin:

‘Ζηνὸς γνήσιον αἶμα, νόθος ζηλήμονος Ἥρης,
οἷσθα μὲν, ὥς σε σάωσα διπτετέων ἀπὸ πυρσῶν,
καὶ σε Λάμου ποταμοῖο θυγατράσιν ὥπασα Νύμφαις
εἰσέτι κουρίζοντα, πάλιν δέ σε χερσὶν αἰείρων
680 εἰς δόμον ὑμετέρης, κουροτρόφον ἦγαγον Ἴνοῦς·
καὶ σὺ τεῶ ῥυτῇρι φέρων χάριν υἱεὶ Μαίης,
γνωτέ, μάχην εὖνησον ὁμόγνιον: ἀμφοτέροι γὰρ
Περσεὺς καὶ Διόνυσος ἐνὸς βλάστημα τοκῆος·
μὴ στρατὸν Ἀργείων, μὴ μέμφεο Περσέος ἄρπην·
685 οὐ γὰρ ἐκὼν ἐς Ἄρην κορύσσεται: ἀλλὰ μιν Ἥρῃ
ὥπλισε, μαντιπόλου δὲ Μελάμποδος εἰδέϊ μορφῆς
μάρναται ἀμφαδίην: σὺ δὲ χάζεο δῆριν ἐάσας,
μὴ σοι ἐπιβρίσειε πάλιν δυσμήχανος Ἥρῃ.
ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις ἀλόχοιο τεῆς μόρον: εὐκλεί πότμῳ.
690 μαρναμένη τέθνηκε, σὺ δὲ φθιμένην Ἀριάδνην
ὠφελες ὀλβίζειν, ὅτι τηλίκον εὗρε φονῆα
οὐρανίης γεγαῶτα καὶ οὐ βροτέης ἀπὸ φύτλης,
κῆτεος ἀμητῆρα καὶ ἵπποτόκοιο Μεδούσης·
οὐ λῖνα Μοιράων ἐπιπείθεται: οὐρανίου γὰρ
695 κάτθανεν Ἥλέκτρη Διὸς εὐνέτις, ὥχετο δ’ αὐτὴ
τῷ Διὶ νυμφευθεῖσα κασιγνήτῃ σέο Κάδμου
Εὐρώπῃ μετὰ λέκτρον Ὀλύμπιον, ὑμετέρῃ δὲ
εἰσέτι γαστρὶ φέρουσα τεδὸν τόκον ὤλετο μήτηρ·
οὐ Σεμέλη πρὸ μόροιο πύλας ἐπέρρησεν Ὀλύμπου,

700 ἄλλ' ὅτε πότμον ἔδεκτο. καὶ ὄλλυμένη σέο νύμφη
 ἵξεται ἀστερόφοιτον ἐς οὐρανόν, ἡμετέρης δὲ
 Πλειάδος ἑπταπόροιο φανήσεται ἐγγύθι Μαιῆς.
 τί πλέον ἤθελεν ἄλλο φιλαίτερον ἢ χθονὶ λάμπειν
 αἰθέρα ναιετάουσα μετὰ Κρήτην Ἀριάδνη;
 705 ἀλλὰ σὺ κάτθεο θύρσον, ἕα δ' ἀνέμοισιν Ἐνυῶ,
 καὶ βρέτας αὐτοτέλεστον ἐπιχθονίης Ἀριάδνης,
 οὐρανόφραστον ὅπῃ βρέτας ἴσταται Ἥρης.
 μὴ πόλιν ἐκπέρσειας, ὅπῃ σέθεν αἶμα τοκήων,
 ὑμετέρης δὲ γέραιρε βοοκραΐρου πέδον Ἰοῦς
 710 εὐνήσας σέο θύρσον· Ἀχαιάδας δὲ γυναῖκας
 αἰνήσεις μετόπισθεν, ἐπεὶ ταυρώπιδος Ἥρης
 βωμὸν ἀναστήσουσι καὶ εὐθαλάμου σέο νύμφης.

[676] “Trueborn offspring of Zeus, if bastard for jealous Hera! You know how I saved you from the fires that fell from heaven, and entrusted you to those Nymphs, the daughters of river Lamos, when still a little child; how again I carried you in my arms to the house of Ino your fostering nurse. Then show gratitude, my brother, to your saviour the son of Maia, and still this feud of brothers — for both Perseus and Dionysos are offspring of one sire. Do not reproach the people of Argos, nor the sickle of Perseus, for he arms not willingly for this war. But Hera has armed him, and she is fighting openly in the shape of the seer Melampus. Retire and leave the strife, or Hera irreconcilable may overwhelm you again in her might. But you will urge the fate of your bride. She has died in battle, a glorious fate, and you ought to think Ariadne happy in her death, because she found one so great to slay her, one sprung from heaven and of no mortal stock, one who killed the seamonster and beheaded horsebreeding Medusa. The Fates’ threads obey not persuasion. For Electra died, the bedfellow of heavenly Zeus; Europa herself disappeared after the Olympian bed, the sister of your Cadmos, she who was wedded to Zeus; your mother perished too, while she still carried you in her womb; Semele entered not the gates of Olympus before death, but after she had received her fate. And your bride even in death shall enter the starspangled sky, and she will be seen near Maia my mother among the seven travelling Pleiads. What could Ariadne wish more welcome than to live in the heavens and give light to the earth, after Crete? Come now, lay down your thyrsus, let the winds blow battle away, and fix the selfmade image of mortal Ariadne where the image of heavenly Hera stands. Do not sack the city where the stock of your parents remains, but still your thyrsus, and respect the country of cowhorn Io. You will praise the women of Achaia by and by, when they shall build an altar to bullface Hera and your charming bride.”

τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε, καὶ ἵππιον Ἄργος ἔασας
 εἰς πόλον αὔτις ἵκανεν ἐπ’ ἀμφοτέροισι κεράσας

715 θεσμὸν ὁμοφροσύνης καὶ Περσέϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ.
οὐδὲ μὲν αὐτόθι μίμνεν ἐπὶ χρόνον Ἀργολὶς Ἥρη:
ἀλλὰ μεταστρέψασα νόθην βροτοειδέα μορφὴν
θέσκελον εἶδος ἔχουσα πάλιν νόστησεν Ὀλύμπῳ.
Ἰναχίῃ δὲ φάλαγγι γέρων ἀγόρευε Μελάμπους
720 Λυγκέος ἀρχεγόνοιο θεοῦδέος αἶμα Πελαγοῦ:

[713] So he spoke, and leaving Argos the land of horses returned to the sky, after he had mingled a league of friendship between Perseus and Dionysos. Nor did Argive Hera remain long in that place; but putting off her pretended mortal body she took her divine form and returned to Olympus. Then old Melampus addressed the Icarian host, he the offspring of divine Pelasgian Lynceus founder of the race: —

‘Μαντιπόλῳ πείθεσθε καὶ οἴνοπι σείσατε Βάκχῳ
σείσατε χάλκεα ρόπτρα καὶ Εὐία τύμπανα Ῥείης,
Ἰναχίην μὴ πᾶσαν αἰστώσειε γενέθλην,
μὴ μετὰ νήπια τέκνα καὶ ἡβητῆρας ὀλέσσει,
725 μὴ τεκέων μετὰ πότμον ἀποκτείνειε γυναῖκας:
ἀλλὰ θυηπολίην θεοτερπέα ῥέξατε Βάκχῳ

[721] “Obey your seer, and shake your tambours in honour of wineface Bacchos, shake your bronze tambours and the Euian cymbals of Rheia, that he may not wipe out the whole Inachian race, that he may not destroy the young men after the little children, that he may not kill the wives after their offspring. Come, do sacrifice to Bacchos and Zeus, and please the gods heart, and dance before Perseus and Dionysos.”

καὶ Διί, καὶ Περσῇ χορεύσατε καὶ Διονύσῳ.
ὥς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν: ἀολλίζοντο δὲ λαοὶ
Βάκχῳ νυκτιχόρευτον ἀνακρούοντες ἀοιδῇν,
730 καὶ τελετὰς στήσαντο: θεοκλήτῳ δὲ χορεῖη
ρόπτρα μὲν ἐπλατάγησεν, ἐπεκροτέοντο δὲ ταρσοί,
καὶ δαῖδες σελάγιζον: ὁμηγερέες δὲ πολῖται
μυστιπόλῳ χρίοντο παρήϊα λευκάδι γύψῳ:
τύμπανα δ’ ἐπλατάγησεν, ἀρασσομένοιο δὲ χαλκοῦ
735 δίκτυπος ἔβρεμε δοῦπος: ἐφοινίσσοντο δὲ βωμοὶ
σφαζομένων στοιχηδὸν ἐπασσυτέρων ἀπὸ ταύρων,
κτείνεται δ’ ἄσπετα μῆλα: καὶ ἄνδρες αἶθοπι βωμῷ
Βάκχον ἐμειλίζαντο καὶ ἱλάσκοντο γυναῖκες:
καὶ μέλος ἡρόφοιτον ἐπέκτυπε θῆλυς ἰῶῃ
740 κῶμον ἀμειβομένη ζωάγριον, Ἰναχίδες δὲ
μαινάδες ἐρρίψαντο λαθίφρονα λύσσαν ἀήταις.

[727] They did as he bade them. The people gathered together, and struck up a song with nightly dances for Bacchos and performed the holy rites: in the pious dance the tambours rattled, the feet beat the ground, the torches blazed. All the people in company smeared their cheeks with white mystic chalk. Kettledrums rattled, the double tap sounded as the bronze was beaten. Altars were red with bulls slaughtered in rows one after another, a multitude of sheep were killed. At the burning altar men made their peace with Bacchos, women won his grace. Women's voices resounded in the air echoing in turn the song of salvation; Inachian women and Mainad women cast their deluding fury to the winds.

BOOK 48

Δίξεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ὄγδοον αἷμα Γιγάντων,
Παλλήνην δὲ δόκευε καὶ ὑπναλέης τόκον Αὔρης.
αὐτὰρ ὁ πορδαλίων ἐποχημένος ἄντυγι δίφρου
Θρηικίῃ περίφοιτος ἐκώμασε Βάκχος ἀρούρη,
ἵππιον ἀρχεγόνοιο Φορωνέος οὔδας ἐάσας.
οὐδὲ χόλον πρήνυε παλὶγκοτον Ἰναχίς Ἥρη
5 Ἄργεος οἴστρηθέντος, Ἀχαιιάδων δὲ γυναικῶν
λύσσης μνηστὶν ἔχουσα πάλιν θωρήσσετο Βάκχῳ.
καὶ δολίας ἀνέφαινε λιτὰς παμμήτορι Γαίῃ,
ἔργα Διὸς βοόωσα καὶ ἡγορέην Διονύσου
γηνγενέων ὀλέσαντος ἀμετρήτων νέφος Ἰνδῶν:
10 καὶ Σεμέλης ὅτε παῖδα φερέσβιος ἔκλυε μήτηρ
Ἰνδῶν ταχύποτμον αἰστώσαντα γενέθλην,
μνησαμένη τεκέων πλεον ἔστενεν ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ
αὐτογόνων θώρηξεν ὀρίδρομα φύλα Γιγάντων,
ὑψιλόφους ἔο παῖδας ἀνοιστρήσασα κυδοιμῷ:

BOOK XLVIII

In the forty-eighth, seek the blood of the giants, and look out for Pallene and the son of sleeping Aura.

Now Bacchos quitted the horsebreeding soil of ancient Phoroneus, and mounted in his round car behind the team of panthers passed in revelry over the Thracian land. But Inachian Hera had not softened her rancorous rage for Argos maddened; she remembered the frenzy of the Achaian women and prepared again to attack Bacchos. She addressed her deceitful prayers to Allmother Earth, crying out upon the doings of Zeus and the valour of Dionysos, who had destroyed that cloud of numberless earthborn Indians; and when the lifebringing mother heard that the son of Semele had wiped out the Indian nation with speedy fate, she groaned still more thinking of her children. Then she armed all round Bacchos the mountainranging tribes of giants, earth's own brood, and goaded her huge sons to battle:

15 ‘ Παῖδες ἔμοι, μάρνασθε κορυμβοφόρῳ Διονύσῳ
ἡλιβάτοις σκοπέλοισιν, ἐμῆς δ’ ὀλετῆρα γενέθλης
Ἰνδοφόνον Διὸς υἷα κιχήσατε: μηδὲ νοήσω
σὺν Διὶ κοιρανέοντα νόθον σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπου.
δήσατε, δήσατε Βάκχον, ὅπως θαλαμηπόλος εἶη,
20 ὅππότε Πορφυρίωνι χαρίζομαι εἰς γάμον Ἥβην
καὶ Χθονίῳ Κυθήρειαν, ὅτε γλαυκῶπιν ἄεισω

εὐνέτιν Ἐγκελάδοιο καὶ Ἄρτεμιν Ἀλκουνῆος·
ἄξατέ μοι Διόνυσον, ἵνα Κρονίωνα χαλέψω
δουλοσύνην ὀρώωντα δορικτήτοιο Λυαίου·
25 ἢ ἐ μιν οὐτάζοντες ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ
κτεínaτέ μοι Ζαγρῆι πανεῖκελον, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ
ἢ θεὸς ἢ μερόπων τις, ὅτι Κρονίδαο γενέθλη
γαῖα χολωμένη διδύμους θώρηξε φονῆας,
πρεσβυτέρους Τιτῆνας ἐπὶ προτέρῳ Διονύσῳ,
30 ὀπλοτέρους δὲ Γίγαντας ἐπ' ὀψιγόνῳ Διονύσῳ.'

[15] “My sons, make your attack with hightowering rocks against clustergarlanded Dionysos — catch this Indianslayer, this destroyer of my family, this son of Zeus, and let me not see him ruling with Zeus a bastard monarch of Olympos! Bind him, bind Bacchos fast, that he may attend in the chamber when I bestow Hebe on Porphyryon as a wife, and give Cythereia to Chthonios, when I sing Bright-eyes the bedfellow of Encelados, and Artemis of Alcyoneus. Bring Dionysos to me, that I may enrage Cronion when he sees Lyaïos a slave and the captive of my spear. Or wound him with cutting steel and kill him for me like Zagreus, that one may say, god or mortal, that Earth in her anger has twice armed her slayers against the breed of Cronides — the older Titans against the former Dionysos, the younger Giants against Dionysos later born.”

ὥς φαμένη στίχα πᾶσαν ἀνεπτοίησε Γιγάντων.
γηνγενέν δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπεστρατώνοντο κυδοιμῷ.
ὅς μὲν ἔχων Νυσαῖον ἐδέθλιον, ὅς δὲ σιδήρῳ
ὑψινεφῇ κενεῶνα χαραδρήεντα κολάσας,
35 αἰχμάζων σκοπέλοισιν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ·
ὅς δὲ λόφον πετραῖον ἀλικρήπιδος ἀρούρης,
ἄλλος ἀλιζώνοιο διαρρήξας ῥάχιν ἰσθμοῦ
εἰς ἐνοπήν ἔσπευδεν. ἀμετρήτοισι δ' ἄγοστοῖς
Πήλιον ὑψικάρηνον ἀνηκόντιζε Πελωρεὺς
40 γυμνώσας Φιλύρης γλαφυρὸν δόμον· ἀρπαμένου δὲ
ἀσκεπέος σκοπέλοιο γέρων ἐλελίζετο Χείρων,
ἀνδροφυῆς ἀτέλεστος ὁμήλικι σύμπλοκος ἵππῳ.
ἡμερίδων δὲ κόρυμβον ἔχων ὀλετῆρα Γιγάντων
Βάκχος ἀερσιλόφοιο κατέτρεχεν Ἀλκουνῆος,
45 οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχων, οὐ φοῖνιον ἄορ ἀείρων,
ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέας παλάμας ἐδάϊξε Γιγάντων,
αἰχμάζων ἐλίκεσσι· φιλακρήτῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
φρικτὰ πεδοτρεφῶν ἐδαΐζετο φῦλα δρακόντων·
τυπτομένων δὲ Γίγαντος ἐχιδνοκόμων κεφαλῶν
50 αὐχένες ἀμηθέντες ἐπωρχήσαντο κονίῃ.
κτείνεται δ' ἄσπετα φῦλα· δαΐζομένων δὲ Γιγάντων

αἵματος ἀενάου ποταμοὶ ῥέον, ἀρτιχῦτοις δὲ
πορφυρέοις ῥοθίοισιν ἐφοινίσσοντο χαράδραι.
γηγενένων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐβακχεύοντο δρακόντων
55 βόστρυχα δειμαίνοντες ἐχιδνοκόμου Διονύσου.

[31] With these words she excited all the host of the Giants, and the battalions of the Earthborn set forth to war, one bearing a bulwark of Nysa, one who had sliced off with steel the flank of a cloud high precipice, each with these rocks for missiles armed him against Dionysos; one hastened to the conflict bearing the rocky hill of some land with its base in the brine, another with a reef torn from a brinegirt isthmus. Peloreus took up Pelion with high towering peak as a missile in his innumerable arms, and left the cave of Philyra bare: as the rocky roof of his cave was pulled off, old Cheiron quivered and shook, that figure of half a man growing into a comrade horse. But Bacchos held a bunch of giants bane vine, and ran at Alcyoneus with the mountain upraised in his hands: he wielded no furious lance, no deadly sword, but he struck with his bunch of tendrils and shore off the multitudinous hands of the Giants; the terrible swarms of ground bred serpents were shorn off by those tippling leaves, the Giants' heads with those viper tresses were cut off and the severed necks danced in the dust. Tribes innumerable were destroyed; from the slain Giants ran everflowing rivers of blood, crimson torrents newly poured coloured the ravines red. The swarms of earthbred snakes ran wild with fear before the tresses of Dionysos viper-enwreathed.

καὶ πυρὶ μάρνατο Βάκχος, ἐς ἥερα δαλὸν ἰάλλων
ἀντιβίων ὀλετῆρα: δι' ὕψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
Βακχιᾶς αὐτοέλικτος ἐπέτρεχεν ἄλλομένη φλόξ,
γυιοβόρῳ σπινθῆρι καταΐσσουσα Γιγάντων:
60 καὶ τις ἀπειλητῆρι φέρων σέλας ἀνθρεῶνι
ἡμιδαῆς σύριζε δράκων πυριθαλπέι λαιμῷ,
καπνὸν ἀποπτύων, οὐ λοίγιον ἰὸν ἰάλλων.

[56] Fire was also a weapon of Bacchos. He cast a torch in the air to destroy his adversaries: through the high paths ran the Bacchic flame leaping and curling over itself and shooting down corrosive sparks on the Giants' limbs; and there was a serpent with a blaze in his threatening mouth, half-burnt and whistling with a firescorched throat, spitting out smoke instead of a spurt of deadly poison.

καὶ κλόνος ἄσπετος ἦεν: ἐπ' ἀντιβίων δὲ καρήνων
Βάκχος ἀνηώρητο μαχήμονα δαλὸν αἰείρων,
65 καὶ χθονίῳ πρηστῆρι δέμας θέρμαινε Γιγάντων
ἀντίτυπον μίμημα Διοβλήτοιο κεραυνοῦ:

καὶ δαῖδες σελάγιζον· ἐπ' Ἐγκελάδου δὲ καρήνῳ
 ἤερα θερμαίνων ἐλελίζετο πυρσὸς ἀλήτης·
 ἀλλὰ μιν οὐκ ἐδάμασσε, καὶ οὐ χθονίου πυρὸς ἀτμῷ
 70 Ἐγκελάδος γόνυ κάμψεν, ἐπεὶ πεφύλακτο κεραυνῷ.
 Ἀλκυονεὺς δ' ἀπέλεθρος ἐπεσκίρτησε Λυαίῳ
 Ὀρηκίοις σκοπέλοις κεκορυθμένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ
 ὕψινεφῇ κούφιζε ῥάχιν δυσχείμονος Αἴμου
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον, ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου·
 75 καὶ σκοπιὴν ἔρριπεν· ἐφαπτόμεναι δὲ Λυαίου
 νεβρίδος ἀρρήκτοιο διεσχίζοντο κολῶναι·
 Ἥμαθις δὲ κάρηνα νέος γύμνωσε Τυφωεὺς
 ὕψιφανῆς, προτέρῳ πανομοίος, ὅς ποτε πολλοὺς
 ῥωγαλέους κενεῶνας ἐκούφισε μητρὸς Ἀρούρης,
 80 πετραίοις βελέεσσι καταχιμάζων Διονύσου.
 καὶ τινος ἀσπαίροντος ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἄορ ἐρύσσαις
 Βάκχος ἄναξ κεκόρυστο Γίγαντείοισι καρήνοισι,
 ἰοβόλων πλοκάμων ὀφιώδεα λήια κείρων·
 καὶ στρατὸν αὐτοτέλεστον ἀτευχεὶ χειρὶ δαΐζων
 85 μάρνατο λυσσήεις, χλοερῶν ἐπιβήτορα δένδρων
 κισσὸν ἔχων τανύφυλλον, ἀκοντιστῆρα Γιγάντων.

[63] There was infinite tumult. Bacchos raised himself and lifted his fighting torch over the heads of his adversaries, and roasted the Giants' bodies with a great conflagration, an image on earth of the thunderbolt cast by Zeus. The torches blazed: fire was rolling all over the head of Encelados and making the air hot, but it did not vanquish him — Encelados bent not his knee in the steam of the earthly fire, since he was reserved for a thunderbolt. Vast Alcyoneus leapt upon Lyaïos armed with his Thracian crags; he lifted over Bacchos a cloud high peak of wintry Haimos — useless against that mark, Dionysos the invulnerable. He threw the cliff, but when the rocks touched the fawnskin of Lyaïos, they could not tear it, and burst into splinters themselves. Typhoeus towering high had stript the mountains of Emathia (a younger Typhoeus in all parts like the older, who once had lifted many a rugged strip of his mother earth), and cast the rocky missiles at Dionysos. Lord Bacchos pulled away the sword of one that was gasping on the ground and attacked the Giants' heads, cutting the snaky crop of poisonspitting hair; even without weapon he destroyed the selfmarshalled host, fighting furiously, and using the treeclimbing longleaf ivy to strike the Giants.

καὶ νῦν κε πάντας ἔπεφνεν ἔῳ ῥήξήνορι θύρῳ,
 ἀλλὰ παλινδίνητος ἐκὼν ἀνεχάζετο χάρμης,
 δυσμενέας ζῶοντας ἔῳ γενετῆρι φυλάσσων.

[87] Indeed he would have slain all with his manbreaking thyrsus, if he had not retired of his own will out of the fray and left enemies alive for his Father.

90 καὶ νῦ κεν εἰς Φρυγίην ταχὺς ἔδραμεν ὠκέϊ ταρσῶ,
ἀλλὰ μιν ἄλλος ἄεθλος ἐρήτυεν, ὄφρα θανόντων
τοσσατίων ἔνα φῶτα κατακτείνειε φονῆα
Παλλήνης γενέτην θανατηφόρον, ὅς ποτε κούρης
οἴστρον ἔχων ἀθέμιστον ἁμαρτιγάμων ὑμεναίων
95 συζυγίην ἀνέκοπτεν, ἀμετρήτους δὲ δαΐζων
μελλογάμους μνηστῆρας ἀπέθρισεν, ὣν ὑπὸ λύθρῳ
κτεινομένων καναχηδὸν ἐφοινίσσοντο παλαῖστροι,
εἰσόκε Βάκχος ἵκανε Δίκης πρόμος· ἀγχιγάμου δὲ
Παλλήνης δυσέρωτι παριστάμενος γενετῆρι
100 ῥιγεδανῆς ὑμέναιον ἀτάσθαλον ἦτεε κούρης,
ποικίλα δ' ὥρεγε δῶρα· καὶ αἰτίζοντι Λυαίῳ
φρικτὸς ἀνὴρ κήρυξε παλαισμοσύνην ὑμεναίων·
καὶ μιν ἄγων ἐπέβησε κακοξείνοιο παλαίστρης,
ὅπποθι τολμήεσσα δορυσσόος ἵστατο κούρη
105 νυμφιδίην ὦμοισιν ἐλαφρίζουσα βοείην.

[90] Then he would quickly have gone to Phrygia with speeding foot, but another task held him back; that after so many had died he might kill one murderous creature, Pallene's deathdealing father. He once had an unlawful passion for his daughter; he used to thwart her marriage and hinder every match. Wooers innumerable who would have wed her he killed, a great harvest of them; the places of wrestling were noisy with their murders and red with their blood, until Bacchos came as the champion of Justice. There was Pallene, ever so near to wedlock, and her father full of unholy passion: Bacchos came near, and proposed to make the wicked match with his horrible daughter, offering all manner of gifts. To this request of Lyaaios, the dreadful man declared how wrestling must win the bride. He led him into the place of contest, so ill-omened for strangers, where the audacious girl stood ready spear in hand bearing her bridal shield on her shoulders.

καὶ τότε Κύπρις ἔην ἐναγώνιος· ἦν δ' ἐνὶ μέσσω
γυμνὸς Ἔρωσ καὶ στέμμα γαμήλιον ὥρεγε Βάκχῳ,
ἦν δὲ παλαισμοσύνη νυμφοστόλος· ἀργυφέῳ δὲ
ἄβρὸν ἀνεχλαίνωσεν ἐὼν δέμας εἴματι Πειθῷ
110 νίκην μελλογάμοιο προθεσπίζουσα Λυαίου.
καὶ βριαρῶν μελέων ἀπεδύσατο φάρεα κούρη,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔθηκε γαμήλιον, ἀβροτέρη δὲ
Σιθονὶς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀσάμβαλος ἵστατο κούρη,
θηλυφανῆς, ἀσίδηρος, ἐρευθιόνωντι δὲ δεσμῷ

115 ἄκλινέων τροχόεσσαν ἴτυν μιτρώσατο μαζῶν:
καὶ δέμας ἀσκεπὲς ἦεν, ἀμετρήτων δὲ κομῶων
ἀπλεκέες πλοκαμῖδες ἐπέρρεον αὐχένι κούρης,
καὶ κνήμας ἀνέφαινε καὶ ἀσκεπέων πτύχα μηρῶν
γυμνῆς φαινομένης ἐπιγουνίδος: ἀμφὶ δὲ μηροῖς
120 ἤρμοσε λευκὸν ὕφασμα, γυναικείης σκέπας αἰδοῦς:
καὶ χροὰ παλέῳ πεπαλαγμένον εἶχεν ἐλαίῳ
καὶ παλάμας πολὺ μᾶλλον, ὅπως ἀλύτων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ὕγρὸν ὀλισθήσειε πιεζομένη χροὰ κούρη.

[106] Then Cypris presided over the ring. In the midst was Eros naked, holding out to Bacchos the bridal wreath. Wrestling was to win the bride: Peitho clad her delicate body in a silvery robe, foretelling victory for Lyaïos's wooing. The girl stript the clothes off her muscular limbs; she laid down the fierce wedding-spear. There stood the daughter of Sithon, daintier now, unshod, unveiled, unarmed, revealed a woman, but a red band girt the rounded curve of her firm breasts. Her body was uncovered, but for the long tresses of the abundant hair which flowed loose over the girl's neck. Her legs were visible, and the curve of her thighs uncovered with the part above the knee bare, but a white wrap fitted close over the thighs to cover her nakedness. Her skin had been well rubbed with fat oil, and her arms more than all, that she might slip out easily if her body were pressed in a grasp too strong to loosen.

καὶ βλοσυροῖς στομάτεσσιν ἀπειλήσασα Λυαίῳ
125 νυμφοκόμῳ μνηστῆρι παρίστατο, διχθάδιον δὲ
αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἔβαλλεν ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ὀλκῷ:
ἀλλὰ παλινδίνητον ἐὴν ἀνελύσατο δειρὴν
Βάκχος ἀπορρίψας ἀπαλόχροα δάκτυλα κούρης,
δεσμοῖς θηλυτέροισι περίπλοκον αὐχένα σείων:
130 καὶ διδύμας στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἱζὺι χεῖρας ἐλίξας
Παλλήνην ἐτίναξε ποδῶν ἑτεραλκεί παλμῷ:
καὶ ῥοδέης παλάμης ἐδράξατο, Κυπριδίην δὲ
εἶχε παραιφασίην χιονώδεα χεῖρα πιέζων:
οὐδὲ τόσον μενέαινε ἐπὶ χθονὶ παῖδα κυλίνδειν,
135 ὅσον ἐπιπαύειν ἀπαλοῦ χροός, ἥδ' ἐμὸν μόχθῳ
τερπόμενος: καὶ ἔκαμνε δολοπλόκον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
ὥς βροτός, ἀμβολίῃ δὲ θελήμονι κάλλιπε νίκην.
Παλλήνη δ' ἐρόεσσα πάλης τεχνήμονι παλμῷ
θηλυτέραις παλάμησι δέμας κούφιζε Λυαίου:
140 οὐδέ μιν ἥερταζε, τόσον βάρος, ἀλλὰ καμοῦσα
ἄρσενά γυῖα λέλοιπεν ἀκινήτου Διονύσου.
καὶ θεὸς ἀντιτύπῳ περιδέσμιον ἄμματι χειρῶν
παρθενικὴν ἐρόεσσαν ἐλὼν, ἅτε θύρσον αἰείρων,
δόχμιον ἀμφιέλικτον ἐκούφισεν ὑψόθεν ὦμου:

¹⁴⁵ χειρὶ δὲ φειδομένη βριαρὴν ἀπεσεῖσατο κούρην,
Παλλήνην δ' ἀτίνακτον ὅλην ἐτανύσσατο γαίῃ·
καὶ δολίοις βλεφάροισιν ἔην ἐλέλιζεν ὀπωπὴν,
κούρης ἀβροκόμου κεκονιμένα γυῖα δοκεύων
καὶ πλοκάμους ῥυπόωντας ἀκηδέστοιο καρήνου.

[124] She came up to Lyaïos her eager wooer with rough threatening words, and threw her two arms with a swing linking them round his neck; Bacchos just threw back his neck with the woman's fetters about it, and shook it loose again, throwing off the girl's tender fingers. Then he put his two arms round her waist like a girdle, and shook her from side to side by movements of his feet. He grasped a rosy palm, and felt comfort for his love as he squeezed the snow white hand. He did not wish so much to give the maid a throw as to touch the soft flesh, entranced with his delightful task; he used all his guile, panting with labouring breath, as if he were a mortal, delaying victory on purpose. Lovely Pallene tried a trick of the ring to lift the body of Lyaïos, but her woman's arms were not equal to raise that great weight; she tired, and let go the masculine limbs of Dionysos immovable. Then the god took a like hold of the lovely girl, and joining his two arms about his adversary lifted her as if she were his own wand, and threw her aslant round and over his shoulder; then with gentle hand swung off the sturdy girl and laid her at full length quiet on the ground. He let his eyes furtively wander, scanning the limbs of the girl covered with her glorious hair in the dust, the luxurious tresses of the untidy head dabbled in dirt.

¹⁵⁰ ἀλλὰ παλινδίνητος ἀναΐξασα κονίης
ὄρθιος ἐστήριξε τὸ δεύτερον ἴχνια κούρη·
καὶ τροχαλῇ Διόνυσος ἀφειδέι γούνατος ὄρμῃ
γαστέρα Παλλήνης κρατέων ἑτεραλκεί παλμῷ
παρθενικὴν μενέαιεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο κυλινδριν,
¹⁵⁵ καὶ παλάμας μετέθηκεν ἐπὶ πλευροῖσιν ἐλίξας
αὐχένα κυρτώσας ἐπικάρσιον, ἀμφὶ δὲ νώτῳ
μεσσατίῳ κύκλωσεν ὀπίστερα δάκτυλα κάμψας,
ἢ σφυρὸν ἢ κνήμην δεδοκημένος ἢ γόνυ μάρψειν.
καὶ θεὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἐκούσιος ἦριπε γαίῃ
¹⁶⁰ οὐτίδανῃ παλάμῃ νικώμενος· ἱμερόεν δὲ
φάρμακον ἔσχεν ἔρωτος, ἐνὶ γλυκερῇ δὲ κονίῃ
κουφίζων ἐρόεις ἐπὶ νηδύϊ φόρτον Ἑρώτων
ὑπτιος αὐτὸς ἔμιμνε, καὶ οὐκ ἀπεσεῖσατο κούρην.
ἀλλὰ μιν ἐσφῆκωσε πόθου φρενοθελγεί δεσμῷ.
¹⁶⁵ ἡ δὲ ταχυστροφάλλιγγι ποδῶν νωμήτορι παλμῷ
ἴχνιον ἠώρησεν, ἐρωμανέος δὲ Λυαίου
ἄρσενά λύσατο χεῖρα· θεὸς δ' ὑπ' ὀλίζονι ῥιπτῇ
γυῖα μεταστρέψας ῥοδέην ἐτανύσσατο κούρην

ἐν δαπέδῳ στορέσας· καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ κέκλιτο κούρη
170 χεῖρας ἐφαπλώσασα· τιτανομένης δ' ἐπὶ πέζῃ
εὐπαλάμῳ σφήκωσεν ὁμόζυγον αὐχένα δεσμῶ.

[150] But the girl jumped up again from the dust and stood up steady on her feet once more. Then Dionysos with an agile movement mercilessly set his knee against Pallene's belly, and holding her tried to roll her over on the ground with a sideways heave, changed his arms to a grasp round her waist, bent his head to one side and shifted his fingers behind to the middle of her back, and tried to hook ankle or shin, or to catch the knee. At last the god fell back of himself rolling on the ground and let a feeble hand conquer him: a charming physic it was for his love, when he lay beautiful in that happy dust on his back, bearing upon his own belly that lovely burden — he lay still, and did not throw off the girl, but held her fast with soulconsoling bonds of desire. She pulled herself from the manly hands of love mad Dionysos, and lifted herself to her feet with a twist of her legs in a quick supple movement; but the god with a slight effort simply rolled over and laid the rosy girl flat on the ground. So there lay the girl on the ground stretching her arms abroad, and as she lay along the ground he joined his arms neatly in a clasp about her neck.

Ὠκυτέροις δὲ πόδεσσι πατήρ κατὰ μέσσον ὀρούσας
ἀθλεῦεν ἐθέλουσαν ἐὴν ἀνεσειράσε κούρην,
καὶ γαμίην ἀνέκοψεν ἀεθλοσύνην ὕμεναιων
175 νίκην ἱμερόεσσαν ἐπιτρέψας Διονύσω,
μὴ μιν ἀποκτείνειεν ἔχων ἀστεμφεῖ δεσμῶ.
καὶ Διὸς αἰνήσαντος ἀεθλοφόρον μετὰ νίκην
γνωτὸν Ἔρωσ ἔστεψε γάμων πομπῇι κορύμβῳ
ἱμερτήν τελέσαντα παλαισμοσύνην ὕμεναίων.
180 καὶ πέλε τοῖος ἀεθλος ὁμοῖος, ὥς ὅτε κούρην
χρυσοφαῖ προπάροιθε γαμήλια δῶρα κυλινδῶν
Ἴππομένης νίκησεν ἐπειγομένην Ἀταλάντην.

[172] Then with swift feet her father leapt between them. The girl wanted to try again, but he held her back, and put an end to this wedding-contest for a bride by yielding love's victory to Dionysos, for fear he might kill her in that immovable grip. So after the victory in this contest, with the consent of Zeus, Eros crowned his brother with the cluster that heralds a wedding; for he had accomplished a delectable wedding-bout. It was indeed a contest like that when Hippomenes once conquered flying Atalanta, by rolling golden marriage-gifts in front of her feet.

ἀλλ' ὅτε νυμφοκόμοιο πάλης ἐτέλεσεν ἀγῶνα
Βάκχος, ἔτι στάζων γαμίους ἰδρῶτας ἀέθλων

185 Σιθόνα μὲν πρήνιξε τετυμμένον ὅξει θύρσῳ,
 μνηστήρων ὀλετῆρα, κυλινδομένου δὲ κονίῃ
 κούρῃ θύρσον ἔδωκε μαιφόνον ἔδνον Ἑρώτων.
 καὶ γάμος ἦν πολύσμνος· ἀσιγήτῳ δ' ἐνὶ παστῷ
 Σειληνοὶ κελάδησαν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
 190 καὶ Σάτυροι μεθύοντες ἀνέπλεκον ὕμνον Ἑρώτων
 συζυγίην μέλποντες ἀεθλοφόρων ὕμεναιων.
 Νηρεΐδων δὲ φάλαγγες ὑπὸ σφυρὰ γείτονος ἰσθοῦ
 νυμφιδίῃ Διόνυσον ἐμιτρώσαντο χορείῃ,
 καὶ μέλος ἐφθέγγαντο, παρὰ Θρήικι δὲ πόντῳ
 195 ξεινοδόκος Βρομίοιο γέρων ὠρχήσατο Νηρεὺς,
 καὶ γαμῖν Γαλάτεια περισκαίρουσα θαλάσῃ
 Παλλήνην ἐλίγαινε συναπτομένην Διονύσῳ,
 καὶ Θέτις ἐσκίρτησε, καὶ εἰ πέλε νῆις Ἑρώτων,
 καὶ γαμῖν ἔστεψεν ἀλιζώνου ῥάχιν ἰσθοῦ
 200 Παλλήνης ὕμεναιον ἀνευάζων Μελικέρτης·
 καὶ τις Ἀμαδρυσάδων φλογερῇ παρὰ γείτονι Λήμνῳ
 νυμφιδίην Θρήισαν Ἀθωιάς ἥψατο πεύκην.
 καὶ φιλίοις ὀάροισι παρηγορέων ἔο νύμφην
 μυρομένην γενετῆρα φιλεῦσις εἶπεν ἀκοίτης·

[183] But when Bacchos had ended the wrestling-match for his bride, still dripping with the sweat of his wedding contest he struck down Sithon with a stab of his sharp thyrsus, Sithon the murderer of wooers; and as the father rolled in the dust he gave his daughter the thyrsus that slew him, as a love-gift. That was however the right to pursue in his own chariot and spear the suitor if he could catch him. In one version of the story of Pallene (Parthenios vi. 3-4), chariots are introduced also, though it is said that the competitors for her hand (*cf* note on 93) were to fight from them, not race in them, a very odd archaism, since fighting in (as opposed to from) chariots was already obsolete in the days of Homer. This suggests that here again a pursuit (not a race in the ordinary sense) may have been the original contest. Atalante also, in a version preserved by Hyginus (*Fab.* 185. 2, see Rose *ad loc.*), did not race with her suitors, but ran after them, killing them if she caught them before they got to the goal. Now if we compare the curious ritual of Orchomenos (Plutarch, *Quaest. Grace.* 38), in which the priest of Dionysos pursued with a sword certain women, and might kill any one of them he caught, it seems in no way impossible that all these stories, or some of them at least, represent a ritual flight and pursuit (a common enough ceremony in itself) with a real or pretended killing involved. That such a performance should be confused with a ritual combat, also a fairly common proceeding, is natural enough. a wedding of many songs: the bridechamber was never silent, Seilenoi chanted, Bacchants danced, drunken Satyrs wove a hymn of love and sang the alliance which came of this victorious match. Companies of Nereids under the

foothills of the neighbouring isthmus encircled Dionysos with wedding dances and warbled their lay; beside the Thracian sea danced old Nereus, who once had Bromios for a guest; Galateia tript over the wedding-sea and carolled Pallene joined with Dionysos; Thetis capered although she knew nothing of love; Melicertes crowned the seagirt wedding-reef of the isthmus chanting Euoi for Pallene's bridal; many a Hamadryad of Athos kindled a Thracian torch for the bridal in fiery Lemnos close by. And while the bride mourned her father, the Euian bridegroom comforted her with lover's tender talk: —

205 ‘ Παρθένε, μὴ στενάχιζε τεδὸν δυσέρωτα τοκῆα:

παρθένε, μὴ στενάχιζε τεῆς μνηστῆρα κορείης:
τίς γενέτης ἔσπειρε καὶ εἰς γάμον ἤγαγε κούρην;
οὐδὲν κενεὸν λίπε πένθος, ὅτι κταμένοιο τοκῆος,
Σιθόνος ὑμετέροιο, Δίκη γελώωσα χορεύει,

210 χερσὶ δὲ παρθενήϊσι γαμήλιον ἀψαμένη πῦρ,
ἢ γάμον ἀγνώσσουσα, τεδὸν γάμον εἰσέτι μέλπει,
Οἰνόμαον πάλιν ἄλλον ὀπιπεύουσα θανόντα:
Οἰνόμαος μὲν ὄλωλε, καταφθιμένου δὲ τοκῆος
τέρπεται Ἴπποδάμεια δὴν ἀρτιγάμῳ παρακοίτῃ.

215 καὶ σὺ τεοῦ γενέταο πόθους ῥίψασα θυέλλαις
τέρπεο βοτρυνόεντι συναπτομένη παρακοίτῃ,
μῶμον ἄλευομένη πατρώϊον: οὐ σε διδάξω
Σιθόνος ἐχθρὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἀμβολίην ὑμεναίων,
ὃς φονίῃ παλάμῃ γαμβροκτόνον ἔγχος αἰείρων

220 γηραλέην σε τέλεσσεν, ἀπειρήτην Ἀφροδίτης,
συζυγίην δ’ ἐκέδασσεν ἀνυμφεύτων σέο λέκτρων.
μνηστήρων σκοπίαζε σεσηπότα λείψανα νεκρῶν,
οὐς Παφίη κόσμησε καὶ ἔκτανε θυοῦρις Ἐρινύς:
ἦνιδε κεῖνα κάρηνα θαλύσια σείο μελάνθρων,

225 λύθρον ἔτι στάζοντα κακοξείνων ὑμεναίων.
Σιθόνος οὐ μεθέπεις χθόνιον γένος: οὐράνιος δὲ
πείθομαι ὥς σε λόχευσε τεὸς Θρηϊκίος Ἄρης,
πείθομαι, ὥς Κυθήρεια τεῖν ὠδινε γενέθλην:

καὶ σὺ τεῶν διδύμων ἀπεμάζας θεσμὰ τοκῶν,

230 Ἄρεος ἦθος ἔχουσα καὶ ἀγλαΐνῃ Ἀφροδίτης:
πείθομαι, ὥς σε φύτευσεν ἄναξ ἐναγώνιος Ἑρμῆς
ἄβρ’ ἀτελεσσιγάμοιο μολῶν ἐπὶ δέμνια Πειθοῦς,
καὶ σε παλαισμοσύνην ἐδιδάξατο πομπὸν Ἑρώτων.’

[205] “Maiden, lament not for your father so wicked in his love! Maiden, lament not for one that wooed your maidenhood! What father ever begat and then married his own daughter? Leave your empty mourning, because now that Sithon your father is slain Justice dances and laughs, and kindles a

wedding-torch with her virgin hands; she who knows not marriage still is singing your marriage, as she beholds a new Oinomaos dead. Oinomaos died indeed, but although her father had perished, Hippodameia took her joy with her husband newly-wedded. Then you too must throw to the winds your regret for your father, and take your joy united with your vinegod lover, now that you have escaped a father's disgrace. I need not tell you of Sithon's hateful love and your marriage delayed; how he took in hand a murderous blade to kill your wooers, and let you grow old without a taste of Aphrodite, scattered your hopes of a husband and left your bed solitary. Look at the rotting relics of your pretenders' bodies, whom the Paphian adorned and the furious Avenger slew! See those heads hung before your doors like first-fruits of harvest, still dripping with the gore of those inhospitable bridal feasts! You are no mortal daughter of Sithon. I believe a heavenly being begat you, your own Thracian Ares. I believe Cythereia brought you to birth; and you have marks of both parents imprinted, the temper of Ares and the radiance of Aphrodite. Or I believe your father was Lord Hermes of the ring, when he entered the delicate bed of Peitho who brings marriage to pass, and he taught you the wrestling which leads the way to love."

εἶπε παρηγορέων ἀχέων παιήονι μύθῳ,
235 μυρομένης δ' εὕνησεν ἐπήρατα δάκρυα κούρης.
καὶ γαμῆς δῆθυνεν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἐγγύθι νύμφης
τερπόμενος φιλότῃτι νεοζυγέων ὑμεναίων.

[234] So he consoled her with words that healed her sorrow, and stilled the lovely tears of the mourning maiden. And he lingered for some time beside his wedded bride, taking his joy in the love of this new marriage.

Παλλήνης δὲ μέλαθρα λιπὼν καὶ Θοῤῥα Βορῆα
Ῥεῖς εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν, ὅπῃ Φρυγίῃ παρὰ πέζῃ
240 δαίμονος εὐώδινος ἔσαν Κυβελήιδες αὐλαί.
ἐνθάδε θηρεύουσα παρὰ σφυρὰ Δίνδυμα πέτρης
Ῥυνδακίς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀέξετο παρθένος Αὖρη,
εἰσέτι νῆις Ἔρωτος, ὁμόδρομος ἰοχεαίρης,
ἄπτολέμων φεύγουσα νοήματα παρθενικῶν,
245 Ἄρτεμις ὀπλοτέρη Ληλαντιάς, ἣν ποτε Τιτὴν
νυμφεύσας Περίβοιαν ἀπόσπορον Ὠκεανοῖο
πρεσβυγενῆς Λήλαντος ἀελλόπον ἤροσε κούρην,
κούρην ἀντιάνειραν, ἀπειρήτην Ἀφροδίτης.
ἢ μὲν ἀνεβλάστησεν ὑπέρτερος ἥλικος ἥβης,
250 ἡμερτὴ ῥοδόπηχυν, αἰὲ χαίρουσα κολώναις:
πολλάκι δ' ἀγρώσσουσα κατέτρεχε λυσσάδος ἄρκτου,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔπεμπε καταχμάζουσα λεαίνης,

οὐ κεμάδας κτείνουσα καὶ οὐ βάλλουσα λαγῶους·
ἀλλὰ δαφοινήεσαν ἐλαφρίζουσα φαρέτρην
255 ὠμοβόρων τόξευεν ὀρίδρομα φῦλα λεόντων
θηροφόνους βελέεσσιν· ἐπωνυμίη δὲ καὶ ἔργῳ
ὀξύτατον δρόμον εἶχεν ὀρειάσι σύνδρομος αὔραις.

[238] Then he left the halls of Pallene and Thracian Boreas, and went on to Rheia's house, where the divine court of the prolific Cybele stood on Phrygian soil. There grew Aura the mountain maiden of Rhyndacos, and hunted over the foothills of rocky Dindymon. She was yet unacquainted with love, a comrade of the Archeress. She kept aloof from the notions of unwarlike maids, like a younger Artemis, this daughter of Lelantos; for the father of this stormfoot girl was ancient Lelantos the Titan, who wedded Periboia, a daughter of Oceanos; a manlike maid she was, who knew nothing of Aphrodite. She grew up taller than her yearsmates, a lovely rosy-armed thing, ever a friend of the hills. Often in hunting she ran down the wild bear, and sent her swift lance shooting against the lioness, but she slew no prickets and shot no hares. No, she carried her tawny quiver to shoot down hillranging tribes of ravening lions, with her shafts that were death to wild beasts. Her name was like her doings: Aura the Windmaid could run most swiftly, keeping pace with the highland winds.

καὶ ποτε διψαλέοιο πυραυγὴν καύματος ὥρῃ
παρθένος ὑπνώουσα πόνων ἀμπαύετο θήρης·
260 καὶ δέμας ἀπλώσασα Κυβηλίδος ὑπόθι ποιῆς
κρᾶτα παρακλίναςα σάοφρονος ἔρνει δάφνης
εὔδε μεσημβρίζουσα, καὶ ἐσσομένων ὑμεναίων
ἱμερτήν ἐνόησε προμάντιος ὄψιν ὀνείρου,
ὅττι θεός πυρόεις τανύσας βέλος αἶθοπι νευρῇ
265 θοῦρος Ἔρωσ τόξευε λαγωβόλος ἔνδοθι λόχμης,
οὐτιδανοῖς βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύων στίχα θηρῶν·
παιδὶ δὲ θηρεύοντι συνέμπορος νίει Μύρρης
Κύπρις ἔην γελώσασα· καὶ ἴστατο παρθένος Αὖρη,
Ἀρτέμιδος μετὰ τόξον ἀήθεος ὑπόθεν ὤμου
270 ἀγρευτῆρος Ἔρωτος ἐλαφρίζουσα φαρέτρην·
αὐτὰρ ὁ θῆρας ἔπεφνεν, ἕως ἐκορέσσατο νευρῆς
βάλλων πορδαλίων βλοσυρὸν στόμα καὶ γένυν ἄρκτου,
ζωγρήσας δὲ λέαιναν ἐῷ πανθελγεί κεστῷ
θῆρα πιεζομένην φιλοπαίγμονι δεῖξε τεκούσῃ·
275 παρθενικὴ δ' ἐδόκησε κατὰ κνέφας, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴν
πῆχυν ἐπικλίνουσιν Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ
μάργος Ἔρωσ ἐρέθειζεν, ὑπογνάμπτων Ἀφροδίτῃ
ληιδίης, γόνυ δοῦλον ὑπερφιάλοιο λεαίνης,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόων· ἴστεφανηφόρε μήτηρ Ἑρώτων,

280 αὐχένα σοι κλίνουσας ἄγω φιλοπάρθενον Αὔρην·
 ἀλλὰ, ποθοβλήτοιο χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο,
 στέπατε κεστόν ἱμάντα γαμοστόλον, ὅττι μενοινὴν
 τοσσατίην νίκησεν ἀνικήτοιο λεαίνης.
 τοῖον ἔπος μαντῶον ὀρεστιάς ἔδρακεν Αὔρη·
 285 οὐδὲ μάτην πρὸς Ἑρωτας ἔην ὄναρ, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
 εἰς λῖνον ἄνδρα φέρουσι καὶ ἀγρώσσουσι γυναῖκα.

[258] One day in the scorching season of thirsty heat the maiden was asleep, resting from her labours of hunting. Stretching her body on Cybele's grass, and leaning her head on a bush of chaste laurel, she slept at midday, and saw a vision in her dreams which foretold a delectable marriage to come — how the fiery god, wild Eros, fitted shaft to burning string and shot the hares in the forest, shot the wild beasts in a row with his tiny shafts; how Cypris came, laughing, wandering with the young son of Myrrha as he hunted, and Aura the maiden was there, carrying the quiver of huntsman Eros on the shoulder which was ere now used to the bow of Artemis. But Eros went on killing the beasts, until he was weary of the bowstring and hitting the grim face of a panther or the snout of a bear; then he caught a lioness alive with the allbewitching cestus, and dragging the beast away showed her fettered to his merry mother. The maiden saw in the darkness how mischievous Eros teased herself also as she leaned her arm on Cythereia and Adonis, while he made his prey the proud lioness, bend a slavish knee before Aphrodite, as he cried loudly, "Garlanded mother of the loves! I lead to you Aura, the maiden too fond of maidenhood, and she bows her neck. Now you dancers of lovestricken Orchomenos, crown this cestus, the strap that waits on marriage, because it has conquered the stubborn will of this invincible lioness!" Such was the prophetic oracle which Aura the mountain maiden saw. Nor was it vain for the loves, since they themselves bring a man into the net and hunt a woman.

κούρη δ' ἐγρομένη πινυτόφρονι μαίνεται δάφνῃ,
 καὶ Παφίῃ καὶ Ἑρωτι μαχέσσατο, καὶ πλέον Ὑπνω
 χάσαστο τολμήεντι, καὶ ἠπειλήσεν Ὀνειρώ,
 290 καὶ πετάλοις νεμέσιζε καὶ ἀφθόγγῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
 'Δάφνῃ, τί κλονέεις με; τί Κύπριδι καὶ σέο δένδρῳ;

[287] The maiden awoke, raved against the prudent laurel, upbraided Eros and the Paphian — but bold Sleep she reproached more than all and threatened the Dream: she was angry with the leaves and thought, though she spoke not,

ἀσάμην εὐδοβσα τεοὺς ὑπὸ γείτονας ὄζους
 σὸν φυτόν ἐλπομένη φιλοπάρθενον, ὑμετέρης δὲ
 295 φήμης οὐκ ἐτύχησα καὶ ἐλπίδος: ὥς ἄρα, Δάφνῃ,

σὸν δέμας ἀλλάξασα τεὸν νόον εὖρες ἀμείψαι;
μὴ γαμῖη μετὰ πότμον ὑποδρήσεις Ἀφροδίτῃ;
οὐ πινυτῆς τόδε δένδρον, ἀπ' ἀρτιγάμοιο δὲ νύμφης;
οὐ νέμεσις παρὰ μύρτον ὀνείρατα ταῦτα νοῆσαι,
μαχλάδος οὗτος ὄνειρος ἐπάξιος: ἦ ῥά σε Πειθῶ,
300 ἦ ῥά σε χειρὶ φύτευσε τεὸς δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων;'

[292] "Daphne, why do you persecute me? What has your tree to do with Cyprus? I was deluded when I slept under your neighbouring branches, because I thought yours was a plant of chastity; but I found nothing of your reputation or my hope. And so, Daphne, when you changed your shape you found how to change your mind? Surely you are not the servant of conjugal Aphrodite after your death? This is not the tree of a decent girl but of a bride newly wed. One might expect to see such dreams near a myrtle: this dream is worthy of a harlot. Did Peitho plant you, did your laurel-Apollo plant you with his own hand?"

εἶπεν ὁμοῦ κοτέουσα φυτῷ καὶ Ἔρωτι καὶ Ὑπνῳ.

[301] She spoke thus, angry at the plant and Eros and Sleep all together.

καὶ ποτε θηρεύουσα κατ' οὖρεα δεσπότης ἄγρης
καύματος αἰθαλόεντος ἱμασσομένη χροά πυρσῷ
Ἀρτεμις ἔντυε δίφρον, ὅπως ἅμα Νηῖσι Νύμφαις
305 θερμὸν ὀρεσσιχύτοισι δέμας ψύξειε λοετροῖς,
ἡνίκα μέσσον ἔην φλογερὸν θέρος, ἡνίκα πάλλων
καρχαλέης πυρόεντα μεσημβρινὸν ἦχον ἱμάσθλης
ἡέλιος σελάγιζε λεοντείων ἐπὶ νώτων.
καὶ κεμάδας ζυγίοισι συνεκλήισε λεπάδνοις
310 Ἀρτεμις οὖρεσίφοιτος: ἐπεμβαίνουσα δὲ δίφρου
λάζετο καὶ μάλιστα καὶ ἡνία παρθένος Αὖρη,
καὶ κεραὴν ἦλανε θυελλήεσσαν ἀπήνην.
ἀενάου δὲ θύγατρὲς ἀνάμπυκες Ὠκεανοῖο
δμῳίδες ἐρρώνοντο συνήλυδες ἰοχαιρῇ,
315 ὣν ἡ μὲν ταχύγουνος ἔην προκέλευθος ἀνάσσης,
ἄλλῃ δ' ἰσοκέλευθος ἀναστείλασα χιτῶνα
ἐγγὺς ἔην, ἑτέρῃ δὲ τανυκνήμιδος ἀπήνης
ἀπτομένη πείρινθος ὁμόδρομον εἶχε πορεῖην.
καὶ σέλας ἰοχέαιρα διαυγάζουσα προσώπου
320 ἀμφιπόλων ἥστραπεν ὑπέρτερος, ὥς ὅτε δίφρῳ
αἰθερίῳ πέμπουσα φιλαγρύπνων φλόγα πυρσῶν
ἀννεφέλους ἀκτῖνας ὀιστεύουσα Σελήνη
πλησιφαῆς ἀνέτειλε πυριτρεφένων μέσον, ἄστρων,

οὐρανὴν στίχα πᾶσαν ἀμαλδύνουσα προσώπῳ:
325 τῇ σέλας ἴσον ἔχουσα διέτρεχεν Ἄρτεμις ὕλην,
εἰσόκε χῶρον ἵκανεν, ὅπῃ κελάδοντι ῥέεθρῳ
Σαγγαρίου ποταμοῖο Διιπετὲς ἔλκεται ὕδωρ.

[302] And once it happened that Artemis queen of the hunt was hunting over the hills, and her skin was beaten by the glow of the scorching heat, in the middle of glowing summer, at midday, when Helios blazed as he whipt the Lion's back with the fire of his rough whistling whip; so she got ready her car to cool her hot frame along with the Naiad Nymphs in a bath in some hill burn. Then Artemis hillranger fastened her prickets under the yokestraps. Maiden Aura mounted the car, took reins and whip and drove the horned team like a tempest. The unveiled daughters of everflowing Oceanos her servants made haste to accompany the Archeress: one moved her swift knees as her queen's forerunner, another tucked up her tunic and ran level not far off, a third laid a hand on the basket of the swift moving car and ran alongside. Archeress diffusing radiance from her face stood shining above her attendants, as when Selene in her heavenly chariot sends forth the flame of her ever-wakeful fires in a shower of cloudless beams, and rises in full refulgence among the firefed stars, obscuring the whole heavenly host with her countenance: radiant like her, Archeress traversed the forest, until she reached the place where the heavenfallen waters of Sangarios river are drawn in a murmuring stream.

αὖρῃ δ' ἀμφιέλισσαν ἐὴν ἀνέκοψεν,
καὶ κεμάδας χρυσέοισιν ἀνακρούουσα χαλινοῖς
330 ἀμφὶ ῥοὰς ἔστησε φεραυγέα δίφρον ἀνάσσης:
καὶ θεὸς ἐκ δίφροιο κατέδραμεν: ἐκ δὲ οἱ ὦμων
τόξα μὲν Οὐπίς ἔδεκτο, καὶ ἰοδόκην Ἑκαέργη,
Ὡκεανοῦ δὲ θύγατρεις ἐϋπλοκα δίκτυα θήρης:
καὶ κύνας... ἐνδρομίδας δὲ ποδῶν ἀνελύσατο Λοξῶ.
335 ἡ δὲ μεσημβρίζουσα σέβας φιλοπάρθενον αἰδοῦς
ἐν προχοαῖς ἐφύλαξε, διερπύζουσα ῥοάων
ἵχνεσι φειδομένοισι, καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρήνου
ἄκροβαφῇ κατὰ βαιὸν ἀναστείλασα χιτῶνα,
ἀμφιπερισφιγγουσα πόδας διδυμάωνι μηρῷ
340 κρυπτόμενον μετρηδὸν ὅλον δέμας ἔκλυσε κούρη.
λοξὰ δὲ παπταίνουσα δι' ὕδατος εὐσκοπος Αὖρη
τολμηροῖς βλεφάροισιν ἀναιδήτοιο προσώπου
ἀγνὸν ἀθηήτοιο δέμας διεμέτρεε κούρης,
θέσκελον εἰσορώσα σαόφρονος εἶδος ἀνάσσης:
345 καὶ πόδας ἀπλώσασα τιτανομένων παλαμῶν
δαίμονι νηχομένη συνενήχετο παρθένος Αὖρη.
ἡμιφανὴς δ' ἀτέλεστος ἔσω ποταμηίδος ὄχθης

ἱκμαλέας ῥαθάμιγγας ἀποσμήξασα κομάτων...
Ἄρτεμις ἀγροτέρη: σχεδόθεν δέ οἱ ἀγρότις Αὔρη
350 μαζοὺς ἀμφαφώωσα θεημάχον ἴαχε φωνήν:

[328] Then Aura checked her swinging whip, and holding up the prickets with the golden bridles, brought the radiant car of her mistress to a standstill beside the stream. The goddess leapt out of the car: took the bow from her shoulders, and Hecarge the quiver; the daughters of Oceanos took off the well-strung hunting-nets, and [another took charge of] the dogs; Loxo loosed the boots from her feet. She in the midday heat still guarded her maiden modesty in the river, moving through the water with cautious step, and lifting her tunic little by little from foot to head with the edge touching the surface, keeping the two feet and thighs close together and hiding her body as she bathed the whole by degrees. Aura looked sideways through the water with the daring gaze of her sharp eyes unashamed, and scanned the holy frame of the virgin who may not be seen, examining the divine beauty of her chaste mistress; virgin Aura stretched out her arms and feet at full length and swam by the side of the swimming divinity. Now Artemis lady of the hunt [stood] half visible on the river bank, and wrung out the dripping water from her hair; Aura the maid of the hunt stood by her side, and stroked her breasts and uttered these impious words:

Ἄρτεμι, μοῦνον ἔχεις φιλοπάρθενον οὔνομα κούρης,
ὅττι διὰ στέρνων κεχαλασμένον ἄντυγα θηλῆς
θῆλυν ἔχεις Παφίης, οὐκ ἄρσενά μαζὸν Ἀθήνης,
καὶ ῥοδέους σπινθῆρας οἷστεύουσι παρειαί:
355 ἀλλὰ δέμας μεθέπουσα ποθοβλήτοιο θαϊνῆς
καὶ σὺ γάμων βασίλευε σὺν ἀβροκόμῳ Κυθερείῃ,
δεξαμένη θαλάμοις τινὰ νυμφίον: ἦν δ' ἐθέλησῃς,
Ἑρμείῃ παρίαυε καὶ Ἀρεΐ, λείψον Ἀθήνην:
ἦν δ' ἐθέλῃς, ἀνάειρε βέλος καὶ τόξον Ἑρώτων,
360 εἰ μεθέπεις θρασὺν οἷστρον οἷστοκόμοιο φαρέτρης.
ἰλήκοι τεδὼν εἶδος: ἐγὼ σέο μᾶλλον ἀρείων:
δέρκεο, πῶς μεθέπω βριαρὸν δέμας: ἦνιδε μορφὴν
ἄρσενά καὶ Ζεφύροιο θωώτερον ἵχνιον Αὔρης:
δέρκεο, πῶς σφριγώωσι βραχίονες: ἦνιδε μαζοὺς
365 ὄμφακας οἰδαίνοντας ἀθήλεας: ἦ τάχα φαίης,
ὅττι τεοὶ γλαγόεσσαν ἀναβλύζουσιν ἔερσην:
πῶς παλάμην μεθέπεις ἀπαλόχροα; πῶς σέο μαζοῖ
οὐ τίνα κύκλου ἔχουσι περίτροχον, οἷά περ Αὔρης,
αὐτόματοι κήρυκες ἀσυλήτοιο κορείης;

[351] “Artemis, you only have the name of a virgin maid, because your rounded

breasts are full and soft, a woman's breasts like the Paphian, not a man's like Athena, and your cheeks shed a rosy radiance! Well, since you have a body like that desirous goddess, why not be queen of marriage as well as Cythereia with her wealth of fine hair, and receive a bridegroom into your chamber? If it please you, leave Athena and sleep with Hermes and Ares. If it please you, take up the bow and arrows of the loves, if your passion is so strong for a quiver full of arrows. I ask pardon of your beauty, but I am much better than you. See what a vigorous body I have! Look at Aura's body like a boy's, and her step swifter than Zephyros! See the muscles upon my arms, look at my breasts, round and unripe, not like a woman. You might almost say that yours are swelling with drops of milk! Why are your arms so tender, why are your breasts not round like Aura's, to tell the world themselves of unviolated maidenhood?"

370 ἔννεπε κερτομέουσα: κατηφιόωσα δὲ σιγῇ
σύννομος οἰδαίνοντι χόλῳ κυμαίνεταιο δαίμων,
καὶ φονίους σπινθηῆρας ἀνηκόντιζον ὅπωπαί:
ἐκ προχοῆς δ' ἀνέπαλτο, πάλιν δ' ἔνδυνε χιτῶνα,
καὶ καθαφαῖς λαγόνεσσι τὸ δεύτερον ἤρμοσε μίτρην
375 ἄχθυμένην. νέμεσιν δὲ μετήιεν: εὖρε δὲ κούρην
ὑψινεφῇ παρὰ Ταῦρον, ὅπη παρὰ γείτονι Κύδνῳ
παῦσε Τυφασίνης ὑψαύχενά κόμπον ἀπειλῆς:
καὶ τροχὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἔην παρὰ ποσσὶν ἀνάσσης
σημαίνων, ὅτι πάντας ἀγήνορας εἰς πέδον ἔλκει
380 ὑπόθεν εἰλυφόωσα δίκης ποινήτορι κύκλῳ,
δαίμων πανδαμάτειρα, βίου στρωφῶσα πορεῖν:
ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ πεπόνητο παρὰ θρόνον ὄρνις ἀλάτωρ,
γρῦς πτερόεις, πισύρων δὲ ποδῶν κουφίζετο παλμῷ
δαίμονος ἱπταμένης αὐτάγγελος, ὅτι καὶ αὕτη
385 τέτραχα μοιρηθέντα διέρχεται ἔδρανα κόσμου:
ἀνέρας ὑψιλόφους ἀλύτῳ σφίγγουσα χαλινῷ,
ἀντίτυπον μίμημα, καὶ ὡς κακότητος ἱμάσθηλη,
ὡς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον, ἀγήνορα φῶτα κυλινδει.
ἔγνω δ' ὡς ἐνόησε θεὰ χλοᾶοντι προσώπῳ
390 Ἄρτεμιν ἄχθυμένην φονίης πλήθουσας ἀπειλῆς,
καὶ μιν ἀνειρομένη φιλίῳ μειλιξάτο μύθῳ:

[370] So she spoke in raillery; the goddess listened downcast in boding silence. Waves of anger swelled in her breast, her flashing eyes had death in their look. She leapt up from the stream and put on her tunic again, and once more fitted the girdle upon her pure loins, offended. She betook herself to Nemesis, and found her on the heights of Tauros in the clouds, where beside neighbour Cydnos she had ended the proudnecked boasting of Typhon's threats. A wheel turned itself round before the queen's feet, signifying that she rolls all the

proud from on high to the ground with the avenging wheel of justice, she the all vanquishing deity who turns the path of life. Round her throne flew a bird of vengeance, a griffin flying with wings, or balancing himself on four feet, to go unbidden before the flying goddess and show that she herself traverses the four separate quarters of the world: highcrested men she bridles with her bit which none can shake off, such is the meaning of the image, and she rolls a haughty fellow about as it were with the whip of misery, like a self-rolling wheel. When the goddess beheld Artemis with pallid face, she knew that she was offended and full of deadly threatenings, and questioned her in friendly words:

‘σὸν χόλον, ἰοχέαιρα, τεαὶ βοόωσιν ὀπωπαί:
Ἄρτεμι, τίς κλονέει σε θεημάχος υἱὸς Ἀροῦρης;
τίς πάλιν ἐβλάστησεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο Τυφωεύς;
³⁹⁵ μὴ Τιτυὸς παλίνορσος ἐρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
εἵματος ἀψάυστοιο τεῆς ἔψαυσε τεκούσης;
Ἄρτεμι, πῇ σέο τόξα καὶ Ἀπόλλωνος ὀιστοί;
τίς πάλιν Ὠρίων σε βιάζεται; εἰσέτι κέϊται
κεῖνος, ὃς ὑμετέροιο τάλας ἔψαυαι χιτῶνος,
⁴⁰⁰ μητρὸς ἔσω λαγάνων νέκυς ἄπνοος: εἰ δέ τις ἀνὴρ
χεροῖ ποθοβλήτοισι τεῶν ἐδράξατο πέπλων,
σκορπίον ἄλλον ἄεξε τεῆς ποινήτορα μίρης;
εἰ δέ πάλιν θρασὺς Ὠτος ἢ αὐχήμες Ἐφιάλτης
συζυγὴν μενέαινε τεῶν ἀκίχητον Ἐρώτων,
⁴⁰⁵ κτεῖνον ἀνυμφεύτοιο τεῆς μνηστήρα κορείης;
εἰ δέ γυνὴ πολύτεκνος ἀνιάζει σέο Λητώ,
ἄλλη λαϊνὴ Νιόη κλαύσειε γενέθλην:
τίς φθόνος, εἰ λί λιθὸν ἄλλον ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο τελέσω;
μὴ σε πατήρ διὰ λέκτρα μετὰ γλαυκῶπιν ὀρίνει;
⁴¹⁰ μὴ τεδὸν Ἑρμῶνι γάμον κατένευσε Κρονίων,
οἷα καὶ Ἥφαιστῳ καθρῆς ὑμέναιον Ἀθήνης;
εἰ δέ γυνὴ κλονέει σε, τήν ἄτε μητέρα Λητώ,
ἔσσομαι ἀχνυμένης τιμήορος ἰοχεαίρης.’

[392] “Your looks, Archeress, proclaim your anger. Artemis, what impious son of Earth persecutes you? What second Typhoeus has sprung up from the ground? Has Tityos risen again rolling a lovemad eye, and touched the robe of your untouchable mother? Where is your bow, Artemis, where are Apollo’s arrows? What Orion is using force against you once more? The wretch that touched your dress still lies in his mother’s flanks, a lifeless corpse; if any man has clutched your garments with lustful hands, grow another scorpion to avenge your girdle. If bold Otos again, or boastful Ephialtes, has desired to win your love so far beyond his reach, then slay the pretender to your unwedded virginity. If some prolific wife provokes your mother Leto, let her

weep for her children, another Niobe of stone. Why should not I make another stone on Sipylos? Is your father pestering you to marry as he did with Athena? Surely Cronion has not promised you to Hermes for a wife, as he promised pure Athena to Hephaistos in wedlock? But if some woman is persecuting you as one did to your mother Leto, I will be the avenger of the offended Archeress.”

οὐ πω μῦθος ἔληγεν· ἀλεξικάκῳ δὲ θεαίνῃ
415 τοῖον ἔπος φθαμένη σκυλακοτρόφος ἴαχε κούρη·

[414] She had not finished, when the puppybreeding maiden broke in and said to the goddess who saves from evil:

‘Παρθένε πανδαμάτειρα, κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης,
οὐ Ζεὺς, οὐ Νιόβη με, καὶ οὐ θρασὺς ὤτος ὀρίνει·
οὐ Τιτυὸς βαθύπεπλον ἐμὴν ἀνεσείρασε Λητώ·
οὐ νέος Ὠρίων με βιάζεται, νίδος Ἀρούρης·
420 ἀλλὰ με κερτομέουσα βαρύστομος ὅξεί μῦθος
ἦκαχε Ληλάντοιο πάϊς, δυσπάρθενος Λῦρη·
ἀλλὰ τί σοι τάδε πάντα διίξομαι; αἰδέομαι γὰρ
αἴσχος ἐμῶν μελέων ἐνέπειν καὶ ὀνειδεα μαζῶν·
μητρὶ δ’ ἐμῇ πάθον ἄλγος ὁμοῖον· ἀμφότερον γὰρ
425 ἐν Φρυγίῃ Νιόβῃ διδυμητόκον ἦκαχε Λητώ,
καὶ πάλιν ἐν Φρυγίῃ με θεημάχος ἦκαχεν Λῦρη·
ἀλλ’ ἢ μὲν νόθον εἶδος ἀμειψαμένη πόρε ποινήν,
Τανταλὶς αἰνοτόκεια, καὶ εἰσέτι δάκρυα λείβει
ὄμμασι πετραίοισιν· ἀνιθεῖσα δὲ μούνη
430 αἴσχος ἔχω νήποινον, ἐπεὶ φιλοπάρθενος Αὔρη
δάκρυσιν οὐ λίθον εἶχε λελουμένον, οὐκ ἴδε πηγὴν
μῶμον ἀπαγγέλλουσιν ἀφειδέος ἀνθερεῶνος.
ἀλλὰ σὺ κυδαίνουσα τελὴν Τιτηνίδα φύτλιν
δὸς μετὰ μητρῶν ἑτέρεν χάριν, ὄφρα νοήσω
435 λαϊνέης ἀτίνακτν ἀμειβομένης δέμας Αὔρης·
μηδὲ τελὴν ἔμφυλον ὀδυρομένην λίπε κούρην,
μή μοι ἐπεγγελόωσαν ἴδω πάλιν ἄτροπον Αὔρην,
ἥ ἐμιν οἰστρήσειε τελὴ χαλκὴ λατος ἄρπη.’

[416] “Virgin all vanquishing, guide of creation, Zeus pesters me not, nor Niobe, nor bold Otos; no Tityos has dragged at the long robes of my Leto; no new son of Earth like Orion forces me: no, it is that sour virgin Aura, the daughter of Lelantos, who mocks me and offends me with rude sharp words. But how can I tell you all she said? I am ashamed to describe her calumny of my body and her abuse of my breasts. I have suffered just as my mother did:

we are both alike — in Phrygia Niobe offended Leto the mother of twins, in Phrygia again impious Aura offended me. But Niobe paid for it by passing into a changeling form, that daughter of Tantalos whose children were her sorrow, and she still weeps with stony eyes; I alone am insulted and bear my disgrace without vengeance, but Aura the champion of chastity has washed no stone with tears, she has seen no fountain declaring the faults of her uncontrolled tongue. I pray you, uphold the dignity of your Titan birth. Grant me a boon like my mother, that I may see Aura’s body transformed into stone immovable; leave not a maiden of your own race in sorrow, that I may not see Aura mocking me again and not to be turned — or let your sickle of beaten bronze drive her to madness!”

ὥς φαμένην θάρσυνε θεὰ καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ:

[439] She spoke, and the goddess replied with encouraging words:

440 ‘Λητώη φυγόμενε, κυνοσσόε, σύγγονε Φοίβου,
οὐ μὲν ἐμῷ δρεπάνῳ Τιτηνίδα παῖδα δαμάσσω,
οὐδὲ μιν ἐν Φρυγίῃ τελέσω πετρώδεα νύμφην,
Τιτηνων γεγαυῖα παλαιάτατον αἶμα καὶ αὐτή,
μή ποτέ μοι μέμψαιτο πατήρ Λήλαντος ἀκούων:
445 Ἐν δέ σοι, ἰοχέαιρα, χαρίζομαι: ἀγρότις Αὔρη
παρθενικὴν ἤλεγξε, καὶ οὐκέτι παρθένος ἔσται:
καὶ μιν ἔσαθρήσειας ὀρεσσιχύτου διὰ κόλπου
δάκρυσι πηγαίοισιν ὀδυρομένην ἔτι μίτρην.’

[440] “Chaste daughter of Leto, huntress, sister of Phoibos, I will not use my sickle to chastise a Titan girl, I will not make the maiden a stone in Phrygia, for I am myself born of the ancient race of Titans, and her father Lelantos might blame me when he heard: but one boon I will grant you, Archeress. Aura the maid of the hunt has reproached your virginity, and she shall be a virgin no longer. You shall see her in the bed of a mountain stream weeping fountains of tears for her maiden girdle.”

εἶπε παρηγορέουσα: καὶ οὔρεα κάλλιπε κούρη
450 Ἄρτεμις ἐξομένη κεμάδων τετράζυγι δίφρῳ,
καὶ Φρυγίης ἐπέβαινεν. ὁμοζήλῳ πορείῃ
παρθένος Ἀδρήστεια μετήιε δύσμαχον Αὔρην,
γρῦπας ἀμιλλητῆρας ὑποζεύξασα χαλινῶ:
καὶ ταχινὴ πεφόρητο δι’ ἥερος ὀξεί διφρῳ,
455 καὶ δρόμον ἐστήριξεν ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο καρήνων
Τανταλίδος προπάροιθε λιθογλήνοιο προσώπου,
πτηνῶν τετραπόδων σκολιοὺς σφίγγουσα χαλινούς.

αὐρῆς δ' ἐγγὺς ἴκανεν ἀγήνορος· ὑψίνοον δὲ
 αὐχένα δειλαίης ὀφιώδεϊ τύπεν ἱμάσθλῃ,
 460 καὶ μιν ἀνεστυφέλιξε δίκης τροχοειδέϊ κύκλῳ,
 καὶ νόον ἄφρονα κάμψεν ἀκαμπέος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μίτρην
 παρθενικῆς ἐλέλιζεν ἐχιδνήεσσαν ἱμάσθλῃν
 Ἀργολὶς Ἀδρήστεια· χαριζομένη δὲ θεαίνῃ,
 καὶ μάλα περ κοτέοντι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
 465 ὥπλισεν ἄλλον ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ πέλε νῆις Ἑρώτων,
 Παλλήνης μετὰ λέκτρα, μετὰ φθιμένην Ἀριάδνην,
 τὴν μὲν λειπομένην ἐνὶ πατρίδι, τὴν δ' ἐνὶ γαίῃ
 ἄλλοτρίῃ πετραῖον, Ἀχαιῖδος ὡς βρέτας Ἥρης,
 καὶ Βρόης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀνηνύστων περὶ λέκτρων.

[449] So she consoled her; and Artemis the maiden entered her car with its team of four prickets, left the mountain and drove back to Phrygia. With equal speed the maiden Adrasteia pursued her obstinate enemy Aura. She had harnessed racing griffins under her bridle; quick through the air she coursed in the swift car, until she tightened the curving bits of her fourfooted birds, and drew up on the peak of Sipylus in front of the face of Tantalos's daughter with eyeballs of stone. Then she approached the haughty Aura. She flicked the proud neck of the hapless girl with her snaky whip, and struck her with the round wheel of justice, and bent the foolish unbending will. Argive Adrasteia let the whip with its vipers curl round the maiden's girdle, doing pleasure to Artemis and to Dionysos while he was still indignant; and although she was herself unacquainted with love, she prepared another love, after the bed of Pallene, after the loss of Ariadne — one was left in her own country, one was a stone in a foreign land like the statue of Achaian Hera — and more than all for the ill success with Beroe's bed.

470 καὶ Νέμεσις πεπότῃτο νιφοβλήτῳ παρὰ Ταύρῳ,
 εἰσόκε Κύδνον ἴκανε τὸ δεύτερον ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρῃ
 ἡδυβόλῳ Διόνυσον Ἔρωσ οἴστρησεν ὀιστῶ,
 καὶ πρερὰ κυκλώσας ἐπέησατο κοῦφος Ὀλύμπου.

[470] Nemesis now flew back to snowbeaten Tauros until she reached Cydnos again. And Eros drove Dionysos mad for the girl with the delicious wound of his arrow, then curving his wings flew lightly to Olympus.

καὶ θεὸς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἱμάσσετο μείζονι πυρσῷ:
 475 οὐ γὰρ ἔην ἐλάχεια παραιφασίς· οὐ τότε κούρης
 ἐλπίδα Κυπρδίην, οὐ φάρμακον εἶχεν Ἑρώτων·
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἔφλεγε μᾶλλον Ἔρωσ θελξιφροني πυρσῷ
 θυιάδος ὀπιτέλεστον ἀπειθέος εἰς γάμον Αὐρῆς.

καὶ μογέων ἔκρυπτεν ἔδὸν πόθον, οὐδ' ἐνὶ λόχμαϊς
 480 Κυπριδίοις ὁάροισιν ὁμίλειεν ἐγγύθεν Αὔρης,
 μὴ μιν ἀλυσκάζειε. τί κύντερον, ἢ ὅτε μοῦνοι
 ἄνδρες ἱμεῖρουσι, καὶ οὐ ποθέουσι γυναῖκες;
 καὶ μέθεπε πραπίδεςσι πεπηγμένον ἰδὼν Ἑρώτων,
 παρθένος εἰ δρόμον εἶχε κυνοσσόον ἔνδοθι λόχμης:
 485 Κυπριδίοις δ' ἀνέμοισιν ἀειρομένοιο χιτῶνος
 μηρὸν ὀπιπεύων θηλύνετο Βάκχος ἀλήτης.
 ὦψ' δὲ παφλάζοντι πόθῳ δεδονημένος Αὔρης
 Βάκχος ἀμηχανάων ἔπος ἴαχε λυσσάδι φωνῇ:

[474] And the god roamed over the hills scourged with a greater fire. For there was not the smallest comfort for him. He had then no hope of the girl's love, no physic for his passion; but Eros burnt him more and more with the mind bewitching fire to win mad obstinate Aura at last. With hard struggles he kept his desire hidden; he used no lover's prattle beside Aura in the woods, for fear she might avoid him. What is more shameless, than when only men crave, and women do not desire? Wandering Bacchos felt the arrow of love fixt in his heart if the maiden was hunting with her pack of dogs in the woods; if he caught a glimpse of a thigh when the loving winds lifted her tunic, he became soft as a woman. At last buffeted by his tumultuous desire for Aura, desperate he cried out in mad tones —

‘Πανὸς ἐγὼ δυαέρωτος ἔχω τύπον, ὅττι με φεύγει
 490 παρθένος ἡνεμόφοιτος, ἔρημονόμῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
 πλάζεται ἀστήρικτος ἀθηήτου πλέον Ἥχοῦς.
 ὄλβιε, Πάν, Βρομίῳ πολὺ πλέον, ὅττι ματεύων
 φάρμακον εὔρες ἔρωτος ἐνὶ φρενοθελευεῖ φωνῶ:
 σὸν κτύπον ὑστερόφωνος ἀμείβεται ἄστατος Ἥχῳ
 495 φθεγγομένη λάλον ἦχον ὁμοῖον: αἶθε καὶ αὐτὴ
 ἐκ στομάτων ἓνα μῦθον ἀνήρυγε παρθένος Αὔρη.
 οὗτος ἔρωσ οὐ πᾶσιν ὁμοῖος: οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὴ
 παρθενικαῖς ἐτέρησιν ὁμότροπον ἦθος ἀέξει.
 ποῖον ἐμῆς ὀδύνης πέλε φάρμακον; ἦ ῥά ἐθέλξω
 500 νεύματι Κυπριδίῳ; πότε που, πότε θέλγεται Αὔρη
 κινυμένοις βλεφάροισιν; ἐρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
 τίς γαμίῳις ὁάροισι παραπλάζει φρένας ἄρκτου
 εἰς Παφίην, ἐς Ἑρωτα; τίς ὠμίλησε λεαίνῃ;
 τίς δρυῖ μῦθον ἔλεξε; τίς ἄπνοον ἦπαφε πεύκην;
 505 τίς κρανέην παρέπεισε, καὶ εἰς γάμον ἦγαγε πέτρην;
 ποῖος ἀνὴρ θέλξειεν ἀκηλήτου νόον Αὔρης;
 ποῖος ἀνὴρ θέλξειεν; ἀμιτροχίτωνι δὲ κούρῃ
 τίς γάμον ἢ φιλότητος ἀρηγόνα κεστὸν ἐνίψῃ;
 τίς γλυκὺ κέωτρον Ἑρωτος ἢ οὔνομα Κυπρογενείης;

510 μᾶλλον Ἀθηναίῃ τάχα πείσεται: οὐδέ με φεύγει
Ἄρτεμις Ἀπτοίητος, ὅσον φιλοπάρθενος Αὔρη.
αἶθε φίλοις στομάτεσσιν ἔπος τόδε μοῦνον ἐνίψη:
‘Βάκχε, μάτην ποθέεις, μὴ δίξο παρθένον Αὔρην.’”

[489] “I am like lovelorn Pan, when the girl flees me swift as the wind, and wanders, treading the wilderness with boot more agile than Echo never seen! You are happy, Pan, much more than Bromios, for during your search you have found a physic for love in a mind bewitching voice. Echo follows your tones and returns them, moving from place to place, and utters a sound of speaking like your voice. If only maid Aura had done the same, and let one word sound from her lips! This love is different from all others, for the girl herself has a nature not like the ways of other maidens. What physic is there for my pain? Shall I charm her with lovers’ nod and beck? Ah when, ah when is Aura charmed with moving eyelids? Who by lovemad looks or wooing whispers could seduce the heart of a shebear to the Paphian, to Eros? Who discourses to a lioness? Who talks to an oak? Who has beguiled a lifeless fir-tree? Who ever persuaded a cornel-tree, and took a rock in marriage? And what man could charm the mind of Aura proof against all charms? What man could charm her — who will mention marriage, or the cestus which helps love, to this girl with no girdle to her tunic? Who will mention the sweet sting of love or the name of Cyprogeneia? I think Athena will listen sooner; and not intrepid Artemis avoids me so much as prudish Aura. If she would only say as much as this with her dear lips—’ Bacchos, your desire is vain; seek not for maiden Aura.’”

ἔννεπεν ἀνθεμόεντος ἔσω λειμῶνος ὀδεύων
515 εἰαρινοῖς ἀνέμοισι, καὶ εὐόδμῳ παρὰ μύρτῳ
ἦδὺ μεσημβριζῶν πόδας εὔνασεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρῳ
κέκλιτο συρίζουσιν ἔχων Ζεφυρήιον αὔπην
καὶ καμάτῳ καὶ ἔρωτι κατὰσχετος: ἔζομένῳ δὲ
ἥλικος αὐτομέλαθρος ὑπερκύψασα κορύμβου
520 παρθένος ἀκρήδεμνος Ἀμαδρυὰς ἔννεπε Νύμφη,
Κύπριδι πιστὰ φέρουσα καὶ ἱμερόεντι Λυαίῳ:

[514] So he spoke to the breezes of spring, while walking in a flowery meadow. Beside a fragrant myrtle he stayed his feet for a soothing rest at midday. He leaned against a tree and listened to the west breeze whispering, overcome by fatigue and love; and as he sat there, a Hamadryad Nymph at home in the clusters of her native tree, a maiden unveiled, peeped out and said, true both to Cypris and to loving Lyaios:

‘Οὐ δύναται ποτε Βάκχος ἄγειν ἐπὶ δέμνιον Αὔρην,

εἰ μὴ μιν βαρύδεσμον ἄλυκτοπέδησι πεδήσῃ,
δεσμοῖς Κυπριδίοισι πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἐλίξας,
525 ἢ μιν ὑπνώουσαν ὑποζεύξας ὕμεναιοις
παρθενικῆς ἀνάεδνον ὑποκλέψειε κορεῖν·

[522] “Bacchos can never lead Aura to his bed, unless he binds her first in heavy galling fetters, and winds the bonds of Cypris round hands and feet; or else puts her under the yoke of marriage in sleep, and steals the girl’s maidenhood without brideprice.”

ὥς φαμένη παλινόρσος ὀμήλικι κεύθετο θάμνῳ
δυσσαμένη δρυόεντα πάλιν δόμον· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμνων
Βάκχος ἐρωτοτόκοισι νόον πόμπευεν ὀνείροις.
530 ψυχὴ δ’ ἠνεμόφοιτος ἀποφθιμένης Ἀριάδνης,
νήδυμον ὑπνώνοντι παρισταμένη Διονύσῳ,
ζηλήμων μετὰ πότμον ὀνειρεῖω φάτο μῦθον·
‘Ἀμνήμων Διόνυσσε τεῶν προτέρων ὕμεναιων,

[527] Having spoken she hid again in the tree her agemate, and entered again her woody home; but Bacchos distressed with lovebreeding dreams made his mind a parade: the soul of dead Ariadne borne on the wind came, and beside Dionysos sleeping sound, stood jealous after death, and spoke in the words of a dream:

αὔρης ζῆλος ἔχει σε, καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγεις Ἀριάδνης·
535 ὦμοι ἐμοῦ Θησῆος, ὃν ἥρπασε πικρὸς ἀήτης,
ὦμοι ἐμοῦ Θησῆος, ὃν ἔλλαχεν ἀνέρα Φαίδρη.
οὐ τάχα μοι πέπρωτο φυγεῖν ψεύδορκον ἀκοίτην,
εἰ γλυκὺς ὑπναλέην με λίπεν νέος, ἀντὶ δὲ κείνου
νυμφεύθην δυσέρωτι καὶ ἡπεροπῇ Λυαίῳ.
540 ὦμοι, ὅτ’ οὐ βροτὸν ἔσχον ἐγὼ ταχύποτμον ἀκοίτην,
καὶ κεν ἐρωμανέοντι κορυσσομένη Διονύσῳ
Λημνιάδων γενόμην καὶ ἐγὼ μία θηλυτεράων.
ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέων γαμίων ἐπιβήτορα λέκτρων,
νυμφίον ὄρκαπάτην, μετὰ Θησέα καὶ σὲ καλέσσω·
545 εἰ δέ σε δῶρον Ἔρωτος ἀπαιτίζει σέο νύμφη,
δέξο μοι ἡλακάτην, φιλοτήσιον ἔδνον Ἐρώτων,
ὄφρα πόρῃς, ἀθέμιστε, φιλοσκοπέλῳ σέο νύμφῃ
δῶρα τεῆς ἀλόχου Μινωίδος, ὅφρα τις εἴπῃ:
δῶκε μίτον Θησῆι καὶ ἡλακάτην Διονύσῳ·

[534] “Dionysos, you have forgotten your former bride: you long for Aura, and you care not for Ariadne. O my own Theseus, whom the bitter wind stole! O

my own Theseus, whom Phaidra got for husband! I suppose it was fated that a perjured husband must always run from me, if the sweet boy left me while I slept, and I was married instead to Lyaïos, an inconstant lover and a deceiver. Alas, that I had not a mortal husband, one soon to die; then I might have armed myself against lovemad Dionysos and been one of the Lemnian women myself. But after Theseus, now I must call you too a perjured bridegroom, the invader of many marriage beds. If your bride asks you for a gift, take this distaff at my hands, a friendly gift of love, that you may give your mountaineering bride what your Minoian wife gave you; then people can say —’ She gave the thread to Theseus, and the distaff to Dionysos.’

550 καὶ σὺ κατὰ Κρονίωνα λέχος μετὰ λέκτρον ἀμείβων

ἔργα γυναιμανέος μιμήσαιο σείτο τοκῆος,

οἷστρον ἔχων ἀκόρητον ἀμοιβαίης Ἀφροδίτης:

Σιθονίης ἀλόχοιο νεοζυγέων ὕμεναιων,

Παλλήνης, γάμον οἶδα, καὶ Ἀλθαίης ὕμεναιους:

555 σιγῇσω φιλότητα Κορωνίδος, ἥς ἀπὸ λέκτρων

τρεῖς Χάριτες γεγάασιν ὁμόζυγες: ἀλλὰ, Μυκῆναι,

πότμον ἐμὸν φθέγγασθε καὶ ἄγριον ὄμμα Μεδούσης,

καὶ φθονερῆς ἐς ἔρωτα βιαζομένης Ἀριάδνης,

ἠόνες Νάξοιο, βοήσατε: ‘νυμφίε Θησεῦ,

560 Μινῶη καλεῖ σε χολωμένη Διονύσῳ.’

ἀλλὰ τι Κεκροπίης μιμνήσκομαι; εἰς Παφίην γάρ

μέμφομαι ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Θησεὶ καὶ Διονύσῳ.’

[550] “You are just like Cronion changing from bed to bed, and you have imitated the doings of your womanmad father, having an insatiable passion for changing your loves. I know how you lately married your Sithonian wife Pallene, and your wedding with Althaia: I will say nothing of the love of Coronis, from whose bed were born the three Graces ever inseparable. But O Mycenai, proclaim my fate and the savage glare of Medusa! Shores of Naxos, cry aloud of Ariadne’s lot, constrained to a hateful love, and say, ‘O bridegroom Theseus, Minos’s daughter calls you in anger against Dionysos!’ But why do I think of Cecropia? To her of Paphos, I carry my plaint against them both, Theseus and Dionysos!”

ὥς φαμένη σκίοεντι πανεῖκελος ἔσσυτο καπνῷ.

καὶ θρασὺς ἔγρετο Βάκχος ἀποσκεδάσας πτερὸν Ὕπνου,

565 μυρομένην δ’ ὥκτειρεν ὄνειρείην Ἀριάδνην.

καὶ δόλον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἐδίζετο πομπὸν Ἐρώτων:

νύμφης δ’ Ἀστακίδος προτέρων ἐμνήσατο λέκτρων,

πῶς ἔρατῇν δολόεντι ποτῷ νυμφεύσατο κούρην

ὕπνον ἔχων πομπῇα μεθυσφαλέων ὕμεναιων.

[563] She spoke, and her shade flew away like shadowy smoke. Bold Bacchos awoke and shook off the wing of Sleep. He lamented the sorrow of Ariadne in his dream, and sought for some clever device which could meet all needs and lead him to love. First he remembered the bed of the Astacid nymph long before, how he had wooed the lovely nymph with a cunning potion and made sleep his guide to intoxicated bridals.

570 ὄφρα μὲν ἦθελε Βάκχος ἐπεντύνειν δόλον εὐνῆς,
τόφρα δὲ φοιταλή Ληλαντιᾶς ἔδραμε κούρη
πίδακα μαστεύουσα, κατάσχετος αἴθοπι δίφῃ.
οὐδὲ λάθεν Διόνυσον ὀρίδρομος ἄστατος Αὔρη
διψαλή: ταχινὸς δὲ θορῶν ἐπὶ πυθμένα πέτρης
575 θύρσῳ γαῖαν ἄρασσε: διχαζομένη δὲ κολώνη
αὐτομάτην ὥδινε μέθην εὐώδεϊ μαζῷ
χεύματι πορφύροντι: χαριζόμεναι δὲ Λυαίῳ
δμῳίδες Ἥελιοιο κατέγραφον ἄνθεσιν ὤραι
πίδακος ἄκρα μέτωπα, καὶ εὐδόμοισιν ἀήταις
580 ἄρτιφύτου λειμῶνος ἱμάσσετο νήδυμος ἄηρ:
εἶχε δὲ Ναρκίσσοιο φερώνυμα φύλλα κορύμβων
ἡθέου χαριέντος, ὃν εὐπετάλῳ παρὰ Λάτμῳ
νυμφίος Ἐνδυμίων κεραῆς ἔσπειρε Σελήνης,
ὃς πάρος ἡπεροπῆος ἐύχροος εἶδεῖ κωφῷ
585 εἰς τύπον αὐτοτέλεστον ἰδὼν μορφούμενον ὕδωρ
κάτθανε, παπταίνων σκιοειδέα φάσματα μορφῆς:
καὶ φυτὸν ἔμπνοον εἶχεν Ἀμυκλαίης ὑακίνθου:
ἵπτάμεναι δ' ἄγγελδὸν ἐπ' ἀνθεμόεντι κορύμβῳ
εἰαρινῶν ἐλίγαινον ἀηδόνες ὑψόθι φύλλων.

[570] While Bacchos would be preparing a cunning device for her bed, Lelantos's daughter wandered about seeking a fountain, for she was possessed with parching thirst. Dionysos failed not to see how thirsting Aura ran rapidly over the hills. Quickly he leapt up and dug the earth with his wand at the foundation of a rock: the hill parted, and poured out of itself a purple stream of wine from its sweet-scented bosom. The Seasons, handmaids of Helios, to do grace to Lyaaios, painted with flowers the fountain's margin, and fragrant whiffs from the new-growing meadow beat on the balmy air. There were the clustering blooms which have the name of Narcissos the fair youth, whom horned Selene's bridegroom Endymion begat on leafy Latmos, Narcissos who long ago gazed on his own image formed in the water, that dumb image of a beautiful deceiver, and died as he gazed on the shadowy phantom of his shape; there was the living plant of Amyclaian iris; there sang the nightingales over the spring blossoms, flying in troops above the clustering flowers.

590 κεῖθι δὲ διψώουσα μεσημβρίας ἔτρεχεν Αὔρη,
εἷ ποθι διψώουσα Διὸς χύσιν ἢ τινα πηγὴν
ἢ ῥόον ἀθρήσειεν ὀρεσσιχύτου ποταμοῖο:
ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ βλεφάροισιν Ἔρωσ κατέχευεν ὁμίχλην.
ἀλλ' ὅτε Βακχεῖην ἀπατήλιον ἔδρακε πηγὴν,
595 δὴ τότε οἱ βλεφάρων σκιόεν νέφος ἤλασε Πειθῶ
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα γάμου πρωτάγγελον Αὔρῃ:

[590] And there came running thirsty at midday Aura herself, seeking if anywhere she could find raindrops from Zeus, or some fountain, or the stream of a river pouring from the hills; and Eros cast a mist over her eyelids: but when she saw the deceitful fountain of Bacchos, Peitho dispersed the shadowy cloud from her eyelids, and called out to Aura like a herald of her marriage —

‘Παρθενική, κόλε δεῦρο, τελεσσιγάμοιο δὲ πηγῆς
εἰς στόμα δέξο ῥέεθρα, καὶ εἰς σέο κόλπον ἀκοίτην.’

[597] “Maiden, come this way! Take into your lips the stream of this nuptial fountain, and into your bosom a lover.”

κούρη δ' ἄσμενος εἶδε: παραπροχυθεῖσα δὲ πηγῇ
600 χεῖλεσιν οἰγομένοισιν ἀνήφυσεν ἱκμάδα Βάκχου.
παρθενική δὲ ποῦσα τόσην ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν:

[599] Gladly the maiden saw it, and throwing herself down before the fountain drew in the liquid of Bacchos with open lips. When she had drunk, the girl exclaimed:

‘Νηιάδες, τί τὸ θαῦμα; πόθεν πέλε νήδυμον ὕδωρ;
τίς ποτὶν ἔβλυσε τοῦτο; τίς οὐρανίη τέκε γαστήρ;
ἔμπης τοῦτο ποῦσα ποτὶ δρόμον οὐκέτι βαίνω:
605 ἀλλὰ πόδες βαρύθουσι, καὶ ἡδέι θέλγομαι ὕπνω,
καὶ σφαλερὸν στομάτων ἀπαλόθροον ἦχον ἰάλλω.’

[602] “Naiads, what marvel is this? Whence comes this balmy water? Who made this bubbling drink, what heavenly womb gave him birth? Certainly after drinking this I can run no more. No, my feet are heavy, sweet sleep bewitches me, nothing comes from my lips but a soft stammering sound.”

εἶπε καὶ ἀστήρικτον ἐοῦ ποδὸς εἶχε πορείην:
ἦτε δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πολυπλανέεσσιν ἔρωαῖς
πυκνὰ περὶ κροτάφοισι τινασσομένοιο καρήνου:

610 καὶ κεφαλὴν ἔκλινεν ἔρειδομένην σχεδὸν ὤμῳ·
εὗδε δ' ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο τανυπτόρθῳ παρὰ δένδρῳ
παρθενίῃν ἀφύλακτον ἐπιτρέψασα χαμεῦνη.

[607] She spoke, and went stumbling on her way. She moved this way and that way with erring motions, her brow shook with throbbing temples, her head leaned and lay on her shoulder, she fell asleep on the ground beside a tallbranching tree and entrusted to the bare earth her maidenhood unguarded.

καὶ πυρόεις βαρύγουνον Ἔρως δεδοκημένος Αὔρην
οὐρανόθεν κατέπαλτο, γαληναίῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
615 μειδιῶν ἀγόρευεν, ὁμοφρονέων Διονύσῳ:

[613] When fiery Eros beheld Aura stumbling heavy-knee, he leapt down from heaven, and smiling with peaceful countenance spoke to Dionysos with full sympathy:

‘Ἀγρώσσεις, Διόνυσε: μένει δέ σε παρθένος Αὔρη.’

[616] “Are you for a hunt, Dionysos? Virgin Aura awaits you!”

ὥς εἰπὼν ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἐπείγετο, καὶ περὰ πάλλων
εἰαρινοῖς πετάλοισιν ἐχάζετο τοῦτο χαράζας:
‘νυμφίε, λέκτρα τέλεσσον, ἔως ἔτι παρθένος εὔδει:
620 σιγῇ ἔφ’ ἡμείων, μὴ παρθένον ὕπνος ἐάσῃ.’

[617] With these words, he made haste away to Olympos flapping his wings, but first he had inscribed on the spring petals—” Bridegroom, complete your marriage while the maiden is still asleep; and let us be silent that sleep may not leave the maiden.”

καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Ἰόβακχος ἐπ’ ἀστρώτοιο χαμεῦνης
νυμφιδίου Ληθαῖον ἀμεργομένην πτερὸν Ὕπνου,
ἄσφορος ἀκροτάτοισιν ἀσάμβαλος ἔχνεσιν ἔρπων
κωφὸν ἀφωνήτοιο μετήιε δέμνιον Αὔρης:
625 χειρὶ δὲ φειδομένη γλαφυρὴν ἀπέθηκε φαρέτρην
παρθενικῆς, καὶ τόξα κατέκρυφε κοιλάδι πέτρῃ,
μὴ μιν ὀιστεύσειε τιναξαμένη πτερὸν Ὕπνου:
καὶ δεσμοῖς ἀλύτοισι πόδας σφικώσατο κούρης,
καὶ παλάμαις ἐλικηδὸν ἐπεσφρηγίσσατο σειρήν,
630 μὴ μιν ἀλυσκάξειεν: ἐπιστορέσας δὲ κονίῃ
παρθενικὴν βαρύυπνον ἐτοιμοτάτην Ἀφροδίτῃ

αὔρης ὕπναλέης γαμῖν ἔκλεπεν ὀπώρην.
 καὶ πόσις ἦν ἀνάεδνος: ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δὲ δειλὴ
 οἶνοβαρῆς ἀτίνακτος ἐνυμφεῦθη Διονύσω:
 635 καὶ σκιεραῖς πτερύγεσσι περισφιγγων δέμας Αὔρης
 ὕπνος ἔην Βάκχοιο γαμοστόλος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
 πειρήθη Παφίης, καὶ ὁμόζυγός ἐστι Σελήνης,
 καὶ νυχίης φιλότητος ὁμόστολός ἐστιν Ἑρώτων:
 καὶ γάμος ὡς ὄναρ ἔσκε. Πολυσκάρθμῳ δὲ χορεῖη
 640 εἰς χορὸν αὐτοέλικτον ἀνεσκίρτησε κολώνη,
 ἡμιφανῆς δ' ἐδόνησεν Ἀμαδρυὰς ἥλικα πεύκη:
 μούνη δ' ἦν ἀχόρευτος ἐν οὔρεσι παρθένος Ἠχώ,
 αἰδομένη δ' ἀκίχητος ἐκεῦθετο πυθμένι πέτρης,
 μὴ γάμον ἀθήσειε γυναιμανέος Διονύσου.

[621] Then Iobacchos seeing her on the bare earth, plucking the Lethaeon feather of bridal Sleep, he crept up noiseless, unshod, on tiptoe, and approached Aura where she lay without voice or hearing. With gentle hand he put away the girl's neat quiver and hid the bow in a hole in the rock, that she might not shake off Sleep's wing and shoot him. Then he tied the girl's feet together with indissoluble bonds, and passed a cord round and round her hands that she might not escape him: he laid the maiden down in the dust, a victim heavy with sleep ready for Aphrodite, and stole the bridal fruit from Aura asleep. The husband brought no gift; on the ground that hapless girl heavy with wine, unmoving, was wedded to Dionysos; Sleep embraced the body of Aura with overshadowing wings, and he was marshal of the wedding for Bacchos, for he also had experience of love, he is yokefellow of the moon, he is companion of the Loves in nightly caresses. So the wedding was like a dream; for the capering dances, the hill skipt and leapt of itself, the Hamadryad halfvisible shook her agemate fir — only maiden Echo did not join in the mountain dance, but shamefast hid herself unapproachable under the foundations of the rock, that she might not behold the wedding of womanmad Dionysos.

645 καὶ τελέσας ὑμέναιον ἀδουπήτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
 νυμφίος ἀμπελόεις, πεφυλαγμένον ἶχνος ἀείρας,
 νύμφης μὲν κύσε χεῖλος ἐπήρατον, ἀκλινέας δὲ
 λῦσε πόδας καὶ χεῖρας, ἀπὸ σκοπέλου δὲ φαρέτρη
 χειρὶ λαβὼν καὶ τόξα πάλιν παρακάθετο νύμφῃ.
 650 καὶ Σατύρων σχεδὸν ἦλθεν ἔτι πνείων ὑμεναίων,
 ὕπναλέης ἀνέμοισιν ἐπιτρέψας λέχος Αὔρης.

[645] When the vinebridegroom had consummated his wedding on that silent bed, he lifted a cautious foot and kissed the bride's lovely lips, loosed the

unmoving feet and hands, brought back the quiver and bow from the rock and laid them beside his bride. He left to the winds the bed of Aura still sleeping, and returned to his Satyrs with a breath of the bridal still about him.

νύμφη δ' ἐκ φιλότητος ἀνέδραμε· λυσιμελῇ δὲ
ὕπνον ἀκηρύκτων ἀπεσεύσατο μάρτυν Ἑρώτων·
θάμβει δ' εἰσορόωσα σαόφρονος ἔκτοθι μήτρης
655 στήθεα γυμνωθέντα καὶ ἄσκεπέος πτύχα μηροῦ
καὶ γαμῖη ῥαθάμιγγι περιστιχθέντα χιτῶνα,
ἄρπαμένην ἀνάεδνον ἀπαγγέλλοντα κορείην,
μαίνεται παπταίνουσα· καὶ ἥρμοσε κυκλάδα μήτρην
στέρνα πάλιν σκιόωσα, καὶ ἠθάδος ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
660 παρθενίῳ ζωστήρι μάτην ἐσφίγγετο δεσμῷ.
ἄχνημένη δ' ὀλόλυξε, κατὰσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης·
ἀγρονόμους δ' ἐδίωξε, καὶ εὐπετάλου σχεδὸν ὄχθης
τινυμένη δολόεντα πόσιν ποινήτορι θεσμῷ
μηλονόμους ἐδάϊξεν· ἀμειλίκτῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
665 βουκόλον ἔκτανε μᾶλλον, ἐπεὶ μάθε νυμφίον Ἡοῦς,
Τιθωνὸν χαρίεντα, δυσίμερον ἀνέρα βούτην,
ὅττι βοῶν ἀγέλαις μεμελημένον ἔσχε καὶ αὐτὴ
Λάτμιον Ἐνδυμίωνα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη·
ἔκλυε καὶ Φρυγίοιο, τὸν ἔκτανε παρθένος ἄλλη,
670 ὕμνου πικρὸν ἔρωτα, ποθοβλήτοιο νομῆος·
αἰπόλον ἔκτανε μᾶλλον, ὅλον χορὸν ἔκτανεν αἰγῶν
αἰνοπαθῆς, ὅτι Πᾶνα δυσίμερον ἔδρακε κούρη
ἰσοφυῇ μεθέποντα δασύτριχος αἰγὸς ὀπωπὴν·
ἔλπετο γὰρ μάλα τοῦτο, πόθῳ δεδονημένος Ἥχοῦς
675 ὅττι μιν ὕπναλέην ἐβίησατο μηλονόμος Πάν·
γειοπόνους δ' ἐδάμασσε πολὺ πλεόν, ὅττι καὶ αυτοὶ
Κύπριδι θητεύουσιν, ἐπεὶ πέλε γηπόνος ἀνὴρ,
Ἰασίων, Δήμητρος ἀμαλλοτόκου παρακοίτην·
ἔκτανε δ' ἀγρευτῆρα παλαιότερῳ τινὶ μύθῳ
680 πειθομένη· Κέφαλον γάρ, ἀμήτορος ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης,
ἔκλυε θηρητῆρα ῥοδοστεφέος πόσιν Ἡοῦς·
Βακχείης δ' ἐδάϊξεν ὑποδρηστῆρας ὀπώρης,
ὅττι φιλακρήτοιο μέθης Βλύζοντες ἐέρσην
οἶνοβαρεῖς δυσέρωτες ὁπάονές εἰσι Λυαίου·
685 οὐ πῶ γάρ δεδάηκε δολοφροσύνην Διονύσου
καὶ ποτὸν ἡπεροπῆα φιλακρήτου Κυθερείης,
ἀλλὰ φιλοσκοπέλων καλύβας ἐκένωσε νομῆων
αἷματι φοινῆεντι περιρραίνουσα κολῶνας.

[652] After these caresses, the bride started up; she shook off limbloosing sleep, the witness of the unpublished nuptials, saw with surprise her breasts bare of

the modest bodice, the cleft of her thighs uncovered, her dress marked with the drops of wedlock that told of a maidenhood ravished without bridegift. She was maddened by what she saw. She fitted the bodice again about her chest, and bound the maiden girdle again over her rounded breast — too late! She shrieked in distress, held in the throes of madness; she chased the countrymen, slew shepherds beside the leafy slopes, to punish her treacherous husband with avenging justice — still more she killed the oxherds with implacable steel, for she knew about charming Tithonos, bridegroom of Dawn, the lovelorn oxherd, knew that Selene also the driver of bulls had her Latmian Endymion who was busy about the herds of cattle; she had heard of Phrygian Hymnos too, and his love that made him rue, the lovelorn herdsman whom another maiden slew: still more she killed the goatherds, killed their whole flocks of goats, in agony of heart, because she had seen Pan the dangerous lover with a face like some shaggy goat; for she felt quite sure that shepherd Pan tormented with desire for Echo had violated her asleep: much more she laid low the husbandmen, as being also slaves to Cypris, since a man who tilled the soil, Iasion, had been bedfellow of Demeter the mother of sheaves. The huntsmen she killed believing an ancient story; for she had heard that a huntsman Cephalos, from the country of unmothered Athena, was husband of rosecrowned Dawn. Workmen of Bacchos about the vintage she killed, because they are servants of Lyaio who squeeze out the intoxicating juice of his liquor, heavy with wine, dangerous lovers. For she had not yet learnt the cunning heart of Dionysos, and the seductive potion of heady love, but she made empty the huts of the mountainranging herdsmen and drenched the hills with red blood.

καὶ νόον αἰθύσσουσα, κατάσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης,
690 Κύπριδος εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν· ἀπειλητῆῖρα δὲ κεστοῦ
λυσσάμενη ζωστῆρα νεοκλώστοιο χιτῶνος
ἄβρὸν ἀνικῆτοιο δέμας μάστιζε θεαίνης·
καὶ βρέτας ἀρπάξασα τελεεσιγάμου Κυθερείης
Σαγγαρίου σχεδὸν ἦλθε, κυλινδομένην δὲ ῥέεθροισ
695 γυμναῖς Νηιάδεσσι πόρεν γυμνὴν Ἀφροδίτην.
καὶ μετὰ θεῖον ἄγαλμα καὶ αὐτοέλικτον ἱμάσθλην
δείκελον ἄβρὸν Ἔρωτος ἀπηκόντιζε κονίη·
καὶ κενεὸν λίπε δῶμα Κυβηλίδος ἀφρογενείης.
φοιταλέη δ' ἀκίχητος ἐθήμονα δύσατο λόχμην,
700 καὶ σταλίκων ἔψαυσε, πάλιν δ' ἐμνήσατο θήρης·
καὶ διεροῖς βλεφάροισιν ἐὴν στενάχιζε κορείην,
ὄξυ δὲ κωκύουσα τόσην ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν·

[689] Still frantic in mind, shaken by throes of madness, she came to the temple of Cypris. She loosed the girdle from her newly spun robe, the enemy Latmian herdsman (though his country and legend alike vary) was her love,

and she cast him into an unending sleep. Hymnos, *cf* xv. 204 ff.; Iasion, *Odyssey* v. 125: Cephalos, see iv. 194. of the cestus, and flogged the dainty body of the unconquerable goddess; she caught up the statue of marriage-consummating Cythereia, she went to the bank of Sangarios, and sent Aphrodite rolling into the stream, naked among the naked Naiads; and after the divine statue had gone with the scourge twisted round it, she threw into the dust the delicate image of Love, and left the temple of Cybelid Foamborn empty. Then she plunged into the familiar forest, wandering unperceived, handled her net-stakes, remembered the hunt again, lamenting her maidenhood with wet eyelids, and crying loudly in these words:

‘Τίς θεὸς ἡμετέρης ἀνελύσατο δεσμὰ κορείης;
εἰ μὲν ἐμὲ κνώσσουσιν ἐρημονόμων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
705 εἶδος ὑποκλέπτων ἐβίησατο μητιετα Ζεὺς,
οὐδὲ καὶ ἡμετέρην ἠδέσσατο γείτονα Ῥεῖην,
ἀγροτέρους μετὰ θῆρας ὀιστεύσω πόλον ἄστρον;
εἰ δέ μοι ὑπναλέῃ παρελέξατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
πέρσω πασιμέλουσιν ὅλην πετρώδεα Πυθῶ:
710 εἰ δὲ λέχος σὺλησεν ἐμὸς Κυλλήνιος Ἑρμῆς,
Ἀρκαδίην προθέλυμον ἐμοῖς βελέεσσιν ὀλέσσω,
καὶ τελέσω θεράπαιναν ἐμὴν χρυσάμπυκα Πειθῶ:
εἰ δὲ δόλοισι γαμίοισιν ὄνειρείων ὕμεναῖων
ἀπροϊδῆς Διόνυσος ἐμὴν σὺλησε κορείην,
715 ἴξομαι, ἦχι πέλει Κυβέλης δόμος, ὕψιλόφου δὲ
οἰστρομανῆ Διόνυσον ἀπὸ Τμώλοιο διώξω:
καὶ φονίην ὥμοισιν ἐπικρεμάσασα φαρέτρην
εἰς Πάφον, εἰς Φρυγίην θωρήξομαι: ἀμφοτέροις γὰρ
τόξον ἐμὸν τανύσω, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
720 σοὶ πλέον, ἰοχέαιρα, χολώομαι, ὅττι με, κούρη,
οὐ κτάνες ὑπναλέην ἔτι παρθένον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῷ
σοῖς καθαροῖς βελέεσσιν ἐθωρήχθης παρακοίτη.’

[703] “What god has loosed the girdle of my maidenhood? If Zeus Allwise took some false aspect, and forced me, upon my lonely bed, if he did not respect our neighbour Rheia, I will leave the wild beasts and shoot the starry sky! If Phoibos Apollo lay by my side in sleep, I will raze the stones of worldfamous Pytho wholly to the ground! If Cyllenian Hermes has ravished my bed, I will utterly destroy Arcadia with my arrows, and make goldchaplet Peitho my servant! If Dionysos came unseen and ravished my maidenhood in the crafty wooing of a dream-bridal, I will go where Cybele’s hall stands, and chase that lustmad Dionysos from highcrested Tmolos! I will hang my quiver of death on my shoulders and attack Paphos, I will attack Phrygia — I will draw my bow on both Cypris and Dionysos! You, Archeress, you have enraged me most, because you, a maiden, did not kill me in my sleep still a virgin, yes and

did not defend me even against my bedfellow with your pure shafts!”

ἔννεπε, καὶ τρομέουσαν ἔην ἀνεσείρασε φωνὴν
δάκρυσι νικηθεῖσα. τελεσσιγάμου δὲ Λυαίου
725 παιδοτόκου πλησθεῖσα γονῆς δυσπάρθενος Αὔρη
διπλόον ὄγκον ἄειρε· γυνὴ δ’ ἐπεμήνατο φόρτῳ
ἄσχετα βακχευθεῖσα γονῆς, δυσπάρθενος Αὔρη ...
ἢ σπόρος αὐτολόχευτος ἢ ἀνέρος ἐξ ὑμεναίων
ἢ ἐ θεοῦ δολίοιο· Διὸς δ’ ἐμνήσατο νύμφης,
730 Πλουτοῦς αἰνοτόκου Βερεκυντίδος, ἥς ἀπὸ λέκτρων
Τάνταλος ἐβλάστησε. καὶ ἤθελε γαστέρα τέμνειν,
ὄφρα δαΐζομένης ἀπὸ νηδύος ἄφρονι λύσση
ἄτροφον ἡμιτέλεστον αἰστώσειε γενέθλην.
καὶ ξίφος ἡέρταζε, διὰ στέρνοιο δὲ γυμνοῦ
735 δεξιτερῇ μενέαιεν ἀφειδέι φάσγανον ἔλκειν.
πολλάκι δ’ ἀρτιτόκοιο μετήιεν ἄντρα λεαίνης,
ὥς κεν ὀλισθήσειε θελήμονος εἰς λίνα Μοίρης·
ἀλλὰ μιν οὔρεσίφοιτος ὑπέκφυγε тарβαλὴ θήρ,
μὴ μιν ἀποκτείνειε, μυχῶ δ’ ἐκρύπτετο πέτρης
740 σκύμνον ἐρημαίῃσιν ἐπιτρέψασα χαμεύνας.
πολλάκι δ’ οἶδαλέοιο γυναικείου διὰ κόλπου
αὐτοφόνος μενέαιεν ἐκούσιον ἄορ ἐλάσσαι,
ὄφρα κεν αὐτοδάικτος ὄνειδεα γαστρὸς ἀλύξη
καὶ στόμα τερπομένης φιλοκέρτομον ἰοχεαίρης·
745 καὶ νοέειν μενέαιεν ἐὼν πόσιν, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴ
υἷέα δαιτρεύσειεν ἀναινομένῳ παρακοίτῃ,
αὐτὴ παιδοφόνος καὶ ὀμευνέτις, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ:
‘ Πρόκνη παιδολέτειρα νέη πέλε δύσγαμος Αὔρη.’

[723] She spoke, and then checked her trembling voice overcome by tears. And Aura, hapless maiden, having within her the fruitful seed of Bacchos the begetter, carried a double weight: the wife maddened uncontrollably cursed the burden of the seed, hapless maiden Aura [lamented the loss of her maidenhood; she knew not] whether she had conceived of herself, or by some man, or a scheming god; she remembered the bride of Zeus, Berecynitian Pluto, so unhappy in the son Tantalos whom she bore. She wished to tear herself open, to cut open her womb in her senseless frenzy, that the child half made might be destroyed and never be reared. She even lifted a sword, and thought to drive the blade through her bare chest with pitiless hand. Often she went to the cave of a lioness with newborn cubs, that she might slip into the net of a willing fate; but the dread beast ran out into the mountains, in fear of death, and hid herself in some cleft of the rocks, leaving the cub alone in the lair. Often she thought to drive a sword willingly through the swelling womb and slay herself with her own hand, that self-slain she might escape the shame

of her womb and the mocking taunts of glad Artemis. She longed to know her husband, that she might dish up her own son to her loathing husband, childslayer and paramour alike, that men might say—" Aura, unhappy bride, has killed her child like another Procne."

καὶ μιν ὀπιπεύουσα νέων ἐγκύμονα παίδων
750 Ἄρτεμις ἐγγὺς ἵκανε ἐὼ γελῶντι προσώπῳ,
δειλαίην δ' ἐρέθιζε, καὶ ἀστόργῳ φάτο φωνῇ:

[749] Then Artemis saw her big with new children, and came near with a laugh on her face and teased the poor creature, saying with pitiless voice:

‘ Ὑπνον ἶδον, Παφίης θαλαμηπόλον, εἶδον Ἐρώτων
ξανθῆς νυμφιδίης ἀπατήλια χεύματα πηγῆς,
ἦχι ποτῶ δολόεντι νεήνιδες ἥλικα μήτηρ
755 ἄρπαγι παρθενίης γαμίῳ λύουσιν ὄνειρῳ:
εἶδον ἐγὼ κλέτας, εἶδον, ὅπῃ ζυγίῃ παρὰ πέτρῃ
ἀπροϊδῆς δολόεντι γυνὴ νυμφεύεται ὕπνῳ:
Κύπριδος εἶδον ὄρος φιλοτήσιον, ἦχι γυναικῶν
παρθενίην κλέπτοντες ἀλυσκάζουσιν ἀκοῖται.

[752] "I saw Sleep, the Paphian's chamberlain! I saw the deceiving stream of the yellow fountain at your loving bridal! The fountain where young girls get a treacherous potion, and loosen the girdle they have worn all their lives, in a dream of marriage which steals their maidenhood. I have seen, I have seen the slope where a woman is made a bride unexpectedly, in treacherous sleep, beside a bridal rock. I have seen the love-mountain of Cypris, where lovers steal the maidenhood of women and run away.

760 εἶπέ, γύναι φυγόμενε, τί σήμερον ἡρέμα βαίνεις;
ἢ πρὶν ἀελλήεσσα, πόθεν βαρύγουνος ὀδεύεις;
νυμφεύθης ἀέκουσα, καὶ οὐ τεδὸν οἶδας ἀκοίτην:
οὐ δύνασαι κρύπτειν κρύφιον γάμον: οἶδαλέοι γάρ
σὸν πόσιν ἀγγέλλουσι νεογλαγέες σέο μαζοί.

765 εἶπε δέ μοι, βαρύυπνε, συοκτόνε, παρθένε, νύμφη,
πῶς μεθέπεις χλοάουσαν ἐρευθαλέην σέο μορφήν;
τίς σέο λέκτρα μίηνε; τίς ἥρπασε σεῖο κορείην;
ξανθαὶ Νηιάδες, μὴ κρύψατε νυμφίον Αὔρης.
οἶδα, γύναι βαρύφορτε, τεδὸν λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην:

770 σὸς γάμος οὐ με λέληθε, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις,
σὸς πόσις οὐ με λέληθε: βαρυνομένη δέμας ὕπνῳ
εὐνέτις ἀστυφελικτος ἐνυμφεύθης Διονύσῳ.

[760] “Tell me, you young prude, why do you walk so slowly to-day? Once as quick as the wind, why do you plod so heavily? You were wooed unwilling, and you do not know your bedfellow! You cannot hide your furtive bridal, for your breasts are swelling with new milk and they announce a husband. Tell me heavy sleeper, pigsticker, virgin, bride, how do you come by those pale cheeks, once ruddy? Who disgraced your bed? Who stole your maidenhood? O fair-haired Naiads, do not hide Aura’s bridegroom!

I know your furtive husband, you woman with a heavy burden. I saw your wedding, clearly enough, though you long to conceal it. I saw your husband clearly enough; you were in the bed, your body heavy with sleep, you did not move when Dionysos wedded you.

ἀλλὰ τεὸν λίπε τόξον: ἀναινομένη δὲ φαρέτρην
ὄργια μυστιπόλεψε γυναιμανέος σέο βάκχου,

775 τύμπανα χειρὶ φέρουσα καὶ εὐκεράων θρόον αὐλῶν.

πρὸς δὲ τεῆς λίτομαί σε τελεσσιγάμοιο χαμεύνης,

ποῖά σοι ὤπασεν ἔδνα τεδὸς Διόνυσος ἀκοίτης;

μή σοι νεβρίδα δῶκε, τεῆς αὐτάγγελον εὐνῆς;

μή σοι χάλκεα ῥόπτρα τεῶν πόρε παίγνια παίδων;

780 πειθομαι, ὥς πόρε θύρσον, ἄκοντιστῆρα λεόντων:

καὶ τάχα κύμβαλα δῶκε, τὰ περ δονέουσι τιθῆναι

φάρμακα νηπιάχοισι φιλοθρήνων ὀδυνάων.’

[773] “Come then, leave your bow, renounce your quiver; serve in the secret rites of your womanmad Bacchos; carry your tambour and your tootling pipes of horn. I beseech you, in the name of that bed on the ground where the marriage was consummated, what bridegifts did Dionysos your husband bring? Did he give you a fawnskin, enough to be news of your marriage-bed? Did he give you brazen rattles for your children to play with? I think he gave you a thyrsus to shoot lions; perhaps he gave cymbals, which nurses shake to console the howling pains of the little children.”

ἔννεπε κερτομέουσα: καὶ ἔμπαλιν ὥχετο δαίμων,

θῆρας ὀιστεῦουσα τὸ δεύτερον, ἀχνυμένη δὲ

785 ἠερίοις ἀνέμοισιν ἔας μεθέηκε μερίμνας.

[783] So spoke the goddess in mockery, and went away to shoot her wild beasts again, in anger leaving her cares to the winds of heaven.

κούρη δ’ οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀμάρτυρος ὑψόθι πέτρης

ὄξυ βέλος μεθέπουσα δυηπαθέος τοκετοῖο

φρικαλέον βρύχημα λεχωίδος εἶχε λεαίνης:

πέτραι δ’ ἀντιάχυσαν: ἐρισμαράγοιο δὲ κούρης

790 φθόγγου ἀμειβομένη μυκήσατο δυσθροος Ἥχώ.
καὶ παλάμας, ἅτε πῶμα, περισφίγξασα λοχείῃ
κλεῖτε θοῇν ὠδίνα πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο,
καὶ τόκον ἀρτιτέλεστον ἐρήτυεν: ἐχθομένην γὰρ
Ἄρτεμιν οὐ μενέαινε ἐπ' ὠδίνεσσι καλέσσαι:
795 Ἥραιας δὲ θυγάτρας ἀναίνετο, μὴ ποτε Βάκχου
μητρυιῆς ἅτε παῖδες ἐπιβρίσωσι λοχείῃ.
κούρη δ' ἀσχαλώωσα κατηφέα ῥῆξεν ἰωήν,
νυσσομένη κέντροισιν ἀπειρώδινος ἀνάγκης:

[786] But the girl went among the high rocks of the mountains. There unseen, when she felt the cruel throes of childbirth pangs, her voice roared terrible as a lioness in labour, and the rocks resounded, for dolorous Echo gave back an answering roar to the loud-shrieking girl. She held her hands over her lap like a lid compressing the birth, to close the speedy delivery of her ripening child, and delayed the babe now perfect. For she hated Artemis and would not call upon her in her pains; she would not have the daughters of Hera, lest they as being children of Bacchos's stepmother should oppress her delivery with more pain. At last in her affliction the girl cried out these despairing words, stabbed with the pangs of one who was new to the hard necessity of childbirth:

‘Οὕτως ἰοχέαιραν ἴδω καὶ θεοῦριν Ἀθήνην,
800 οὕτως ἀμφοτέρας ἐγκύμονας ὄφρα νοήσω:
Ἄρτεμιν ὠδίνουσαν ἐλέγξατε, μαϊάδες ὦραι,
μαρτυρίῃ τοκετοῖο, καὶ εἴπατε Τριτογενείῃ:
‘παρθενικὴ γλαυκῶπι, νεητόκε μῆτερ ἀμήτωρ.’
οὕτω ξυνὰ παθοῦσαν ἴδω φιλοπάρθενον Ἥχώ
805 Πανὶ παρευνηθεῖσαν ἢ ἀρχεκάκῳ Διονύσῳ.
Ἄρτεμι, καὶ σὺ τεκοῦσα παραίφασις ἔσσεαι Αὔρης,
θῆλυ γάλα στάζουσα λεχώιον ἄρσενι μαζῶ.’

[799] “So may I see Archeress and wild Athena, so may I see them both great with child! Reproach Artemis in labour, O midwife Seasons, be witness of her delivery, and say to Tritogeneia—’ O virgin Brighteyes, O new mother who mother had none!’ So may I see Echo who loves maidenhood so much, suffering as I do, after she has lain with Pan, or Dionysos the cause of my troubles! Artemis, if you could bring forth, it would be some consolation to Aura, that you should trickle woman’s milk from your man’s breast.”

εἶπεν ὀδυρομένη βαρυῶδυνα κέντρα λοχείης.
καὶ τόκον ἰοχέαιρα κατέσχεθε, παιδοτόκῳ δὲ
810 νύμφῃ μόχθον ὅπασσεν ἐρυκομένου τοκετοῖο.

[808] So she cried, lamenting the heavy pangs of her delivery. Then Artemis delayed the birth, and gave the labouring bride the pain of retarded delivery.

καὶ τελετῆς Νικαία κυβερνήτειρα Λυαίου
μόχθον ὀπιπεύουσα καὶ αἴσχεα λυσσᾶδος Αὔρης
τοίην κρυπταδίην οἰκτίρμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν:

[811] But Nicaia, the leader of the rites of Lyaaios, seeing the pain and disgrace of distracted Aura, spoke to her thus in secret pity:

‘Αὔρη ξυνὰ παθοῦσα, κινύρεο καὶ σὺ κορείην:
815 γαστρὶ δὲ φόρτον ἔχουσα δυηπαθέος τοκετοῖο
τέτλαθί μοι μετὰ λέκτρον ἔχειν καὶ κέντρα λοχείης,
τέτλαθι καὶ βρεφέεσσιν ἀήθεα μαζὸν ὀρέξαι.
καὶ σὺ πόθεν πῖες οἶνον, ἐμῆς συλήτορα μίτρης;
καὶ σὺ πόθεν πῖες οἶνον, ἕως πέλες ἔγκυος, Αὔρη;
820 καὶ σὺ πάθεις, φυγόμενε, τὰ περ πάθον: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
μέμφοο νυμφοκόμων ἀπατήλιον ὕπνον Ἐρώτων.
εἷς δόλος ἀμφοτέραις γάμον ἤρμοσεν, εἷς πόσις Αὔρης
παρθενικὴν Νικαίαν ἐθήκατο μητέρα παιδων:
οὐκέτι τόξον ἔχω θηροκτόνον, οὐκέτι νευρήν,
825 ὥς πάρος, αὖ ἔρῳ καὶ ἐγὼ βέλος: εἰμὶ δὲ δειλὴ
ἱστοπόνος θήλεια, καὶ οὐκέτι θοῦρις Ἀμαζών.’

[814] “Aura, I have suffered as you have, and you too lament you your maidenhood. But since you carry in your womb the burden of painful childbirth, endure after the bed to have the pangs of delivery, endure to give your untaught breast to babes. Why did you also drink wine, which robbed me of my girdle? Why did you also drink wine, Aura, until you were with child? You also suffered what I suffered, you enemy of marriage; then you also have to blame a deceitful sleep sent by the Loves, who are friends of marriage. One fraud fitted marriage on us both, one husband was Aura’s and made virgin Nicaia the mother of children. No more have I a beastslaying bow, no longer as once, I draw my bowstring and my arrows; I am a poor woman working at the loom, and no longer a wild Amazon.”

ἔννεπεν οἰκτείρουσα τελεσσιγόνου πόνον Αὔρης,
οἷά τε πειρηθεῖσα τόκου μογεροῖο καὶ αὐτῇ.
Λητῶν δ’ αἰούσα βαρυφθόγγου κτύπον Αὔρης
830 ἦλυθεν αὐχήμεσσα τὸ δεύτερον ἐγγύθι νύμφης:
τειρομένην δ’ ἐρέθιζε καὶ ἴαχε κέντροι μύθω:

[827] She spoke, pitying Aura’s labour to accomplish the birth, as one who

herself had felt the pangs of labour. But Leto's daughter, hearing the resounding cries of Aura, came near the bride again in triumph, taunted her in her suffering and spoke in stinging words:

‘ Παρθένε, τίς σε τέλεσσε λεχωίδα μητέρα παιδων;
ἡ γάμον ἀγνώσσουσα πόθεν γλάγος ἔλλαχε μαζοῦ;
οὐκ ἶδον, οὐ πυθόμην, ὅτι παρθένος υἷα λοχεύει.
835 ἦ ῥα φύσιν μετάμειψε πατήρ ἐμός; ἦ ῥα γυναῖκες
νόσφι γάμου τίκτουσι; σὺ γάρ, φιλοπάρθενε κούρη,
ὠδίνεις νέα τέκνα, καὶ εἰ στυγέεις Ἀφροδίτην.
ἦ ῥα κυβερνήτειραν ἀναγκαίου τοκετοῖο
Ἄρτεμιν οὐ καλέουσι λεχωίδες, ὅτι σὺ μούνη
840 εἰς τόκον ἀγροτέρης οὐ δεύειαι ἰοχεαίρης;
οὐδὲ τεδὸν Διόνυσον ἀμαιεύτων ἀπὸ κόλπων
ἔδρακεν Εἰλείθυια, τεῆς ἐλάτειρα γενέθλης;
ἀλλὰ μιν ἡμιτέλεστον ἐμαιώσαντο κεραυνοί.
μὴ κοτέης, ὅτι παῖδας ἐνὶ σκοπέλοισι λοχεύεις;
845 ἦ σκοπέλων βασιλεία τόκου πειρήσατο Ῥεῖη;
τίς νέμεσις ποτε τοῦτο; κατ’ οὖρεα τέκνα λοχεύεις,
ὥς δάμαρ οὐρεσίφοιτος ὄρεσσινόμου Διονύσου.’

[832] “Virgin, who made you a mother in childbed? You that knew nothing of marriage, how came that milk in your breast? I never heard or saw that a virgin bears a child. Has my father changed nature? Do women bear children without marriage? For you, a maiden, the friend of maidenhood, bring forth young children, even if you hate Aphrodite. Then do women in childbed under the hard necessity of childbirth no longer call on Artemis to guide them, when you alone do not want Archeress the lady of the hunt? Nor did Eileithyia, who conducts your delivery, see your Dionysos born from his mother's womb; but thunderbolts were his mid wives, and he only half-made! Do not be angry that you bear children among the crags, where Rheia queen of the crags has borne children. What harm is it that you bear children in the mountains, you the mountaineer wife of mountainranging Dionysos!”

ἔννεπε: καὶ κοτέουσα λεχωιδᾶς ἄχνυτο νύμφη
Ἄρτεμιν αἰδομένη καὶ ἐν ἄλγεσιν. ἃ μέγα δειλή,
850 ἐγγὺς ἔην τοκετοῖο καὶ ἠθελε παρθένος εἶναι.
καὶ βρέφος εἰς φάος ἦλθε θωώτερον: Ἀρτέμιδος γὰρ
φθεγγομένης ἔτι μῦθον ἀκοντιστῆρα λοχείης
διπλόος αὐτοκέλευστος ἐμαιώθη τόκος Αὖρης
λυομένης ὠδῖνος, ὅθεν διδύμων ἀπὸ παιδων
855 Δίνδυμον ὑψικάρηνον ὄρος κικλήσκετο Ῥεῖης.
καὶ θεὸς ἀθρήσασα νέην εὐπαιδα γενέθλην

τοῖον ἔπος παλινόρσος ἀμοιβαῖῃ φάτο φωνῇ:

[848] She spoke, and the nymph in childbirth was indignant and angry, but she was ashamed before Artemis even in her pains. Ah poor creature! she wished to remain a maiden, and she was near to childbirth. A babe came quickly into the light; for even as Artemis yet spoke the word that shot out the delivery, the womb of Aura was loosened, and twin children came forth of themselves; therefore from these twins (*δίδυμοι*) the highpeaked mountain of Rheia was called Dindymon. Seeing how fair the children were, the goddess again spoke in a changed voice:

‘Μαῖα, γυνὴ μονιή, διδυμητόκε δύσγαμε νύμφη,
υἱάσι μαζὸν ὄρεζον ἀήθεα, παρθένε μήτηρ:
860 παππάζει σέο κοῦρος ἀπαιτίζων σε τοκῆα:
εἰπὲ δὲ σοῖς τεκέεσσι τεὸν λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην.
Ἄρτεμις οὐ γάμον οἶδε, καὶ οὐ τρέφεν υἱέα μαζῶ:
σὸν λέχος οὔρεα ταῦτα, καὶ ἡθάδος ἀντὶ χιτῶνος
σπάργανα σῶν βρεφέων πολυδαίδαλα δέρματα νεβρῶν.’

[858] “Wetnurse, lonely ranger, twin mother, bride of a forced bridal, give your untaught breast to your sons, virgin mother. Your boy calls daddy, asking for his father; tell your children the name of your secret lover. Artemis knows nothing of marriage, she has not nursed a son at her breast. These mountains were your bed, and the spotted skins of fawns are swaddling-clothes for your babies, instead of the usual robe.”

865 εἴτε, καὶ ὠκυπέδιλος ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην.
καὶ καλέσας Νικαίαν ἐὴν Κυβεληίδα νύμφην,
μεμφομένην ἔτι λέκτρα λεχωίδα δείκνυεν Αὔρην
μειδιών Διόνυσος: ἔρημονόμοιο δὲ κούρης
ἄρτιγάμοις ἀγόρευεν ἐπαυχήσας ὕμεναιόις:

[865] She spoke, and swift shoe plunged into the shady wood. Then Dionysos called Nicaia, his own Cybeleid nymph, and smiling pointed to Aura still upbraiding her childbed; proud of his late union with the lonely girl, he said:

870 Ἄρτι μόγις, Νικαία, παραίφασιν εὔρες Ἐρώτων:
ἄρτι πάλιν Διόνυσος ἐπὶ κλοπὸν ἦνυσεν εὐνήν,
παρθενικῆς δ’ ἐτέρης γάμον ἥρπασεν: ἐν δὲ κολώναις
ἢ πρὶν ἀλυσκάζουσα καὶ οὔνομα μοῦνον Ἐρώτων
σοῖς θαλάμοις τύπον ἴσον ὀρεστιάς ἔδρακεν Αὔρη.
875 οὐ μούνη γλυκὺν ὕπνον ἐδέξαιο πομπὸν Ἐρώτων,
οὐ μούνη πίες οἶνον ἐπὶ κλοπὸν ἄρπαγα μίτρης:

ἀλλὰ νέης ἄγνωστος ἀνοιγομένης ἀπὸ πηγῆς
νυμφόκομος πάλιν οἶνος ἀνέβλυε, καὶ πῖεν Αὖρη.

ἀλλὰ βέλος δεδαυῖαν ἀναγκαίου τοκετοῖο,

880 πρὸς Τελετῆς λίτομαι σε, χοροπλεκέος σέο κούρης,

σπεῦσον ἀερτάζειν ἐμὸν υἱέα, μὴ μιν ὀλέσση

τολμηραῖς παλάμησιν ἐμῇ δυσμήχανος Αὖρη:

οἶδα γάρ, ὥς διδύμων βρεφέων ἓνα παῖδα δαμάσσει

ἄσχετα λυσσώουσα: σὺ δὲ χραίσμησον Ἰακχῷ:

885 ἔσσο φύλαξ ὠδῖνος ἀρείονος, ὄφρα κεν εἴη

σὴ Τελετῇ θεράπαινα καὶ υἱεὶ καὶ γενετῆρι.’

[870] “Now at last, Nicaia, you have found consolation for your love. Now again Dionysos has stolen a marriage bed, and ravished another maiden: woodland Aura in the mountains, who shrank once from the very name of love, has seen a marriage the image of yours. Not you alone had sweet sleep as a guide to love, not you alone drank deceitful wine which stole your maiden girdle; but once more a fountain of nuptial wine has burst from a new opening rock unrecognized, and Aura drank. You who have learnt the throes of childbirth in hard necessity, by Telete your danceweaving daughter I beseech you, hasten to lift up my son, that my desperate Aura may not destroy him with daring hands — for I know she will kill one of the two baby boys in her intolerable frenzy, but do you help Iacchos: guard the better boy, that your Telete may be the servant of son and father both.”

ὥς εἰπὼν παλινόρσος ἐχάζετο Βάκχος ἀγῆνωρ,

κυδιῶν Φρυγίοισιν ἐπ’ ἀμφοτέροις ὕμεναιois

πρεσβυτέρης ἀλόχοιο καὶ ὀπλοτέρης περὶ νύμφης.

890 καὶ βαρὺ πένθος ἔχουσα τελεσσιτόκῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ,

παῖδας ἐλαφρίζουσα, λεχωῖας ἴαχε μήτηρ:

[887] With this appeal Bacchos departed, triumphant and proud of his two Phrygian marriages, with the elder wife and the younger bride. And in deep distress beside the rock where they had been born, the mother in childbed held up the two boys and cried aloud —

‘ἡερόθεν γάμος οὔτος: ἐμὸν γόνον ἡέρι ρίψω:

νυμφεύθην ἀνέμοισι καὶ οὐ βροτέην ἴδον εὐνὴν,

αὖρης δ’ εἰς ὕμεναιον ἐπώνυμοι ἦλυθον αὖραι:

895 καὶ λοχίας ἐχέτωσαν ἐμὰς ὠδῖνας ἀῆται.

ἔρρετέ μοι, νέα τέκνα δολορραφέος γενετῆρος,

ὕμέας οὐκ ἐλόχευσα: τί μοι κακὰ θηλυτεράων;

ἀμφαδὸν ἄρτι, λέοντες, ἐλεύθεροι εἰς νομὸν ὕλης

ἔλθετε θαρσῆεντες, ὅτ’ οὐκέτι μάρναται Αὖρη:

900 καὶ σκυλάκων ἐλίκωπες ἀρείονές ἐστε λαγῶι:
θῶες, ἔμοι τέρπεσθε: παρ' ἡμετέρῃ δὲ χαμεῦνῃ
πόρδαλιν ἀπτοίητον ἐπισκαίροντα νοήσω:
ἄξατε σύννομον ἄρκτον ἀταρβέα: παιδοτόκου γὰρ
αὔρης χαλκοχίτωνες ἐθελύνθησαν ὅιστοι.

905 αἰδέομαι μεθέπειν μετὰ παρθένον οὔνομα νύμφης,
μὴ βριαρὸν τεκέεσσιν ἐμόν ποτε μαζὸν ὀπάσσω:
μὴ παλάμη θλίψοιμι νόθον γάλα, μηδ' ἐνὶ λόχμας
θηροφόνος γεγαυῖα γυνὴ φιλότεκνος ἀκούσω.'

[892] "From the sky came this marriage — I will throw my offspring into the sky! I was wooed by the breezes, and I saw no mortal bed. Winds my namesakes came down to the marriage of the Windmaid, then let the breezes take the offspring of my womb. Away with you, children accursed of a treacherous father, you are none of mine — what have I to do with the sorrows of women? Show yourselves now, lions, come freely to forage in the woods; have no fear, for Aura is your enemy no more. Hares with your rolling eyes, you are better than hounds. Jackals, let me be your favourite; I will watch the panther jumping fearless beside my bed. Bring your friend the bear without fear; for now that Aura has children her arrows in bronze armour have become womanish. I am ashamed to have the name of bride who once was virgin; lest I sometime offer my strong breast to babes, lest I press out the bastard milk with my hand, or be called tender mother in the woods where I slew mid beasts!"

910 ... θῆκεν ὑπὸ σπήλυγγι λεχώια δελῖνα λεαίνης:
ἀλλὰ Διωνύσοιο νέην εὐπαιδα γενέθλην,
πόρδαλις ὠμοβόροισι δέμας λιχμῶσα γενεῖοις,
ἔμφρονα θυμὸν ἔχουσα σοφῶ μαιώσατο μαζῶ:
θαμβάλεοι δὲ δράκοντες ἐκυκλώσαντο λοχείην
915 ἰοβόλοις στομάτεσσιν, ἐπεὶ νέα τέκνα φυλάσσω
μειλιχίους καὶ θῆρας ἐθήκατο νυμφίος Αὔρης.

[910] [She took the babes and] laid them in the den of a lioness for her dinner. But a panther with understanding mind licked their bodies with her ravening lips, and nursed the beautiful boys of Dionysos with intelligent breast; wondering serpents with poisonspitting mouth surrounded the birthplace, for Aura's bridegroom had made even the ravening beasts gentle to guard his newborn children.

καὶ ποδὶ φοιταλέῳ Ληλαντιᾶς ἄνθορε κούρη
ἄγριον ἦθος ἔχουσα δασυστέρνοιο λεαίνης,
ἡερίαις δ' ἀκίχητος ἀνηκόντιζεν ἀέλλαις

920 θηρείων ἓνα παῖδα διαρπάξασα γενείων:
καὶ πάις ἀρτιλόχευτος ἐνὶ στροφάλιγγι κονίης
ἤερόθεν προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησεν ἀρούρη:
καὶ μιν ἀφαρπάξασα φίλῳ τυμβεύσατο λαιμῷ,
δαινυμένη φίλα δεῖπνα. καὶ ἀστόργοιο τεκούσης
925 ταρβαλὲ τέκος ἄλλο λεχωίδος ἥρπασεν Αὔρης
παρθένος ἰοχέαιρα, διαστείχουσα δὲ λόχμην
παιδοκόμῳ κούφιζεν ἀήθει κοῦρον ἀγοστῷ.

[197] Then Lelantos's daughter sprang up with wandering foot in the mid temper of a shaggycrested lioness, tore one child from the wild beast's jaws and hurled it like a flash into the stormy air: the newborn child fell from the air headlong into the whirling dust upon the ground, and she caught him up and gave him a tomb in her own maw — a family dinner indeed! The maiden Archeress was terrified at this heartless mother, and seized the other child of Aura, then she hastened away through the wood; holding the boy, an unfamiliar burden in her nursing arm.

καὶ Βρομίου μετὰ λέκτρα, μετὰ στροφάλιγγα λοχείης
μῶμον ἀλυσκάζουσα γαμήλιον ἀγρότις Αὔρη,
930 ἀρχαίης μεθέπουσα σέβας φιλοπάρθενον αἰδοῦς,
Σαγγαρίου σχεδὸν ἦλθεν: ὀπισθοτόνῳ δ' ἅμα τόξῳ
εἰς προχοᾶς ἀκόμιστον ἐὴν ἔρριψε φαρέτρην,
καὶ βυθίῳ προκάρηνος ἐπεσκίρτησε ῥεέθρῳ
ὄμμασιν αἰδομένοισιν ἀναινομένη φάος Ἥοις,
935 καὶ ῥοθίοις ποταμοῖο καλύπτετο: τὴν δὲ Κρονίων
εἰς κρήνην μετὰμειψεν: ὀρεσσιχῦτοιο δὲ πηγῆς
μαζοὶ κρουνὸς ἔην, προχοὴ δέμας, ἄνθεα χαῖται,
καὶ κέρας ἔπλετο τόξον ἑυκραίρου ποταμοῖο
ταυροφυές, καὶ σχοῖνος ἀμειβομένη πέλε νευρή,
940 καὶ δόνακες γεγαῶτες ἐπερροίζησαν ὀιστοί,
καὶ βυθὸν ἰλύοντα διεσσυμένη ποταμοῖο
εἰς γλαφυρὸν κευθμῶνα χυτὴ κελάρυζε φαρέτρη.

[1928] After the bed of Bromios, after the delirium of childbirth, huntress Aura would escape the reproach of her wedding, for she still held in reverence the modesty of her maiden state. So she went to the banks of Sangarios, threw into the water her backbending bow and her neglected quiver, and leapt headlong into the deep stream, refusing in shame to let her eyes look on the light of day. The waves of the river covered her up, and Cronion turned her into a fountain: her breasts became the spouts of falling water, the stream was her body, the flowers her hair, her bow the horn of the horned River in bull-shape, the bowstring changed into a rush and the whistling arrows into vocal

reeds, the quiver passed through to the muddy bed of the river and, changed to a hollow channel, poured its sounding waters.

καὶ χόλον ἰοχέαιρα κατεύνασεν: ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμῃ
ἶχνια μαστεύουσα φιλοσκοπέλοιο Λυαίου
945 ἦιεν, ἀρτιλόχευτον ἀειρομένη βρέφος Αὔρης,
πήχεϊ κουφίζουσα νόθον βάρος: αἰδομένη δὲ
ᾧπασεν ἄρσενά παῖδα κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.

[943] Then the Archeress stilled her anger. She went about the forest seeking for traces of Lyaïos in his beloved mountains, while she held Aura's newborn babe, carrying in her arms another's burden, until shamefast she delivered his boy to Dionysos her brother.

Νικαίῃ δ' ἐὼν υἷα πατήρ πόρε, μαιάδι νύμφῃ:
ἦ δέ μιν ἠέρταζε, καὶ ἀκροτάτης ἀπὸ θηλῆς
950 παιδοκόμων θλίβουσα φερέσβιον ἱκμάδα μαζῶν
κοῦρον ἀνῆξῃσε. λαβῶν δέ μιν ὑπόθι δίφρου
νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐπώνυμον υἷα τοκῆος
Ἀθίδι μυστιπόλῳ παρακάθθετο Βάκχος Ἀθήνη,
εὖϊα παππάζοντα: θεὰ δέ μιν ἔνδοθι νηοῦ
955 Παλλὰς ἀνυμφεύτῳ θεοδέγμονι δέξατο κόλπῳ:
παιδί δὲ μαζὸν ὄρεξε, τὸν ἔσπασε μοῦνος Ἐρεχθεὺς,
αὐτοχύτῳ στάζοντα νόθον γλάγος ὄμφακι μαζῶ.
καὶ μιν Ἐλευσινίῃσι θεὰ παρακάθθετο Βάκχαις:
ἀμφὶ δὲ κοῦρον Ἰακχὸν ἐκυκλώσαντο χορείῃ
960 νύμφαι κισσοφόροι Μαραθωνίδες, ἀρτιτόκῳ δὲ
δαίμονι νυκτιχόρευτον ἐκούφισαν Ἀθίδα πεύκην:
καὶ θεὸν ἰλάσκοντο μεθ' υἷα Περσεφονείης,
καὶ Σεμέλης μετὰ παῖδα, θυηπολίας δὲ Λυαίῳ
ὀψιγόνῳ στήσαντο καὶ ἀρχεγόνῳ Διονύσῳ,
965 καὶ τριτάτῳ νέον ὕμνον ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ἰακχῳ.
καὶ τελεταῖς τρισσοῖσιν ἐβακχεύθησαν Ἀθῆναι:
καὶ χορὸν ὀψιτέλεστον ἀνεκρούσαντο πολλῖται
Ζαγρέα κυδαίνοντες ἅμα Βρομίῳ καὶ Ἰακχῳ.

[948] The father gave charge of his son to Nicaia the nymph as a nurse. She took him, and fed the boy, pressing out the lifegiving juice of her childnursing breasts from her teat, until he grew up. While the boy was yet young, Bacchos took into his car this Bacchos his father's namesake, and presented him to Attic Athena amid her mysteries, babbling "Euoi." Goddess Pallas in her temple received him into her maiden bosom, which had welcome for a god; she gave the boy that pap which only Erechtheus had sucked, and let the alien

milk trickle of itself from her unripe breast. The goddess gave him in trust to the Bacchants of Eleusis; the wives of Marathon wearing ivy tript around the boy Iacchos, and lifted the Attic torch in the nightly dances of the deity lately born. They honoured him as a god next after the son of Persephoneia, and after Semele's son; they established sacrifices for Dionysos late born and Dionysos first born, and third they chanted a new hymn for Iacchos. In these three celebrations Athens held high revel; in the dance lately made, the Athenians beat the step in honour of Zagreus and Bromios and Iacchos all together.

οὐδὲ Κυδωναίων ἐπελήσατο Βάκχος Ἐρώτων,
970 ἄλλὰ καὶ ὀλλυμένης προτέρης ἐμνήσατο νύμφης:
καὶ Στέφανον περικυκλον ἀποιχομένης Ἀριάδνης
μάρτυν ἔῃς φιλότητος ἀνεστήριξεν Ὀλύμπῳ,
ἄγγελον οὐ λήγοντα φιλοστεφάνων ὕμεναιων.

[969] But Bacchos had not forgotten his Cydonian darling, no, he remembered still the bride once his, then lost, and he placed in Olympos the rounded crown of Ariadne passed away, a witness of his love, an everlasting proclaimer of garlanded wedding.

καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις πατρώιον αἰθέρα βαίνων
975 πατρὶ σὺν εὐώδινι μιῇς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης,
καὶ βροτέην μετὰ δαῖτα, μετὰ προτέρην χύσιν οἴνου
οὐράνιον πίε νέκταρ ἀρειοτέροισι κυπέλλοις,
σύνθρονος Ἀπόλλωνι, συνέστιος υἱεὶ Μαιῆς.

[974] Then the vinegod ascended into his father's heaven, and touched one table with the father who had brought him to birth; after the banquets of mortals, after the wine once poured out, he quaffed heavenly nectar from nobler goblets, on a throne beside Apollo, at the hearth beside Maia's son.

The Biography



'Lycurgus, driven mad by Dionysos, attacks his wife' by the 'Lycurgus Painter', 350-340 BC.

The scene takes places in Book 21 of 'The Dionysiaca'

INTRODUCTION TO NONNUS by W. H. D. Rouse



Nonnos is a name common in Asia Minor, and not unknown in Egypt, apart from the poet; but little is known of him. He was born at Panopolis (the Greek name of Chemmis in the Thebaïd) some time in the fifth century, and composed his poem probably before 500.

The poem professes to be the history of Dionysos, but Nonnos manages to include all the stories of Greek mythology he could find in earlier collections. This is his chief claim to attention; but he interests us also by his treatment of the hexameter, since he managed to find a way of reconciling to some extent the ancient quantitative verse with the later accentual verse, the musical accent having already given way to stress, long and short vowels having become confused in speech, and their sounds being confused also. For this topic I refer to Wifstrand, *Von Kallimachos zu Nonnos* (Gleerup, 1933), and a summary in Pauly's *Real-Encyclopädie* under "Nonnos," 912.

Nonnos also paraphrased St. John's Gospel in the same metre and style. Some have inferred, therefore, that he was converted to Christianity in later life, but we know nothing at all about the matter.

My interest in Nonnos began about fifty years ago, when W. Robertson Smith was planning a series of "Sources" of mythology, and asked me to collate the Florentine manuscript, which I did; but his untimely death put an end to this project.

This is the first English translation of Nonnos, and there are no others in any language except the Latin and French, and quite lately, one in German hexameters. The Latin pretends to be a word-for-word construe, and sometimes it is useful, but it contains many blunders, some ridiculous ones. The French is more an elegant paraphrase, suited for a Parisian salon, and never forgetting the proprieties; it is graceful and pleasing to read, but not very close to the Greek. The German is extraordinarily close, by its bold use of compound words. It is a translation for the eye rather than the ear, for it is not possible to speak it metrically without gabbling, but it is a great feat.

Readers who are interested in the text must go to Ludwich's edition. We use his text, by consent of Messrs. Teubner, and note only the few variations, including one or two conjectures (as γύναιο, for λύαιο, which I hope will commend itself, xlvi. 231). Dr. L. R. Lind's Appendix gives a list of later emendations. [Omitted from this edition. G.P.G.]

Laurentianus XXXII 16 in Florence, paper, written a.d. 1280, is the chief and most ancient ms. Others are:

- M — in Munich.

- N — in Naples, II F. 19, paper.
- O — Ottobonianus 51, Vatican, paper.
- P — Palatinus, paper, 16th century.
- S — Reginensis 81, Vatican, paper, written in 1551.
- f — Codex Falkenburgii, whence the editio princeps was taken.

I have to thank Professor H. J. Rose, who adds the mythological notes, and Dr. Lind, for kindly scrutinizing and improving the translation. I thank the Reader also for his extreme care and patience.

W. H. D. Rouse

October 2nd, 1939

MYTHOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION

The mythology of the Dionysiaca is interesting as being the longest and most elaborate example we have of Greek myths in their final stage of degeneracy. As early as the beginning of the Alexandrian age the traditional stories of the doings of gods and heroes had ceased, save perhaps as allegories, to command belief among educated people, the only class for whom the Alexandrian authors wrote. There remained therefore simply their literary value as picturesque tales. As the tendency of the age, both in literature and art, was on the whole towards realism, the myths were so handled as to make the actors in them thoroughly, often undignifiedly human. Thus, in the *Argonautica* of Apollonios of Rhodes, when Hera and Athena call on Aphrodite to help them, we have no conference of goddesses but a humorous sketch of great ladies, constrained to recognize the existence of and even be deferential to a woman neither socially nor morally their equal, who for her part is delighted and a little malicious at the thought of getting a footing in such respectable society. Besides this, another tendency had long been at work. The old and familiar stories, however re-handled, were too well known, and the poets, ever on the lookout for anything which savoured of originality, caught eagerly at fresh material, while their great learning put such material at their disposal, in the form of numerous obscure and local legends never before treated in any well-known work of literature. This is why so many stories are known to us only from Alexandrians, or from late compilers who obviously drew on Alexandrian poetry for information. A third factor was the prevalence of the romantic and amatory interest. Psychology had been in the air, so to speak, ever since Euripides and Menander, and one of the most obvious ways to show the human character at its most interesting is to draw a man or woman in love. Therefore stories of the love, not so much, as in the preceding centuries, of a man for a younger member of his own sex, but rather of a young man for a maid, were extremely popular, and nearly all the famous love-stories of the world either have an Alexandrian origin or are modelled on some tale first given literary form by one of these writers. Finally, rhetoric was a master interest with everyone who sought literary elegance, and the

most characteristic rhetorical exercise was to compose a speech expressing the feelings of a given person in given circumstances. Mythology abounded in situations calculated to stir the strongest passions, and so no poet was even an apprentice in his art until he had put into the mouth of a Medeia, an Agamemnon, or a Scylla, an artistic and clever expression of the feelings of an outraged wife, a father torn between ambition and parental affection, or a daughter who must choose between overwhelming love and her duty towards her family and her country. The greatest surviving master of this sort of literature is no Greek, but the Latin Ovid, whom there is some reason to say Nonnos knew; at all events, he was a late representative of the same school.

Thus for something like seven hundred years to the time when Nonnos wrote, mythology had been the raw material of realistic sketches, new and startling narratives, amatory and rhetorical descriptions. It had also had plenty of time to become stale and exhausted, as even the richest material must if handled too long, always in the same way, by men who are clever but not inspired. Now arose a writer who undertook to compose an epic on wholly mythological themes, the labours and ultimate triumph of Dionysos. It is little to be wondered at that he gives us neither living figures nor even a gallery of pleasing portraits or statues, but rather a faded and overcrowded tapestry, moving a little now and then as the breath of his sickly and unwholesome fancy stirs it.

His Dionysos is an utterly detestable character, or would be if it were possible to believe in him for one moment. The original god, Phrygian or Thraco-Phrygian, whose position was fully established among the official Greek cults by about the seventh century b.c., was an impressive deity, the product of naive reaction to great and vaguely-felt forces. He was a god of fertility, especially the fertility of food-plants, on which the very life of simple communities in the Mediterranean and surrounding areas depends, since, in days of little wealth and poor communications, a failure of the harvests in any neighbourhood must mean, not suffering and hardship only, but death. He was a god also of animal fertility, lord of beasts as well as men, or even rather than men, and, as such, was powerful in the wild places where wild things live. For these reasons, while beneficent and desirable, he could be very terrible, especially as his realm included the fruit of the vine with its mysterious effects. He could kill as well as make alive, send madness as well as prosperity and mirth. His ritual consisted largely, before Greeks tamed and civilized it, of wild orgiastic dancing on the hills and in places outside the little cultivated areas, tabu places we may say, where the unsophisticated felt themselves in uncanny as well as unfamiliar surroundings, as indeed the most blasé member of our present-day urban communities may feel for a moment, at least in youth, if he will "let himself go" by vigorous movement in a solitary place in strong fresh air. Besides all this, there is some evidence that the sacrifices made to this god were of the nature of a mystic communion, in which the worshippers did not merely kill a beast and make a banquet at

which the deity was a guest, but slay and devour the god himself in bestial form, thus absorbing into themselves his godhead. It is no wonder, then, that there gathered around Dionysos many stories of his terrible wrath against the impious and presumptuous, of his fantastic sufferings, his marvellous gifts and graces, and of his activities as a giver of fertility to plants, animals, and on occasion human beings.

Many centuries had passed since the existence of these beliefs and practices had impressed the sophisticated mind of Euripides and inspired him to write his wonderful *Bacchae*. By Nonnos's time, a Dionysiac orgy was a thing one might read about in old books; new cults had long ago wrested from his religion its old place in popular favour, and the stories about him had been contaminated on the one hand with the too human romantic interest already touched upon, on the other with a curious political development. Dionysos, who as early as Euripides' day was thought of as a great conqueror (he came from the East, he had established himself in face of opposition in Hellas; therefore it was natural to assume that he had conquered the Eastern peoples) was assimilated to a human conqueror, Alexander, and the romantic tales of that great statesman and warrior took from quite early days something of a Dionysiac flavour, which grew more pronounced as time went on. Hence also the conquering Dionysos tended to become an Alexander. The result of this, to one for whom Alexander was a dim and legendary figure of the long distant past, was that Dionysos developed into the sort of world-conqueror likely to be imagined by a mind wholly alien to the least notion of political motives, a person who for no particular reason goes about subduing nation after nation in huge and bloody battles, in which his personal prowess (this was a remnant of the genuine epic tradition, the fruit of days in which tactics were in their infancy, armies small, and the strength and valour of one well-armed man often of real importance) is a decisive factor. The other tales had degenerated into accounts of how the god made people mad, drunk or both, and seduced women, — poor survivals of the Dionysos of older, less sophisticated and at the same time more understanding days. The Dionysos of Euripides one can at least fear; nothing but unbelieving contempt can be aroused by the dastardly assailant of Aura and the monotonously successful wizard who kills large numbers of incredible but mostly inoffensive Indians. Never has it been more patent that an imaginative writer, if he is to impress his audience, must have at least an imaginative belief in his own story. But the ancient tales of how the great god had shown his power in wrath, mercy or the blessing of increase had become matter for paradoxes, and the old merriments (for the cult certainly had its jovial side) brought a snigger now instead of a laugh. To the student of religion or mythology, as opposed to the degenerescence of literature, Nonnos has here nothing to offer except the telling after his fashion of a few stories not to be found elsewhere, as the fight between Dionysos and Perseus (bk. xlvii. 475 ff.), of which traces can be seen in earlier art but not many in literature. It is of rather more importance that he has some knowledge, of

course purely literary, of Orphism, a system which originated in or about the sixth century b.c., had a most curious mythology and theology of its own, and had by Nonnos's time died out, though not without leaving traces on Christian art. The figure of Zagreus is old, probably of the original stratum of Orphism, for he is well known to Pindar in his Orphic context. How and when he became identified with Dionysos to the extent to which he is in Nonnos we do not know; the strangeness of the tale (the younger god is begotten by Zeus after having swallowed the heart of the older Zagreus) suggests something quite alien to ordinary Greek thought, and so akin to the abnormal ideas of Orphism itself.

If Nonnos had been a more consistent thinker and more of a poet, he had hold of an idea which would at least have given his work a grandiose pattern and a real, contemporary interest. He seems to have tried to fit the events of the story into an astrological background, ill though he was fitted to do so, when his knowledge of both astronomy and astrology was evidently feeble. Astrology had long been popular and widely accepted, and it continued to be so, whatever the Church might say or do, till modern astronomy made its schemes cease to appeal to the average man's imaginative picture of the universe. Stegemann has shown that he had some acquaintance with astrological writings, and that his general scheme of the universe is in accord with their teachings. He divides time into world-months constituting a world-year, and after the cosmic month which brings the Flood (bk. i.) and that of Typhon's attempt (bk. ii.), the cosmic winter is over (bk. iii. 1), summer is come to the universe and the blessing of the new god, a god of the fruitfulness of autumn, is due. This comes in the later books of the poem, with the birth, growth and triumph of Dionysos. But unfortunately, having got his new saviour-god born, he has no idea what to do with him, and the poem trails off into a series of conventional adventures, military and amorous, each more tiring than the last, till finally a few concluding lines huddle Dionysos away to heaven. He has lost sight of his own framework, recurring to it only now and again, and so the work which might have been a curious monument of astrological religion, instinct with some genuine feeling, is but a heap of episodes, loosely connected.

Nonnos had, however, another enthusiasm, which gave rise to a piece of apparently original and not wholly unpicturesque creation. He had, even at that late date, unbounded faith in the civilizing mission of the Roman Empire (much less dead, of course, in the East than in the West) and especially in the benefits of Roman law. Therefore he provides one of the greatest of the law-schools, that at Berytus, with a foundation-myth of its own, the story of the nymph Beroë, child of Aphrodite (see bks. xli.-xlii. and notes there). If all his constructive ideas were as interesting as this, or as his astrology, the Dionysiaca would be more readable and fuller of interest to the historian of ancient culture.

There is yet another point of view from which Nonnos's mythology may

be examined. As Bentley says of him, "he had great variety of Learning, and may pass for an able Grammarian, though a very ordinary Poet." Hence the episodes with which the poem abounds, and the continual digressions and allusions which interrupt the narrative, teem with stories, mostly in late literary forms, often probably also of late origin, even invented or given their present shape by Nonnos himself, which either cannot be found elsewhere or are not told in full save in the *Dionysiaca*. Instances of this will be found in abundance in the notes; besides the story of the fight with Perseus, already mentioned, we may remind the reader here that Nonnos is our authority (bk. i. 155, 511) for the very curious legend that Typhoeus contrived to steal not only the thunderbolts of Zeus but his sinews, which at once betrays itself as being in its origins at all events popular, probably old and hardly Greek. Nonnos it is who tells us the whole series of tales (bks. x. ff.) of the various loves of Dionysos who were metamorphosed into various plants connected with viticulture. Nonnos gives us incomparably the longest account of the expedition of the god against the Indians, and though he probably invented a good deal himself, still there are no doubt elements derived from earlier fancies than his, and in the dearth of documents for this interesting development of quasi-political mythology, he has his value. Nonnos again is full of local legends, such as the naming of the promontory Pallene, though that is also to be found in a minor geographer or two; and, in general, as has already been said, he furnishes material for the study of Alexandrian mythology in its degenerate forms. Incidentally, he is so full of imitations of earlier and better poets than himself that here again he fills gaps in our knowledge, in a manner not to be despised considering how huge a proportion of Alexandrian literature is lost to us. His astrological episodes, in which various gods such as Aion (himself a late personification) turns nativity-caster and Harmonia keeps a sort of celestial Old Moore on her wall, we may ascribe to him and to no predecessor, so far as our knowledge goes.

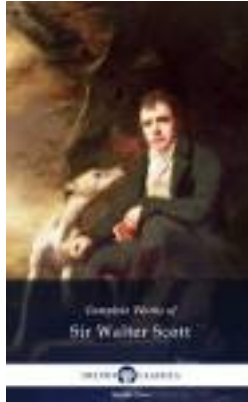
While therefore anyone who uses Nonnos as a handbook to any sort of normal and genuinely classical mythology will be grievously misled, the searcher into sundry odd corners will be rewarded for his pains, and even those who are studying the subject more generally cannot afford to neglect this belated product of the learned fancy of Hellenized Egypt.

H. J. Rose.

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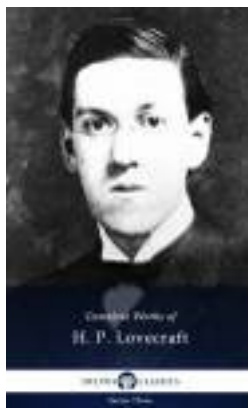
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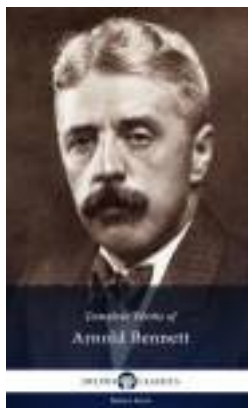
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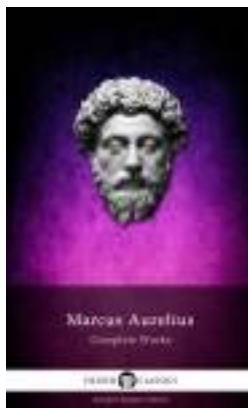
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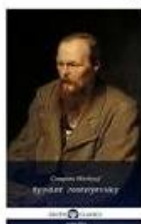
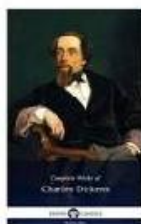
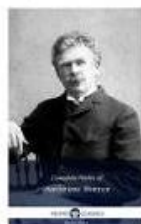
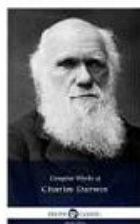
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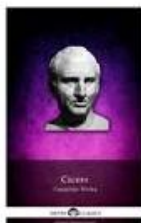
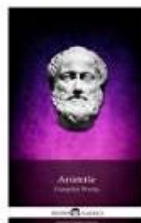
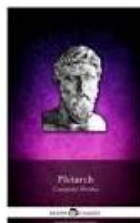
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Little is known about the life and death of Nonnus — his native town of Panopolis was likely where he spent his final days